

detectives
learned

FOUR PEOPLE DIED — BECAUSE OF A CHILD

FRONT PAGE

DETECTIVE JULY 75c

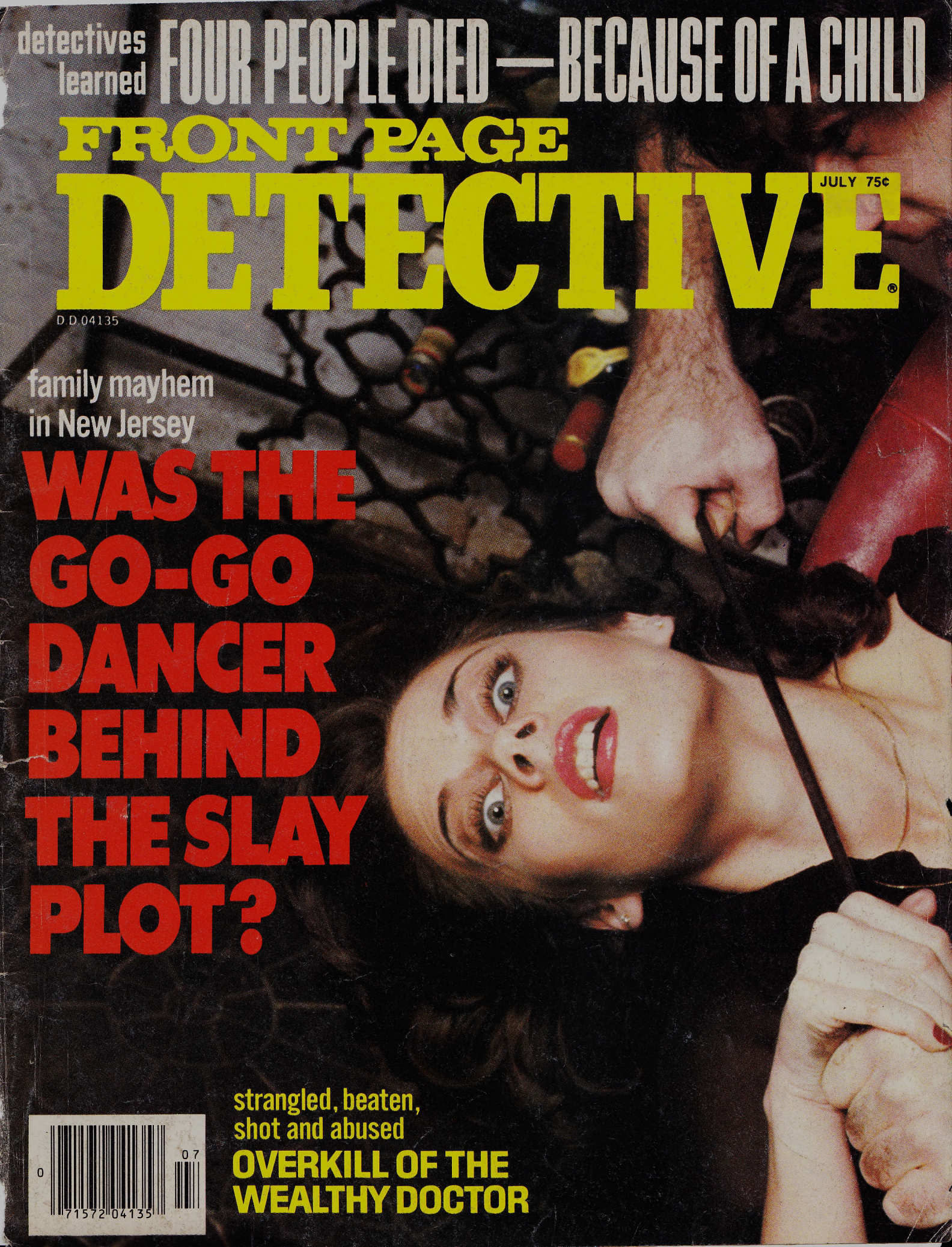
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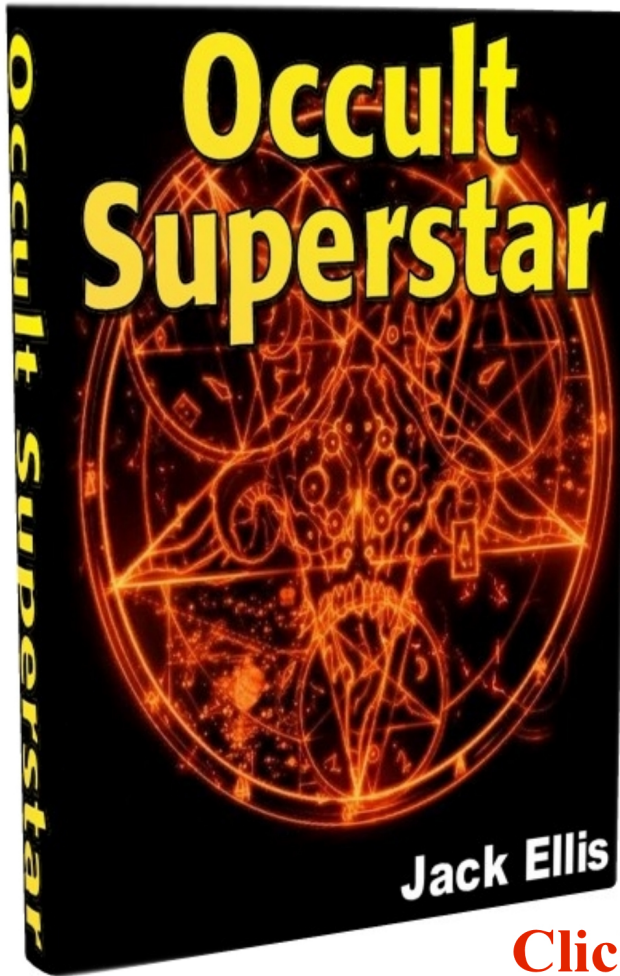
family mayhem
in New Jersey

**WAS THE
GO-GO
DANCER
BEHIND
THE SLAY
PLOT?**

strangled, beaten,
shot and abused

**OVERKILL OF THE
WEALTHY DOCTOR**





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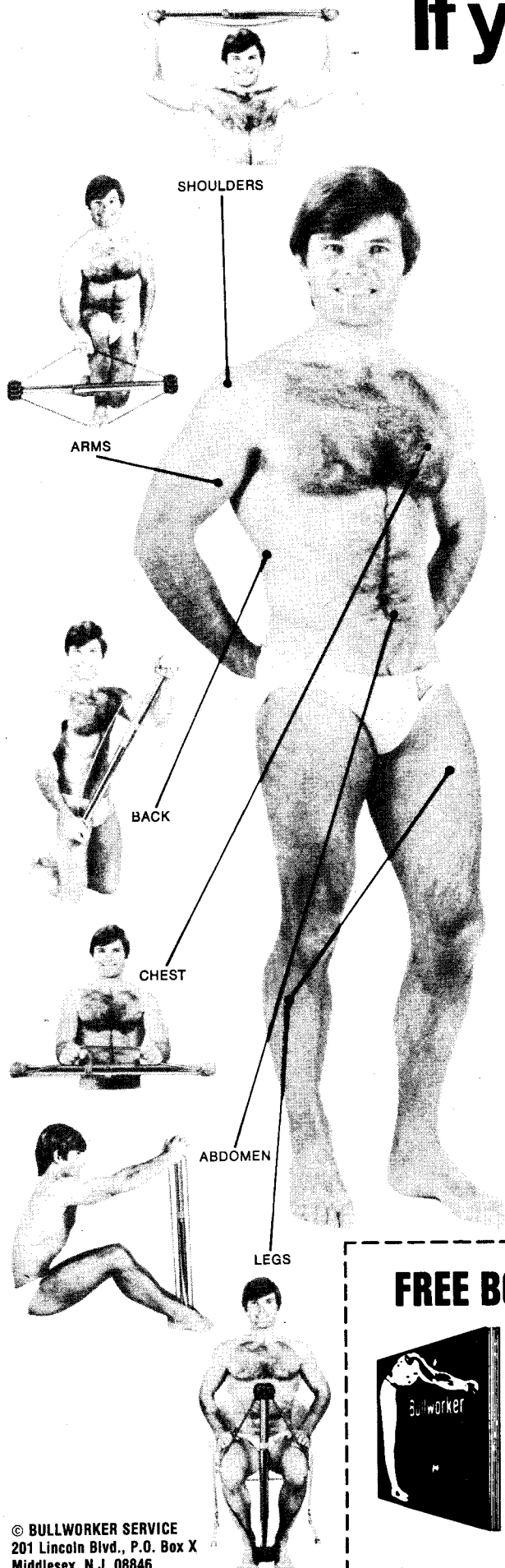
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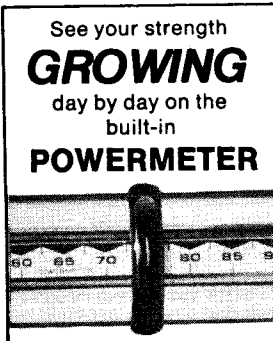
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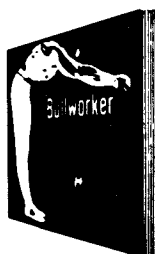


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FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE

JULY, 1979

VOL. 43, No. 7

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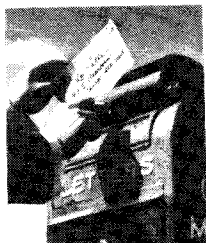
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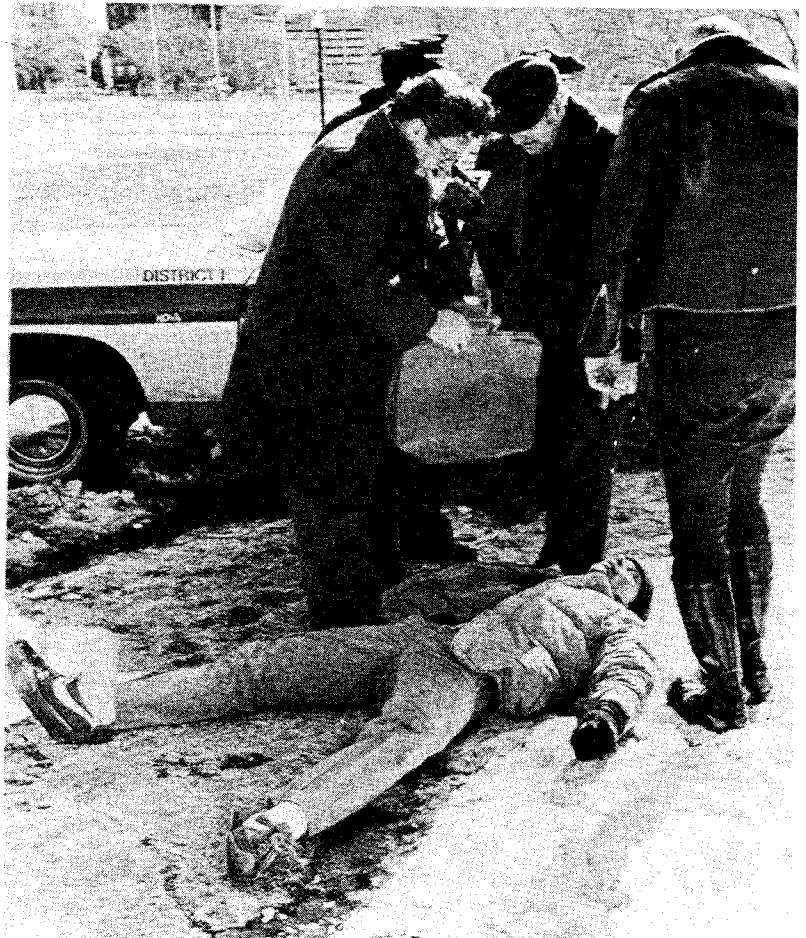
Front Page Case Book

COMPLETE COVERAGE
FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS



BIKE PATROL

Buffalo police officers Kenneth Jones (left), and Nick Sigeti take to bikes to patrol the New York city's West Side in fitness and gas-saving move.



SUSPECT SHOT

Suspect lies dead in Boston Commons after unsuccessful holdup of a jewelry store on Winter Street. Police said a second suspect was shot twice but survived. Police here prepare to move the body.



TENSE MOMENT

Police in Somerset, Massachusetts were held at bay for 90 minutes by Oswald Mayes, shown here preparing leap off his porch roof. Police goal was to apprehend Mayes without

harming him. Police officer at left on roof is Lt. Alfred Medeiros, who holds can of Mace. Note knife in Mayes' hand. He made leap to ground without injury, was subdued.



ARSON SUSPECT

Julio Rodrigues (above), 18, Boston, has been arraigned in connection with two Boston hotel fires. Youth formerly worked as busboy in both hotels. Photo at right shows one of the blazes at the Copley Plaza Hotel. This fire, and one at Sheraton, drove 1,900 guests into streets.



FOILED ATTEMPT

Policeman attends man who was identified as Donald Nacey, critically wounded by a bank guard. Nacey allegedly attempted to hold up Bank of Ireland in New York City's Rockefeller Center. Identification of suspect is still tentative.

Front Page Case Book

COMPLETE COVERAGE
FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS



TOUGH CUSTOMER

Police say it took five officers to bring down Mike Lucci, 38, in Southfield, Mich., after DWI charge. Lucci is former Detroit Lions linebacker.



HASH HAUL

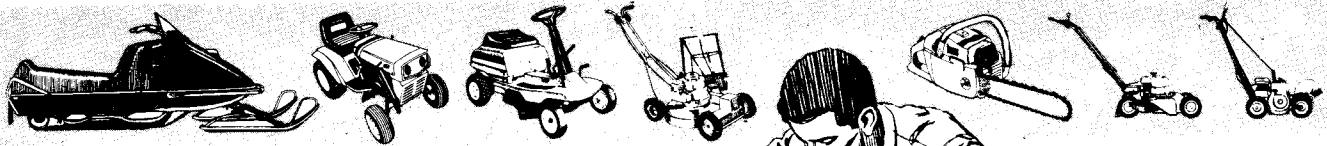
Four suspects leave federal court in Newark, N.J. They were charged with trying to import hashish. They and four others were arrested on the freighter *Olaug*, which contained 40,000 pounds of hashish.



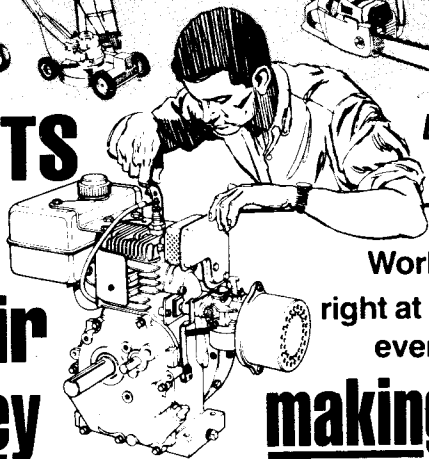
SHOOTOUT IN MANAGUA

Nicaraguan soldiers are shown near the body of one of the members of a gang killed in a devastating exchange of gunfire while attempting to rob a savings and loan company

in Managua. When this photo was taken, the bank robbers were still holding 15 hostages inside the bank. Police and soldiers tried to persuade them to surrender weapons.



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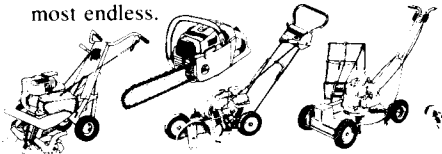
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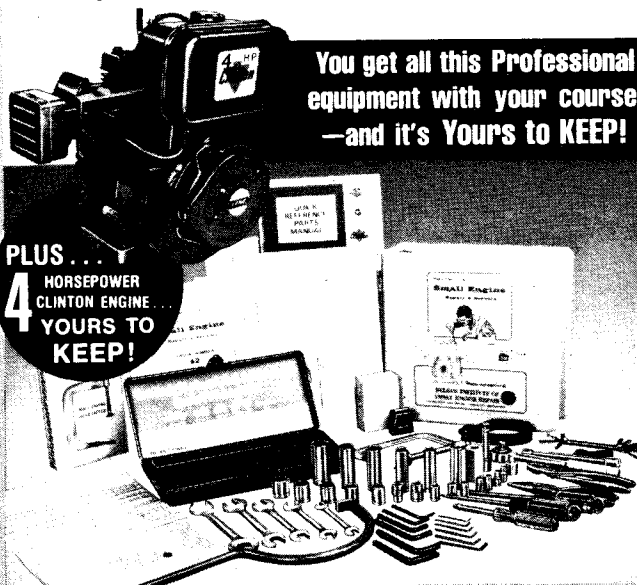
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THE BLOTTER

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Front Page Detective
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SALLY IVESTER

I am a devout reader of your magazine. I was so shocked when I read the article in the February issue of your magazine, "The Terrible Torture Killing of Sally Ivester." I was so taken aback at what that poor girl went through, I cried. Through all her suffering the poor thing was apologizing because that beast Thompson got blood on his hands.

What was the outcome of the trial? I am praying they send both of those animals to the chair. Better yet, give them the same treatment they gave that poor girl.

I only wish I were the judge. I would show them no mercy.

I never wrote to you people before, but reading this article really got to me.

Did Thompson get the electric chair? I never did read anymore about the skunk.

—Mrs. Marguerite Thoensing,
Berwyn, Illinois

Editor's Note: On September 18, 1978, William Thompson pleaded guilty to the murder of Sally Ivester. On September 20 he received two death sentences. Rocco Surace was convicted of second degree murder on September 30 and on November 9 was sentenced to 203 years in prison.

RECOMMENDED READING

I refer to the *Case Book* section of the March, 1979 edition of FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE.

This picture of the 28-year-old woman who is accused of allowing her newborn baby to be killed by two dogs is the most horrible and heinous crime I believe I have ever read about.

If this evil woman be proven guilty in court, may I suggest that this case be written up in full for publication in FRONT PAGE by one of your writers? One wonders what environment could possibly spawn such a degenerate person.

—Pauline Dean,
Blanding, Utah

KEEPING US POSTED

I do not remember if FRONT PAGE or INSIDE DETECTIVE covered the case regarding the enclosed clipping. [It was FRONT PAGE, and the case was that of

the murder of the Phillips family in Winnie, Texas. The story was published in the November, 1978 issue. See *The Cleanup Spot*, page 58, for the follow up.]

We have several interesting murder cases here in the Birmingham, Alabama area. One of the most recent spectacular cases concerned a teenager (16 or 17, tried as an adult) for robbing, raping, and then murdering his 61-year-old grandmother. Any person has to be very mean to commit something like this against a blood member of his family.

I would still request an answer if you desire newspaper clippings concerning major crime cases in this area.

—Bruce Holman
Tipscomb, Alabama

Editor's note: We were very happy to get the clipping concerning the Phillips family murder from Mr. Holman, as it makes our job of keeping you posted on developments that much easier. If any of our readers would like to send along follow up clippings, we would be pleased to have them. The name of the newspaper you got your clip from and the date it appeared should also accompany your clip.

As for clippings concerning crimes in our readers' areas, we prefer to leave it to our authors to collect the material they need for stories, but thank you, Mr. Holman, for the offer.

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Just want to say I think your two detective magazines are the best.

Keep up with the old stories and the foreign stories. I think they make the magazine wonderful.

I have read FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE for years. Thank you for your two magazines.

—Gertrude Clodfelter
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FRONT PAGE
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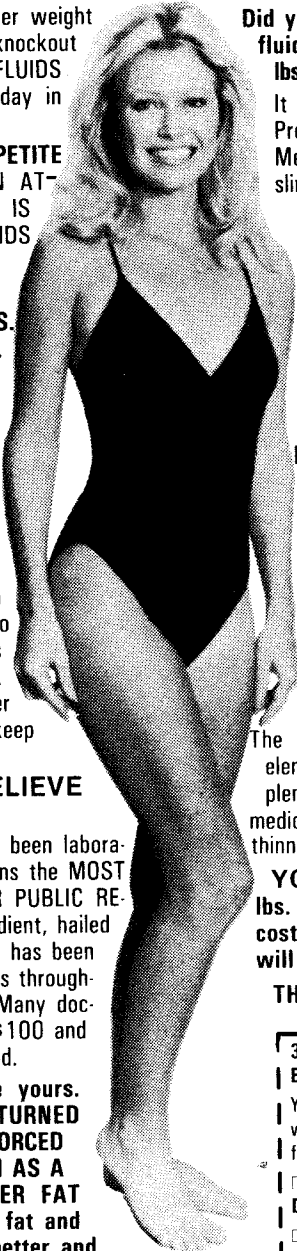
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THE CLEANUP SPOT



The Johnston brothers. (Left to right) David, 31, Bruce, Sr., 39, and Norman, 28. They are charged with murder.

District Justice Eugene DiFilippo ruled this past March that the state had produced enough evidence to hold without bail **Bruce Johnston, Sr.**, 39, and two of his brothers, **David Johnston**, 31, and **Norman Johnston**, 28, in connection with the death of six persons. Bruce Johnston is accused of murdering six people who went to police with information about his illegal activities. David and Norman Johnston are charged with murder in five of the killings.

The Johnston brothers, authorities claim, headed up an interstate burglary ring that did a million dollar business (*Blood-Thirsty Rampage of the Ridge Runners*, June FRONT PAGE, 1979).

In the preliminary hearing, which lasted eight days, the brothers heard testimony from Dr. Halbert Fillinger, the Philadelphia medical examiner. Dr. Fillinger described how Robin Miller, a girl friend of one of Bruce Johnston's sons, suffocated in her own blood as the result of a bullet fired through her chin. David and Norman Johnston are charged

with this crime which, authorities allege, Bruce Johnston, Sr., paid them \$15,000 to commit. The doctor also testified that Gary Crouch, a member of the Johnston clan, died of a single bullet fired through the base of his skull. Bruce Johnston, Sr. and Leslie Dale are charged with this crime.

Johnston's son, Bruce, Jr., suffered eight bullet wounds in the ambush that took Robin Miller's life. He survived the attack and is testifying against his father and uncles.

The attack against Bruce, Jr. and his girl friend, prosecutors allege, was the result of Bruce's testimony before a grand jury about the family's alleged burglary activities. Bruce went before the grand jury because, he claims, his father once raped Robin Miller.

Also testifying at the hearing were two of the men involved in the killings. They agreed to testify in exchange for lighter sentences.

Leslie Dale testified that he was offered \$8,000 to kill James Sampson in

August, 1978. He did not, he claimed, commit the crime, but only "played along," intending to take the money and flee. Others, he said, killed James Sampson. Dale did, however, admit to murdering Gary Crouch two years ago.

Dale decided to testify against the Johnston brothers after he learned that he, too, was slated for a bullet. In exchange for his testimony, Dale got a 10 to 40 year sentence.

Ricky Mitchell, 37, was the second man to testify against the brothers. He is charged with the same five murders as David and Norman Johnston. In exchange for his testimony, Mitchell will receive a single life sentence and a possible early medical release as an epileptic.

In addition to Robin Miller and Gary Crouch, prosecutors claim that James Johnston, a stepson of Bruce Johnston, Sr.; Gary Sampson; Wayne Sampson; and Duane Lincoln were also killed by the Johnston brothers.

The trial may be held this summer.

(Continued on page 58)

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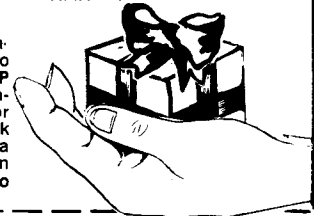
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by **BOB MARTIN**

OLIVETTE, MO., FEB. 15, 1978

● Mrs. Estelle Stern was 68 years old when she was murdered. She was a quiet woman, a widow, who lived alone in the 9500 block of Indian Meadows Drive, Olivette. The community is a suburb of St. Louis and enjoys a low incidence of crime. Neighbors anxious about Mrs. Stern's well being did not expect to find her the victim of violence.

They had not seen the woman since noontime. It was now after 10 P.M. Mrs. Stern was nearly always seen working in her flower beds as soon as the weather turned warm. Because of her age and the fact that she lived alone, some of the women on the block kept an eye on her. They either telephoned or dropped in regularly to see if she needed anything. When Mrs. Stern had not answered her telephone on May 19, 1975, her neighbors decided to investigate.

They found Mrs. Stern lying face down in her hallway. Three kitchen knives had been buried deeply in her back. Blood soaked her dress and the carpet under her.

The women paled. One of them gasped, "Oh, my God!" Another said, "She's dead!" They moved quickly out of the house and hurried to a telephone. The Olivette police department desk man took the call. Minutes later Sergeant Robert Terry pulled up in front of the house and spoke briefly with the women who'd found the body.

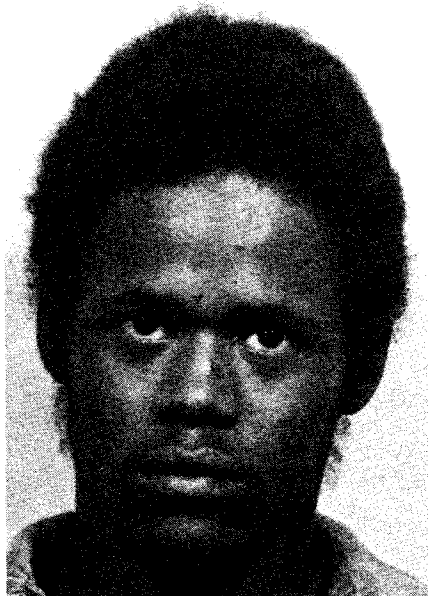
Sergeant Terry went into the hallway alone, stayed for a minute or two, then came out and walked briskly to his car. He radioed the Major Case Squad in St. Louis and reported the murder.

While he waited for the Squad to arrive he jotted down the names and addresses of the women standing outside the victim's home. He wanted to know if they had touched anything in Mrs. Stern's house. Had they touched the body? The handles of the knives? The walls?

They said they hadn't touched the body or the knives, but they couldn't be sure about anything else. They'd been upset, they said. It had been a shock to find the woman dead.

Sergeant Terry suggested that they return to their homes. The officer then returned to the house and made a cursory investigation. The rooms had not been ransacked. He had no way of knowing if any valuables were gone, but the television set was in place and all the drawers and closets were closed, indicating that the attacker had not had robbery in mind.

The victim was fully dressed, so it wasn't likely that the killer's motive had been rape. The medical examiner would make the final determination on that angle, however, but the sergeant knew enough about rape-murders to know that the suspects rarely, if ever, dress their vic-



Gerald Garrett stands accused of murdering two elderly women. Police suspect robbery as the motive.

THE KILLER BURIED THREE KNIVES IN HER BACK

tims after they've committed the act.

Members of the Major Case Squad arrived. Sergeant Terry filled in the homicide detectives on the victim's name and how she had been discovered. Crime lab technicians had priority at this stage of the probe, while detectives stayed outside of the house and out of their way.

The body was photographed from various angles in black and white and in color. The walls in the hallway were photographed as well as the doors. All of the rooms were photographed.

Fingerprint men dusted the handles of the knives and the walls in the hallway. One of these men fingerprinted the victim. The other print men dusted all of the wood in the other rooms and gave special attention to the drawer in the kitchen where Mrs. Stern kept her silverware, since it was obvious to the probers that the weapons used on the woman were kitchen knives.

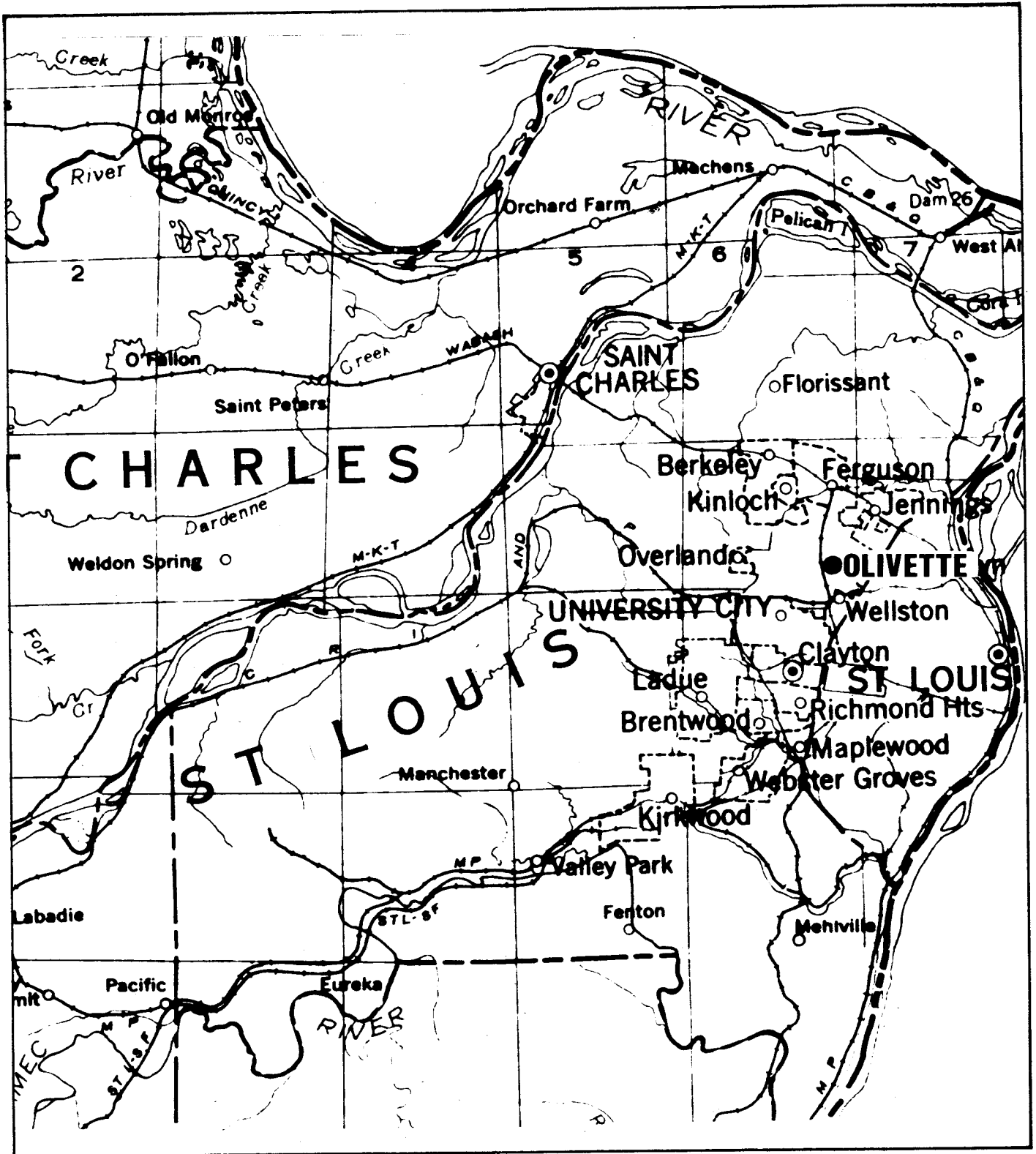
Other technicians prowled around the outside of the house in search of footprints in the flower beds. Still others noted that the side door of the house was open and that the storm door was unlocked. Apparently, the killer had used this entrance coming and going. Fingerprints men dusted this door and the storm door thoroughly.

Finally, the technicians went outside to talk to Sergeant Terry. They wanted the names and addresses of the neighbors who had made the discovery. They then went to the women's homes to fingerprint them in the event that they had touched anything in the victim's house.

At that point an ambulance arrived to take Mrs. Stern to the county morgue for autopsy. St. Louis County officers pulled up to aid in the investigation. Police cruisers from four law enforcement agencies choked the street in front of the victim's house—Olivette PD, St. Louis Pd, St. Louis County PD, and the Bridgeton PD. Detective Sergeant Donald Steinman was with the latter department and he and St. Louis County officer Paul Weindel and Sergeant Terry entered the house to conduct a deeper probe. Patrolmen controlled the small crowd that had gathered outside.

Attendants in the hallway prepared the body for removal. It was wrapped in a sheet and lifted onto a stretcher. Officer Paul Weindel squatted next to the spot where the body had lain and threw his beam on the rug. The only clue he came up with was a single hair about nine inches long. It did not look as though it belonged to Mrs. Stern. He bagged it and used a pair of tweezers to pick up more hair which was much shorter and did not look like it had come from the victim's head.

While the officers were in the hallway, homicide men from the Major Case Squad discovered \$165 in Mrs. Stern's bedroom. They also found a shoe box containing \$100 in change.



Olivette, Missouri, a St. Louis suburb. Residents were shocked when a neighborhood man was charged with murders.

Hard-digging work by Missouri detectives brought the widow's alleged slayer to trial where he was found guilty. But a judge turned him loose on appeal and while he roamed free there was another murder in the tiny town

Human Touch

MUTT AND THEFT—Satan is in police custody. So is Satan's owner and another youth. Satan is a big black dog and he is alleged to have aided his master and an accomplice in two muggings in Brooklyn.



Twice, police say, Satan jumped to his master's command. Once he bit a woman in the right leg. "We want your groceries, the dog is hungry," said the muggers as they made off with the woman's purchases. A few hours later, Satan pounced again. This time his master made off with a woman's camera and other equipment valued at \$500. Police, armed with descriptions of the youths and the dog, arrested them. The youths were booked on charges of robbery, grand larceny, possession of stolen property, and possession of a dangerous instrument—Satan. Satan is being held for the ASPCA.

LETTER OF THE LAW—The complaint was common enough. There were too many muggings, rapes, and robberies in the New Haven, Connecticut neighborhood. Ten irate residents wrote a letter to the editor of the local



newspaper, demanding better police protection. The return address on the letter was a surprise, though. 245 Whalley Avenue is the site of the county jail. The letter was signed by the residents of Cellblock C. One inmate's wife was afraid to visit him because of crime in the prison area. "If you are not safe entering and leaving a correctional center," lamented the cons, "where are you safe?" City officials agreed: they increased lighting in the area and beefed up police patrols.

It was obvious now that robbery could not have been the motive for the murder. But what had been the motive? The woman's neighbors had already stated that Mrs. Stern had no enemies. They had not seen any strangers lurking in the area. Mrs. Stern had gotten along well with everyone.

In the kitchen, detectives opened cupboard doors and cabinet drawers. In one of the drawers there were a dozen screwdrivers of various sizes. In another there were kitchen utensils. The cupboards held items usually found in kitchens.

One homicide man said, "This doesn't make sense. Somebody came in the side door, grabbed three kitchen knives out of a drawer, stuck them in the woman's back, and then left. Why? What did he want?"

Another detective who held the woman's purse said, "He could have got what he wanted." He dumped the contents of the purse on a table and fingered the items. "No coin purse," he said. "Most women carry them. The kind with the little metal clasp."

"Maybe this one didn't," said another investigator. "Don't forget the shoe box. That was full of change."

It had been a stab at coming up with a motive, but a weak one. If the killer had taken her change purse he would have also ransacked the house in search of more money, the sleuths agreed.

Another point on which they agreed was that the killer must have known the woman. He knew that she never locked the side door. But who was he? A repairman? A delivery boy? The neighbors also knew about that unlocked side door. Some of them had already mentioned it to Detective Sergeant Terry. One of them could have slipped in and out again without arousing suspicion.

A canvass was conducted immediately. Some of the residents had already been approached earlier. They were questioned again. The legwork continued the next day and the next. No one remembered seeing anything unusual near Mrs. Estelle Stern's home or on the block. As far as anyone knew, the woman had never had any trouble with service people in the area.

The autopsy indicated that the three knives in the victim's back had punctured her lungs and heart. She had not been sexually molested.

Crime lab technicians had not been able to find any prints on the knife handles, but they had come up with a single print on the wall in the hallway. It was about four feet up from the floor. It did not belong to Mrs. Stern, nor to any of the women who had entered the home and found the body.

Another print was found in the drawer in which the woman kept her kitchen knives. This too, did not belong to the victim or the women.

Homicide detectives on the case read

the crime lab's report but were not too elated by it. "What good's a print without a suspect?" one asked. "If we can't match it with somebody it's a waste."

Of course, it wasn't quite a waste. It opened a new avenue of investigation, although a tough one. Detectives had to pull the files on all known felons in Olivette and surrounding communities and go through them to find a match. It was tedious work, the kind not at all relished by detectives. But it had to be done.

The files were pulled. Detectives got busy. Card after card was taken out, checked with the prints found at the murder scene, and then replaced.

Other homicide men ran a background check on Mrs. Stern to see if there had been any incident in her past which may have provoked the sudden attack. They found nothing. Still other investigators continued to canvass the 9500 block and blocks nearby. They, too, found no leads.

The next step in the probe was to fingerprint every service individual who had made recent visits to Mrs. Stern's home. These included carpenters, plumbers, electricians, painters, and delivery boys. All of these people were contacted. It was explained to them why their prints were needed. They agreed to be fingerprinted, but the sleuths got nowhere in this area, either. They did not find a match.

The investigation was rapidly becoming bogged down. No new avenues had been opened up for the detectives to explore. There were no leads. Clues were scarce. All they had were two prints and a nine-inch human hair that had been found under the body. But it could have been there for days. Other hairs had been found on the rug but they had proved to be nonhuman.

Detectives were confounded by the fact that three knives had been used in the murder. Why? In most cases a killer would use one knife and then take it with him, especially if he wore no gloves and suspected that his prints were on the handle.

Two homicide men paid another visit to the victim's home, which had been locked and sealed by police. They broke the seal and went in. "Has to be something in here we overlooked," said one.

The other didn't think so. "When the lab boys go through a place," he said, "nothing's overlooked."

Nevertheless, the two went through the rooms, re-examining everything. They found nothing in the way of clues. In the hallway they tried again to reconstruct what had happened. "She must have been standing here with her back to the killer," said one.

"After he stuck the first knife in she probably fell to the floor, then he stuck in the other two," said the other.

"She didn't scream. At least, nobody

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MEET THE AUTHORS

GAVIN FROST, B.Sc., Ph.D., D.D., is Archbishop of the Church of Wicca, New Bern, North Carolina with national headquarters in Salem, Missouri, branches in several states and worldwide membership. He is Marshal of the Gold Star of England, with the right to wear the Saffron Robe and one of the very few Witches in the Western Hemisphere privileged to wear the authentic mark of initiation on his wrist. Although descended from a long line of mystics and scholars, and formerly a Vice-President and Director of International Operations for major aerospace companies, he prefers to be thought of as a humble teacher.

Mrs. YVONNE FROST, A.A., D.D., with her husband Gavin Frost, devotes her time to giving private instruction and publishing *Survival*, the newsletter of the Church of Wicca, of which she is a Bishop.

Articles by or about Gavin and Yvonne Frost have appeared in such national publications as *Midnight* and the *National Enquirer*.

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heard any screams."

"Then the guy walked through the rooms to the side door and left."

Both men stared long and hard at the bloodstained rug at their feet. Finally, one said, "We're not accomplishing anything here."

They left the house, locked it up, and sealed it again. They stood on the walk for a few minutes, looking around. One of them studied the lawn. The grass needed cutting. He said, "As I remember it, this lawn had been well manicured."

"It was," said the other.

"Think Mrs. Stern cut it herself?"

"I doubt it. She was 68. That's hard work."

"It's not so hard if you have an electric mower, or a gas job."

