

**Killer Mutilates Woman With Corrosive Acid**

**FRONT PAGE**

JUNE, 1982 • \$1.25

# DETECTIVE®

D.D.04135

Ohio sleuths cracked the baffling case when they learned that

# A

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The evidence would show that he drank a **CHAMPAGNE TOAST TO RENATE'S CORPSE**





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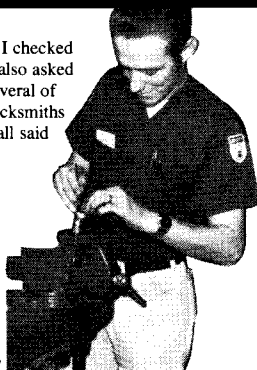
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David Fairbrother—Dave's Locksmith Service  
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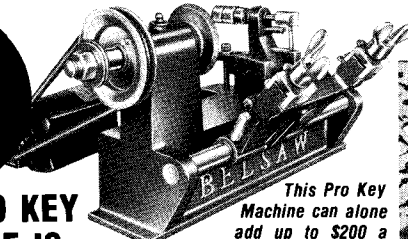


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There are all kinds of ways to make money. Good golly, Molly — if anyone knows that, I do! For the past 20+ years I've concentrated on finding, investigating, creating and specifically singling out only the very finest legal and ethical methods for carving out a mass of wealth in a hurry. But believe me, in all those years never have I experienced anything remotely as exciting as this one!

Recently, I came across a fairly new way to make big bux, but after a thorough study I discarded it because it required too much investment of time, money and personal effort. But my study did serve as inspiration to develop yet another fantastic and unusual wallet-fattener — something that until now has never been done — yet fully complies with the tough set of standards I'm noted for demanding of any potential wealth-producing concept:

- Must be able to be started with **minimum investment**
- Must be possible to **start at home** and not interfere with family life.
- Must be able to be started and run initially by **one man or woman**
- Must require only a **few hours of spare time per week**
- Must have realistic annual profit potential of **\$40,000 or more**

Well, this one goes way beyond my usual rigorous test. Get this: This extra-ordinary money-maker® allows you to:

- Start at once — **within 30 seconds** of studying my report
- Invest not a **single cent**
- Accomplish everything **without leaving your home** — heck, you can do it from your favorite easy chair whilst eating pizza or petting the dog (or vice versa!)
- Have a potential **net profit** (not gross ... net!) of \$100,000.00 by the end of 90 days — tops. And that's **cash**, not theoretical or paper profits.

For the past two decades Du Vall has captured the imagination of men and women the world over by providing solid, unique direction for their quest for financial freedom. His firm is headquartered in Michigan with international marketing offices in Hong Kong (known as DAX International, John W. Lane, President). In addition to producing some three dozen publications on money-making/self-improvement themes, DuVall is also the creator of the popular Derek Dax adventure/mystery/romance series and the author of the political intrigue novel, "The Big Dream" (published by Lyle Stuart, Inc., New York).

His writings have been used in numerous style and content workshops and accredited courses at such institutions as California State University, UCLA, Fordham, University of Illinois and Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

Naturally, you're wondering what all this is — but I'm not going to tell you here. No, it's going to cost you ten smackers to find out. But I will tell you what it *isn't* so you'll not be off on some wild goose chase:

- ★ No sex or off-color stuff
- ★ No chain letter, pyramid or multi-level scam
- ★ No mail order, envelope stuffing or drop-shipping
- ★ No writing or self-publishing how-to stuff
- ★ No loan brokerage scheme
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### WHAT IS REQUIRED

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Finally, let me make this clear: Once you have my report, **that is all you need to get going!** I have nothing else to sell you for this deal. Your purchase of this extraordinary report is NOT a "foot in the door" to get you to buy some extra or expensive "course" or whatever ... this is all you need from me!

### WHAT TO DO NOW

You've got several choices:

1. Write or phone me and try to pry out the details for free. It won't work, but what the heck — here's my number: (517) 655-3333.
2. Put this ad aside, wait 90 days or so and lose your chance at \$100,000.
3. Do the only sensible thing. Send me the ten bux and get started on wearing in that path to the bank.



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A few months back in our DAX MONEY-MAKER® CONFIDENTIAL NEWSLETTER, we reported on another business that can easily net \$1,000 a week for life. It's a bit more involved and does require getting out and about, but our readers were so delighted with it that I'm including it as an extra **free bonus** when you order our new special DAX report, "\$100,000 in 90 Days."

P.S. One more thing (say, this Du Vall is a windy so and so, isn't he!). There are lots of people right now in bad financial straits. I hope you're not one of them, but if you are, having read this ad you now have absolutely no excuse for being broke, because as the saying goes, "This is it!" This could truly be the once-and-for-all solution to any money miseries you have. I guess you'll have to take my word for it until you receive these fabulous reports — but if it eases your mind any, over 100,000 men and women worldwide have been, over the years **repeat buyers** of my books, manual, reports, cassette tape programs and newsletters. There must be a reason ...

— Dean F. V. Du Vall

Du Vall Press Financial Publications

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Dean — this sounds like just what I'm looking for — a chance to make mega-bux without any investment or having to leave the house. The same day you receive my order rush me your new DAX Special Report, "\$100,000 in 90 Days" plus the Free Bonus Report, "\$1,000 A Week for Life." Enclosed is ten dollars.



For Personal Success

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# FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE

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JUNE, 1982

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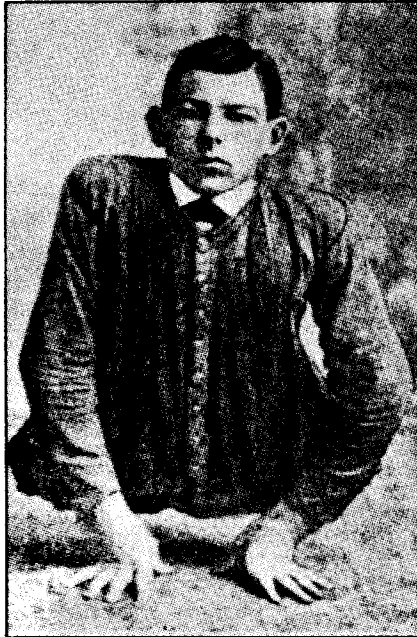
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WITH  
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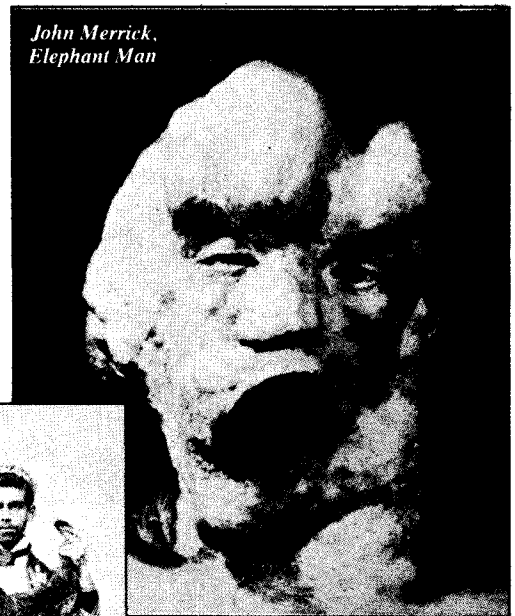
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Elephant Man*



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*Laloo, whose parasite brother grew from his sternum*

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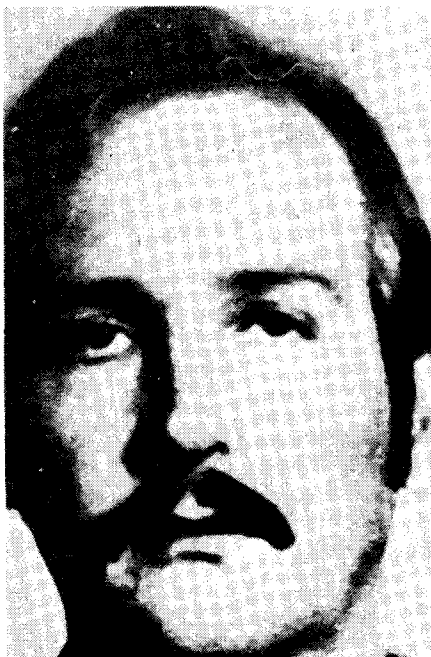
# FRONT PAGE CASE BOOK

COMPLETE COVERAGE FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS



## SHOOTING SPREE

One victim is carried into ambulance in San Francisco, California after wild shooting spree at One Market Plaza. The police said gunman was estranged husband of woman in office. Allegedly, he killed three and wounded nine in rage.



## COP SHOT

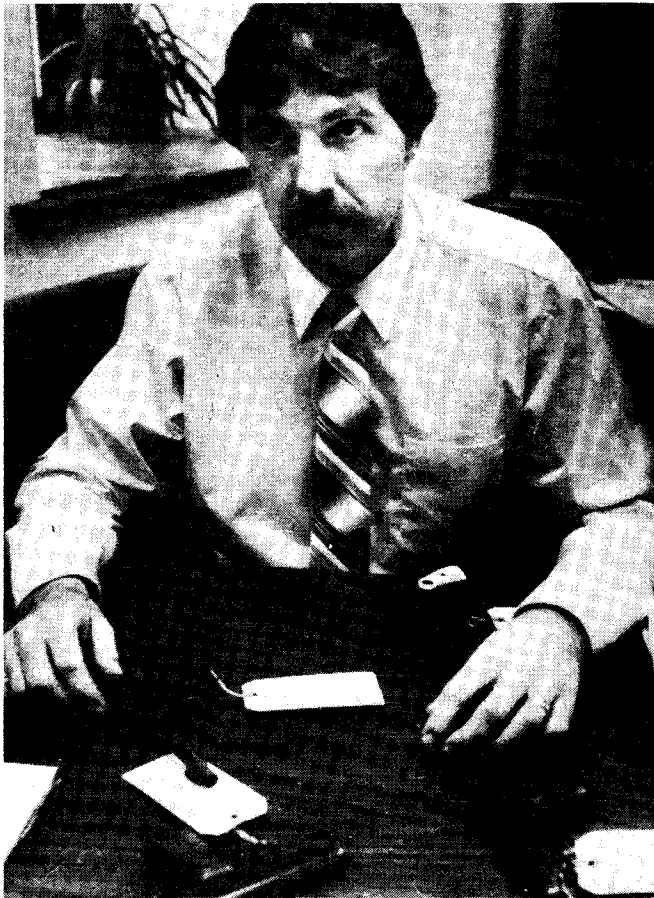
Police Officer David Mack of Minneapolis went into coma after being shot 20 months ago. He recently recovered.



## SIoux CITY ROBBERY

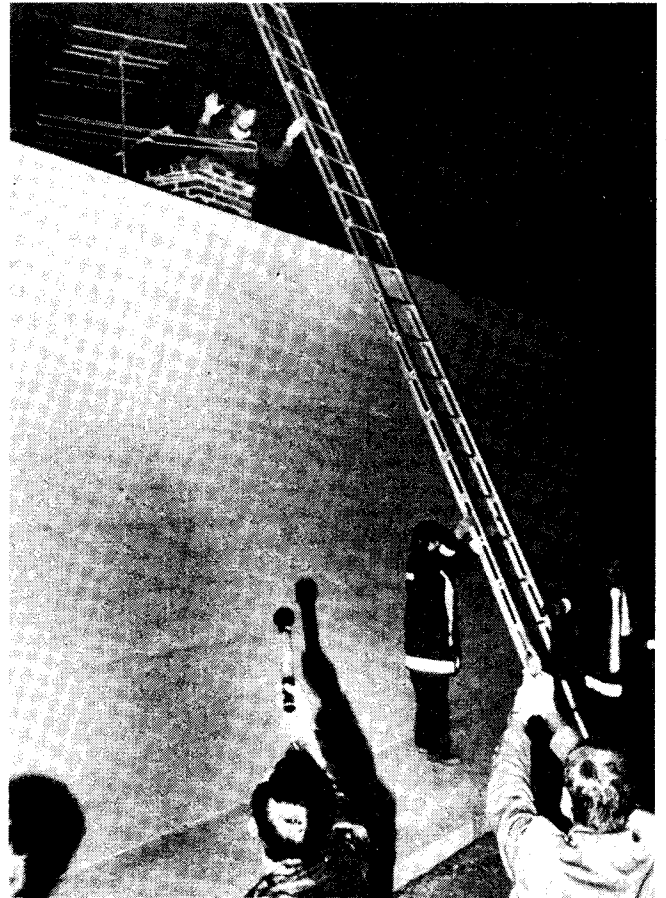
Robbery victims in Sioux City, Iowa are shown still bound after a daylight hold-up by armed robbers who charged into a canteen service. A Wells Fargo guard happened on scene and was beaten. Robbers fled with undisclosed amount.





#### **GUNS SURRENDERED**

Robert Jones, public information officer for the police department in Morton Grove, Illinois, displays four handguns surrendered by residents after city ordinance was enacted.



#### **CAUGHT IN THE ACT**

One policeman in Tulsa, Oklahoma holds gun on suspect on roof while the other points flashlight at him. Suspect had tripped alarm, got stuck when he tried to slip down chimney.

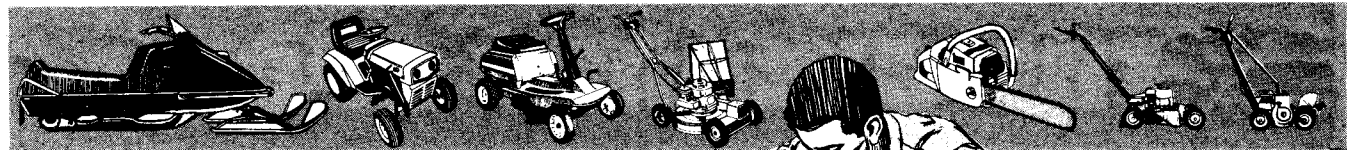


#### **DRUG BUST**

Federal agent examines stacks of cash after drug raid in New York City. Also confiscated were 200 pounds of heroin, gems, nine machine guns and shotguns. Five men, alleged members of the Black Sunday Organization, were taken into custody.

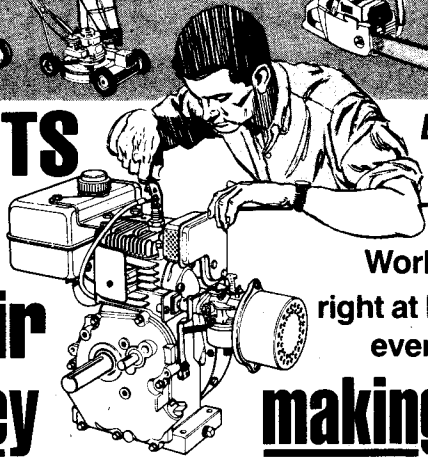






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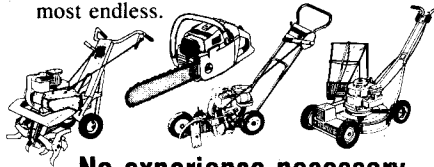
In just a short time, you can be ready to join one of the fastest growing industries in America...an industry where qualified men are making from \$10.00 to \$15.00 per hour...and that's just for labor. Parts, engines and accessories add even more to the profits.



Because the small engine industry has grown so quickly, an acute shortage of qualified Small Engine Professionals exists throughout the country. In fact, it's not unusual for a good small engine man to be three to four weeks behind in the summer and at least a week behind in the winter. When you see how many small engines are in use today, it's easy to understand why qualified men command such high prices—as much as \$17.50 for a simple tune-up that takes less than an hour!

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# THE CLEANUP SPOT

**Arnold Iannacone** was found guilty of second-degree manslaughter by a Manhattan State Supreme Court jury in the killing of his brother-in-law Anthony Fiore, a Citibank vice-president, on October 19, 1980 ("A Matter of Honor... A Motive for Murder," FRONT PAGE, October 1981).

Fiore was shot to death while changing a flat tire on his car at Riverside Drive and 106th Street. His wife was standing beside the car, but was not hurt.

During the trial Iannacone's attorney stated that Iannacone was angry at his brother-in-law for seeing other women and had hired two men to deliver a verbal message, but, the attorney said, the pair went beyond the defendant's instructions.

\*\*\*

The trial for the execution-style murder of Police Officer Robert Walsh got underway recently ("The Hero Cop Was Executed as He Lay Wounded," FRONT PAGE, August 1981). Walsh was shot to death during a holdup of a neighborhood tavern in Queens, New York.

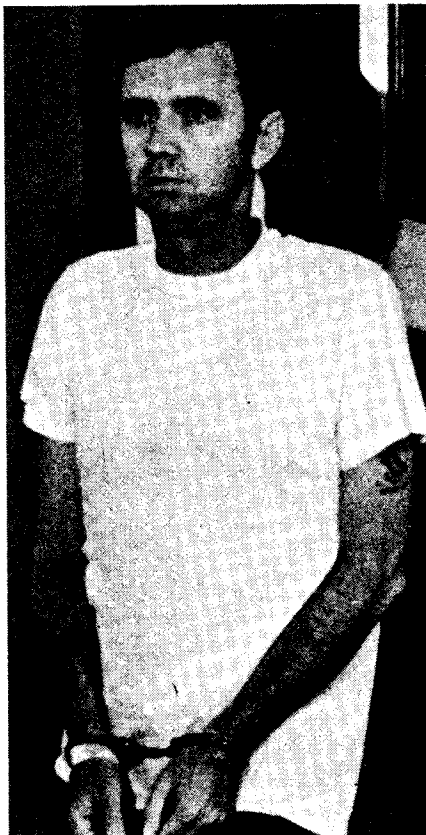
Four Brooklyn youths are on trial in Jamaica Supreme Court: **Vincent DiNicolantonio, Richard Rivera, Jose Rojas and Carlos Flores**. Each is accused of murder, felony murder, four counts of attempted robbery and two counts of weapons possession.

DiNicolantonio's defense lawyer put the blame for the shooting on Rivera, charging, "The only one who wanted to kill was Richard Rivera." Rivera's attorney requested a mistrial for the accusation, but this was turned down by Justice Sol Dunkin.

But according to some observers, DiNicolantonio's lawyer appeared to be throwing his client on the mercy of the jury. He stated to the jury that his client was guilty of robbery because he planned it along with the others and drove them to the tavern in his car. But at the scene, the attorney stated, "Rivera produced four guns... kept two... and gave one to Rojas and one to Flores." According to the lawyer, DiNicolantonio waited in the car while the other three defendants entered the tavern.

But under the felony-murder statute, all those who were involved in planning and executing the robbery are liable for the slaying that ensued even if the actual killing was the act of only one of the participants.

Police Officer Robert Walsh stopped off at the B.V.D. Lounge in Maspeth at



**Edward McCall, Jr.—sentenced to die.**

12:00 a.m. on the morning of January 12, 1981 on his way home from work. He tried to interrupt the holdup when he pulled out his shield and off-duty revolver, but was shot doing so. According to police, Richard Rivera then approached the fallen officer and shot him in the head at point-blank range.

The prosecutor, Assistant District Attorney Edmund Aleksey, said that the four defendants were traced through the complaint of a driver of a sanitation truck who claimed that his vehicle was almost struck by the perpetrators' getaway car as they raced from the crime scene.

Attorneys for Rojas and Flores told the jury that there were no witnesses who would identify their clients as being in the tavern at the time of the slaying. Aleksey conceded that because the perpetrators wore stocking masks no positive visual identification would be made.

\*\*\*

Former Phoenix policeman **Edward McCall, Jr.** and former Tempe businessman **Robert Cruz** were sentenced to die in the gas chamber for the slayings of Phoenix businessman Wil-

liam Redmond and his mother-in-law Helen Phelps ("Phoenix's Orgy of Cold-Blooded Murder," FRONT PAGE, May 1982).

In passing sentence, Maricopa Superior Court Judge Paul LaPrade stated that the "motive and manner of this offense shocked the conscience of the community." Neither defendant had any comment after the sentence was handed down.

Redmond and Phelps were both shot to death on New Year's Eve 1980 after three men forced their way into the Redmond home. Preparations for a party were underway in the home at the time.

Redmond's wife was also shot but survived, and she subsequently identified McCall at the trial as her assailant. The Redmonds and Mrs. Phelps were taken to the master bedroom, bound with adhesive tape and shot in the head at close range. Mr. Redmond's throat was also cut.

According to the state, Cruz hired McCall and two Chicago men to kill Redmond after Redmond refused a multi-million-dollar printing contract for which Cruz anticipated a large sum of money through a finder's fee. The two Chicago men have since been sentenced to death for an unrelated murder in Illinois.

In addition to the death sentence for their first-degree murder convictions, Cruz and McCall also received a life prison sentence for the attempted murder of Mrs. Redmond, 21 years for three counts of kidnapping, 21 years for three counts of armed robbery, 21 years for one count of burglary and 21 years for aggravated assault.

After the sentencing, Judge LaPrade commented, "I called it the way I saw it... I believe they had a fair trial and received the sentence they deserved." The justice said he agonized for the past month over the case. He stated that it was the first time in nearly 14 years on the bench that he pronounced the death penalty.

LaPrade called the murders "brutal, without pity and atrocious" and remarked on the manner of the killings which was "senseless, cowardly and wanton."

But this is not all for Robert Cruz and Edward McCall. Cruz still faces another trial involving criminal charges stemming from an advance-fee scam. McCall faces trial on robbery and burglary charges.



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by KURT BROCKER

MUNICH, WEST GERMANY  
NOVEMBER 6, 1981

It was Monday the 12th of January, 1981 and Christmas was nearly three weeks past, but the Christmas presents had not even been opened. There they stood on the little table in the corner of the snug living room, a neatly stacked collection of gaily wrapped parcels tied with colored ribbon and decorated with sprigs of artificial holly.

There was something a little clumsy about the Christmas parcels. They looked as if they might have been wrapped by children and, indeed, they had.

The paper rustled and popped as the eager fingers tore open parcel after parcel, discarding impatiently the self-knitted scarf, the crayon-colored pictures and all of the other useless objects that were so valuable because they represented a labor of love.

Soon, all of the boxes had been opened. Paper, cardboard and gifts lay strewn in an untidy heap on the floor.

There were smears of bright red, fresh blood on them.

In the great city of Munich in the extreme south of West Germany, thirty-six-year-old Gertrud Ertel was concerned. It was now the 14th of January and over three days since she had heard anything from her mother, Mrs. Renate Eckel, a seventy-eight-year-old widow, who lived in the city of Kempten even further to the south. This was very unusual. Mother and daughter enjoyed a close relationship and it was rare for a week to pass without some contact between them.

Gertrud had spoken with her mother on the telephone on Sunday, the 11th of January, but when she had called her on the 13th, there had been no reply.

Gertrud had not been too alarmed at the moment. It was always possible that her mother had gone out to do some shopping or had gone to visit a friend. She would call again the following day.

Gertrud had called and before nine o'clock in the morning. It was impossible that her mother would be out of the house at such an hour and on such a bitterly cold winter day. Kempten is not far from the border of Switzerland and the chilly masses of the Alps are nearby.

For a few moments, Gertrud Ertel hesitated. She was alone at home. Her children were in school and her husband was at work. Then, she made her decision.

Leaving a note for her family, she got into her car and set off down the highway in the direction of Kempten.

Kempten lies some 80 miles to the southwest of Munich and Gertrud Ertel had ample time to reflect on what might have happened to her mother. The most probable thing was a heart attack or a stroke, but she could also have fallen or



Renate Eckel—found dead in her ransacked apartment, a pair of scissors in her back.

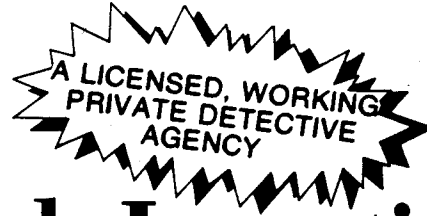
*The evidence at the grisly  
crime scene indicated that  
after the killer strangled  
and stabbed his victim*

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TO RENATE'S CORPSE**



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suffered some other kind of household accident and was now lying there helpless.

Whether she was alone in the house or not, Gertrude did not know. Her mother rented out rooms to single men, but they were mostly drifters who came and went on short notice. In any case, she did not know how to contact them and it was certainly that none of them had a telephone.

She had often tried to persuade her mother to take female roomers, but the old lady had said that they were more trouble than men. If you didn't catch them, they would be sneaking their boyfriends in to spend the night and there was no telling what kind of a mess that would end up in.

For the first 40 miles, Gertrud Ertel

made good time. The highway was clear and traffic was relatively light. Then, however, she ran into a heavy snowstorm and was forced to reduce speed. It was past eleven o'clock when she arrived at her mother's house in Hohe Alley, No. 19, in what seemed to be the beginnings of a blizzard.

The front door of the house was not locked, but the door to her mother's apartment leading off from the entrance hall was. So, too, were the doors of the three rooms on the second floor and the one room on the ground floor which were normally rented out. The building was cold, silent and gave the impression of being lifeless.

Gertrud Ertel was trembling violently, partly from cold and partly from fear. The cold could only mean one

thing. All of the individual oil-burning stoves with which the house was heated had gone out and they must have gone out some considerable time earlier.

Pounding on the doors produced no result and, now convinced that the worst had taken place, Gertrud Ertel went back to her car and drove two blocks to the nearest locksmith. She had grown up in Kempton and she knew the town well.

Explaining the situation to the locksmith, she asked him to come with her and open the door to her mother's apartment. To save time, she thought it might be well to telephone her mother's family doctor and have him meet them there. Privately, she was very much afraid that her mother was beyond the need for a doctor, but she was not going



Victim's house in the city of Kempton, W. Germany, where she rented out rooms to single men, many of them drifters.



to miss any chances through carelessness.

The locksmith agreed and, having telephoned the doctor, he and Mrs. Ertel proceeded to the house at Hohe Alley 19, where he opened the door to Mrs. Eckel's apartment in less than a minute. The door opened directly into the living room and Gertrud Ertel and the locksmith found themselves confronted with a scene far worse than anything that they had anticipated.

The seventy-eight-year-old woman lay sprawled on her back in the middle of the living room floor, a cushion covering her face down to the chin. Beneath it, her throat and the entire upper part of her body were covered with a sheet of dried blood. The handles of a pair of chrome-plated scissors projected stiffly

and horribly from the side of her neck.

Surrounding the corpse were many of the accumulated possessions of a lifetime. The doors of the sideboard hung open with the contents pulled out onto the floor. Drawers had been taken out and turned upside down. There was nothing in the room that had not been ransacked and rummaged through in what was obviously an almost frenzied search for money or valuables of any kind.

Gertrud Ertel was paralyzed with horror, unable to move or even make a sound, but the locksmith uttered a shocked curse and backed out of the apartment door to collide with Mrs. Eckel's family doctor who had just entered the front hall.

A moment later, the doctor entered

the apartment, took one look at the corpse and, without stopping to check for signs of life, gently led Gertrud Ertel out of the room. She was in need of help. Her mother was beyond it.

The locksmith, shaken and confused, did not go to one of the neighbors to telephone, but ran all the way back to his own shop. He had come with Mrs. Ertel in her car and did not have any transportation.

In the meantime, the family doctor had got the traumatized Gertrud Ertel into his own car and had taken her to his office. She was in a state of deep shock. She had feared that her mother was dead, but she had not expected to find her murdered.

As a result, the patrol car which was dispatched to investigate found no one in the house at all. There was only the corpse in the living room on the ground floor and, while one patrolman took up a guard position at the front door, the second officer telephoned the dispatcher at police headquarters to confirm that the report of a murder in the house at Hohe Alley 19 was accurate.

The patrolman was told to allow no one to enter or leave the premises and to detail and hold any persons present. The criminal police would arrive shortly.

The criminal police in the form of Inspector Oscar Wellenstein and his assistant, Detective Sergeant Peter Hauert, arrived very quickly indeed. Kempten is not a large community and its population is only slightly over 45,000. Distances are short.

Nonetheless, it has a well-trained and surprisingly experienced department of criminal investigations. Although the crime rate is far below that of Munich or the other big, West German cities, there is still enough to keep the criminal police busy and this was, by no means, Inspector Wellenstein's first homicide.

On the other hand, it was not exactly routine for him either. A tall, well-built man with broad shoulders and narrow hips, he was more accustomed to homicides committed in the course of a robbery or domestic cases involving husbands and wives. This looked more like one of the cases now becoming so popular throughout Europe where young people, often teenagers, torture elderly people to death in order to persuade them to reveal where their savings are hidden. The cases are rather more common in France where the old people with the French distrust of banks keep their savings at home, but Germany has not been spared either.

"This," said the inspector, running his hand unconsciously over his thick black hair, "is a rotten business. Tell the station that I want the entire duty staff from the laboratory out here and quick."

"I'd better call the coroner's office too, if the desk hasn't already done so," said



Police suspected Bertold Klever, but he was released after his alibi proved factual.

the sergeant. "They won't be able to move the body until someone from the coroner's office has seen it."

The inspector nodded approval and the sergeant hurried away. He was a tall, thin man, very hairy on all the parts of him that showed and his elbows and knees appeared to be too large for the rest of his body.

While the sergeant was out at the car telephoning the station, the inspector went to ask the officers from the patrol car if they had searched the house and, learning that they had not, went through it himself. It did not take him very long because he was unable to get into any of the other rooms, the doors to which were all locked, much to his chagrin.

It appeared, however, that there was no one else in the building and, having checked out the attic and the basement, he returned to Mrs. Eckel's apartment where he found Dr. Gerhardt Moench, the Kempten Assistant Coroner, examining the body while the sergeant watched. The desk had notified the coroner's office immediately upon receiving confirmation of homicide and the doctor had been on his way when the sergeant called.

The doctor, a blond, rosy-cheeked man in his late thirties who wore gold-rimmed spectacles, did not take very long with his examination.

"Looks like the cause of death was loss of blood due to the scissors severing one of the main arteries," he said, getting back to his feet. "Some signs of strangulation too, though. She's been dead a couple of days at least. No sexual indications. Her underwear wasn't removed."

"Well, I should think not!" exclaimed the sergeant involuntarily. "At her age...!"

"Doesn't mean a thing," said the inspector. "There are no end of cases of women in their eighties being raped. If you're crazy enough, it doesn't matter what the woman's age is. However, I think it's pretty clear what the motive was here. He was looking for money."

Whether he had found it and, if so,



Specialists from the police laboratory were able to show that the missing half a bottle of champagne in Mrs. Eckel's apartment had been drunk by Uwe Milkereit.

how much, could not be determined. One thing was certain, however, he had missed thirty pounds of hard cash. Mrs. Eckel had, it seemed, had a habit of putting any coins that came her way into a large, stout, linen bag. Over the years, the bag had filled up until it now weighed slightly over thirty pounds. Although, and perhaps just because, the bag had not been hidden, but was standing almost openly in the closet, the murderer had missed it.

"Or, perhaps, he was simply too lazy to take it away with him," said the sergeant. "It's pretty heavy."

It was six-thirty in the evening of the same day and the sergeant, who had been left in charge of operations at the scene while the inspector returned to police headquarters to coordinate the investigation, was making his report on the result of the investigations by the specialists from the police laboratory who had now completed their work.

"The body was sent to the morgue at a quarter to one," said the sergeant, "but I don't know whether they started the autopsy immediately or not."

"They did," said the inspector. "I've already had a preliminary verbal report. The actual cause of death was strangulation, although she would eventually have died of blood loss from the stab wound with the scissors anyway. Curiously, they say that she was stabbed first and strangled afterwards.

Time of death was sometime during the afternoon of Monday, January 12. Otherwise, nothing new."

"Well, the lab says that they have a lot of potential clues and other things, but they won't have them evaluated and analyzed until sometime tomorrow," said the sergeant. "They removed the scissors before the body was taken away because they thought there might be fingerprints on them. Apparently there aren't, but they think that some of the blood on the handles is not Mrs. Eckel's. That's also true for some of the bloodstains on the Christmas wrappings. The assumption is that the murderer cut

himself accidentally as well."

"Useful but not conclusive," said the inspector. "What else?"

"Textile fibers, latent prints, a half empty bottle of champagne which they think the murderer may have used to celebrate his crime," said the sergeant. "I don't know what else they got. It will undoubtedly be in their report if it's important."

"Undoubtedly," said the inspector. "What did you find out about other occupants of the house? Were there any?"

"Yes indeed," said the sergeant. "As of January 1st, Mrs. Eckel had four roomers. We found her keys to the rooms and we've been in all of them. The indications are that none of them left because their clothing and personal possessions are all still there."

"You have the names or any identification?" said the inspector. "I presume that you're aware that all of these people will be top suspects?"

"We were able to get the names and a lot of personal details from the papers we found in the rooms," said the sergeant. "My impression was that none of these people was trying to conceal anything and, for that reason, I don't think any of them is the murderer. Their names are Berthold Klever, thirty-three-years of age, Kurt Hart, twenty-eight, Leopold Frommes, twenty-four and Uwe Milkereit,

(Continued on Page 55)

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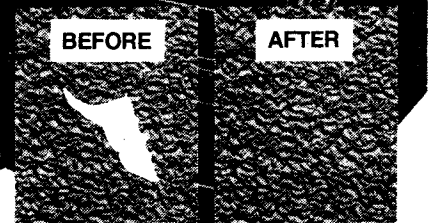
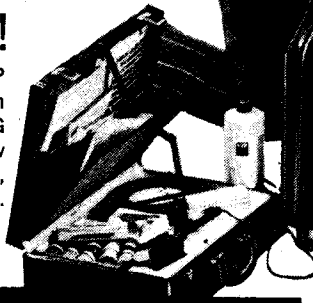
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H. Whaley, Wash.



V121



# LITTLE GIRL HAD A SPECIAL LURE FOR THE SEX KILLER

by JACK AHEARN

**MOUNT PLEASANT, MICHIGAN  
OCTOBER 2, 1981**

Like many other families living in Detroit, Michigan, the Litnianskis became alarmed at the growing violence within the city, and moved to Shepherd, a small town just south of Mount Pleasant. The father, who was divorced, remained in Detroit. In August, 1980, the mother and her five children moved again, this time to Belding, a city of about 5,000 located 30 miles northeast of Grand Rapids.

Early in the evening of November 8, Danielle Litnianski, 10, the second oldest of the family, accompanied by two younger sisters and a six-year-old brother, were sent by their mother to a shopping center to buy milk. A light rain was falling.

Danielle was reluctant to go, as she was getting ready for bed. But she went, dressed in her pajama top, blue jeans and jacket. On their way they stopped to buy ice cream and continued up Bridge Street near the Covered Village Mall to buy milk.

On their return, Danielle became angry at the others and ran ahead of them. They were drawing close when a man approached Danielle, put one hand on her mouth, and another behind her back. He dragged her into the Balding Products parking lot.

Danielle's sister said she couldn't see

what happened next because her view was blocked by a parked van. She said her sister was "kicking at the guy's legs and screaming." Then a blue two-door car pulled out of the lot and sped away.