The men walked to the garage and looked around. There was no lawn mower inside. "So she must have contracted somebody to do it," said one of the homicide detectives. "Let's ask around."

One neighbor recalled that Mrs. Stern had had two boys cut her lawn two days before she had been murdered. Did she know their names? She said she did not. She knew only that one boy was white, the other black.

The investigators knew of only one black family in the neighborhood. They lived in the 1100 block of Brightling Drive. A few minutes later the detectives were in the house and talking with Gerald D. Garrett, 18. He admitted that he and a youth named Gary Haines had cut Mrs. Stern's grass. He was asked if he had gone inside the woman's house and Gerald said he hadn't, nor had Haines.

Garrett was told that his fingerprints would be needed. He did not object. Arrangements were made to have him go to Olivette Police Headquarters. The officers then asked him for Gary Haines' address.

Later that day the investigators spoke to Haines. The young man's story did not agree with Garrett's, nor with the victim's neighbor's. Haines said they had cut Mrs. Stern's grass on the day she was murdered. He also stated that they had been in the woman's house for water. The youth said that he had stepped inside the house. He had not seen Garrett go in, but it was Garrett who had brought him a glass of water.

Haines did not remember what time this transaction had taken place. (The medical examiner said that Mrs. Stern had been stabbed between 12:30 and 4:00 P.M.). Gary Haines also said that Garrett had gone into the woman's house to get a screwdriver to adjust the lawn mower, which hadn't been necessary, Haines said, because he had one in his pocket.

The investigators told the young man that he could help them in their investigation of the murder if he agreed to have his fingerprints taken. Haines said he would do so.

Two days later police had a fingerprint

match. Detectives returned to Gerald Garrett's house for further talks. They reminded him that he'd said he had not been in Mrs. Stern's house on the day she died, yet his fingerprint had been found on the wall in the hallway, and another had been found on the drawer where she kept her kitchen knives.

Garrett then changed his story. He said he had gone into her house to get a glass of water. Had he gone in for anything else? Yes, he said. He had wanted a screwdriver to adjust the lawn mower.

One of his interrogators asked, "Did she have one?"

The youth said she did not have one, that she told him to go to the kitchen drawer and take a butter knife.

The investigators brought Garrett to Mrs. Stern's home. In the kitchen, one of the detectives opened a drawer. Inside were 12 screwdrivers. Garrett appeared stunned.

The officers asked him if he had murdered Mrs. Stern. Garrett denied it, saying he had been with friends that afternoon.

Nevertheless, Gerald Garrett was arrested and charged with murder.

In August 1975 a St. Louis County grand jury heard the evidence against the suspect and brought in an indictment. The following February Gerald Garrett was brought to trial in the St. Louis County Circuit Court, Judge John R. Rickhoff presiding. The charge against the defendant was first degree murder. The jury consisted of ten men and two women.

True to his word, the defendant did produce four witnesses who claimed Gerald Garrett had been with them during the afternoon of the murder. One of them took the witness stand. She said that she and a friend had gone to Garrett's home and had "stayed no more than a minute." All three then went to the home of another friend, where they stayed through a thunderstorm. The witness said the storm had taken place between 3:45 and 4:00 P.M.

On cross examination, assistant prosecuting attorney Steven H. Goldman asked the witness what time she had arrived at Garrett's house. She told him around three o'clock. Referring to his notes, Goldman reminded her that she had told detectives that she had shown up at 2:00 P.M. The woman attributed the difference to her nervousness during questioning by police, but now said that she'd arrived at the Garrett home "more around 3:00 P.M. than 2."

The prosecution displayed enlarged photos of the two fingerprints found in Mrs. Stern's home. Gary Haines took the witness stand for the prosecution to explain what he had told officers earlier about going into the woman's home for water. He also mentioned Garrett's need for a screwdriver, and about the defendant going back into the house for one despite the fact that Haines had a screw-

driver in his pocket.

Gerald Garrett took the stand in his own defense. He explained his movements that day to the court, confirming the defense witness' statements. He charged that the policemen who had taken the stand for the prosecution had lied about him, that he had not denied being in the woman's house. Garrett told the court, "The police officers showed me blood and stuff on the floor and asked me why I did it. I said I didn't do it."

Assistant Prosecutor Goldman placed a photo in front of the defendant. It showed the woman with three knives in her back. Goldman asked, "Did you place these knives in Mrs. Stern's back?"

In a voice barely audible, Garrett said, "No, I did not."

The prosecution then unleashed a surprise witness. This individual stated that Mrs. Stern had complained about the way Garrett and Haines had mowed her lawn, insisting that the youths had cut the lawn two days before the woman was found dead.

After a week of testimony the jury retired to deliberate its verdict. When it returned to the courtroom the foreman stated that the jurors had found the defendant guilty of second degree murder.

Garrett was sentenced to 30 years in prison. But that was far from the end of it.

Garrett's attorney filed a motion for appeal with the Missouri Court of Appeals in St. Louis. Since the prosecution admitted that it had won its case on circumstantial evidence, an appellate judge decided to release Garrett on a \$35,000 bond.

The young man returned to his home and his attorney began work on the appeal.

That was in March, 1976. A little more than one year later, April 3, 1977, a Sunday, Olivette's fire department was summoned to put out a blaze in a home on Brightling Drive. It was 10:00 P.M.

When firemen broke in with hoses they found five separate fires—one in the kitchen, one in the living room, one in the dining room, and one in each of the two bedrooms. That told them immediately that an arsonist had been at work. In one of the bedrooms they found a burning mattress on the floor. They lifted it to snuff out the blaze.

Under it was the body of a woman. She was clad in pajamas. There was blood on her throat, neck, face and head. Her abdomen was badly burned.

The fires in the house were extinguished. Then a call was placed to Olivette's police chief Robert D. Cole. Minutes later he arrived at the home with Major Robert Lowery, head of the St. Louis Major Case Squad.

The dead woman was identified as Mrs. Agnes Grote, a 78-year-old widow who lived alone. Cole and Lowery looked at the body and to their practiced eyes

(Continued on page 57)

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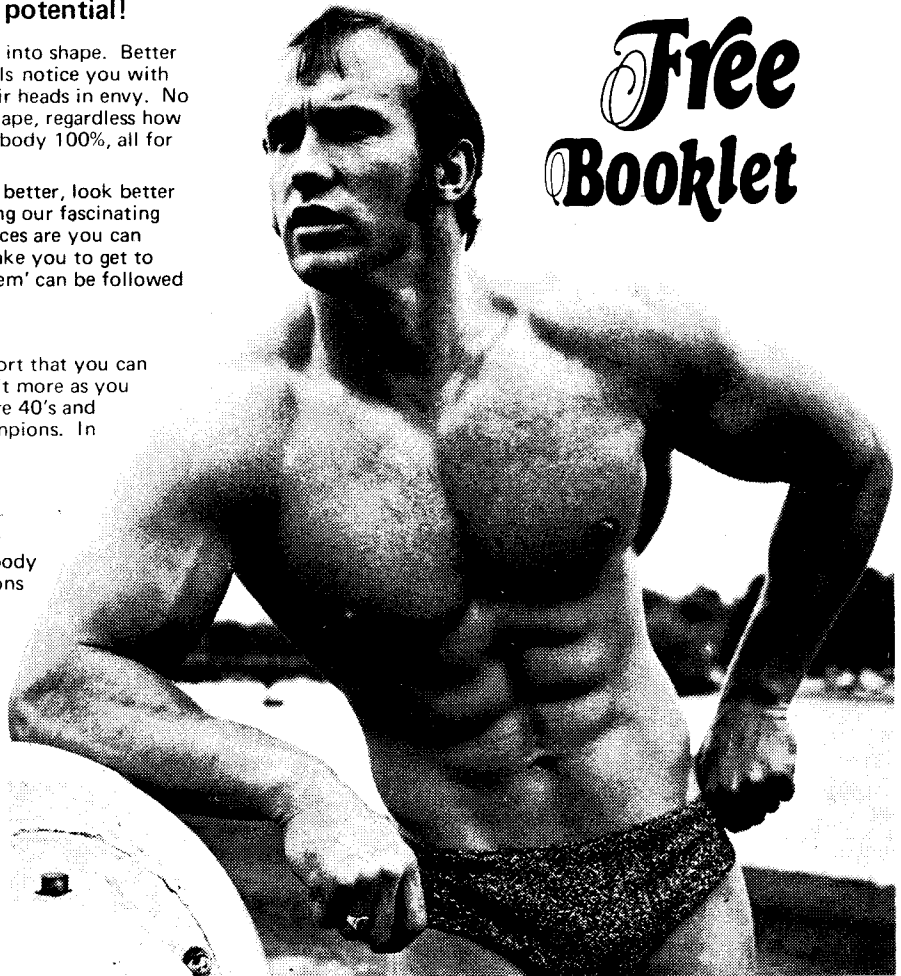
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FOUND ON CRIMSON SOAKED SHEETS WITH A SINGLE SLUG IN HIS HEAD

by MICHAEL PETERS

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.,
MARCH 3, 1979

●The invisible line which is the Westchester-New York border is in many ways as formidable a delineation of lifestyle as the high brick wall separating east and west Berlin. On one side lies the grim fastness of the Bronx, the most downtrodden of the five boroughs. Opposing it is the golden ghetto to which much of Manhattan's executive elite retreats each night, returning in the morning for another lap in the big city rat race. The Bronx is gray and dirty, black and brown-skinned, and old; Westchester is green and white and fresh and new. But what divides them most is money. The Bronx has very little. Westchester, except for a few emerging pockets of poverty, has almost more than it knows what to do with.

To Dr. Seymour Cohen, who spent a large part of his medical career looking inside the pinched stomachs of patients at Montefiore Hospital in the Bronx, Westchester represented the payoff for years of toil. When it was time for him to abandon the Bronx, an office on Mamaroneck Avenue in the growing city of White Plains, a few miles north of New York, was his reward. And when his practice prospered so that his monthly income approached \$10,000, a newer, larger office on Greenridge Avenue seemed a necessity. So did the brand new condominium at Hillside Place in the exclusive residential community of Mt. Pleasant.

Dr. Cohen became such a confirmed Westchesterite that when, in April, 1976, following the breakup of a marriage which produced two daughters, he took a second bride, he had the ceremony per-



Dr. Seymour Cohen was found shot through the head. Forensic study pointed to murder, not suicide.

formed by the mayor of White Plains.

His friends and patients and professional colleagues agreed that Seymour Cohen was a man to be admired and respected and perhaps even to be envied.

"He was a terrific doctor," a fellow gastroenterologist would recall. "He had a large practice which brought him a lot of money, and he deserved every cent of it. He took outstanding care of his patients. It was a classic success story."

Classic, too, was the doctor's one great disappointment, a secret carefully hidden from all but those very few persons who knew him best. For despite his great

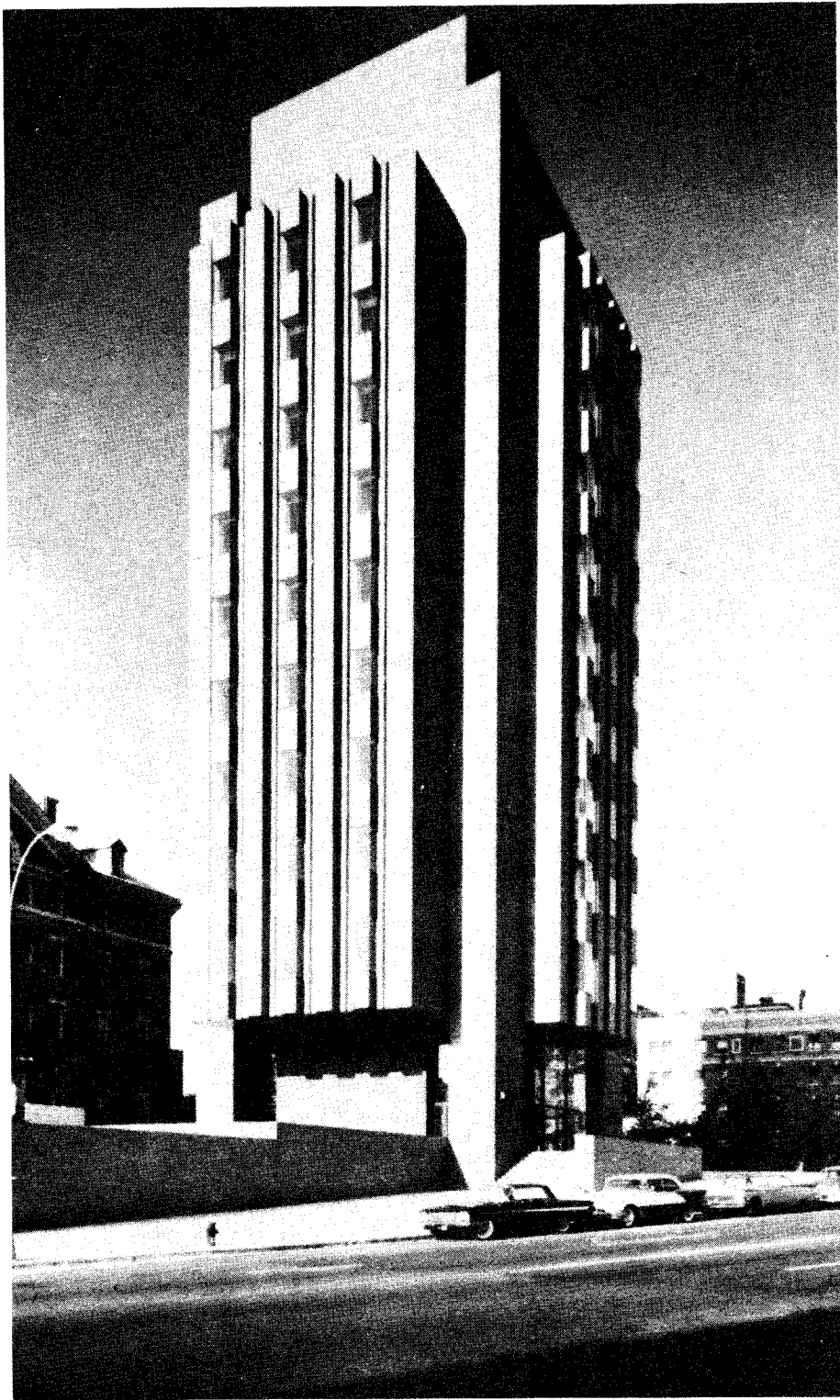
professional success, Dr. Cohen was destined to have little luck in his personal life. By the late summer of 1976, some four months after the ceremony in the White Plains' mayor's office, his second marriage was already on the rocks. He had left the new condominium and his new bride, Patricia, and at the age of 43 was formulating plans for another divorce.

Around midnight, Saturday, September 25, 1976, a frantic call for help sent a team of Mount Pleasant police officers racing to the Cohen condominium in the still-incomplete Hillside Place development. When they arrived, they were taken into the bedroom by the doctor's estranged wife, Patricia. In the broad double bed, atop crimson-soaked sheets, was Dr. Seymour Cohen, quiet, unmoving, barely alive. Lying near him was a .380 Spanish automatic pistol, presumably the same one from which a single slug had been fired into his head.

Dr. Cohen was rushed to Northern Westchester Hospital in Mt. Kisco, where a team of surgeons was already being assembled. Paramedics in the ambulance radioed ahead that there was a bullet entry wound in the right side of the head and an exit wound in the left side. At the emergency room it was determined that immediate surgery was required for there to be any chance of saving the doctor's life. In preparation, the area of the head surrounding the entry wound was shaved to provide easier access to the bullet hole.

His professional colleagues worked hard to preserve Dr. Cohen's ebbing life. But they were fighting a losing battle from the start and at 3:45 a.m., despite their valiant efforts, he died on the operating table. At once, police were informed of his death.

By that time, officers had already taken



Dr. Cohen first practiced at Montefiore Hospital, then moved to White Plains.

But was it suicide or murder? New York sleuths worked for about 11 months on Seymour Cohen's case before they thought they had an answer—and then they had to fight in court to prove it

a statement about the shooting from Patricia Cohen. Under the gentle questioning of Mount Pleasant Detective Anthony Curto, an 18-year veteran of the force, the grieving widow had explained that her husband had phoned her on Friday afternoon to say that he would be stopping by the condominium to see her. To her surprise, when he arrived that evening he was carrying a bottle of red wine.

Asked, later, about Mrs. Cohen's account of her husband's death, Detective Curto would recall in detail the woman's remarks.

"He was telling her that things were getting heavy for him," Curto said. "He was in debt. He said, 'I'd like to get the hell out of here.' She said he was at times very disturbed."

Patricia Cohen told the lawman that she and her husband had gone to an upstairs bedroom and gotten undressed.

"She put on a short nightie and underpants," Curto said. "He was nude."

Dr. Cohen, according to his wife's story, had taken eight or nine second tablets that evening and when he tried to make love to her, he failed.

"He was staggering, incoherent," Curto said Mrs. Cohen told him. "He fell off the bed on several occasions. She had to hold him up to take him to the bathroom."

Mrs. Cohen was vague about some of the details of the next few minutes. She recalled, though, that the phone rang several times and to stop it from bothering them they placed some pillows over it.

"I'm going to die tonight of respiratory failure," Dr. Cohen told his wife, Curto said. The woman also told the detective that she fell asleep a short time later and awoke to the sound of a powerful slamming in her ear. When she looked around, she saw that her husband evidently had shot himself, and so she ran downstairs and called the police. She added that she did not remember her husband's position in bed, or seeing a gun, because she had "blanked out."

Early on Saturday morning, Detective Curto paid a visit to the Cohen home where he found the suspected death weapon and dusted it for fingerprints. He found none, however, and neither was he able to turn up any sign of forced entry into the condominium.

Meanwhile, news of the doctor's strange death was spreading throughout the county and causing problems for investigators. Mount Pleasant Police Chief Paul Oliva told reporters that he would not answer their questions about the incident. And Thomas Facelle, District Attorney Carl Vergari's chief assistant, said, on Sunday, that:

"We are still awaiting the medical examiner's report. We're making no comment."

Dr. Henry Siegel, the Westchester County pathologist, said that he did not

know when a report on Dr. Cohen's death would be made available to the press.

Three days later, on Wednesday, Dr. Lyn Roh of the medical examiner's office told reporters that his department was working with Mount Pleasant police in an effort at determining the range at which the fatal bullet was fired into Dr. Cohen.

"I have no comment on any of the evidence," Assistant District Attorney Facelle said. "A lot of investigation remains to be done. The sheriff's office has been called in to do ballistics work."

On Tuesday, October 5, ten days after Dr. Cohen's death, Detective Curto spoke again with his widow. This time, Patricia Cohen recalled hearing her husband get out of bed and assuming that he was going to the bathroom.

"I remember his getting up," she said. "I was falling asleep. He said my name several times."

Then she described for a second time the "slamming" noise which jolted her to full consciousness. When she turned toward her husband, she said, he was lying on his back.

"I saw something in the bed which I thought was a gun," she added.

As she had during the first interview, she told Detective Curto that her husband was a jealous, despondent man beset with financial problems and addicted to barbiturates. Nevertheless, she said, a reconciliation was effected in the hours before his death.

If there were any developments of importance in the case in the next two months, police did not make them known to the public. On Friday, December 3, Dr. Roh, the physician in charge of the medical examiner's investigation, said that he would have to receive additional information from police before he could be more specific about the doctor's death.

Mount Pleasant Police Lieutenant Frank Algeno said that three of his men were working the case on a full-time basis along with investigators from the district attorney's office. He expressed the hope that the probe would be wrapped up by the end of the month.

But it wasn't. The evidence necessary to substantiate or disprove Patricia Cohen's claims that her husband was a suicide had been discarded with the hair that was shaved from his head by doctors on the night of his death.

"If someone only had thought to save the hair," a detective said, "we could have checked if for the presence of powder burns or nitrate residue. If we found any, we could be almost sure that the doctor was shot at close range. It wouldn't necessarily prove that he killed himself, but if there weren't any burns or residue we could be all but sure that he hadn't. This way, we're still in the dark. I don't know what we're going to do next."

It would be nearly five months later, in May, 1977, before the investigators for-

mulated a satisfactory plan of action. Although the hair from his head was lost to them forever, there was a good chance, they knew, that there were still some stories his body had to tell. So, on May 6, under the direction of the district attorney's office, police went to the Sharon Gardens Cemetery in Valhalla, New York, and exhumed Dr. Cohen's remains. After nearly eight months in the grave, the body was surprisingly well-preserved.

Now that the body was in their possession, the investigators were hopeful of finding out how far the death weapon had been held from Dr. Cohen's head when it was fired.

"You see the Spanish automatic that killed him wasn't like most American-made weapons," a detective said. "It has a plate on the handle which had to be depressed before the trigger could be pulled. Because of the plate, the gun had to be held a certain way in order to be fired."

Therefore, in order for the doctor to have shot himself, he would have had to have held the weapon in a specific manner and still have the bullet follow the trajectory the wound showed.

To test their theory, Dr. Gary Paparo, Westchester's chief medical examiner, placed a wooden dowel through the entry and exit wounds in Dr. Cohen's head. Then he inserted one end of the dowel into the muzzle of the gun and placed the weapon in the doctor's hand.

Very carefully, Dr. Paparo moved the gun next to Dr. Cohen's head and slid the hand as far back as it would go before the pressure on the dowel began forcing the gun off the path the bullet had taken. Photos were taken during each step of the procedure. The test showed the doctor could not have held the gun more than four inches from his head.

Samples of Dr. Cohen's skin and underlying tissue were removed for examination under a microscope. Again, no indications of powder burns or nitrate residue were found. How could the doctor have shot himself at a range of four inches and yet there be no powder burns or nitrate residue?

The evidence acquired as a result of the exhumation was the main topic of conversation among county police for the next few weeks. Along with other, recently developed information about the case it was almost all they talked about until Tuesday, August 2, when Patricia Cohen was arraigned in a White Plains court on an indictment charging her with second degree murder, criminal possession of a weapon, two counts of criminal solicitation in the first degree, and reckless endangerment.

Police said that the woman twice had tried to hire a killer to get rid of her husband. On July 21, 1976, they claimed, she had tried to run him over with a car after he had ordered her to leave his first wife's

home.

It was not until Wednesday, January 3, 1979, that Patricia Cohen's trial got underway in the White Plains courtroom of Westchester County Court Judge Theodore Dachenhausen, Jr. On Thursday, January 11, the prosecution placed on the stand the former owner of a Yonkers, New York, stereo shop who testified that the day before Dr. Cohen died the defendant had phoned him to ask for the loan of a gun.

"She said she was afraid for herself and her son because she was there all alone and the office next to her apartment had been burglarized," he said.

The witness said that he had loaned her the gun which was registered in Maine, where he had purchased it, but not in New York. He also told the court that on two separate occasions, one of them just four to six weeks before Dr. Cohen's death, Patricia had asked him if he knew of a hit man for hire. The woman had not told him who she wanted eliminated, he said, and he had not taken her seriously.

The witness went on to say that when Mount Pleasant police traced the gun back to him he did not tell them of Patricia's request because he considered it a joke. He mentioned it to them after hiring a lawyer, he said, "because my gun was used in a crime and I knew the circumstances involved." He had told police right away, he said, of a time during the winter of 1974-1975, when Patricia had asked him:

"Do you know of anybody who can get rid of somebody?"

"She told me she was mad at Dr. Cohen," he testified, "that she was going to go to lawyers and to police to get Dr. Cohen indicted for billing out phony prescriptions. She was going to get even with him."

On Monday, January 15, Detective Curto, a resident of Arizona since retiring from the Mount Pleasant police force in September, 1978, testified that when he examined the Spanish automatic, the day after the shooting, "The weapon appeared new, shiny and clean. I saw no fingerprints, just a streak. I applied fingerprint powder to the weapon and did not observe any latent prints. I removed the clip and found no latent fingerprints on the clip or on the bullet."

While searching the condominium, he added, he had found neither another gun, nor any signs of forced entry. Before leaving the stand, he identified some bloodstained bedding, draperies from the couple's canopied bed, a vial containing two red capsules, and some other items, including photographs he had taken at the scene.

On Wednesday, the jury listened to tape recordings of the statements Patricia Cohen made to police in the two weeks following her husband's death. Although there were some discrepancies between

(Continued on page 77)

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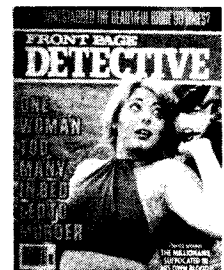
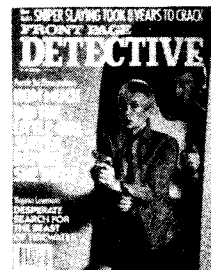
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BONNIE WAS RAPED AND KILLED -- WHEN NO ONE HEEDED HER PLEAS FOR HELP

The pretty nurse ran screaming down the street, her attacker in hot pursuit. Three times she tried to get men in the neighborhood to come to her aid and three times they drove off. Some householders did dial Manhattan's emergency number, but the calls were mishandled. While enforcement officers hunted in the wrong places for her, Bonnie had been dragged into a tenement to be ravished, shot in the head, and set afire

by JOSEPH MCNAMARA

NEW YORK, N. Y., NOV. 29, 1978

● The flurry of telephone calls to New York City's special emergency number 911 sent police scurrying about the Upper West Side of Manhattan while the life of a young blue-eyed woman hung in the balance.

It was early in the morning of Friday, November 24, 1978, the day after Thanksgiving, when police were alerted that a powerfully built black man was chasing a screaming white woman down West 102nd Street. Another caller reported that the woman had thrown herself on the hood of a car in a vain effort to seek the occupant's aid.

Shortly afterward a person phoned that the woman was dragged, whimpering, into an abandoned tenement by her hair. But the fates seemed to be conspiring against the dark-tressed victim, who appeared to be in her 20s. For there was much confusion and misunderstanding in the official handling of the incident. And even the residents of that slum area, to whom she turned in desperation, did not comprehend her plight.

For the pretty and petite woman, her flight of incredible terror ended in a third floor room at 15 West 102nd Street, in

death, a death that moved even the most hardened of police investigators of that crime infested area.

Sergeant Maurice Collins, of the 24th Police Precinct, was among a cadre of cops called to the scene. He was searching a tenement at 17 West 102nd, where a neighbor said the woman had been yanked inside by the hair. It was 8:45 A.M. One by one, he toured the floors cluttered by the debris of a neighborhood in turmoil. As he reached the third floor, Sergeant Collins looked across the air-shaft between that building and No. 15 and he saw smoke.

Collins called the fire department, and an engine company responded about three minutes later. The firemen rushed up to the third floor of No. 15 to douse the flames and they were really not prepared for the horror that greeted them there.

On the floor, stripped naked, lay the once lovely body of the young victim, her flesh smouldering, the charred smell mingling with the smoke of the dwindling blaze. She had obviously been doused with an inflammable fluid and set afire after her clothes had been yanked off in what appeared to be a savage sexual assault. She appeared to have been shot in the head.

A dirty mattress on the bare floor, the

refuge of derelicts and drug addicts, was the only vestige of the bedroom it once had been. It was 9:19 A.M.

Detectives of the Fifth Homicide Zone and the 24th Precinct talked with eyewitnesses and were led to the auto of the victim on the street outside, a Toyota. Both front doors stood open. In the glove compartment, detectives found a motor vehicle registration that identified the owner as Bonnie Anne Bush, 25, of Fairview, New Jersey.

There were also papers from Mount Sinai Hospital, on the East Side across Central Park. There, officials identified Bonnie Anne Bush as one of the brightest and hardest working nurses in obstetrics, who seemed destined to be named shortly to head of the department.

Within several hours, a woman supervisor climbed the stairs to the third-floor bedroom at 15 West 102nd Street, walked past the empty syringes, the tinfoil caked with melted brown heroin, and looked down into the sightless blue eyes of the murdered woman who lay on her back.

"That's Bonnie Anne Bush," the hospital official said softly.

An autopsy, according to Dr. Gita Natarajan of the Manhattan medical examiner's office, showed that Miss Bush had been shot twice in the head with a



Bonnie Bush was on her way to work when a man attacked her. Apathy and a 911 mixup caused her death.



9 mm. foreign gun before her body had been set on fire. Dr. Natarajan said tests were being conducted to determine if Bonnie Anne had been sexually assaulted.

Later that day, Bonnie Anne's father, owner of a Jersey City, New Jersey carpet shop and the father of six other daughters, was notified of her murder.

Bonnie was described as a girl "with a beautiful calm in her eyes...very intelligent, humble." Her teacher at St. Matthew's grammar school in Ridgefield, New Jersey, said she had an IQ of 136 and absorbed everything she was told. She attended St. Joseph's High in West New York and went on to William Paterson College in Wayne, New Jersey, working part-time to help defray the expenses.

When one teacher at William Paterson asked her why she paid such close attention to the instruction, she replied; "Because I work so hard to be here."

In July, 1974, Bonnie took her state nursing boards in New Jersey and scored high, going to work for Roosevelt

Hospital in Manhattan in the obstetrics ward. She became one of the most respected nurses in the hospital.

Said one prominent pediatrician there; "She had a knack for reading people. Anyone will tell you that Bonnie was one of the best nurses around."

Last October 27, Bonnie left Roosevelt for Mount Sinai, at the same time moving out of her \$270-a-month studio apartment on West 59th Street, Manhattan, back into her home in Fairview.

All this was explained to the detectives. Her father was fearful for her safety in the subways. He bought her an auto and doped out the best route for her to get to work in Mount Sinai. The route led to the Lincoln Tunnel (the Manhattan side was 20 minutes from her home) and up 10th Avenue to West 96th Street (another ten minutes), then east on 96th through Central Park to Madison Avenue to the hospital at 100th Street (another 15 minutes).

On the fateful day of November 24,

1978, Bonnie Anne left her home at 7:24 A.M., running late for the seminar she was to attend at 8 o'clock at the hospital. She never got there. Somewhere on West 96th Street, as homicide detectives reconstructed the crime, the winsome lass was confronted by her killer.

As her last minutes of life were being pieced together, an enraged citizenry was blistering the police department for "fumbling" emergency calls that some said could have saved Bonnie's life. Mis-cues seemed to be the order of the day. And on top of that, there was an outraged cry that 14,403 police officers, about half the department, had been given off on that day to take a sergeant's examination. A usual weekday 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. shift sees 2,000 to 2,500 police officers on duty throughout New York City, not counting superior officers. On this day, there were 1,172 men in blue working the streets, including superior officers.

There were also charges that some persons handling 911 emergency calls for

(Left) Wounded in shootout with police, Nathaniel Giles, Jr. is loaded into ambulance. (Right) Giles has a long history of violent crimes.

police were inept, and an internal investigation was begun.

After questioning all connected with the case, the homicide detectives presented this picture of Bonnie's travail:

Somewhere on West 96th Street Bonnie's killer got into her car at gunpoint when she stopped for traffic. The killer was described as a six foot two black wearing a brown leather jacket. The car turned north on Central Park West, away from the route Bonnie had rehearsed with her dad just before she took the Mount Sinai job.

At West 102nd Street, Bonnie leaped from the car and tried to dash to safety. Her killer jumped from the passenger side door and pursued her with pistol in hand. Screaming in terror, the young nurse ran west on 102nd to Manhattan Avenue a block away, where she saw a bakery truck just pulling away from a delivery.

Rushing to the door of the bakery van, Bonnie screeched, "Help me! Somebody help me!"

The van lurched away, knocking the frantic woman to the street. The driver and his helper, later located by police, said they were leery of the woman because they had once been ripped off by a hooker who had used the same approach.

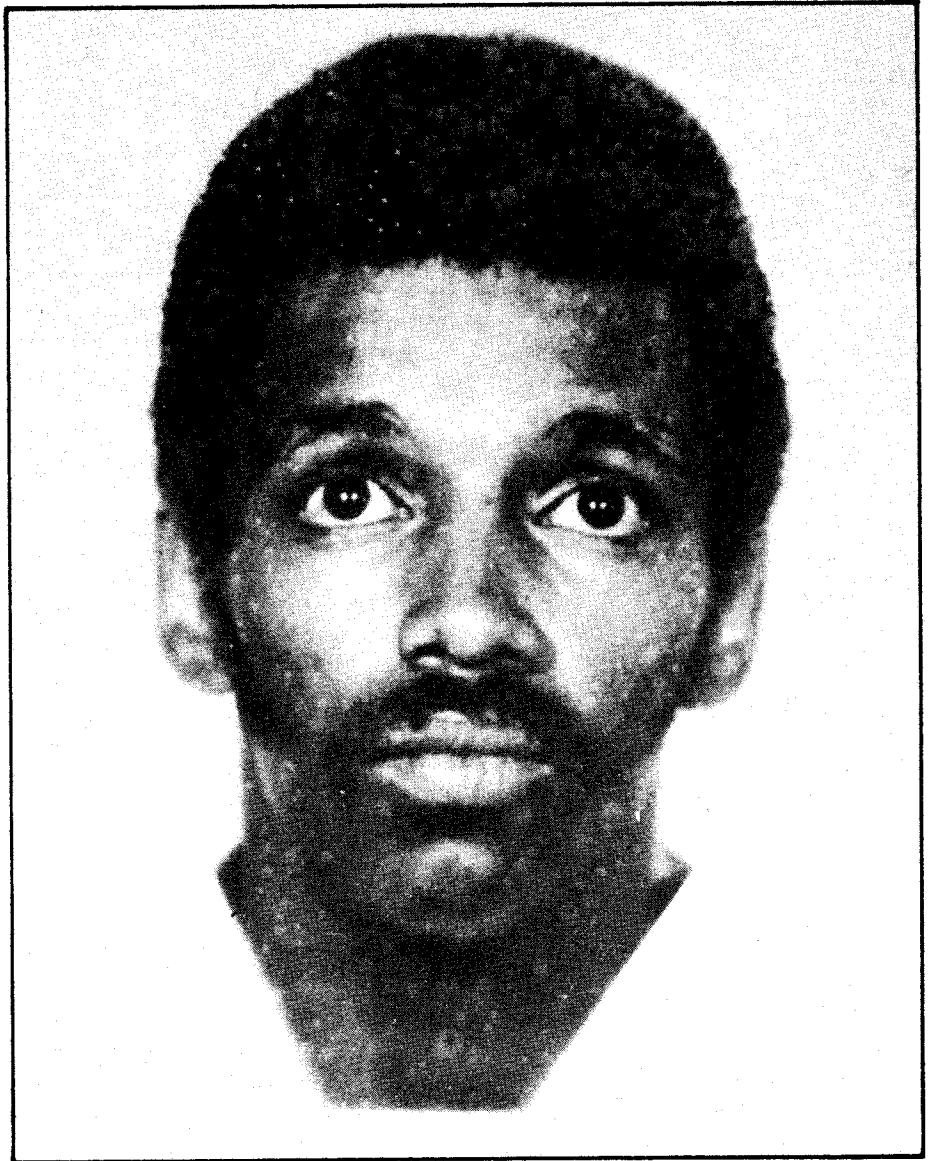
Now, bruised and limping, her pistol-armed antagonist still in pursuit, Bonnie ran up to a man standing by his car at the corner of 102nd Street. She beseeched him, but the man got into his auto and sped off.

Near hysterics, Bonnie ran north on Manhattan Avenue to a car that was being warmed up, the driver behind the wheel. As she approached, the driver locked the door of the car and ignored her pleas for help.

The stricken girl leaped on the hood of the car and sprawled across it in an attempt to prevent the motorist from driving away without her. But, at this point, the leather-jacketed thug caught up with Bonnie and grabbed her by the hair as she lay on the automobile hood.

"My broad's crazy," the gunman shouted to the driver as he dragged Bonnie off toward 102nd Street, and down the block to No. 17 where, clutching her dark locks, he yanked her up the stairs into the fading brownstone building.

One of the men who drove away from the pleading woman did stop at a public telephone and called emergency number 911 to report an assault in progress. Unfortunately he gave the address as 50 Manhattan Avenue, which led cops on a wild goose chase. Two later calls to 911 also wound up giving investigation of-



ficers the wrong addresses, and it is conceivable that as many as six cops were searching for Bonnie Anne at the very moment she was being killed. But, they were searching in the wrong places.

The slayer dragged his victim into 17 West 102nd and up three flights to a rear fire escape and then crossed over the fire escape to 15 West 102nd, next door. Why he chose this route was perplexing.

Inside the third floor bedroom, he stripped his terrified victim and forced himself sexually upon her, then shot her twice in the head and set her on fire. By now police learned from post autopsy tests that Bonnie Anne had been sodomized by her killer.

All 30 detectives of the Fifth Homicide Zone were assigned to the search for Bonnie Anne's sex killer, and with the addition of members of special units, the total men on the case might have approached 100.

But while the criminal probe went on, members of the Internal Affairs Division of the police force were making their own

investigation into reports from citizens that cops were slow responding to the alerts.

One witness claimed that he reported the incident to two police officers who were drinking coffee in a parked patrol car at 102nd Street and Central Park West. It was about 8:30 A.M., the witness declared.

"They thanked me and said, 'We'll be there in a minute,'" the witness told newspaper reporters and police probers.

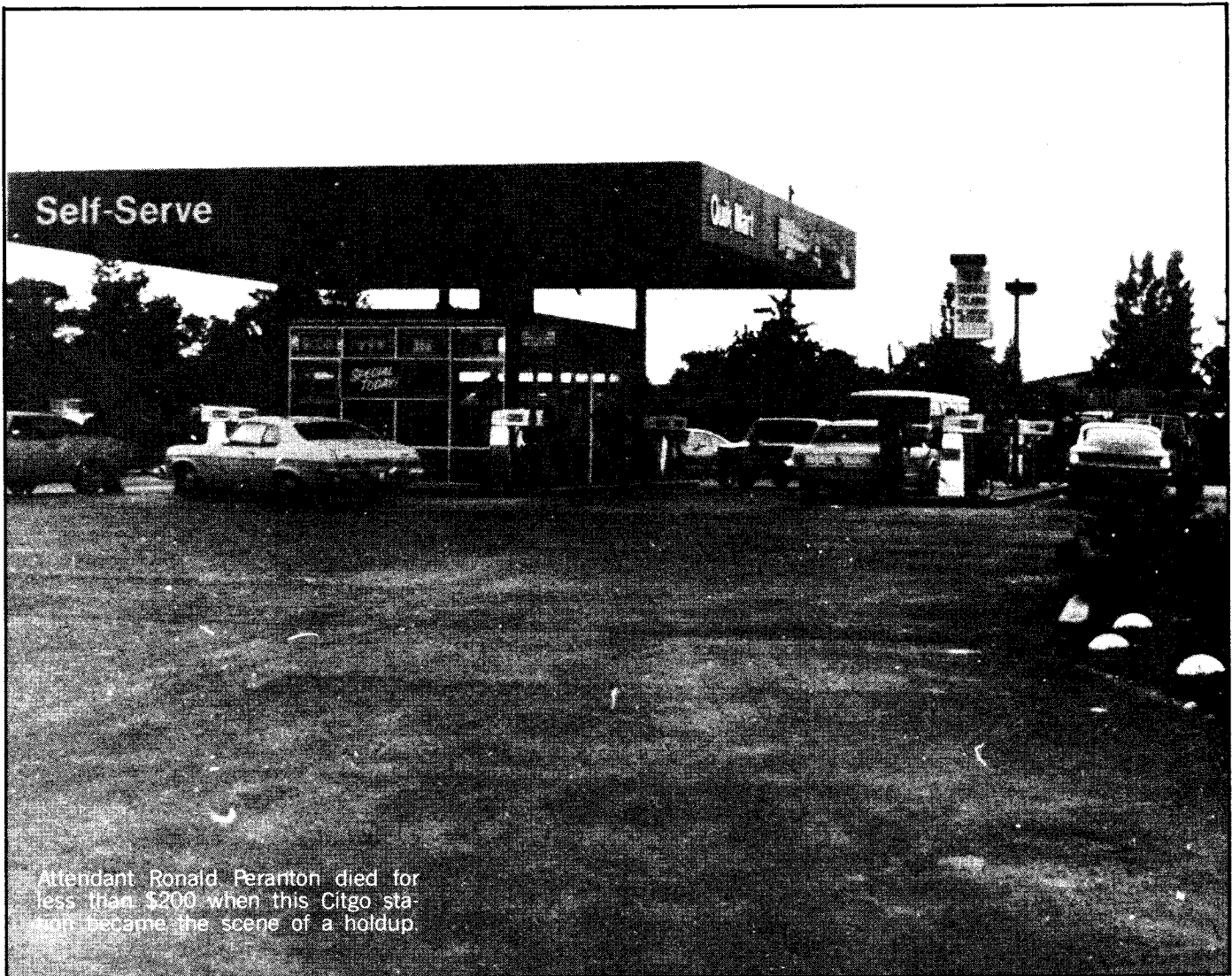
However, when this same witness heard shots coming from the 15 West 102nd Street building a half hour later, the policemen still had not arrived, the witness alleged.

One woman resident of the street said that many people were on the street at the time the nurse was dragged into the empty building.

"It's no big deal to hear screams in this area," said the woman, grown callous after years of survival in this armpit of

(Continued on page 62)

“TURN ME OVER, I



Attendant Ronald Peranton died for less than \$200 when this Citgo station became the scene of a holdup.

by ALAN HOBSON

POMPANO BEACH, FLA., JUNE 9, 1978

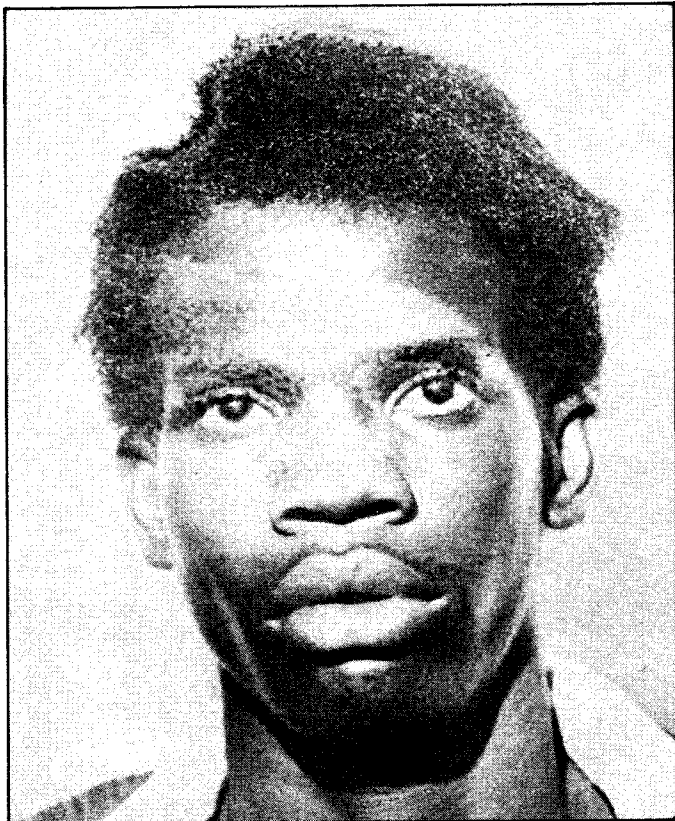
● In detective work, as in politics or news reporting, success lies often not so much in what you know as who you know. For lawmen covering certain neighborhoods, as for foreign correspondents digging beyond official handouts, the primary job may be cultivation of informants. Such neighborhoods are those where crime is a way of life. Routine police canvass is rarely productive of evidence or even leads; through fear, indifference, or collusion, inhabitants are not readily communicative. So investigators must find, develop, and use informants.

With a carefully handled string of informants a good lawman can often break a case that might otherwise never be solved.

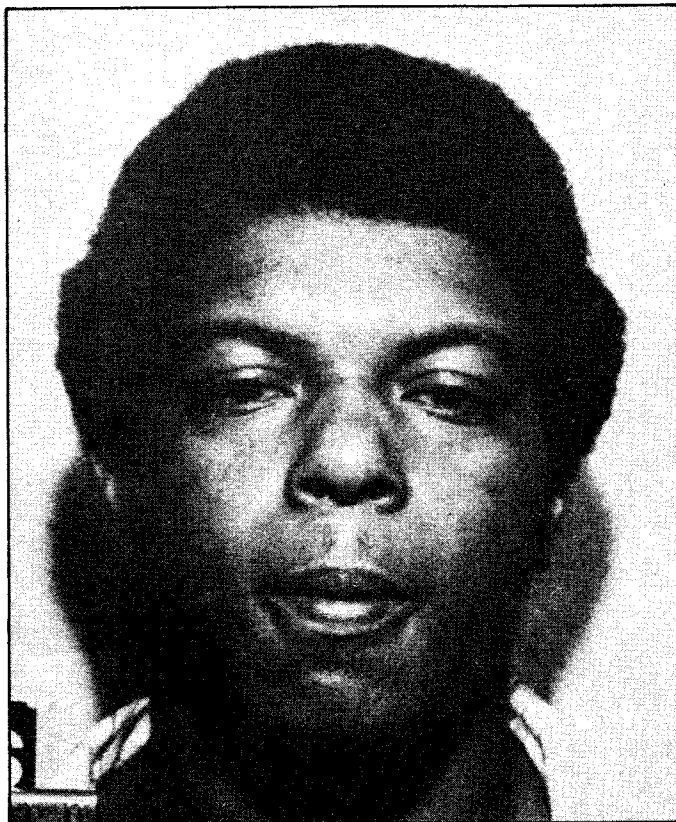
Such a case was the senseless stabbing of 31-year-old Ronald Chester Peranton, who had been just a week on his job as attendant in the Citgo station at Copans Road and North Dixie Highway.

This intersection lies just a little east of one of the most vicious urban jungles in south Florida. A small pocket in the sector south of Copans and just west of I-95, it is known as Carver Ranches. Unconsciously or not, there is bitter mockery in the designation. Here is none of the fresh-smelling wide open spaces the term ranches evokes, and the only livestock is human. Bisected by NW 15th Avenue and NW 18th Street, it consists of a concentrated grid of deadend streets, paved but rutted, pocked with disrepair. Along them, without grass or trees or any relieving grace, are clustered delapidated cheaply thrown-up project-type cottages. One, once painted white, houses a church. Another, a

CAN'T BREATHE"



Accomplices claimed Charles McBride wielded murder knife.



Nearly a year elapsed before Jerry McCloud gave himself up.

These were the last words Ronald Peranton ever spoke. The Florida homicide squad assigned to his murder used street smarts to bring the killers to justice

grocery locally known as "The Juke," serves as town hall, social club, and drug exchange. Drug trade is a principal business of the section.

Detective Daniel John Patrick Murray and Detective Stanley Tipton of the Pompano Beach Police Department (PBPD) are assigned to this slum, a high-crime area.

The Citgo station on North Dixie, however, is in an unincorporated area just north of Pompano Beach, hence under the jurisdiction of the Broward County Sheriff's Office (BSO). Nevertheless, it was Murray who actually solved the Citgo station slaying. Peranton's murder was a case where not only use of informants but also inter-agency cooperation paid off.

BSO Road Patrolman David, however, was first to reach the scene shortly after 9 PM Monday, January 3, 1977. On routine patrol in his marked vehicle, he had been hailed by a group of

people who saw the station attendant stagger out of the garage area and fall on the apron between the pumps and the office.

Peranton was dead by the time Patrolman David swung his car in and got out two minutes later. He roped off the scene and notified homicide. Captain Sam George left headquarters with Lieutenant Walter Laun of the technical section and Detective Bosse, Detective Hutchinson, and Sergeant Dickey. He asked the duty officer to call Lieutenant Fred W. Thompson of the robbery section, who was at home, to meet him at the scene.

A crowd had gathered already. Detectives took the witnesses one by one into a small room behind the office, beyond the grease racks in the garage. They plugged in the tape recorder for statements.

"My brother-in-law and I were driving back from my sister-in-

(Continued on page 64)

FOUR PEOPLE DIED— BECAUSE OF A CHILD

by MICHAEL LITCHFIELD

LONDON, ENG., DEC. 11, 1978

● As her daughter, Jenny, skipped into the school playground, Mrs. Mary McArthur waved good-bye to her. Then she headed back along the same road she had just walked happily hand-in-hand with Jenny toward her parked sports car.

It was a few minutes before 9 A.M. on the bitterly cold morning of December 4, 1978 in London, England.

She was just opening the door of her white Triumph sports car, when she felt something hard and pointed prodding her in the lower back.

Mrs. McArthur swiveled round and found herself facing a rather good-looking, tall and athletic man in his late 20s.

She was about to demand "What the hell do you think you're doing?" when her eyes were drawn toward something glinting lower down.

A gun was pointing straight at her stomach. The barrel of the military combat pistol—cast from a special Swedish stainless steel—was no more than two inches from her midriff.

Remaining totally impassive, the young man snarled, "I'll blow out your guts onto the pavement if you make one sound! Just put your keys back into your pocket and get into the driving seat of the black Mercedes parked just in front of your car. Okay?"

Twenty-six year old Mrs. McArthur was frozen with fright. Her face had turned an unhealthy ashen color, just as if she was going to faint. Her face was gaunt with a sort of haunted look. Her mouth was dry, she could hardly swallow, and her tongue felt swollen.

The sweat was trickling down her pallid cheeks, despite the freezing temperature, as she stuttered, "What do you want with me? I'm not a rich woman. I have no money."



Mrs. Mary McArthur was the first person kidnapped and slain in bloody vendetta.

Five people, really, if you count the unborn baby who perished with his murdered mother. In solving the crimes, detectives uncovered a scheme that made their blood run cold

"Just do as you're told, lady," snapped the gunman menacingly in a chilly, clipped manner.

Hesitatingly, Mrs. McArthur made her way to the Mercedes. She found the driving seat door open. As she climbed in, the gunman did likewise, getting into the front passenger seat.

"I've never driven one of these before," she said, telling the truth, but also playing for time; time to think, time to try to discover why she was being kidnapped, time to be sure whether it was really happening to her or if it was just a terrible nightmare from which she would wake at any minute.

As she looked sideways at her expressionless captor, she could not help noticing that the pistol was held inside his sheepskin coat, inclined upwards toward her heart region. She shuddered, realizing that this was no dream, although it was very much a nightmare.

"These are easy to drive," he replied in an even, unemotional voice. "Just put it in automatic and it drives itself."

"Where are we going?" she asked, the fear oozing from her swollen, terrified eyes and also creeping into her shaky voice. "Do you know I'm four months pregnant?"

"So what?" he retorted icily. "Do you want a medal?"

Mary McArthur's heart sank at the callousness of his reply.

"Just follow my instructions," he told her. For the next hour the only words spoken were by him. "A left turn at the traffic light...turn right at the T-junction...keep to the left at the roundabout..." and so on.

After an hour's driving, they were in beautiful rolling countryside between the towns of St. Albans and Harpenden in the county of Hertfordshire, just north of London.

They turned off the main road and followed a winding, country lane—more like a cart track—for about a further three miles. The track twisted around behind a golf course and a couple of farms, and Mary McArthur was finally ordered to stop the car just on the verge of a copse, a well-known spot for picnics and rambles in the summer.

But this was a biting, shivering cold December morning...

"Look, if it's sex you want, I'm not stupid enough to try to offer any resistance," said Mary, starting to plead and bargain for her life, still having no idea what it was all about.

"We could go back to my place and do it in comfort there. There's only the nanny there and she'll be in her own room..."

The young man began to laugh. "Get out of the car and start to walk toward that copse," he commanded.

For a brief moment Mary hesitated. Then she saw the coldness in the man's eyes and she was glad to get out of the car.

"Just walk slowly away from the car in



Rita Lewis, who cared for Mrs. McArthur's daughter, was also abducted and killed.



Police investigation revealed that John McArthur lay behind murderous plot.

the direction of the cople and don't look around," ordered the gunman.

Mrs. McArthur did as she was told, little realizing that at that moment the gunman had wound down the window of the driving seat door and was steadily aiming the pistol at the base of her skull.

Bang!

The bullet, fired from a distance of about eight yards, entered Mrs. McArthur's skull just above the top of the neck. It shattered bone and tissue, tore blood vessels, obliterated the brain, and came out the front of her face.

She died instantly and lurched forward, sprawling on her face and stomach, which had not yet begun to swell visibly from her pregnancy.

The gunman eased himself out of the Mercedes and casually walked to the corpse. He placed one foot on Mrs. McArthur's shoulder and pointed the pistol down at her head again. Then he fired two more shots into her head—just to make sure that the job had been done properly.

With that accomplished, he dragged Mrs. McArthur into the cople and covered her body with twigs and leaves. He wasn't too bothered about the body being found, just as long as it remained undetected for a few hours.

Two hours later, he was back in London, tucking into a big steak lunch, washed down with wine, in one of the expensive restaurants in the West End.

At 3:30 P.M., he was back outside the school where he had abducted Mrs. McArthur. He was standing with his elbow on his Mercedes car as Miss Rita Lewis, the 21-year-old woman employed as a nanny to Jenny by Mrs. McArthur, met the little girl out of school.

"Into the car!" he said tersely as the nanny and six-year-old Jenny drew alongside him. Miss Lewis went to scream as she saw the pistol, but the gunman quickly clasped a hand over her mouth.

Jenny McArthur thought it was a joke and began laughing. Before Miss Lewis had recovered from the shock, she had been bundled into the front passenger seat, with Jenny in the back.

The gunman then leapt into the driving seat and drove out of London in a southerly direction, toward the seaside resort of Brighton.

Miss Lewis was told to keep her mouth shut or else and every time Jenny demanded "What's happening? Where's mummy? Where are we going?" the nanny was commanded to "shut that brat up before I do it with my gun!"

Once again, the Mercedes was driven off the main road and along a country lane for about three miles—and then Miss Lewis was ordered out of the car. . .

"I want to go with Rita," Jenny started crying.

"You stay put!" snapped the gunman, hitting the little girl across the mouth and



Joe Ramsey, an American hood, was hired by John McArthur to carry out his plan.

making her burst into tears.

"Leave that child alone, you monster!" shouted the nanny, losing all her fear and suddenly becoming aggressive and protective on behalf of Jenny.

She took one step back toward the car just at the moment the gunman's finger squeezed the trigger. There was a loud retort and a red patch simultaneously appeared in the middle of her forehead.

As the nanny crashed against the car and slithered to the ground, Jenny continued to scream and scream, becoming more and more hysterical.

Swearing and cursing, the gunman jumped out of the car, ran round to the other side, and quickly fired two more bullets into the already very dead nanny.

Then he lifted her body above his head and literally tossed the corpse over a hedge.

"Now I'm going to take you to your

father," the double killer told Jenny, who was becoming even more hysterical in the back of the Mercedes.

"I don't want to go to daddy," cried Jenny. "I want to go home to mummy."

A month earlier, Mrs. McArthur had been awarded custody of her daughter Jenny after divorcing her husband, John McArthur, on the grounds of physical cruelty.

The judge had ruled that the husband should not have access to the child because of his violent temperament and for fear of his running away with her.

Mr. McArthur's response had been to hire a professional killer—Joe Ramsey, aged 29—to murder his wife and the nanny (if necessary, though not mandatory) and to get him back his daughter.

The murder and kidnap mission had been a success, and professional hit man Ramsey, a Texan who plied his evil trade

on both sides of the Atlantic, was on the way to Mr. McArthur's hideout near Gatwick Airport.

Ramsey, who had been paid £5,000 in advance for the "contract," reached McArthur's hideaway—a small cottage—by early evening.

"Here's your rotten kid!" growled Ramsey, pushing Jenny into her father's arms. "The job's done. Your ex-wife is dead, so's the nanny. Now I'm off. Good-bye."

And with that, Ramsey sped off in the Mercedes car.

A number of people had heard the shots when Ramsey disposed of the nanny and her body was quickly discovered by a farm worker.

He immediately called the police, and within an hour Scotland Yard Murder Squad detectives were on the scene. Miss Lewis was quickly identified from the contents of her handbag, and detectives were dispatched to the address on her driving license—the home of Mrs. McArthur.

Of course, the house was empty and neighbors said that this was strange because Mrs. McArthur lived there with her school age daughter and the nanny. "They are always at home in the evenings," said one neighbor.

The name McArthur was fed into the police computer and they were soon in possession of the information relating to the recent divorce case and the order by the judge.

Detectives then raided Mr. McArthur's last known address in central London, but he had left there several days earlier.

However, on the premises the police found a Dallas, Texas, telephone number scribbled on a piece of paper. Within a few hours, the F.B.I. in the United States had confirmed that the subscriber of that number had been a man suspected of being Joe Ramsey, a known hit man and wanted in America on a number of murder counts.

"He is known to use several aliases," Scotland Yard was informed.

The next day, Mr. McArthur was arrested by detectives as he was trying to board a cross-channel ferry to Ostend, Belgium from Dover on a forged passport in a false name. He was disguised, but he was given away by his daughter, Jenny, whom the police recognized instantly from photographs they had found on a table beside her mother's bed.

After intensive questioning, McArthur broke down and confessed to having hired a professional killer to slay his wife and the nanny and to abduct his daughter. He told them—quite honestly—that he did not know where Ramsey had dumped his wife's body.

The detectives had a good description of Ramsey, plus photographs, supplied to them by the American authorities, though
(Continued on page 79)

AN ACT OF CHARITY KILLED HIM

by CHANNING CORBIN

BILLINGS, MONT., SEPT. 10, 1978

● Thirty year old Larry Lyle Cox was a classic example of a hometown boy who had made good strictly because of his willingness to work long hard hours. Born in Billings and a graduate of Bridger High School class of '66, Cox had gone on to attend the Kinman Accounting College located in Spokane, Washington. After receiving his diploma there, he worked for a time as an accountant in Gillette, Wyoming. While in Wyoming he took flying lessons and was eventually licensed on both helicopters and light fixed-wing craft. He came back to his hometown in 1971 and went to work for the Carisch Theater chain in a minor capacity.

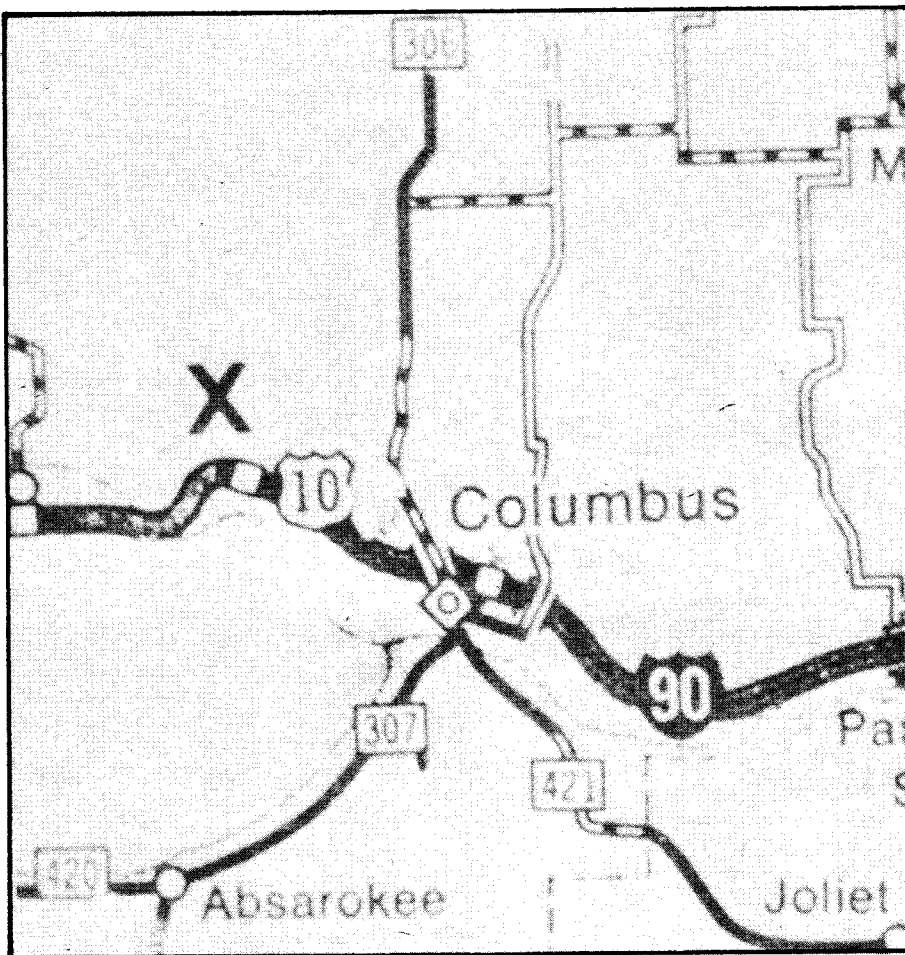
His business skills and integrity were quickly recognized by his superiors and, within a short period of time, Cox moved up the ladder, rung by rung, to the position of vice president. In spite of the long hours on his job, the man became deeply involved in politics and joined the board of directors of Big Brothers and Sisters, an organization active in sponsoring youngsters in need of adult guidance. He also played a very active role in the Easter Seal Campaign and joined the Billings' Downtown Business Men's Association. Even at that, he somehow managed to find the time to study for his real estate examinations. He passed them with flying colors and became affiliated with a local real estate firm as a licensed agent.

Despite this hectic pace, however, the most precious things in the upcoming young business man's life were his wife Nancy, whom he'd married in 1975, and their infant son, Kristopher Lee. Everyone who knew Larry L. Cox knew him as a devoted family man who delighted in showing them the latest snapshots of his baby son.

At about 2:00 p.m. on Saturday, September 2, 1978 the theater executive left the Sage 4 drive-in theater located in Billings on 24th Street West. He'd been at the drive-in's office to take care of some minor paperwork and those who saw him leave got the impression that he was headed home to spend the rest of the weekend with his family. Cox had gotten behind the wheel of his immaculate 1970 Lincoln Continental sedan and driven slowly away, headed back into town.

The theater executive didn't drive the big green mint-condition luxury car because of a desire on his part to impress people or to flaunt a status symbol. He preferred to drive a heavier car due primarily to the fact that he weighed slightly over 300 pounds. Being overweight was a problem which had plagued Cox for almost as long as he could remember and he simply enjoyed the comfort offered by a larger car.

Shortly after Cox left the Sage 4 drive-in the mystery began. He failed to show up at his home located in the 700 block of



Lyle Cox's body was found on lonely road ("X" on map) outside Columbus, Montana.

Amiable, popular Lyle Cox liked nothing better than extending a helping hand to someone down on his luck. He did it once too often and left Montana sleuths to track his slayer



L. Lyle Cox, 30, disappeared on the way home from work. Police believe he was slain for his luxurious car.



Active in civic affairs, Cox purchased the Fox theater. He had hoped to turn it into a cultural center.

Cook Avenue in Billings. For the first several hours his wife, knowing full well her husband's many and varied interests, merely chalked his tardiness up to an unexpected delay. It had happened before. But as the hands of the clock moved around to the hour of seven, she began to worry. Ordinarily, her husband was extremely considerate when something came up to delay his arrival home and he'd always taken the time in the past to telephone her to explain his tardiness and to give her some idea of when to expect him. The telephone, however, had not rung. Supper time arrived and passed and the darkness of evening deepened. Mrs. Cox paced the floor, peering from time to time through the drapes, hoping to see the flash of headlights in the driveway heralding the belated arrival of her missing husband. She tried desperately to placate her anxiety by imagining various situations which might have arisen to delay him. She knew that he wasn't a drinking man, a skirt chaser, or a gambler. If he had been, she would have known why he was late.

Eventually, the tension became too intense to endure any longer. She'd con-

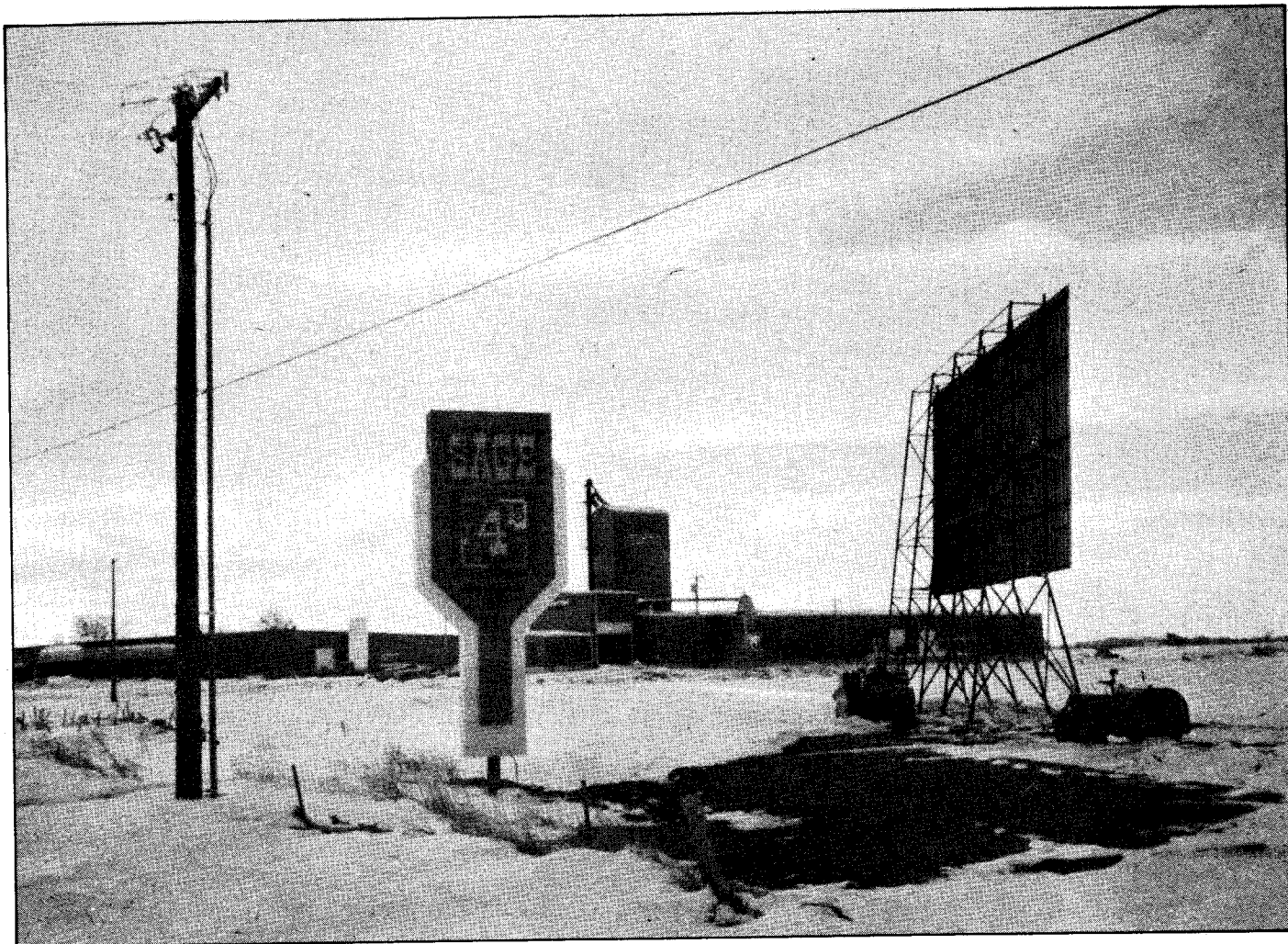
sidered the possibility that perhaps the car had broken down in some remote part of town, or even that Lyle had been in an accident of some kind, but by very late that Saturday night she'd reconciled herself to the fact that, even taking all of these things into consideration, more than enough time had passed to have allowed for these problems to be dealt with. Her husband should have come home or at least called by now.

Not knowing what else to do, the distraught woman called a local Billings lawyer, one of her husband's best friends and closest associates, and described her plight. The attorney agreed with the anxiety-stricken wife that the situation was not at all in keeping with the missing man's well established reputation as a stable family man, and asked that he be allowed to check further into the matter. It was a weary, sleepless night for both as the attorney made numerous telephone calls to theater employees, relatives, and friends, and also to the local hospitals in an effort to come up with some clue to the missing theater manager's whereabouts.

By 2:00 P.M. Sunday afternoon, the decision was made to file an official miss-

ing persons complaint with the local authorities and the Billings attorney contacted the police and filed the complaint. Many officers personally knew the dynamic and civically active local businessman and they were confounded by his disappearance. Captain Charles E. Hensley of the Billings P.D. Detective Bureau intuitively felt that the case was definitely out of the ordinary. He directed that a complete description of both the missing man and his distinctive green 1970 Lincoln bearing Montana license plate number 3-49367 be prepared for airing as an APB (all points bulletin).

Ironically, almost before the police could begin their investigation, a series of events began to unfold near the small town of Columbus, Montana located approximately 50 miles west of Billings. A local area cattleman and a friend had decided to use this Sunday afternoon to transport salt blocks out to the fields for the cattle. They had been traveling along a little used access road which led into a Reedpoint area resident's land when they found the body of a man sprawled face down in the middle of the narrow trail.



Cox managed a chain of theaters for his employers. He was last seen leaving the Sage 4 drive-in.

Both men got out of the truck to view their find. The body was located about one mile north of the Springtime Interchange on Interstate 90. Taking note of the pool of partially congealed blood on the ground around the body and of the fact that the corpse was stiffening with rigor mortis, they realized that they were viewing the handiwork of a killer.

Both men returned to their pickup truck and drove the six miles to the closest house where there was a telephone. They notified the Stillwater County Sheriff's Department located in nearby Columbus of their find. One of the first officers on the scene was Stillwater County Undersheriff Jerry Foes who assumed the role of lead investigator. Upon his arrival the officer carefully surveyed the scene while awaiting the arrival of someone from the coroner's office. The victim appeared to be well dressed and of above average weight. An examination of the immediate surroundings failed to disclose the presence of any tire tracks in the non-retentive, hardpacked surface of the trail. A photographer arrived and pictures were taken of the body from various angles. Dusk was falling by now and the

search area was broadened in hopes that perhaps a weapon or some other type of a clue could be located. Nothing was found, however, which could be connected with the crime.

After the scene had been processed and the body turned on its back prior to being lifted onto a litter, the one wound suffered by the victim became visible. It appeared that the portly, unidentified corpse had been stabbed once squarely in the heart. No wallet or other papers or ID were found in the victim's clothing. The remains were lifted into a carrier vehicle and arrangements were made to transport the body clear up to Great Falls, Montana where it would be autopsied by a forensic pathologist. Forensic pathologists, unfortunately, are somewhat uncommon in the sparsely populated western states. For a proper autopsy to be performed, therefore, the body would have to be moved some distance.

In the meantime, Stillwater Undersheriff Foes found himself in charge of investigating a murder case involving a marked dearth of leads and a John Doe victim. Shortly after he returned to his of-

fice in Columbus, and armed with the profusion of notes which he'd taken at the scene, he began contacting other law enforcement agencies in the immediate area. In his estimation, the man whose body had been discovered on the lonely, isolated trail had not been a tourist or traveler. He had the general appearance of a businessman. Undersheriff Foes hoped the man could be identified as an area resident.

The undersheriff struck paydirt almost immediately inasmuch as his first calls were placed to the Billings police department and the Yellowstone County S.O. By about 7:00 P.M. that Sunday evening, the authorities in both Stillwater County and in adjacent Yellowstone County were fairly well convinced that the fate of the missing popular Billings' theater executive had been established. The fact that the Stillwater County official had estimated the victim's weight as having been well in the neighborhood of 300 pounds or thereabouts had been the clincher. A more formal identification, however, would have to be made. Several members of the Yellowstone County S.O. left Billings to meet with



Suspect's unusual hat stuck in witness' memory. Police drew this picture of him.

their colleagues in Columbus, Montana to compare notes and to coordinate matters. These officers included Captain Hensley, Yellowstone County Undersheriff Charles R. Skillen, and Detective Sergeant Richard Ross. They arrived in time to view the body prior to its shipment to Great Falls and all identified the victim as being Larry Lyle Cox.

The investigators from Billings advised the Stillwater County authorities about the victim's missing car. By now it had been established that Cox was not in the habit of carrying large sums of money on his person. In trying to establish a viable motive, considerable speculation had been accorded the theory that perhaps the theater manager had been slain for his car rather than whatever sum of money he might have had in his wallet. True, no wallet had been found on the victim. It could have been that the slayer had taken it as an afterthought rather than in accordance with some preconceived robbery plan.

By Monday morning the entire bizarre situation was still under wraps. The news blackout had been deemed essential primarily on two counts. First, up until the time that Cox's body had been found there had been some hopeful speculation that perhaps the congenial executive may have been kidnapped. Second, several of the victim's relatives could not be contacted. As a matter of principal, most, if not all law enforcement agencies stringently refrain from releasing any information relating to a murder case, or even a traffic accident, for that matter, until they have contacted the next of kin and broken the sad news of the death of a loved one. Nothing can be more brutal than to have a survivor learn of the death of a loved one while watching the evening news on TV.

By late Monday evening, however, Cox's next of kin had been notified and Billings' area residents first learned the shocking news surrounding the Cox homicide in their early morning

newspapers emblazoned beneath the headline "Theater Manager is Slain."

Officials remained mum on many aspects of the case although they used the media to urgently request the general public to be on the lookout for the victim's distinctive automobile. The car's description and license plate number were published and broadcast. Anyone who had any knowledge of the vehicle's location was urged to leave the car undisturbed and notify the police immediately. Several lawmen had already taken to the air during the preceding day for the purpose of checking the surrounding countryside in hopes that perhaps the missing auto could be located abandoned in some out of the way dry wash or canyon. Undersheriff Foes, when contacted and interviewed by reporters, declined to even discuss the cause of death, although unofficial sources indicated that it had been a single stab wound in the chest. Undersheriff Foes hadn't wanted to compromise the case.

Stillwater County authorities joined together with the Yellowstone County Sheriff's Department in a well-coordinated effort to solve the case. There were several scraps of evidence which strongly indicated that Cox had been slain in Stillwater County. The actual encounter and the subsequent abduction, however, had apparently occurred in Yellowstone County.

Dr. John Pfaff, the pathologist in Great Falls completed the postmortem on Wednesday, September 7. He declined to release his findings to the public declaring that his report had been relayed to Undersheriff Foes and that any information relevant to the case would have to come from the Stillwater County authorities. Rosary services were held for the slain man in Billings at 7:30 P.M. Thursday in Smith's Terrace Gardens Chapel. A funeral mass was celebrated at 9:30 A.M. Friday in St. Patrick's Church with final interment in Joillet Cemetery.

Investigators, meanwhile, were busily engaged in probing into the slain man's past in their quest to learn if he had made any enemies, especially one who might have harbored enough hate to murder him. There had been one known instance involving a rumored disagreement between the area businessman and a former employee. Much of this was unfounded and the subject involved was quickly absolved of any implication in the case. Other information was developed and confirmed, establishing that Cox had been seen several hours after he'd left the Sage 4 drive-in theater at a pizza parlor located in the 2100 block of Grand Avenue in Billings. From there, the trail had grown cold and vanished.

Stillwater County Undersheriff Jerry Foes had, during a news conference held in Billings, admitted that he was grossly handicapped by a marked absence of clues and that, thus far, there were no



Undersheriff Foes escorts Fred Shirmer. Suspect was picked up driving victim's car.

suspects in the case. He appealed to the public again for assistance, requesting that anyone who might have seen Lyle Cox on the afternoon of September 2 contact his office to aid in tracing the victim's movements on that date.

The much sought after green 1970 Lincoln had not yet been located, leading many involved in the investigation to assume it had been taken out of the state. The car's description and license number had been fed into the National Crime Information Center's computer system in Washington. It was hoped that somewhere an alert police officer would spot the vehicle.

Cox's untimely demise had deeply saddened many among his vast host of friends and acquaintances. A former teacher fondly recalled the slain man's penchant for always wearing white shirts, which Cox deemed to be synonymous with success, and also commented about his burning ambition to get ahead on his own merits alone. Others remembered him for his culinary talents. Cox specialized in preparing mouth-watering steaks. A classmate who had graduated with Cox exclaimed, "I can never remember seeing him (Cox) despondent." Other former classmates described him as having been "gregarious, generous, and buoyant." In the meantime, the hunt for his slayer went on.

Several of the slain man's acquaintances got together to discuss the possibility of starting a reward fund. Undersheriff Foes requested that he be given an additional week on the case before anyone posted a reward. While offering a reward does have considerable merit, it can also generate certain adverse side effects. Professional bounty hunters can come in, and quite frequently a virtual rash of contrived information from reward-hungry citizens complicates investigators' work.

One of Cox's more enterprising ventures had been his recent purchase of the Fox Theater building located in downtown Billings. He had planned to create a performing arts center there, a cultural showplace and a permanent home for the Billings Symphony. He and several associates had already been hard at work on a deal to present the stage production of *Fiddler on the Roof* sometime around Christmas. Now that the ambitious, live-wire go-getter had been found murdered, many of his closest associates declared it was doubtful these plans could be consummated without him.

One of the first major breaks in the case was directly attributable to the publicity which the case had been accorded in the media. Law enforcement personnel had asked that area residents who might have some information about the missing man and his car come forward. One individual who contacted the police had been a man who worked at a service station in a small

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Lottie Mae Gallucci, left, and her daughter, Laura, stand accused of conspiring to murder Dominick Gallucci.

Family Mayhem In New Jersey

Was The Go-Go Dancer At The Heart Of The Slay Plot?

by JOSEPH KOENIG

MOUNT HOLLY, N. J., FEB. 21, 1979

● The advancing years held little terror for Dominick Gallucci. With his 60th birthday just around the corner, he remained the fine figure of a man he'd been in his prime, thick-necked, well-muscled, and still in fighting trim. Like the other truckers at the big Pennsauken, New Jersey, hauling outfit where he worked, he prided himself on how tough he was. At bull sessions in the garage, where name-calling and cruel kidding were the rule, Gallucci was one fellow whose bluff no one ever called. After all, he had the press clippings to back him up.

The tattered newsprint told anyone who cared that in November, 1976, when

he was still a youngster of 57, a family dispute had boiled over into an argument that ended with the gray-haired father of three fleeing his Irving Avenue, Pennsauken, home with a bullet embedded in his arm. Gallucci had dripped a trail of blood to the driveway, where he slid behind the wheel of his car and began the race to Zurbrugg Memorial Hospital in nearby Riverside, New Jersey. On the way, it suddenly had occurred to him that if the doctors found a slug in his body they'd want to know where it came from, which was a question he did not care to answer. Just as quickly he had pulled off the road and with nothing to dull the pain other than gritted teeth he dug out the lead with a penknife.