The young girl could not describe the man in the car except to say he was white. The car appeared to have light-colored license plates. An approaching motorist saw the children crying. They pointed at a blue late model car driving

down the street. He thought the children were fighting over the shopping cart. He followed the car for several blocks before he lost it. He did notice the car had Michigan license plates, but nothing else about it appeared unusual.

After Danielle's abduction, the children ran back to the supermarket where a friend of the family drove them home and told their mother about the kidnaping.

The Belding Police Department was notified and an alert sent out over the police radio describing the car and its occupant. Police cruisers on the highways were asked to be on the lookout for the wanted car and every available man on the force joined in the search for the missing girl.

News of Danielle's abduction spread quickly through the small Ionia County town, shocking the residents.

"You hear about these things," said one frightened woman, "and they keep getting closer to home. I've lived here all my life. What's this world coming to? It seems as if there is no place to go now."

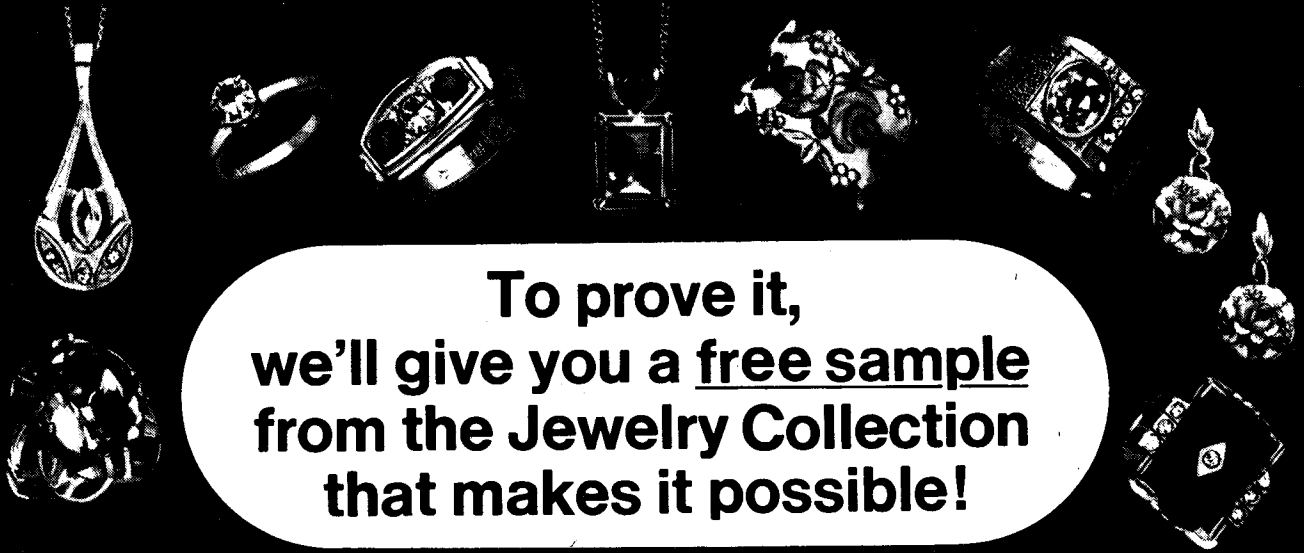
Detectives questioning Danielle's grief-stricken mother were told her daughter was a beautiful, quiet and shy child. Her right hand was crippled by a birth defect. "Everybody liked her. There wasn't anything she wouldn't do for someone. She was always out to please," her mother said. "She was in



Danielle Litnianski, age 10, went to the store for her mother and never came home.

**It was the kind of ugliness that sickened even the most case-hardened detective—and the kind that had all of the probers working tirelessly to find the man responsible.**

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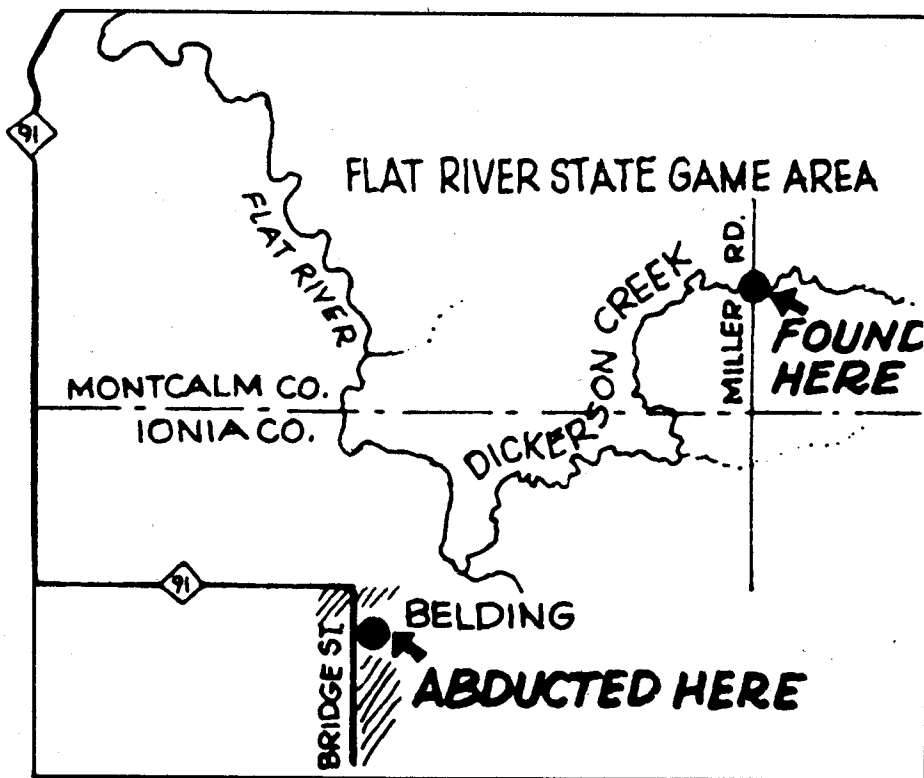
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Map outlining specifically where Danielle was abducted and where she was later found.

the fourth grade in the Ellis Elementary School and had just joined the Girl Scouts two months ago."

Police theorized Danielle's kidnapper would drive her to some remote isolated area and there was no telling what would happen to the ten-year-old victim. The most plausible motive, the authorities assumed, was to sexually molest the young girl. If that were the case, the assailant would either dump her off after satisfying his desires, or if he was a local man, he undoubtedly would kill her to be sure she wouldn't be able to identify him.

At daybreak Sunday morning, police and volunteer searchers began checking the areas around the city, ditches, culverts and abandoned buildings. As the hunt progressed more volunteers joined them, aided by Ionia County sheriff deputies and Michigan State Police. Despite the inclement weather and the rain-soaked terrain they kept up the search. By mid-morning, no sightings of the missing girl were reported.

There was always the possibility the lawmen speculated, the fugitive, if he was familiar with the surroundings, could have driven over the back roads and eventually managed to get as far as one of the larger cities: Grand Rapids, Flint or Detroit. Once there, it would be difficult to apprehend him.

On the other hand, if the child's assailant was a local man he would be faced with the problem of keeping his car in his garage or some other place of concealment. In a small town the size of Belding, there would only be a certain

number of cars answering to the description of the kidnapper's vehicle; and the police, from information they could obtain from the State Motor Vehicle Bureau, would be able to check them out without any difficulty.

At 11:30 a.m. Joseph Fisher, a firefighter from Belding, searching the Flat River State Game area discovered Danielle's body under a bridge in Dickerson Creek, six miles northeast of Belding. The only access which leads to the creek is by traveling over Johnson Road, a small, narrow, dirt covered road flanked on both sides by trees. A pair of dark blue jeans was found on the river bank. At the time of Danielle's abduction she was wearing jeans, an orange pajama top, a gray jacket and red, white and blue tennis shoes.

Belding Police Chief William Crysler had the area cordoned off with the aid of the state police, so that news reporters and spectators would not approach within 200 yards of the scene. Nothing was disturbed at the site. The body of the victim lay facedown in the creek for about two hours before the arrival of crime lab technicians and divers from the Michigan State Police at East Lansing. When the corpse was removed from the creek, the county coroner began his preliminary examination and determined that the victim had died from a crushing blow to the head. He could not say if she had been sexually assaulted, stating that the autopsy report would be able to determine that.

While the crime technicians had completed their work and the lawmen

had carefully combed the grounds in the vicinity and found nothing in the way of evidence, the body of the young girl was removed. Laurence Simson, forensic pathologist at the Sparrow Hospital in Lansing, was scheduled to perform the autopsy.

Meanwhile, back at police headquarters it was decided to place the victim's sister under hypnosis to see if she could bring into sharper focus details of the abductor's appearance and the car he was driving. She proved to be an apt subject and what additional information the authorities were able to gather from the session was not revealed to the press or to the public.

One witness who had seen the abductor's car drive away told the police he was sure the car he followed for a short distance was a late model two-door blue Ford Mustang. However, he forgot to take down the license plate numbers.

Meanwhile, tips and leads were being phoned in to police headquarters from informers who believed they had vital information relating to the identity of the slayer. They were carefully checked out and in several cases possible suspects were questioned, but the information turned out to be of no value, and the suspects were released after lengthy interrogation.

Some progress was being made by the authorities judging from the number of rumors circulating around the city and county. It was said that the lawmen had searched and impounded a car answering to the description of the vehicle used by the kidnapper. It was also rumored when the officers searched the car they noted it had just been thoroughly washed inside, which aroused their suspicions. The vehicle, according to reports, was impounded and crime technicians were called to check it out. If there was any substance to these and other rumors circulating about, there was no way of knowing as the authorities were tight-lipped as to developments regarding their investigation.

Early Monday morning, November 10, several officers left Belding police headquarters and drove to a residence about a mile from the Litnianski home where they arrested Alan Barry Shepard, 24, an unemployed Army veteran, living with his wife at her parent's home. He was read his constitutional rights and charged with the abduction and murder of Danielle Litnianski on November 8, 1980. He offered no resistance and was held without bond in the Ionia County Jail.

Asked by reporters as to the events that led to his arrest, the police replied they had nothing to say at the present time, pointing out that any information they gave to the press or the public could adversely affect the outcome of the trial if one were convened. One of the officers

(Continued on Page 61)



# HOW TO WIPE OUT HEXES, JINXES, EVEN MYSTIC SPELLS IN 24 HOURS FLAT!

I want to be honest with you right from the very start.

I really can't explain how my NEGAJINX discovery miraculously destroyed my everyday jinxes so quickly.

But I can tell you this: *It really works!*

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Yes, I was a physical and mental wreck. I walked around every single day waiting and praying for something to happen. Something that would change my bad luck to good luck. It was the lowest point of my life—with **NO** hope of changing it.

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How I discovered it is a secret I promised never to reveal. Not even to my wife. So kindly never ask me.

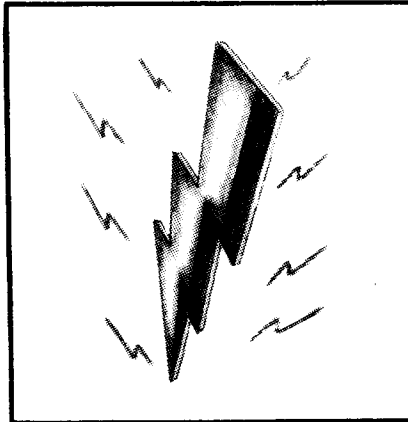
What I can reveal to you now, is how NEGAJINX started destroying **ALL MY JINXES**, minute by minute, once-and-for-all. Until every single one of them was gone forever!

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- **Surprise!** My luck changed! I



started winning at everything I touched. And really big!

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To tell you the truth, I can't believe it myself. Every day brings another surprise! Is NEGAJINX really working? You tell me.

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Would you like to get rid of your jinxes just like I did? Would you like to have everything coming your way? If you can honestly answer "YES", then I want to send you a replica of my sensational NEGAJINX discovery.

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Please send me **TWO** orders. I'm sending \$5 for both. Same guarantee.

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# **ALL-OUT MANHUNT FOR THE HERO-COP KILLER**



Slain Officer Arthur P. Snyder, 29, was ranked among the drug prevention unit's best men.

**He was a good cop. Plenty of street smarts. Drug pushers hated him. So one of them blew him away. Justice? Sure. It came quickly. Right after the killer decided when, where and how he'd have his day in court.**

by **JERRY BENNETT**

**WASHINGTON, D.C.  
FEBRUARY 14, 1980**

At first the man did not recognize the uniform of the police officer who had his 13-year-old son in tow.

"I'm with the National Zoo police," the officer said, referring to the special law enforcement unit which patrols Washington, D.C.'s famed menagerie. "We caught your son teasing a lion cub and thought you'd want to know about it.

"There's no need to spank him, though," the officer added, a smile creasing his face. "He's already been scared enough. We threatened to put

him inside the lion cage."

When the youth's relatives told the story to reporters 14 years later, it no longer seemed like an amusing anecdote of childhood. Suddenly, it had become a tragic reminder of a part of the nation's capital which is equally as dangerous as the habitat of lions and of the people who live and sometimes die there.

This section, which tourists seldom see, is in the city's Third Police District and includes several blocks of 14th Street, a major avenue that connects the District of Columbia with Virginia. It is a center of Washington, D.C.'s flourishing narcotics trade.

From a dark second-floor window

Scene on 14th St. where Officer Arthur Snyder's body was found with bullet in head.



above the thoroughfare two men were secretly watching passersby during the early evening hours of Monday, February 11, 1980. They were Metropolitan Police officers and members of a crack drug prevention patrol unit.

The uniformed 16-officer squad—divided into two eight-person shifts and commanded by Captain Richard Gurz—had been formed the previous summer after Mayor Marion Barry declared war on narcotics in the nation's capital. Squad members were selected for their abilities to spot secretive dope transactions on the street and then make arrests.

Another tactic was to break up the "carnival-like" crowds in which the drug sales took place. The weapon was a crackdown on all violations of the law including such minor ones as jaywalking and littering. Offenders were either arrested or ticketed, depending on what the law allowed.

Between July and October, the unit's officers made 255 arrests for narcotics violations. Arrests for other offenses amounted to 235 while the number of tickets issued totaled almost 2,700.

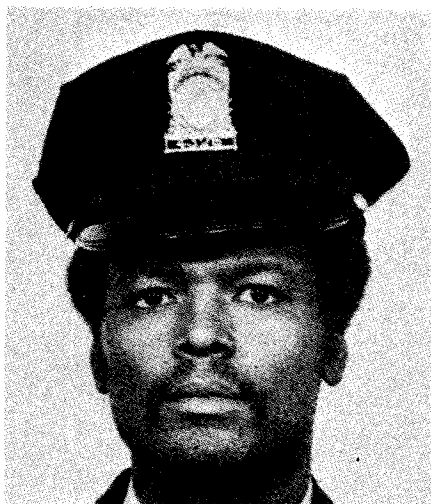
The results were encouraging. By fall, the crowds of people which had numbered in the hundreds now totaled only a few dozen, and the number of drug transactions had dropped proportionally.

But the victory was short-lived. Instead of going out of business or leaving town, the dealers and junkies simply moved to the adjoining First District, and when police there started a crackdown of their own, they began drifting back to 14th Street. Before long, "they were dealing dope like they had a vendor's license," said one disgusted police official.

So the Third District special unit had to go into action again. Since December 1, there had been more than 200 drug busts and an additional 100 arrests for an assortment of other crimes. Surprisingly, the number of citations for minor offenses had fallen sharply with only about 40 tickets being issued. "Apparently the junkies learned their lesson," said one police officer. "You could see them waiting at the traffic lights before crossing and not throwing trash on the ground and things like that."

Contributing to the upsurge in drug dealing were the chaotic conditions thousands of miles away in Iran. The Americans held hostage there were only one of the problems that the revolution of Ayatollah Khomeini was causing the United States. Another was heroin. The political upheavals had spawned unchecked smuggling of the narcotic from Iran, and a lot of the contraband was finding its way to 14th Street.

"The word on the street is a lot of the heroin here is Iranian," said a D.C. government official. "It's really starting to



**Officer Pickett, noted for his valor, helped to pursue the killer of his partner Snyder.**

overwhelm us," reported a high ranking agent of the Washington, D.C. office of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration. On February 6, DEA agents in Washington had arrested two Iranians and an American of Iranian descent who allegedly were in possession of seven pounds of uncut heroin from the middle eastern country.

One investigator cited instances of half-pound samples being given free to prospective buyers and other cases of pushers not bothering to dilute the heroin they sold. This uncut heroin was believed responsible for a surge of fatal overdoses among addicts in the District of Columbia.

However, accidents accounted for only some of the deaths related to the illegal narcotics trade. Whoever tried to interfere with an addict's need or a seller's greed could easily become the victim of cold-blooded murder.

Included were luckless men and women killed by robbers for money to feed their drug habits, criminals who double-crossed one another to reap a larger share of the profits, and—the police. Combatting the illicit drug flow was a grim and dangerous duty, as the two officers staked out above 14th Street were so well aware.

Less than two years earlier, a Washington, D.C. police officer had been killed while searching for a narcotics suspect. As recently as October, 1979, another D.C. officer had been shot and wounded while attempting to question a suspected pusher. And only a week had gone by since an off-duty policeman in neighboring Prince Georges County, Maryland, had been shot and killed while pursuing another suspect in a drug case.

The two policemen watching the street below were Officers Arthur P. Snyder and Constant B. Pickett. Snyder was 29 years old, Pickett, 33. Both were ranked among the drug pre-

vention unit's best men.

Snyder was an energetic man who had acquired the nickname "Mickey Mouse" because of his slight stature and prominent ears. In his four-and-a-half years on the police force, he had received six commendations. One was for a drug bust which led to the seizure of 130 bags of heroin with a street value of almost \$8,000. Another was for his work in helping to close a homicide case.

Pickett had been awarded the Police Department's Gold Medal for Valor in 1979 for rescuing several people from a burning building. The medal is the department's highest award for meritorious service.

"Snyder and Pickett were the terror of the street," said one admiring police officer about their ability to spot and arrest narcotics violators. About 100 criminal cases resulting from their drug busts were still awaiting trial. Included were those stemming from about 25 arrests they had made since the first of the year.

On February 11, Snyder already had spent seven hours in court as a witness in one of these cases by the time he reported to Third District Headquarters for his regular 3:00-11:00 p.m. shift. From there, he and Pickett had gone directly to their observation post, one of several which legitimate 14th Street businessmen made available for police.

At about 6:30 p.m., their attention was suddenly drawn to a tall man across the street who was dressed in a tan coat, gray sweatshirt, blue jeans and construction boots. He appeared to have just passed something to another man and received something in return.

He repeated these movements in an encounter with a second man and then again with a third. To the seasoned officers, three such encounters in a row indicated that a pusher was at work and constituted probable cause to stop him for questioning. Snyder and Pickett hurried downstairs.

Their plan was to split up and move in on the suspect from opposite directions to block any attempt at escape. As usual, the street was packed with people, and the two officers began making their separate ways through the crowd. Suddenly, Pickett heard shots.

He faced the noise, but his view as well as his progress was blocked by masses of panic-stricken people fleeing toward him. He finally managed to push his way through the on-coming crowd just as the man in the tan coat fired a bullet at point blank range into the head of Snyder who lay on the sidewalk beside a tree.

The gunman saw Pickett, fired at him and missed. Pickett shot back as he ran toward the man who turned and fled. By the time Pickett reached his fallen partner, his gun was empty. He then

*(Continued on Page 50)*

# He cooked children and ate them. She murdered hers for the insurance.

Giles de Laval and Belle Gunness—they're 2 of the nicest people you'll meet in this blood-chilling, action-packed, collector's item—*Big-Time Criminals Speak!*—with electrifying eyewitness accounts and actual photos depicting their grisly crimes!

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Get the picture? There you are, in the middle of a houseparty of the most famous criminals you ever cared to know about and the evening is still a pup. Stick around—if you can take it. You're reading *Big-Time Criminals Speak!*, a book to keep you on the edge of your chair until the last criminal sits in the one with the Westinghouse switch.

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Hear Al Capone's swaggering boast, "I have built my organization upon fear!" Hear the grim protest of accused axe murderess, Lizzie Borden, "Somebody was putting poison in our milk!" Hear Ma Barker's schizoid snarl, "Go ahead and shoot!" Watch Bonnie and Clyde ask directions of a traffic cop they don't know from Adam and blow off his head "just for luck." Hear John Dillinger say of two competitors whose bank hauls netted far less: "They're giving bank robbery a bad name!"

### Confessions,

### Exposés, Inside Secrets!

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- The origin of the Mafia, which, would you believe?, was not only beneficial to others but downright heroic.
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- Untold stories of the Secret Service from the G-men's files.
- The haunting note from Bruno Hauptmann (convicted as the Lindbergh baby killer), "Why did you kill me?," in which he takes the prosecutor's case apart, piece by piece, and makes a shambles of it; all to no avail.

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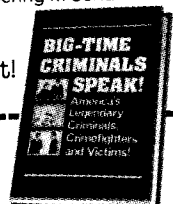
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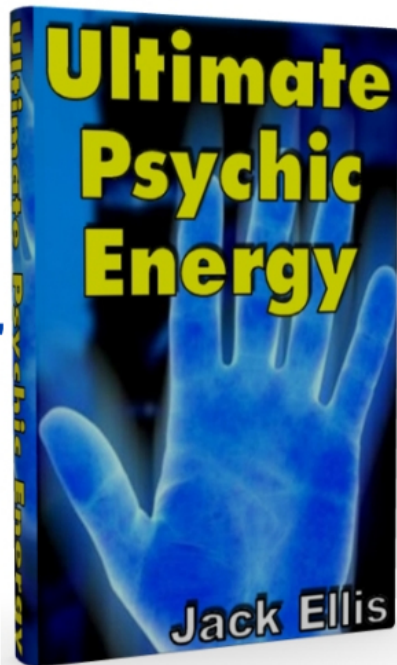
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by CHANNING CORBIN

JACKSON, COLORADO  
NOVEMBER 2, 1981

On March 2, 1981 a bewhiskered man wearing steel-rimmed glasses walked into the Sandoval County Sheriff's Department in Bernalillo, New Mexico and told an officer on duty at the desk that he would like to report his wife missing. The complainant identified himself as Charles Pearson and told police that his wife's name was Michelle. Many of the deputies assigned to the department knew Pearson either by name or by reputation or both.

They knew that his nickname was Sonny and that he'd drifted into town from parts unknown several years back with Michelle. They weren't married at the time but had tied the knot later. Sonny Pearson seemed to have some money. Not a lot but enough to allow him to buy into a local truck stop and cafe and later to purchase a couple of dump trucks with his business interests being located in the town of Alameda near Bernalillo.

Pearson hadn't impressed the locals as being too business minded when he displayed a marked preference for hobnobbing with the local bandit biker element and rolling around the back roads on a "chopped" motorcycle with Michelle astride the buddy-seat. Sandoval County Sheriff Jerry Ferrara and his staff had pegged Sonny Pearson as being a hard-case tough and an individual who would bear close watching.

The officer on duty quizzed Pearson extensively about the circumstances leading up to Michelle's disappearance. Sonny hinted at marital problems and indicated that his wife had up and vanished after she'd caught him with another woman. The deputy filled in the missing person report with answers received from Pearson who signed the form in triplicate and left the office.

Six weeks later two employees of a natural gas company were checking pipelines in a remote area located near Rio Ranch when they discovered the badly decomposed body of a woman lying in a dry gulch. Word was relayed to the sheriff's office and a team of investigators were dispatched to the scene to initiate an investigation. Time and

the elements had wrought havoc with the remains. It appeared that the victim's body had been set afire and partially incinerated. The badly-charred corpse was brought into the Sandoval County Morgue and autopsied.

It was established that the victim was 25-year-old Michelle Pearson and that she had been bludgeoned with a hammer, strangled by ligature, doused with gasoline and then torched. Charles Pearson turned out to be the most likely suspect and he was arrested and held for investigation.

Sandoval County officials felt certain that they had a solid case against him although it wasn't adequate to sustain the first-degree murder charge contemplated. In essence, Pearson was held for investigation on the premise that if he were left at large he might well be expected to take flight.

District Court Judge George Perez, however, saw matters in an entirely different light and several days after Pearson's arrest he ordered the murder suspect set free for lack of evidence. Sheriff Ferrara reluctantly ordered that Sonny Pearson's personal property be returned to him and that he be booked out of the county jail. He also instructed his investigative personnel to intensify its investigations into Michelle Pearson's murder. Perhaps if probers moved quickly enough and were lucky, they could make their case before the suspect had a chance to flee.

The mystery deepened, however, when investigating officers learned that Michelle Lynn Pearson, nee Evans when she arrived in Sandoval County with Pearson, was in reality someone else. While arrangements were being made to locate the next of kin and to release the remains for interment it was discovered that her real name was Pamela Sue Barker. What, Sheriff Ferrara wanted to know, was the reason behind the alias? By canvassing friends of the victim and the suspect an answer evolved.

It required a lot of effort on the part of the Sandoval County authorities to develop the factual background involved. Numerous telephone calls were made and dozens of letters were written before the police investigating the murder of the woman known as Michelle Pear-

son were able to compile data on the backgrounds of the victim and the suspect.

It will be necessary to go back to March 23, 1978 and to zero in on cell in the federal penitentiary located in Atlanta, Georgia. It is late at night and one of the two men in the cell is sound asleep in his bunk. His name is William "Rhett" Zambito. His 29-year-old cellmate, a man doing a 23-year jolt for bank robbery and attempted escape, sits brooding in the darkness. His name is Marion Albert Pruett.

Technically, Zambito shouldn't have been in Atlanta. He had testified for the government during the prosecution of some extremely heavy underworld personalities. Some of them had been convicted and they and their friends were also doing time in Atlanta. In keeping with the criminal pact it was a foregone conclusion that they were plotting their revenge and Zambito was marked for death.

Suddenly there was a flurry of action inside the cell, a flash of steel and a painful outcry. Zambito struggled to sit up on his bunk. His face was gouged and slashed horribly and he slumped back bleeding profusely from his wounds.

An inmate in an adjacent cell whispered to Pruett, "What shall we do?"

Pruett replied, "Let's make a hot cup of coffee."

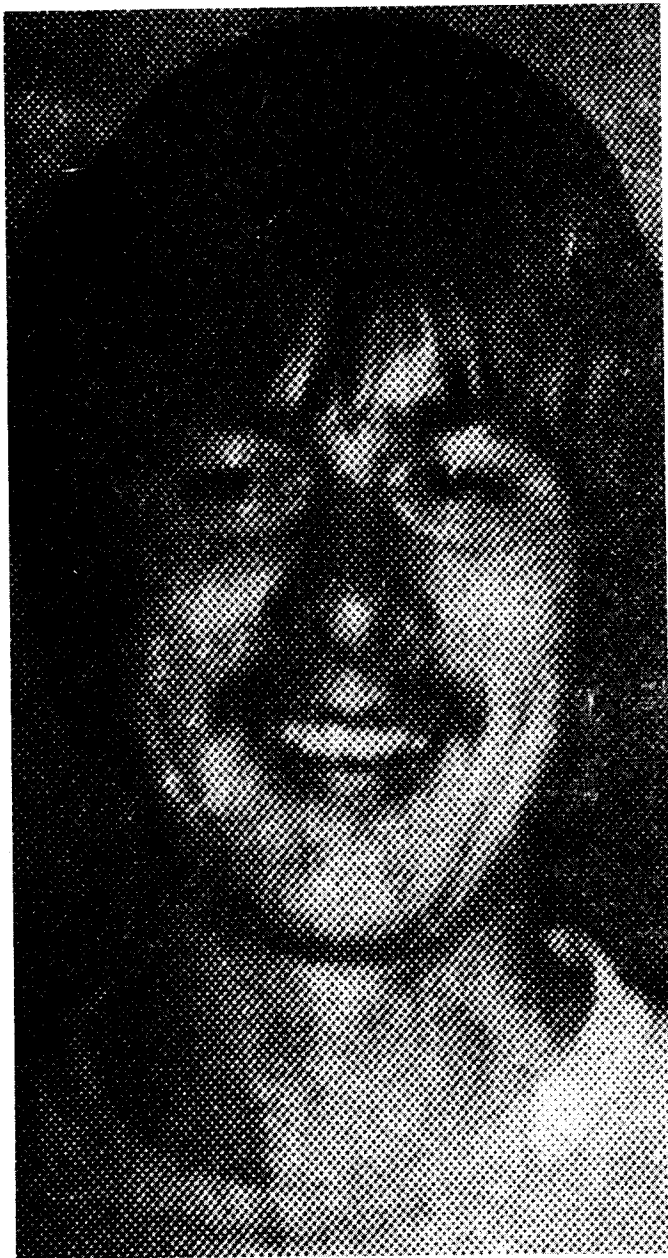
Later, after he'd enjoyed a leisurely cigarette, he called a guard to report Zambito's demise.

The feds and prison officials investigated the murder and in interviewing Pruett they made it clear that it was only logical to assume that he could tell them exactly what had happened. In turn, Pruett let it be known that there was no way that they could force him to talk. In other words, he'd talk in return for certain favors and gratuities.

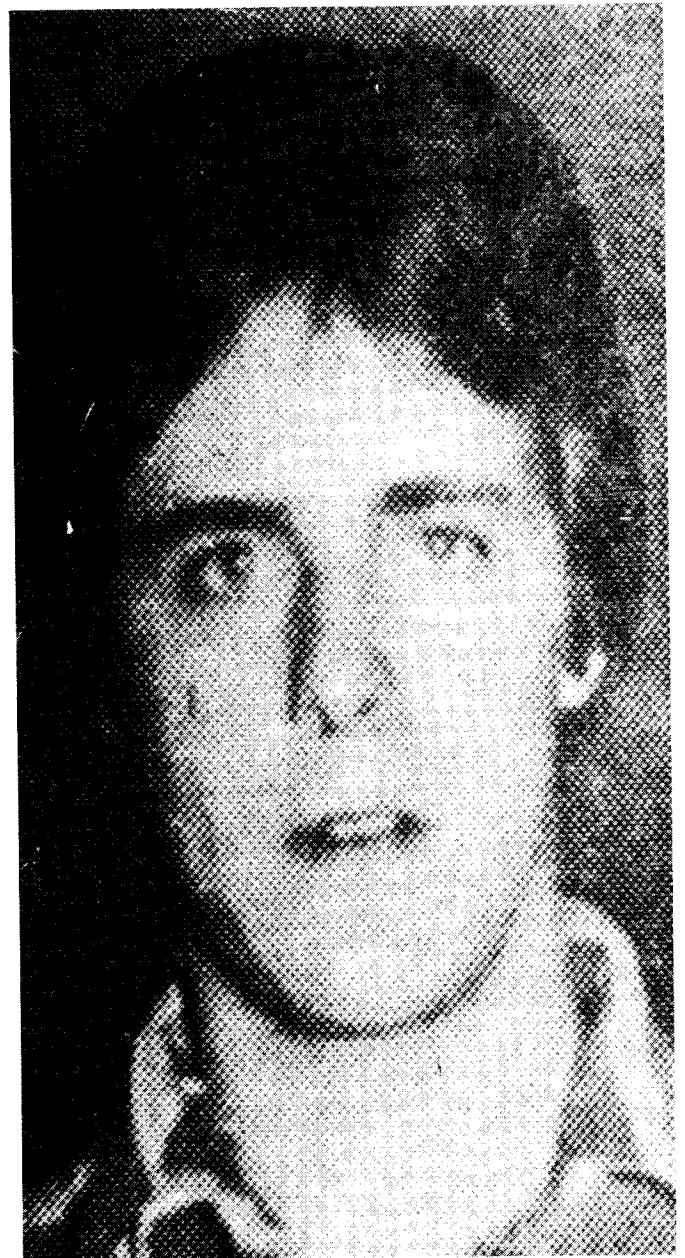
Once assured that a potential eyewitness could be induced to talk, the feds revealed their proposition. If Pruett would testify for the prosecution during the trial of the man whom he swore he'd seen ice Gambito with a home-made prison shiv, they would do a lot of nice things for him to express their gratitude. They would terminate his sentence, provide him with a brand new identity including a different name and

**The suspect has announced to millions  
of TV viewers that he wants to die  
for his alleged crimes against society.  
By the time you read this,  
society may have obliged him.**

# SIX-STATE RAMPAGE OF TERROR!



James Balderson, a 23-year-old computer student, was found shot to death after robbery in all-night store he clerked.



An hour after the Balderson slaying, Anthony Tait was shot in store where he worked located ten miles from other killing.



Sheriff Melvin Stephens examines wooded area where body of bank teller Peggy Lowe was found six weeks after her abduction.

relocate him somewhere far removed from Atlanta. Not only that, they would bankroll him until he got back on his feet.

It wasn't enough. Pruett knew how to bargain with the feds. He had a sweetheart, a woman who had been married to one of the prison guards. No one knew how the two had met but Pruett insisted that he wanted his paramour to be at his side when he walked out of the gate to freedom and a new beginning. No problem at all, he was told. It's done all of the time under the U.S. Government's federal witness protection program, he was assured. After all, a man must have his mate. Wives and sweethearts can also be provided with new identities.

Pruett fingered a prison inmate by the name of Allen Benton as being the con who'd murdered Zambito. Benton was one of the men Zambito had helped to convict and therefore a plausible suspect. But Benton had an alibi. He told the prison officials that when Zambito was knifed to death in the prison tier, he'd been hard at work in the bakery making bread. He was charged and brought to trial in August, 1979 and although not convicted of murder he was found guilty of conspiracy. Pruett testified during that trial.

True to their word, he was transferred

to a federal facility in San Diego and released in November, 1979. He was relocated to New Mexico with his girlfriend at exactly the same time that Charles "Sonny" Pearson and Michelle Lynn Evans appeared on the scene in Sandoval County. In reiteration, it hadn't been easy to piece this story together. Local authorities had not been contacted by the Justice Department or the U.S. Marshal's office and apprised of the fact that a convicted felon had been transplanted in their community or that a man with criminal inclinations was in their midst who would bear watching.

Sheriff Ferrara did manage to learn, much later, that hours before she vanished, Michelle Pearson had called Inspector Ruben Chavez of the U.S. Marshal's office and told him that she was afraid that her husband was going to kill her. Chavez had advised her to contact the local authorities. Either she had ignored his advice or hadn't time to follow it.

Pearson, as he was still known during the basic preliminaries into the investigation of his wife's murder, was instructed not to leave Sandoval County subsequent to his release from jail by Judge Perez. Police took up the trail of one of his closest friends, a man they believed had badly needed information.

It was learned that this individual had left the state for parts unknown.

Police in New Mexico persisted in their search for the man, however, and he was eventually located in Port Huron, Michigan, serving time in jail on a minor conviction. He later proved to be cooperative and told investigators that he was present when Pearson murdered his wife. The crime had taken place in Bernalillo County with the body being taken to Sandoval County where it was dumped and burned. The informant described how a rope was allegedly looped around the victim's neck by her husband at one point during her murder and the witness was told to hang onto the other end while the woman was choked.

Now that the Sandoval County authorities had the evidence they needed, they were granted a warrant for Pearson's arrest on a first-degree murder charge. But—just as they had thought all along, he'd fled and could not be found. Sheriff Ferrara had an all-points bulletin drafted for dissemination on the suspect. He was described as having one glass eye and several tattoos, one of which included the motif, "Mad-dog 20-20." Pearson had been arrested for drinking and fighting in New Mexico and an Albuquerque police mug-shot

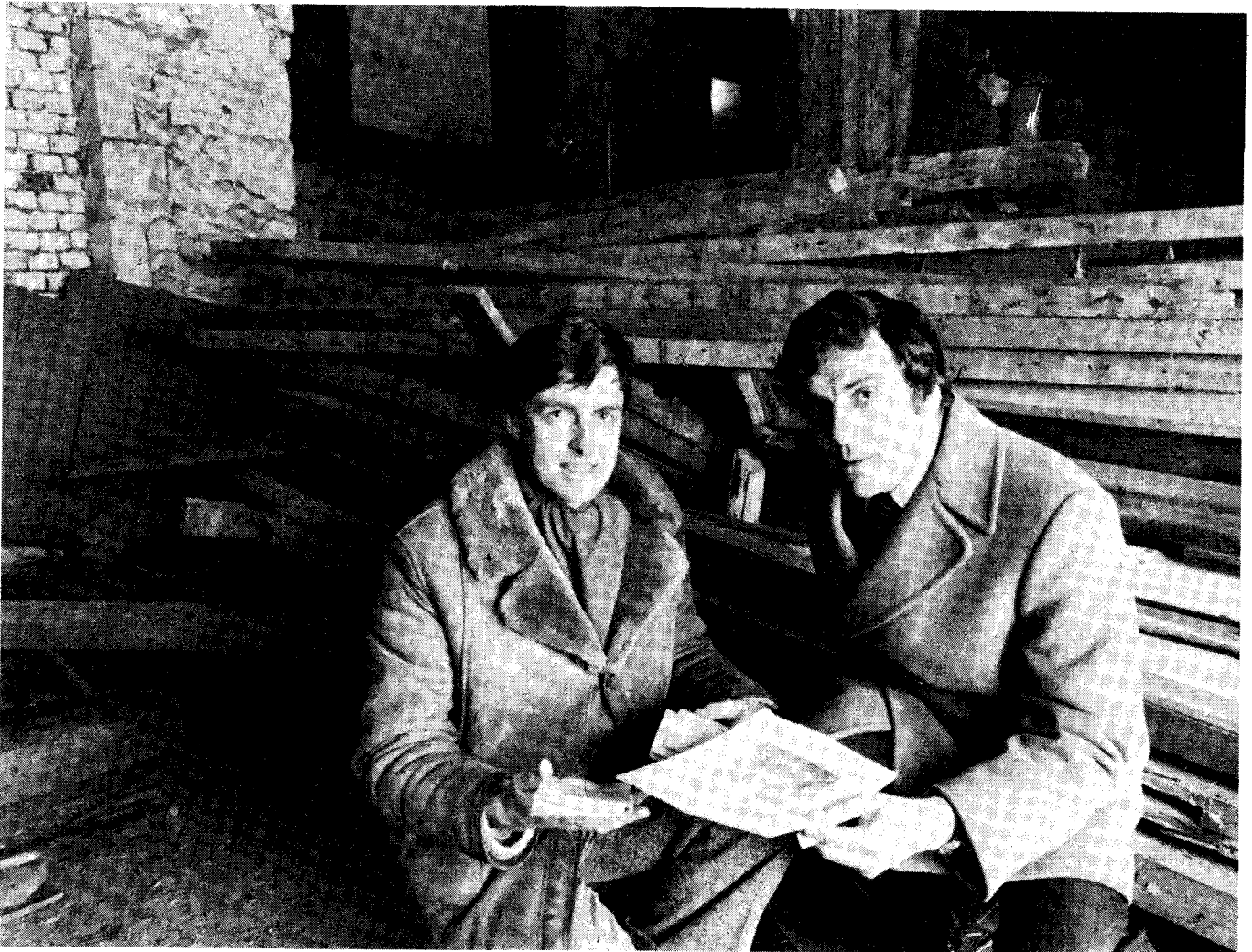
*(Continued on Page 57)*



Marion Albert Pruett is returned to Jackson City Jail after his arraignment. He led police to Lowe's body after his arrest.



# THE KILLER BLASTED



Detective Constable Brian Pointer (left) and his partner Detective Inspector John Ryder solved the Alder murder case.

by **ANDREW LOWEN**

**OVING, ENGLAND**  
**JUNE 7, 1981**

Detective Constable Brian Pointer is a typical British country cop.

Most of his working life is spent chasing young vandals, looking for stolen cows, sheep and horses, and generally investigating petty crime.

It was a warm, sunny morning on June 7, 1981 and Pointer was quite enjoying his eight-mile drive from his headquarters in the town of Chichester to the tiny seaside village of Oving.

A suspected burglary had been reported and Pointer had been detailed to investigate. For a British country cop in the sleepy southern county of Sussex, burglary is big-time crime.

The adrenalin was flowing as he approached Oving Lodge, a charming Vic-

torian house with a honeysuckle and rose framed front door, a beautifully-manicured garden and valued at well over \$200,000.

It was a little after noon as Pointer climbed out of his unmarked cop car and sauntered towards the house, his shirt sleeves rolled up and his jacket left on the front passenger seat.

At that moment, he had no idea that he was about to stumble across a crime of such enormity that the investigation was to be immediately taken out of his hands and led by some of the country's top homicide experts.

Even before he knocked on the front door, he noticed that a window on the ground floor had been smashed from the outside.

Pointer rang the bell, but no one came to the door. He pounded on the door with his fist. Still nothing. Then he tried the

door. It was unlocked. So he let himself in.

Straight ahead of him in an impressive hall and at the foot of an imposing flight of wide, winding stairs, was an assortment of silverware—later to be valued at around \$10,000.

The silver was strewn across the floor, giving the impression that a burglar had been unable to complete his act of plunder and had fled, leaving behind his spoils.

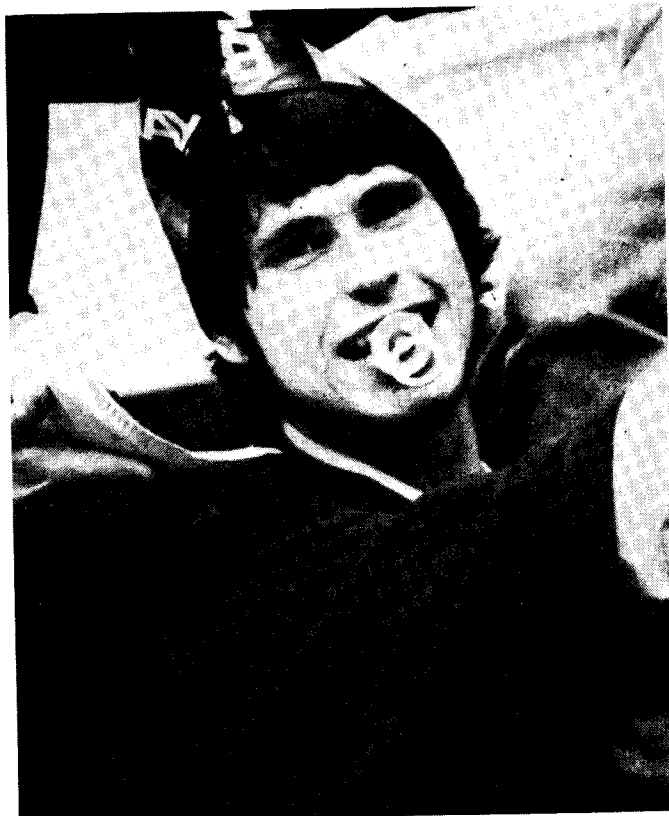
Pointer was aware that the mansion-type house was owned by 57-year-old retired Lieutenant-Commander Gilbert Alder, formerly of the Fleet Air Arm and British Naval Intelligence, and his lovely wife, Ann, a tireless worker for all kinds of charities and other good causes.

During his military service, Alder had worked closely with all the Secret

# HER BREASTS OFF!



Shooting victim Ann Alder was found dead across her bed.



Andrew Alder, 21, couldn't emulate his father's exalted career.

## Investigators considered it a stroke of luck when a red herring led them to the clue which broke the brutal double murder.

Service and intelligence agencies of the United States, especially during times of international crisis and conflict.

Since his retirement, Alder had enjoyed the role of a country gentleman, entertaining lavishly and dabbling in politics. He was a staunch Conservative and there was always a fair sprinkling of politicians at his celebrated dinner parties.

Pointer started calling out Alder's name, but all his calls were met by a deathly hush.

He moved from room to room, and everywhere he went there was evidence that an attempt had been made to ransack the house.

Then he began to climb the stairs.

And it was as he reached the top of the stairs that he saw a body lying stretched out on its stomach. The body was that of a man, still in his pajamas.

Blood was all over the wall, the carpet and even on the ceiling. The victim's white silk pajamas were saturated with blood.

Pointer turned the corpse over, but the victim was unrecognizable. The head had almost been blown from its shoulder. Brain, tissue, bone and flesh had been blasted over an area covering several feet.

The victim had also been shot in the stomach and some of his intestines were hanging out.

Pointer began to retch. He'd never seen anything like this in his life. This was an alien, sick sight to a British village cop.

Unbeknown to Pointer at that time, he'd just found the body of the retired Naval Commander.

He did not even suspect that there was more gore and horror to come.

The detective constable started to make a search of the upstairs rooms before returning to his car and reporting over the radio his grisly find.

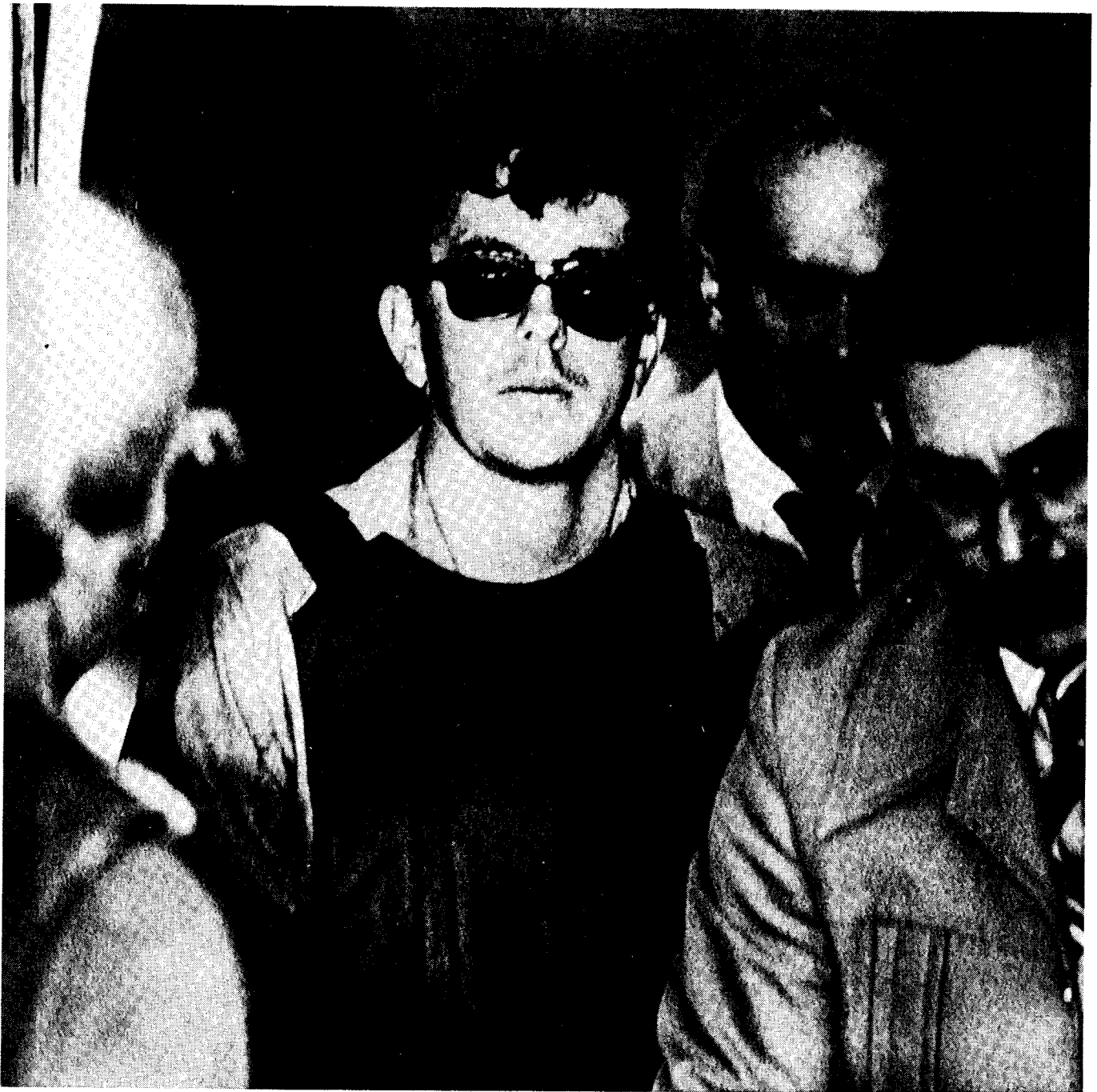
One door was half open. It led into the Alders' main bedroom where the retired Commander and his wife had slept in a kingsize, four-poster bed, with drapes around the side. It was the kind of bed one associates with kings, queens and princesses, especially in fairy stories.

But this was no charming, children's bedtime fairy tale. This was a real-life horror story right out of the 1980s.

Spread across the bed on her back was Mrs. Alder. She'd been shot at such close range in the chest that both her breasts had been blasted from her body and were tangled with tattered portions of her black, flimsy nightgown.

Like her husband, Mrs. Alder had

*(Continued on Page 46)*



Wearing a bulletproof vest, Joseph Paul Franklin is transferred from a van to the Salt Lake County Jail to await trial.

# THE DEADLY SNIPER'S EVIL MOTIVE

# Probers could guess the reason behind the cold-blooded killings, and they knew their best hope hinged on whether he would ever make a mistake. He did—in a little Kentucky town called Florence.

by WAYNE T. WALKER

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH  
SEPTEMBER 19, 1981

At 5:00 p.m. on Sunday, October 21, 1979, the parking lot of a large mall in northwest Oklahoma City was crowded with shoppers and their vehicles. Jesse Eugene Taylor, a 42-year-old, heavy-set black man, and Marion Vira Bresette, 31, and white, had just left the store and were loading sacks of groceries into a white Ford sedan. The woman set one sack on the trunk, and stood behind the car while the man put the rest in the car.

Three children—ages 9, 10, and 12—were leaning out the windows of the sedan. They were the children of Mrs. Bresette.

Nearly 100 yards away across the street and on the north side of the Oklahoma State Fairgrounds, a lone figure was camouflaged from the parking lot by the cluster of cedar and evergreen trees. In his hands, as he crouched down, was a high-powered rifle. He brought the rifle to his shoulders, looked through the mounted scope and began firing a volley toward the parking lot.

Taylor was hit first. He yelled, "No! No! No!" as he went up against the car. Then he was hit again and fell, slumping against a rear wheel of the now bloodstained vehicle. He was hit in the abdomen and chest, and died.

The woman was screaming and moving around from behind the car, approaching Taylor's body when a bullet tore through her torso. She fell facedown on the pavement near Taylor.

During the brief but deadly volley, stray bullets shattered the rear window of a car parked behind the victims' vehicle, struck a building and punctured at least one other nearby car.

Shortly after the tragic shooting was reported to police, the area was cordoned off and crime scene technicians, a crime photographer and a medical examiner began their grisly work. Homicide detectives

under the leadership of Lt. McEwen started questioning witnesses and combing the site and found a couple of what apparently were elbow prints beneath a cedar tree. They also recovered three projectiles from the shopping center parking lot.

Most of the frightened witnesses the detectives interviewed were too busy ducking for their own safety to see who was doing what to whom.

The investigators did come across witnesses who said they saw a blond-haired man in his 20s who drove south from the shooting scene in a dark green, dark blue-green, or turquoise vehicle.

"I just turned around and saw a man fall. He was catching bullets," an employee of the store told detectives. "I couldn't see where they were coming from."

"Those kids were just hanging out of the windows when it happened," said one witness. "They just didn't have the good sense to duck away from the action. My heart was in my mouth when I saw those kids like that."

"I heard the pops and saw those kids at the windows and I died," said another witness, finding it almost unbelievable that one of them had not been hit.

The children were not told until several hours afterward that their mother had been killed. They held up fairly well emotionally from the ordeal, one police officer reported. They were taken to a relative's home that evening.

"We had the father here and their grandparents," explained police spokesman Sgt. Tom Mundy, "and they were the ones who told them about their mother," he told the press.

Mrs. Bresette was divorced and she and her three children had been living with Taylor at a northwest apartment for the past two months. Homicide detectives interrogated her former husband but said he did not appear to be a suspect. One of the children had telephoned him within minutes of the slayings.

Both Mrs. Bresette and Taylor worked at the same nursing home, according to Sgt. Mike Heath, homicide detective supervisor.

"We're just checking out anything and everything trying to establish a motive and a suspect," announced Sgt. Heath. "We have few clues to work with. The sniper, whoever he was, got clean away."

He said the shooting apparently was planned because the killer "had ample opportunity to kill or injure other people."

Sgt. Mundy agreed. "It certainly appears that these were his intended victims. He obviously was well versed in the use of a high-powered rifle because of the distance. The random aspect simply doesn't seem to be

(Continued on Page 76)



Vernon E. Jordan, Jr., director of the National Urban League, who was critically wounded by racist sniper.



# KILLER MUTILATES WOMAN WITH

by NINA COX

**AUSTIN, TEXAS  
JULY 7, 1981**

For the most part, Pauline Blair's acquaintances considered her a quiet, well-dressed English lady whose life's joy was the deaf and blind Yorkshire terrier she walked regularly around the mobile home trailer park where she had lived for about two years.

Ms. Blair's interests included her job at the Austin, Texas, State Commission for the Blind. In early November 1980 she took some time off from her administrative position to welcome her parents from England, who arrived for a vacation and visit with her.

The parents enjoyed visiting with their daughter at her mobile home located five blocks east of Interstate 35 which runs through Austin, the capital

of the Lone Star State.

The three of them traveled to other points in the U.S. while vacationing together. When her parents were ready to return to their home in Bournemouth, England, Pauline took them to Houston, 100 miles south of Austin. There they boarded a plane that would take them home.

Ms. Blair returned to her home in Austin on Sunday, November 9, 1980, about 5:00 p.m. She knew she had to return to work on Monday.

On Monday morning, November 10th, co-workers of Ms. Blair began to wonder why she hadn't shown up for work. It was not typical behavior for Pauline to be absent or to even be late.

When calls to the absent worker's home went unanswered, two of the women decided they would go to check on Pauline. The pair drove to the trailer

park and found the house locked. Their knocks were not answered. They saw that Pauline's car was parked in front of the mobile home, so they felt sure that she was inside.

Determined to investigate further, the two workers, found a wooded bench and moved it to the window. One of the women was able to reach the window. She opened it and climbed into the living room of the trailer. Then she unlocked the door for the other co-worker.

Receiving no answer to their calls to Pauline, they cautiously moved down the hall into the bedroom of the friend and fellow worker's home.

What they saw in the bedroom was the most horrifying scene that the two women could ever imagine. They dashed to the front door of the trailer and ran to the nearest telephone.

Officer Robert Haselman received the



Pauline Blair's trailer home where her body was found in her bed. Investigators searching for clues stand on porch and grounds.

# CORROSIVE ACID

**Despite the horrible condition of the body, crime lab technicians did the impossible. They found a clue on the corpse which tied the suspect directly to the murder.**

radio call from the Austin police dispatcher: "A deceased person at 1401 E. Rundberg Lane."

Acknowledging the call, Haselman, in a short time, pulled up to the mobile home address. There he was met by two women who obviously were very upset.

Barely able to talk, the pair explained to the officer that they came to the trailer home and found that their friend and co-worker was apparently the vic-

tim of some brutal fiend. They assured Officer Haselman they had not touched a thing, nor even entered the room, but fled to the outside door, fighting sickness all the way to the nearest telephone.

The women acknowledged that they had been the ones to notify the police of their grisly discovery. No one else had been in the house while they waited for the police to answer their call, they told

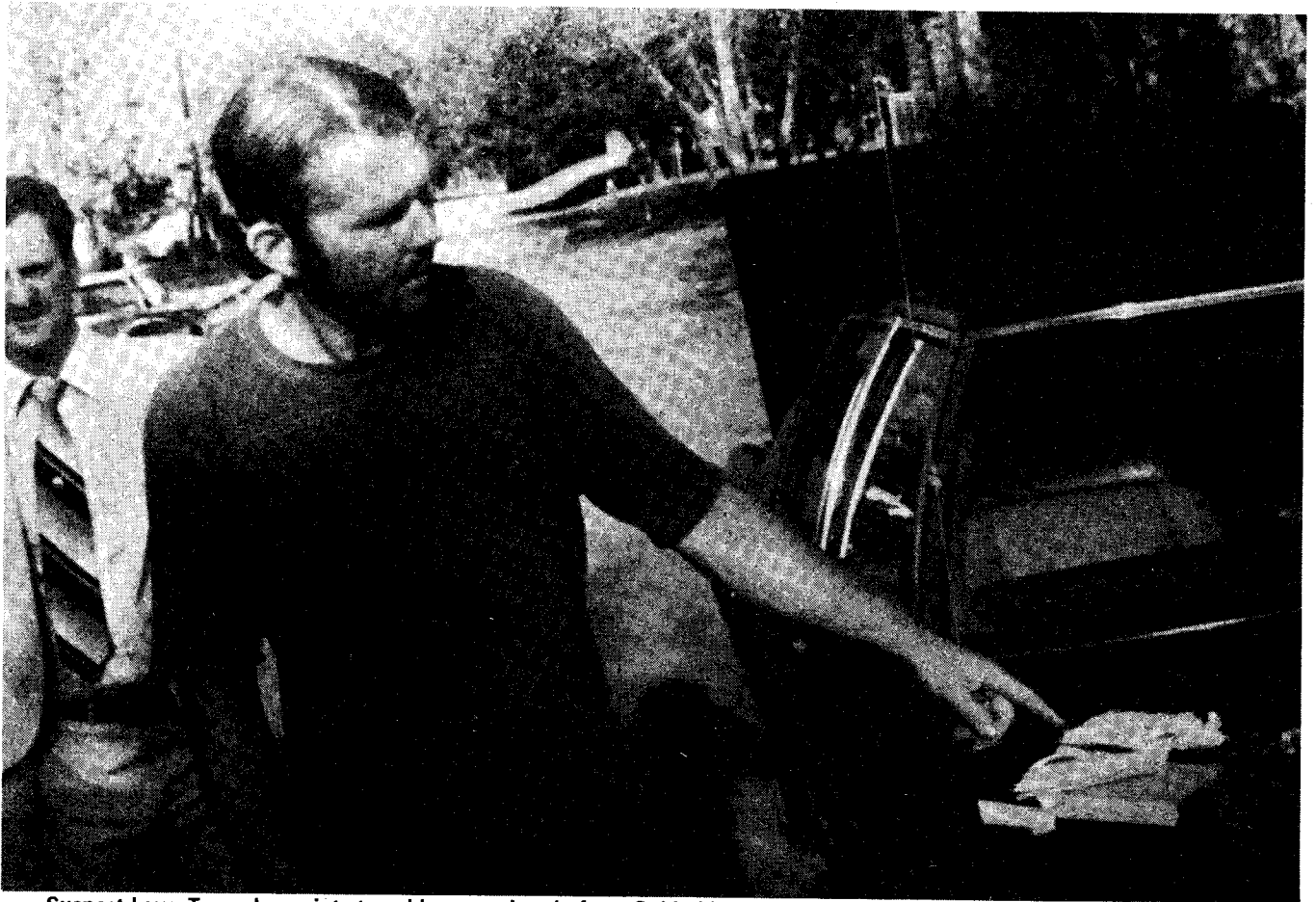
Haselman during their interview.

Leaving the two women outside near his patrol car, Haselman entered the mobile home to investigate. Entering the bedroom, Haselman immediately realized that the two women had reason to be horrified. The gruesome sight was one of the worst that he had ever seen.

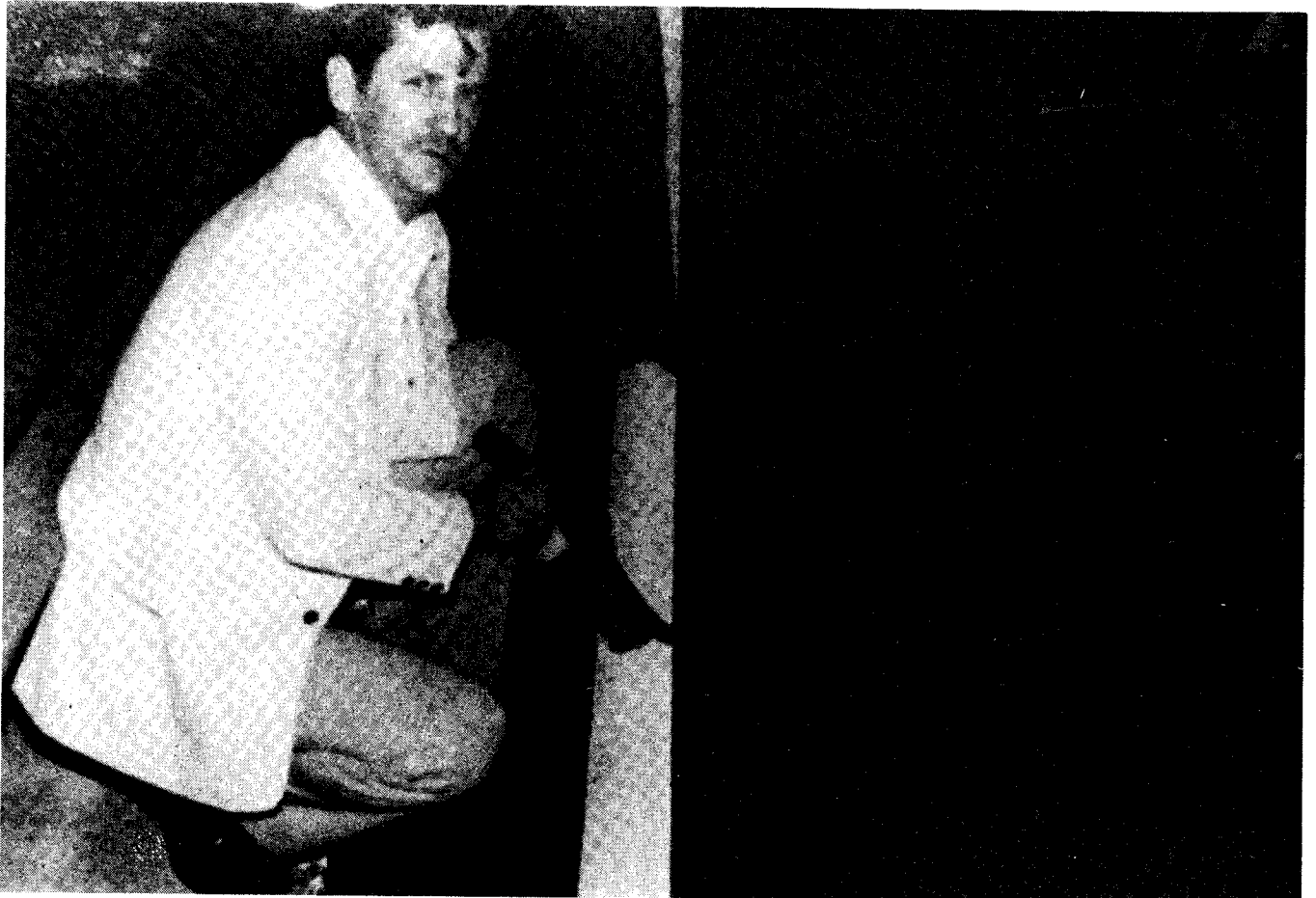
The nude woman was lying face up on the bed. She appeared to have some gouge marks on her face and her long



It was ruled victim died from inhaling too much ether from this can of starting fluid.



**Suspect Larry Townsley points to evidence on hood of car. Behind him is Sgt. Gary Richards who played key role in case.**



**Sgt. Richards points to scissors along roadside. Suspect identified them as the pair he used to hack off victim's hair.**

dark hair had been hacked off and put in a neat pile on the pillow near her head.

The skin of the victim seemed to have been eaten away with a type of acid or caustic liquid and her pubic hair had been singed or burned off.

Immediately Haselman used his radio to summon help from the dispatcher. He called for a homicide unit and a Travis County Medical Examiner.

Careful not to touch anything, Haselman sealed off the area while waiting for the investigators to arrive.

Within a short time the investigative team arrived, including Lt. Robert Wisian, head of the Austin homicide unit, Sergeants Lloyd Polk, Gary Richards, Gary Fleming and Edward Villegas.

The team began a thorough search of the crime scene. It had been cordoned off to prevent the crowd of curious onlookers that gathered from entering the area and destroying footprints or other possible evidence.

At the scene sleuths collected a woman's purse, a billfold, a newspaper, a white paper sack with writing on it and an Austin telephone book.

They also found a gold necklace and an elastic bandage with what looked like strands of the victim's hair on it. The hands of the dead woman were not tied, but her wrists and ankles had marks on them that might have been made by tight bonds, the detectives noticed.

Because the door of the trailer home had been locked and there was no sign of forced entry, the investigators were reasonably sure that the crime had not been motivated by a robbery. The nudity of the victim made the officers strongly suspicious that rape had been included in the crime, but they knew that would have to be determined by the medical examiner.

The crime area and bedroom were photographed prior to removal of the body to Brackenridge Hospital for autopsy in the city morgue. Under the body was a pool of the acid that had run off onto the sheets and was eating down the bedclothes.

The detectives found an earring on the floor that matched the one of the victim was still wearing.

The corpse was identified by her co-workers as that of Pauline Blair, 40.

Questioning the manager of the mobile home park the investigators learned that Ms. Blair had been a resident of the park for about two years. He told them that her parents from England had recently visited her and that she had accompanied them on a vacation for a few days.

Detectives also talked to neighbors of the dead woman, who told them that while Ms. Blair was gone on vacation her pet dog had died. Another friend remembered that the dead woman was so depressed about the dog's death that

he was afraid she would kill herself.

The sleuths had already considered suicide as a possibility but due to the circumstances surrounding the death there was not a remote chance that the victim could have taken her own life.

Another circumstance the law enforcement members had to consider was a string of murders, still unsolved, that had been committed along Interstate Highway 35. Blair's living quarters were just a short distance from the well-traveled highway. The officers knew they could not overlook the possible connection between her case and other cases that were similar.

A meeting had been attended by the investigating officers only two weeks prior to the Blair slaying for the purpose of discussing the more than 20 unsolved murder cases that had occurred along I-35. Texas Rangers and other lawmen from Laredo to Dallas had attended a convention held in Austin where the cases were compared. Many of the cases had been sex-crimes involving women.

Was the Blair case just another murder that would go in the file of the "yet to be solved"? That was the question that plagued the detectives on the case.

Sgt. Richards remained at the trailer park and continued questioning park residents. He talked to a neighbor who had done some carpentry work for the victim before her parents arrived from England.

Ms. Blair had asked him to build a porch onto her trailer so her parents could enjoy the soft summer breeze while they visited her.

The neighbor said he had slept with his window open on Sunday night but that he hadn't heard a thing. Nor had any of the other trailer park residents seen or heard anything unusual from Ms. Blair's trailer.

Richards rummaged through the trash collection bins at the park hoping to find an empty acid can or some other evidence, but to no avail.

While the officers were still at the scene of the crime a confused young man approached them and asked what had happened at the trailer home of Pauline Blair. He explained that he was a friend of hers. He told officers that he, his mother and brother had just arrived from Brownwood, having come to Austin to introduce his folks to Ms. Blair.

The sorrowing man told officers that he was planning to marry her, and that he wanted her to meet his mother and brother.

Sgt. Fleming and Villegas had already learned from questioning the neighbors that he slain woman had a live-in boyfriend. They had told the officers that Ms. Blair had lived with the friend for about nine months. One resident of the park told officers the boyfriend had told him confidentially that he planned to marry Ms. Blair.

Learning the name of the victim's boyfriend from neighbor's Richards requested the dispatcher to check his driver's license. When the answer was radioed back to Richards, the dispatcher informed him that he boyfriend, identified as Larry Townsley, did not have a license to drive. Other information gained was that he was legally blind, and that the address of Townsley was 1401 E. Rundberg, No. 2. That was the same address where the body of Ms. Blair was found.

The boyfriend of the dead woman was described to the officers by the neighbors, and when Townsley appeared at the trailer park the sleuths saw that he fit the description that they had given. Townsley had red hair and was about the size of the man described by the neighbors.

Townsley tearfully admitted to the investigative team that he was a very close friend of Ms. Blair's. He said that he only stayed with the victim on weekends because he worked in San Angelo, Texas, on weekdays.

Richards and Villegas questioned the brother and mother of Townsley briefly. They verified that they had driven the 145 miles from Brownwood to Austin that morning to meet Larry's future spouse.

Officer Fleming asked Townsley to come down to the police station and give a statement concerning his dead girlfriend. They were accompanied to the station in an unmarked patrol car by Officer Villegas.

Richards and Polk finished gathering evidence at the crime scene and released the body of Ms. Blair for removal to the hospital morgue for autopsy. Meanwhile Richards questioned the mother and brother of Townsley.

The mother told Richards that Townsley had arrived in Brownwood at her home at 3:00 or 3:30 a.m. Monday morning and had spent the rest of the night there. The next morning, leaving Larry's car, a green Nova, in Brownwood, the brother said he drove his car to Austin. They had expected to meet Pauline Blair, the Townsley kin told the officers.

Early in the afternoon Richards and Polk returned to the police station and were told Townsley was being questioned. He had signed a "consent to search form," the detective in charge told them, and he wanted one of the officers to go to Brownwood and look over Townsley's car.

Polk and another member of the homicide department, Sgt. Chris Walker, requested the DPS to take them to Brownwood in the unit's helicopter.

In about an hour the two officers were on their way to the residence of Townsley's mother.