At the Zurbrugg emergency room,

Gallucci told doctors that someone had accidentally stuck a knife in his arm. The story was believable only until they got a look at the wound, but it left them very impressed: Not because it had been a fine job of cutting, which it wasn't, but because Gallucci had not passed out from pain while performing it. The Pennsauken police were also interested in the trucker's wound and they did not let him alone until he finally told them all about it.

"Sure he was a tough old bird," one of the drivers at Pennsauken would recall, "but there was another, gentler side to him, too. And he had a great sense of humor. I remember a couple of years back when the company put new radio equipment in all the trucks and Dominick

kept everybody in stitches by doing Donald Duck imitations in his microphone all day."

"He was a good driver," one of his bosses said. "He had a clean work record every since we hired him in June, 1974. He got along well with the other drivers and never was involved in any disciplinary problems."

Dominick Gallucci also maintained a near-perfect attendance record at work. It came to an unexpected halt on the chill Tuesday of October 10, 1978, when a sharp, unrelenting pain which felt like a cold knife being twisted inside the left side of his chest told him that there was no sense in pretending that he was still a kid. At the age of 59, he was experiencing the first symptoms of a potentially serious heart ailment and he was smart enough to realize it. This time, when he went to Zurbrugg Memorial Hospital, there were no detours to the side of the road and no made-up stories for the doctors. And when he was told that if he wanted to taste his 60th birthday cake he had better check into the hospital, he didn't even put up a fight.

Dominick Gallucci spent most of the next three weeks in the cardiac ward of the Riverside hospital. When he returned, on Sunday, October 29, to the rented home on Morgan Avenue in Palmyra, New Jersey, which he shared with his wife, Lottie Mae, 44, and his three children, it was to an entirely new routine. No longer would he do everything and go everywhere for his family. After a lifetime of providing for them, it was his turn to be waited upon.

Very late on Tuesday night, October 31, Palmyra police hurried to the Gallucci place in response to a desperate call for help from Lottie Mae. When they arrived, shortly after midnight, they found Dominick lying dead on the dining room floor. The cause of death most definitely was not a heart attack. Burlington County Medical Examiner Joseph DeLorenzo said that the 59-year-old trucker had been stabbed repeatedly in the face and neck and shot once in the left side of the face.

Lottie Mae told homicide investigators from Police Chief Robert Fow's department that around 11:00, along with her daughter, Laura, 20, and her youngest son, who was 15, she had left the house to walk the dog and do some shopping. Upon their return at 11:55, they had found Dominick dead on the floor and had called police right away.

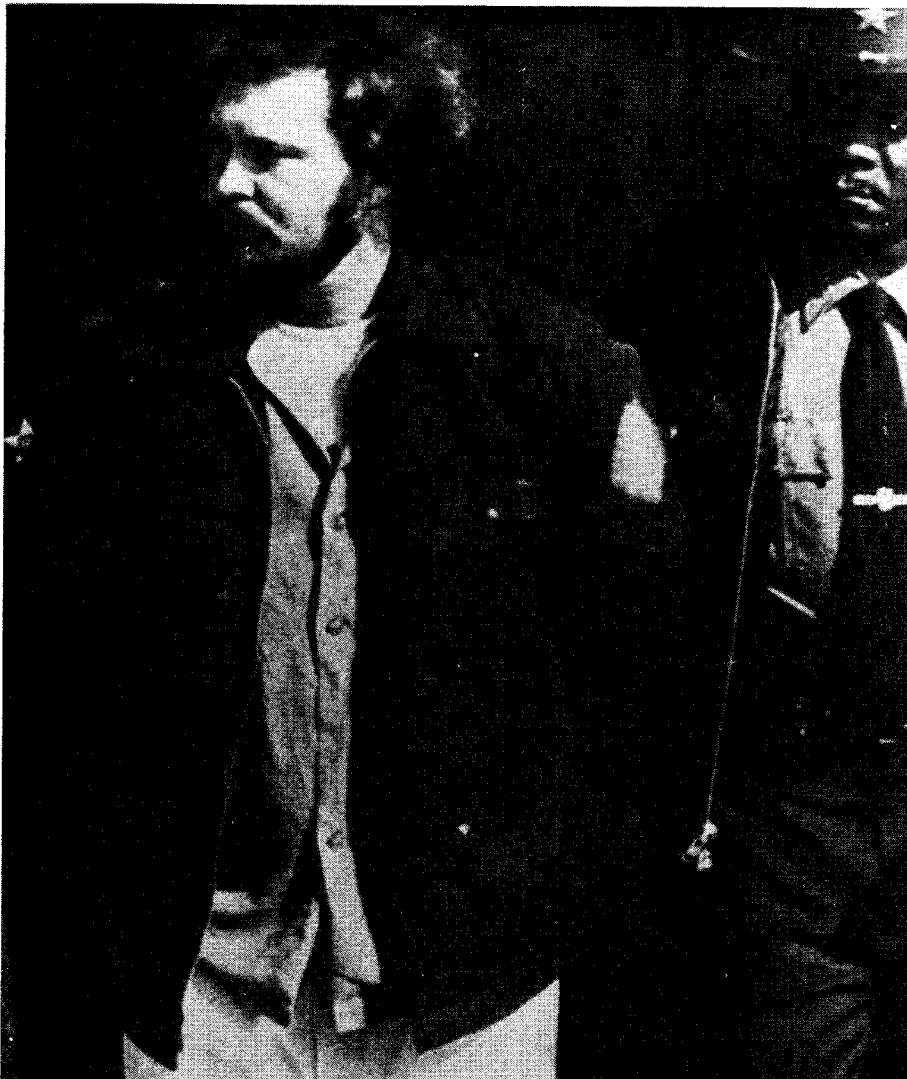
While detectives interviewed the slain man's family, other probes made a hasty inspection of the house. No signs of a struggle, or any indication of forced entry were found. Neither were any weapons turned up at the scene.

"At first we thought robbery might be the motive," one of the detectives would report, "but nothing seems to be missing. Right now, we don't know why he was killed."



Laura Gallucci worked as a go-go dancer in neighborhood bars and nightspots.

They weren't exactly the usual folks next door. There'd been a shooting, a stabbing, and now a killing. Plus a daughter who bared (almost) all in public. It was up to local lawmen to determine who was responsible for what



Wayne Whaley, a part-time bouncer, allegedly accepted murder contract.

The murder investigators' luck picked up in the early morning hours when a door-to-door canvass of Morgan Avenue residents turned up a neighbor who reported that her son-in-law had heard a loud noise that sounded like a gunshot while he was watching television around 10:30.

Other neighbors reminded the Palmyra officers that it had not been long before that they were called to the Gallucci home to resolve a family dispute centering around the activities of Dominick and Lottie Mae's 17-year-old son. Evidently, the mediation effort had been a failure because just a few days earlier, on Friday, October 27, Mrs. Gallucci had had the youth sent to the Burlington County Juvenile Detention Center on charges of being an incorrigible. At a Monday, October 30, hearing in Juvenile Court, Judge Anthony P. Tunney, Jr., had ordered the boy detained at the Juvenile Detention Center.

Lottie Mae, apparently troubled by the decision to send the boy away, had phoned

ed a local newspaper to explain her actions. She said that she had signed the papers committing her son to get him out of the house and prevent further fights.

Mrs. Gallucci had, for many years previously, been something of a public figure in and around the Palmyra area. Under the name of "Tara," she had operated Dominick's Entertainment Agency, through which she booked as many as 40 go-go dancers and strippers into local bars and nightclubs. One of Dominick's hottest properties was a go-go girl who billed herself professionally as "The Human Bombshell." At home, she was known more familiarly as Laura Gallucci.

The Human Bombshell was not an entirely anonymous figure in southwestern New Jersey. In 1977, she had earned rave reviews for her dancing at a charity benefit for the Camden Recreation Department. She also won valuable publicity in the local media during a valiant but futile effort to set a world record for nonstop go-go dancing.

Area police were also aware of her activities. It was no secret that in November, 1976, she had been charged with juvenile delinquency when detectives in Pennsauken learned that it was she who had shot her father during an argument in their home on the 5700 block of Irving Avenue.

From Pennsauken the family had moved to the Spring Hill apartments in Maple Shade, New Jersey, and then, in May, 1977, to the community of Delran, New Jersey, where they earned a reputation as something less than desirable tenants. From August, 1977, until March of the following year, when she was evicted, Laura had maintained a separate apartment at the Delran housing complex where her family lived. Following her eviction, she was found guilty of a charge of malicious damage and placed on a year's probation for damage to the carpeting and paneling by her two large dogs, which allegedly were neglected for days at a time. She was also ordered to pay her landlord \$1,000. When her parents moved from their apartment, they owed the same landlord another \$1,000 for damages that were their own responsibility. They also had failed to pay their last month and a half's rent.

Dominick Gallucci, too, had not been immune to trouble with the law, police investigating his death found out. In February of 1978, he had been convicted of fraud when a rent check bounced and he did not repay it on time. Following his conviction, he paid both the rent and court costs.

"Dominick was the most likable member of his family," an employee of the Delran housing complex would recall. "He occasionally bad-mouthed his wife when he came to the office here. He blamed her for forging his name to checks so that one bounced on us. He also told us his daughter tried to stab him once."

Detectives probing the family's activities learned that, during their year in Delran, Gallucci's oldest boy had been convicted in juvenile court of assaulting a police officer and of possession of a narcotic. The younger boy had been picked up by police in the housing complex for underage driving a few months after the family moved away.

"On more than one occasion," a Delran policeman said, "officers had to go to the housing complex when neighbors complained that the Gallucci kids were hassling them. Sometimes we also had problems with Mrs. Gallucci's dancers."

"She was well-established in the go-go business" he added. "For a while, she had a very extensive stable working for her."

Early on Wednesday morning, November 1, Palmyra homicide investigators returned to the Gallucci home on Morgan Avenue, where they answered all telephone calls. Later in the day,

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Strangled, beaten and shot **OVERKILL OF THE WEALTHY DOCTOR**



Dr. Hans Gaesel's car was found in a vineyard. His body was in the trunk.

More than this police discovered the body had been sexually abused. Intensive investigation into his private life—and the secret lives of those around him—flushed out the surprise suspect

by KURT BROCKER

LANDAU, GERMANY, AUG. 20, 1978
● When wine-grower Jacob Schultheis went out for his Sunday morning walk on August 20, 1978 and found the big BMW 2002 standing in his vineyard some 30 feet from the road, he was, to say the least, upset.

The vineyards bordering the German Wine Road which runs along the eastern edge of the Forest of the Palatinate from Bad Duerkheim to Wissenbourg are among the most valuable in Europe and definitely no place for even as expensive a car as a BMW.

"Another drunk," grumbled the farmer, making his way hurriedly between the narrow rows of grape vines. "Why do they have to drive if they're going to drink?"

He had, of course, no objection to visitors coming to Wine Street and filling up on the famous white hocks. After all, growing, making, and selling wine was his business, and the more people drank of it the better. On the other hand, a car careening off the road and into one of his vineyards could cause immense damage. This was already the second car this year.

However, as he got closer, he could see that the damage this time was not great. The car had knocked down four or five stakes and crushed one section of vine beneath it, but that was all.

The damage to the car itself seemed to be greater. Two of the tires were blown and both the windows on the passenger side were smashed in. He was rather surprised to see that it was a Landau license plate. Landau, the largest city in the area with a population of over 40,000, was only three miles down the road to the north. There was no reason why a local driver should lose control of his car here, even though the road was somewhat winding.

The driver, it seemed, had gone to get help, for there was no one in the car and Jacob Schultheis lit his short, badly charred old pipe and settled down to wait. He would have a little bill to present to the driver when he returned.

It was, by now, getting on to half-past ten in the morning and the August sun was well up in a blue and cheerful sky. Jacob Schultheis sat on the warm, brown, cultivated earth of his vineyard with his back to one of the end posts, smoked his pipe, listened to the birds singing, and presently fell asleep.

He was awakened rather rudely by some one shaking his shoulder and when he opened his eyes, he saw that an officer in the uniform of the Highway Patrol was bending over him.

"Are you all right?" said the officer.

"Of course I'm all right," said Jacob Schultheis. "Why shouldn't I be all right?"

"Because you've just had an accident," said the officer.

"Ahhh, that wasn't me," said the farmer. "That was some other idiot."

"You said it, I didn't," said the officer and walked over to check out the car. The papers were in a leather folder in the glove compartment and he took them out and leafed through them.

"Car belongs to a Dr. Glaesel," he remarked. "Dr. Hans Ulrich Glaesel, aged 49. He's apparently the director of the Pfalz Clinic in Landau. Must be a psychiatrist. That's a mental hospital."

"More probably a patient," grumbled Jacob Schultheis. "He hasn't got brains enough to drive, that's certain."

"Could be he wasn't driving," said the officer. "Could be some kid stole his car."

He walked over to where his partner was sitting behind the wheel of the patrol car.

"See if the desk in Landau can contact a Dr. Glaesel at the Pfalz Clinic," he said. "This is his car."

The officer picked up the radio telephone and called through to police headquarters in Landau. There was a short wait.

The first officer strolled back to the car and walked around it, assessing the damage. Finally, he moved to the back and tried the lid of the trunk.

"Hey Willi!" called the officer in the patrol car. "The desk says Dr. Glaesel isn't in the hospital just now. They don't know where he is."

His partner did not reply immediately. He was standing, stiff as a board, staring down into the open trunk, his right hand still holding the raised lid.

Abruptly, he started to drop it and then caught himself and lowered it gently. Almost running back to the car, he climbed into the front seat and reached for the radio-telephone.

"It looks like he's right here," he said, pressing the call button. "There's a corpse in the trunk of that car."

There was indeed a corpse in the trunk



As a psychiatrist, Dr. Hans Glaesel treated many disturbed people. Thus, there were many potential suspects.

of the car and it was, without question, Dr. Hans Ulrich Glaesel, head of the Pfalz Clinic for the past 17 years and a wealthy and popular man in Landau.

Not, of course, that his features were recognizable. They had been smashed to a pulp with some heavy, irregular object.

"A piece of painted machinery or an irregularly shaped tool of some kind," said Dr. Harold Enten, the Landau Police medical examiner.

He was making his initial examination of the corpse while it was still lying in the trunk of the car and he was, rather incongruously, dressed in a pair of bathing trunks, a towel, and rubber sandals. The short, stocky, curly-haired doctor had been at the municipal swimming pool when the police car had come past and carried him off to give his official opinion on the state of the murder victim.

For there was no question at all but what Dr. Glaesel had been murdered and very savagely murdered too. Not only had his head and face been brutally smashed, but, with the exception of his undershirt, he was naked and covered with scratches and cuts over his entire body.

"A result of dragging him over the ground and getting him into the trunk," said the doctor. "It looks worse than it is because of the dried blood."

"How long would you say he's been dead?" said Inspector Walter Beissel, the senior investigations officer of the Landau Police Department of Criminal Investigations, who had been called in at the same time as the doctor. An elderly, gray-haired man with a square, open face and a thick, almost white mustache, he had not been at the swimming pool when the call came, but it had been on his day

off and he was informally dressed in a sports shirt and slacks.

"Eight hours... ten hours," said the doctor shrugging his shoulders. "I can't tell too much here. We'll have to get him over to the morgue where I can get the autopsy started."

"Right," said the inspector. "We'll do that just as soon as we can get some of the lab people out here to check out the car. He surely didn't drive it here himself, so we may pick up some useful information."

"The desk said they'd have a crew out here within a half hour, chief," said Detective Sergeant Max Niebolt, the inspector's very young, very respectful assistant, who, with his soft, wavy, blond hair and innocent-appearing, bright blue eyes, looked more like a high school boy than an investigating officer.

The desk was not quite as good as its word, it being Sunday and off-duty personnel hard to locate, but the team did arrive before noon and they went over the car and the area around it very carefully.

"No prints on the steering wheel or gear shift," they reported. "Either the driver wore gloves or he wiped them. Probably wore gloves. A few other, older prints of another person in the car in addition to the doctor's. Aside from that, nothing."

The inspector sighed. "Sound almost professional," he remarked.

The laboratory technicians were inclined to agree.

The police tow truck which had been standing by now took the BMW in tow and brought it to the police garage with the corpse still in the trunk.

While this was going on, the inspector, the doctor, and the sergeant had a quick bite in the police canteen and then hurried over to supervise the removal of the body to the morgue by a pair of paramedical aides from the police clinic.

The sergeant then went off to talk to the personnel at the hospital where Dr. Glaesel had been the director and to find out the name and address of the next of kin. The inspector returned to his office to wait for his and the doctor's reports.

In the meantime, he made a few telephone calls to see what he could learn about the doctor himself. He had known him casually and he had not thought that he would be the kind of man who was liable to be murdered.

The telephone calls only confirmed this impression. A widower, the doctor had lived alone with a single man servant in his official quarters at the hospital and had been very popular with the staff, the patients, and such social contacts as he had had. Like most busy doctors in administrative positions, he had not had a great deal of free time for social activities.

"No one I talked to could believe that he'd been murdered," said the sergeant upon his return to the office at just before five o'clock. "If you can believe the staff,

he didn't have an enemy in the world."

"He must have been fairly well-to-do with a job like that," said the inspector. "Did you determine who inherits?"

"His butler says he doesn't think he'd made out a will and, if he didn't, his next of kin would be some nephews who live in Salzburg," said the sergeant. "As far as he knows, he didn't even have an attorney."

"Would he know?" said the inspector. "Who is this butler? I didn't know people had butlers any more."

"Glaesel did," said the sergeant. "Actually, he's a little bit of everything. Did the cooking, took care of the apartment, and so on. Young fellow—31, I think he said. His name's Rainer Wittayer."

"Well, I suppose Glaesel had to have somebody to run his house," said the inspector. "Wittayer been with him for long?"

"Over ten years," said the sergeant. "I guess the doctor paid him well. Wittayer had a family, a wife, and a couple of kids, but she divorced him three years ago."

"Make a note to see where he was at the time of the murder and whether he stands to inherit anything," said the inspector. "When I was a boy I used to read a lot of detective stories and it was always the butler who'd done it."

"I'll check it out," said the sergeant. "When did he die?"

"I don't know yet," said the inspector. "I'm still waiting for a report from Harold. He must be finding a good deal for it to take him this long."

The doctor was finding a great deal and it was nearly seven o'clock when he finally came over to the inspector's office to find the inspector and his assistant drinking coffee and eating salami sandwiches sent in from the tavern down the street.

"Any more coffee?" said the doctor, dropping a small, plastic envelope onto the inspector's desk with a solid clunk and dropping himself into the armchair next to it. "I'm beat."

"Coffee's here in the office pot," said the sergeant, going behind the screen in the corner to return with a steaming cup. "If you want sandwiches, I can give the tavern a call."

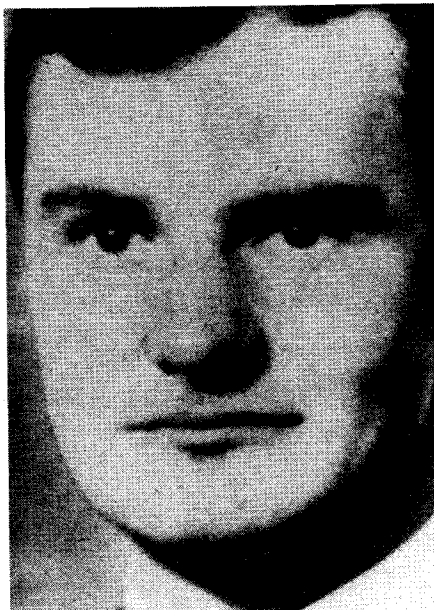
"Coffee's enough," said the doctor. "I'll eat when I get home. Well, are you ready to hear the bad news?"

"Couldn't be much worse news than that he was murdered and we already know that," said the inspector. "What's in the envelope?"

"One .765 pistol bullet," said the doctor. "Somewhat distorted, but not too much for identification purposes, I think. I brought it over to you because Ballistics is closed today."

The inspector opened the envelope and took out the little piece of lead. "Where was he shot?" he asked.

"In the head," said the doctor, "and, oddly enough, after he'd had his brains



Rainer Wittayer worked for the doctor. The facts of the case and his past made him a prime suspect.

beaten out with the car jack. You know it was the jack, of course?"

The inspector nodded. "The lab called me too," he said. "As soon as they got it out of the trunk. How do you know it was after?"

"The jack tore a lot of his scalp loose," said the doctor. "The bullet went right in under one of the flaps of skin so there's a hole in the skull, but no hole in the flap of skin that would have covered it. It was extreme close range, probably touching the flesh. The muzzle of the gun should have blood on it unless it's been cleaned since, of course."

"Somebody wasn't taking any chances," remarked the inspector. "Anybody could see that his head was smashed to pieces, but he was shot anyway just to make sure."

"Even more sure than that," said the doctor. "Dr. Glaesel did not die of a fractured skull or of the bullet wound in his head."

"Old age?" said the inspector sarcastically.

"Strangulation," said the doctor. "Manual strangulation. The beating with the car jack only took place an hour or so later and the bullet wound still after that, although I can't say with certainty how much longer after. I suspect only a few minutes."

"This isn't such bad news for the investigation," said the inspector thoughtfully. "Whoever killed him, they must have hated him beyond all reason. There couldn't be too many persons in his circle of contacts like that. You have a time schedule on all these acts?"

"Plus or minus 20 minutes for the actual time of death," said the doctor. "That would have been 11:30 Saturday night.

The beating and the shooting are tentative. Say he was beaten at around two in the morning and shot immediately after. The lab may be able to tell you how long he was in the car trunk."

"I'll ask them," said the inspector, making a note. "Any indications as to why he was dressed the way he was?"

"Yes," said the doctor. "Somebody performed anal sex on him shortly before he was killed."

"What!" said both the inspector and the sergeant simultaneously.

"That's right," said the doctor, nodding. "There are traces of sperm in the lower bowel."

"Maybe he was raped?..." said the inspector tentatively.

"It's possible," said the doctor, "assuming that someone would find a 49-year-old psychiatrist sexually desirable which is, God knows, not as crazy as it sounds, considering the number of disturbed people there are running around loose and that a psychiatrist could logically be expected to come into contact with more than his share of them. On the other hand, it would have had to be a remarkably well-equipped rapist. There are also traces of lubricant in the anus and it is not vaseline or butter or baby oil, but a commercial lubricant sold in the sex shops, actually intended for women who have problems of that sort, but, of course, fully applicable to homosexual contacts as well."

"No wonder you took so long," said the inspector. "It wasn't a simple autopsy. Well, this raises a possibility that hadn't occurred to me before, the idea that the murder may be connected with Dr. Glaesel's profession."

"It occurred to me by the time that I'd finished the autopsy," said the doctor. "In a way, it has all the earmarks of a mentally disturbed person, possibly someone who he was treating for sexual problems. The multiple attacks even after he was dead, the rape—if rape it was."

"You mean Dr. Glaesel may have been homosexual himself," said the inspector bluntly. "I don't think so. He was married up until the time his wife died."

"That doesn't mean anything," said the doctor. "A good many homosexuals and bisexuals are married people. The division between the sexes is not so clear cut today."

"I'll take your word for it," said the inspector. "Well, tomorrow we'll start checking out his patients and see what we can find. Will you be having any more surprises for us?"

"I hope not," said the doctor. "I sincerely hope not."

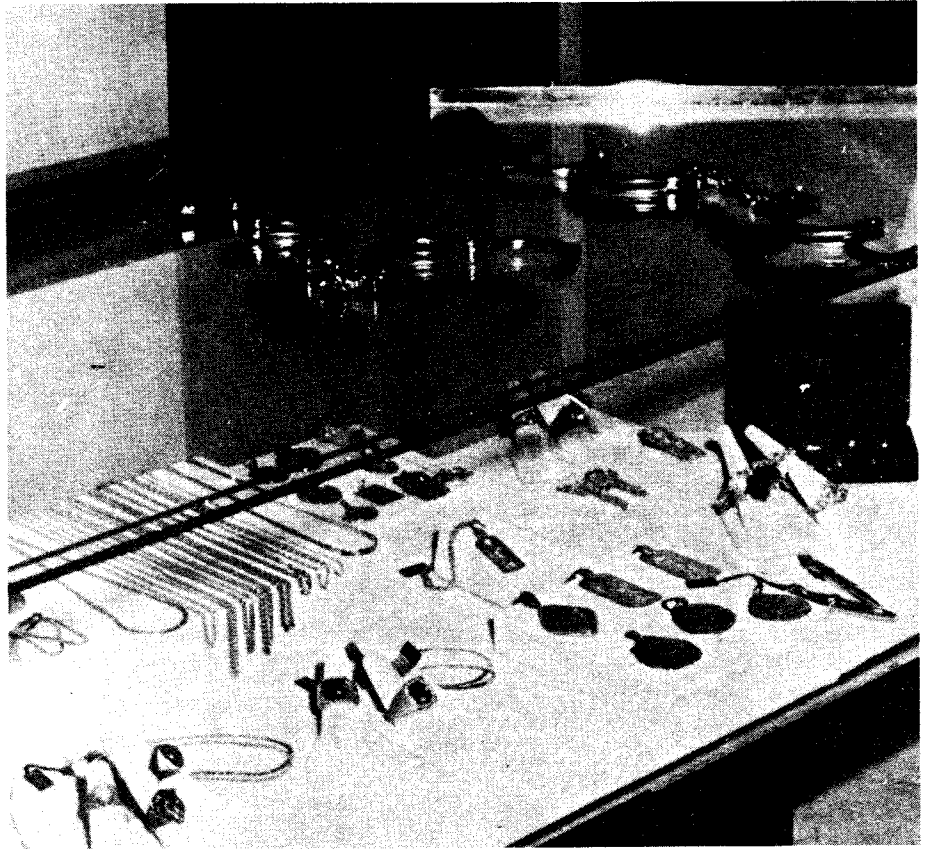
His hopes were realized for, the following day, the autopsy was completed without anything new or startling turning up.

The police laboratory was not able to provide anything of further value to the

(Continued on page 61)

1/4 MILLION DOLLAR CAPER OF THE BOLD BANDIT

by SAM SAVAGE



Two pairs of handcuffs were used in caper. One held clerk, the second the doors.

He started his life of crime in Miami, then led cops on a merry chase that ended in Monte Carlo. Here's how they tracked and caught him

MIAMI, FLA.,
JULY 20, 1978

● The caper was carefully planned. Blueprinted, as a matter of fact. Literally.

Of course, it wasn't a fancy "blueprint." Just *aides memoires* the thief scrawled on a sheet of note paper. NO PRINTS NO PRINTS NO PRINTS in big capitals crowded the top. HIDE HIDE HIDE, the three words, one on top the other, were set off with a five-pointed star in the left margin.

And the thief did not leave fingerprints. And he did hide. It took four weeks and international connections to track him. But when police found the "blueprint" they knew exactly how the crime had been committed. Not that the thief ever operated secretly. He was as public as if he was starring in a major movie.

He was a fugitive as much in the open as Edgar Allen Poe's purloined letter. The chase was difficult because he was jet-setting all over two continents.

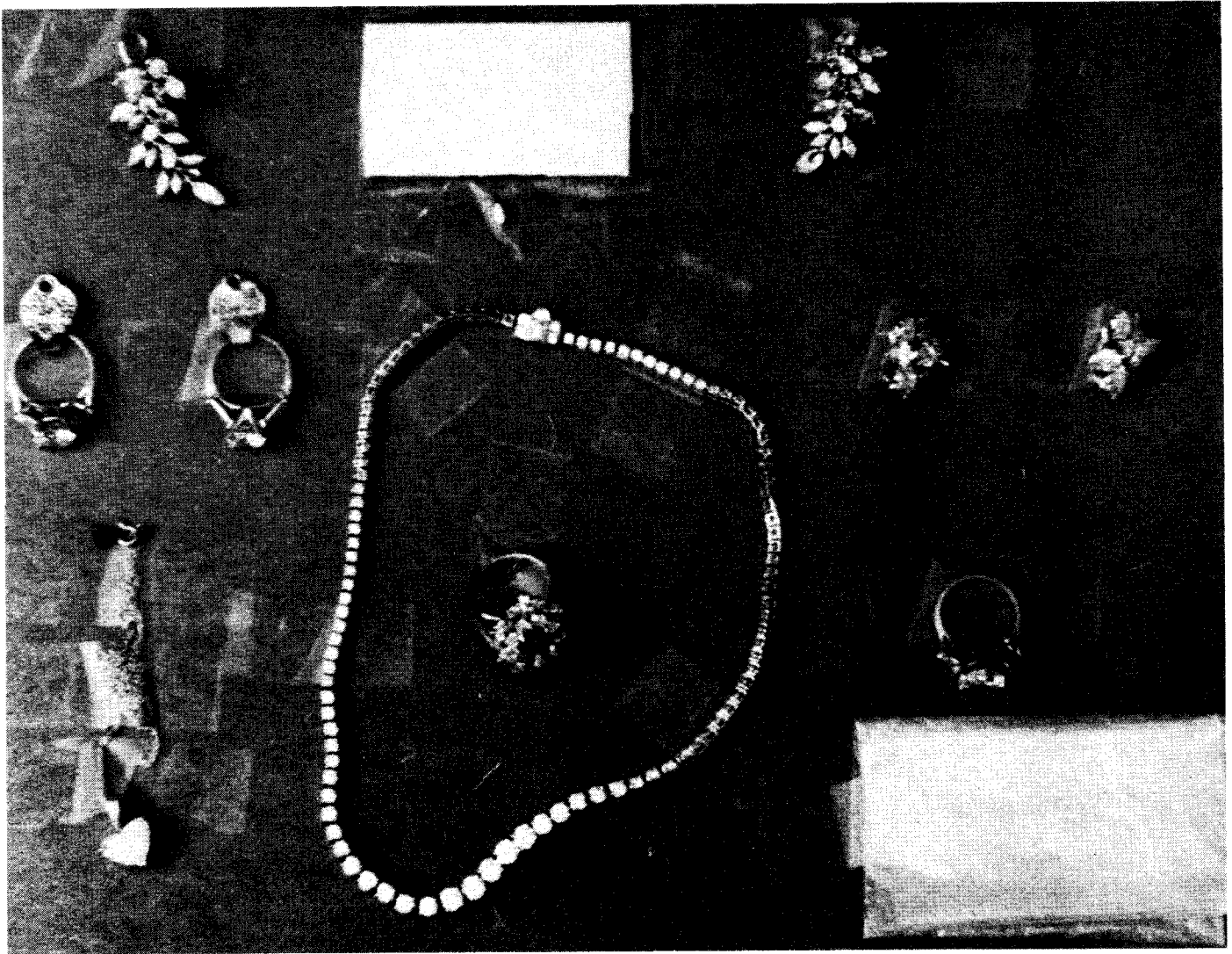
The crime was a quarter million dollar jewel heist pulled off in broad daylight by an amateur so bold he accomplished it

and escaped before the astounded eyes of a bunch of spectators.

Around 1 P.M. Monday, June 19, 1978, a young blond man in a straw hat and mirror sunglasses strolled into Mayor's II, one of two elegant jeweler's outlets in the elegant new Omni complex of posh shops, restaurants, and hotel which had recently opened in downtown Miami. The store is located in the 1600-block of Biscayne Boulevard, on the lower level of the multistory center.

Dealing only in quality merchandise, Mayor's is never troubled by bargain-hunting crowds, and this lunch hour the young man was the sole customer, as Emmet Gant was the sole clerk.

The customer, who was carrying a shopping bag, was expensively dressed in a navy sports jacket, gray vest and trousers, and dress shirt with a tie bar but no tie. His moustache did not match the blond hair visible under the edge of his straw hat; but so many contemporary men, particularly around Miami, were dying or bleaching and permanent waving their hair these days that the



Pictured here is \$130,000 worth of the jewels stolen in the heist. These were found in the suspect's hotel vault.

moustache's darker color was not even remarkable.

The young man smiled pleasantly and asked to see earrings. Gant lifted a tray out of the showcase and placed it on top of the glass counter. The young man studied the baubles a moment or two, then shook his head. He said he would like to look at the diamond necklace in the showcase fronting the store's entrance and on view from outside.

Gant moved from behind the counter and walked around to the front window showcase, turning his back to the customer as he opened it with his key. When he turned back with the necklace, the young man, still smiling slightly, was pointing a shiny pistol at him. Gant raised his hands.

"Turn around!" ordered the thief. Gant obeyed. The thief jerked the clerk's hands down and twisted them around behind his back, snapping handcuffs on his wrists. He took the necklace and the keys to the display cases.

"Lie down on the floor! Face down!" growled the young man. Gant did as he

was told without protest or resistance.

Moving swiftly, the thief swept the jewels spread out in the cases into his shopping bag and hurried out the door, handcuffing that shut behind him.

By now several noontime shoppers were staring open-mouthed through the jeweler's plate glass window at the robbery in progress. One couple from Baltimore, in Florida on vacation, watched the young man, shopping bag clutched under his arm, walk briskly across to a white Ford Econoline van parked just a few feet down the street. He climbed into the back. It was an enclosed van; there were no windows except those in the cab. Lettering on the side said Merlin Truck Rentals.

The Baltimore couple argued excitedly about what to do. She clung to his arm, frightened because she had seen the shiny gun the thief carried.

They were still bickering when a figure stepped from the van, hatless, dark-haired without moustache, and dressed "like Jimmy Connors." He was wearing white shorts, white sports shirt, white

socks, and tennis shoes. Carrying a case with two rackets and a green plastic bag such as might have held tennis balls, he strode up the street, now trailed, at a short distance, by a gaggle of fascinated on-lookers.

Quickly he slid under the wheel of a black Mercedes 450SL parked close by, and drove off, his tires squealing. Several among his rapt audience trotting behind noted the license: out of state, "TTT." As the luxury black sportster sped east on Venetian Causeway and out of sight, one spectator recovered sufficiently to telephone police.

The Baltimore tourist had by now broken from his wife's timorous clutch and he ran toward the van. He yanked open the door. There was no one inside. No one dressed as the thief had been had stepped out. Obviously, the fashionably dressed straw-hatted blond man with black moustache who entered the vehicle was the same person as the white-clad tennis player who exited moments later.

Uniformed officers were the first on the scene, but the Miami Police Department

(MPD) robbery unit was promptly called in. Detective Herminio Joseph Ramirez, a 15-year veteran, was assigned the case.

Born in New York of Puerto Rican parents, Ramirez had moved to Florida with his family when he was a teenager, and was graduated from Miami schools. After a year on the force, he was assigned to criminal investigation and, eventually, to homicide. During seven years there, he worked on many headline murders. One particularly sensational murder still puzzles him.

"That's my albatross," Ramirez now says, but he has not given up hope of concluding the case successfully. Not because of his inability to solve this case, but because he needed less erratic hours than homicide provides, Ramirez transferred subsequently in order to complete college. He received his Bachelor of Science degree in 1976.

When Ramirez responded to the call from Mayor's, he could not possibly guess how challenging this case was going to prove, much less how far it was going to take him.

Although badly upset and frightened, Gant was unharmed. He was able to give police a preliminary list of missing items, until the store's manager and the chain's owner could draw up an official inventory. The total came to \$269,235. The 18 separate items were all listed in a file, photographed and described.

In spite of all the eyewitnesses, the best lead was the white Ford Econoline rental van. It had been rented at 9:20 A.M. that morning and was due to be returned

June 21. The rental contract was signed Tod Tuckerman. The address listed was on Sunset Drive.

Police found the van exactly as witnesses said it was when the straw-hatted moustachioed blond man entered it and the tennis-garbed brunet exited. Merlin had received no notice that it had been lost or stolen. There were no jewels in the van nor straw hat nor blond wig nor false moustache nor navy jacket, gray trousers, or vest.

The apartment on Sunset Drive had recently been rented to a man named Tod Tuckerman. One tenant of the apartment building had seen Tuckerman about noon June 19, driving off in his black Mercedes. He was wearing a straw hat. This witness described Tuckerman as being in his mid-20's, about five feet six inches tall, with black hair and dark eyes.

A close friend of Tuckerman's was located, who told police he had last seen the young man June 18 when they met for lunch at the Brasserie in Coral Gables. Tuckerman had been driving his black Mercedes convertible which had a New Jersey tag personalized with his initials.

Was the Tod Tuckerman of the Sunset Drive apartment and black Mercedes the same as the Tuckerman who had rented the Ford van?

Police learned from friends that Tuckerman had his Mercedes serviced at Bill Ussery Motors, paying his bills with an American Express card. Detectives obtained the van rental contract signed Tod Tuckerman and the invoices he signed to charge repairs on the Mercedes to

his American Express card. Linda J. Hart, examiner of questioned documents for the Dade Public Safety Department (PSD), declared the signatures were by the same person.

After the story of the heist broke in the news, a witness came forward to report she had been driving north on I-95 about 12:45 PM June 19, when she came up behind a black Mercedes convertible with the license TTT. She pulled alongside in the adjoining lane and saw a young man in a straw hat and sunglasses driving. The Mercedes left I-95 at a downtown exit.

Miami police obtained the number of Tuckerman's credit card from the invoices at Bill Ussery Motors and requested American Express to notify them immediately of any charges made against that card.

Meanwhile they canvassed as widely as possible the area's exclusive shops and gathering spots of wealthy swingers. Tuckerman's friends said he had expensive tastes and lived luxuriously. The Mercedes, police learned, had previously belonged to Tuckerman's father who had turned it over to his son in December, asking him to sell it. Instead, Tuckerman had been driving it since then, his pride, joy, and most cherished possession. Now both Tuckerman and his beloved convertible were missing.

The latter was found first. June 23, 1978, a complaint came in to Miami Beach Police Department (MBPD) regarding a presumably abandoned vehicle, which had been parked for several days



This is the black Mercedes in which the suspect escaped. He changed his clothes in a van, then got into car.

without authorization in space reserved for tenants at 20 Island Avenue on Bell Island. MBPD recognized the vehicle as the black Mercedes sought by their colleagues on the City of Miami force. It was towed in to MPD's impoundment and processed. Inside were found a gray man's vest, a paper bag, a green plastic bag, a bottle of gum Arabie, two tennis rackets, and a racket carrying case.

Tuckerman's friend could not positively identify the vest, but said that he had seen the young man wearing gray trousers and vest with a navy sports jacket. This was the outfit described by Gant and witnesses outside Mayor's as having been worn by the jewel thief. A Bell Island resident recalled having seen the Mercedes parked where it was later found about mid-afternoon the day of the heist. He said it had been driven by a young white man.

On June 27, Judge Ralph B. Ferguson, Jr. signed a warrant to search Tuckerman's apartment on Sunset Drive on the basis of a probable cause affidavit attested to by Sergeant Keith Hardin.

The apartment complex on Sunset Drive consisted of two parallel rows of four white CBS buildings of three stories running north and south, all connected with cement walkways. Tuckerman's apartment was on the third floor in the second building north of Sunset Drive in the east row.

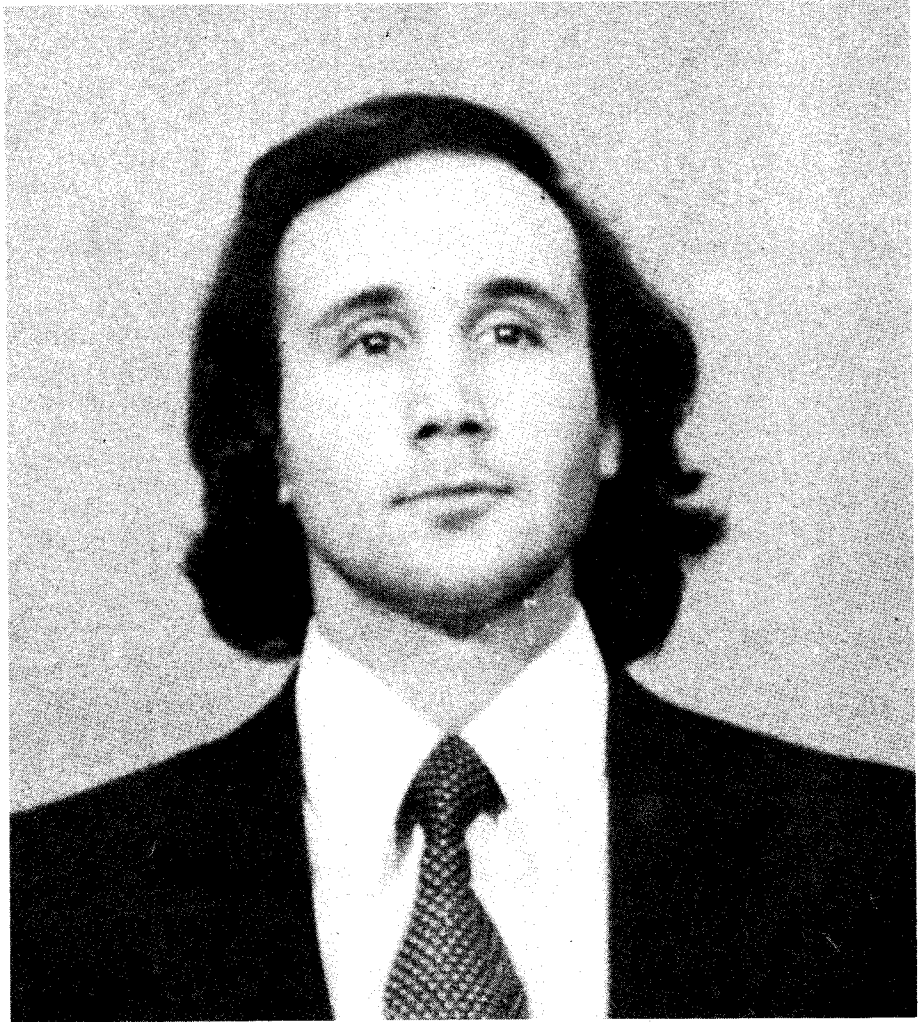
Each apartment had two doors, one of solid wood and one jalousied on top. The entrance to Tuckerman's was the second solid door from the south. All these details were specified in the warrant, which also specified that search was being made for 18 pieces of jewelry as itemized, a wig, moustache, reflective sunglasses, straw hat, gray trousers, navy sports jacket.

These items were not found in the apartment, but the thief's "blueprint" was. It was on a regular size piece of lined notebook paper, crumpled up and discarded. Besides the warnings to leave no prints and to hide, admonitions in larger printing than the rest ordered NO IDENTIFICATION, CALL MERLIN at 7:00

There was a reminder to get green bags and put the tennis bag and hat in the van and to get three bobby pins (presumably to anchor on the wig. Then the procedure steps were numbered:

1. Call Merlin at 7:00 (a repeat of the larger instruction) Find out where
2. Drive to outside Omni
3. Taxi to Merlin with tennis (crossed out) with out tennis
4. Van to mall fix windows (Judging from other instructions higher on the page, Tuckerman had expected the van might have windows and he brought paper and tape to mask them.) Set up for hit

5. Watch [receipt] in Mayors (Police ultimately deduced this was to provide an excuse, if necessary, for being at Omni).



Tod Tuckerman pulled off theft in broad daylight, then fled to Monte Carlo.

6. Drive Home Disguise Tennis Bags Prints

7. Back to Omni

8. Checks—doors—stairwell—Escape—Route

At the bottom of the sheet was written 3995 NW 25 St. This is the address of one of the Merlin outlets.

Friday, June 30, following a newspaper article which described the robbery and printed a picture of Tuckerman taken from his New Jersey driver's license, a woman who worked in a costume shop telephoned MPD. She recognized the picture as that of a young man who had been in her store at least twice several weeks earlier. At different times he had bought the blond wig and the black moustache. Remembering him as the purchaser of the blond wig, she had remarked that the black moustache would not match.

"It doesn't matter," he had said. "I'm only going to wear them one time."

On a third visit to the shop he had tried to persuade her to let him return the wig for a refund. She had explained that the store would not accept returned merchandise.

But, despite many, many weary hours of inquiry, there was still no trace of the bold daylight bandit who had coolly handcuffed the clerk and stolen more than a quarter of a million dollars worth of jewels as spectators watched in the busy Omni shopping center. Would the case prove another unsolved "albatross" for Sergeant Ramirez?

Finally, Wednesday, July 19, a month after the crime, American Express, which had issued a worldwide alert on Tuckerman's credit card, notified MPD that charges had been made against the card in a deluxe Paris boutique.

MPD enlisted the aid of Interpol. MPD Sergeant Keith Hardin filed a complaint and obtained a warrant from the Dade Circuit Court for arrest of Tod Tuckerman on robbery charges.

Then another call came in, this one from the owner of Mayor's.

He had just received a transatlantic phone call from a friend on holiday in Monte Carlo, Monaco.

The jeweler's friend had stepped onto the elevator in the splendid new 650-room Loew's Monte Carlo Hotel, where

(Continued on page 70)

HAS ONE SLAYING SOLVED ANOTHER?

The bubbly teenager was brutally murdered and parts of her body scattered around the countryside. Seven years later, as Pennsylvania authorities still press hard to wrap up the case, there has been another killing whose link to the DellaPenna mystery is almost too bizarre to be believed

by **ANDREW MASTERS**

**PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
MARCH 11, 1979**

● On the first of July, just a few days after graduating with honors from St. Hubert's High School, pretty, 17-year-old Dolores DellaPenna left on a long-awaited Florida vacation with her family. Ten memorable days later, after a whirlwind tour of the Sunshine State's most popular tourist attractions, she returned exhausted, but exhilarated to her home on Rawle Street in the Tacony section of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Dolores' immediate plans called for a few days' rest from the rigors of her southern trip. Then the real vacation would begin.

It was something of a tradition among St. Hubert girls to spend the summer after graduation on Philadelphia's Riviera—the Jersey Shore. For most of them, the summer months symbolized childhood's final fling, the last time to exult in freedom from the responsibilities of family, school, and work. In Dolores' case, her vacation would come to an end in September, when she was slated to begin a course in X-ray technology at Nazareth Hospital. To see her through the summer, her parents had given her \$300 as a graduation present. She had put it toward a quarter share in a small but comfortable beachfront cottage on the 100 block of Forget-Me-Not Lane in Wildwood Crest, New Jersey.

"We took her to the cottage after she graduated," Dolores' father would recall. "We'd never let her spend time in a place we hadn't seen."

The day after returning to Philadelphia Dolores got out of bed early, at about 9:30. Although she was still tired from the long trip, she told her mother that she'd be glad to help her with the mountain of laundry they'd brought back from Florida.

"Here I am unpacking my bathing suit," she laughed as she emptied her valise, "when I really should be folding it up and getting ready to take it back to the cottage."

Dolores spent much of the day in front of the washer and dryer. While the clothes were spinning, she stole a few seconds to phone her friends about the wonders of Disney World in Orlando and to let them know that she'd be going to the shore in the next couple of days. Dolores also found the time to brush a rich coat of dark red polish on her nails and to play a few tunes on the electric organ. Late in the afternoon, she went out briefly to pick up a pack of cigarettes at the store on the corner of Rawle and Tulip Street.

The next time Dolores left the house was a few minutes past 7:00 p.m. After slipping into a pair of jeans and a halter top and carefully brushing her long dark hair, she asked her father for a lift to the

**"One Of The Most Ruthless
Hustlers On The Planet Is
About To Set The Record Straight...**

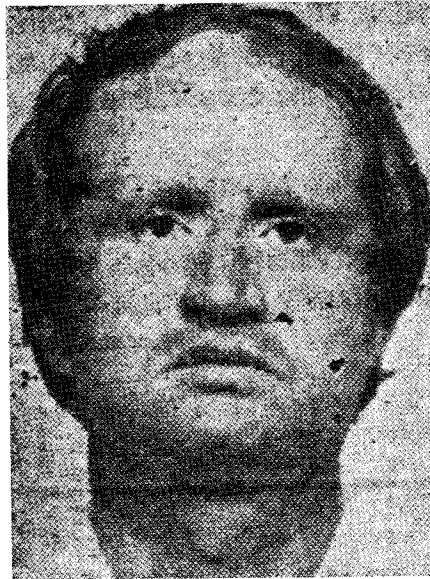
**Steal Women's Souls And
Create Their Dreams With
These Methods From A
Hardcore Pimp!**

CLICK HERE





Dolores DellaPenna disappeared in 1972. Despite some clues, police are still unable to solve her murder.



John Egan stands accused of murder. He alleges his victim was linked to Dolores, but police don't know how.

home of one of her closest friends on the 6800 block of Roosevelt Boulevard, near Knorr Street.

"I don't think they had any plans like going to the movies or anything," Mr. DellaPenna recalled later. "I don't know."

Dolores' friend remembered what they did that evening very clearly, however.

"We stayed at my place for a while and then hitchhiked over to Kensington, where my fiance lives," she said. "We didn't do much but talk, mostly about records and stuff. Dolores decided to take a trolley home at about 11:30."

"She had to be in before midnight," her father explained. "I was waiting up for her."

Red-eyed and nerve-wracked, Mr. DellaPenna remained awake well into the morning, waiting for Dolores to come home. When, finally, he was forced to admit that she wasn't coming home, he reported her missing to Philadelphia police. Early on that sultry Wednesday morning of July 12, 1972, they began hunting for the pretty teenager all over her Tacony neighborhood. For more than 24 hours, they were unable to turn up so much as a clue to her whereabouts.

Early the next day, however, a jacket which the still-missing girl had borrowed from a friend was found under a tree at the corner of Tulip and Rawle Streets. A few feet away were a pair of crucifixes she always wore on a chain around her neck. Nearby, on the pavement, were three ominous bloodstains.

"I don't like the looks of this at all," one detective said. "My guess is that she must've hitched a ride back to her house from the trolley stop in Kensington. When she got out of the car whoever had given her the lift might not have been too

eager to see her go. He could have grabbed her, and hurt her and forced her back inside the car."

The investigator's theory, while a promising start, was discounted after detectives interviewed a Route 56 trolley driver who remembered picking up a girl of Dolores' description on the corner of Frankford and Torresdale Avenues.

"She probably had transferred from the number 5 bus," he said. "There were some elderly passengers on the trolley when she got on, but they got off first. It was about 11:40 when she got on. I dropped her off about five of 12 at Torresdale and Knorr."

Back at headquarters after their talk with the trolley driver, investigators considered the new lead.

"Now it looks like she must've been forced inside the car right after she stepped off the trolley," a detective said. "My guess is that whoever did it saw her get on the trolley and followed it until she got off."

Philadelphia police quickly shifted the thrust of the probe to the missing girl's Tacony neighborhood. Few of the residents had anything to tell them. One man said that he had spent the early morning hours sitting on his porch, but did not see or hear anything out of the ordinary. Neither had the girl's parents.

"I was waiting up for her," Mr. DellaPenna said. "There didn't seem to be anything unusual going on."

With her whereabouts a total mystery, Philadelphia police pushed the hunt for Dolores DellaPenna throughout the city. During repeated door-to-door canvasses of the Tacony neighborhood, they spoke with virtually every shopkeeper and resident, hoping to find a clue that would tell them where the missing teenager might

be found. But no one had anything to tell.

"I don't know what to tell you," one local merchant said. "She must have been kidnapped. She was always such a quiet girl. She always waited her turn in line, until we were ready to serve her. She came here about three or four times every week and always had a kind word."

"We haven't left the house in two weeks, ever since this happened," Mr. DellaPenna told reporters on Sunday afternoon, July 23. "Every time the phone rings, we hope it's her, calling."

"What kills you is the waiting... Just sitting here, waiting. It's torture to just sit here and not know what's wrong."

Mr. DellaPenna said that he and his wife would remain close to the phone should either Dolores or the police call. When it came, about 5:00 on Monday afternoon, the call would not be from his daughter or the officers probing her disappearance, but from the local parish priest...

Early on Saturday evening, a Jersey City, New Jersey, man noticed a funny odor permeating the air over Rova Farms, a resort section of Jackson Township, New Jersey, in the vast, desolate pine barrens ten miles northwest of Toms River and 50 miles due east of Philadelphia. He followed his nose to the source of the odor until, in a thickly wooded lot, he was stunned to find the headless, limbless torso of what appeared to have been a young woman beneath an oak tree. Some 40 feet away were the severed arms and their mutilated hands. Hurrying from the scene on wobbly legs, he made his way to a phone and called the police.

Moments later, a team of local police had arrived on the scene. They were followed by a growing crowd of spectators who hovered noisily around the perimeters of the discovery.

"I don't understand why nobody found it a lot sooner," a teenager said. "Look at that light pole over there. At night it lights up the whole area where the body was found."

Later in the evening the body was transported to Community Memorial Hospital, where an autopsy was slated for early the following day. In the meantime, medical detectives would attempt to come up with an identity for the apparent murder victim. Because of the extensive publicity afforded the DellaPenna case in local newspapers, New Jersey officials called Philadelphia with word of the grim find and a request for Dolores' medical records.

Late on Sunday, through the use of spinal X-rays taken recently at Nazareth Hospital, officials tentatively identified the remains as those of the missing St. Hubert High School graduate. The Philadelphia medical examiner, Dr. Marvin Aronson, cautioned that, although the X-rays matched, "positive identification

(Continued on page 74)

GUNNED DOWN

by LAWRENCE CORTESI

LOCKPORT, N.Y., JUNE 7, 1978

● The city of Lockport in western New York State lies northeast of Niagara Falls. Captain Henry Newman, detective chief of the Lockport Police Department, has served as a detective for many years. In Lockport, as everywhere else for the past two decades, the crime rate has increased: more robberies, more rapes, more drug related crimes, and more homicides. Captain Newman says the triangle crime, where aroused passions affect three people, holds the most fascination for him. A triple tragedy befalls the involved trio: one usually dead, another sent to prison, and the third individual mentally scarred in the knowledge that he or she has been responsible for the suffering of the other two.

"On the McClanahan killing, the last thing we suspected was a triangle passion killing," Captain Newman said. "To tell the truth, we had no idea why the man was blown away with a shotgun. It took us two months to find a motive and only then did we come up with a suspect."

Twenty-one year old Michael L. McClanahan had been a resident of Lockport for most of his life. He had graduated from the local high school here and he had then worked on and off on as a construction worker; people in Lockport saw nothing conspicuous or unusual in the blond haired youth. He seemed like just another young man groping about to find his slot in life. But, on the evening of April 17, 1977, two shotgun blasts ended forever young Michael's search for his proper niche in society.

About 8:30 P.M. on that cool April evening, two young men came into the Foodland Inc. grocery store on West Avenue in Lockport. One of the men only loitered about the store while the other purchased a bag of groceries: cigarettes, candy, some canned goods, and a few other items. The men left the store together and a few moments later the clerk in the Foodland store heard two shotgun blasts in the area to the rear of his store. For a full minute, the clerk simply fidgeted uneasily. But then, one of the young men who had been in the store a few minutes earlier came dashing back inside.

"There's been a shooting!" the young man cried. "Somebody was shot in the alley behind this store."

The clerk hurried from behind his counter and followed the youth outside, turned the corner of the building, and then rushed to the alley behind the store. Then, the clerk gaped.

"Oh my God!"

In the alley, the other young man, the one who had purchased the groceries, lay in a crumpled heap sprawled in a dense pool of blood. The left side of his face was a red, pulpy, unrecognizable mess and blood saturated his back. The bag of groceries lay scattered in the alley.

The store clerk looked anxiously at the other youth. "How did this happen? Who did it? Who is he?"

The youth shook his head. He said he didn't know.

"We better call the police," the store clerk said.

Within five minutes of the clerk's call to the Lockport Police Department, a city patrol car, siren screaming, roared up to the Foodland store. Two uniformed police officers got out of the vehicle and rushed to the alley behind Foodland. Here, the officers stared in horror at the blood splattered body. One of the officers looked at the clerk and the youth.

"You didn't touch anything, did you?"

The two men shook their heads.

Within 15 minutes, Detective Chief Henry Newman and Detective William Harris arrived at the alley along with two forensic specialists, and the quartet searched the area. The officers found two spent shotgun shells, wadding for the shells, the scattered bag of groceries near the body, and a hard rolled, butted cigarette.

The forensic specialists carefully put the items in plastic bags. Then, Captain Newman and Detective Harris questioned the two men, the store clerk and the youth. The clerk told the officers that this youth, along with the victim lying in the alley, had come into his store at about 8:30 P.M. The dead man had purchased the bag of groceries scattered here, but the other youth had purchased nothing. He had simply loitered about the store and then, when the first young man left, this youth had followed him. A short time later, the clerk said, he had heard two shotgun blasts at the rear of the store.

Then, this youth had come back to the store to report a shooting. He and the youth ran to the rear of the store where they found the victim lying in a pool of blood.

Now, Captain Newman questioned the other man. The youth said he did not know the dead man. He identified himself as Richard Garvey, age 19, of Niagara Street in Lockport. He said he had coincidentally come into the store about the same time as the dead man. But, Garvey claimed, he could not find what he wanted so he left without buying anything. It was mere chance that he and the dead man had entered and left the store at about the same time. Garvey said he had walked toward his car while the other man walked towards the alley. Garvey had walked a short distance when he suddenly remembered he'd forgotten to buy some cigarettes. As he walked back to the store, he heard the shotgun blasts in the alley to the rear.

So, Garvey continued, he had rushed to the rear of the store where he found the dead man lying in a thick pool of blood, with the man's bag of groceries simply scattered near the body.

"Did you see or hear anybody? See a car? Anything like that?" Captain Henry Newman asked.

"No," Garvey shook his head.

The 19-year-old youth said he had found the alley totally deserted except for the dead man. He had not heard a car engine, he had not seen anybody running, and he had not heard any voices. When he saw the dead man, he had rushed back to the Foodland store.

The clerk told Captain Newman that, while he thought the dead man and Garvey had come into the store together, he could not swear that they were acquainted. He had not recalled either of them speaking to each other.

"Okay," Newman told the store clerk and Richard Garvey. "Give the officers your names and addresses; we may want to talk to you again later."

By 9:30 P.M. Dr. Louis Raymond, the Niagara County coroner, arrived at the alley. Dr. Raymond examined the body carefully and then rose to his feet to look at Captain Henry Newman.

"I'd say he was shot twice at close range with a shotgun. The shot into the man's back probably came from a dozen feet

IN THE ALLEY



(Left) Attendants remove the body of Michael McClanahan from alley where he was shotgunned to death. McClanahan (above) was victim of jealousy.

The 21-year-old drifter had tried to settle down to a normal life. Instead he died horribly with a bag of groceries scattered around him. Upstate New York police had to find who had ambushed him

away, tore his back open, and also knocked him down. The second shot, the one to the side of the face, was fired within a few inches while the man was already lying on the ground. This second shot almost tore his head off. He undoubtedly died from massive hemorrhaging and shock," Dr. Raymond said. "He probably died instantly," the doctor shook his head. "A shotgun is a dreadful weapon at close range."

"How long has he been dead?"

"Less than an hour," Dr. Raymond said.

Then, before ambulance attendants took the body away, the Lockport police searched the victim. However, they found no wallets or papers. So, Captain Newman would need to learn the identification of the dead man as well as his killer.

Captain Newman, Detective Harris, and several uniformed officers now questioned residents and business people

around West Avenue. Had anyone seen a car or person in the vicinity of the alley behind the Foodland store at about 8:30 P.M.? But, the Lockport police officers only picked up nebulous information. One witness had heard a vehicle in the alley, but she had paid no attention to the sound as cars and trucks were always rumbling through the alley as a shortcut. She had not gone to her rear window to take a look, so she had no idea what kind of vehicle it might have been or who was inside this vehicle. She had also heard the shotgun blasts, but she had simply assumed the vehicle had backfired as it roared through the alley.

A second witness had also heard the shotgun blasts, perhaps 30 seconds apart. He too had believed the sounds to be those of a car backfiring. He did go to his window out of curiosity and he had caught a glimpse of a dark colored van coming out of the alley behind the

Foodland store. He thought he had seen two young men in the car, but he could not get a clear view because it was dark. The witness had not seen which direction the vehicle followed as it zoomed out of the alley, and he had not gotten the make and model of the van. Finally, he had not gotten the license plate number.

"I just figured it was a couple of kids speeding through the alley," the man told Captain Newman. "Those damn kids are always roaring through here like maniacs and making a lot of noise."

Captain Newman questioned other people in the area, but none of them could add anything to the statements of the man and woman. Further, no one could identify the dead man in the alley.

As soon as Captain Newman returned to his office at the Lockport Police Department, he sent out an APB on a missing person, giving a full description of the murder victim: about five feet seven



Richard Garvey, left, lured victim into alley where murderer lay in ambush for him.

inches tall, somewhat thin, blond hair, light complexion, and blue eyes. The man had been wearing a dark leather jacket, denim trousers, and a dark-colored pullover shirt. But, by the next morning, no police agency had responded positively. They had no one of the deceased's description reported as a missing person.

All during the morning of April 18, Lockport police officers combed the city to find a person who knew someone of the dead man's description, especially someone who had been missing for the past 12 hours or more. The Niagara County Sheriff's Department had also sent deputies throughout the county to identify the murder victim. But, by early afternoon, after city and county police had spoken to dozens of people, Captain Newman had yet to find anyone who could identify the dead man.

Then, Captain Henry Newman got both the autopsy report and the fingerprint report. The postmortem had merely verified Dr. Raymond's suspicions. The victim had been struck in the back with the first shotgun blast from 15 feet away and he had been struck in the head at pointblank range. The man had died from shock and massive hemorrhaging, with the second blast blowing the victim's head to a bloody pulp.

While the postmortem report offered nothing new, the fingerprint report from the New York State Police files in Albany identified the dead man as 21 year old Michael L. McClanahan of West Avenue in Lockport. The prints had been on file because Michael McClanahan had been arrested twice in the past. In June of 1975 he had been charged with third degree burglary and second degree possession of

burglary tools. He had also been arrested in December of 1975 for larceny and fifth degree possession of a controlled substance. McClanahan had spent some months in the Niagara County Jail on these charges.

Captain Henry Newman now dug into the background of the deceased. He learned that the Lockport native had been pretty much on his own since he graduated from high school. He had worked at odd jobs, mostly in construction and fast food establishments. And, people in Lockport who had known the man said he had never shown too much responsibility in his work habits. Still, at the time of his death, he had been working quite steadily for a construction firm.

"Let's talk to his boss," Captain Newman said.

Detective William Harris nodded.

At a construction site in Lockport, Captain Newman and Detective Harris learned from McClanahan's boss that the dead man had been working here efficiently and regularly for the past six weeks. He had not lost time from his job and he had always arrived for work on time. He had not loafed on the job, caused any trouble, nor complained about his duties. He got along quite well with fellow employees.

"He said he had family responsibilities," the supervisor said. "So, he wanted to work and earn a steady income."

"Family!" Captain Newman huffed. "I didn't think he had a family."

The construction supervisor grinned. "I don't think it's a wife. I think he's living with some girl and taking care of her. I don't know who she is because he never said much about her."

Captain Newman and Detective Harris now spoke to the murdered man's fellow workers. All of them expressed shock at Michael McClanahan's murder. They said they knew of no enemies the man had and no one who would want to gain any revenge against him. They claimed that the dead man had given up a life of drifting and irresponsibility and he had settled down to a normal, hard working life. Two men who were close to McClanahan said he was tied pretty close with a young woman who was estranged from her husband. In fact, the dead man had apparently been living with the woman and her two kids. But, like the supervisor, these construction workers did not know who the girl was.

Now, the Lockport detectives canvassed the city to learn the identity of this girl friend. They questioned dozens of people and finally found a witness who gave police a description of the girl, although the informant did not know the girl's name. Then, as police probed deeper, they learned that the girl in question was the young, pretty, estranged wife of one Ronald Woods, age 23, of Lock Street, in the city of Lockport.

"Could this be a triangle?" Detective Harris wondered.

"I don't know," Captain Newman answered, "but I think this Ronald Woods has a police record."

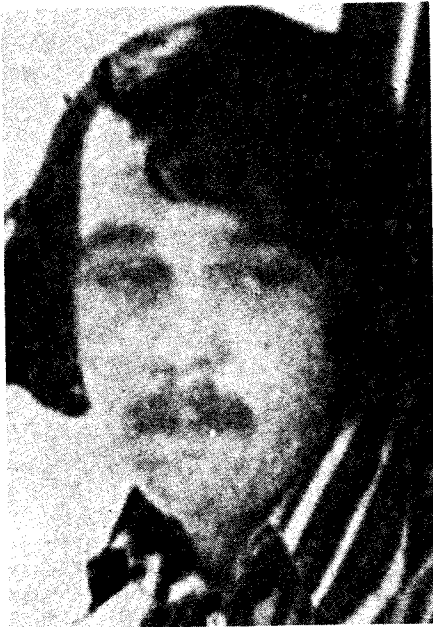
Newman checked Ronald Woods' background. Police files verified the past record. Woods had been arrested on several occasions in the past, mostly for petty property thefts. Captain Newman also learned that Woods himself had also been somewhat of a drifter and an on and off employee in a multitude of menial jobs in the Lockport area. The man had been married for several years but for the past six months, after weeks of bickering and fighting, his wife had left him. However, the couple had not applied for formal separation or divorce.

The 23 year old Ronald Woods appeared calm and cooperative when Lockport detectives questioned him. Woods said he knew nothing whatever about the killing of 21 year old Michael McClanahan except for what he had read in the papers. He admitted that he and his wife had been at odds with each other for several months, but he hoped they could resolve their differences.

"Did you know that your wife and kids were living with Michael McClanahan?" Captain Newman asked.

Ronald Woods shrugged. He told the Lockport detective chief that he had suspected his wife of taking up with somebody, but he had no idea who the man was. However, Woods claimed, he had made no attempt to find out. He and his wife were separated and so Woods assumed she could do as she pleased.

"Didn't it bother you to think she might have been living with someone else?" Detective Harris asked.



Captain Henry Newman of Lockport police department headed investigation of Michael McClanahan slaying.



Police escort Ronald Woods to his arraignment on murder charges.

Woods admitted that he abhorred the idea: his wife and kids with another man. But, he said again, there wasn't anything he could do about it.

Despite more questioning, Ronald Woods still contended that he had no idea that Michael McClanahan had been the man who took up with his estranged wife. He also contended that he did not know the man at all, had never seen him, and had no idea who would want to murder him. And yes, Woods admitted, he did own a van, but he had never driven the vehicle near the Foodland store on West Avenue and certainly not through the alley behind the store.

"There are hundreds of dark-colored vans in Niagara County," Woods said.

Thus, the two police officers could only come away with a mild suspicion, for they did not have a single clue to link Ronald Woods with the murdered Michael McClanahan.

The Lockport police now questioned the estranged wife of Ronald Woods. She appeared quite upset by the questioning and still shaken over the sudden, brutal murder of Michael McClanahan. She told police that she had known the dead man for two or three months but she didn't know if anything permanent would come from this relationship. The woman admitted that her estranged husband had a short temper, but she denied that he would kill anybody. Further, she had absolutely no idea who would murder Michael McClanahan. When Captain Newman asked the woman why she had not reported McClanahan missing, she said that he had often gone off for two or three days at a time, so she thought nothing of it this time.

Now, police questioned other people who knew McClanahan well. None of them knew anybody who would want to kill the man. They knew of nobody who held any grudge against him. At best, some of these acquaintances thought that only Ronald Woods would have a motive since the dead man had been seeing Woods' estranged wife.

Police continued to question other people, including the two younger brothers of Ronald Woods and the youth who had run into the Foodland store to report the shooting. All three young men denied any knowledge in the shooting. They knew of no one who would kill McClanahan. The Woods brothers insisted that their brother Ronald, although upset over the relationship between Michael McClanahan and the estranged wife, would never kill the man. He was not the type. Richard Garvey still claimed he had seen nothing in the alley that night: no vehicle and no people. He had simply been the accidental discoverer of the dead man. Finally, he said he didn't know the Woods brothers or the victim.

The Lockport police plugged along in their investigation, but they had little to go on: only the bag of groceries, the shotgun shell casings, and the wadding. New York State Police officers as well as Niagara County sheriff detectives had also questioned dozens of people, but came up empty. The New York State Police lab in Albany, meanwhile, was unable to match the shell casing or the wadding to any shotgun record in their files.

Soon, the days turned into a week and the weeks into a month and more. Captain Henry Newman still had no line on the killer for the meager clues had not

been enough to bring in a suspect. And worse, the trail grew cold.

Then, during the second week in June, three youths had been arrested and brought to the Lockport Police Department on charges of petit larceny. They insisted on seeing Captain Newman.

"Why?" the booking sergeant asked.

"We know something about the McClanahan murder," one of the youths said.

The booking sergeant jerked in surprise but he immediately sent the youths to the chief of detectives. The youths claimed that during the second week in April, two months ago, 17 year old Randy Woods, the brother of Ronald, had made an astonishing boast to them. Allegedly, on April 17th, Randy Woods had told these youths that there was going to be a killing in Lockport tonight, helter-skelter style. Randy Woods had further told the three young men that he would lay ten to one odds that the person "blown away" would be none other than Michael McClanahan. By inference, the three youths said, Randy's older brother Ronald would be the executioner because Ronald was fanatically jealous of McClanahan's relationship with Ronald's estranged wife. And, the three youths told Captain Newman, Richard Garvey and Ronald's other brother, Gary, had been part of the execution plot. Garvey had deliberately befriended Michael McClanahan to lure him into the murder trap.

Now, Captain Henry Newman immediately obtained a warrant to search both Ronald Woods' van and his home on Lock Street. Forensic specialists found

(Continued on page 67)

BATTERED CHILDREN AMONG THE MILITARY

According to Doctor Miles Yeagley, a former army psychologist, there are two to three times as many incidents of child abuse among families at Fort Carson as in civilian families in nearby Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Dr. Yeagley feels that the prime reason is that the army fails to prepare servicemen and women for the strains of military life.

Says the doctor, "There is at least one case of very serious battering a week in the Fort Carson population."

The psychologist, who was discharged in 1978 with the rank of lieutenant colonel, adds: "Four children of Fort Carson personnel were killed in 1977 by one or the other of their parents in separate incidents."

DECEPTION AND THE LAW

New York Supreme Court Justice Burton Roberts has ruled that the police can use a reasonable amount of stealth and strategy in an effort to get suspects to confess to crimes. The ruling came in connection with the sex-murder trial of Harold McRae, who told of "dropping down like an angel from the sky" onto a young woman in an elevator in Harlem. The victim, Nancy Torres, was found strangled, stabbed 32 times, and sexually abused. Police got McRae to confess to killing her by putting him into a phony lineup, telling him he'd been indentified by witnesses, and saying that they had physical evidence linking him to the crime. Police had suspected McRae of the crime based on its similarity to another for which he'd been acquitted.

"Reasonable stealth and strategy," Roberts said, "are necessary weapons in the arsenal of police officers. This is a real world in which we live. People do not usually tend to immediately and openly admit their culpability."

The prosecution in the McRae case had offered the suspect a manslaughter plea two days before the trial because it was conscious of weaknesses in its case. McRae turned the offer down. This left the state with McRae's confession, which the jury accepted and convicted McRae on.

INCEST THRIVES BY SILENCE

The National Center on Child Abuse and Neglect says there are 120,000 reported cases a year of children sexually abused by a parent, step-parent, or older sibling. That, however, is considered a low estimate. Others place it as high as 300,000. And how many cases are not reported?

Louise Armstrong, herself a victim of incest, has written a book on the subject, *Kiss Daddy Goodnight*. In it she records the experiences of 16 women and one man.

Of the 16 women, only one was an adolescent at the time of the abuse. The others ranged in age from 3 to 11. Children are the most easily victimized because, says Armstrong, "The younger child doesn't suspect evil because she doesn't know it—yet. Besides, children aren't taught to say no to Daddy. He bribes the child or warns her. 'Don't tell anyone, or worse, 'If you tell, I'll break your neck.' She may feel implicated, confused, guilty. She doesn't tell."

The mother of an abused child experiences an emotional trauma of her own—if and when she finds out. She feels shock and horror and is torn between loyalty to the husband and loyalty to the child. She can see the

family breaking apart, or she asks the agonizing question, "Is my child lying?"

"There are mothers who say nothing and do nothing," Armstrong says. "Incest isn't taboo. Talking about it is. But if we break the silence, it can be prevented."

A mother should intervene when she sees a child being fondled in ways that make her uncomfortable. At the time a parent warns a child never to get into a car with strangers, no matter what, the child should also be told that no one, not even someone she trusts and loves, should be allowed to touch her in certain ways.

"That tells the child she can complain," Armstrong notes, "and gives her the power to complain."

Armstrong didn't tell her own mother of her abuse until she received the contract to write the book. Her mother was furious with her husband. "Although he was dead, I wanted to kill him," she wrote Armstrong in a letter. "What would the world think of a girl who had an incest experience? Of me, the mother? I realized that if it weren't for women who were willing to talk, we'd go on hiding our maimed children."

BANK ROBBERS AND INFLATION

Inflation is making it tough on everyone, including bank robbers. In Atlanta, Washington, and San Francisco the number of bank heists has nearly doubled in the past year. Last year, the FBI estimates, there were more than 4,600 bank robberies nationwide, up from the 3,988 thefts recorded in 1977. The reason for the jump in robberies? Inflation. The bandits need more money to survive.

But banks aren't only robbed by professional thieves, ex-cons, or repeaters. Middle-class citizens have taken to robbing banks too. A Chicago factory worker, for example, was recently convicted of robbing 11 banks. He was on the 3 to 11 P.M. swing shift at the plant where he worked. All 11 robberies occurred between the hours of 12:30 and 2 P.M. He netted himself \$36,000.

The rate of capture is not rising along with the rate of crime, however. There is only a 50% rate of arrest and

conviction in San Francisco. One reason is that the FBI is focussing its attention on white-collar crimes, embezzlement and bribery, where larger sums of money are involved. Previously, the FBI had devoted its attention to bank thefts.

Banks have therefore had to rely more on maintaining their own security. New York's Citibank has been installing floor-to-ceiling "bandit barriers" between its customers and tellers. Sophisticated detection devices are also coming into play. Capsules which give off the stench of rotten eggs or dye packs that release a gas which stains everything crimson are being secreted within rolls of bills. Some bankers' groups offer rewards for tips leading to the arrest and indictment of robbers. ROAR, which stands for Rat on a Rat, is a program instituted by the Washington Bankers Association. In its first year of operation, ROAR helped indict eight thieves.

As the war on inflation continues, so does the war on crime.

it appeared that she had been stabbed and bludgeoned to death. There were three puncture wounds in the throat and two gashes on the head.

Crime lab technicians moved in with their paraphernalia. They photographed the body and conducted a minute search for clues. In the kitchen they found a knife with blood on it. The weapon was a kitchen knife that apparently belonged to the victim. In that same room technicians found a two-by-two stick with blood on it. They determined that the stick had been used by the elderly woman as a door stop.

Near the front door the technicians found broken glass on the floor. It was obvious that the intruder had broken a glass panel in the door so that he could reach his arm in and unlock the door. The glass was swept up and bagged as evidence.

Major Lowery and police chief Cole noted that the house had been ransacked. At this point in the investigation, however, they had no way of knowing what had been taken.

Technicians now working outside the house found a shoeprint in the soft earth near a window. Wet plaster was poured into the print and allowed to harden.

Mrs. Grote's body was taken to the county morgue for autopsy. The pathologist's report stated that the woman had died from stab wounds to the throat. He found extensive burns on her abdomen, but they had not been sufficient to cause death. He was unable to find any carbon monoxide in her lungs, which indicated that the woman was dead before the burning mattress had been placed on top of her. He could find no evidence that she had been raped.

A canvass of the block turned up nothing except background information on Mrs. Agnes Grote. The woman who turned in the fire alarm said, "It was about five minutes to ten and we were going to church. My husband had gone out to get the car from the garage. He said to call the fire department. Agnes's house was on fire."

She said she had not seen anyone near the victim's place that morning or the night before. "Agnes did have occasional visitors," the woman stated. "She went with us on Friday morning to do her shopping. I helped her carry the groceries in."

Detectives learned that Mrs. Grote and her husband had moved into the neighborhood 18 years ago, and that Mr. Grote had died in 1971.

Residents who gathered in the street to discuss the murder were questioned by investigators. They were unable to supply any information. They had not seen anyone suspicious on the block. Many of them were frightened.

One woman said, "We don't know whether we're going to sleep."

Another said, "It's eerie. I'm really scared. I mean, Mrs. Grote was very lovely, a friendly person. Everybody liked her. Other than the church group she belonged to, she wasn't very active. She had a few friends who dropped in to see her now and then, but that's about it. She was just an average person like you and me."

One man said, "The way things are around here, with nobody knowing what happened or how or why, we're afraid. I used to drive Mrs. Grote to church. I don't like to talk too much about it, but my wife and I are home a lot, and this is frightening."

Detectives continued to canvass but turned up nothing of importance to the case. Technicians struck out in their attempts to pick up prints on the two-by-two stick used as a bludgeon. The kitchen knife did not yield any clear prints, either.

During the three-day investigation only one fact of any significance arose. Gerald Garrett lived three houses away from Mrs. Agnes Grote.

Probers, of course, went to see him. They were equipped with a warrant to search the house. They learned that the youth was working at the Cochran Veterans Hospital. But in his room they found a screwdriver with tiny flecks of paint on it. They dropped the tool into an evidence bag. In his closet the sleuths found a pair of shoes. On the sole of one there were small bits of glass clinging to the rubber. The shoes were carefully bagged and brought to the crime lab.

Later that day lab technicians determined that Garrett's shoe was the same size as the plaster mold of the shoeprint found in the soft earth near the victim's house. They also found a similarity in the glass on the sole of the shoe with the glass on the floor near Mrs. Grote's front door. Another check with the front door showed that an attempt had been made to jimmy it, and that the flecks of paint on the screwdriver were similar in color and texture to the paint on the front door.

It was April 5. Chief Cole and Major Lowery had a conference with members of the county prosecutor's office and they decided to arrest Gerald Garrett on probable cause. The suspect was at work when he was approached by detectives and arrested.

The \$35,000 bond was now upped to \$50,000. This was in connection with the murder of Mrs. Estelle Stern. Garrett was held in lieu of \$250,000 bond after he was charged with the killing of Agnes Grote. On April 26, 1977 the suspect was indicted on that latter charge by a St. Louis County Circuit Court grand jury.