*(Continued on Page 68)*



# ***VICTIM'S ARM STUCK OUT OF HIS GRAVE!***

***That was the ghastly  
beginning of a case in which  
the dead man learned too  
late that when you're  
dealing cocaine you can't  
keep your head in the sand.***

by JOSEPH L. KOENIG

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY  
JUNE 22, 1981

It was a fine, early autumn morning, invigorating even on the rubble-strewn shore of the Ohio River where it flows past downtown Louisville, Kentucky. The season's first hint of frost hastened the man's steps as he walked to work at the Nugent Sand Company on River Road, allowing him precious few seconds to admire the morning glories that twined across the sand piles in the yard. In the pale sun the flowers appeared unusually colorful, in gentle contrast to the smudged pink and beige cloth fluttering in the breeze. The fuzzy material protruded from the soft earth, pointing accusingly at the cloudless sky as the man moved closer to see what it was. He was still some distance away when he realized that it was the sleeve of a velour shirt and that whoever had worn it last had still not taken it off.

It was 8:30 a.m. when he reached an assistant superintendent of the sand company over the office intercom.

"You gotta come right away," he pleaded.

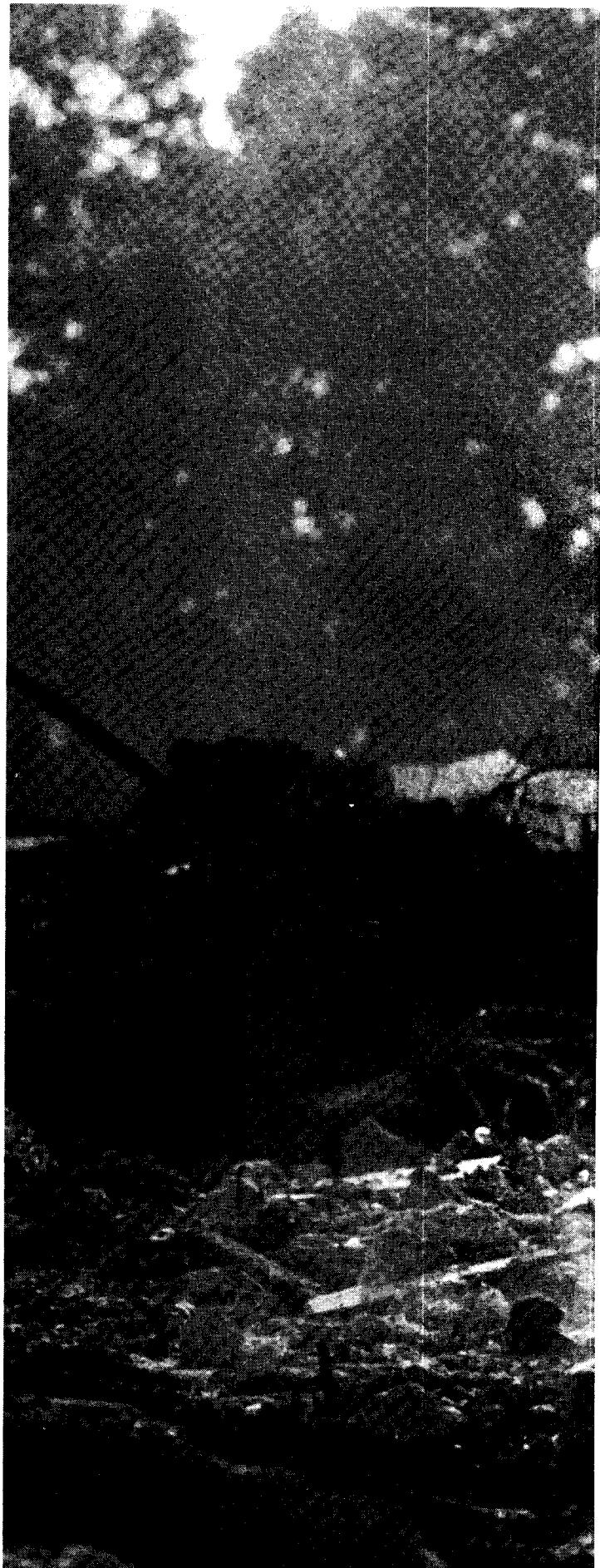
His boss would remember the call for a long time. "He sounded petrified. It made me think someone got hurt. The last time I got a call like that, a man got killed out here."

The situation was not much different this time either.

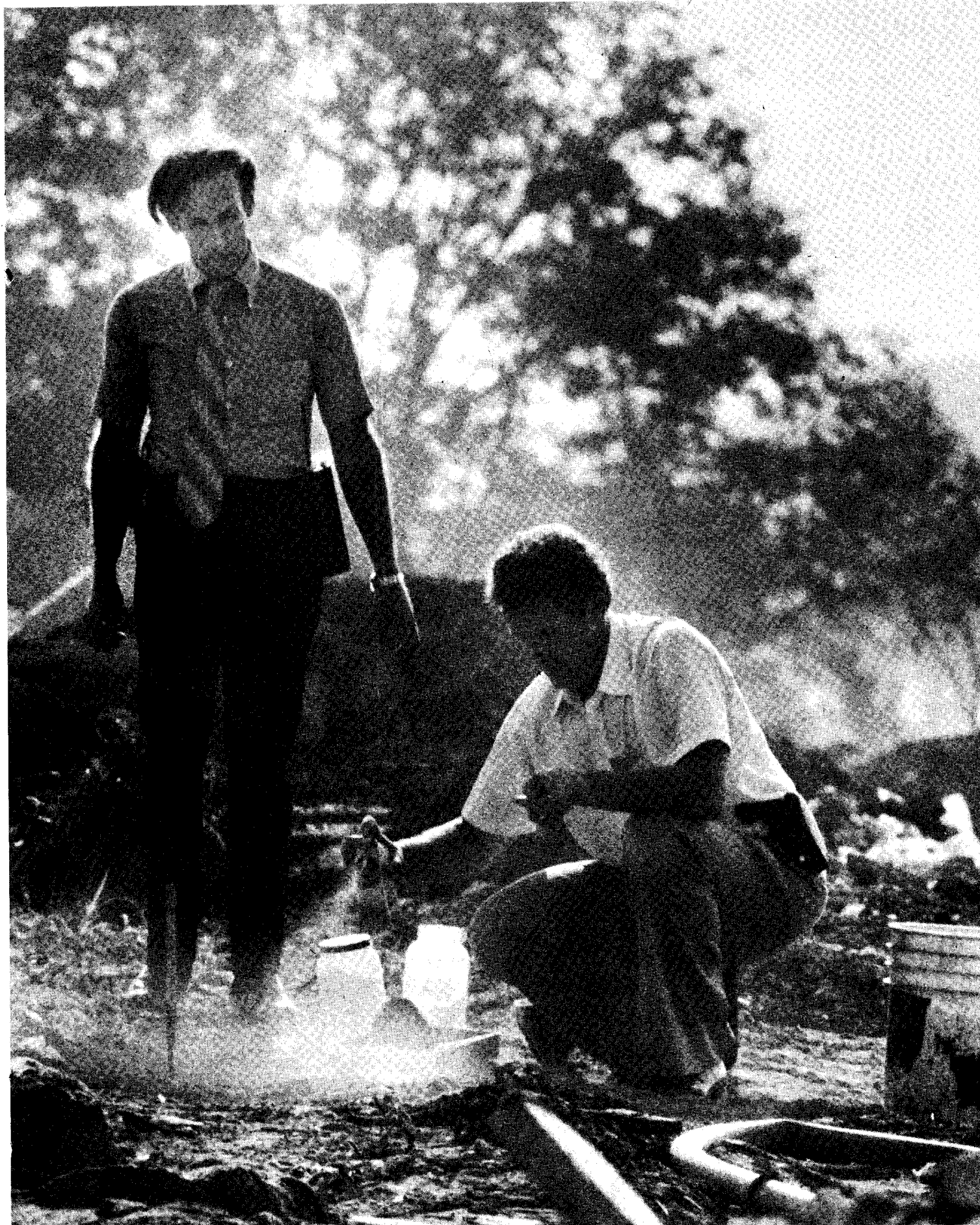
When Louisville police reached the scene on that brisk Wednesday morning of October 1, 1980, the man who had made the grim discovery led them inside the yard. Amid the huge concrete slabs that the Nugent Sand Company had targeted for use as fill under a new dock, he pointed to the man's arm in its velour shroud. An officer bent down and scraped away some of the dirt that covered the shoulder.

"Some poor devil's buried here," he said, "and you can be sure it's no accident. Someone must've put him down last night, used one of those three payloaders over there to hide the body. If his sleeve hadn't got caught on that steel reinforcing rod in the concrete, there's no telling when the body would have turned up."

"If that hadn't happened," agreed Deputy Coroner James B. Egner, "he might not have been found for ten years. One more shovelful would have done it."



(Continued on Page 64)



Detective Richard King makes a plaster cast of tire print where body was found. Evidence technician Pete Warren looks on.

by BRUCE STOCKDALE

BALTIMORE CO., MARYLAND  
DECEMBER 20, 1981

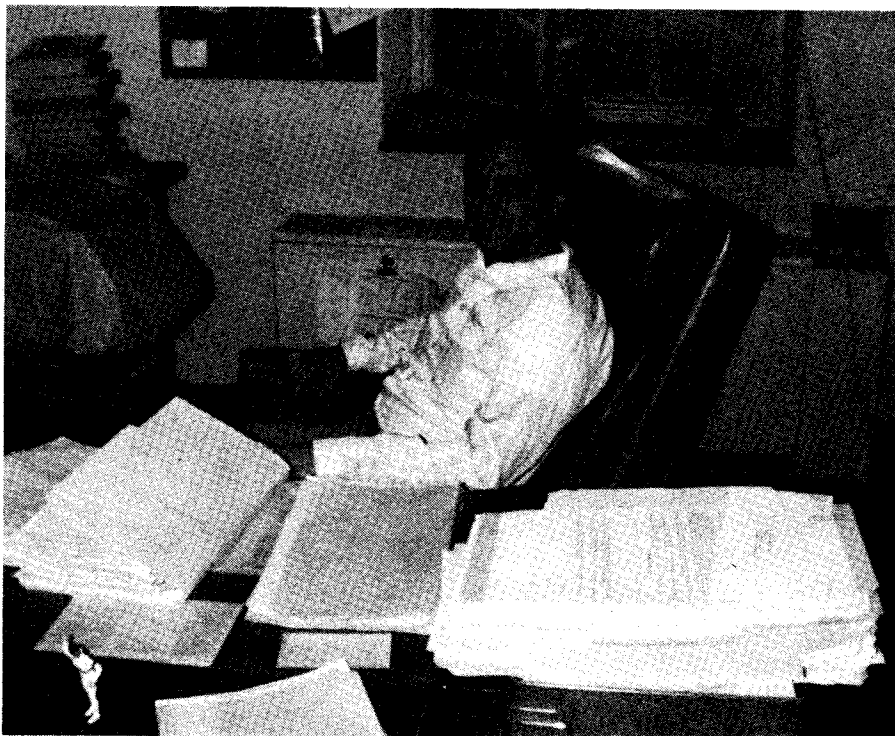
It was raw and rainy at 10:17 a.m. that Monday morning of November 24, 1980, when 44-year-old Milton Comegys arrived at the Montgomery Plaza Shopping Center in western Baltimore County. He planned to make his usual deposit of receipts from the business done over the weekend at his service station. As he parked his car in front of the Suburban Trust Company branch bank located at the end of the group of stores on the mall, he failed to notice the young black male lurking at the bank's front door. Comegys got out of his car with a money bag in each hand and headed for the bank.

Just as he reached the sidewalk, however, he found his path blocked by the young man pointing a pistol directly at his chest, who ordered, "Give me the money." Suddenly, the robber grabbed one of the money bags Comegys was grasping. When the startled victim realized what was happening, he immediately became angry. He had been robbed so many times before that he had vowed it would not happen again. Reaching into his belt with his now free right hand, he pulled out his own gun, pointed it at his assailant, and pulled the trigger. But instead of the bang-bang he needed, he only got a click-click. His gun was misfiring.

However, the would-be robber was not about to give his victim time to put his gun in good working order; instead, he fired a round at point blank range which passed through Milton Comegys' heart and out his back. But he didn't fall at once.

With his gun in one hand and the money bag in the other, the gunman turned and ran. Amazingly, the victim's damaged heart continued to pump adrenalin through his system before failing completely, and Comegys was able to take a few steps in pursuit of the robber before collapsing dead on the pavement.

Seeing this, the robber let fly five  
*(Continued on Page 53)*



State's Attorney Steve Scheinin rejected one suspect's request for a deal in the case.

Front of bank at end of shopping center where Milton Comegys was shot by a robber.



**Crack detectives never let anything escape them  
when they interrogate witnesses. That point  
was proved beyond a doubt in the case in which**

**THE DUDE WAS**



# BALTIMORE COUNTY POLICE

# WANTED

BALTIMORE COUNTY POLICE HOMICIDE SQUAD



IDENTI-KIT

CODE:

BY CAPEL

ANY INFORMATION  
CONTACT THE  
HOMICIDE SQUAD

PHONE: 494-2186

SPECIAL ATTENTION

DET. BOB CAPEL

DET. HENRY WYSHAM

OFF. JIM POWERS

HOMICIDE #

CRIME ARMED ROBBERY

DISTRICT Pc # 1

CC # D-120-570

DESCRIPTION: AGE 20 YRS.

HAIR COVERED BY HOOD

WEAPON: .380 AUTOMATIC  
DARK IN COLOR  
LONG BARREL

HEIGHT 6' TO 6-3

EYES SUNGLASSES

WEIGHT 165 LBS

COMPLEXION NIGHT  
MEDIUM

DATE & TIME: 11-24-80 1015 HRS

BUILD VERY THIN

RACE BLACK/MALE

WEARING A WHITE FUR HAT  
UNDER A GRAY SWEAT SHIRT

VEHICLE/METHOD OF ESCAPE: RAN SOUTH FROM BANK INTO WOODS

REMARKS/M.O. SUSPECT STOOD NEXT TO FRONT DOOR AND DREW WEAPON <sup>7 ON VICTIM AS</sup> HE APPROACHED

LOCATION OF OFFENSE IN FRONT OF SUBURBAN TRUST BANK 6229 BALD. NAT'L R

Flier circulated throughout Baltimore area of killer. Sketch was drawn by police artist with the help of two witnesses.

# DRESSED TO KILL



# A PROMISE OF LOVE

CLEVELAND, OHIO  
OCTOBER 10, 1981

Any magician claiming to be tops in his craft must first master the act of the disappearing lady. In all of its infinite variations, the act simply boils down to the magician's shapely, scantily-clad assistant stepping into a casket-shaped box, then being locked inside. As a transfixed audience looks on and a gloomy melody issues from the orchestra pit, the magician waves his magic wand or silks, chants a meaningless patter, and then—presto!—the box is opened and the shapely lady has disappeared.

On January 29, 1981, Chicago millionaire Henry R. Podborny pulled just such an act, or as a less articulate spokesman later said, "He just up and disappeared."

But the 58-year-old Polish-born millionaire was no magician. Nor was Podborny a magician's assistant, and it is doubtful that he knew the first thing about magic and optical illusions. Nevertheless, his incredible disappearance act boggled the experts. But there was one important thing wrong with Podborny's magic act. The millionaire failed to re-appear.

The man's magic began on a cold, snowy late-afternoon at Chicago's O'Hare Airport. Traveling alone—at least as far as anyone could determine—Henry Podborny climbed aboard a jet bound for Cleveland, Ohio. The one-hour non-stop flight set him down in the snow-flecked nightfall at Cleveland Hopkins International Airport. Airline records later confirmed that a man who named himself Henry R. Podborny, of Chicago, did, indeed, board such a flight and did, indeed, disembark at Cleveland. But from that point forward, his whereabouts became a total mystery. For after picking up his luggage at the airline terminal, Podborny fell among the milling crowds and simply vanished.

On February 20, 1981, the missing man's younger brother, alarmed about Henry's strange disappearance, conferred with Chicago detectives. Particularly worrisome to the younger brother was Henry's bad heart. He might have suffered a fatal heart attack and be lying dead, God knows where.

Chicago detectives listened attentively to Podborny's description of his brother: Short, slight of build, 58, not ordinarily given to disappearing for days at a time.

According to the vexed brother, Henry Podborny lived alone in a little white bungalow in Berwyn, a Chicago suburb. He and his 60-year-old wife, Dimples, a former nurses' aide, were separated, had been for several months. But lately, there'd been rumor of a possible reconciliation.

"Dimples has been staying in Cleveland, Ohio. With her family," the brother said. "So when Henry caught the plane for Cleveland..." But there was no more to tell. Henry had not arrived in Cleveland. If he had, Dimples had not heard from him. He'd simply vanished.

Chicago detectives shook their heads sympathetically. As longtime veterans, they knew of many disappearances no stranger than this one. Marital problems, somebody deeply broken up over an unhappy turn of life, then just walking out on the whole bit, disappearing from the scene.

"But there's nothing we can do at this point," a detective advised the brother. "You don't have any evidence of foul play. He's just gone, and all you can do is file a missing persons report."

"That's it?" the brother asked.

"I'm afraid so."

Disconsolate, hardly reassured, the brother filed the re-

port. Locating the lost brother didn't look too promising.

But on the quiet Berywn street where Henry Podborny had lived, neighbors continued to worry. No one outside the family knew Henry Podborny intimately, but they knew some: A short, frail man, frugal, it was said, but not so frugal that he would not help out anyone in need. The son of Polish immigrants, he had worked at menial jobs and drove trucks for much of his life, saved his money, and was finally able to realize The American Dream, going into business for himself. He had founded a crate manufacturing firm, The West Point Pallet Company, and in just a few short years, this business had made Henry Podborny a millionaire.

But now he'd vanished.

But while the Chicago millionaire had vanished, his money was still very much in evidence; in fact, in February 1981, travelers' checks issued to Podborny were being cashed in Cleveland, Ohio. More than that, his credit cards were being used and personal and company account checks were being cashed, also in Cleveland. Which could mean that Podborny was alive and well. Or a grimmer possibility: someone else was cashing his checks.

Cleveland and Chicago authorities conferred quietly behind the scenes. Since the two law enforcement bodies realized that Podborny might be the victim of kidnapping and fraud, held captive somewhere while others raided his checking accounts, the FBI was called into the case.

Recognizing that the Chicago businessman might be in grave danger, the authorities kept their investigation low-profile. In Berwyn, Illinois, detectives, working from square one, questioned residents on Podborny's street. No one had an unkind word for the frail, gentle businessman, and the last anyone remembered seeing him was on January 28, 1981, the day before he'd jetted out of Chicago and then disappeared.

On that last day he'd been seen, someone's house had caught fire. Podborny observed fireman fighting the blaze and, as might be expected, asked the home owners if there was any way in which he could help.

The Chicagoan's unadorned white bungalow told of Podborny's simple life-style, even in great wealth. A statue of the Virgin Mary was erected on his front lawn, mute testimony of his Christian ways and good heart.

But little was known of Dimples, Podborny's estranged wife, and detectives went about the business of learning all they could.

Dimples had already filed for divorce, that much was known. But there was more. She had a health problem, a bad heart, and so she had moved to Cleveland to be closer to her family.

The detectives learned that the dark-haired, heavy-set estranged wife had first met Henry in 1969, while she served as a nurses' aide in a hospital where the millionaire's mother was being treated. The latter was quite impressed by Dimples' care, and Henry Podborny, in another manner, was equally impressed.

In later weeks, Henry and Dimples dated. The relationship bloomed; ultimately they were married.

The marriage was idyllic, detectives were told—at least, during the early years. But for a variety of reasons, their marriage had soured in past years, and their last year together had been one of constant arguments. Finally, in June 1980, Dimples moved out and went to Cleveland.

But the Chicago crate maker missed her desperately. Life without her was a lonely, unbearable vacuum. In letters and

# LED TO MURDER!

taped love messages, he steadily professed his love for her, wanting her to come back to him. In January, at least according to rumor, the reconciliation appeared a growing likelihood. Until he mysteriously disappeared.

During the next few days, the investigation seemed to stumble. Neither Chicago or Cleveland investigators could pick up a lead on the missing man. If this was a kidnapping, why hadn't someone received a ransom note? Was Podborny dead or alive? Who was cashing the missing man's traveler's checks?

Then, during the third week of February 1981, a Cuyahoga County deputy sheriff received a phone call from an informant.

"I've got something for you on the Podborny case," the informant said.

"Like what?" the deputy sheriff asked.

"Like maybe the guy's name who's cashing Podborny's checks."

A quick exchange of confidences passed between the two men.

"His name's McLean," the informant continued. "Jim McLean. Lives in Richfield Township. He's a banking expert, believe me."

According to the informant, McLean had his hands on Podborny's checkbook, traveler's checks and bank passbooks. "And now he's looking for a connection."

"What kind of connection?"

"A banker. Someone who can cash his checks and transfer funds from Chicago banks to accounts here in Cleveland."

"This for sure?" the deputy asked.

"For sure," the informant replied.

"What about Podborny?"

"I don't know. I don't know nothing, man."

"Is McLean working alone?" the lawman asked.

"I doubt it. Snatching ain't his speciality. He's up front handling the banking matters."

"Anything else?"

"That's all of it, man. Your boy's Jim McLean. Take it from there."

To FBI agent Fred Graessle, McLean was no stranger. Jim—James D. McLean—was an occasional FBI informant, a former credit manager for Industrial Credit Company. McLean had resigned from that job in 1976 after he was accused of mishandling company funds. Threatened with criminal prosecution, McLean had repaid the company \$40,000. But now, if the deputy sheriff's informant was correct, McLean was into something deeper.

FBI agent Fred Graessle and his superiors sat down and developed a strategy. A plan was drawn. Agents, posing as bankers, would leak to McLean that they could help him.

But the plan did not work. McLean didn't go for the bait.

More days ticked by. Agent Graessle knew they could readily pick up McLean at his Richfield home and question him; no problem there. But explaining the danger to others, Graessle said, "We can't just go in and ask questions. If this (Podborny) is still alive, we have to keep as low a profile as possible as we won't cause something to happen that we might regret."

But by early March—the Chicago millionaire was now missing for nearly six weeks—agents learned that McLean was leaking to certain persons that Podborny "had been iced." Which could mean he was dead.

Following a hasty conference, the agents decided it was

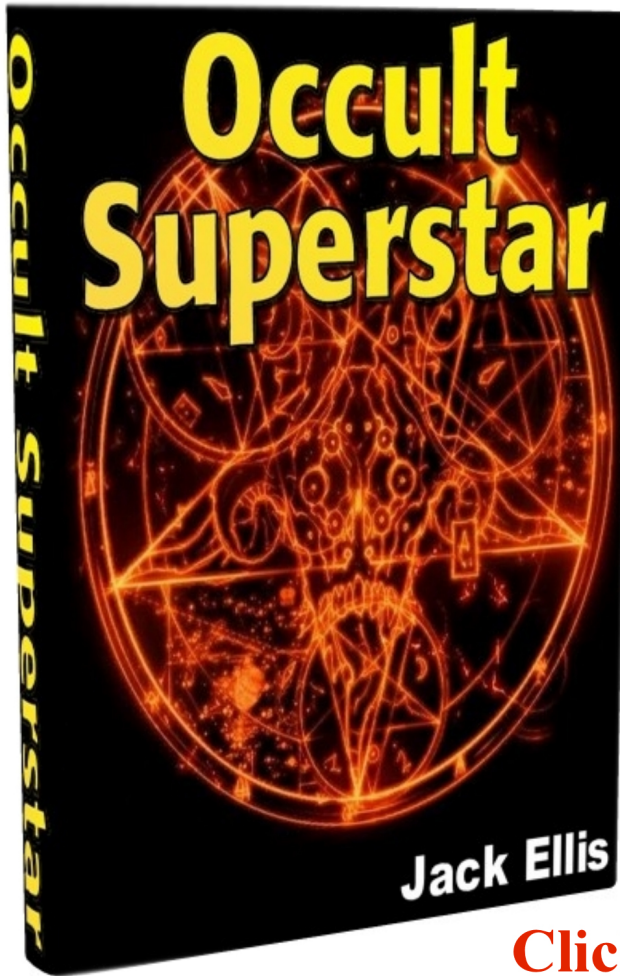
*(Continued on Page 72)*



Dimples Podborny, estranged wife of slain Chicago millionaire Henry R. Podborny, reacts after hearing the jury's verdict.

**The case was a baffler from the outset, but Ohio sleuths put all the pieces together when they learned that the hitman's bait was a lure no devoted hubby could resist.**

by ED BARCELO



You're About To Discover  
The REAL Secrets Of  
The Rich & Famous...

Use These Methods To Turn  
ALL Your Dreams About  
Money, Sex, And Power  
Into Reality!

There has existed for many years an exclusive association, a secret society... consisting of some of the world's most famous and powerful people.

These include renowned actors and musicians, leading scientists and intellectuals, self-made entrepreneurs and artists, millionaires, professional gamblers, Casanovas, statesmen.

Many of these people you would instantly recognize.

This association has hoarded some shockingly powerful secrets... and they share these secrets only amongst themselves.

In fact, these secrets are the reason these well-known individuals have achieved great prosperity.

**[Click Here To Learn More...](#)**



# EYEWITNESSES. THE COPS' NIGHTMARE

When Willie (the Actor) Sutton was on the lam in the early 1950s, the FBI distributed photographs of him to various cleaning establishments because it was assumed that sooner or later dapper Willie would want to have to have his clothes cleaned and pressed.

So it came as no real surprise when someone who worked in one of these establishments spotted the notorious bank robber and turned him in.

The young man who did the spotting was Arnold Schuster, who sat across from Willie in a subway car and recognized the face from a poster hanging in the shop. Arnold contacted the police immediately and Sutton was collared.

A short time later, Arnold Schuster was ambushed on a dark street and shot to death. The M.O. had all the earmarks of a syndicate "contract," which in fact it was, as subsequent testimony would indicate. According to insiders, Albert Anastasia (the Murder, Inc. mastermind) ordered the "hit" when he saw Schuster on television. "The Mad Hatter" had growled, "Get Him" because he didn't like squealers.

Willie Sutton had nothing to do with that killing, but when he was tried for bank robbery the jury found it impossible to keep the Schuster murder from creeping into their judgement on Sutton the robber.

And as if that wasn't enough, Willie had another problem. A bank official took the witness stand and stated positively that Sutton had been the man who had robbed the bank. The witness admitted that he had seen the defendant for only a short time, but added that he was trained to remember faces.

Sutton's defense attorney took the man on cross-examination and executed a brilliant piece of work. He asked the witness if he had seen Willie Sutton since the robbery. The bank official said he had. Asked where, he said he had seen Sutton in jail.

The attorney for the defense then wanted to know how he had been taken to the jail and the witness said he had been driven to it by a detective.

How long had he been with the detective? The reply was the witness had been in the detective's company for 30 minutes or more. The lawyer wanted to know how the official got home. He was driven home by the detective, the witness answered.

Did he remember the detective's

name? The man said he did not.

The attorney then said, "All right, look around this courtroom and see if you can pick up the detective who drove you home...No help from the audience, please. I want everyone to look straight ahead...no faint signal."

The bank official, somewhat flustered by the attorney's aggressiveness, looked into each face in the courtroom. He could not pick out the detective who had driven him home.

The attorney now finished off the witness: "Come now, Mr. Banker, you are trained to remember faces. You were with Willie Sutton a matter of seconds, yet you were with the detective over an hour and you saw him after you saw Willie Sutton. Do you want this jury to understand that you can't pick out this detective?"

The witness had no answer.

His silence does point out the disturbing fact that eyewitnesses are quite often not as reliable as we'd like them to be. Police have realized for some time now that people are likely to report what they thought they saw instead of what they actually saw.

A devastating case in point occurred more than 30 years ago in Baltimore, Maryland. Three young men were riding in a car when a car driven by a black youth cut them off. At least, the three youths thought they had been cut off. They promptly gave chase and caught up with the black youth. They crowded him to the curb.

The three young men got out of the car and advanced on the black. He came forward to meet them, fists clenched and ready for battle.

Suddenly, the white youth in the lead went down, struck his head on the curb and fell unconscious. He was rushed to a hospital, where he died.

Several eyewitnesses claimed that the black man had struck the first blow, hitting the white youth on the chin with his fist just as he stepped up on the curb.

The autopsy was performed by Dr. Russell S. Fisher, who discovered that the victim had died from a cerebral hemorrhage. Probing deeper, the pathologist learned that the hemorrhage had been caused by the spontaneous bursting of an aneurysm in the section of the brain known as the Circle of Willis.

Dr. Fisher now examined the jaw thoroughly and could find no evidence

that there had been any impact to the area. He was convinced that no blow had been struck. He was also convinced that the aneurysm had ruptured because the boy had been under the influence of rage, which shot his blood pressure sky high. When an aneurysm is in the Circle of Willis, it can sometimes rupture in this manner.

During the trial, the eyewitnesses continued to insist that they had seen the black youth strike the boy on the jaw. Dr. Fisher carefully explained the situation to each one, saying that he had seen the action indicating that a blow was about to be struck, and that he had seen the victim fall as though he had been struck. In the end, every eyewitness finally admitted that he had not actually seen a fist thrown.

Dr. Fisher did not leave it at that. By cross-examination one witness he was able to demonstrate conclusively that if a blow had been struck, the witness would not have been able to see from where he had been standing at the time.

In defense of any eyewitness it must be noted that he has no wish to condemn the man he thought he saw commit a crime. He is simply convinced in his own mind of what he saw. It might be called autosuggestion or brainwashing.

In a hypothetical situation, let's assume that you have seen someone commit a crime. You are an eyewitness. Dutifully, you report what you saw to the police. You are then asked to come to the precinct to look at mug shots of people who have committed crimes of similar nature.

While flipping through the pages you finally settle on one individual who looks like the man you saw at the crime scene. Working on the suspect you fingered, the police apprehend him. You are then shown mug shots of that man. If you are not sure of your ground, you are likely to be told: "Don't try to make a positive identification from a photograph. Keep your mind open until you've seen him in a line-up."

When the time comes to view him in a line-up, you may "accidentally" see him as he is being led to the line-up cage. This is just a maneuver to make sure you have still one more look at him before he is lined up with other people. So now you've seen his photos, you've seen him alone and finally with others under a bright light. Your doubts have been removed. You are likely to say, "That's the man."

Before the trial gets underway the prosecutor may assume that you have had some second thoughts in the matter. He may say to you, "The defense attorney is going to try to make a jerk out of you on the stand. Don't let him. All he has to do is get you to say that you have a slight doubt about seeing this suspect at the scene of the crime. Do you know what will happen



then? The case will be thrown out and you'll be a laughingstock."

Eyewitnesses are rarely sure of themselves under the best of circumstances. In a heated situation they are even less likely to point a finger at the right man. Not long ago three merchants in three different places of business were held up at gun point a city in Southern California. A short time later the police apprehended a man who was charged with those robberies. All three merchants looked at the suspect and declared that he had been the hold-up man. He had the same build, complexion, voice, gestures.

The suspect said he was innocent, but it didn't help. There were three eyewitnesses who claimed he'd robbed them. He was convicted and went to jail.

During his incarceration the man continued to insist that he had not committed those crimes. Another convict heard him and knew that his cellmate had been the one who had actually robbed those places. The real culprit had been apprehended for another crime. After plenty of pressure had been applied by the concerned convict, the actual thief confessed.

That was followed by an interrogation of the real felon, in which he was asked to describe in detail everything he had done during the commission of the three holdups. He was given a lie detector test. So was the man who had been wrongly accused.

Finally, authorities were convinced that the wrong man had been convicted. He was released from prison.

Three merchants had been mistaken in their belief that the man had robbed them. But they had been under extreme tension, you say, so their action was excusable. Not so. Eyewitnesses have been wrong even under the most normal circumstances.

Take the case of the young woman who had been confined in chains by a pervert. (This incident was reported by the internationally renowned criminologist, Dr. LeMoyné Snyder, in his book, "Homicide Investigation.") A suspect had been arrested because he had been identified by a store clerk who said he had sold him the chains used in the crime. No tension here. Just an ordinary sale. Then the victim positively identified the man as the one who had assaulted her.

You guessed it. Both were wrong. Detectives working on a narcotics case picked up the real suspect. A photograph in Dr. Snyder's book shows how dissimilar in appearance the men were. One man was tall, the other short. The short one was heavier. The tall one wore glasses, the other didn't.

Such cases can be a source of great embarrassment to innocent parties, as one businessman in an Eastern city well knows. He was a commander in the Un-

ited States Naval Reserve and a high school teacher with 15 years' experience. His record was spotless.

But all of it went down the drain when two young girls charged him with indecent exposure. In a line-up with two other men who were detectives and also much younger than he, he was studied intently by the girls. They nodded. He was the man.

His defense attorneys did everything they could to find the man who was actually guilty. They knew that if they failed, their client didn't stand a chance of being acquitted.

The jury found him guilty. Sentencing was postponed for 30 days. Newspapers in the meantime ran such headlines as: "Teacher Found Guilty of Sex Offense."

Eventually, the real culprit confessed. The businessman stated later: "I was amazed at the lack of resemblance between us. His age appeared to be at least ten years lesser than mine, and he was a good four inches taller."

Early abuses in line-up procedures have now been corrected. There was a time when a suspect was lined up with people who looked nothing at all like him. They were either taller, shorter or fatter. To the eyewitness, he stood out like a sore thumb. Not long ago the Supreme Court of the United States laid down a rule that a line-up must be fair and that the suspect is entitled to have his attorney present.

Although mug shots for crime witness identification have been used since before Prohibition, the Nassau County Police Department in New York has moved into the computer age with a multifaceted talking rogues gallery which is a giant step forward in reducing mistakes in identification.

The three-year-old system was conceived by Chief Inspector Vincent Thornton. He proposed the project to the Federal Law Enforcement Assistance Administration and was provided with \$14,000 to buy the necessary technical equipment.

According to officials, there are 28 crime categories in which the perpetrator has most likely spoken during the commission of his crime. Suspects who fall into one or more of these categories are asked to make 30-second voice tapes. They will make six innocuous statements, starting off with: "My name is John Doe. I live at 452 Elm Street..."

For the benefit of eyewitnesses, these tapes are run off while full-figure color slides are shown of the suspects. Inspector George Maher, who supervises the projects, says that the effectiveness of presenting life-size projections of individuals along with samples of their voices is far better than the old system of endless files of black and white facial photographs.

"They just walk off the screen at you,"

says Inspector Maher. "We've had witnesses who've gone right up to the screen and said, 'That's him!'"

The department asks all persons arrested for crimes ranging from bomb scares, extortion, robbery, rape, obscene telephone calls and murder to tape those six sentences, but if they refuse, the police can't force them to do so.

The idea is to keep the eyewitnesses' audio-visual viewing time as short as possible. To reach that end, the identification unit has coded scores of characteristics on suspects such as hair and eye color, scars, tattoos, amputations, haircuts and so on.

Says Inspector Maher, "We go to a category of six feet tall, white males between 24 and 30 years old who committed felony murder and work our way down. But it can take four hours that way. If the witness noticed tattoos or amputations or something, we'd be able to retrieve a much narrower number of slides to show him with the computer system."

The Nassau County Police Department's rogues gallery consists of more than 60,000 slides. They date back to 1968 when that department was the first in the country and probably the world to institute the use of life-size color photographs. Sound was added to many of those slides in 1973. Every year the files are purged, so that only five years of photographs are maintained.

Like police departments everywhere, Nassau County police say there are few witnesses who are eager to volunteer for a showing. "They don't want to come," says Inspector Maher. "They tell us we're never going to catch the guys anyway, or they're unsure or they're afraid to get involved, maybe because of reprisals.

"Or even those who are willing to come and help us often didn't see what they thought they saw. We've had positive identifications on guys who were in jail at the time of the crime..."

The Nassau unit has been experimenting with voiceprints for some time. This device permits police to match samples of a suspect's voice with tapes made by police during kidnapping or extortion threats or during obscene telephone calls and bomb scares.

Nassau police do voiceprint analysis for the New York City Police Department and the FBI's New York office.

Inspector Maher eagerly looks forward to a time when three-dimensional holography will be used. "They use it at Walt Disney World," he says, "and it's fascinating. With it we can get front, side profiles, even the back if we want it, but that's too complicated. We'll be satisfied with a real side view that the witness can walk up to on the screen and look at.

"Three-dimensional, with the guy talking," he said. "That's something." ●

also been shot twice. One side of her head had been completely blown off. The sheets and drapes were drenched with blood. Her arms and legs were stretched out, and Pointer believed he was in the middle of a nightmare.

This sort of thing happened in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, London, books and movies, but not in sleepy Sussex, England. Certainly not in the quaint, old-fashioned village of Oving, where poaching was the only crime Pointer had ever before had to investigate.

Without touching a thing, Pointer ran from the bedroom, out of the house and back to his car, where he called his headquarters in Chichester.

"Stay where you are," he was told. "Keep your hands off everything. Don't leave your post unless you happen to see anyone lurking in the grounds."

Detective Inspector John Ryder immediately took charge of the case and arrived at the scene with a team of forensic scientists, a doctor, a team of senior detectives, and a squad of uniformed officers.

Dr. Andrew Gorton needed only a few seconds before he was able to tell Ryder: "Both died from shotgun wounds. At close range. Can't tell you how many times they were shot. What I can say is that they were both shot more than once. We won't know the exact details until we perform a postmortem examination."

"How long have they been dead?" Ryder asked.

"They were killed during the night. Sometime after midnight, I'd say before dawn. Sorry I can't be more exact for the time being. As you can see, the bodies are a real mess."

While the bodies were taken away to the morgue at Chichester, the forensic team continued scouring the house and gardens for clues. Fingerprint experts examined through high-powered magnifying glasses all the doors, windows and their frames, the silver, cupboards, tables and the banister up the stairs and along the landing. The uniformed officers spent all afternoon and evening on their knees on the grounds, combing every inch of grass and flowers beds for any clue, such as a footprint or some little item the double killer might have dropped.

By early evening, Ryder was sure that he had a clear picture of what had happened.

Sometime during the previous night, a burglar had broken into Oving Lodge, smashing a window on the ground floor near the front door.

While ransacking the downstairs rooms, he'd awakened Commander Alder, who'd got out of bed to investigate a noise he'd heard.

The intruder heard Alder come out of his bedroom and had gone up the stairs to silence him. They'd met on the landing, where the burglar had gunned down the retired Naval officer in cold blood.

The shooting had immediately awakened Mrs. Alder, who'd probably called out to her husband, unwittingly alerting the killer.

The killer knew that the alarm would be raised within seconds and so he decided to eliminate that problem by murdering Mrs. Alder as well.

He'd gone into the bedroom. Mrs. Alder had already started to leave her bed, no doubt hurrying to reach her husband, to ensure that he was safe, bewildered by everything that was happening.

When the killer entered the bedroom, Mrs. Alder probably expected to see her husband returning.

Instead, it was a stranger, armed with a shotgun, who'd walked right up to within a few inches of her and had then blasted away.

That's the way Ryder saw it and all of his team agreed with him.

The pathologist confirmed that the two victims had been shot twice with a 12-bore shotgun between 2:00 a.m. and 3:00 a.m.

Lots of latent fingerprints had been lifted from all over the house, but none from around the broken window. Before it would be known if any of them were of value they would have to be checked against those of the family.

Ryder decided that the killer had fled, leaving his loot, because he was afraid that the sound of the shots might have awakened neighbors and that the police could have been called.

Several things were on Ryder's priority list. The man who'd raised the alarm had to be interviewed. Neighbors had to be questioned. The last hours in the Alders' lives had to be reconstructed. Relatives had to be contacted. And, as quickly as possible, Ryder wanted to find out everything about the Alders' background.

The alarm had been raised by a visiting tradesman, a 37-year-old specialist in garden lay-outs and landscaping. He'd called at the Alders' house, looking for business. After failing to get a reply, he'd noticed the broken window. Then he drove to the nearest public pay telephone and called the police.

His story checked out and the central computer at Scotland Yard, London, confirmed the man had no known criminal history.

He was asked if he minded being fingerprinted. He raised no objection and cooperated fully with the police. His fingerprints did not match any of those taken from Oving Lodge.

The young detectives knocking on doors weren't making much headway either. None of the neighbors heard a thing. This was not too surprising because the houses in that area are well spaced out, hidden behind high walls and insulated by tall trees.

However, Ryder had more luck piecing together the final hours in the Alders' lives and also with their background.

The picture people painted of Mrs. Alder was one of a perfect wife and mother—there were two children, a son and a daughter. Regularly she attended the parish church in Oving and helped teach at the local Sunday School. Everyone Ryder spoke to said they found Mrs. Alder easy to speak with, and she was a confidante to some of her children's friends, including an Olympic swimmer who was coached for his triumph in the United States, where he lived for some time.

Mrs. Alder was also noted for her good cooking. Just a few weeks before the tragedy, she'd prepared a lavish cold roast beef buffet for the 21st birthday party for her son, Andrew.

The party had been a stunning success. Eight of Andrew Alder's student friends had traveled down from the town of Hatfield, in the county of Hertfordshire, some 100 miles away.

For his birthday present, Commander Alder had given his son \$1,000 to spend any way he wished. Andrew was studying biology at Hatfield Polytechnic in Hertfordshire, but academically he was overshadowed by his 19-year-old sister who was taking a degree course in English at Durham University.

Ryder decided to break the news of the tragedy to Andrew Alder personally. Late on the night of June 7, before details had been released to the media, Ryder drove the 100 miles to Andrew's shabby apartment in Hertford, which he paid for by working as a barman at nights.

When Ryder broke the news to him, Andrew went down on his knees in hysterics. He appeared totally dazed, and kept repeating how he couldn't understand how such a thing had happened.

He told Ryder when he'd stopped weeping: "My parents didn't have an enemy in the world. They were good people. The best. I would rather have my parents alive than have a degree."

He kept muttering the words: "Oh, Mummy! Oh, Daddy! Come back. Please come back."

There was nothing Ryder could do for Andrew except call in a doctor and have him sedated.

Then it was back to the investigation. On the night of Saturday June 6, the Alders had gone to Chichester Theater. They'd returned home about 11 o'clock and Ryder estimated that they were probably in bed by midnight.

Ryder was puzzled by this information. If the Alders had been out all evening, why had the burglar waited until they returned before breaking into the house? It looked like the work of a professional burglar which meant that he would have "cased" the house for several days before attempting the job.

"He'd have been watching the house on the Saturday night several hours before he broke in," Ryder told his men. "He'd have seen the Alders leave, all dressed up for a night out. Why didn't he take that wonderful opportunity to ransack the house in peace and complete safety, with everyone out? It doesn't make sense."

It was at that moment that a new seed became planted in Ryder's head.

"Say it was the other way round?" he said, putting forward a new proposition. "Perhaps we're not looking for a professional burglar at all. Perhaps the real motive for the break-in was to murder the Alders. The apparent attempt at burglary could be a decoy. Maybe we're hunting a hired assassin, a professional hitman."

Although everyone said Commander Alder had no enemies, Ryder knew that little weight could be attached to such statements. Anyone who has worked at the top level in military intelligence and is involved in politics must have enemies. Ryder knew that. It's a fact of life.

The leaders of the secret service and military intelligence agencies in Britain, the United States and all NATO countries were consulted and promised to assist, as far as it would be possible to do so without giving away trade secrets.

A sexual motive had been ruled out at the postmortem examination stage. Mrs. Alder had not been raped or sexually assaulted in any way.

The breakthrough for the police was to come swiftly and unexpectedly two days after the killings, and before Ryder had received any feedback from the intelligence agencies. Like so many homicide cases, it was solved through routine police procedure.

Two detectives trudged across fields to an isolated farmhouse just to see if the occupants had seen or heard anything suspicious on the night of the murders.

"Nothing much," said the farmer, "except a van parked on that private road on the Saturday afternoon.

The detectives went to the private road and to the place where the van had been parked, but the vehicle was gone.

They were just about to leave when they noticed that the long grass beside a hedgerow had been trampled down recently.

They followed the flattened grass to a spot where a small piece of wood was sticking out. The soil there had been disturbed so they started digging.

# DETECTIVE SCRAMBLE

Unscramble the words and then use the circled letters (not necessarily in the order in which they appear) as your clues to find the answer and crack the case.

**CRALSA**



**RIPEL**



**MURAN**



**ROTTIDS**



**LEDARO**



Here's some physical evidence:

This mobster was the kingpin of the countrywide loan shark rackets.



(The solution to the SCRAMBLE is on page 55.)

Within seconds they'd found a shotgun with the barrels and butt sawn off, but the serial number was intact.

The detectives rushed back to headquarters with their discovery.

Ryder contacted Scotland Yard again, quoting the serial number of the shotgun and asking if there was any criminal history to the weapon.

While Scotland Yard officers were feeding the information into their computers, ballistics experts were examining the shotgun at Chichester. It did not take them long to inform Ryder that this was gun that had been used to blast away the lives of the Alders.

Hardly had Ryder received that piece of news when a call came from Scotland Yard. The shotgun did have a history. It had been reported stolen the previous week by a student at Hatfield Polytechnic, and a close friend of the Alders' son, Andrew.

Quickly Ryder started making inquiries into the movements of Andrew Alder on the weekend of the homicide of his parents.

He learned that Andrew had spent most of Saturday afternoon with his regular girlfriend who lived in the famous horseracing town of Ascot, in the county of Berkshire. His manner had been cheerful and he'd seemed full of fun.

In the evening of that Saturday, June 7, he'd gone out drinking with fellow students, but had slipped away early, which was unusual for him, his friends said. He'd made the excuse that he had some studying to do, though never before had he missed the opportunity of a Saturday night swing.

Next port of call for Ryder was a pub called the Ye Olde Fighting Cocks in the city of St. Albans, not far from Hatfield, where Andrew worked as a part-time barman with his girlfriend.

The owner of the pub told Ryder: "He's a superb barman. We treat him like one of the family. Once he brought his parents here for lunch. They seemed a wonderfully happy family."

Although he knew that he was on the brink of solving the case, somehow it was becoming even more confusing for Ryder.

Surely Andrew Alder wouldn't have broken into his parents' home and cold-bloodedly gunned down his own mother and father? What possible motive could he have had for committing such a monstrous crime, and wouldn't it be beyond the capability of a loving son? Yet the killer had to be the person who stole that shotgun from the student. Only a very few people knew he owned a shotgun. One of those people was Andrew Alder.

Now was the time, Ryder decided, to bring in the son for questioning. He discovered that Andrew had gone with his sister to stay with the parents of the

Olympic swimmer at their home in Yapton, in the county of Sussex.

It was out of sympathy for the orphaned youngsters that the swimmer's parents had invited them to stay at their home for as long as they liked.

Ryder asked Andrew if he knew that one of his friends had owned a shotgun. Andrew said he didn't.

"Have you ever handled a shotgun?" Andrew was asked.

"Never," he replied. "I hate guns. I wouldn't go near one. They frighten me."

Ryder had already been informed by forensics that they had taken a number of very good latent fingerprints from the shotgun.

Andrew Alder was driven to Chichester Police Station, and all the way he complained about being harassed at a time of such grief for him.

But soon after his arrival at Chichester, it was discovered that Andrew Alder's fingerprints matched at least two of the prints on the murder weapon.

"You killed your parents, didn't you?" said Ryder.

"Oh, no, I love my parents," he replied.

"We have the proof," said Ryder.

And at that point Andrew Alder broke down sobbing and muttered: "Yes, I did it. Oh, my God, I did it!"

It was a conclusion that even Ryder admits he found just too hard to believe.

In a signed confession, Andrew admitted that he'd driven through the night to Oving on his motorbike. On his back was a kitbag. And inside the bag was the stolen shotgun with ammunition, which he'd bought.

He didn't have a key to his parents' home, so he broke in. The noise of his smashing the window woke his parents, and his father had left the bedroom to investigate.

"Who's there?" Mr. Alder demanded, putting on a light.

"It's me, Father," Andrew called out. "Andrew." By that time, he was mounting the stairs, carrying his kitbag, with the shotgun still inside it, but loaded and ready for use.

"What the devil are you doing here at this time of the night, Andrew?" his father asked, furious. "How the hell did you get in? Did you break a window? Why the devil didn't you ring the bell like any civilized person would do?"

By this time, Andrew was on the landing. "I've brought you something," he said calmly.

"Brought something? What?"

Before Mr. Alder could say another word, Andrew had removed the shotgun from the kitbag. "Yes, I've brought this for you."

The first shot was fired.

As Mr. Alder reeled backwards, Andrew discharged the second barrel of his stolen sawed-off shotgun.

"What's going on out there?" cried Mrs. Alder, starting to climb from her majestic bed.

Andrew had come to kill both his mother and father, as he admitted in his frank confession.

Moving stealthily, he darted into the bedroom, re-loading the shotgun as he went.

"Andrew!" his mother gasped as she saw her son gripping the weapon, smoke still seeping from the barrels. She was on her feet and about to leave the bedside.

Andrew hurried forward, without saying a word. Mrs. Alder put a hand to her mouth and muttered: "Oh, no! My God! My son!"

By that time, Andrew was close enough to smell the alcohol on his mother's breath. He fired the first shot from the hip, the one which shattered her breasts.

Mrs. Alder staggered backwards and collapsed on the bed. Andrew then stood on the bed astride his mother, raised the shotgun to his shoulder, and released the second barrel, aiming at her head.

Then, Andrew calmly put the gun back into the kitbag and let himself out through the front door. He drove a few miles to the private road where he buried the weapon, not expecting it to be found for weeks or months, or ever.

With that accomplished, he rode his motorbike at a steady speed back to his apartment 100 miles away, making sure he didn't commit any offense that would cause a patrolling cop to stop him.

What was the motive? Simple greed, one of the traditional motives for murder.

Andrew Alder was desperate to inherit his father's fortune. It was no use just killing his father, because the money and estate would then have been passed on to his mother. Both his parents had to die for everything to go to Andrew. And die they did, though Andrew will never see one penny of the money.

Despite the apparent love in the family, Andrew was a disappointment to his father. There was never any chance of his emulating his father's distinguished career and this bugged both the ex-Commander and Andrew.

Andrew never made Oxford University as his father hoped he would, and he was rather overshadowed by his bright sister.

In June, 1980, Andrew failed his second-year examinations at Hatfield Polytechnic and he was forced to leave as a full-time student.

Pressured by his parents, he was persuaded to stay in the Hatfield area, to take a part-time job to help pay his way and to continue his studies in his spare time.

But Andrew knew that he was destined once more to fail his exams and



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that this would provoke yet another roasting from his stern father.

"In the end, he probably couldn't stand the pressure of not being a success in his parents' eyes," said one of four students with whom he shared his apartment.

"It became too much for him to bear. I know he didn't get on well with his parents, but I think he respected them for the life they'd built for themselves. He wanted to get his degree, but he didn't want to go through four years of studying and exams.

One friend said: "I think Andrew probably hated his father. He was very hard on him. Andrew wanted a car, but his father wouldn't pay the insurance.

"In the end, he had to get himself a motorbike and get the money to run it from working as a barman.

"Certainly he was under a lot of pressure to do well in his exams. This may have contributed towards his inexplicable actions. I think he was bitter over the fact that his father would spend money on fine wines and entertaining on his yacht, while Andrew had to scrape around for money."

But in his statement, Andrew confes-

sed that it was "the dream" of inheriting his father's \$400,000 estate that motivated his heinous action.

Within hours of slaying both his parents, Andrew was buying Sunday lunchtime drinks for his friends. And later he was to take his girlfriend on a motorbike jaunt around the lovely lanes of Hertfordshire, lapping up the fresh air. It was as if he didn't have a care or worry in the world.

In the village of Oving, a resident who knew the whole Alder family well, said: "Andrew was a lovely, sober young lad, a really nice boy."

Another villager said: "He was always polite. He was a gentleman. What happened is unbelievable."

One final ironic twist was to come out at the trial at the end of which Andrew Alder was sentenced to life imprisonment.

The mysterious parked van in the private lane which the farmer mentioned to the two detectives who unearthed the murder weapon had nothing whatsoever to do with the crime. The van had been left in the lane because it had broken down and was later towed away.

after she tried to question him.

Police agreed that if Griffith was her assailant that she was fortunate to have survived. This opinion was supported by a detective's report of a statement made by a witness who had been walking with Griffith, whom he knew as Elroy Jones, just before the Snyder shooting.

"At approximately 6:40 p.m.," according to the report, "the witness became aware that Officer Snyder was walking behind them. Elroy Jones told the witness, prior to Officer Snyder approaching them, that if anything happened to move to his right—that everything to his left was getting wasted."

The fugitive's record showed that he had been paroled from the federal penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pa., in 1978 after serving four years of an 18-year sentence for bank robbery.

A decision on whether or not to revoke his parole was the fault of the police department's computer which provided judges with defendant's records at arraignment proceedings. At the time Griffith was arraigned, the computer was out of service.

As a backup measure, judges were provided with duplicate files compiled manually by bail agency officials. For reasons unknown, the file on Griffith was never delivered. Thus, the judge had no way of knowing that Griffith had any record at all and released him without bond.

From information in police files, investigators compiled a list of the suspect's friends and relatives, searched their premises, and urged them to convince Griffith to turn himself in if he should contact them. They pressed private informants for news of his whereabouts and questioned known drug dealers, addicts and other street people throughout the city.

Lack of cooperation from the criminal element along 14th Street was not unexpected. In fact, police had learned that some of these people had laughed and clapped when they learned that Snyder had been shot.

The reaction was viewed as a vengeful response to Snyder's diligence in suppressing the narcotics traffic. "People on the streets hated him," said one detective about the murdered officer. "Not because he harassed them but because he was a small, diminutive character, and he got all of their dope and put them in jail."

"He hated drugs," said another officer. "Hated everything connected with drugs."

Said still another, "He was a hell of a good cop."

His commander, Deputy Chief Alphonso Gibson, who was then in charge of the Third District, placed Snyder "in the top one percent of my men."

Uniformed policemen throughout the city wore strips of black tape across

## HERO-COP KILLER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

took Snyder's still-holstered service revolver and resumed the chase, managing to get off two more shots before the man dashed out of sight.

Parked in a patrol car nearby were Officer Karen Rowe and a local university biomedical technology student who was riding with the policewoman as part of a departmental public education program. "He's still alive," the student shouted as he and Rowe knelt beside Snyder and began to administer cardiopulmonary resuscitation. "There's a pulse and shallow respiration."

They continued to administer first aid, barely able to hear one another above the mounting crowd noises and the screaming sirens of police cars that were converging there. Suddenly, even these sounds were drowned out by the roar of a police helicopter that was coming down for a landing on a nearby section of 14th Street, which police had managed to clear of traffic.

As soon as Snyder was secured safely inside, the helicopter whirled skyward and headed toward the Washington Hospital Center. There the wounded man was rushed to the shock trauma unit where he underwent an hour and a half of futile surgery. At 3:14 a.m., Officer Arthur Snyder died.

He had been struck by three bullets. However, only one had penetrated his body. The other two had been stopped by his bulletproof vest and belt buckle, although at least one of these had knocked him down. It was the slug fired

into his head that had been fatal.

Meanwhile, scores of policemen had converged on the scene of the shooting to search for the fugitive and question prospective witnesses while a Mobile Crime Laboratory crew composed of Officer Technicians Larry Muncy, Jason Whetzel and Harry Schaub took photographs and searched for physical evidence.

Among other officers working on the case were homicide detectives under the command of Captain Charles Samarra, then in charge of the Homicide Branch, and Lieutenant Carl Alexander. They included Detectives Bob Chaney, Jack Aduddell, Russ Drummond, Charles Shuler, and Otis Ficking.

By midnight, investigators had managed to locate six eyewitnesses, each of whom had selected the same mug shot as that of the gunman.

The man now being sought in one of the biggest manhunts in the city's history was a 27-year-old local drug dealer named Bruce Wazon Griffith, who was also known as "Elroy Jones" and "Reds." Griffith supposedly had vowed to shoot any police officer who tried to arrest him.

There was evidence that he might have made good on the threat before the Snyder shooting. Griffith was a principal suspect in the October wounding of a policewoman. Like Snyder, Officer Doris Bliss Young had been shot by a man whom she suspected of selling drugs on the street. She was shot

their badges in mourning, all departmental flags were lowered to half mast, and a \$5,000 reward was posted for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the killer.

As the search for the suspect continued and more was learned about him, he began to appear as a mass of contradictions. For instance, he was a drug dealer who allegedly kept warning his friends and all young people about the dangers of narcotics. He was a Catholic who identified with the Muslim faith but had never converted.

He had been a problem prisoner in a minimum security prison, who when transferred to a maximum security institution, adapted so well that he won a parole. A man who reported being in the same room with him after the shooting said, "I had this feeling that evil was present."

Phones in the Homicide Branch rang almost every five minutes with reports of sightings. Many calls placed Griffith in different parts of the city at virtually the same times. Others which depicted Griffith driving a silver Mercedes or red Cadillac and wearing padding to make himself look fat also were believed to be the work of overactive imaginations.

Interest in the case extended as far away as Los Angeles where a police official there phoned Washington homicide detectives for more information after receiving a nationwide look-out for the fugitive. "If he runs, we'll find him," said Homicide Detective Lieutenant Kenneth Winters. "The adrenalin is going when a policeman is shot. It's not hard to get cooperation."

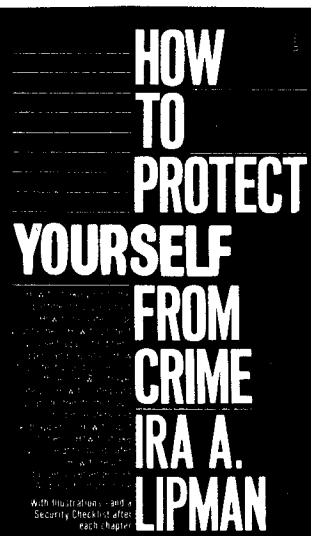
Winters' views were echoed by another officer who said, "Whenever a policeman from anywhere in the country is killed, you feel it."

Tuesday passed and then Wednesday, and police still seemed no closer to making an arrest. There had been reports that officers, acting on tips, had arrived at alleged hideouts within minutes after Griffith had fled. However, there was no way they could verify that the wanted man, in fact, had been at these locations.

However, there was one reported near-miss that appeared particularly authentic. Shortly after dark on Wednesday, two patrolmen had spotted a man they were convinced was Griffith. They had pursued the man on foot but lost him. Inspired by the chase, they intended to keep looking.

However, the key figure in the events that were about to take place was a cab driver named Barney Clark who on the third day following the murder decided to skip lunch and make a few extra bucks instead. It was shortly after 2:00 p.m. when Clark was flagged down by a tall man standing on a street corner about 13 blocks from where the shooting of Officer Snyder had occurred.

# Inside the Covers



"How to Protect Yourself From Crime," by Ira A. Lipman, published by Avon Books, is a straightforward, comprehensive manual of crime prevention written by the president of one of the nation's major security service firms, Guardsmark, Inc.

The book addresses itself to every type of personal crime, how to avoid it and what to do if you are victimized. The advice covers the entire range, with specific information for everyone, including the elderly, children, women, businessmen, vacationers, homeowners, apartment dwellers, and others.

The 248-page, illustrated book also discusses the most modern security devices on the market today. The tips given here on how to get the most for your security value are invaluable. The book sells for \$2.95.

Mr. Lipman has thoughtfully provided a convenient security checklist at the end of each chapter. Some items on the lists are as follows:

Never carry large amounts of cash, but do carry some cash to appease robbers who may become angry at claims of "no money." Surrender your valuables to a robber, and do so quickly.

The person living alone, especially a woman, should always have a telephone in the bedroom and a strong lock on the bedroom door.

The optimum time to try to escape from a rapist is during the first 20 seconds of the encounter. If the assailant is unarmed, scream as you run, and remember that screaming "fire" often brings help faster than screaming "help."

If you are being followed on a well-traveled street, slow down, speed up, reverse directions—in other words, indicate to your pursuer that you are aware of him. Then go straight for help.

Never talk on the phone unless you do so willingly, and never tell anyone anything that you don't wish them to know.

Windows above ground level require less protection than ground-level windows only if they are generally inaccessible. If in doubt, protect them as if they were at ground level.

Don't admit anyone into your home unless you know the person or he has properly identified himself and his reasons for calling on you. Use a chain lock and a rubber doorstop while identifying a stranger at your door.

A caller who hangs up without speaking may be attempting to determine whether or not the house is occupied. Use such a call as a reminder to check your security measures.

Burglars do their best work in the dark, so use lights generously. If you believe someone is in your house, go immediately to a neighbor's and call the police. Don't try to be a hero.

Be cautious when using 24-hour banking equipment. If you notice suspicious-looking people "hanging out," wait until they leave or visit another branch.

The probability that the offender will be arrested will increase by about 10 percent if you call the police within two minutes of the crime. Always report a crime, even if you are only a witness.

Although Clark already had a passenger, he decided to stop to see if the man was going in the same direction. If so, he might be able to make the needed cash faster than expected.

The man said that he had plenty of time and wouldn't mind riding along with the other passenger. After that person was dropped off, the man flashed a roll of \$100's and \$20 bills and told Clark he wanted to go to a certain place where cocaine was sold.

The request made Clark nervous, but he decided to go ahead since he needed the money. On the way, the passenger asked Clark to play some music on the cab's tape deck. By the time they reached the passenger's destination, Clark found that he was enjoying the man's company.

However, the man from whom the passenger expected to buy cocaine wasn't there. So he told Clark to drive to another location about 10 blocks away.

"I tell him it's hot down there," Clark recalled, "a police shooting and all. I say all the dope places are hot."

The man replied that he wasn't worried, that he ran the street where he wanted to go. "Police mess with me, I'll kill them, too," Clark quoted the man as saying. The cabbie didn't believe the man was serious or that he was hinting at having a connection with the murder of Officer Snyder other than possibly knowing the killer's identity.

He recalled that when they discussed the 14th Street shooting that the passenger described the gunman as "just a hustler who was just about doing his business. When you're doing whatever you're doing, you have to do whatever becomes necessary," he quoted the man as saying.

At the next stop, the passenger got out of the cab, and Clark watched him buy marijuana from some men on the street. "These dudes are scared of him," Clark said. "I'm thinking he is a big time hustler. They know who he is. They are scared to death."

When the man returned to the cab, he told Clark to proceed to still another place. On the way, the passenger saw the parked car of his "cocaine man" and told Clark to stop. Then he got out of the taxi again.

While Clark was chauffeuring his mysterious passenger from place to place, Police Officers Robert Lanham and Adrian James were cruising the area where Griffith had grown up and some of his relatives still lived. They had been patrolling this beat in uniform since August.

Today, however, they were dressed in plain clothes and driving James' brown Toyota instead of their regular blue and white police cruiser. The reason was that Thursday was their day-off, and like scores of other policemen in the city, they had volunteered to work on

their own time in the search for the fugitive.

They believed they had almost captured him the night before when they had run after but lost a man who fit his description. The chase was believed to be the closest anyone had come to catching Griffith since the manhunt began.

During the morning and early afternoon of Valentine's Day, they had been patrolling all of the side streets, thoroughfares and alleys trying to spot Griffith among other motorists or the pedestrians who crowded sidewalks on this mid-winter day.

Shortly before 3:00 p.m., they were parked near an intersection watching the passersby when they saw a man get into a taxi a short distance away. They knew without doubt that the man was Bruze Wazon Griffith.

The cab pulled away, and the officers followed, calling for assistance on a hand radio to conform with regulations which prohibit police in unmarked cars from stopping other vehicles. Moments later, Officer John Bonaccorsy swept past them in a blue and white cruiser, signaling with his roof lights for the cab to pull over. Lanham and James raced to close the gap between themselves and the other cars.

Clark's first reaction to the police cruiser was to yell at the passenger now sitting beside him to hide the marijuana cigarette which the man had started to roll. "I've got to stop this cab," Clark shouted.

"You'd better drive," the man reportedly told him.

Instead, Clark threw the automatic gear shift into "park," and as the car slowed, pushed open the door and tumbled outside. "Wait a minute," he shouted as he scrambled out of the way of the three police officers who were converging on the taxi with guns drawn.

Later he would recall, "It flashed my mind: This is the man the police are looking for. I'm only the cab driver."

The policemen's attention was riveted solely on Griffith. The officers in plain clothes showed their badges, and all three ordered, "Come out with your hands up!"

Instead, Griffith shot at them through the rear window. Lanham, James, and Bonaccorsy fired back.

Apparently Griffith managed to put the taxi back into gear because it started to move down the street as he fired more shots at the officers. Moments later, it crashed into a parked car. Suddenly one of its doors flew open, and Griffith was exchanging shots outside with the police.

"It sounded like the Fourth of July out there," a witness said later. A war veteran recalled, "It sounded like Vietnam."

Then, as suddenly as it had started, the shooting stopped. Griffith lay mo-

tionless 10 feet from the taxi, the gun still clutched in his hand.

Ambulance attendants found that he was still breathing when they whisked him away to the Washington Hospital Center where, ironically, some of the same surgeons who had operated on Snyder fought to save his life, too. However, their efforts in this case also proved futile. Doctors pronounced Griffith dead at 4:05 p.m. They counted six bullet wounds in his body.

Within minutes of Griffith's death, the news had reached police headquarters, precinct stations throughout the city, and the funeral home where some of Snyder's fellow officers and family friends were paying respects to his widow. A policeman there commented, "I guess it's justice in a way. At least for the family. But Snyder's still gone. It isn't going to bring him back. That's the tragedy. He's still gone."

More than 1,000 police officers from 24 cities attended the funeral which was held the following day. The procession of 700 automobiles which accompanied the body to the burial site stretched for two miles along the city's streets.

Part of the case's aftermath was predictable. Griffith's friends contended that police had killed the wrong man. One version of their story was that Griffith had been nowhere near 14th Street when Snyder was shot. Another was that Snyder had been shot accidentally by someone standing behind Griffith in the crowd. Griffith's friends also claimed he had planned to give himself up but had never had the chance.

Police reminded these people that no less than six eyewitnesses to the 14th Street shooting had positively identified Griffith from photographs as the killer. Then there was the ballistics evidence. While the bullets which struck the slain officer were too damaged to compare with those fired from Griffith's gun, ballistics experts were able to determine that Snyder had been shot by a pistol of the same make and model.

Police further argued that they had never heard anything about alleged plans for surrender. They pointed out that Griffith could have turned himself in at anytime during the three days he had been in hiding; that they repeatedly had asked everyone with whom he might be in contact to urge him to do so; but that, instead, he had chosen to remain a fugitive and answer direct calls to surrender with gunfire.

Police also revealed that a scientific examination of the taxi's shattered window glass showed that the first bullet to strike it had been fired from inside the cab, thus confirming eyewitness reports that the three officers had been forced to shoot in self defense.

What surprised and disturbed both police and other city officials were the numbers of respectable, middle class



men and women who joined the street people at Griffith's wake. Some of these citizens explained their presence as a symbolic protest against deficiencies in education and job opportunities which they contended led ghetto youth into lives of crime. Others explained they had come out of sympathy for Griffith's family whom they believed to be decent people who had undergone a personal tragedy that could just as easily have happened to them.

News of the wake angered some law enforcement officials. They felt that a lot of people suddenly had lost their perspective, and that the press had given the event more coverage than it deserved. "The traditional system of rewards and punishments has been turned on its head," complained one high ranking police officer. "Griffith is a

folk hero, and Officer Arthur P. Snyder—remember him?—has been buried with little thanks after he gave his life trying to make the inner city a little safer."

Still, the police had plenty of supporters even if they didn't always draw as much attention as the people who attended Griffith's wake. Some were even from the drug dealing areas along 14th Street. One man who worked on that street said:

"It's bad now, but it was worse before the police beefed things up. I hope they don't slack up now that they got the one who did the killing." ●

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*Barney Clark is a fictitious name and has been used because there is no reason for public interest in his true identity.*

## DRESSED TO KILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

more shots at the victim, all of which missed, before disappearing in flight around the rear of the bank.

Walter Thomas had parked his car at the rear of the bank and had just gotten out when he was almost bowled over by a young black male rushing past with a gun in one hand and a white cloth in the other. The alert citizen observed that the handgun was an automatic pistol, black steel with brown handgrips on a rounded gun butt, with two pearl-colored rivets on the handgrip. Putting two and two together, Thomas took pursuit, but thought better of this when the fleeing man stopped and pointed the pistol at him.

By this time, sirens were sounding as Baltimore County Police Department (BCPD) units sped to the scene of the 10-31 Assault and Robbery shooting call phoned in by a bank teller who had witnessed the entire scene. The first lawmen to arrive were Sergeant John Litchfield and Corporal Steve Blackburn, who found the body of the victim lying next to the curb at the entrance of the drive-in window at the side of the bank, a point about 30 feet from where he had initially been shot. Sergeant Litchfield bent down to check for vital signs, but found none. He could see that the victim had sustained a wound in the center of his chest, which was bleeding heavily.

"Steve, call for an ambo and homicide squad assistance," ordered Litchfield.

Within minutes, Baltimore County Rescue Squad Ambulance 225 responded to the scene, but there was nothing in the way of lifesaving measures that could be taken by its crew, Paramedics Wallace Fugate and Larry Yox, who pronounced the victim dead at the scene.