Surprises in the case were far from

over. In June, 1977, two months after the Grote slaying, Garrett's attorney asked the court to set aside his client's conviction, in the murder of Mrs. Stern because the court reporter had become mentally incapable of preparing a transcript of Garrett's trial. When making an appeal, a transcript is required.

Judge Rickhoff, who had presided at Garrett's trial, would not comment on the nature of the court reporter's illness.

All attempts to decipher the reporter's notes by other court reporters failed. St. Louis County does not have backup tape-recording systems as do courts in some counties. Garrett's attorney filed the motion to vacate the guilty verdict because "the reporter is unable and in the future will be unable to prepare the transcript."

The Missouri Court of Appeals agreed with the attorney and set the verdict aside. Garrett will now be tried again for the murder of Mrs. Estelle Stern. On this basis it must be assumed that he is innocent of the charge until proved guilty in court.

Gerald Garrett will also be tried for the murder of Mrs. Agnes Grote. Again, he must be assumed innocent of the crime until found guilty in a court of law.

One more knotty problem awaited the court. On February 15, 1978, Garrett's new attorney, Kenneth E. Tilsen, filed a motion in the St. Louis County Circuit Court claiming that Garrett had stolen a coin purse containing \$400 when he was in Mrs. Stern's house two days before the fatal stabbing. Garrett had originally said he was looking for a broom. His testimony concerned his fingerprints found in the house.

In filing the motion, Tilsen asked the court to remove Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Steven H. Goldman from the case so that Goldman could be called on to testify at the new trial to explain why Garrett had withheld the information about the purse theft.

Tilsen speculated that Goldman and Garrett's former attorney, Hugh White, agreed not to introduce the theft into the first trial. It was Tilsen's contention that White did not want to embarrass the defendant.

Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Goldman denied the accusation. He stated that Garrett's defense team was simply trying to delay the retrial.

Goldman stated, "I will probably file a motion to have his attorneys removed so they can testify for the prosecution on a perjury charge we might file against Garrett" with respect to the theft of the purse.

That's the way the situation stands as of this writing. The correspondent will supply follow-up information on both trials as it develops. ●

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The name Gary Haines is fictitious and was used because there is no public interest in his true identity.

**United
Cerebral Palsy** 

THE CLEANUP SPOT

continued from page 12

In further developments in the mass murder case involving **John Wayne Gacy** (*How Many Boy Victims for the Homo Butcher?* April FRONT PAGE, 1979), police report unearthing another body on March 16. The body was found under the floor boards of an addition to Gacy's home. It was not wrapped in plastic as was a body found under Gacy's driveway on March 9. This latest find brings the total number of murdered youths to 32: 29 found around his property, 3 recovered from area rivers.

The parents of Robert Piest, a 15-year-old youth believed to have been strangled by Gacy, have filed an \$85 million damage suit naming the Chicago police and prison and parole authorities as defendants. The suit charges that the parole board in Iowa had been negligent in prematurely freeing Gacy from jail after he served only 18 months of a ten-year sentence for sodomy.

The Piests are the second couple to sue in relation to the mass murder. Last month the parents of alleged murder vic-

tim John Butkovitch sued Gacy for \$6 million in damages from any revenue he might receive from a book about the killings.

Rutland County State's Attorney John Liccardi came under harsh criticism from the state's Supreme Court for failing to reveal evidence favorable to the accused in the murder trial of **Robert Goshea** (*The Mystery Corpse on Killington Mountain*, May FRONT PAGE, 1978). As a consequence, the Supreme Court overturned Goshea's conviction.

The evidence involved an apparent sighting of Ronald Rodgers, the man Goshea allegedly murdered in July, 1971. A controversy sprung up over whether the charred, shotgunned body of a man found in Sherburne was that of Rodgers. The body had been identified by Rodgers' uncle, who cited scars, a tattoo, and physical features in making the identification. A pathologist testified at Goshea's trial that he found no scars on the corpse and that the fire made the tat-

too indecipherable and distorted the physical features. Stranger yet, the corpse had a spleen. Rodgers had his removed in 1961.

Rodgers was known to have discussed a scheme to find a lookalike, murder him, and then disappear in order to avoid prosecution for robbery.

During Goshea's trial, a witness approached the state's attorney's office to say he had seen a man in Burlington who appeared to be Rodgers.

Liccardi's error was that he failed to mention the incident to either the judge or defense counsel. Not only that, but Liccardi emphasized in presenting the state's case that Rodgers hadn't been seen since the body was discovered. Thus, not only did the prosecutor withhold evidence, he took advantage of its absence from the record by arguing its nonexistence.

"Such a tactic," wrote the Supreme Court, "is unfair and pernicious." Liccardi, it ruled, had violated Goshea's rights.

Linda May Burnett was sentenced to death for her part in the murder of one of the five members of a Texas family



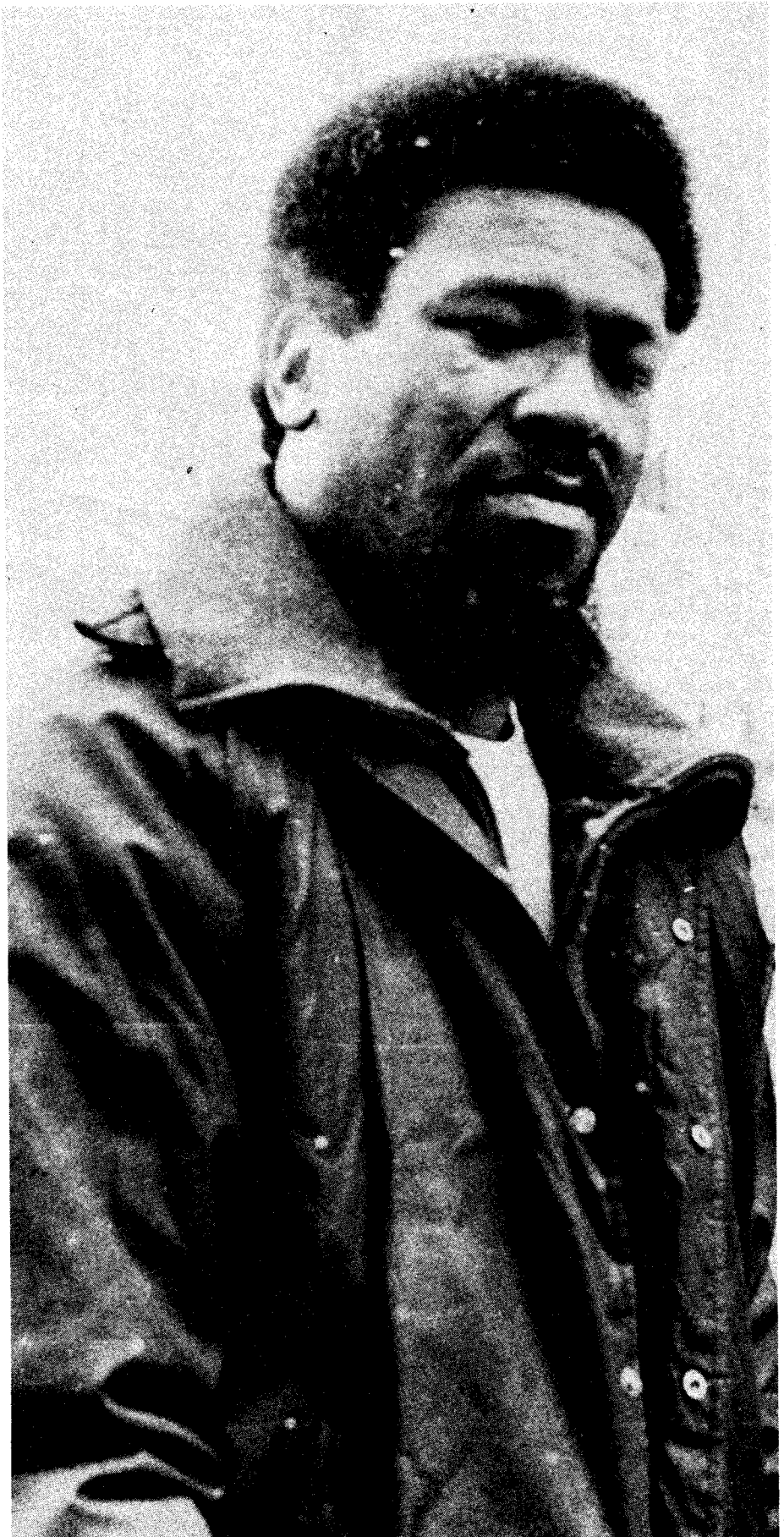
Cook County sheriff's men remove another body from John Wayne Gacy's home. This was the 29th body found there.

(Where Was the Phillips Family? November FRONT PAGE, 1978). Mrs. Burnett will be the only woman on death row at the state prison in Huntsville, Texas.

"There aren't enough years in the book to satisfy your crimes," Albany County Court Judge John J. Clyne said on March 9, 1979 when sentencing **Lemual Smith** to four consecutive terms of 25 years to life for the stabbing murders of Robert Hedderman and Margaret C. Byron (*Teeth Marks on Her Breast*, September FRONT PAGE, 1978). Smith was also sentenced to 12½ to 25 years for robbery in connection with the murders. Judge Clyne also announced that he intended to send minutes of the sentencing procedure to the New York State Parole Board so that they would be on record when Smith becomes eligible for parole in 30 years. Both Robert Hedderman and Margaret Byron were murdered in a small religious shop on Columbia Street, Albany, N. Y. on Thanksgiving Eve, 1976.

Defense attorneys for **Michael Borrelli**, convicted of murdering his business partner Hal Levine (*The \$5 Million Dollar Murder in the Green Velvet Jungle*, November FRONT PAGE, 1977), are seeking a new trial for their client on grounds one of the jurors serving at his trial was incapable of deciding Borrelli's guilt beyond a reasonable doubt because she was taking mind-altering drugs while serving on the panel. A member of the Colorado Board of Medical Examiners testified at a hearing before Denver District Judge Robert Fullerton, who presided over Borrelli's trial, that the juror had more prescription drugs at her disposal than any patient he'd ever known. "She was literally living on medication that would cause many mind-altering effects, Dr. Nelson Mohler testified during the course of the two-day hearing. The juror, it was revealed, also lied to attorneys during jury selection when asked if she used drugs. She has since died of a drug overdose and her survivors have brought a malpractice suit against the psychiatrist who prescribed the drugs for her, alleging he shouldn't have continued to prescribe the potentially lethal drugs to a person he knew was suicidal. It has not yet been decided whether Borrelli will have a new trial.

The U.S. Supreme Court has ruled that it will not hear the case of **Charles Sylvester Bell**, sentenced to die in the Mississippi gas chamber for the May, 1976 murder of service station attendant Danny Haden (*They Were Out to Tear the Town Apart*, July FRONT PAGE, 1977). This was one of a series of appeals that have so far postponed the sentence being carried out. Bell was convicted in March, 1977. The State Supreme Court upheld the conviction in May, 1978, set-



Lemual Smith was found guilty of two murders and sentenced on March 9, 1979.

ting July 7 of that year for the execution. The execution was postponed until September 9 when Bell's attorney filed a motion for a rehearing. That hearing was denied. The execution date was again postponed when the appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court was filed.

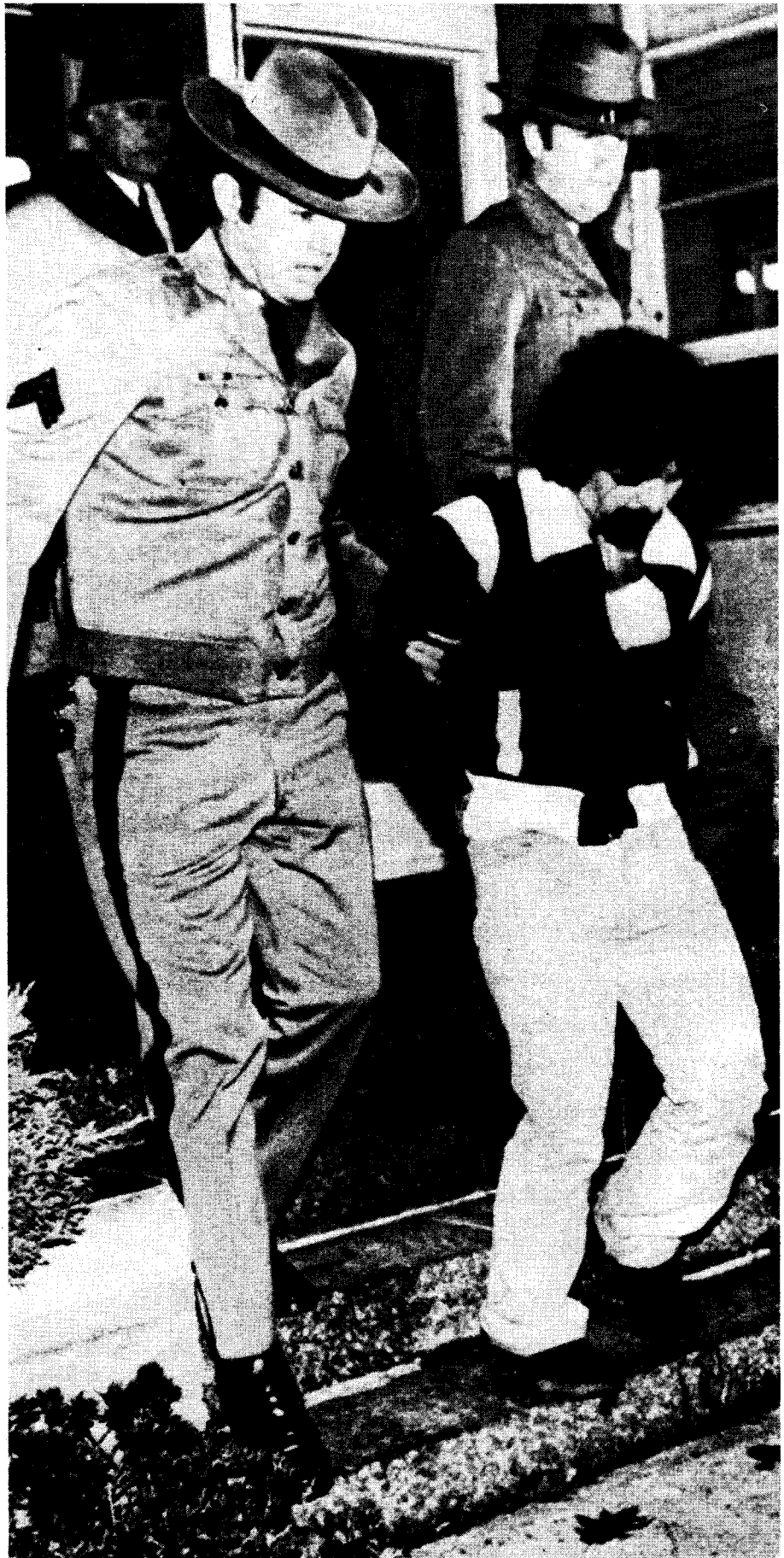
A spokesman for the state attorney general's office said the state will now file a motion with the Mississippi Supreme Court asking the judges to set a new execution date.

Bell's attorneys say they plan to follow an appeal process through lower federal courts. They are waiting to receive copies of the U.S. Supreme Court's order before they proceed, however.

Rensselaer County Court Judge M. Andrew Dwyer, Jr. ruled "nothing improper took place" during the sequestration of the jury which convicted **Michael Dennis Moore** of the 1977 robbery and murder of Diane LaFond (*Mother of Six Killed for Her Christmas Money!* December FRONT PAGE, 1978). The alleged impropriety involved the use of the telephone at the motel where the jurors were staying. Judge Dwyer had ruled that only deputies and court officers could contact jurors' families. To meet the judge's stipulation, the manager of the motel disconnected the telephones in the jurors' rooms. Moore's defense attorney, Donald J. Shanley, checking into the sequestration procedures, found that \$8.40 worth of calls had been made, a total of 28 calls. At a hearing called to consider the matter, ten of the calls were accounted for. The remaining 18, it was shown, were made from the room where the deputies and court officers were staying. As far as could be determined, they were not made by any jurors.

Jeffrey R. MacDonald claims the federal government's prosecution of the case in which he has been charged with the 1970 murders of his wife and two young daughters at Fort Bragg, North Carolina (August FRONT PAGE, 1970) represents a violation of his constitutional protection against double jeopardy. MacDonald brought this allegation before the U.S. Supreme Court which refused, for the second time, to hear the former doctor's appeal. MacDonald was a captain in the Army Medical Corps assigned to the Green Berets at Fort Bragg when his family was slain.

Daniel Russell Munro, found guilty of three counts of murder in the deaths of Gerald Hoffman, Jeff Hoffman, and Jeff Beavers (*Little Soldiers in Widening Pools of Blood*, May FRONT PAGE, 1979) was sentenced to life imprisonment on these charges on February 6, 1979. Munro was found guilty of the crimes on January 25, 1979 after a trial lasting two weeks.



Michael Moore is led from police headquarters after booking on robbery and murder.

investigation either. The fingerprints found in the car other than those of Dr. Glaesel, all belonged to Rainer Wittayer, which was not strange as he had acted not only as butler and cook, but also as chauffeur as the circumstances demanded. On the night of the murder, he had been at home in his room in Dr. Glaesel's apartment and had been seen by several members of the hospital staff at various times during the evening. Moreover, it soon became clear that Wittayer not only did not stand to inherit anything, but lost a very well paid job as well. Dr. Glaesel had, indeed, died intestate, and his entire estate went to the nephews in Salzburg.

On other fronts, slightly more progress had been made. There were indications that the victim had been either heterosexual or bisexual, but definitely not entirely homosexual, as he had had a number of affairs with women and had had, at the time of his death, a steady girl friend, a 37-year-old secretary named Carola Zimmermann.

Interviewed, Miss Zimmermann stated that the doctor had been anything but homosexual and expressed surprise that she had not been mentioned in his will. They had been, she said, engaged to be married.

Informed that the doctor had not left a will, she said that that was too bad, but expressed no other particular regrets.

"She's a strange one," said the sergeant, who had done the interviewing. "She neither seemed surprised nor sorry when she learned the doctor was dead. I got the impression she could care less."

"Are you certain that she didn't already know it?" said the inspector. "After you were at the hospital on Sunday the word spread all over town in no time. I imagine Schultheis would have talked too."

"It's possible," said the sergeant. "I didn't ask her if she'd heard about it already. Do you want me to follow up any further?"

"I don't think so," said the inspector. "The anal intercourse effectively eliminates any possibility of a female suspect. I think that Miss Zimmermann may merely be a little disappointed at missing a good catch. Most secretaries would give their eyeteeth to marry a doctor."

"Well, then, I suppose we must look at the patients," said the sergeant. "Wittayer could have done it, of course. We can't account for all his time that evening, but there doesn't seem to be any motive. All that the murder got him was the loss of a good job."

"Did you check to see if he has any reputation of being homosexual?" said the inspector.

"Not a whisper," said the sergeant. "He fathered two kids and his wife divorced him for fooling around with another woman, one of the nurses at the hospital,

as a matter of fact. She's since left."

"Make a note to find out where she is and interview her," said the inspector absently. "Now, on the patients, we're going to have a big job ahead of us..."

It was a very big job. In the 17 years that Dr. Hans Glaesel had been director of the Pfalz Clinic for Nervous Disorders, he had come into contact with enormous numbers of disturbed persons, many of whom were homosexual or had even more serious emotional problems.

As is often the case, a large number of his patients had developed emotional attachments to their doctor and there had been, over the years, many incidents, all of which now had to be checked out.

Fortunately for the police, the majority of these incidents involved girls or women and these were automatically eliminated by the circumstances of the murder. The male patients, however, all had to be included because Dr. Enten had said that the murderer need not have a record of homosexuality and that the act of anal intercourse might be nothing more than a further demonstration of the savage desire to humiliate and destroy the victim. In a sense, it was pointed out, the doctor had been murdered three times in three different ways. The fact that the murderer had brought along a sex lubricant indicated premeditation and he did not think that this would occur to a homosexual rapist. He was not, however, able to state with certainty whether the rape had taken place before or after death. There was no indication that it had been resisted.

"But I thought that the patients were emotionally attached to their doctor," said the inspector. "If so, why would any of them want to destroy and humiliate him?"

"Feelings of rejection, perhaps," said the doctor. "They loved the doctor, but they feared that he didn't love them. As you no doubt know, the borderline between intense love and intense hate is not at all distinct, particularly in emotionally unstable persons such as these."

"Doesn't make our job any easier," remarked the inspector. "If all the suspects are mental cases, we can't expect any logical actions from them."

"Not logical by our standards, agreed," said the doctor, "but logical by theirs and, in a way, their actions could be more predictable. After all, murder itself isn't a very logical action, is it?"

The inspector agreed that it was not and went back to supervising the sorting of the hospital records of the various patients who had passed through the hands of Dr. Hans Ulrich Glaesel. The object was to find those who were male, who had had sexual problems of some kind, and who had displayed a strong attachment for the doctor. The first two

items could be determined from the records. The last could not.

"I'm also eliminating a few very old men and a few who are physically handicapped," said the sergeant. "Then, there are some who were in other institutions at the time of the crime and a few who have died. Even so, I'm afraid we're going to have a long list."

"We'll start with the most recent admissions to the hospital and work back," said the inspector. "And make a point of checking whether they have driver's licenses."

"You think the ones who don't can be eliminated?" said the sergeant.

"I think they're the most likely," said the inspector. "Whoever drove the car into that vineyard couldn't drive for sour apples."

"Right," said the sergeant. "By the way, Karl has located the nurse who was the grounds for Wittayer's divorce. I think you said you wanted her interviewed."

"For the record," said the inspector. "I still tend to suspect butlers. Where is she?"

"Saarbruecken," said the sergeant. "Somebody'll have to drive over there."

"Send Karl," said the inspector.

Kark, who was one of the department's junior detectives, drove the some 50 miles to Saarbruecken on the French border, interviewed the nurse, and got back in time to report to the inspector before he went home for the day.

"Wittayer has a strange taste in women," he said. "The lady is close to 60 and she's built like a Japanese wrestler. I don't know how he could do it."

"The same as everybody else probably," said the inspector. "What did she say?"

"That it was none of our damn business who she did what with," said the detective. "Total lack of cooperation."

"You got nothing then?" said the inspector.

"I got a lot of gossip," said the detective. "The younger nurses say that she only likes sex by the back door."

The inspector sat up abruptly. "Well," he said. "That's very interesting. How do they know? Never mind. The important thing is, she has the reputation and she's the woman who apparently broke up Wittayer's marriage and Wittayer was the butler of a murder victim who had been subjected to or had engaged in anal sex shortly before or after his death. I have another assignment for you tomorrow morning first thing. Track down the former Mrs. Wittayer and see if you can find out anything about her ex-husband's sexual preferences. Maybe, if you ask her about the details of whatever led to her filing for divorce?..." The detective Karl was a young and persuasive man. The former Mrs. Wittayer was also young and she had apparently not made any new contacts since leaving her husband so that she was, perhaps, lonely.

Whatever the case, the detective was able to provide the inspector with some very interesting details of the marriage and subsequent divorce of Rainer Wittayer.

The inspector had, however, no time to listen for Sergeant Niebolt had turned up a hot suspect among the patients and it appeared that he was about to confess.

Peter Sommerlich was a man of 28 who had been admitted to the Pfalz Clinic in October of 1976 following an incident in which he had attempted to strangle and then shoot his male lover, a much older man in his middle 50s. Strangely enough, Sommerlich had been the dominant or male half of the couple and the older man had taken the female part. The motive for the attempted murder had been sexual jealousy.

Sommerlich had been found incompetent to stand trial and had been sent to the Pfalz Clinic where he had been under the personal care of Dr. Glaesel for several months, but had then been assigned to another doctor when his emotional attitude toward the director had become so extreme as to make the treatment ineffective.

According to the doctor who had taken over from Dr. Glaesel, Sommerlich had identified the director with his, so he thought, faithless lover, and had developed an intense hatred for him. He had made repeated threats against his life and had said, in the most vulgar terms, that he would subject him to anal intercourse.

Sommerlich had subsequently been transferred to another clinic and, in May of 1978, discharged as cured of any dangerous tendencies.

Sommerlich seemed the logical suspect and it was eventually possible to obtain a confession from him. However, the confession was almost incoherent and bore very little relation to the crime as it was known to have taken place. For the purposes of obtaining an indictment, it was worthless.

Things having quieted a bit, the inspector now had time to look at the report which the detective Karl had turned in and what he read caused him to jump out of his chair and rush out into the outer office where Karl had his desk.

"Why in the hell didn't you tell me something about this?" he demanded.

"I tried to," said Karl, "but you were too busy."

The report was damning. Mrs. Wittayer had told the detective that she divorced her husband because, after their second child was born, he had become more and more perverted in his sexual habits. She had found this disgusting and had, finally, asked for a divorce, saying that she suspected him of a homosexual relationship with his employer.

Wittayer had not denied it, but had said that he would only agree to the divorce if she named one of the nurses as corespon-

dent. He had suggested the nurse who had since gone to Saarbruecken and said that she would cooperate because he knew things about her that could cost her her job.

The divorce had then taken place.

The former Mrs. Wittayer had added something else. Her ex-husband, she said, had a criminal record.

The detective had checked with the police in Mannheim, the city from which Wittayer had originally come. Wittayer had a record of 25 arrests and convictions, all for theft or assault. He had committed these crimes while still a juvenile, and had served hardly any time for any of them.

Rainer Wittayer was arrested, confronted with his criminal record, confronted with his wife's statements concerning the divorce, and interrogated relentlessly. On the afternoon of the third day, he confessed.

"He wanted to leave me to marry that

Zimmermann bitch," he said. "I'm not sorry. He got what he deserved."

Whether Rainer Wittayer gets what he deserves will depend on the jury who will meet to deliberate the matter some time later in 1979.

The detective Karl has already got what he deserves. He and the former Mrs. Wittayer were married a week before Christmas of 1978. ●

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The names Jacob Schultheis, Harold Enten, Walter Beissel, Max Niebolt, Carola Zimmermann, and Peter Sommerlich are not the real names of the persons involved in the foregoing case. Fictitious names were used for police officials because German police regulations forbid the use of officials' true names. The other names were used to prevent embarrassment to persons innocently involved in the foregoing case.

BONNIE

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civilization. "We don't pay no attention to stuff like that. If cops don't do anything, why should we?"

Actually, cops were doing something about it, but fate had crossed the signals, it appeared. A study of 911 emergency call tapes showed that at 8:04 A.M. a caller reported a woman being assaulted at 50 Manhattan Avenue, around the corner from the slaying scene.

A car from the West 100th Street stationhouse, designated 24-Ida, went to 50 Manhattan Avenue but radioed back that the report was unfounded.

At 8:07 A.M. a second call came in stating that a screaming woman was being chased east on West 102nd Street. Two radio cars, 24-David and 24-Edward, arrived on the scene.

At 8:20 A.M. a third call told of a man dragging a female in the street near 44 Manhattan Avenue. David and Edward still found nothing, and radioed back that the report was unfounded. Meanwhile, the radio car alerted by the passerby also was searching. Car 24-Ida had returned to the precinct, but upon hearing additional calls over 911, returned to the scene and Sergeant Collins, one of the men in that car, ordered a building-by-building search that did turn up Bonnie's body.

Reports of the snafu enraged the residents of the area, who saw the incident as police reluctance to come to the aid of those in ghettos. That fact that the building where Bonnie Anne met her tragic death had been abandoned for six years and had not been boarded up by the city also incensed the residents.

Alkies and junkies nest amid rubble in the abandoned tenements and the once active block had become a no-man's-land where at night drugs and guns are sold in the street and where a man was recently hacked to death with an ax.

Police protested that the accusations of laxity were not true.

"Our investigation indicates that our response was immediate and our response was thorough," said Inspector John Lowe. "The police officers of the 24th Precinct responded properly to the calls."

The account of Bonnie Bush's ordeal brought to mind the slaying of 28-year-old Kitty Genovese, in 1964. Kitty was stabbed to death in Kew Gardens, Queens, as 38 neighbors heard her screams and did nothing to prevent the murder. In Bonnie's case, though, efforts were made, though pitifully unsuccessful.

Meanwhile, homicide sleuths had come up with the name of a suspect in Bonnie's murder. He was identified as Nathaniel Giles Jr., 32 years old, a six foot two, 180-pound black with a small Afro haircut and a mustache. He was known in the area since his family lived on West 104th Street. And several witnesses to the tragic incident handed up Giles' name to detectives.

Giles was a paroled murderer with a long history of violent crime. On May 2, 1964, Giles was locked into a cell at Auburn State Prison to serve a 20-year-to-life sentence for the robbery-slaying of a 63-year-old woman when Giles was just 16. The victim was stabbed 60 times with a screwdriver in her Manhattan apartment, police said.

On November 15, 1967, Giles was transferred to Clinton State Prison and the transfer document noted that he was "disruptive, assaultive, dangerous, and almost uncontrollable."

During his incarceration, Giles picked up a high school equivalency diploma, in 1972, with his IQ of 97, and two charges of homosexual rape. On February 3, 1977, a week after he was found guilty of his se-

cond charge of prison rape, Giles was given \$45, a new suit, and was discharged from Attica Prison.

Parole records showed that Giles had been living at home, on West 104th Street, and had been checking in regularly with his parole officer. A massive police search was immediately launched throughout the city for Giles. And his photo was released to newspapers and television stations throughout the New York metropolitan area.

An appeal was made to Giles' mother to aid in his capture, but she was afraid that police officers would kill him. A cousin did, however, agree to notify detectives if the suspect returned home.

In the meantime, an appeal was made by authorities to Giles to give himself up.

"If he feels we are in error (in naming him a suspect) and wants to clear himself, then he should show himself," said Deputy Inspector Thomas J. Gleason, commander of Upper Manhattan detectives. "We appeal to him to surrender with an attorney of his own choice. It is the best thing he could do to help himself."

A police phone hotline was set up to handle calls on the case, and within several days more than 200 calls came in from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania reporting they had seen Giles.

Detectives from the Fifth Homicide Zone, armed with shotguns, rushed out on false alarms all over Harlem, the Upper West Side, and the Bronx. Extreme caution was urged because Giles was believed to be armed with a 9mm. automatic pistol, possibly a Luger. The importance police attached to the case was evidenced by the personal involvement of Deputy Chief of Detectives James T. Sullivan and Manhattan Chief of Detectives Martin E. Durry.

Detectives questioned just about anyone who ever had anything to do with Giles—former cellmates, his father and family, people about the 102nd Street and 104th Street blocks, winos and drug addicts—in hopes of getting a fix on Giles' whereabouts. Police as far away as Philadelphia offered assistance.

Giles called his home on Tuesday, November 28th, and the contents of this conversation were relayed to detectives, although police denied having tapped his family's telephone. But even this failed to reveal where the suspected killer was holed up.

Meanwhile, as the search continued, state parole officials now became embroiled in controversy, as local police had earlier. Giles, it turned out, had been arrested just four months after his release from Attica as a "board-directed intensive supervision case." This meant that parole officers were required to monitor Giles closely.

However, Giles was arrested on May 30, 1977, while on parole, on charges of rape, sodomy, robbery, burglary, and possession of a weapon.

But when the complainant, a West Village freelance writer, admitted in court that she had invited Giles into her apartment and that, after the incident, she had asked him to return so she could "write a great story" about him, a Supreme Court justice threw out all counts with the exception of the weapons rap.

By this time he had served 11 months on Rikers Island awaiting trial, so the judge sentenced him to time served and Giles was released. The fact that his conviction on weapons charges should have resulted in charges of parole violation, with probable rejailing, occurred to some parole officials. It occurred to others, too, newspapers were quick to point it out. State Parole Board Chairman Edward Hammock vowed to review Giles' file personally.

The search for the elusive suspect continued, with his family now joining appeals that he surrender to avoid bloodshed. Because of his record, the shotgun-armed posse was not about to take needless chances, it was recognized.

Finally, on Wednesday, November 29, about 10 P.M., there came a break in the case. Two Newark brothers, Harry and John Jones, had stopped their car at 126th Street and Convent Avenue in Harlem. Harry stayed in the car while John got out to buy some potato chips in a store at that location. The men had "shaped up" for a Manhattan job that evening, but were not needed, and they were driving about a bit before returning to New Jersey.

As John returned to the car, he saw a gunman in the front seat indicating to him to get into the auto. But Harry brushed his brother away from the car and sped off, obviously wanting John to alert the police to his predicament. The gunman, police said, was Giles.

He had just slipped into the idling automobile and sat on the passenger's seat in front, then reached across Jones and grabbed the seatbelt, pulled it around the driver, and fastened him in his seat.

"Just be cool," the pistol waving intruder said. "I don't want to rob you. I don't want your money. I don't want your car. I just want to get away."

This, according to the investigators, is pretty much the way that they believe Bonnie was taken hostage, at the point of a pistol while she was stopped in traffic and in an unguarded moment.

The gunman told Jones to drive for New Jersey and the two men started up the West Side Highway. As they neared the approach to the George Washington Bridge that would take them to the garden State, however, Giles told Jones to use the approach ramp for the Cross Bronx Expressway, leading to that borough.

Again, the armed intruder changed his mind, though. As soon as they had entered the Bronx, he barked to his captive, "Drive me to Brooklyn."

A two-hour ride through city streets ensued, through the Bronx, Manhattan, and Brooklyn, Jones believed although he was unfamiliar with the streets. Jones said the man sat quietly smoking and whenever he saw a police car, a fire engine, a flashing light, or a foot patrolman he would say "turn right" or "turn left."

Despite this apparent fear of being noticed, the armed thug gave directions that would almost insure that he would be. He directed the driver to run red lights and to keep up a speed of 40 to 50 mph, fast for the city. However, for a long time no one gave pursuit.

At one point Giles noticed a "press" card on the dashboard. Jones worked in the mailroom of The New York Times.

"You're the press? Then you know who I am," Giles purportedly said.

"No," replied Jones, stopping him. "I don't want to know who you are. All I want to do is what you asked me. You get away and let me go. I don't want to know anything else about you."

At no time, Jones said, was the matter of Bonnie Anne Bush's murder mentioned. Jones assumed his passenger was a punk who had just pulled a robbery.

At one point during the drive they stopped for gasoline, at 96th Street, and Giles paid the five dollar tab with a \$20 bill. Then they headed for Greenwich Village, downtown. At Blecker and Avenue of the Americas a police radio car saw Jones' Oldsmobile making a turn against a red light and gave chase. Pulling up on the passenger side, the patrolmen ordered the car to pull over. The passenger smiled and said they would, the cops said.

Instead, according to Jones, the gunman put his foot over the transmission hump onto the accelerator and pressed down hard.

"Go, I want it to the floor!" he said. "Make a run for it. I don't have a thing to lose, and I'm going to have to shoot it out if we don't make it—and I don't want to shoot you too."

At high speed Jones circled the block, then headed east two blocks to pick up Broadway and headed south on the main thoroughfare. It had rained and the streets were slick as four other police cruisers joined the pursuit. When the fleeing auto reached Canal Street, six blocks away, it was doing 90 mph. It went one block further, made a quick turn, and slammed into a 1973 Pinto station wagon.

Giles purportedly turned and fired two shots at the chasing police, then tried to open his door but found it jammed by the crash. He rolled down the window and dove out. Then the first chasing patrol car slammed into the rear of the Olds.

According to police, Giles came up firing as patrolmen poured from their cars. There followed a wild gun battle during which some 50 shots were fired. Giles had

a pistol with a 14-shot magazine. He fired at one cop from ten feet—and missed, police said.

Officers returned the fire, still unaware they were facing Giles. One stray shot—later proven to come from Giles, cops said—hit a bystander at a nearby hot dog stand. He was wounded in the leg, but not seriously.

Giles purportedly got to his feet and began racing down that side street of Manhattan's loft district, but he slipped on the wet pavement. As he tried to get up, he was hit by a single shot that went up his back and lodged in his collarbone. Still, he managed to toss his pistol under a truck and crawl after it.

Officer Ronald L. Sheldon reloaded his pistol and went over to the parked truck and arrested Giles. He was removed to St. Vincent's hospital for surgery and then taken, in stable condition, to the prison ward at Bellevue Hospital.

Meanwhile, there were a few anxious moments for Jones who, locked in by his seat belt, craned his head low in an effort to avoid the flying bullets. Arriving policemen thought at first he was an accomplice and treated him as such until he convinced them to check his story with the communications bureau. His brother, John, had immediately run to the police stationhouse on West 126th Street to report his brother's abduction. So authorities knew of the incident, but not that it involved Giles.

Two detectives from Fifth Homicide who had been stalking Giles for days were on temporary duty in the First Precinct when they heard of the shootout. They went to the hospital and identified Giles as the wounded man.

He was booked at bedside for the murder of Bonnie Anne Bush, and the pistol a German-made 9 mm. P-38 Walther automatic, was shipped off to ballistics for testing. There, detectives said, it was not only proved to be the weapon that had snuffed out the life of nurse Bush, but also was the death weapon in the slayings of two other women in Manhattan.

The murder victims were identified as Cindy Pinto, 24, and Willa Solomon, 30. Both had been found shot in the head, as had Bonnie, in their apartments.

Cindy, who was nine months pregnant, was found dead in her apartment on Central Park West on the Upper West Side on October 5, 1978. Ms. Solomon, a worker for the Board of Higher Education, died in her apartment on Second Avenue on the Upper East Side November 6, 1978. Both, according to police, had been sodomized, as was Miss Bush.

Authorities believe that Giles approached both these women on the street and, at gunpoint, forced them to lead him to their apartments.

Giles was arraigned December 4 in his prison ward at Bellevue on the homicide charge involving Miss Bush. And on

December 22 he was indicted by a Manhattan Grand Jury in that slaying. He has recovered from his wounds and is awaiting trial.

At this writing, Giles has not been charged in the other two slayings, those of Pinto and Solomon.

In accordance with American legal tradition, he must be assumed innocent of the charges against him until found guilty in a court of law.

One detective connected with the case recalled that in 1963 when Giles was nabbed in the screwdriver slaying of an elderly spinster, his mother asked police; "Can't you do something for him? Time in jail won't help him. If he did that murder, there's something wrong with him."

That nothing was done for the 16 year old and that later he was released to face further charges of ferocious violence prompted the New York State Division of Parole to say in late December; "Giles may be proven to be a failure of the parole system and the entire criminal justice system."

Meanwhile, shock waves continue long after Bonnie has been placed in her grave. Two police officers and a civilian 911 operator have been suspended from their jobs by City Police Commissioner Robert J. McGuire on grounds they failed to take proper action on calls emanating from the wild episode on West 102nd Street.

The cops, McGuire said, should have taken into their patrol car the man who reported the violence. He could have led them there. Instead, they let him go and went in search of the incident themselves, and failed to find it, McGuire noted. The 911 operator consumed five minutes talking to a caller of the violence instead of getting police moving immediately, the commissioner declared.

While repercussions of the crime continue, the blue-eyed nurse who made such an impression on the medical profession in her four short years as a nurse is no more. But her memory will live on through scholarships. They will be set up at Columbia University School of Nursing. In the future there will be midwives working in delivery rooms of New York City who will owe their training to a nurse named Bonnie Anne Bush who, so considerate of the pain of others, died a hellish death herself.