As they awaited the arrival of the homicide squad sleuths, the two un-

informed officers were able to glean a rudimentary description of the killer from shocked bank personnel: a black male, about 18-20 years old, wearing dark-rimmed glasses, white fur hat, a gray hooded sweatshirt with hood up over the head, and dark-colored designer jeans with extreme sharp creases on the front of the pants legs. Sergeant Litchfield relayed this information to the police dispatcher, who put out an all-points bulletin for the suspect.

Fielding the call for homicide squad assistance were Detectives Henry Wysham and Robert Capel, both with outstanding records as homicide sleuths and both with previous cases recounted in this magazine. Their first order of business was to organize a minute search of the area in an effort to determine whether the criminal had left something of himself in the area in his hasty flight from the scene.

This effort hit paydirt when Officer Don Roe found a fuzzy white hat lying on the ground on the east side of the Montgomery Ward's store, while Officer John Gribben recovered a gray, hooded sweatshirt found lying on the parking lot near a chain link fence. A K-9 officer found fresh footprints in the mud dirt wooded area adjoining the parking lot, and what the sleuths figured to be the most significant find of all—a live round of what appeared to be pistol ammunition—was found near the bank's front door.

Matters were further helped along when Officer Gribben was flagged down by a citizen who informed him that during the period of time when she had heard sirens sounding in the area, she had observed a black male wearing a long-sleeved sweater running through her yard and into the nearby woods. He appeared to be carrying something in each hand.

The hat and the sweatshirt recovered in the area were shown to Suburban Bank employee Kathy Morgan, who positively identified the items of clothing as those worn by the killer. The sleuths were heartened indeed when Miss Morgan told them that she felt confident that she could identify the killer by face, because at the time of the shooting, she had just left the bank to go to a food store three doors away, and thus was able to observe the black male standing in the bank doorway while the victim was parking his car. She related that she had intended to speak to the victim as he entered the bank, but since he was taking his time getting out of his car, she decided to say hello after she had gotten back from the store.

Kathy Morgan and Mary Wallace, another bank employee who had seen what happened, sat down with Detective Bob Allender, an able police artist, and the three of them managed to construct a sketch of the killer which would go on wanted flyers which would be disseminated throughout the Baltimore area.

Finally, Officer Roe told the two detectives that, while on routine patrol in the shopping center, shortly before getting the shooting call, he had observed two unknown black males running across the parking lot towards the bank from the direction of Milt's Hess Station, which is located only a couple of blocks down Route 40. He described these subjects as follows:

(1) Black male, about 5'7" to 5'9", thin build, late teens or early twenties, wearing dark clothing.

(2) Black male, thin build, late teens or early twenties, 6' wearing dark jeans, a gray hooded sweatshirt, and a white cap.

Officer Roe had continued with his routine patrol and within three minutes the call for the robbery shooting had come over his radio.

This was the first indication to Detective Wysham that a second man was involved in the crime, and on hearing Officer Roe's information, he theorized that the perpetrators had staked out the gas station that morning and, on seeing the victim leave for the bank with the weekend receipts, had hurried to intercept him before he could safely make the deposit. Apparently, the culprits had some inside knowledge of the victim's business operation and working habits—an angle which quite naturally called for further investigation. And lawmen did just that.

Accordingly, the next day, November 25, Detective Wysham, accompanied by Officer Dan O'Neill, called on an employee of Milt's Hess Station, Derek Smith, who had worked there since January 1980. The two detectives were interested to learn that shortly after Smith had started work there, he had

been approached by a young black man known only to him as "Goochie," who asked him questions concerning how much money he could get if he were to rob the place. He also asked Smith if "he [Smith] would be man enough to let him [Goochie] put a gun to his head" during a faked robbery.

Smith had declined the offer, but just about a month ago, "Goochie" once again made the same proposition. Again, Smith declined.

Finally, Smith was approached on a third occasion by a man known to him as Andrew "Twin" Parker, who told him that he wanted to rob Milt's Hess Station and asked him, "Can I get you one night at the Hess?" Smith went on to say that Parker had made it crystal clear to him that he was talking about robbing Milt's Hess Station. Smith also knew "Goochie" and "Twin" to be good friends, as he had often seen them around their West Baltimore neighborhood together. But he did not know "Goochie's" real name.

Meanwhile, that same morning, Detective Capel had been canvassing area gunshops in an effort to get a line on the live .380-caliber WW (Winchester Western) cartridge found at the crime scene. He had hit paydirt at the Square Shooter Gun Shop, its owner informing him that, yes, on November 7, 1980, he had sold a box of 50 live rounds of this type of ammunition to one Harold E. Custis, aged 49, of an Edmonson Avenue address in West Baltimore.

Detective Capel got on his radio and by means of what is known as "lateral," immediately communicated what he had learned at the gunshop to Detective Wysham, who, as it happened, was not far from the Custis home address.

Harold Custis proved to be a valuable and cooperative witness. He told Detective Wysham and Officer O'Neill that, yes, he had purchased the ammunition in question on November 7, 1980 at the Square Shooter Gun Shop. He had bought it for a friend, known to him as "Turk," who had told him that the .380 vsl caliber ammunition would probably fit his .32-caliber rifle. After buying the ammunition, he had gone to a bar called "The King's Palace," located on Winters Lane on Baltimore's far west side.

As he was still holding the box of .380 ammunition in his hand, a young man known to him as Russell David Barbour, nicknamed "Goochie," had asked him for some ammunition, and he had given him five rounds from the box. According to Custis, "Goochie" was the son of his girlfriend, with whom he lived in an apartment just a couple of blocks up the street.

"Have you ever seen Goochie wearing a fuzzy white hat and gray hooded sweatshirt prior to yesterday, Mr. Custis?" asked Detective Wysham.

"Sure, lots of times," replied Custis.

"How about blue jeans with sharp creases?" asked Officer O'Neill.

"Yep, that too," replied Custis. "Goochie, you know, is one of them young dudes who always likes to look sharp. I've even seen him ironing in creases in his pants with spray starch. He is very particular about his appearance."

At this point, Detective Wysham showed Custis Detective Allender's drawing of the suspect seen by the witnesses to the shooting. Upon seeing it, Custis said, "That looks just like Goochie."

The elated lawmen were now convinced that they had identified the killer of Milton Comegys, but this was only half the battle. As an experienced detective, Henry Wysham was well aware of the fact that, with the case against the killer at that point based primarily on an eyewitness identification (the fragility of which has been continually demonstrated throughout the annals of criminal investigation), considerably more investigation was necessary to build a case that would stack up in court.

For as is well known, it is not enough in this day and age merely to identify a killer—this is merely a starting point in the total job which has to be done to build a case which will withstand the best efforts of defense counsel to poke holes in it. And if there was anything that Henry Wysham would hate to see happen, it would be for a killer to walk out of a courtroom a free man because he and his colleagues had not done their jobs thoroughly enough.

Thus, sleuths continued to pound shoe leather. Upon returning to their homicide squad office at police headquarters in Towson, Detective Wysham went to Central Records, where he learned that Russell David Barbour, true name Russell David Bacon, Jr., aka "Goochie," was no stranger to the criminal justice system, having just served a previous term in the Maryland prison system on a six-year sentence for armed robbery. As was par for the course, the prison system had had no effect on the suspect in terms of rehabilitation, for here he was again pulling stickups. Only this time he had allegedly graduated to murder.

Detective Wysham also learned that the other individual mentioned by witness Derek Smith, Andrew "Twin" Parker, likewise had a record, having served a six-year sentence for breaking and entering. Detective Wysham figured that Parker had probably been the second man seen by Officer Roe running towards the bank shortly before the crime went down.

With the suspects now identified to the probers' satisfaction, the sleuths continued their work. Officer Dan O'Neill re-interviewed Derek Smith,

who identified both the police composite drawing and a mug shot of Russell David Bacon, Jr. as the individual known to him as "Goochie." Smith also indicated that he had personally seen "Goochie" wearing a sweatshirt and a fur cap similar to the clothing depicted in the drawing.

"Do you know where Goochie lives?" asked Officer O'Neill.

"I don't know the address, officer, but I can show you."

With this, Smith directed Officer O'Neill to an apartment building on Winters Lane in far West Baltimore. The lawman made a note of the exact address pointed out, as it would be needed for the forthcoming arrest warrants.

Additional corroboration came when Lieutenant Larry Crisman received a telephone call from a concerned citizen who advised him that the subject depicted in the drawing on the wanted flier disseminated in the area of the Comegys robbery-murder was known to her as Russell Barbour, who lived on Winters Lane in West Baltimore. She, too, had seen the subject wearing a white fur hat and hooded sweatshirt prior to the offense.

After a conference with Lieutenant Lee Peters, the supervising officer of the homicide squad, it was decided that the time had arrived to formally charge Russell David Bacon, Jr. and Andrew Parker in the Comegys robbery-murder. Warrants for the arrest of the pair were duly sworn out by Detective Wysham, and both suspects were taken into custody without incident at their homes.

Baltimore County Assistant State's Attorney Steve Scheinin had just settled down at his desk in the county courthouse on Jan. 5, 1981, when he got a call from a young man who identified himself as Andrew Parker, who was currently held in the Baltimore County Jail, and who stated that he was wondering if he could make a deal with the state about the Comegys case.

But the 33-year-old prosecutor was not impressed by Parker's proposition. In return for turning state's evidence against Russell Bacon, Jr., Parker thought he should go scot-free. Prosecutor Scheinin quickly disabused Parker of this notion, pointing out to him that under the law he could be held just as liable for first-degree murder as the shooter.

But it was the same old story, thought Steve Scheinin—each rap partner willing to sell the other down the river to save his own skin, but still not willing to give value for value received.

However, on the other side of the ledger, with neither defendant willing to confess, and with the case still primarily based on eyewitness identification, Prosecutor Scheinin felt it best

to proceed warily on plea bargaining negotiations with defense counsel.

Of course, the prosecution held a strong bargaining chip in the existence of Maryland's death penalty law. If a satisfactory plea bargaining agreement could not be reached, the state always had the option of going for the death penalty. But on the other hand, as Prosecutor Scheinin explained in an interview with this magazine, he needed to keep in mind the fact that his case was still based on eyewitness identification, which would be subject to the crucible of cross-examination before a jury that would undoubtedly demand strong doubt-proof testimony before delivering a verdict that could result in a defendant's death.

After several months' negotiations, the prosecution and Bacon's defense counsel arrived at a plea bargain agreement both sides could live with. Bacon would plead guilty to first-degree murder in return for the state opting not to go for the death penalty. Bacon also agreed to testify against Parker, who

had proved recalcitrant in negotiation after his initial offer to the state (to turn state's evidence against Bacon in return for going free) was turned down.

Plea bargaining negotiations culminated on December 14, 1981, when the defendant Bacon pleaded guilty to murder, first-degree on an agreed statement of facts. At the time of this writing, Russell is lodged in the Baltimore County Jail, pending completion of a presentence report by the probation department.

Andrew "Twin" Parker was tried on December 20, 1981, and largely on the basis of testimony of Bacon, was convicted of murder, first-degree, and promptly sentenced to life imprisonment in the custody of the Maryland Commissioner of Correction. ●

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*The names Kathy Morgan, Mary Wallace, Harold Custis, Walter Thomas and Derek Smith are fictitious and were used because there is no reason for public interest in their true identities.*

## CHAMPAGNE TOAST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

twenty-three. Klever and Hart are both divorced. Frommes and Milkereit have never been married. All of them are common laborers, but whether they're employed right now, I don't know. We're looking for them."

"Don't spare any effort," said the inspector. "It wouldn't take very much intelligence for a man to realize that if he cleaned all his things out of the house and took off, he'd be practically confessing to the murder. I don't think that we'll have very much trouble locating these types. I think they'll come back of their own accord. If one doesn't, then that's the one we want to talk to."

Inspector Wellenstein's estimate turned out to be quite accurate. During the course of the following day when the story of the murder had appeared in the morning newspapers, all four of the tenants of the late Mrs. Renate Eckel turned up. Two of them, at least, Klever and Frommes, told the same story. They had come home from work on Monday evening to find the house swarming with police and had decided they would be better off somewhere else. It was only when they had learned from the newspapers that Mrs. Eckel had been murdered that they realized they would be regarded as suspects and had decided to come in voluntarily.

Both men said that they had not seen Mrs. Eckel since the preceding Sunday, but they had not considered this strange as they did not see her very often in any case.

Their nervousness about coming back to the house when the police were there was understandable. Both men had

police records. Klever had been charged four times and convicted twice of stealing from his employers. He had not, however, served any prison time for his offenses and had not paid the fines which he had been assessed either. Frommes had been convicted on one count of assault with a deadly weapon which represented an incident in which he had seriously wounded another man with a knife in the course of a barroom brawl. He had been sentenced to two years imprisonment, but with eighteen months suspended. As he had already been six months in detention when he came to trial, he was released immediately.

One of the other tenants, Uwe Milkereit, also had a police record, having been convicted in 1979 of petty theft because of having carried off a piggy bank belonging to his previous landlady.

Kurt Hart had no police record and was cleared almost immediately. He had found a job in Munich the previous week and had simply not had time to come back to Kempten to give notice on his room and pick up his things. As he had actually been working at the time that the murder was believed to have taken place, he no longer came into consideration as a suspect.

The other three men did and Klever, who had the most serious police record and was known to be chronically short of money, was taken into custody and subjected to intense interrogation.

Fortunately for him, this so stimulated his memory that he was able to remember with astonishing precision

what he had been doing on January 12th, where he had been at various times and with whom he had come into contact. Checking out his account for the activities of that Monday, the police found, first that he was telling the truth and, second, that he could not have murdered Mrs. Eckel.

Klever was released and the investigation concentrated on Uwe Milkereit and Leopold Frommes. Both denied all knowledge of the crime and neither constituted a particularly good suspect.

On the other hand, neither could provide any checkable alibi for the time in question and both were in dire need of money. Frommes had actually had to sell some of his clothing the week before the murder in order to pay the rent. Almost permanently unemployed, he had exceeded the period for which he could continue to draw unemployment compensation and was having difficulty finding a source of income elsewhere.

Milkereit had never even been on unemployment compensation at all because he had not worked long enough to qualify for it and he had been fired from every job where he did work. Usually the firing had taken place very shortly after the hiring and, according to his several employers, his interests were divided almost equally between collecting his paycheck and avoiding work. Astonishingly, despite his tender age, he had managed to run up close to \$20,000 in debts and, two days before Mrs. Eckel was murdered, had been so broke that he had borrowed three dollars from his sister's girl friend to buy gas for his car.

There was, of course, also a third possible suspect, someone who had not actually lived in the house at the time and whose identity was still unknown to the police. It seemed, however, that a total stranger would be unlikely. Mrs. Eckel had had a good deal of experience in dealing with men of the class who made

SCRAMBLE ANSWER

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE  
ON PAGE 47

RASCAL  
PERIL  
UNARM  
DISTORT  
ORDEAL

LOUIS CAPONE

up her tenants and she was cautious. She would, probably, not have let a stranger into her apartment and the investigators had found no indication of forcible entry.

The conclusion was, therefore, that if it had not been Milkereit or Frommes, then it had probably been one of Mrs. Eckel's previous tenants and, as she had kept records of them for tax purposes, efforts were made to establish their present whereabouts and, above all, their whereabouts on Monday, January 12th.

The effort was not very successful. Mrs. Eckel's tenants had all been single men, many of them drifters and casual laborers who came and went continually. Only a very small number of them could be traced and, although there was no good reason why some of them should not be the murderer of Mrs. Eckel there was also no good reason why they should. In no case, was there sufficient evidence to bring charges or even to hold the potential suspect for questioning.

In the meantime, the specialists at the police laboratory were pushing hard to build up evidence against either Milkereit or Frommes, but they were handicapped by the fact that both men happened to have the same blood group.

Some of the blood which had been found on the handles of the scissors driven through the throat of the victim was not Mrs. Eckel's, but was that of a person with the same blood group as Milkereit and Frommes. Both men, however, had minor cuts on their hands which they explained in various ways and there was no means of demonstrating that the blood on the shears had come from either Milkereit or Frommes. It could as well have come from a third party with the same blood group.

The laboratory specialists did not think so. They were convinced that either Milkereit or Frommes was the murderer, but for the purposes of gaining an indictment and, eventually, a conviction, opinions were not enough. Proof was needed.

The blood on the Christmas package wrappings was from Mrs. Eckel and a search of Milkereit's apartment produced a pair of trousers with spatters of blood of the same group. However, blood is not like fingerprints. There were thousands of people in Kempten with the same blood group as Mrs. Eckel and it could not be proved that the blood on Milkereit's trousers were hers.

For a time, the case appeared to be blocked. Neither suspect would confess and the laboratory was unable to present sufficient concrete evidence to obtain an indictment without a confession.

Inspector Wellenstein and Sergeant Hauert both believed that Milkereit was guilty, but there appeared to be no means of proving it. The only thing that

they could do was to continue to interrogate him, but this could not go on forever. There are legal limits to the length of time that a suspect can be held for questioning without being charged and, once charged, he or she must be brought before the examining judge who, in Germany, serves in the place of a grand jury, and it is then either indicted and ordered held for trial or released.

The date on which both Frommes and Milkereit would have to be released or charged was rapidly approaching when there came an unexpected break in the case. One inmate Frommes shared a cell with asked to see the inspector in charge of the case, and when taken to Wellenstein's office, made a statement in which he said that Frommes had boasted to him of having committed the murder. He was willing to make a sworn statement to this effect in exchange for leniency in his own case, a charge of peddling marijuana to school children.

The inspector was not greatly startled by this development. One criminal informing on another to prove his own position was nothing new, but such testimony is, of course, always suspect. The informer is far from a disinterested party and, as in the case of the pot salesman, he or she is frequently not what a court would regard as a person of high moral character.

Nonetheless, such information can be of value in that it provides a lever to use against a suspect who has, up until then, refused to confess. Although such an unsupported statement is actually no evidence at all, the suspect often thinks that it is, loses his will to resist and provides the missing confession with corroborating details.

Leopold Frommes was, therefore, brought to the interrogation room and informed that he might as well give up. His careless confession to a fellow prisoner had been reported and would be used in seeking an indictment against him for the murder of Mrs. Renate Eckel.

The stratagem did not work. Frommes, a big, powerfully built man with rough features and a somewhat simple appearance, responded by giving what, if it really was an imitation, was the best performance of utter astonishment that the inspector had ever seen.

He followed this by an even better representation of uncontrollable rage, so realistic in fact that it took four officers to get him back into the detention cell.

Although he had not said so in so many words the impression was that Leonard Frommes denied the allegations and that he was not going to confess.

The inspector went resignedly back to his office. He had not put much faith in the statement of the rat-like marijuana

dealer, but it had been worth a try. Now, all he wanted to do was get the matter cleared from his files. As long as it was there, it constituted an accusation against Frommes which he did not believe was founded on anything.

Calling in the sergeant, he told him to go and inform the marijuana dealer that he would have to rejoin Frommes in the same cell. Frommes had been told that his confession to the murder had been reported, but he did not know the identity of the informant.

After a time the sergeant returned with the information that the marijuana dealer had accepted the situation calmly and had rejoined Frommes and the other prisoners in the detention cell. As a result of this, the inspector was able to eliminate the drug dealer's statement as a worthless attempt to gain leniency for himself. Had Frommes actually confessed the murder to him, he would obviously have had to know who the informant had been and would, undoubtedly, have reduced the marijuana dealer to a pulp. The fact that the dealer was not afraid of this was a clear indication that no such confession had been made.

No confession was forthcoming from Uwe Milkereit either, but the police were still gathering evidence against him. Although he had been so broke two days before the murder that he had had to borrow for gasoline, he had been able to fill the tank the day after the murder and had had a fine dinner in the most expensive restaurant in Kempten. Asked where the money had come from, he said that it represented his savings!

It was a statement which the police might doubt, but could not disprove. Nonetheless, things were beginning to close in on Uwe Milkereit. Textile fibers from Mrs. Eckel's clothing had been found on one of his jackets and fibers from the same jacket had been recovered from the clothing of Mrs. Eckel.

Finally, in what was a triumph of scientific investigation, the specialists from the police laboratory were able to show that the missing half of the bottle of champagne in Mrs. Eckel's apartment had been drunk by Uwe Milkereit. He had not left his fingerprints on the bottle, but he had left traces of his saliva on the neck. The traces were identical with samples taken from Milkereit, but different from samples taken from Frommes.

Frommes was released and Uwe Milkereit was formally charged and brought before the examining judge who ordered him indicted and held for trial purely on the basis of the physical evidence.

Milkereit himself still refused to confess and charged that he was being railroaded by the police in order that they could solve the case.

Held without bail and subjected to



almost continuous interrogation over a period of nearly ten months, Uwe Milkereit displayed an incredible obstinacy, refusing to make any admission of guilt and protesting his innocence right up to and during his trial which ended November 6, 1981.

On that date, despite all efforts of the defense to cast doubt on the circumstantial evidence gathered by the police, the court found Uwe Milkereit guilty of murder without any extenuating circumstances and sentenced him to life imprisonment.

As some of the jurors later said, the half-drunk bottle of champagne played a large role in their decision. Insofar as it had been possible to estimate, Milkereit had actually garnered less than fifty dollars for his brutal deed, but he had, apparently, been so delighted with

this that he had set down almost over the body of the victim to celebrate by drinking her champagne.

Uwe Milkereit went off to serve his life sentence, which in Germany today means somewhere between seven and ten years, still protesting his innocence. He had, he said, been framed by the police.

The following names were changed: Berthold Klever, Kurt Hart, Leopold Frommes, Oscar Wellenstein, Peter Hauert and Gerhardt Moench.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**

*The names Berthold Klever, Kurt Hart, Leopold Frommes, Oscar Wellenstein, Peter Hauert and Gerhardt Moench are fictitious and were used because there is no reason for public interest in their true identities.*



# MEDICAL FILE

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## SIX-STATE RAMPAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

showed a bearded man wearing glasses accompanied the APB.

Two member of the Albuquerque police department combined forces with Sheriff Ferrara in a concerted effort to effect Pearson's apprehension on the murder warrant. Pearson had been anything but a model citizen during his sojourn in New Mexico and he was known to Detective Romero and Archie Borunda. To expedite his capture the two investigators undertook the task of compiling a comprehensive profile on the wanted man to supplement the APB and to also provide the widest circulation possible on all available information on Charles Pearson.

The first response received by Dets. Romero and Borunda requesting a further exchange of information on Marion Albert Pruett aka Charles Pearson originated in Seattle, Washington. On June 26, 1981 a man matching the suspect's physical description walked into a savings and loan company there with a gun in his hand and informed the frightened staff that he wanted cash. He was given \$12,000, after which he took the manager hostage. The badly shaken man was found much later bound and gagged in a motel room but otherwise unharmed.

The next Pruett communique flashed into Albuquerque came from Tallahassee, Florida. On August 26 a man who looked very much like the one who'd pulled the Seattle heist strolled into a loan company and pulled a gun on a teller demanding that he be given all of the currency on the premises. After receiving an undisclosed amount of money he forced a female teller to accompany him as a hostage. She was released some distance away from the scene of the holdup unharmed. The modus operandi in both crimes was identical.

The next incident with a Pruett connection occurred in Jackson, Mississippi on the morning of September 17. There were six employees on duty at the Metro-Center branch of the Unifirst Federal Savings and Loan Association. One of them was pretty Peggy Lowe, 43 and a mother of two children.

Mrs. Lowe sat working at her desk. There were ten customers in the foyer when the eleventh one arrived. He wasted no time in getting down to business and stepped up near the counter and opened his jacket to reveal a large revolver in his waistband. The gunman demanded \$100,000 and threatened to kill the first person who made a wrong move.

No one disobeyed and several tellers began stuffing money into a sack which was handed to the man with the gun in his belt. He took it and moved towards an exit door. The bag hadn't contained anywhere near the amount the gunman had demanded. It held \$7,000. Everyone remained motionless, watching the man sidle towards the door. When he came to Peggy Lowe's desk he stopped and spoke to her. Her answer was so low it was inaudible. Then she arose and walked towards the door with her captor behind her. True to form and in accord with an emerging pattern, another hostage was seized.

But there was a gross dissimilarity in the Jackson caper. Mrs. Lowe was not released and when she had walked out the door of the bank she'd utterly vanished. Police located several witnesses who described what was believed to have been a getaway car parked near the bank. A comprehensive physical description was obtained from everyone who'd been inside the building when the armed robbery/abduction took place. It matched those developed earlier in Seattle and Tallahassee. A latent

fingerprint matched on found at the Florida crime scene.

On October 12 the fourth escapade with a definite correlation to the murder suspect wanted by New Mexico authorities erupted in Ft. Smith, Arkansas. Bobbie Jean Roberts, 30, a clerk in a small neighborhood store was held up by a lone gunman who robbed her of \$153. The clerk was then herded outside and forced into a car. Her body was found a short distance away. She'd been wantonly shot three times and left in a wooded area.

Ft. Smith police went all out to solve the atrocious homicide. They discovered a motel receipt near the crime scene which proved to be an invaluable piece of evidence. It was traced out using the name scrawled on the receipt, which was Lee Esmund. Police learned that Esmund had made several long-distance telephone calls to an unlisted number in the Albuquerque area. Detectives Romero and his partner Borunda were contacted and briefed on these latest findings. The Albuquerque investigators assured their colleagues in Arkansas that they'd get right to work on it.

The number provided by the Ft. Smith police was traced to a woman who, after being fully apprised of all of the implications involved, agreed to cooperate in the investigation. It turned out that she was Sonny Pearson's sweetheart and that the name of Lee Esmund was an alias. By this time it had also been established beyond all doubt that Pearson was in reality Marion Albert Pruett. To avoid confusion, he shall be referred to only by the name of Pruett.

The informant in Albuquerque told police there that Pruett had visited her recently and that he'd bragged of robbing banks and taking hostages. A car stolen in Jackson, Mississippi at the time of the Peggy Lowe abduction was discovered abandoned the day after that crime in Albuquerque. It was becoming increasingly evident that perhaps Pruett was using Albuquerque as a kind of a base of operations. To make the composite findings accrued to date even more binding, a fingerprint found at the Jackson crime scene was matched with one found in the loan company which was robbed in Florida on August 26 and both were matched with Pruett.

New Mexico police were also aware of the fact that shortly after the robbery in Jackson a man matching Pruett's description had held up the branch office of a bank in Bridgeville, Pa. A female teller was taken hostage. She was found later locked inside the trunk of a car but otherwise unharmed. Fingerprints found in this case were also linked to Pruett.

Detectives Romero and Borunda pulled all stops now and accelerated the

tempo of their efforts to effect an arrest. They continued to disseminate the mass of chaotic developments as they evolved to other law enforcement agencies and to update prior reports related to the suspect's physical description, mode of travel and method of operation. It was by now obvious that Pruett was engaged in a far-flung, rampant crime-spree of highly lethal consequence. They met with the FBI to discuss having Pruett listed as one of the ten-most-wanted.

Sheriff Ferrara had heard from the man whom he'd sought for the murder of the woman whose torched corpse was found in his jurisdiction. Pruett had called him at three o'clock one morning in August to taunt him telling him he'd never be able to catch him no matter how hard he tried. It was infuriating to have salt rubbed in his open wounds. But the veteran lawman, who'd had the suspect behind bars at one time, found consolation in the fact that it was only a matter of time until Pruett would be arrested. Police in five states were now involved in the investigation and the search was assuming much greater dimensions. It was obvious that the suspect was growing careless. He'd dropped a vital piece of evidence in the Ft. Smith homicide case. He had also left his fingerprints at various crime scenes.

One mistake had led police to a cooperative informant in Albuquerque who enabled them to forget yet another solid tie linking Pruett to the murder of the store clerk in Ft. Smith, Arkansas. Pruett had given his girlfriend a purse which was later identified as having belonged to the slain Bobbie Jean Roberts. His prints left carelessly in various parts of the country were also irrefutable evidence. The one question foremost in everyone's mind connected with the manhunt was: Would Pruett be caught before he killed more innocent people?

Unfortunately, the answer to that question was no. On about October 14, 1981 a man later identified as Pruett checked into an economy motel in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Somewhere around midnight the following day the guest had left Cheyenne, taking Interstate I-25 south driving a 1969 Cadillac El Dorado sedan. Pruett himself would later confirm and verify much of what is described here in statements made to police and in a televised public confession and a news conference.

At 3:04 a.m. on the morning of October 16 a customer entered an all-night store located on Remington Street in Ft. Collins, Colorado to buy a package of cigarettes. The store appeared to be empty and he assumed that the lone clerk on duty was in the back stockroom or in the restroom and that he would be out shortly. As he waited he heard a gasping noise behind the counter and when he leaned over to investigate he saw a young man sprawled on the floor.

He saw no blood and in assuming that the victim was ill he summoned an ambulance. The medics who responded found the victim dead at the scene from a gunshot wound in the mouth.

Ft. Collins police arrived minutes later and secured the crime scene in what appeared to be a hit-and-run robbery with the clerk having been murdered in cold blood to eliminate him as an eyewitness. The till was empty, an amount later determined to have been around \$30 was stolen. The victim was identified as 23-year-old James Balderston, a computer student who worked nights to subsidize his college education.

As police worked to process the scene for evidence a milkman working his route in the town of Loveland some ten miles south of Ft. Collins arrived at a store there to make a delivery. The exact time was 4:47 a.m. when he walked in and to his horror found a young man lying on the floor in a welter of blood. He rushed to the telephone and dialed the police emergency number and within minutes several uniformed officers were on the scene.

The victim was still breathing and he was quickly placed in an ambulance and rushed to a local hospital where he expired on the operating table an hour later. He was identified as Anthony Tait, 21, a employee who was also working part-time to further his education as a stock broker. From evidence found at the scene police deduced that Tait had been standing behind the counter when he was confronted by a gunman who forced him to hand over about \$28 from the cash register. The victim had been shot twice as he stood behind the counter and it appeared that he'd stayed on his feet and staggered out onto the floor, perhaps in an attempt to close with his assailant who'd stood back and calmly fired a third shot into the victim's body.

Loveland police were aware of the homicide investigation in progress in Ft. Collins and of the numerous similarities involved between the two cold blooded murders which had netted the killer(s) approximately \$58 in cash. The two agencies worked closely together on this logical assumption that both crimes were committed by the same perpetrator. This theory was proved valid later after both victims were autopsied and the death bullets found to match ballistically, meaning both young men were killed with the same gun.

Several eyewitnesses were located who described two men seen loitering near the scene of one of the holdup-murders. An artist drew a composite sketch which was circulated on a state-wide basis initially along with a description of a dark colored 4-wheel drive Chevrolet Blazer bearing Wyom-

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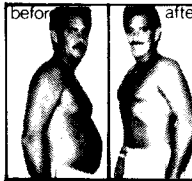
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ing license tags. Other information was interjected into the search data involving a yellow compact thought to be either a Datsun, Toyota or a Honda with California plates, a 1973 Honda with Alabama tags and a 1968 Mercury.

As is so often the case when sifting through eyewitness testimony in a concerted attempt to bring about the speedy apprehension of a suspect, Colorado authorities were being inadvertently hamstrung with a mass of erroneous information provided by well-intentioned citizens eager to be of assistance. Considerable confusion ensued briefly until Detectives Romero and Borunda in Albuquerque learned the details surrounding the double homicide in Colorado and recognized certain pronounced similarities in the case and in Pruett's known *modus operandi* (M.O.). Through FBI sources they also learned that Pruett was known to have been in northern Colorado several days preceding the two slayings in Larimer County.

Word was flashed to Colorado, drawing the attention of the investigative authorities there to the strong possibility of Pruett's involvement. Obviously, they would have eventually drawn the same conclusion but the intercedence of the New Mexico officers and the FBI was highly expeditious. A wide spread net was now cast over a large radius which included all of Colorado and much of several surrounding states. No one had the slightest idea now of Pruett's direction of flight. Top priority was accorded the dissemination of his physical description to be used by highway patrolmen, county officers and others involved in manning road-blocks in various western states.

This high-powered approach was destined to pay off in spades. Although nothing concrete was available concerning a description of the vehicle the suspect was in, his name and description was firmly committed to memory by every working police officer in the western United States.

Trooper Royce Keck, a member of the Texas State Highway Patrol had read the teletype messages on Pruett. At 9:15 p.m. Saturday, October 17 while on patrol near the town of Stratford on Highway 287 Officer Keck noticed an older model Cad El Dorado traveling eastbound at an excessive rate of speed. He activated his siren and flashing red lights and gave pursuit.

As he narrowed the gap between his cruiser and the heavy sedan ahead he could see two men in the front seat and that the car carried New Mexico plates. In accord with established police procedure, he radioed his location and the description of the violator's vehicle to the dispatcher. The car ahead slowed and then pulled to a stop at the side of the highway. Trooper Keck was not, at

this time, aware that the man behind the wheel was a most wanted fugitive described as being armed and dangerous.

Because he did not know what might confront him during this routine stop for speeding violation, he made sure he retained an edge. His headlights were on hi-beam and a spotlight was focused on the driver. Trooper Keck was behind the violator to keep him at a disadvantage. Keck's suspicions were first aroused when the man flung open the car door and leaped out. The officer moved quickly to retain the upper hand while the man was still blinded by the lights. When the driver said he had no driver's license and when his demeanor became evasive, the alert patrolman placed him under arrest and handcuffed him.

Only afterward did he learn that his prisoner's name was Marion Albert Pruett. The second man in the car turned out to be a hitchhiker. Both were transported to the Potter County Jail in Stratsford. Trooper Keck recognized Pruett from pictures he'd seen on wanted circulars. After Pruett was safely lodged behind bars Potter County authorities turned their attention to notifying law enforcement agencies in Colorado and New Mexico of this major break in the case. Sandoval County Sheriff Ferrara was especially elated upon hearing the news of Pruett's capture as were the authorities in Loveland and Ft. Collins, Colorado.

The car the wanted man was driving when apprehended was impounded and sealed pending the issuance of a search warrant. The vehicle was found to have been stolen in New Mexico. When police searched the car they found a .38 cal. revolver and numerous rounds of ammunition including copper-jacketed bullets and wad-cutters used primarily only for target practice. A sandwich wrapper and a matchbook found inside the vehicle served to additionally link Pruett with the two homicides committed in Colorado.

The price of the sandwich contained in the wrapper tallied exactly with the last sale rung up on the register in one of the two stores involved. Mug-shots of Pruett were dispatched to law enforcement agencies in New Mexico, Colorado, Mississippi, Arkansas, Washington, Florida and other states believed to have been on the suspect's alleged itinerary of crime. The hitchhiker who was with Pruett at the time of his arrest was questioned and then released.

Bond was set for Marion Pruett at 150,000. The revolver found in the Cadillac was sent to Colorado where the Larimer County D.A. and investigators assigned to the two homicides there released it and slugs recovered from the bodies of the two victims to the crime lab

ballistic experts for comparison tests. A positive match was made, thus establishing beyond all doubt that the weapon was used to murder Tait and Balderson.

Sheriff Ferrara prepared to make the drive from New Mexico to Stratsford, Texas. After having viewed recent photos of Pruett he'd been shocked at the marked disparity between what the suspect looked like when he lived in New Mexico and his present appearance. He had taken two telephone calls from Potter County officials to convince the sheriff that the much sought after Pruett was actually in custody.

Pruett was later transferred to a holding facility in Amarillo, Texas. During the hour and a half long drive he purportedly admitted having murdered Peggy Lowe after he had robbed the savings company in Jackson, Mississippi. The FBI had assumed jurisdiction while authorities in eight states clamored for a chance to extradite him. Outstanding warrants already had been drawn in Washington, New Mexico, Florida, Mississippi and Colorado.

From the time of his arrest the suspect proved to be a tough, take-charge type individual. He was con-wise and not at all cowed while being interrogated. On October 26 a U.S. Magistrate ordered Pruett transferred to Jackson after an FBI agent testified that the suspect had confessed to having murdered Mrs. Lowe. No trace of the victim had been found. Pruett assured police that he knew where her body was and that as long as he could call some of the shots, he would agree to lead them to the place where he had killed her.

True to his end of the bargain, Pruett guided a contingent of police officers to a grove of hack-berry trees located near a soy bean field 15 miles northwest of Livingston, Alabama, 90 miles from Jackson. It was 4:30 a.m. on the morning of October 28 when the badly decomposed body of the bank employee was found concealed in a high clump of grass. Police waited until dawn before they commenced to formally process the scene. They found her clothing 75 feet away in a cluster of bushes.

Pruett remained icily calm during the time that he had unerringly led police to the well-concealed thicket where the body was found. He explained that he had forced Mrs. Lowe to disrobe before forcing her at gunpoint to the spot where he'd killed her with one well-placed shot to the head. Back in Jackson Pruett demanded access to a law library and he advised his court appointed legal counsel that he intended to represent himself. He also requested that he be allowed to hold a press conference. His request was granted at which time it was learned that the suspect had been unusually cooperative with the police.



Jackson Chief of Police James Black told reporters that Pruett had confessed to having slain Mrs. Lowe, the two store clerks in Colorado and the clerk in Ft. Smith, Arkansas. In one press conference lasting 45 minutes and another of 15 minutes the suspect went on television to publicly proclaim his guilt and to ascribe to himself as a "mad dog killer" who deserved to die. "I just decided I wanted to kill somebody like a crazy dog would do," he stated.

The suspect variously blamed his bloodthirstiness on cocaine and on a desire to humiliate the U.S. government and the federal witness protection program. He estimated that he'd squandered around \$4,000 a week on cocaine saying that he had spent about \$70,000 snorting since he'd fled New Mexico upon learning that a warrant had been sworn for his arrest in connection with the murder of his wife. This was the only crime that he was charge with that he refused to admit to or even discuss. Sheriff Ferrara was adamant in declaring that he could prove Pruett's guilt in that one.

Marion Albert Pruett proved to be one of the most bombastic, dynamic and controversial prisoners ever incarcerated in the Hinds County Jail. Not once did he waiver his declarations of guilt or retract any of his admissions. Oddly enough, he showed very little remorse, seemingly motivated only by the fact that he had murdered and therefore must assume the responsibility for his acts and pay the penalty. He declared frequently while being interviewed by newsmen and reporters that he wanted the death penalty, and the quicker, the better.

He dropped another bombshell when he admitted during an interview with a Jackson reporter on November 2 that it was he who had actually murdered Zambito, his cellmate in the Atlanta pen. He elaborated, saying that he had been paid by the man who was convicted of conspiracy in the case to liquidate Zambito whom he described as being a "fink." It was almost unbelievable. Two men caged in a cell. One is knifed to death. A man baking bread in the bakery is convicted while the second man in the cell is wafted to freedom and transplanted complete with a sweetheart to the Land Of Enchantment and paid \$900 a month of his new lease on life.

District attorneys were standing in line for a crack at Pruett. Colorado had an air-tight case after the gun found in the car Pruett was driving when arrested was ballistically matched with slugs taken from the bodies of Tait and Balderson and subsequent to the suspect's confession to the double homicide. Arkansas and New Mexico also wanted him as did Washington, Florida and Pennsylvania. A circuit judge resolved the issue with a decree which meant

that the suspect would be first tried in the state of Mississippi for the murder of Peggy Low. Pruett stated he intended to ask for the death sentence.

The American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) now sprang to Pruett's defense citing their vehement opposition to capital punishment and offering their services to spare him from execution. Pruett exploded with rage and called the ACLU bleeding hearts and starry-eyed do-gooders and demanded that they "get off my back!" In mid-December, to accentuate his stance he went on a hunger strike stating that he would refuse all food until he was given a pledge by the ACLU that they would not interfere in the case.

He discontinued his hunger strike after a week, saying that it was premature and that he would bide his time until after he'd been tired, convicted and sentenced. The ACLU had backed off and now said they would only enter the case if requested to do so by Pruett's appointed defense counsel. Pruett had a battery of three lawyers assigned to represent him. Two were appointed by the circuit court to handle the first-degree murder charge and the bank

robbery count. The third was appointed by the U.S. court to represent the suspect on a federal charge of bank robbery during which a murder was committed.

Pruett continued to insist that he be allowed to act as his own attorney and he referred to his appointed lawyers as "my advisors." At the time of this writing he has not retracted his confession to five murders, numerous bank robberies and a host of other crimes. He still maintain his innocence in the slaying of his wife in New Mexico. He still contends that he wants to be put to death for his crimes. "I think the people of Mississippi want to see me dead as much as I want to die," he said. He'd gone on to say, "I just want the death penalty from Mississippi."

In keeping with the established mores and traditions of our land and despite the extraordinary pre-trial publicized and televised admissions of the suspect identified in this factual narration, Marion Albert Pruett is to be viewed as being innocent of all crimes with which he has been charged to date until adjudged to the contrary by a duly convened court comprised of a judge and/or a jury of his peers. ●

## SEX KILLER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

pointed out much of the evidence they had uncovered would be forthcoming at the preliminary examination.

Shepard was arraigned later in the day. He pleaded not guilty to the charges lodged against him. Being indigent, the court selected attorney John McNamara of Ionia, to act as his counsel. He was held without bail, and remanded to the county jail. District Judge James Ward scheduled the preliminary examination for November 20, 1980.

Checking police records reporters discovered Shepard was a convicted sex offender and had pleaded guilty earlier in the year to criminal sexual misconduct, after originally being charged with first-degree assault with intent to commit sexual misconduct.

The complainant in that case was one of Shepard's relatives. He was released after being sentenced to three years probation and told to seek mental therapy. Police admitted that the Litnianski children, who had witnessed their sister's abduction, had viewed the suspect in a police lineup. The authorities refused to deny or confirm if any of the children positively identified Shepard as the kidnaper.

It was also learned that police had, previous to the defendant's arrest, interrogated another Shepard relative wanting to know where Shepard was the night of Danielle's disappearance. She said she had told the officers, "He was home part of the time." A reporter

who had also interviewed her, when leaving her house, was told by investigators sitting in an unmarked car parked 100 yards away not to return to the house. This halted further attempts by the news media to question the suspect's relative.

The press, anxious to obtain more information regarding the events leading to Shepard's arrest, continued to interview others who were acquainted with him. One of the women who lived directly across the street from Shepard's home told a reporter, "He used to take my kids fishing. Finding out my neighbor was involved made my stomach turn."

"He'd talk about a lot of personal things, that most people normally wouldn't mention," the owner of a small store said. "He'd tell us he was out on probation," added the shopkeeper's son. "He told us once how he almost beat a man to death with a tire iron."

When she was asked if she was surprised after learning that the suspect was arrested in connection with Danielle's abduction and murder, the store owner answered, "Not really."

At the preliminary hearing held in the Ionia District Courthouse several witnesses testified for the state among them Danielle's mother. After she was sworn in and was seated in the witness stand, Ionia County Prosecutor Randy Smith asked her name. She was visibly agitated and was unable to answer his question. Then, without warning, she

leaped from the stand, rushed over to where Shepard was sitting and began pummeling him with her fists, sobbing, "My baby, my baby!"

Several officers had to forcibly restrain her. After this incident, the defendant was taken out of the courtroom and court officials attempted to calm the distraught woman, who, with her fists still clenched, said, "I want her back!" referring to her slain daughter. Judge Ward then excused the sobbing woman from the hearing.

The defense attorney had no witnesses to call in behalf of his client. After listening to the testimony and viewing the evidence presented by the state, the judge stated that it was his opinion that a crime had been committed and that the defendant, Alan Shepard, was responsible for the crime. He then bound him over to Circuit Court for a jury trial. No date was set and the suspect was remanded to the county jail and ordered held without bail.

At a pre-trial hearing May 6, 1981, defense attorney McNamara requested Circuit Court Judge Charles W. Simon, Jr. that the defendant's trial be moved from Ionia County because of extensive news coverage by the media, threats and attacks on Shepard by the victim's relatives.

After deliberating on the matter, Simon said, "I do not believe we could get a fair and impartial jury here," noting that it is difficult to avoid pre-trial prejudice in a small community. He then ruled that Alan Shepard would face trial on September 14, in a county that had yet to be chosen.

During the hearing, Prosecuting Attorney Smith objected strenuously to the change of venue, saying there was no evidence of a "pattern of strong community feeling against the defendant.

"Other counties have had many murder trials that have had massive pre-trial publicity," Smith said. "The people are not only aroused by media coverage, but also by the heinousness of the crime."

After deliberating for several days as to the location, Simon ruled it would be held in Leland County, seat of Leelanau County.

When court convened Monday, September 14, more than 100 prospective jurors packed the small 60-seat main courtroom. About 40 jurors were excused before the judge, McNamara and Prosecutor Smith agreed on a panel of 14—a jury of 12 plus two alternates.

Simon said that after all the testimony is in, two jurors would be chosen at random and excused from deliberations.

The first witness called by the state on Wednesday, September 16, was the victim's sister. Speaking softly, but distinct enough to be heard by the spectators, she told how her mother had sent

her, Danielle, two other sisters and a younger brother to a shopping center to buy milk. "We stopped," she said, "to buy ice cream, then went to the store up Bridge Street near the Covered Village Mall where we bought the milk.

"On the way back, Danielle was ahead of us, not very far, when a man grabbed her and dragged her into the Belding Products parking lot. Danielle screamed and kicked his leg and then I couldn't see what happened because a parked van blocked my view. Right after that a blue two-door car pulled out of the lot and drove away."

"Could you describe the man who kidnapped your sister?" Smith asked.

"Not very well. All I could see was that he was a white man and had black hair."

The other children were not allowed to testify after the judge found them unable to understand "the meaning of taking an oath, and the responsibility of being a witness."

Dr. Laurence Simson, the pathologist at Lansing's Sparrow Hospital who had performed the autopsy on Danielle's body, was allowed to testify as an expert witness despite McNamara's objections. Dr. Simson, a former Michigan State University faculty member, stated that the young girl's death was caused by a massive blow to the head and resultant skull fractures and brain damage. He testified that the blow could not have been inflicted by a hand or boot because of its "large amount of energy," and because the fatal injury shaved hair off the girl's head.

The pathologist also detailed other injuries after Smith was allowed to submit two photographs taken at the autopsy. It showed that the young girl had numerous bruises on the head and upper body, pinpoint hemorrhaging characteristic of choking and genital injuries which the doctor believed were inflicted after death.

Thursday morning the state called Howard Needham to the witness stand. He told the jury that Shepard picked him up on November 8, 1980, while he was on his way to his parents' house for dinner. Needham told the jury Shepard wanted to talk about problems he was having with his wife. He said he hadn't had sex with her for six months and was considering pulling a girl off the streets. The two men drove to the home of Needham's cousin where they stayed for about 45 minutes, after which Shepard dropped him off at another house in Belding at 7:15 p.m., 15 to 20 minutes before authorities say Shepard kidnapped and later murdered Danielle Litnianski.

The defense attorney had objected to the presentation of Needham's testimony while the jury was out of the courtroom calling it "inflammatory" and due to the nature of the case, "the

jury could not properly weigh that testimony."

Referring to Needham's conversation, McNamara said, "That might have been spoken in jest," he told the judge. "That is a common expression one young man might make another young man." But Simons disagreed. He said it would be up to the jury to weigh the testimony.

When Michigan State Police Detective Kenneth Voet began his testimony, he said he listened secretly outside an interrogation room to an interview between Shepard and another trooper following the suspect's arrest. Voet's testimony got as far as Shepard admitting to kidnapping the girl when it was challenged as hearsay by McNamara and stricken from the records. Voet, however, was allowed to testify that he drove the suspect and another trooper over the route allegedly followed by Shepard after the girl was kidnapped. The route took them out of Belding on Long Lake Road, then north on Johnson Road into the Flat River State Game area.

Once in Montcalm County Shepard directed them through the woods off the main road where he told the troopers he pulled the girl from his blue Mustang and "got into a fight," Voet testified. Shepard then told them he drove further north on Johnson Road after the fight, then turned around and came back to a bridge over Dickinson Creek and dumped the girl out of the car.

Two taped confessions, one made the day of and the other the day after Shepard's arrest were played in Circuit Court by State Police Detective James Purkey who conducted both interviews. Shepard sounded calm on the first tape made two hours after his arrest. He readily admitted kidnapping the girl.

"I pulled into a parking lot just north of the Village Hearth, a Belding restaurant, and sat in front of the car for a little bit. I saw a bunch of kids with the little girl in front of them, and I just said 'Hi' to her. She didn't say anything back. I made a grab to get her into the car, so I would have somebody to talk with."

Shepard, who said he intended to kill himself that day because his wife of six months was seeking a divorce, then drove around Belding with the girl.

"We started talking, mainly about hobbies," Shepard said. "She kept saying, 'What are you doing to do to me? What are you going to do to me?' I just said talk and I won't harm a hair on your head.

"But somewhere on the outskirts of Belding I passed out like, then I looked over and saw this black guy. I told him I was going to hit him for what he had done to me. You see, this black guy raped me while I was in the service."

Shepard said he drove the girl to an

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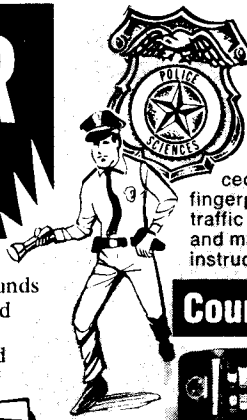
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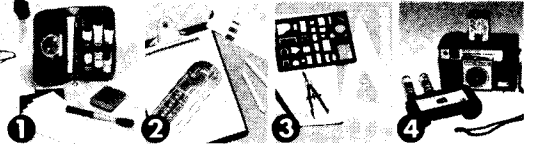
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isolated road in the Flat River State Game area. "I went out to the passenger side and pulled the person out, shoved him down hard and started beating on him around the face and chest," the suspect told the policeman.

"I put him in the backseat, drove around a little bit, then I opened the passenger door and pushed him out. The defendant said he was "drunker than a skunk" at the time, stating he had taken cold pills and a prescription drug in an unsuccessful attempt at suicide.

"I figured I would get drunk, and do myself in. My wife doesn't want me anymore."

In the second tape made about 3:00 p.m. the next day, Shepard sounded less calm, alternately shouting and crying. He repeatedly denied he knew he was killing a small girl maintaining that, "All I saw was this black guy."

On Friday, Defense Attorney McNamara, during court proceedings while State Trooper Michael Miller was testifying, asked the court to declare a mistrial after Miller told of his visit to the Litnianski home and his conversation there after the killing.

In response to a question, Miller said he made the visit because Danielle's older sister had said "the suspect had been bothering the family."

McNamara requested the mistrial on the grounds that the testimony was "in-

flammatory" and hearsay. Still, the judge ruled that the jury had shown itself able to weigh testimony and ruled against the mistrial. He did, however, order the remark stricken from the record.

When State Police Blood Scientist Donald S. Krupp was called to testify, he stated he tested blood found on the upholstery of the defendant's car with the well-known A-B-O system and three lesser known tests for blood enzymes. He said that the combination of the four test studies resulted in a specific blood type shared by only 1.6 percent of the population. Krupp said the blood matched blood taken from Danielle's body on November 10 at the autopsy in all four tests. Other blood found on Shepard's clothing and objects in the car was not identified by the four-test investigation.

"All the identifiable samples were human blood of type B, the young girl's blood type, not Shepard's type A," Krupp stated.

Another prosecution witness, Michael J. Sinke, a state police laboratory specialist in fingerprint identification, told the jury he inspected the suspect's car on November 10, and found two useful prints. One mark, a palmprint found inside the hatchback window of Shepard's car was identified in 28 characteristics to a

palmprint of Danielle Litnianski's right hand taken at the autopsy.

"They are one and the same print," Sinke said, "this being the right palm of the young girl."

Sinke also found a second print of a finger, "in a red substance believed to be suspected blood" on a quart beer bottle also found in the hatchback area of the defendant's car.

"That fingerprint," the lab fingerprint expert said, "was the left middle finger of Alan Shepard because it matched in 11 areas the print taken from the suspect after his arrest."

After several other state troopers testified for the prosecution, Smith rested his case and the defense attorney began his presentation.

Addressing the jury before calling his witnesses, McNamara said there was no question that his client killed Danielle Litnianski last November 8. "However," he said, "the real question is whether or not my client was legally mentally ill or insane at the time of the offense, which could have an impact on the jury's verdict. Under law, mentally ill means substantial disorder in thought or mood which affects a person's ability to deal with life. Insane, meanwhile, is defined as mental illness so severe it keeps a person from knowing the difference between right and wrong. Should Shepard be found guilty,



but mentally ill, he still could be sentenced to a prison term after psychiatric treatment. If he is found insane by the jury, he will be found not guilty."

Testifying for the defense, Dr. Dennis Walsh, a faculty member of the University of Michigan's Psychiatric Department, said he thought Shepard met the legal definition of "mentally ill," but not "insane." He based his testimony on two-hour interview with the defendant as well as police, court and Department of Social Services records.

Dr. Walsh labeled the suspect as a "sadistic pervert," using the word "pervert" not in the popular sense, but in the psychiatric sense, meaning someone whose mental and sexual development had been arrested at a childhood stage and who does not receive gratification from adult sex.

Walsh painted a picture of Shepard as a mistreated and beaten child who was temporarily placed in a foster home at the age of 12 because of abuse. He said the defendant had shown tendencies towards sex related violence earlier in life and had tortured small animals.

"The desire to inflict hurt, and the taking of pleasure in that is something that has been present in him for a long time," Walsh said he felt "absolutely" that Shepard knew what he was doing at the time of the alleged offense, but said the defendant does not accept his actions.

"Quite frankly, I don't think Alan Shepard has the capacity to be concerned about another human being," Walsh said. "I think he really blames it (the murder) on his mistreatment as a child."

In his testimony, Dr. William Decker, Medical Superintendent of the Kalamazoo Regional Psychiatric Hospital, said he was of the opinion, after a three-hour interview with the suspect in May, that the defendant's defense of intoxication should be discounted, "because he remembers what happened that day before he got to the parking lot, and he picked up the threads of memory later, and knew again.

"Obviously the conclusion I drew was that he was in good contact with reality," Decker concluded.

Dr. Harley Stock, Chief Clinician at the Center for Forensic Psychiatry in Ypsilanti, stated that Shepard overstated answers on a mental health test.

"My opinion is that he was malingering, trying to fake mental illness, but the scales on the test given him are sophisticated enough to pick that up," the psychiatrist stated.

From the testimony of the psychiatrists, it was apparent that the defense did get help in proving his client "mentally ill," but no help on the insanity plea.

When McNamara called the defendant to the witness stand to testify in his

own behalf, Shepard related events surrounding his early childhood, how he was beaten by his father, placed in a foster home where he spent six years and completed high school. He joined the Army in 1976, began drinking heavily, and sought psychiatric help. He obtained discharge papers for being "unable to adapt to military life." He said he returned to his foster parents, and had a series of jobs which ended in failures. It was after a layoff from Belding Extruded Metals that he met the woman he married.

It was because of his drinking that prompted him to a fight with his wife. He said he was drinking heavily on November 8, and had taken 25 capsules of a prescription drug and a whole bottle of aspirin in an unsuccessful attempt to end his life. He said he thought he was talking to a grown-up person when he forced Danielle into his car at the Belding Products parking lot.

In his confession, Shepard said he blacked out and saw a black man in Litnianski's place, saying he thought he was beating that man, but in cross-examination by Prosecutor Randy Smith, he admitted knowing Danielle was a child when he pulled her into his car.

"I lied," Shepard sobbed, "because I was so ashamed of picking up a little girl!"

After several other witnesses testified for the defense, McNamara said

he had no more witnesses to call and rested his case. Judge Simons then instructed the jurors who retired to deliberate on the testimony and evidence presented to them. They returned after three hours and twenty minutes with a verdict of guilty as charged in the November 8th beating death of the 10-year-old Belding girl. The judge said a pre-sentence investigation would be conducted before sentencing would be scheduled. He gave no indication of when that would occur.

On Friday, October 2, the defendant was led handcuffed from the Ionia County Jail to the courtroom by Sheriff William Bensinger and two deputies. Shepard remained silent and showed no emotion when the judge sentenced him to life imprisonment.

"Really society has failed you," Simon told the prisoner, "but that treatment was pale in comparison to what you did. The conclusion is that violence begets violence and it might happen again if you were loose."

After sentencing, Shepard was remanded to the county jail to await being transported to a state prison. ●

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*Joseph Fisher and Howard Needham are not the real names of the persons named in this story. Fictitious names have been used because there is no reason for public interest in their true identities.*

## VICTIM'S ARM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

Fearful of destroying valuable evidence, Louisville homicide probers did not employ the large earth-moving machinery in exhuming the body. First by hand, and then with small shovels, they removed the earth under the all-encompassing gaze of a video camera which recorded the entire operation. Although a hasty examination of the corpse, that of a handsome young man, turned up no valuables or identification in the zippered velour shirt or green safari pants, plaster casts were made of some footprints and tire tracks found in the earth. Then the body was placed in a black plastic bag and rushed to University Hospital for the autopsy.

From a crowd of curious spectators among the Nugent Company work force, detectives rounded up a large number of men for interviews.

"Anybody could have used those payloaders to bury the body," one man said. "You don't even need a key to start one. All it takes is a little experience."

"The last workers to leave the yard on Tuesday knocked off when the late shift ended at 11 p.m.," a company official said. "There's a night watchman on duty from 4:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m, but he didn't report any unusual activity."

"I'd bet my last bottom dollar the killer is an employee of the company," a homicide detective told his partner early that afternoon. "Those concrete slabs had been removed from Interstate 65 during the big repaving job and were going to fill in the area for the new dock. I'm sure the killer was counting on that fact to hide the body—forever."

His partner nodded.

Later in the day, Deputy Coroner Egner told police that he had identified the dead man as Clark Lambert "Corky" Kelly III. The 28-year-old resident of the 2200 block of Payne Street had been shot six times and beaten about the face and head. Four .22-caliber slugs had been removed from his body.

"Someone," a detective said, shaking his head sadly, "sure wasn't taking any chances with that guy. Wonder why they wanted to see him dead so bad."

Hoping to come up with the answer to that question, Louisville homicide probers paid a quick visit to the Payne Street neighborhood where Kelly had lived in a duplex unit of a two-story white shotgun house that his grandparents formerly had owned.

"He lived here for about two years,"

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an acquaintance said. "Ran a home-repair and maintenance business out of his place. It was always a mess every time I went inside. Usually, he kept it filled with old two-by-fours and paint cans."

"We didn't know him well," one of the neighbors said, "just enough to say 'Hello, how are you?' But he seemed nice enough. He had a smile for everyone."

The owner of a Frankfort Avenue hardware store said that he often sold building supplies to the murder victim.

"He'd come in for screws and nails and things for minor repairs," the shop owner recalled. "The last time I saw him was September 10th, when he stopped by to make a payment on his bill."

Across the street, the owner of a liquor store also knew Kelly.

"He'd come in about once a week," the man said. "He drank Heinekens. He was always nice, a very pleasant guy. I cashed a check for him a couple of weeks ago."

Back on Payne Street, other neighbors recalled Kelly as a popular young man who frequently hosted noisy parties in his apartment.

"He always had a lot of his friends coming in and out," a woman said.

Among them, homicide investigators would learn, was 26-year-old George Nugent, a vice-president and principal shareholder of his family's sand com-

pany. Their interest in young Nugent was heightened on Thursday, October 2, when a bank official advised them to search the Nugent Sand Company for evidence. In a garage close to the spot where young Nugent's Chevrolet was parked the lawmen found a drop of blood. Also found was a dead rat that had been shot on the riverbank near the company headquarters. It was placed in an evidence bag and slated for an autopsy at the crime lab.

George Nugent, homicide investigators would learn over the next few weeks, was a child of power and wealth, scion of one of Louisville's most affluent families with a hard-won reputation as something of a playboy.

"He had everything you could ask for," a friend said. "He spent his summers at the Louisville Country Club, knew all the right people and the prettiest girls and even went to school at a military academy. But none of it took. As a kid he used to do 'sod jobs,' you know, race his car across lawns. Once, I heard, he even buried his father's car out in the sand company."

When he was 16 years old, and making little progress at Louisville's Waggener High, his parents took him out of public school and sent him to the Kentucky Military Institute, which they hoped would instill in him the virtues of discipline. But he was not much more

successful there as a student than he had been at Waggener. Although he was well-liked by the faculty and student body, his heart was not in his studies.

"George could have been a better student," his French teacher would recall, "but he was typical—he was as good as he wanted to be.

"George wasn't quiet by any means. He was outgoing. I liked him."

"He was a thoroughly pleasant young man," agreed the commandant of the now-defunct institution, "although not an athlete or student of note. You remember those who were terrifically outstanding, or those who had great difficulty. He didn't fit either category."

His friends agreed that Nugent was not a disciplinary problem at the school. Unlike so many members of his generation, he was never found using drugs, which would have meant automatic expulsion.

"He hung out with a beer-drinking crowd, preppies," one young man remembered, "He met a lot of them at the country club and the Atheneum Literary Society, his old high school fraternity."

In 1972, George Nugent entered the University of Kentucky as a freshman. It was that same year, police would learn, that he purchased a pound of marijuana from Desmond Bailey, an old

friend and now drug dealer.

Toward the end of the school year, in May, 1973, Nugent dropped out of the University of Kentucky. Later, he enrolled at the University of Louisville, taking a BA degree in business in 1978. Not long after graduation, he accepted a position as vice-president in the family business.

When Desmond Bailey ran into Nugent that year, he was quite surprised by the changes he detected in his old friend.

"He liked to drink," Bailey told newsmen, "to do downers, to smoke pot and to do coke—mainly he liked to do coke."

During the next 12 months, Desmond Bailey said, he sold Nugent cocaine on no fewer than 50 occasions. In fact, Nugent became one of his financial angels, fronting him as much as \$5,000 to make a large buy. Bailey said that he paid Nugent back in five monthly installments—at five percent interest.

From other acquaintances, police learned that Nugent's drug activities put such a strain on his income that he had to borrow from his family to pay off some pressing debts. Much of that money eventually ended up in drug purchases, however, and things became so bad—according to a taped conversation obtained by police—that during an angry session with his father the elder Nugent threatened to pay George's bills directly, instead of giving him the money.

As financial pressures began to mount, police theorized, Nugent saw one successful drug deal as the easiest way out of his problems. In September, they learned, he placed an order with Desmond Bailey for a pound of cocaine. The deal called for Corky Kelly to deliver four ounces of the drug valued at \$7,500 on the night of September 29. And that night, as he was leaving a River Road restaurant on his way to George Nugent's office with his pockets crammed full of drugs and money, was the last time Kelly was seen alive.

On Thursday, December 11, 1980, a Jefferson County grand jury returned an indictment charging George Nugent with the murder of Clark Lambert Kelly. The indictment was not made public until 1:00 a.m., Friday, when Louisville police visited Nugent's Elmwood Avenue home and took him into custody. That afternoon, he was released from the Jefferson County Jail under \$25,000 cash bond.

Interviewed by newsmen, Lieutenant James Bader, head of the homicide squad, said that Corky Kelly had been slain as a result of a drug deal that had turned sour.

"The way the body was disposed of," he said in something of an understatement, "It was not meant to be found."

In his opening statement at Nugent's

murder trial, which got underway on Tuesday, May 5, 1981, in the Jefferson Circuit Court of Judge Curtis Witten, Assistant Commonwealth's Attorney Ernest Jasmin said that evidence would show that Kelly was shot to death between 9:00 and 10:30 on the evening of September 29, 1980. As his first witness, he called George R. Nichols III, Kentucky's chief medical examiner.

"Are there any criteria you can use to determine specifically the time of death?" Jasmin asked him.

"No sir," Nichols replied. "Only in fiction."

Nichols went on to say that he could be no more precise about the time of Kelly's death than to say that it had occurred "between the last time he was seen and the time his body was found."

The following day, the jury viewed a 17-minute tape of the unearthing of Corky Kelly's body. They also heard from Homicide Detective Jim Johnson, who said that blood was found near the defendant's car in the company garage.

Another homicide detective, Terry Clark, told defense counsel that plaster casts of shoeprints found at the death scene did not match Nugent's. Impressions of truck tracks at the site "did not match any vehicle we have come in contact with."

During his examination of the two murder probes, Nugent's attorney was attempting to show that several contractors used the land near the sand company to dump debris day and night. Because the company grounds were not locked after dark, he hinted, any of them could have buried the body there.

On Thursday, the prosecution called a Marksfield Court, Louisville, man who testified that Desmond Bailey had told him that Corky Kelly was "supposed to deliver some cocaine and hadn't been seen since."

Under cross-examination, the witness said that he had seen George Nugent dealing cocaine on approximately 50 occasions.

"A lot of people in the East End used it," he added.

The day's most interesting testimony came from a man from North Hubbards Lane who told the court about a gathering of friends at his house the night after Kelly's body was found. Although acknowledging that Kelly had done some work for him, he insisted that he had not invited anyone to his place and did not know why they had come there.

Earlier, he testified, he had received a call from a friend of Kelly's, who told him that Kelly had vanished and that a description of the murder victim seemed to fit him. Along with Desmond Bailey, he had gone to the police morgue that afternoon to make a formal identification of the corpse and to make statements to officers.

The witness went on to say that the

purported cocaine transaction between Kelly and the defendant was common knowledge at the gathering at his home. When Nugent showed up and was told that the police had been informed of the drug deal, he was furious. Asked if he had slain Kelly, the witness said, "He replied, no, he did not kill Corky."

"If you're innocent," someone else had asked, "why don't you go to the police and tell your side of the story?"

Nugent, the witness said, answered that "it would not be the smartest thing to do" and explained that he did not want the bad publicity that would surround him if he went to the police.

"Do you know everything I have to lose, everything I have worked for in my whole life," Kelly's former girlfriend would quote Nugent as saying, "I'll lose my inheritance. My father will disown me."

At that point, another friend reportedly stood up and almost threw a punch at Nugent. "You know, we lost Corky. What the hell are you talking about your inheritance for?"

Also testifying on Thursday was Detective Dene Ashcraft, who said that a police search of Nugent's home had produced photos of the defendant apparently "snorting" a white powder through a straw.

On Friday, Desmond Bailey, who had been granted immunity from prosecution in exchange for his story, told the court that he had taken part in a coke deal involving George Nugent on the night of September 29th. A friend, he said, told him that Nugent had threatened to kill Kelly if Kelly didn't come up with some money he owed him. He noted that he had never heard the defendant utter such a threat himself.

Bailey said that he had known George Nugent since high school, "but not well until last year," and had sold him cocaine on "countless" occasions.

In mid-September, he continued, Kelly told him that Nugent wanted to purchase as much as a pound of cocaine, so Bailey had gone to see Bob Wallace, who "told me he could provide four ounces." Bailey added that he had given a sample of the drug to Kelly, who relayed it to the defendant.

"Nugent said it was O.K.," Bailey testified. "Kelly told me to get the rest..."

A meeting to culminate the deal was set for the evening of September 29th, at a restaurant near Zora Avenue. Kelly phoned Nugent every 10 or 15 minutes until 9:30, when he left the restaurant with Bob Wallace. When Wallace came back a few minutes later, he told Bailey that "Corky had taken the coke to the sand company."

When Kelly didn't return to the restaurant, Bailey and friends Bob Wallace and Bea Riley waited nearly an hour before calling the sand com-

pany to ask for him. Nugent, Bailey said, told Bea Riley that Kelly had left some 15 minutes to half an hour earlier.

With the others, Bailey drove to the sand company, where they saw a pickup truck driving away with its lights off. They also saw Kelly's van, but there was no sign of their friend.

"Wallace and I stayed in the car," Bailey said. "Bea went to the office and talked to George. She returned and we decided someone should go back to the (restaurant) to see if Corky had walked back. Bea took the car to the (restaurant) and we sat by Corky's van."

About five minutes later, Bailey's story continued, Bea Riley returned to the sand company and went to see Nugent again.

Then "Bob and I drove to Corky's duplex on Payne Street," Bailey said. "Bea was at the sand company. There was no one home. Bob and I returned to the sand company. Bob went into the company for five minutes. I got impatient," and joined the others in the office.

"I asked George where Corky was. George said Corky had delivered the coke, that he had given Corky the money and more money to get more coke. George told me he gave Corky about \$15,000."

Nugent also told him that he did not see Kelly leave the sand company because he had gone upstairs.

"This made no sense to us," Bailey added.

Then Wallace suggested that they snort some cocaine and Nugent went upstairs "and brought some down." All four got high, Bailey said, adding that he was certain it was the same cocaine he had tried earlier in the evening, before the meeting at the restaurant.

By that time, it was close to midnight and Nugent wanted to go home.

"Bob, Bea and I drove to Corky's apartment and tried to figure out what happened," Bailey said. "Corky had disappeared once earlier, on another transaction."

Later that night, while Bailey was alone at Kelly's duplex, Nugent phoned "and asked me to move (Kelly's) van, because he had left the front gate open. I said I was tired."

The following morning, about 10:00, Wallace called him at the duplex and said "he had tlaked to George and George wanted the van moved." Then Wallace picked him up and drove him to the sand company, where Nugent met them. All three of the men, Bailey said, "milled around. I figured that since Corky had not shown up...I was looking for Corky's body or something."

After leaving the sand company, Bailey said, he had lunch with Bob Wallace.

"Wallace was upset because he told me Corky had disappeared with some-

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one's money in the past."

Wallace was so upset that he went to the duplex and took Kelly's stereo, television and power tools to hold until he received his money. The items were placed in Kelly's van.

On the morning of October 1, 1980, Bailey's story continued, he learned of the discovery of the body at the sand company and went to University Hospital, where he identified it as that of Kelly. Then he spoke with the police.