"That one bit of good would come of this tragedy makes all the difference," said a member of the Bush family. "That's what is pulling us through." ●

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The names Harry and John Jones are not the actual names of the persons involved in this case. Fictitious names were used because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of these persons.

"I CAN'T BREATHE"

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law's house when we stopped for the light at Copans and Dixie," one witness told the lawmen. "I looked up and saw this guy stagger and fall. He was heading toward the pumps from the office and he fell between in the driveway.

"Look, that fellow fell down," I cried. "Let's go over!" So I turned the flashers on in my truck and pulled in. My brother-in-law ran toward the guy and turned him over. I got out, too. He was all bloody. I ran back to the CB in my truck and tried to get help. It seemed like I could never raise anyone. I was still trying to get somebody on the CB when I saw the guy who had stopped behind me—I think he's a kid who works in Publix. He ran over to a telephone. Then I saw another kid flagging down a deputy sheriff's car."

"Did the injured man say anything?"

"He said, 'Turn me over. I can't breathe.' That was all. I took my shirt off and my brother-in-law put it over the guy's chest. That was when I saw the deputy driving down Dixie and the kid yelled at him. I held the guy's legs. He was trying to move. Then the paramedics came and told me to move my truck."

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Laun and other technical men were photographing and processing the area. Sergeant Dickey and Detective Hutchinson questioned customers at Lum's restaurant, just north

of the station.

One false lead wasted precious time. A boy about 12 who lived in the neighborhood had been detained by the uniformed patrolman when he claimed to have heard three shots. Captain George and Lieutenant Thompson questioned the youngster, sitting in the captain's unmarked car. The youngster told them that he and his smaller sister had been playing in their yard across the street from the station and had climbed up into their tree house. They heard the shots in "rapid succession", and saw a blue Mustang driven by a white man speed westward away from the station.

Lt. Thompson escorted the boy home, then climbed up into the tree house himself. He could see nothing of the station, even when he mounted as high as he could go in the tree. Six taller trees completely blocked the view.

The station's district manager arrived and found that the money in the lower part of the safe had not been disturbed. Attendants on duty at night were regularly given a \$100 "bank" for operating. That was gone, plus any of the night's proceeds. Any funds the dead man may have had on his person were also gone.

Although there were no indications of a struggle, detectives surmised the murder had occurred in the small back room

behind the grease racks which contained little besides an old refrigerator. A big pool of blood lay in front of the door and a trail led from there to where victim had fallen near the pumps. One of his shoes and a beer can was by the office.

Meanwhile the body had been formally identified by relatives. The autopsy would disclose two fatal stab wounds, one to the heart and one to the abdomen.

There the case stood when investigators knocked off for the night.

But while they were still at the scene, a uniformed road patrolman making a routine traffic check was involved in an incident seemingly unrelated, but one that struck him as so unusual he was talking about it the next morning. This was Officer Elfo of the Pompano Beach Police Department. He told Detective Murray about it when the latter came on duty for the day shift.

"I was just coming out of the low cost housing project when I saw him at that feed and supply store that had a fire—this black guy with a black chick. I stopped him when he crossed into the city limits and found stuff in his truck that was smoke damaged, so I figured he might have been looting.

"I ran a routine check on the guy. But before I even had an answer back, he said he was an escaped prisoner on an armed robbery rap. He almost wanted to open the door himself and climb into the patrol car. Wow! It was really strange. I thought, 'Something's wrong.'"

The man, booked into Broward County jail, was Charles McBride, 24. The woman with him had been released. Detective Murray checked the report and discovered she was Drucilla Warren, a frequent shoplifting offender who had been supplying information to the department for nine months or so. By coincidence, there was a note on Detective Murray's desk that morning asking him to get in touch with Drucilla.

He and Detective Fowler drove out to her grandmother's residence. She was there, asleep, but her cousin woke her and she came out to talk with the officers. She complained there was street talk that Murray was going to run her in for shoplifting.

He persuaded her this was not true, then asked her if she had any leads on the Citgo homicide he had heard about on his radio. She told him she had also heard the broadcast and promised she might be able to give him the names of the culprits by the end of the day.

Back at the station, Murray became immersed in paperwork and momentarily forgot about the Citgo case, which was in BSO jurisdiction anyhow, not PBBP's. Then, about 1 P.M. he received a phone call from a confidential informant that the crime had been committed by a man arrested on an unrelated charge.

"What's his name?"

"I don't know."

"Is he black?"

"Yes. He was with a chick."

The informant refused to give the chick's name but said that she had been hurting for \$200 to bail her boyfriend out of jail. The boyfriend, not the man she was with, had been arrested several days before.

Furthermore, the informant continued, there had been a third person involved, a dude named Jerry. He did not know the last name.

Murray had another confidential informant who had been feeding the department tips for two and a half years. His name was Jerry McCloud. The detectives described McCloud to the tipster now on the phone.

"That's him."

At just this moment, by another fortuitous coincidence, BSO Detective Sergeant Raymond Saxon walked into the Pompano headquarters in connection with another case.

By now, many puzzle pieces were fitting a pattern in Murray's head. Drucilla's boyfriend, Jellyroll, was in jail and she needed \$200 to get bail posted. She was the chick who had been with escaped prisoner McBride who was arrested the night before. McBride was known as violent, an "animal." What was she doing with McBride?

Detective Saxon told Murray police figured the amount ripped off at the Citgo station was something under \$200. But the job was supposed to have been committed by white men.

Murray shook his head as Saxon filled him in on what the sheriff's department had learned. The lead to white culprits had come from the two kids who claimed to have witnessed the crime from their tree house, but Lieutenant Thompson had proved that impossible. The youngsters had also claimed to have heard three shots, but investigators had turned up no evidence of shooting. Peranton had been stabbed to death.

Saxon asked about Drucilla.

"She's one of the top shoplifters in all Broward County," Murray said. "A junkie. She makes a fair income stealing clothes and selling them. We caught her red-handed. Then we talked and she gave us a lot of information. She has volumes of street information."

Indeed, Drucilla's information had recently led to recovery of more than \$3,000 worth of equipment stolen from the Pompano Beach Senior High School and the successful arrest, prosecution, and conviction of the burglar. Murray agreed to go with Saxon to try and locate Drucilla.

The two officers drove first to the grandmother's house, but Drucilla had left there, so they went into the Carver Ranches area looking for her.

From blocks away they could hear the "soul" music pounding out from Phillips Grocery, which Murray explained was

known as "The Juke." A group of blacks lounged outside.

"There she is," muttered Murray as he drove on past and pulled out of sight around the corner at NW 15th Avenue and NW 17th Court.

"Why don't we grab her?" asked Saxon.

"Uhuh. She saw me. She'll come. It's not too neat for a black to be seen talking with police around here."

Pretty soon, the back door of the car opened quickly and a woman slipped in and hunkered down on the floor out of sight. Murray, who had not turned off the engine, drove off.

"Be cool," he said over his shoulder. "We're going on down to the station and we'll talk there."

On the way, Murray explained to Drucilla who Saxon was and that he wanted information on the Citgo homicide-robbery.

"Have you got a rights card?" he asked the BSO detective. And Saxon read Drucilla her rights.

"Did Charles tell you?" she asked.

But the detectives avoided discussion until they reached PBBP headquarters where Drucilla was read her rights again in the detective bureau.

The 23 year old woman told them that she, McBride, and McCloud were coming back from Deerfield Beach about 7:30 or 8:30 P.M. Monday, January 3. She was driving and McBride ordered her to pull off to the side as they approached the Citgo station. In her first version she said that she had thought they wanted to go to the men's room. So she stopped just south of the station and turned off the motor. The two men got out and walked into the office.

McCloud came running back first, Drucilla said. He asked where McBride was. Drucilla told him McBride hadn't returned. McCloud got in the back seat, clutching a bank bag. A few minutes later McBride came running and jumped into the car, yelling at Drucilla to take off.

She headed south on Dixie and about a half mile down McBride said they had robbed the station and he had "had to stab that cracker." He told McCloud to get rid of the money bag.

They drove to "The Juke" where Drucilla got out to go into the ladies' room. When she returned to the car, McCloud had disappeared. McBride bought some reefers and he and Drucilla drove into the Pompano Labor Project where they got out and sat under a tree while they smoked.

McBride became maudlin and began to weep, bemoaning the fact that he had "had to stab that cracker" for such a bad haul—less than \$200.

As the detectives pressed Drucilla with questions, her story began to change slightly. In all, she told three versions that night. In the first version she knew nothing in advance and was surprised,

only a witness. According to the second version, she didn't know anything until after the stabbing. In the third version, she admitted participation.

This last finally came when she had been taken down to BSO headquarters in Fort Lauderdale and broke down. "I'm not going to lie any more," she said.

Then she admitted that the three had been driving around looking for a place to rip off. They had started to hit a couple of other spots but for one reason or another had not carried through. Then they got to the Citgo.

McBride punched the attendant, Drucilla said. McCloud, who was a "scaredy-cat," became upset and frightened, grabbed the money bag and ran back to the car. McBride "had to take a knife to that cracker."

They then split the money in three, Drucilla getting \$29.

Later, after she and McBride had smoked their joints, she asked him to drive her to Fort Lauderdale. They were on their way there, McBride driving, when they saw they were going to be stopped by police. McBride hastily handed her the knife, telling her to toss it out the window.

But streetwise Drucilla, wary that a policeman might come up on the passenger side and see her throwing the knife out, thrust it in her purse. After she was released, she gave the knife to her cousin.

She gave police the cousin's address, also in Carver Ranches. Saxon left to recover the knife and take a statement from the cousin, who confirmed that Drucilla had given it to her that morning. It had been bloody, so she had washed it.

BSO had also put out a BOLO on the vehicle. A deputy located it and Drucilla identified it as the one used the night of the robbery-homicide.

Murray had accompanied Saxon and Drucilla to BSO, and now other officers sitting in on the questioning — Lieutenant Carl Carruthers, Lieutenant Thompson, and Detective Robert Rios, who had been called down to headquarters—wanted to know about Drucilla.

"She's the ghetto girl who is cheerleader, who gets pregnant, gets back to school, gets to be cheerleader, gets pregnant again," was Murray's colorful characterization. He added that Drucilla was "very sensitive, even though she is dishonest."

McBride was brought up from the jail about 11 P.M. but kept carefully separated from Drucilla. For about a half hour after he was given his rights he denied everything, insisting, "Bullshit! You're never going to pin this on me. I don't know what you are talking about."

"We did a little dancing back and forth," Detective Rios said in a later deposition. "We told him we had Drucilla in custody. We brought in the knife. He realized we had a bit of

evidence and decided to talk. 'Well, I was there,' he said. So we asked him to give it to us chronologically, after he had admitted that he knew Drucilla, knew McCloud, and recognized the knife as his.

"Is Drucilla here?" he asked.

"Yes. Is this your knife?"

"Yeah, but I didn't stab him."

"He is fairly intelligent and was alert," Rios continued. "I got the impression he knew we already knew, so he was trying to minimize his part. There were nail markings on the knife handle, made when he hammered something with it. I showed it to him and he identified it, said his mother gave it to him, a Cougar knife."

McBride told police that Drucilla had suggested ripping off the Citgo station, telling her companions she had been there before and it was an easy hit. They had already cased two other places and decided against hitting them. But Drucilla told them there was plenty of money at the Citgo.

"She pulled over and we got out," said McBride's statement. "I hit the guy. Jerry had the knife. He went into the back with the guy.... It was my fishing knife. I gave it to Jerry when he asked for it earlier. He gave it back to me when we got back in the car and I put it in my right back pocket. He said, 'Here's the knife.' It was closed and I put it in my back pocket...."

At the station, in the garage part, when I hit the guy, he went down. Jerry stood over him, told him to get up. He got up and they went out of sight. I was getting the money out of the desk drawer."

Later, McBride said, "Drucilla asked me to take her to Fort Lauderdale to pick up drugs. We got to the Palm Aire section

and the police pulled us over. I was driving. I gave her the knife."

McBride admitted that he had escaped from the Pompano work release facility by checking out to go on a job and just not returning.

Lieutenant Thompson, who had gone on vacation the day after the homicide, made a special trip to headquarters to sit in on the questioning. At the request of Captain Elihu Phares he was working on a survey to try and determine why there had been a 25 percent drop in robberies during 1976 as compared with earlier years. He was probing particularly into repeater crimes and weapons used. Here was a repeater and no handgun, so he asked McBride about that.

"Hey, why use a gun?" McBride answered. "You get three years right off the bat for that. There are other ways."

January 7, a Broward grand jury indicted McBride, Drucilla, and Jerry Lee McCloud for first degree murder and robbery with a deadly weapon.

Detective Murray had meanwhile received a long distance phone call from McCloud who admitted knowledge of the robbery, but insisted, as had Drucilla, that McBride was the one who did the stabbing. He said he was calling from New York, that he was working on a farm there. He wanted to know if Tipton and Murray would come to New York and pick him up. He was scared of McBride.

"He wanted to turn himself in to me and Tipton," Murray said in a later deposition. "He figured he would have his brains in his lap if he turned himself in to anybody else." There was a BOLO out on him and police were watching his mother's house. But he refused to give Murray his address, saying he would call back. The following day he called Detective Rios but again would not give his address. He never called either Murray or Rios back.

It was nearly a year before McCloud walked into the Broward County courthouse with his brother, a county employee, and surrendered himself to Lieutenant Gary Ewing.

Meanwhile, April 21, 1977, McBride pleaded guilty to second degree murder and robbery in a bargain agreement that he would testify against McCloud. Circuit Court Judge Thomas Coker, Jr. gave him concurrent life sentences on both counts in the Peranton case plus a year consecutive for escape from the earlier sentence. May 16 Drucilla Warren pleaded guilty to third degree murder and robbery and was sentenced to 15 years concurrent on each count.

McCloud surrendered at 11:30 A.M. November 28, 1977, and Lieutenant Ewing brought him up to Sergeant Charles Peart's office in homicide. The detective shook his hand.

"Welcome home."

After he was read his rights, McCloud said that he had been at the Citgo with

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McBride and Drucilla and "things got out of hand." He claimed that he had been working with the Pompano police at the time and hoped to tip them off to the robbery planned but he did not get time to contact them. He left town, he said, because he was afraid of McBride.

A jury was sworn to try McCloud on March 27, 1978. Assistant State Attorney Tom Kern called McBride to the witness stand March 28. Surly, arrogant, the convict, who had earlier also been involved in a jail riot, refused to answer questions.

"I just don't feel like answering that question or any other questions or even testifying to the facts in this case," he snarled. Judge Coker gave him six months consecutive for contempt of

court.

The following day McBride was called as a defense witness by attorney James Clarke. Again he refused to answer and was declared a hostile witness.

"Do you have any legal basis for refusing to answer?" asked Judge Coker.

"No."

"Then I instruct you to answer."

"No. I'm not."

Judge Coker sentenced him to six more months consecutive for contempt.

McCloud was convicted of second degree murder and robbery March 30, 1978. June 9, 1978, he was sentenced to life on the first count and 15 years concurrent for robbery. His sentence has been appealed.

GUNNED DOWN

continued from page 55

several unused shotgun shells along with an ejected shell casing in the van. Inside the house, lab men found a shotgun to which they immediately tried to match the shell casings found in the alley behind the Foodland store. The shell casings fit the weapon.

Armed with this evidence, police soon obtained a statement from Richard Garvey. The 19 year old reportedly told police that Ronald Woods had grown more furious each day in the knowledge that Michael McClanahan had been living with Woods' wife. Woods had supposedly told McClanahan to leave her alone, but McClanahan had refused. Finally, Ronald Woods had decided to get rid of the man. So, Garvey reportedly told

police, Ronald Woods had gotten Garvey to befriend McClanahan and set the man up for the kill. On the evening of April 17, Garvey and McClanahan had gone to the Foodland to buy groceries and then Garvey would take his companion home. He had told McClanahan that he had a van parked in the rear of the store. The van was there all right, but Gary Woods, Ronald's younger brother, was sitting in the van. He was to signal his brother Ronald when McClanahan reached the alley where Ronald waited behind the vehicle with the shotgun.

As McClanahan and Garvey walked towards the van, the man continued his statement to Captain Newman, Garvey told McClanahan to go on ahead for he

had forgotten to buy cigarettes. Garvey would run back to the store for the cigarettes and then meet his companion in the van. However, Garvey had only loitered in the area until Ronald Woods came out from behind the van and opened McClanahan's back with a shotgun blast that literally threw the victim several feet forward and then knocked him down. Then, Ronald Woods had walked up to the prostrate, bleeding victim, and almost blew the man's head away with a pointblank blast. As soon as Ronald hopped into the van and zoomed off with his brother Gary, Garvey went into the alley to view the victim. Garvey then ran back to the store to report the shooting.

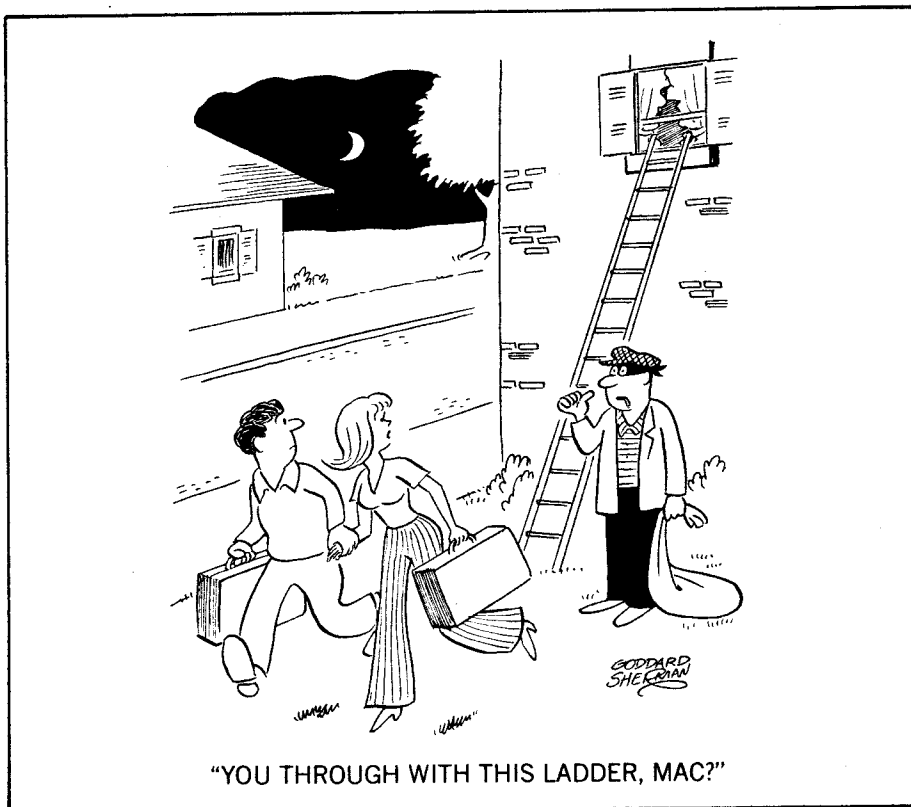
Now, in quick succession, Richard Garvey, Ronald Woods, and Gary Woods were arrested and charged with murder. Police also arrested the youngest Woods brother, Randy, and charged him with perjury and obstruction of justice for lying to police after he had told three youths that a killing would take place on the evening of April 17. Had Randy told the truth, the district attorney of Niagara County contended, police could have completed the murder investigation much sooner, with a great saving in money and man hours.

On July 14, 1977, a Niagara County grand jury indicted all four men. They indicted 23 year old Ronald Woods, 17 year old Gary Woods, and 19 year old Richard Garvey on charges of second degree murder. They also indicted 17 year old Randy Woods on charges of first degree perjury. All four youths pleaded innocent.

Defense attorneys won several delays in trial with the first trial finally coming up in March of 1978 against Randy Woods. After trial, a jury convicted Randy Woods of perjury and the youth was sentenced to a two and a third to five year prison term.

Randy's conviction represented a poor omen for the others. So, two months later, after pretrial motions and hearings, the other defendants entered guilty pleas. Ronald Woods, accused of masterminding the murder plot, pleaded guilty to second degree murder on the promise he would get a 15 year minimum sentence instead of the mandatory 25 years to life sentence. Robert Garvey and Gary Woods pleaded guilty to reduced charges of first degree facilitation, class C felonies. The charge signified that Gary Woods and Richard Garvey had "provided the means, access, and opportunity to commit the crime." These two youths received five to 15 year sentences.

"The case only proves that you should never give up and never stop asking questions," said Captain Henry Newman after the conclusion of the case. "Those three kids, scared as hell, gave us our first lead. From there, it was all downhill toward a suspect."



following an autopsy performed at the Burlington County Memorial Hospital in Mount Holly, county and city police were told that Dominick Gallucci had died from internal injuries resulting from half a dozen stab wounds and from a bullet fired into the left side of his face which coursed downward and nearly severed his spine.

Leaders of the investigation conceded to newsmen that they had developed their first promising lead in the case. Under questioning, they said, the murdered man's family had told them that Dominick Gallucci had been left alone with a visitor late on the night he died. They described him as a dark-skinned man about 50 years of age with thick bushy hair and a thin graying mustache. A stranger to them, they said he was about five feet ten inches tall, between 185 and 200 pounds, and was enveloped in the unmistakable odor of diesel fuel.

"They told us that this fellow came to their home about 11:00 and that Gallucci had asked his wife and kids to go out and bring them back a six-pack," an officer said. "When they returned home, Gallucci was dead and the stranger was gone.

"They also said something about him driving a light colored tan or pink Ford Thunderbird, but we're still kind of vague about the description."

Police Chief Fow told reporters that although Gallucci was believed to have carried an insurance policy, he did not think the benefits were unusually high. Two days later, however, detectives learned that Gallucci, a member of teamsters Union Local 470 of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, carried an insurance policy with the Teamsters Health and Welfare Fund with a double indemnity clause in the event of accidental death. When they also found out that the beneficiaries listed on the policy were the trucker's wife and children, Lottie Mae and the kids became the objects of the closest official scrutiny.

That scrutiny became considerably more difficult to maintain, when about two weeks after the slaying, Lottie Mae moved her young brood from Palmyra to the quiet middle-class community of Levittown, just across the Delaware River in Middletown Township, Pennsylvania. From what they were able to find out, things were unusually quiet at the Gallucci's new home on Canal Road. Reportedly, Mrs. Gallucci had taken a job as secretary for a Bristol, Pennsylvania furniture company; her daughter was unemployed.

With one eye glued to the activities of the slain man's family in Pennsylvania, the murder probers continued to hunt for clues in New Jersey. They soon learned that Dominick Gallucci's life insurance policy was the highest one offered by the Teamsters Health and Welfare Fund,

with benefits of \$20,000 in the event of accidental death. At the same time, rumors began to reach them indicating that in the six months prior to her husband's death, Lottie Mae had been shopping around for a hit man.

Acting on those rumors at 6:10 on the unseasonably warm Wednesday evening of February 21, 1979, a combined force of Bristol police and detectives from the Bucks County, Pennsylvania district attorney's office arrested Lottie Mae and Laura Gallucci on charges of murder and conspiring to murder Dominick Gallucci. After a brief appearance before Pennsylvania District Justice Dominick Spadaccino, the women were ordered held without bond in the Bucks county Prison at Doyletown, Pennsylvania to await the anticipated extradition request from New Jersey authorities. Also taken into custody in connection with the case was the youngest Gallucci boy, who was charged with juvenile delinquency and ordered held at the County Juvenile Detention Center at Edison, Pennsylvania. The older Gallucci boy, who had been at the Burlington County Juvenile Home at the time of the slaying, but since had moved back in with his family, was not charged.

Less than two and a half hours after the arrests in Pennsylvania, at precisely 8:30, investigators from the Camden County, New Jersey, Major Crimes Unit went to a bar in Deptford Township, New Jersey, and took into custody the bouncer, 25-year-old Darrell Wayne Whaley of the 400 block of Almonesson Drive, Blenheim, New Jersey. Charged with being the triggerman hired to murder Gallucci, Whaley, a husky, bearded, dark-haired young man, was lodged without bond in the Burlington County Jail in Mount Holly to await his arraignment.

According to the complaint filed against Whaley, another party to the discussions which allegedly led to Dominick Gallucci's death was one Horace Jordan, unemployed and in his mid-40s, of Stratford, Pennsylvania. Ralph Tolomeo, first assistant Burlington County prosecutor, said that Jordan probably would not be charged in the case, but declined to say whether or not he would be used as a witness against the four suspects.

Tolomeo did admit that Jordan was a friend of the Gallucci family and was on hand when the purported conspiracy between Whaley and the others was hatched in a series of meetings between April, 1978, and October, when the price for the hit finally was agreed upon.

Prosecutor Tolomeo went on to say that although Whaley was believed to have agreed to do the job for \$2,500, he never received a cent because his alleged employers were unable to collect on the trucker's life insurance policy. He added that Whaley might not have been the first person offered the contract on Gallucci's life.

"They just didn't want him around any more," Tolomeo said of the victim. "There was an insurance policy and they stood to gain by it."

The Teamsters Union's Medical Claims supervisor told reporters that she had refused to pay the family the \$20,000 called for in the life policy because she had heard rumors that they were involved in the slaying.

"I wouldn't pay her because of the things we were hearing," the woman explained. "We can obtain that right to delay the payment when it involves a homicide."

From other investigators, newsmen learned that Whaley was a native of Mason County, Kentucky, who had moved to New Jersey shortly before New Year's, 1978. Besides working as a part-time bouncer in Deptford, he also was employed as a forklift operator at a Gloucester Township, New Jersey, odd-lot outlet.

"He's a great guy and a good worker," said a relative of one of the suspect's employers. "He minded his own business. I never thought he was in trouble.

"He rented a room from my relative, but I don't think he stayed there much. I think he spent most of his time at a motel in the area."

Investigators said that they had learned that Lottie Mae Gallucci had never booked any of her dancers into the bar where Whaley was employed.


Arraigned on the murder and conspiracy charges before Judge Victor Friedman on Friday, February 23, Whaley was ordered held in lieu of \$250,000 bond at the Burlington County Jail. Bail hearings for the Gallucci's were tentatively set for early March.

In accordance with American legal traditions, the Galluccis and Darrell Whaley must be assumed innocent of the charges against them until they are found guilty in a court of law. ●

EDITOR'S NOTE:


The name Horace Jordan is not the actual name of the person who was in fact a participant in the incidents described in this article. A fictitious name was used because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of this person.

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the least expensive accommodation goes for 435 francs—at that time about \$100—a day. Riding up with him was an impeccably dressed, tanned and fit young man whose face was vaguely familiar.

"Don't I know you?" the jeweler's friend asked with an apologetic smile.

"Yeah, I'm Tod Tuckerman," the young man smiled back.

Both that name and that face had been on Miami TV and in Miami newspapers.

The friend phoned the owner of Mayor's immediately.

MPD again contacted Interpol and now also the police of Prince Ranier's tiny Mediterranean principality, famous for its casinos, postage stamps, and the American movie star, Grace Kelly, who married the prince.

The swank hotel which houses the Folie Russe supper club and Monaco's first American-style casino, was put under surveillance. Tuckerman was registered under his own name. Luck was about to run out for the bold bandit, who would be found to wear a gold \$100 win ticket from Monmouth, New Jersey Race Track on an expensive gold neck chain. His losing bet had been in accepting bad legal advice, police later learned. He had asked a lawyer which countries in Europe did not have extradition treaties with the United States. The lawyer told him Monaco, but the lawyer was wrong.

The wheels of various levels of government, local, state, national, and international, went into action. The U.S. State Department, at the request of the Governor of Florida, in turn requested by Dade County at the behest of the Miami PD, formally asked the Principality of Monaco to extradite U.S. citizen Tod Tuckerman for armed robbery.

Monaco police arrested the bold bandit on Miami armed robbery and gun warrants. They learned that he had arrived in the little nation July 15 and had planned to stay in the swank Loew's until July 30, enjoying the *dolce vita* of Europe's—perhaps the world's—most famous vacation spot.

Detective Ramirez applied for a passport.

There were delays while the niceties of intergovernment protocol were met. Tuckerman fought extradition but lost. Detective Ramirez and Sergeant George Reincke of PSD caught a jet for Paris, changed for Nice, then drove to Monte Carlo, a tiring journey which the time lag made additionally arduous. The Florida lawmen had four days in Monaco but had only part of one of those free to enjoy the world-famous playground. They had a look-in at the celebrated casinos but did not even get to the equally celebrated beach.

However, courtesy of the Monaco Police Department, they were guests at a Gold Cup soccer match, occupying

choice seats right next to the Royal Box which held Prince Ranier and his daughter Caroline.

Tuckerman was at last brought to the Dade County jail and filled in the missing pieces of the quarter million dollar jewel caper. He had, for example, painted glue on his fingers to avoid leaving fingerprints. In just a few days following the heist he had flown from Miami to Washington, D.C. to Los Angeles, where he sold some of the stolen gems, to Chicago, to Toronto, to London, to Zurich, to Paris, back to Zurich, and then to Monte Carlo.

He had been arrested by Monaco Police on July 20, and brought by them on September 28, 1978, to the airport at Nice, France, where he was turned over to French police, who then surrendered him to the Florida detectives.

On October 12, he entered a plea of not guilty and demanded a trial by jury.

But November 3, 1978, having changed attorneys, he offered to enter a guilty plea if charges were reduced. The bold bandit was now represented by Dade's long-time former State Attorney Richard Gerstein, who had recently resigned to enter private practice.

Gerstein argued that the state, represented by his successor, Janet Reno and Assistant State Attorney David Gilbert, had not proved that Tuckerman was carrying a "deadly weapon: to wit, a pistol," during commission of the crime.

During the hearing before the late Judge Paul Baker on defense motion to reduce charges, Gant admitted that he had never handled or owned guns, knew nothing about them, and had no interest in them. He insisted, however, that the "shiny" object Tuckerman pointed at him looked to him like a pistol. He said he did know the difference between a pistol, which did not have a cylinder, and a revolver.

Over the state's objections, Judge Baker ruled in favor of the defense and reduced the charge to second degree robbery which carries a maximum sentence of 15 years.

In an eloquent plea Gerstein called his client "a young man of great potential who has permanently scarred his own life."

But, continued the defense attorney, "he is redeemable and deserving of the compassion of the court."

State Attorney Reno protested that it did not matter whether the gun used by Tuckerman was a real gun or a toy, operable or not. What did matter, she insisted, was the effect it produced on the victim. "The fear it created was the same," she said.

Prosecutor Gilbert argued that the ruling favoring the defense could mean there would be no convictions in armed robbery cases unless the gun is recovered or the victim is a firearms expert.

Detective Ramirez, called by the prosecution during debate on the reduction motion, testified that the crime in his opinion was "well thought out, well executed. Although a lot of mistakes led to his apprehension, in this type of crime there is the possibility that other people, passersby, could have been hurt over this whole incident.

"There was total lack of remorse on the offender's part in my dealings with him in the past. I don't know what's going to happen from this point on. I am very insistent and concerned about his cooperation. I want to be assured, if charges are going to be reduced, (contingent on the defendant's cooperation), that he be as truthful as possible because I don't want to come back and report to the court that he wasn't."

Gerstein, in arguing for reduced charges, had promised that his client would cooperate with police in locating the jewelry still missing.

At the time Tuckerman was arrested in Monaco, he was carrying a key to a safe deposit box which police found contained some of the stolen gems, about \$130,000 worth.

He gave police the names of two places in Los Angeles where he said he had sold other items after leaving Miami en route to Europe, but Lieutenant Dale Ostrom of the LAPD had been unable to recover them. And, at the time of this writing, none of the missing jewels, other than those found in the safe deposit box, have been recovered.

On November 3, 1978, Judge Baker sentenced Tuckerman to ten years with a credit of 106 days served, for grand theft, and ordered that five be spent in prison and the other five be suspended. He stressed that the sentence was contingent upon truthful cooperation with the police and that the defendant not be removed from the jurisdiction for 45 days.

The bold bandit was as cool during the court session as during the robbery and escape. The only display of emotion was when the "blueprint" was offered in evidence and read. He squeezed shut his eyes as if to suppress a smile. ●

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hamlet located a short distance west of the town of Columbus. Having read the description of Cox's car in the area's newspapers, the station attendant recalled an incident which had occurred during the early evening hours of the previous Saturday, the same day that Lyle Cox had tunred up missing. A big, immaculately shiny Lincoln, green in color with a dark vinyl roof, had pulled into the station next to the pump island. When the attendant had approached the man behind the wheel to ask how much gas he wanted, he had been astounded at the driver's appearance. The term "scruffy" would have been complimentary. The driver of the Lincoln, who had been alone at the time, had been a white male with a fair complexion marred by a profusion of acne scars. His blond hair had been shoulder length and so filthy that it was actually matted. The subject had also sported a scraggly mustache and he had worn a levi jacket with the sleeves hacked off at the shoulder. Several patches adorned the garment, although the attendant couldn't recall exactly what kind they were.

But the detail which impressed the service station employee the most was the driver's headgear. He had been wearing a greenish Robin Hood cap complete with a large feather cocked at jaunty angle. The observant station attendant fortunately had a mind for other details as well. He even managed to recall that the man with the Robin Hood cap had also worn Levi pants and a pair of brown shoes that appeared to have been several sizes too large for him. The attendant filled the tank and stayed close to the car, thinking that perhaps the driver might "coyote" on him, a cute little trick quite often pulled wherein the driver waits until he hears the gas cap being screwed back on after which he immediately floors the accelerator and jackrabbits out of the station without paying for his gas.

But the driver of the trim, green Lincoln paid for his purchase and then drove out, headed west. The attendant hadn't taken down the license plate number but he'd been positive that the car had Montana plates. At the time it had amounted to nothing more than an unusual incident. But after he had read the newspaper accounts concerning the Cox case, the incident assumed an altogether different connotation.

The police wasted very little time in introducing their witness to a very talented young Yellowstone County Sheriff's deputy by the name of Fred Phillips, a man who excelled in the art of sketching. Both the Stillwater County authorities and the Yellowstone County officials felt quite strongly that the man who had stopped for gas west of Columbus driving a car matching the description of the slain man's missing Lincoln was in all

probability the one who had killed the vehicle's owner with a single, lethal thrust of a knife. They wanted very badly to talk to the man who wore the green Robin Hood cap.

The police artist labored long and hard at his task, relying entirely upon the witness's power of recall. Many artists are quite adept at sketching an excellent likeness of a model who is posing. In this instance, however, officer Phillips had to see his subject through the eyes of the lone witness. As previously stated, the witness had far better than average powers of recall. He could even remember that the subject had wide, coarse lips and protruding teeth. All of this had proved very helpful in preparing the sketch.

On September 10, Billings area residents found themselves looking at the sketch drawn by Deputy Fred Phillips in their newspapers in an item captioned "Did This Man Kill Lyle Cox?" They also saw the sketch on their TV screens. Undersheriff Foos prepared an all points bulletin carrying the physical description of the suspect. It seemed likely that the person or persons who had killed Cox had fled the state. With a week's running head start, he could have been in Florida by now. If he remained in the distinctive 1970 green Lincoln, the odds were in favor of the police that he would eventually be apprehended. If he elected to abandoned the vehicle, get a haircut and a shave and discard his cap with the feather in it, the odds of his being captured would diminish greatly.

Subsequent to the publication of the sketch, numerous area residents contacted the Billings police and the Yellowstone County officials to state that they had noticed a character loitering around town who fit the sketch. No one knew the name of the suspect. Many described him as a drifter. Several mentioned that the unkempt character who wore the unique green felt Robin Hood cap had indicated that he had been in the state of Michigan recently and that he was headed for the west coast. Many close friends of Lyle Cox told police that the convivial 300-pound theater manager had enjoyed nothing more than to lend a helping hand to anyone who was down on his luck. They felt that if Cox had encountered the suspect, he'd have given him a handout or perhaps even offered the suspect a lift to the outskirts of town so that he could thumb a ride. If such was the case, charity had cost him his life.

Even as readers of the *Billings Gazette* studied the well drawn sketch yet an even more important chapter in the baffling murder case began to unfold far to the south in the neighboring state of Wyoming. State Highway Patrolman Joseph Faycosh had been working a stretch of Interstate Highway 80 out of the town of

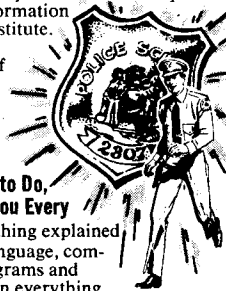
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Rawlins, a well traveled major east-west freeway. Mid-afternoon found him tooling his powerful cruiser in the westerly lane. Traffic had been sparse due mostly to the fact that the tourist season had drawn to a close. As his eyes swept the roadway up ahead, Patrolman Faycosh noticed a heavy luxury car traveling at about 60 mph.

It's an undisputed fact among those who have been involved in police work for any length of time that there is such a thing as instinct. Those who teach law enforcement heartily encourage police officers to play their "hunches" because so often they pay off. To Officer Faycosh, there was something unusual about the large sedan up ahead. He couldn't put his finger on it, but he yielded to his initial impulse and speeded up to narrow the distance between his patrol car and the suspect vehicle. For one thing, the expensive Lincoln was coated with a heavy layer of dust, dirt, and grime. He'd drawn close enough to take note of the fact that the car carried Montana plates and he jotted down the license number on his note pad. Then he reached over and lifted his mike from the dashboard and contacted the Wyoming Highway Patrol dispatcher. "Run plate number Montana "3-49367 for a possible stolen or wanted. Ten-four?"

The dispatcher acknowledged immediately, and the patrolman eased off

the accelerator and dropped back. He did not intend to stop the Lincoln unless something developed during the course of the routine NCIC computer check. The driver wasn't speeding nor had he committed any other traffic infractions.

Several minutes later the receiver crackled and Patrolman Faycosh responded to his call sign. "You have a hot one there. We have a confirmed 'hit' from NCIC. Subject vehicle is wanted by Montana authorities in connection with a recent homicide in that state," the dispatcher said.

"Roger. I have subject vehicle in sight westbound on the Interstate. Who's close by for a back-up?" Faycosh replied.

Radio traffic picked up as officers in other units reported their locations to the dispatcher. The nearest one was instructed to make it Code-3 to contact Patrolman Faycosh as a back-up unit.

The patrolman behind the begrimed green Lincoln sedan could make out three persons in the car ahead. He was also well aware of the statistics which have identified domestic disturbances and routine traffic stops as being the types of calls resulting in the most fatalities among police officers. But this wasn't going to be a routine traffic stop, fortunately, because the patrolman had exercised all due precaution before approaching the suspect car. Within a matter of minutes he'd seen a fast approaching black and

white state patrol car pulling up from behind with red lights flashing. He'd reached over and activated his own flashers and siren. The dirt streaked Lincoln promptly pulled to the side and stopped.

Patrolman Faycosh, gun in hand, issued several commands over his outside PA system. His instructions were clearly audible inside the closed vehicle. The car's occupants were to remain inside with their hands on top of their heads. He could see through the rear and the side windows that all three subjects in the car had obeyed. Only then did he cautiously approach the car from the rear with his fellow officer covering the opposite side to insure a crossfire effect in the event that any resistance was offered from inside the car. The man behind the wheel was taken out first, placed across the front fender, and thoroughly patted down for possible concealed weapons. He was clean. He was manacled and led back to the patrol car and placed inside.

The two remaining occupants were then brought out, one at a time, and they too were searched and handcuffed despite the fact that both protested vehemently that they were hitchhikers who had been picked up only an hour or so previously by the driver. All three were then taken back into Rawlins and lodged in jail. The man who had been behind the wheel of the dirty 1970 Lincoln had



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carried identification papers made out to Larry Lyle Cox and for a time he'd tried to convince the arresting officers that he was Cox despite the fact that some of the papers gave the bearer's weight as 300 pounds. Police found other identification papers in the unkempt suspect's pockets. These were in the name of Fred Shirmer, age 26, place of birth, the Bronx, New York. Undersheriff Foos was contacted via long distance telephone and advised of the triple arrest made in Wyoming. The Stillwater County official expressed elation upon hearing of this unexpected break in the case and he assured the Wyoming authorities that he planned to leave Montana by plane just as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made.

Undersheriff Foos, a Stillwater County deputy, and an attorney from the D.A.'s office departed by air from Billings hours later. The next day, Monday, was spent interviewing the three men who had been lodged in the Carbon County Jail in Rawlins. As a result, the two men who had been with Shirmer when they were arrested the previous afternoon were released from custody after their stories were checked out and confirmed. The duo told police that the long-haired driver of the Lincoln had introduced himself to them only as Larry.

The suspect agreed to waive extradition proceedings and to accompany the Stillwater authorities back to Columbus, Montana. The deputy who had accompanied Undersheriff Foos to Wyoming was given the assignment of driving Cox's automobile back to Columbus. Foos left later by air with his prisoner. He was later met at the Logan International Airport by the Yellowstone County Sheriff, Dean Betzer. Betzer drove the Stillwater official and his prisoner from the airport out to Interstate 90 and west to a truckstop to meet a Stillwater County Sheriff Department patrol unit. There Foos and his prisoner, who was barefooted, changed cars for the remainder of the trip to Columbus. It was learned that the suspect had not made any statements relating to Cox's slaying subsequent to his arrest.

Only after the arrest had the uncanny accuracy of Deputy Fred Phillip's artistic abilities become obvious. He had captured an excellent likeness of someone whom he'd never before seen right down to the filthy matted, long Afro-style hair. Members of the Yellowstone County Sheriff's office later estimated that the published sketch had generated between 50 and 100 telephone calls, mostly from people who had noticed the suspect loitering about in the downtown section of Billings or who had had occasion to converse with him briefly.

On the morning of Thursday, September 14 Fred Shirmer was transferred from his cell in the Stillwater County Jail in Columbus to one located in the Yellowstone County Jail in Billings under an intracounty agreement which

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provided for such an arrangement, stipulating that Stillwater County would subsidize the expenses involved in housing potential long-term prisoners.

The following Monday the suspect appeared in district court before Judge C. B. Sande charged with deliberate homicide, aggravated kidnapping, and felony theft, the latter count stemming from the alleged theft of Cox's automobile. Judge Sande ordered that Shirmer be held to answer without bond and also that he be subjected to a psychiatric examination. The court-ordered evaluation was conducted in Billings and the suspect next appeared in court on November 6 at which time he entered pleas of innocent to all three charges which had been filed against him. A Columbus, Montana lawyer had already been appointed by the court to represent the accused.

Suddenly the sensational homicide case took an inexplicable and totally unexpected twist, one which left Billings area citizens somewhat chagrined after they learned about it on December 13, 1978. In a pact which involved the bane of legal jurisprudence, plea-bargaining, a deal was made behind closed doors. Shirmer had been allowed to plead guilty to mitigated deliberate homicide and robbery.

In fact, the suspect had already been sentenced and whisked away to prison before the news media were aware of what had taken place. It had been that word "mitigated" that rankled those who had known and loved Larry Lyle Cox. Very few of those who had avidly followed the case were able to perceive any elements of mitigation involved. District

Court Judge Charles B. Sande had held the plea bargaining session in chambers behind the closed doors. Afterward he sentenced Fred Shirmer in open court, determining a period of 40 years on the charge of murder and 20 years on the charge of robbery, with the two terms running concurrently (together). Parole would be possible for the man after ten or twelve years.

As the result of a great deal of professional investigative reporting, the public belatedly learned more about what had transpired. Judge Sande had denied a motion from Stillwater County Attorney William Blekner to present his motions on the case in open court. Blekner, when queried by the press later about the sentencing, had stated simply, "We wanted to keep it quiet." He also declined to explain why his office had consented to the reduced charges. The presiding judge and the defense attorney, Henry Grant of Columbus, Montana, also declined to explain why they had agreed to accept Cox's brutal murder as having been "mitigated." Judge Sande's disclaimer to the press had been, "I won't discuss this. We have canons of ethics."

Shirmer's lawyer would only say, "It was a plea bargaining session. It was simply the man's (Shirmer's) inability. His I.Q. was low. He was upset, that's all. That's all I have to say about it." Judge Sande had, at the conclusion of the case, ordered all exhibits, Blekner's motions, and Shirmer's testimony sealed. This factor, coupled with the absence of a trial, will cloud forever the actual circumstances surrounding the wanton and callous slaying of a man who'd only wanted to succeed. ●

with us and excited about going to school this fall to become an X-ray technician. She spoke often of her parents. She told me that she really loved them and never had a problem with them.

"I only met her down here at the shore, but I think we were pretty close. We'd listen to the stereo at my apartment and shop and talk and do the normal things girls do. She kept saying she really hoped this would be a good summer."

Another of her friends painted a different picture of Dolores' DellaPenna's last summer on the beach. She said that the doomed girl had been badly frightened by some of the characters who would turn up at the cottage for the weekend. One of them, she claimed, was an attractive blonde who was believed to carry a quantity of methadone with her most of the time and who always kept her bedroom door padlocked.

Back in Philadelphia, other probers visited the Guardian Angel home about a mile from the DellaPenna place where they spoke with a nun who reported hearing four long, terrifying screams coming from the vicinity of nearby Pennypack Park on the night of the girl's disappearance. She had not connected them with the on-going probe, she explained, until she read about the girl's murder in a newspaper.

The nun had little else to offer the homicide probers, but an off-duty policeman living nearby on Rose Lane reported that he, too, had heard the screams. Oddly enough, both the nun and the cop had been watching the same 1952 movie, Broken Arrow, on television at the time.

On Thursday, July 27, some 40 Philadelphia policemen and Pennypack Park guards spent nearly four hours combing the banks of Pennypack Creek for clues to Dolores' DellaPenna's slayer. The hunt, which appeared so promising when it turned up a stained white T-shirt, a pair of cut-off jeans, and what appeared to be a rifle, ended a dismal failure. The clothing was found not to belong to the slain girl and the "rifle" turned out to be a harmless air gun.

In New Jersey, state police scuba divers spent the day plumbing the depths of a pair of man-made lakes in the community of Cassville, in Jackson Township, a mile north of the spot where the girl's body was found. There, too, nothing of interest was found, even though both lakes had been partially drained the day before to make the search for a death weapon or other physical evidence that much easier.

Persistent rumors that a suspect had been developed by the homicide probers were quashed late on Thursday evening when Calvin Wooley, the chief of Ocean County detectives told reporters:

"We thought we might have somebody, but it turned out to be nothing."

ONE SLAYING

continued from page 51

is impossible because the vertebrae pattern of the DellaPenna girl could be duplicated in several other persons." He added that further testing would be necessary for positive identification.

"We will probably take some more X-rays and perform some bloodtype tests," he said. No plans were in the works to check the fingerprints on the corpse which appeared to have been mutilated to hinder identification.

"The hands were totally mangled," he said, "and not suitable for fingerprint purposes. It is quite unlikely that Miss DellaPenna was ever fingerprinted."

Alfred Kedz, Jr., the Ocean County, New Jersey, medical examiner, revealed that preliminary results of the postmortem examination indicated the girl had died between one and two weeks before her body was found.

Interviewed by newsmen late on Monday night, the priest from Our Lady of Consolation Church on Tulip Street who broke the tragic news to the DellaPennas explained that he had spoken first with

the slain girl's father, but had spared him the details of how his daughter's body was found. Next to be informed was Dolores' brother and finally the girl's mother.

"They went through two horrible weeks," he said. "Two tortuous weeks. And now this."

Apprised that the DellaPenna investigation had been upgraded to the status of a murder case, Philadelphia detectives tackled the probe with renewed vigor. Early in the week they visited Wildwood Crest and systematically began interviewing everyone they could find with even the slightest acquaintance of the slain girl. They soon found out that Dolores DellaPenna had been a rarity on the beach that summer. She was one of the few girls anyone knew who was not experimenting with marijuana or other, more dangerous drugs.

"I'm sure Dolores never used any drugs," one of the Wildwood Crest regulars told police. "I'm just sure she didn't. She wasn't the type. She was quiet

From Philadelphia came word that Fire Commissioner Joseph Rizzo had suspended from duty, Wednesday, a 26-year-old firefighter who reportedly had been a frequent visitor to the cottage on Forget-Me-Not Lane, and who had made a verbal statement in which he admitted his involvement in the sale and use of drugs. Rizzo said that the fireman had not implicated the slain girl in any illicit activity.

Shortly after noon on Saturday, July 29, an elderly man strolling along a woodland trail near the intersection of Routes 547 and 571 in the Ridgeway section of Manchester Township, New Jersey, was startled to find a severed, decomposing leg which had been dumped in the underbrush. Hurrying back to his home, he placed an emergency call to the police. They arrived quickly on the scene, just outside the community of Lakehurst, about seven miles southeast of where Dolores DellaPenna's body was found.

While forensic science specialists examined the limb, other probers went deep into the woods to search for additional evidence. They returned, not long after, with a second leg, found about 150 feet from the lane. Like the first one, its toenails appeared to have been painted with nail polish.

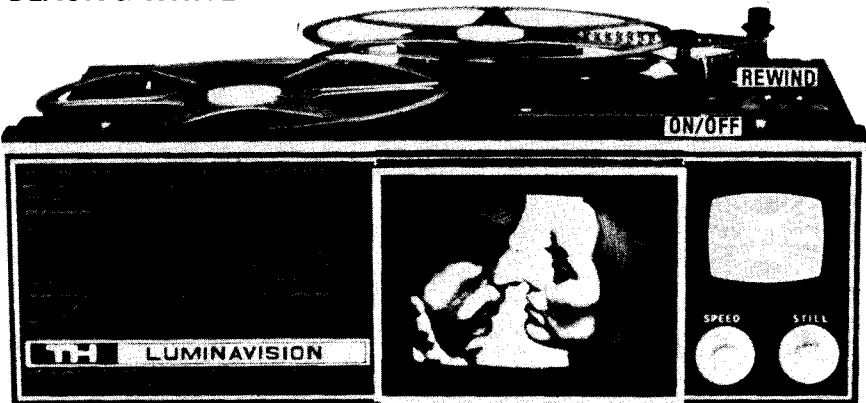
Ocean County Prosecutor Martin Anton told reporters that the state medical examiner would perform a postmortem examination of the legs on Monday at his office in Trenton. Although the presence of nail polish indicated that the legs were those of a female, officials were unwilling to speculate as to whether they were those of the slain girl from Philadelphia.

Over the next few weeks the Philadelphia Police Department's "DellaPenna Squad" returned to the Tacony section time and time again to speak with witnesses and hunt for clues. They seemed to have struck paydirt when a resident told them that he had seen a girl of Dolores' description "smacked around" and a maroon Chevrolet speeding out of the neighborhood at about the time the teenager was believed abducted. Hoping to find the vehicle, detectives brought a number of witnesses to used car lots on the chance that they could pick it out from among hundreds of similar models. When that ploy failed to produce any results, they printed some 20,000 leaflets describing both the car and the man seen driving it and distributed them throughout the city.

With the assistance of the FBI and New Jersey authorities, the DellaPenna Squad spoke with thousands upon thousands of persons and ran down hundreds of tips and potential suspects. One of the most promising was a convicted rapist who insisted that he had been a passenger in a car with Dolores DellaPenna on the night

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she was abducted. He even provided investigators with the name and address of the car's driver. But when the man was interviewed by police, his alibi held up and he was freed from any suspicion.

On another occasion the murder probers were told that a Philadelphia convict had been muttering about the slaying in his sleep. He, too, was cleared of suspicion following a period of intensive examination.

Inevitably, the promising rush of leads dwindled to a trickle and then dried up completely. The DellaPenna case folder ended up with so many others in the Philadelphia police department's unsolved files, where, far from forgotten, it was reviewed every so often and then replaced.

"Frankly," one investigator said a few years after the slaying, "we're up against a solid brick wall. We need another big break if we're ever going to find out who killed the girl. And after such a long time I'm not exactly what you'd call optimistic that we're going to get it."

By the late 1970's, the murder investigation once termed the most extensive in the city's history had been virtually forgotten by everyone other than the detectives who had worked on it and the persons whose lives Dolores DellaPenna had touched. It might have remained that way forever, were it not for the series of bizarre events which came into play shortly after Thanksgiving, 1978.

On November 29, 1978, less than a week after the holiday, 35-year-old John F. Egan of Kensington was released from a Pennsylvania jail cell where he had spent the previous two months on a retail theft rap. Egan's connection with the DellaPenna case, up to that time, was peripheral at best. Years earlier, he purportedly was among the hundreds of potential witnesses interviewed briefly by police about the slaying. Thanked for his cooperation, he never had been considered a suspect.

On the day of Egan's release, there was a burglary in the Frankford section of Philadelphia, in which, police were told, a .45-caliber automatic pistol was stolen. Nearly three weeks later, on Monday, December 18, both the Philadelphia police officers and FBI agents were apprised of a holdup on the 2600 block of East Allegheny Avenue in which a brazen robber, armed with handgun, walked away with \$950 belonging to the Polonia Savings and Loan Association. Barely 11 days later, the same gunman returned to the institution for \$3800 more of the Polonia's money.

On Tuesday, January 2, 1979, there was another bank robbery in Philadelphia. The latest victim was the Tenth Street and Oregon Avenue branch of the Philadelphia National Bank. As in the case of the two earlier stickups, hidden cameras recorded the incident on video tape. When police examined the

tapes, they were certain that the same man was responsible for all three jobs. More important, they were equally convinced that they could identify him. Soon the word was out that authorities were actively seeking 35-year-old John F. Egan in connection with the bank jobs.

Egan did not act much like the object of such official interest. Early on Thursday afternoon, January 4, he called up an old friend, 31-year-old James Morrow of the 4000 block of Neilson Street in Juniata Park, and suggested that they go for a ride. Morrow was all for it. He was especially eager to see Egan's new car, a 1971 Ford LTD which the ex-con had purchased just a couple of days before.

At precisely 2:59 p.m., the patrons of Ed's Steak House, a famous Philadelphia eatery at the corner of Caster and Wyoming Avenue, had their meals ruined by the sound of gunfire coming from the parking lot. Those who moved quickly to the windows were just in time to see a man pumping the last of a fusillade of bullets into the face and back of another man who was already slumping to the pavement.

As some of the diners hurried outside, the gunman ran to a blue car and tore out of the lot. He drove quickly away from the restaurant, but not so fast that some of the witnesses weren't able to see his license number.

Alerted to the report of gunfire in the parking lot, police arrived on the scene moments later. To their surprise, the victim of the shooting, despite serious wounds, was still alive. Even more remarkable, he was able and willing to speak with them.

The wounded man told them that his name was James Morrow and that he had been shot by John F. Egan, an old friend.

"We'd just gone out for a ride," Morrow said, when Egan suddenly began blaming him for his "treatment" of Dolores DellaPenna.

"I am in touch with Dolores and she is directing me what to do," Morrow told police Egan had said to him. Then, the wounded man added, his friend suddenly pulled out a gun, shouted, "Here's one for Dolores," and opened fire.

As James Morrow was placed on a stretcher and loaded aboard the ambulance that would send him racing through Philadelphia streets to Parkview Hospital, police interviewed the witnesses to the shooting. Some of them

handed over slips of paper upon which they had written the license number of the gunman's car. A hasty check with the department of motor vehicles allegedly revealed that it recently had been registered to John Egan.

Police knew that Egan had a close relative living on the 1800 block of East Huntington Street, so they immediately set up a dragnet around the entire neighborhood. Not long after, just minutes before James Morrow died of his wounds at Parkview Hospital at 4:45, they arrested Egan a few blocks away from his relative's house. The suspect, although armed with a .45-caliber weapon, surrendered peacefully.

Egan, who gave police a number of addresses, including one on the 800 block of Madison Street in the Kensington section of the city, reportedly admitted to homicide detectives that he had shot his friend, Morrow. Police said Egan told them that Dolores DellaPenna was "talking to me from above" and that she had told him that Morrow had tortured her. Charged with murder, weapons offenses, and three counts of bank robbery, Egan was ordered held without bail at the police administration building on Eighth and Race Streets pending further action on his case. The following day, police said that they had learned the .45-caliber automatic taken from Egan had been stolen, November 29, from the Frankford section of the city. Arraignment was slated for the following Wednesday, January 10, in Room 675 at City Hall.

Speaking again with newsmen in the wake of the unbelievable events, Dolores DellaPenna's father said that although he hated to dredge up unpleasant memories he had regained hope that the mystery of his daughter's slaying might yet be solved.

"We feel rotten," he said. "It's like staring the whole thing over.

"What's going on?" he asked. "He must know something. Why did he bring up her name? Only those who knew and loved her would expect to remember. Why would a stranger with no connection to the case bring her name up at this time?"

Newsmen noted that police had said neither Egan nor the man he was accused of killing were acquainted with the slain girl.

"I don't remember either name," Mr. DellaPenna said, "but we've had so many hundreds of names thrown at us. I don't think my daughter knew him [Morrow]. I'm sure I never heard her mention his name and Dolores would have been in high school when he would have been about 30."

As of this writing, the Dolores DellaPenna case remains open and active in Philadelphia police files.

John F. Egan must be assumed innocent of the charges against him until his is found guilty in a court of law. ●

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them, she described her husband on both occasions as a jealous, despondent man, addicted to downers and worried about money.

The following day, the prosecution placed on the stand Dr. Cohen's accountant in an attempt at showing that the victim was in good financial shape at the time of his death.

"From a review of his cash position, both personal and business, just a couple of weeks before he died," the accountant said, "it was my opinion he was solvent."

Cohen's 1975 income tax return, he said, showed a gross income of \$107,185 for the doctor's professional corporation. Of that sum, Cohen paid himself a salary of \$58,950 and over the last two full months of his life, July and August, 1976, the corporation took in \$18,000, up from \$15,000 the year before.

"Indications were that his income was increasing," the accountant said.

On Friday, January 19, the emergency room doctor at Northern Westchester Hospital on duty the night Dr. Cohen died testified that he did not notice any powder burns around the fatal wound. Also taking the stand that day was a toxicologist who said that she had tested the victim's blood, brain, bile, and liver for the presence of barbiturates. Although the doctor's blood showed no evidence of the drug, she said, traces were found in his brain and liver.

When he took the stand on Wednesday, January 24, Dr. Paparo, the county medical examiner, testified that as soon as he examined the doctor's body on the morning of his death he had concluded that the fatal wound was not self-inflicted.

"If I had to stop at that point and someone had asked at that point, 'What are the odds this is not a suicide?' I would have said 99.999 to 1," he told the court.

After his initial examination of the body, he had advised Mount Pleasant Police Chief Oliva that the case should be treated as a homicide rather than a suicide.

Over the next nine months, Dr. Paparo said, he performed numerous experiments in the hope of becoming 100 per cent sure about the cause of Dr. Cohen's death. Each experiment, he explained, was designed to determine if it were possible for Dr. Cohen to have shot himself in the manner indicated by the wound in his head, without leaving any powder burns.

On one occasion, he said, he fired the Spanish automatic at an anesthetized rabbit and then checked the rodent's skin for powder burns. The test proved positive, even though the rabbit fur was much thicker than the doctor's hair.

Following the May, 1977, exhumation, he continued, tissue specimens from the vicinity of the wound were examined under a microscope. Again no trace of residue was found.

Dr. Paparo also described the tests made with the corpse, the gun, and the dowel, which, he said, indicated that Dr. Cohen could not have held the gun more than four inches from his head and pulled the trigger. If the gun were held closer to the head, he explained, powder burns should have been found at the wound. And they were not.

At one point during his testimony, Dr. Paparo seemed amused by a characterization of his job as something like that of the fictional television medical examiner, Quincy.

"We don't do what he does," the witness said. "We don't concern ourselves with who is being accused. That's strictly police work. My job is to evaluate the medical facts..."

"I'm very certain it was not suicide," he

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concluded. "I can't say whether it was a homicide or an accident."

The following day, Prosecutor Joseph West rested his case.

On Wednesday, January 31, defense attorneys called to the stand a Norfolk, Virginia, medical examiner who testified that "the wound in Dr. Cohen's head is certainly consistent with self-infliction." He said that the absence of powder burns and residue at the entry wound could not be said to rule out suicide because the doctor's hair could have filtered out such evidence.

The witness said that he had been unable to ascertain the distance at which the death weapon was fired because the telltale hair had been discarded at the hospital and because officials had failed to take tissue samples from the wound during the initial autopsy. Examination of the tissue following exhumation, he said, must be considered inconclusive because the outer layer of skin already had disappeared and the layers beneath it had begun to decay.

In his final argument to the jury on Thursday, February 1, Prosecutor West said that Patricia Cohen was a bitter, vindictive woman who murdered her husband as he lay sleeping beside her after he had gone to their condominium to tell her that he was seeking a divorce and that she would get no alimony.

"She'd have you believe that in a drunken stupor he got up, found the gun, learned how to operate and load it, walked back to bed, got in, and shot himself."

A more believable turn of events, he said, saw the doctor lying down for a nap after a full day of work. While he slept, his wife took the holster containing the gun from the dresser drawer where she kept it, walked to a table at the side of the bed, and drew the weapon.

"Was she lying next to him, as she claimed, when he shot himself?" West asked. "There was no blood on her nightgown. Was she in the bed, or was she

next to the bed? We submit the credible evidence shows that she stood over him and, holding the gun about a foot from his head, fired in a downward direction."

Defense counsel told the jury that, "This is one of the most inept investigations that you'll ever see in a court of law and if this were not such a serious case I would liken it to Barney Miller and Quincy. . . Because they goofed up, they blamed it on Patricia Cohen."

He suggested to the panelists that there were no prints on the death weapon when it was examined by experts because police probably had wiped them off as they placed the gun in an evidence bag.

The attorney explained that he had not placed his client on the stand because she already had told everything she knew about her husband's death in the two taped statements to police played for the jury.

"Everything she told them which they have an ability to check without speculation was borne out," he said.

The case went to the jury on Friday morning, February 2. At 5:15 the following afternoon, after some 13½ hours of deliberation, the nine men and three women returned to the courtroom to announce that they had found Patricia Cohen guilty of the second degree murder of her husband and of two counts of criminal possession of a weapon. She was found innocent of two charges of criminal solicitation and of reckless endangerment. Judge Dachenhausen immediately revoked the woman's \$50,000 bond and ordered her to the Westchester County Jail in Valhalla to await sentencing slated for Friday, March 2.

On that day, Patricia Cohen was sentenced to 20 years to life in prison for the 1976 murder of her estranged husband. She will be sent to Bedford Hills prison to begin serving her term. At her sentencing, Mrs. Cohen said she was convicted on "circumstantial evidence, speculation, and inferences."

FOUR PEOPLE DIED

continued from page 33

they feared that he might have flown out of the country within hours of the crimes.

They were lucky, however. Ramsey had decided to lie low for a while. And this was his fatal mistake.

The Murder Squad detectives did not let it be known in the media that they knew the identity of the killer. And a week after the capture of Mr. McArthur, an anonymous tip-off from an informant sent armed uniformed officers and detectives swarming to a run-down house in Battersea, London, where Ramsey was believed to be living in a top floor flat.

Three burly uniformed officers, each one with loaded revolver at the ready, crashed through the door into the flat, sending in three "killer" dogs ahead of them.

Ramsey, who was lying on his bed sipping a mug of coffee, was caught by surprise. His gun was on a bedside table and he lunged for it the moment the door caved in.

There was a shot as Ramsey killed one dog. This was followed by a volley of shots from the police and Ramsey was dead, with the two remaining dogs making a meal of his holed corpse. The date was December 11.

Little Jenny McArthur went to live with her grandparents. Her mother's body was found by a gamekeeper. Less than 36 hours later her father committed suicide in prison. He managed to get hold of a razor-blade and cut his throat.

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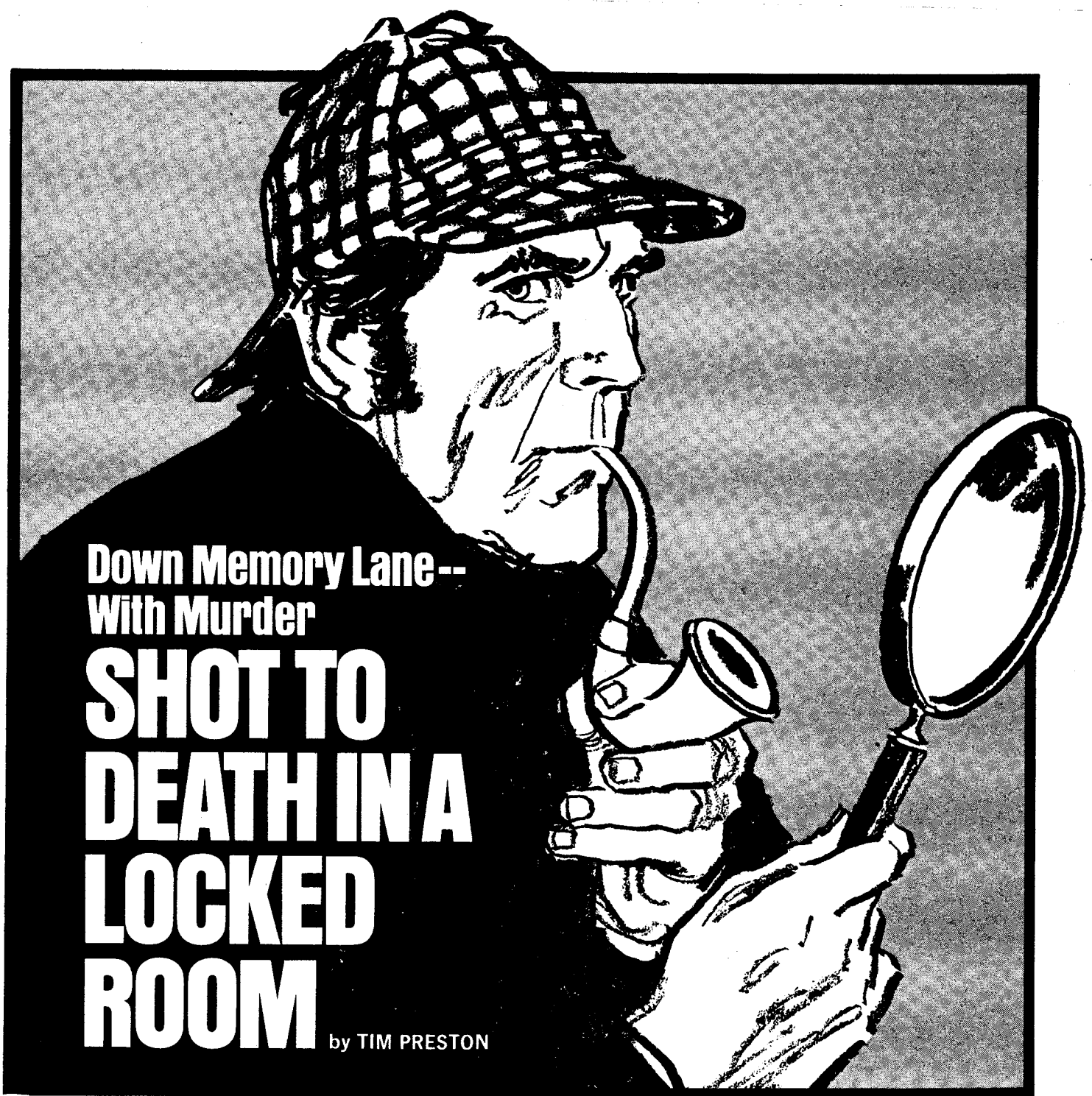
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Down Memory Lane--
With Murder

SHOT TO DEATH IN A LOCKED ROOM

by TIM PRESTON

We have all been reading, these many years, fiction tales about the murder in the locked room—the homicide committed by somebody who couldn't possibly have been on the scene but who was. Yet in a third of a century of writing about true crimes I have run into only one locked-room mystery. The facts were supplied to me by Edward P. Mulrooney, New York's Commissioner of Police at the time of the crime. Commissioner Mulrooney considered the locked-room murder of Isadore Fink the most mysterious of any he had ever encountered in a lifetime of police work.

Isadore Fink was a quiet little man in his middle fifties who ran a laundry in a

ground-floor room of a tenement building in the Bronx. The room was 20 feet wide and 40 feet deep. Unmarried, and with no known relatives, Isadore Fink made his home in the room, sleeping on a cot in the rear and eating his meals in neighborhood lunch rooms. He had a makeshift bathroom behind a screen in the rear of the room, which he had rented for almost five years.

Fink called for and delivered for some of his customers; others dropped in to leave or pick up their laundry. Since first appearing in the Bronx, Fink, for some undisclosed reason, had been a most cautious man. There were two ground-level windows in his laundry-home—one

facing the street, the other looking out on an alley that ran alongside of the building. Fink had the windows not only painted gray, shutting off a view from outside, but heavily barred. The bars were but six inches apart, Fink's idea being not to allow enough space between two bars to permit passage of a human. There was a rear door in the laundry-home, a door that had originally led into another large ground-floor room of the building—a room now occupied by an elderly spinster named Susan Jones. But Fink had long since had the door stoutly nailed up.

It was the door that led from the street into the room where Fink was to die that revealed the laundry man's fear that he

might come to an unnatural end. The door was stoutly constructed, to Fink's own specifications. Chain locks were not in general use four decades ago but Fink's front door was secured with an oversized lock operated by a large key.

There was a transom above the front door that had never been opened since Fink had taken possession of the premises. It wasn't very high, less than 12 inches. The transom, like the windows, had been coated with gray paint that prohibited anyone standing on a ladder outside from getting a view of the inside.

On the night that he was to be murdered, Fink was working—washing and ironing the laundry of customers. It was along toward 11 o'clock and Susan Jones, in her quarters behind the laundry, was reading in bed. A lethal silence was broken when Susan Jones heard two sounds in very rapid succession—one that seemed like a body thumping to the floor.

Susan Jones lay there, terrified and wondering, for an unspecified time. Then she knocked on the wall and received no response. Finally, she came to a decision. She got dressed, went outside and told a passerby that she had heard what seemed like a shot and a falling body and had been unable to get a response from Mr. Fink. Chinks of light showing through cracks in the paint of the front window disclosed that the lights were on in the laundry. But the passerby couldn't get any response to his knocking on the front door.

When two policemen arrived to investigate, they found the place completely barred. The front door was locked with a key on the inside, the windows were secure and the rear door nailed tight. One cop boosted another up to the transom over the front door but it, too, was secured from the inside. It was only when the cop forced the transom, breaking its inner lock, that he was able to look into the lighted room. There, but a few feet from the very rear of the 40-foot room, lay Isadore Fink. The cop, scanning the futility of getting through the narrow transom, called out: "Hey, Fink can you answer me?" Fink couldn't answer.

The cop, who was too large to get through the transom, looked down at the key in the lock in the front door. Now he dropped back onto the pavement. He and the other cop went on the prowl for a boy and finally found one small enough to get through the transom. The boy dropped into the room and turned the key that unlocked the door.

Fink, sprawled out face down on the floor, was dead. He had been shot straight through the heart. He had quite a few dollars in his pockets, apparently the laundry receipts of the day and evening, so robbery apparently had not been the motive for the crime. Suicide was out of the question; there was no gun on the premises.

Commissioner Mulrooney, sitting at his

desk in Police Headquarters the next afternoon, was fascinated by the preliminary reports on the Fink case. Here, indeed, was the murder in the locked room. So Mulrooney went to the scene.

Isadore Fink, the autopsy showed, had died instantly. Susan Jones had been correct when she said she had heard two noises; one had been the shot and the other Fink hitting the floor immediately after the shot. This meant, then, that Fink had dropped where he was shot—more than 30 feet from the front door.

One answer to the riddle seemed to be that Fink, as was his custom, had, upon hearing knocking at the front door, unlocked it and opened the door a crack to see if it was friend or foe and that the killer shot him in that instant. But this theory didn't hold water. How could a man who was killed instantly close the door, turn the key in the lock and then walk more than 30 feet toward the rear of the room? Too, if Fink had been shot at close range—by somebody for whom he had opened the door—there would have been powder burns on his clothing. But there were no powder burns on Fink.

Commissioner Mulrooney personally inspected the two windows, the rear door, and the transom over the front door. The windows had not been opened for years, a fact attested to by undisturbed coatings of dust and the fact that it was impossible to open them due to the swelling of the wood over the years. Nor had the six-inch-wide bars been disturbed. The rear door, too, which Fink had nailed secure, had been undisturbed. When Mulrooney climbed a ladder and examined the transom, he could see that it, too, had obviously not been opened until the cop had forced it open.

Fink had been out, delivering and collecting laundry, the night he was murdered. Had his killer somehow admitted himself to the laundry while Fink was out and lain in wait for Fink's return to commit the murder? Letting himself in and lying in wait would have been possible. But there was one thing that shot a hole in that theory—the key in the door. How could the killer, after murdering Fink, have locked the door from the inside and then let himself out?

The murder of Isadore Fink, which was to become known to New York Police circles as the murder in the locked room, has remained unsolved. It was for many years to be a subject of discussion when New York sleuths got together over drinks to talk shop. "It's a fascinating case," Commissioner Mulrooney told me. "It couldn't possibly have happened—yet it did . . ."

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Susan Jones is not the real name of the person so called in the foregoing story. Because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of this person, a fictitious name has been used.

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 "We took in \$6318.00 last month wholesaling SMC products. I started part time but gave up my job and went full time as I make much more money in my own wholesaling business."

3-Piece Luggage Your Cost \$29.95 Sell For \$79.95

Genuine Diamond 14K Gold Filled Pendant Your Cost \$8.50 Sell For \$30.25

Purse Alarm Your Cost 80¢ Sell For \$2.98

Real Wood Treasure Chest Jewelry Box Your Cost \$4.40 Sell For \$12.95

Genuine Wood Beaded Plant Hanger Your Cost \$1.80 Sell For \$7.95

11 PC. Metric Combo Wrench Set Your Cost \$8.60 Sell For \$19.95

4 1/2" Solid Brass Elephant Your Cost \$1.80 Sell For \$6.95

Beauty Glo Electric Roses (Breath-takingly beautiful — our biggest seller — An SMC exclusive product) Your Cost \$2.20 Sell For \$8.95

Genuine Porcelain Your Cost \$1.30 Sell For \$4.95

Deluxe Vacuum Arrot Over 2 Qt. Capacity Metal Casing Your Cost \$7.20 Sell For \$24.95

23" x 14" Hand Painted Wood Framed Velvet Renderings (Select from dozens of subjects) Your Cost \$2.63 Sell For \$8.95

31 Day Pendulum Chime Clock Your Cost \$34.95 Sell For \$89.95

5-Piece Cutlery Set Your Cost \$2.25 Sell For \$9.95

Soil Moisture Meter Your Cost \$2.80 Sell For \$9.95

17J Pocket Watch With Fob Chain Your Cost \$19.25 Sell For \$79.95

Gen. Porcelain Figurine Your Cost \$1.30 Sell For \$4.95

Wind-up Crazy Lady Bug Your Cost \$3.29 Sell For \$14.95

Zodiac Bracelet Your Cost 50¢ Sell For \$2.25

Genuine Bowie Knife With Leather Sheath Your Cost \$4.50 Sell For \$14.95

Genuine Suede Clutch Purse Your Cost \$3.30 Sell For \$15.00

Scout-Style Pocket Knife Your Cost \$1.48 Sell For \$3.95

14 1/2" Taxi Horn Your Cost \$3.35 Sell For \$10.95

Deluxe Calendar Watch Your Cost \$9.90 Sell For \$32.95

21 Exciting And Proven Ways To Attain Wealth In This Vast And Growing Field!

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SMC MAKES IT EASY!
 No previous experience necessary. We supply everything... show you all you have to know to make staggering big profits... immediately **Big and Exciting Money Making Plans Bring You Orders**

MAIL ORDER Operate comfortably and conveniently from your home. Get mail orders from consumers and merchants alike using SMC's proven mail order programs.

PARTY PLAN The fastest growing field in the merchandise world! SMC shows you how to attract people to conduct sales parties that bring you wealth. SMC's "Open House" Party Plan program is directed by the famous movie personality, Rhonda Fleming.

WAGON JOBBING Fill your car with SMC products, call on merchants and deliver at the time you make the sale. We show you how to get big, steady orders from stores of every description.

FLEA MARKET SALES SMC is a prime supplier of products to swap meet and flea market sellers. We show you where and how to operate to bring in greatest sales.

RACK MERCHANDISING Make big profits day and night during all store hours. You merely re-stock sold items on your rent free, self service displays. SMC supplies packaged self serve items plus display racks.

PLUS Drop-ship wholesaling direct to your customers, sub-wholesaling, catalog sales, premium and fund raising sales. Select the program that suits you best... or use several money making programs as most wholesalers do.

DON'T DELAY! BIG MONEY & SECURITY As Near As Your Mail Box

NO WAITING Everything is warehoused for you SMC stocks everything and ships quickly. You buy in small quantities... just one of a kind for most products!

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 Woodland Hills, CA 91365
 In Canada Write — Pre-Sell Distributors
 2360 Midland Ave. Scarborough
 Ontario, Canada M1S-1P8

Mr. Priesel, Director
Specialty Merchandise Corp. Dept 15-79
 6061 De Soto Ave. Woodland Hills, CA 91365
 Send me your **Free Book** that shows me over 21 ways to make money wholesaling, plus information on your full line of over 2500 products that I can purchase at lowest below wholesale, jobber prices.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

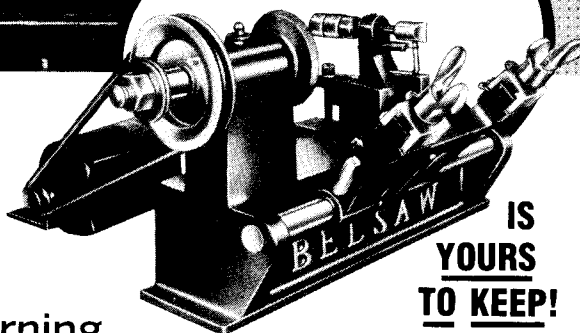
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"War injuries left me severely handicapped, but I'm making a very good living in Locksmithing, thanks to your course. Word of mouth advertising has been enough to make my business a financial success from the start. Besides, I'm my own boss doing something I thoroughly enjoy."

says Glen Johnson,
Larned, Kansas.



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