Also taking the stand on Friday was a night-shift worker at the sand company who testified that he had used George Nugent's .22-caliber Smith & Wesson revolver to kill a rat on company property on September 29th or 30th. When he told Nugent that he had a similar weapon at home, he said, the young man told him that he would like to see it and the worker brought it the next night.

The witness said that he did not hear any shots on either September 29th or 30th, other than those fired at the rat. If the shots had been fired on September 30th, he said, he would have heard them because there was no machinery in operation that night. However, on September 29th, heavy equipment was in use and he might not have heard anything.

On Monday, May 11th, Bob Wallace testified that on the night of Kelly's disappearance, Nugent told him that he had given Kelly \$7,500 for the cocaine and another \$7,500 for an additional quarter-pound. Wallace recalled that he, himself, was extremely upset at the time because he was out \$6,000.

What Nugent said, he testified, "didn't make any sense, because I had told (them) there wasn't any more (cocaine) to be gotten. Nothing added up . . . we were at a total loss as to what had gone on."

On Tuesday, 21-year-old employee of the sand company said that he was certain he saw George Nugent operating a piece of heavy machinery on the night of September 29th, close to the spot where Kelly's body was found.

Also testifying that day was the assistant superintendent of the sand company, who said that it was his blood, from a cut wrist, that police had found in the garage.

The prosecution's final witness, a former employee of the sand company, said that he spent several hours with George Nugent late on the night that Kelly disappeared. Two days later, the witness testified, Nugent had asked him if he would tell police that they had been together throughout the evening, to provide him with an alibi. Nugent, he added, said that he was going to have to call his father and have him hire "the best lawyer in town."

Attempting to prove that Corky Kelly was actually slain early on the morning of October 1st, and not two days earlier

as the prosecution contended, Nugent's lawyer called a district medical examiner from Hopkinsville, Kentucky. The witness said that the condition of the body tissues and level of rigor mortis indicated that the victim was dead 12 hours or less when his body was exhumed. It was also his opinion that the body had been placed in a sitting position after the shooting.

In his final argument to the jury on Thursday, May 14, 1981, Assistant Commonwealth's Attorney Jasmin tried to discredit the witness' testimony by quoting his own medical expert's opinion that it was impossible to scientifically determine the time of Kelly's death.

Defense counsel countered by claiming that even if the killing took place on the night of September 29th, as the prosecution said, his client would hardly have been able to murder Kelly, place him in the payload, dump the body and fill in the excavation, all within a 40-minute period.

"The chief hit man of the Mafia with six weeks of training and planning could not have pulled that off," the defense lawyer said.

He also attacked allegations that his client had threatened Kelly's life by pointing to discrepancies in the testimony of various prosecution witnesses.

"I believe that threat cannot be ac-

cepted as anything other than fabrication," he said.

What's more, he added, if Nugent were planning to murder Kelly, he would not have given the death weapon to an employee to hunt rats.

"I believe we have proved somebody else did it," the attorney said, "and did it the morning of October 1, 1980, and he was buried at that time."

At 3:45 that afternoon, the case was given to the jury. The panelists deliberated for some seven hours before returning a verdict of guilty of murder and a recommended sentence of 40 years in prison. Under Kentucky law, Nugent faced a maximum 20 years to life term.

On Monday, June 22, rejecting a defense motion for a new trial, or acquittal, Judge Witten imposed the 40-year sentence on George Nugent. He told the neatly-dressed young man that the jury had already shown him mercy by recommending less than the maximum sentence. Then he ordered Nugent's \$25,000 bond revoked and the defendant was taken to the Jefferson County Jail.

Defense counsel said that he would appeal.

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*The names Desmond Bailey, Bob Wallace and Bea Riley are fictitious and were used because there is no reason for public interest in their true identities.*

## CORROSIVE ACID

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

A search of the Townsley car yielded only a pair of pantyhose found in the backseat. The officers took charge of the hose which had a knot tied in it. They reasoned that the hose may have blown back into the car when the drive had tried to dispose of it by throwing it out of the front car window.

Returning by helicopter to the police station in Austin at almost dark, the two sergeants were informed that Fleming and Villegas had gotten some important facts from grilling Townsley.

When Townsley arrived at the police station the sleuths immediately inspected his boots closely and noticed stains on them. They also saw hair matted on the boot soles.

Richards joined the other officers in questioning Townsley. He asked Townsley to tell him what he had done the night before (Sunday night).

Seemingly more composed that he had been previously, Townsley explained that he had waited for Blair to come home from Houston on Sunday afternoon. He said he called her first 5:00 p.m. He kept calling and was not able to reach her by phone until about 6:00 p.m.

Townsley told Richards that he wanted to break the news to her that her

dog had died. He was looking after the dog while she was away, Townsley said.

When Pauline arrived home, Townsley said he went to her trailer and found her in the bedroom. He told her the dog had died and she began crying and told him she wished to be alone. Townsley said he then kissed her goodbye and left.

Continuing his story, Townsley said after he left Ms. Blair's trailer he went next door to a friend's place and stayed there until about 10 p.m. He and his friend then went out to get pizza and beer.

Then, according to Townsley, he drove around a while and came back to the park to check on Pauline, but he said he only drove by her place and then drove to Brownwood, arriving at his mother's about 1:30 a.m. on Sunday.

Richards remembered that Townsley's mother had told him that her son had arrived about 3:30 a.m., two hours later than Townsley had told him.

Richards asked Townsley why he and his folks went to the trailer home of Ms. Blair on Monday morning, instead of going to the office where she was supposedly working. Townsley answered, "I was going to call her at the office from her trailer."

Further questioning the suspect, Richards asked Townsley how he thought his friend's killer had gotten inside the trailer without forcing his way. Townsley answered that he thought several of her friends had a key to her house.

Because the police hadn't enough evidence to hold Townsley on a charge of killing Ms. Blair, although he was their prime suspect, they decided to hold him on another charge.

Officer Fleming told Richards that Townsley had two traffic warrants outstanding, one for driving the wrong way on a one-way street, the other for driving without a license. They arrested him for the two old unpaid traffic tickets.

It was still Monday, and although a full-day's work had already been done by the investigating officers, Richards and Lt. Wisian went to the hospital morgue to await the autopsy report on Ms. Blair. They took with them some of Townsley's clothing, including his boots.

Medical examiner Dr. Roberto Bayardo told the officers that the verification of the cause of death would take a lot of lab work, but he said he believed that death had been caused by some type of fluid the victim had swallowed.

The first break came in the evidence against Townsley when the pathologist reported to the police that he had found red pubic hair tangled in Ms. Blair's pubic hair.

Early in the evening, the friend that Townsley said he had eaten pizza and drank beer with on Sunday night came to the station to give a formal statement to the police.

Townsley's friend gave the same account of his and Townsley's activities that the officer had heard from Townsley. But he also gave some additional information. He said that Townsley had borrowed his binoculars one time on Sunday night to look inside Pauline's window, in the trailer next door to his. Townsley told him that he wanted to see if she was okay.

Townsley was taken to the interview room about 8:30 p.m. and grilled for an hour by Officer Fleming. He never changed his earlier story, but gave the same account of his activities on Sunday night and Monday morning.

Officer Polk took up the interrogation and after an hour of intense grilling, Richards began talking to the suspect. He asked Townsley if he had any idea who killed Pauline Blair. He said he did not.

Richards asked about the red pubic hair found on the victim. Townsley admitted he made love to her that Sunday night. Richards confronted him with his earlier statement that he had left because she had been upset about the death of her dog. Townsley answered

that he made love to her before he told her about Burg's (the dog) death.

While Townsley was being questioned, Officer Fleming returned from the scene of the autopsy and reported to Richards that the hair found on the Townsley boots appeared to have been cut.

Soon after this the suspect told Richards that he wanted to ask him something privately, but that he was afraid the interview room was bugged.

Townsley asked Richards if they could go out in the hall. Richards agreed and Townsley asked him a hypothetical question: "What if somebody had wrapped an ace bandage around Pauline's eyes and the bandage accidentally slipped down over her neck and the person that put the bandage on her didn't know it. If the person after discovering the bandage was around her neck, immediately took it off and later realized she was dead, but the person didn't mean to kill her?"

Richards answered Townsley, "It sounds like that would be a case of premeditated murder."

The officer noticed an immediate change in Townsley when they returned to the interview room. He began shaking and tears filled his eyes. He said he was tired and wanted to be returned to his cell so he could sleep.

It was shortly after midnight on Tuesday, the day after the slaying, when the officers rested from the case. They asked Townsley to take a polygraph test the next day. He agreed and the test was scheduled for 3:00 p.m. Tuesday.

After a two-hour period of examination by polygraph, the operator came from the room saying that Townsley wanted to talk to an officer. Polk went into the room and in a few minutes emerged and told Richards that Townsley had admitted that he killed Pauline Blair.

Townsley told Richards that he did not intend to kill his girlfriend. Then he told the officers that he felt better after confessing the slaying, and that he was hungry. They took him to a restaurant and he ate a Mexican dinner.

After the meal the officers asked Townsley to make a written statement. He agreed but said he wanted to talk to the district attorney. He asked the DA if he could be sent to a prison farm somewhere. The DA told him that no deal could be made.

On Tuesday night about 9:30 p.m. the officers began taking a formal statement from Townsley. When the statement was finished about midnight and signed by the suspect, he insisted on showing the officers where he had disposed of the evidence.

Accompanied by the assistant district attorney, Richards and Polk took Townsley in a police car and a pre-dawn

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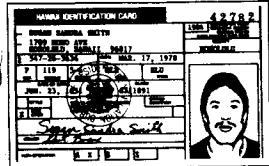
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search began. Sgt. Jim Beck and Glen Coons followed the officers in another police car.

The search started at Seward Junction on U.S. 183 where Townsley said he threw the first evidence from his car. With Richards and Townsley walking in the lights of the police car driven by Polk, the other officers searched the roadside using the car's spotlight. The group scanned the roadside to the bridge over the San Gabriel River.

The only evidence found was a pair of scissors. Townsley identified them as the ones he had thrown out of the car.

With the sworn statement in hand on Thursday, November 13, 1980, the Travis County grand jury brought a capital murder indictment against Townsley. This was based on the testimony of Townsley saying he had taken two rings belonging to the victim after he killed her, and that he had taken some money out of her purse.

Under Texas law, a capital murder indictment can be returned if the suspect committed another felony during the murder.

On November 19th the county medical examiner ruled that Pauline Blair died from inhaling too much ether.

On June 24, 1981, a seven-woman, five-man jury was selected to hear the case of Townsley vs. the State of Texas with Judge Mace B. Thurman, Jr. presiding in 147th State District Court.

The district attorney's office waived the capital murder indictment and elected to try Townsley under the lesser charge of murder.

In a pre-trial hearing in April, Townsley said that he was so upset during police questioning that he was not aware of what he was saying when he signed the confession. Judge Thurman denied the defense motion to throw out the confession at the trial.

The complete confession was read during the state's presentation of testimony at the trial.

"On November 7th, Friday," the testimony read, "I went to Brownwood and picked up my brother and we went to Brownwood Automotive. There I purchased two large size cans of starting fluid.

"The clerk and I discussed the starting fluid. I asked him if it was the same type that they use in dragsters and he said yes. He told me that if you use too much of it, it would blow your engine up. He said it contained ethel ether and that it would cause drowsiness.

"After I took my brother home I returned to Austin. I went to Pauline's trailer about one a.m. on Saturday morning. I put some of the ether on some cotton and tried it on Burg (Pauline's dog). I don't think that Burg swallowed the ether, I think that I must have held his mouth too tight and he suffocated.

"I also wish to add that while I was in

Brownwood Friday, after I bought the starting fluid, I went to my grandmother's house and got a small glass container to put the ether in. I told my grandmother that Burg was real old and that we wanted to put him to sleep.

"After using the ether on Burg, I realized that he was dead. I put him in a box and closed the lid. Sometime later I fell asleep. Saturday morning I got the box and took Burg to the vet. I told the vet's receptionist that if Pauline called, not to tell her that Burg was there because I wanted to tell her about Burg.

"I left the vet's and headed to a friend's apartment. I stayed there until he went to work, and I think I took him to work. we ate a hamburger together before he went to work.

"Sunday, November 9th, I decided to go to Brownwood. The purpose of going to Brownwood was to get some acid that I knew my brother had in his chemistry set. This was at my grandmother's house.

"My brother asked me what I wanted it for and I told him that I wanted to clean some rust off some metal with it...I got back to Austin about three p.m. I drove back to Pauline's to see if she had got back home yet and she hadn't, so I went riding around.

"I went to a store at Cameron and Rundberg and waited in the parking lot. I figured that when Pauline got back to town, that this was the way she would come to go home, so I knew I could see her when she passed.

"A while later I saw Pauline's car go by. I then tried to call the trailer, but got no answer. I then drove to the trailer to be sure that was her car, since my eyesight is not real good.

"When I drove by the trailer, I saw her car there, and I saw that her boyfriends car was also there. I went back to the store and tried to call Pauline several times, but she didn't answer the phone until around five p.m.

"Pauline talked to me and I told her that I knew her friend was there and that I knew that she couldn't talk, and she said 'yes.'

"I gave the number at the pay phone to her," Townsley's confession continued, "and I told her when he left to call me, because I had something important to tell her. I waited until about five forty-five p.m. for her call and then decided to call her back. I call three times and she finally answered at six p.m.

"I asked her if her friend was gone and she said yes. I told her I was going to come by. While I was waiting at the store, I had left my lights on and the battery in my car went dead. I pushed the car and started it. I drove to the trailer park and parked next to Pauline's neighbor, so in case my car wouldn't start, her neighbor could give me a jump.

"I went over to Pauline's. I told

Pauline about Burg denying. When I got into the trailer, I went into the bedroom and Pauline was sitting on the bed, up against the headboard. She was drinking a bourbon and coke. She was wearing panties and tan shirt.

"I sat down on the bed next to her and started talking to her. I told her I had something to tell her. She asked what it was. I told her that Burg was gone. Pauline asked what happened and I told her that I had walked into the trailer Saturday and found Burg lying up in the windowsill, dead.

"She asked me where Burg was now and I told her he was at the vet's. I told her that I didn't know what she wanted me to do with him, so I had taken him to the vet and the vet was keeping him until we picked him up.

"Pauline started crying and then a few minutes later, I asked her if she wanted a fresh drink, and I went in the kitchen and fixed one for her. I think that while fixing her a drink I got a beer from the ice box and drank it while she drank her drink.

"When I came back into the bedroom Pauline was talking on the phone to her ex-mother-in-law. She was crying. When she got off the phone, she went into the bathroom and shut the door. I sat in the living room for about fifteen to twenty minutes, and went to the bathroom and knocked on it and opened the door.

"I asked Pauline if she was all right. She was leaning up against the mirror and crying. She told me to leave her alone. I went back in the living room for a minute, then went back to the bedroom and sat down on the foot of the bed.

"A few minutes later Pauline came out of the bathroom and sat down on the bed and started drinking her drink. We started talking and Pauline told me that I had to quit coming by so much because her other boyfriend was putting a lot of pressure on her.

"I told her that I would just come by on weekends and holidays but she told me that she didn't want me even coming by then because of her boyfriend and all the pressure. I asked her if we could have dinner sometime and she said she didn't know, we would see.

"I asked her if she was going to bed with anyone else and she said she wouldn't and I told her that I wouldn't. I told her I loved her and kissed her before I left the house.

"After leaving Pauline I went next door to Ted's. Ted said that he was hungry and needed to go to the store to get something to eat. I asked him if he wanted to go to a pizza place. We went to Ted's pickup. Before leaving I started my car and left it running while we were gone.

"At the pizza place Ted ordered a pizza and I drank one beer. We went back to Dave's house and watched the

movie "Rocky II." I guess it was over about nine p.m. and we sat around until about ten p.m. and Ted said he wanted to go to bed so I went outside.

"As I was leaving Ted's house I borrowed a chair and a pair of binoculars from Ted. My purpose for this was to check on Pauline without scaring her by putting my head up to the window to see if she was all right. I have bad eyesight but could see well with the binoculars. I went out into the street and looked into the trailer house and saw that Pauline was all right and that she was doing her laundry.

"Then I went over and sat in the grass between Ted's and Pauline's mobile home. I sat for a while and then walked over to the store and got me a coke. I walked back and sat down at the same place again and drank the coke in the grass. Pauline's light went out sometime between ten-thirty and eleven p.m.

"I sat there until around midnight. While sitting there my main thoughts were that I knew that Pauline and I were being separated and I wasn't going to be seeing her anymore.

"I then got up and went into Pauline's house, using my key to the mobile home. While setting outside before and after going to the store and coming back, I had the bottle of acid in my pocket.

"Upon entering the home I pulled my boots off in the living room. The house was dark. I walked to the bedroom. Pauline was asleep on the bed nude. On the way to the bedroom I got an ace elastic bandage from the storeroom. I knew exactly where it was laying so I just picked it up.

"I sat down on the edge of the bed, raised her head up, and put the bandage over her eyes. At this point my intent was to make love to Pauline one last time and then leave. I took off my clothes and I got into bed. At that time Pauline started to wake up so I then put the cotton, which was real drenched with starting fluid, over her mouth and nose. I rolled her over on her stomach holding her mouth.

"I rolled her over onto her back. I decided then to tie her up in case she woke up again. When I rolled her over, I still held the starting fluid to her mouth and nose. I left the cotton on her face and got out of bed. I got some pantyhose of Pauline's that were just laying around the bedroom. I tied her hands to the headboard of the bed and her feet to the foot of the bed.

At this time, I proceeded to make love to Pauline. She didn't move during this time. During this time I started slapping Pauline open-handed in the face. I alternately made love to Pauline in the vagina and slapped her.

"Then I untied her feet and lifted them up and tied them to the head of the bed. I then entered her anus and then

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alternated between making love to her in the anus, vagina and mouth again. I had noticed then that Pauline had defecated on herself. Before noticing this I did ejaculate in Pauline's vagina.

"I got up and turned on the bathroom light. Right before going to the bathroom I picked up a scarf off the dresser and wiped myself off. Then I went into the bathroom and took a shower. I put the scarf on top of the washer.

"I want to add that after untying her feet from the headboard I noticed that the ace bandage had slipped down onto her neck and I lifted it up and replaced it over her eyes.

"I probably got dressed after taking my shower. I went back to Pauline and I think she was still alive because I blew into her mouth and I heard something. I don't know if she was breathing or if it was just my air coming back out of her mouth. I remember pushing on her chest, too.

"I noticed that she was getting cold. I had turned on the lamp on the nightstand. I noticed that her mouth was rigid, and I couldn't get it open. This is when I assumed that Pauline was dead because I listened for a heartbeat. I put my hand on her stomach to see if I could feel her breathe, and then I put my ear to her mouth to see if I could feel her breathe, and hear her breathe. I could not.

"Then I felt for a pulse. I thought I felt a pulse at first, but then I couldn't find it again, so I assumed she was dead. I untied Pauline's hands and I think I took the bandage off of her then. I sat there with her for a minute. I then grabbed the blue-handled scissors off the nightstand and started hacking off her hair. I laid the hair after cutting it off in a neat pile on the pillow next to Pauline's head.

"I am not sure at what point I picked the acid up off the floor, but it was at this time that I began pouring the acid on Pauline. I remember being very careful not to get the acid in Pauline's eyes.

"I poured the acid down the right side of Pauline's face. The acid ran down her face onto her neck and stomach. After that I got my lighter. I raised her legs up and got between her legs and burned her pubic hair.

"Then I went to the middle bedroom and got two paper sacks. I went back in the bedroom and started cleaning things up. I got the panyhose, the cotton and the bottles and everying, including the scissors, and put the stuff in the two paper sacks. Then I went in the living room and put on my boots.

"While in the living room I remembered the clips off the ace bandage. I remembered that one of them had fallen on the floor and one was on the bed somewhere, so I went back into the bedroom and found the clips. I put them in the sack along with a piece of Pauline's eyeglass frames that I found.

"Pauline's wallet was lying on the bed. I took the money out of the wallet—which was about a hundred and twenty dollars. Then I took Pauline's ring set (two rings) off the nightstand by the bed. I took the rings as a keepsake. I then left the trailer. I think I locked the trailer when I left.

"As I was walking to my car I started thinking about calling the police and saying that I had come over and found Pauline like that but then I saw the security guard drive by and he was real close to me so I felt like he saw me. That scared me so I got in my car and left."

The confession concluded: "I started driving to Brownwood. On the way I threw away the stuff out of the sacks. I threw one thing at a time out of the sacks. This was while I was driving on 183 on the way to Brownwood. I left the trailer around two a.m. November 10, 1980, and got to Brownwood around four-thirty a.m. going to my grandmother's house. After I got there I went in and went to bed.

"The next morning we all drove back to Austin and over to Pauline's trailer and found the police already there. When I went and woke up my brother to get him to go with us to Austin I gave him Pauline's rings and told him to keep them for me.

"I also told my brother that I had

found Pauline dead. I guess I must have thought that I would have had an alibi by having my mother with me and the fact that I had spent the night in Brownwood.

"We left Brownwood around nine a.m. and got to the trailer at around eleven a.m. When I got to the trailer the police was already there. After talking briefly to the police I was taken to the police department and talked to Sergeant Fleming and Villegas. At that time I lied and all other statements were false."

On Friday, June 26, 1981, the jury deliberated about an hour before deciding that Larry Lee Townsley was guilty of murdering Pauline Blair on November 10, 1980.

It took the same jury less time to decide on the punishment. In 45 minutes the jury returned a punishment term of 99 years in prison.

Formal sentencing was on July 7th by Judge Thurman.

In an unbelievable statement, to an *Austin-American* newspaper reporter, Townsley said: "Even after what I did, I'll love her forever." ●

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*The name Ted is fictitious and was used because there is no reason for public interest in his true identity.*

## PROMISE OF LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

time to make their move.

On March 6, 1981, after McLean had cashed another of Podborny's \$250-traveler's checks at a Cleveland restaurant, agents arrested him at his Richfield, Ohio home.

Once in custody, apprised of his rights, McLean, realizing this was a federal matter and that he was in deep trouble, lost his con man composure. A frail man in his late 40s, mustached and dark-browed, McLean now resembled a hard-bitten racetrack better who had just watched his last two-dollar bet run dead last. Telling everything was not his choice: it was an imperative if he hoped to save his skin, and he knew it and the agents knew it.

Was Podborny dead?

"I don't know," McLean said, running a hand nervously through his thin hair. "Iced doesn't have to mean dead. The last I heard from the others, they were holding him in a house somewhere in Amherst, Ohio." (About 30 miles southwest of Cleveland.)

"Tell us everything, McLean. Who are the others?"

"Look, I didn't ice him," McLean said in a rush. "I was up front on the money matters. The others—they planned it, not me."

The plot, he began, was first hatched in May 1980, when Clevelander Lola

Gail Toney, 39, with whom he was remotely acquainted, approached him with a proposition that could net them \$5,000, maybe more.

Plump-faced and excited, Lola Gail Toney explained that she was the daughter-in-law of a wealthy Chicago woman, Dimples Podborny. More specifically, Toney was married to Dimples' son by an earlier marriage. According to Toney, Dimples' marriage to Henry Podborny had grown sour. She was now estranged from him, planning a divorce.

"But she was worried about physical harm and harassment from her husband," McLean told the agents. She wanted somebody to protect her and lean on her old man if it became necessary, he said.

McLean grew interested, he confessed. Then, maybe hoping to diminish his own guilt, he added that he was just trying to help Gail (Toney) get some of her mother-in-law's money.

A few days later, he and Toney drove to Chicago and he was introduced to Dimples Podborny. To preserve his anonymity, Toney introduced McLean as "Stan."

McLean, no stranger to underworld characters and their manner, properly impressed the Chicago housewife. His lean, tough looks and gruffy voice convinced Dimples that she was talking to

an experienced "heavy," and she and \$5,000 quickly parted company. All McLean had to do for his fee was make a few threatening phone calls to the Chicago housewife's husband, apply pressure where pressure was needed.

Toney split the five grand with McLean, which ought to have been the end of the whole thing. But the plot unexpectedly thickened, according to McLean.

A few months later, Dimples, now high on a divorce kick, began to fret about money. Following the impending divorce, Dimples saw herself leaving the land of milk and honey, stripped of her husband's millions. Yes, the court would award her a small monthly stipend. But tokenism, a few hundred a month, would never satisfy her needs, and she might even have to go back to work as a nurses's aide, not a pleasant choice at the age of 59. But there were clever alternatives, she thought.

Confiding in her daughter-in-law, Dimples Podborny said that she had to somehow head off her husband before it was too late, and she was alluding to murder, according to McLean, wondering out loud if Stan (McLean) would be interested.

Once again Toney contacted McLean. McLean agreed that the old woman was an easy touch, but he was chilled by the thought of murder. Grabbing her dough was one thing, but wiping out another human being—this was not his ball game.

Toney countered that it was her ball game, either. But they could still make a score, she said. They could strike up a deal with Dimples, get all the money out of her that she was possible, and then just stall and go through the motions. In effect, Dimples Podborny would be paying for a murder that would never take place, and by the time the old gal realized she'd been ripped off, what could she do—run to the Better Business Bureau?

McLean told the agents he agreed to host this idea. It was more easy money and he foresaw no hitches.

He returned to Chicago, met with Gail Toney and Dimples Podborny. A figure of \$20,000 was agreed upon, and the cash had to be up front before McLean would go into action.

With the deal cemented, McLean said that he and Gail drove to Podborny's place of business, purportedly to kill him.

"Gail had a .38-caliber revolver in the car for the purpose of me shooting Podborny," McLean said, "but when I went to the plant, she stated it was kind of late, and said we should make up a story to tell Dimples that somebody was at the plant and we couldn't see Podborny alone."

More ploys and stalls followed in the next few days, McLean said, but the

paid-for murder never came off, and he eventually came back to Cleveland, \$10,000 richer and wiser.

Still claiming innocence in the actual plot-work of the Chicagoan's strange disappearance, McLean said that he knew Dimples, with the help of others, had lured her husband to Cleveland on January 29, 1981, on the pretext that she wanted to discuss a possible reconciliation with him. No such loving reunion was ever intended; it was simply a hoax to draw the love-struck husband to Cleveland.

Podborny, full of love and trust, fell for the ruse and boarded a Cleveland-bound jet, which was the beginning of the end.

McLean said that at 11:30 that night, Gail Toney called him and said that they had Podborny. She and a confederate had "tied him up and emptied his pockets."

McLean agreed to meet Toney that night, and she gave him \$2,000 in American Express checks with Podborny's name on them, three blank checks and Podborny's driver's license and American Express card.

With the money raid now running full-steam, Dimples and her daughter-in-law jetted back to Chicago to ransack the victim's home and office. The women were unable to locate \$50,000 that Podborny allegedly had hidden somewhere in his home, but they did locate several of his savings passbooks, McLean said. These were eventually turned over to McLean, he continued, and he was directed to figure out a way to withdraw the money. He'd been working on such a scheme at the time of his arrest, he told the federal agents.

"And you don't know whether Podborny's dead or alive?" McLean was asked.

McLean said he had no idea.

The agents conferred privately. The missing man's safety was still their number one priority. He had to be found and saved—if it was possible.

Evolving a plan that might work, the agents asked McLean to phone those who he knew to be involved and try to get information on the Chicagoan's whereabouts. The conversation would be monitored; hopefully, the plan would work.

But the plan did not work. Toney was in Chicago and Dimples was with her, and although McLean, carefully coached in what to say, did phone them and tried to extract information, neither women would reveal what had happened to the Chicago businessman.

Stymied, the agents took McLean back to the drawing board. There were others involved in the complicated abduction and defrauding of Henry Podborny, and if the man was still alive, which was beginning to seem doubtful, it was the others who would have the

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answers to this baffling mystery.

Returning to square one, knowing that Podborny had been lured to Cleveland by hopes of a reconciliation with his wife, the agents now wanted McLean to tell them who had met the millionaire crate-maker at Cleveland Hopkins Airport.

McLean supposed it was Lola Gail Toney. The rest was presumption. And Dimples would not have been on the scene, the agents theorized, for she was the bait.

Working in close concert with city and county law enforcement agencies, the agents tried to determine where Podborny might be held captive. However, the possibilities were mind-boggling. Amherst, Ohio searchers proved zilch. Informants listened closely but came up empty. Plainclothesmen playing the street scene fared no better. And lastly, McLean was questioned and requestioned, but he could add nothing to what he had already told lawmen, and, more and more, it seemed he was telling the truth; he simply did not know the fate of the Chicago millionaire.

In mid-March, feeling further searches were futile, FBI agents chose a different course of action. A plan was formulated. A plan that would snare Lola Gail Toney and the others in the most incriminating of circumstances. The plan's equivalent in chess would lead to a certain checkmate. But the agents first needed McLean's help.

McLean's cooperation was solicited by the agents, and he agreed to help. McLean was to be equipped with a body recorder and conduct telephone and personal conversations with Lola Gail Toney. One bait deserved another, the agents thought, and they instructed McLean to tell Toney he was on the verge of making a breakthrough with Podborny's savings passbooks. At the same time, he was to learn everything he could about the abduction-plot and Podborny's fate.

In the next two days, 17 McLean-Toney phone and personal conversations were recorded by the FBI. In essence, Toney had driven Podborny to a vacant eastside Cleveland restaurant owned by Robert O'Neal. Toney's brother Gary, O'Neal and another accomplice, Lloyd Allen, then allegedly tied up the Chicago millionaire and robbed him.

In one of the tape-recorded conversations, McLean asked Toney, "Do you think Podborny is gone completely?"

Toney said, "Yes,"

"Do you think O'Neal just let him die or killed him?"

Toney answered, "I think he killed him. . . as far as I know, Lloyd (Allen) was helping him. . . I heard Hank (Podborny) offered Bob (O'Neal) \$50,000 to turn him loose."

Was it possible that Podborny had bought his way free, the agents wondered? Was the Chicago crate-maker alive and well, and for unfathomable reasons, somewhere in hiding? Or at the bottom line, was he dead?

FBI agents and Cleveland detectives intensified their joint investigation. The FBI monitored several calls from Toney's phone. Some of these calls—especially those to her brother, Gary Gabbard, of Ravenna, Ohio—were incriminating to both figures. Cleveland detectives, meanwhile, were scrutinizing the movements of Robert O'Neal and Lloyd Allen.

On March 25th, convinced that Podborny must be dead, the investigators made their move. McLean was directed to phone Toney, who, with her mother-in-law, had jetted back to Chicago, and tell her that she'd just cashed one of Podborny's checks for \$3,000. As expected, Toney made quick arrangements for a flight to Cleveland. She would arrive at Cleveland Hopkins International Airport at 7:00 p.m. and return to Chicago on a 7:30 p.m. flight, just long enough to stuff her purse with her share of the three grand. But instead of dollars, the plump, 39-year-old conspirator was met by FBI agents, Cleveland detectives and a pair of handcuffs.

Once in custody, the cookies crumbled fast, and so did Lola Gail Toney. Confronted by damning evidence—hours of incriminating tape recordings—her cool countenance and manufactured charm suddenly became a minuscule Fall of the Roman Empire. She dictated and signed a four-page statement admitting her guilt and implicating several others.

With minor differences, the scheme was as McLean had described it. Dimples Podborny had become convinced that her husband was reshuffling his money into secret accounts, hiding every penny from her, so that when his clever lawyers went into divorce court, she would be stripped bare. Toney concurred with her mother-in-law; this was not fair, and she agreed to help Dimples get what was rightly hers.

Spelling out more details of the nefarious plot, Toney said that Dimples wanted her husband killed. Toney, no stranger to the right people in the wrong places, originally contacted 35-year-old Harry Clarke, of Bath, Ohio. Clarke, a motorcyclist, was asked to arrange for the Hell's Angels to kill Podborny. For unexplained reasons, the deal went sour. However, Clarke's Bath, Ohio home then burned to the ground under what authorities described as "suspicious circumstances."

McLean, who lived in nearby Richfield, Ohio, was then drawn into the conspirator's deadly game. The rest of the scenario read as McLean had described it earlier. Toney's acquaintance

with Robert O'Neal had some depth to it: While he operated his eastside Cleveland restaurant, Toney, although married, had been his part-time bookkeeper and mistress. But when O'Neal's restaurant business went from a plum to a lemon and he had to close its doors, he found the Podborny kidnap-robbery plot tailored to his financial needs. Lloyd Allen? A friend of O'Neal's.

Elated by the wrap-up of the intricate plot, the biggest question of them all still remained unanswered: Where was the missing millionaire? Was he dead or alive? Toney could not say with certainty; neither could McLean.

Six hours after Toney had been arrested at Cleveland Hopkins International Airport—it was now 1:00 a.m.—authorities had Toney phoned Lloyd Allen, who was drinking at a bar, also owned by Robert O'Neal. She was to keep him on the phone, giving FBI agents and Cleveland detectives time to surround the bar. Then an FBI agent took the phone from her and ordered Allen to surrender.

The surprise element and split-second teamwork of federal agents and Cleveland detectives crushed the suspects, for in a spectacular nighttime scene that included walkie-talkie radios and drawn guns, Lloyd Allen, Robert O'Neal and Gary Gabbard were captured without the need to fire a single shot. Concomitantly, Dimples Podborny, who had recently suffered a heart attack and lay in a Chicago hospital, was placed under hospital arrest. Harry Clarke, the bankrupt asphalt contractor with motorcycle gang connections, also was picked up and arrested.

At this point, matters looked good to the investigators. All of the gang members had been arrested and each of the suspects dictated and signed voluntary statements admitting varying degrees of guilt and implicating each other. More than 200 items of evidence were ultimately collected by the officers, including a .38-caliber revolver, a tire iron and a broken pool cue stick, the latter two items discovered in O'Neal's abandoned restaurant.

But a baffling paradox existed: Nobody knew or wanted to tell what had happened to the missing Chicago millionaire. In effect, Cleveland detectives and federal agents, fairly certain that Podborny had been murdered, were suddenly stalemated. For how do you solve a murder when there's no body?

Despite repeated intensive questioning of the suspects and a careful look at the "John Doe's" wheeled into the Cuyahoga County Morgue, the corpse of Henry Podborny could not be located. Nor would the suspects even concede that the missing man had been killed: a dead end that baffled and frustrated the investigators in the weeks that fol-

lowed. Still, the suspects were charged. Charges of kidnapping, abduction and fraud were leveled against the suspects, but the sledgehammer indictment, murder, remained open-ended. Without a body, a murder charge was futile.

But all that changed on a gloomy, rainy afternoon—April 24, 1981—when a body was discovered in a vacant lot on Lakeside Avenue, in the heart of downtown Cleveland. The body was in an advanced state of decomposition, unrecognizable as the remains of the missing Chicago millionaire; but the frigid temperatures of prior months had helped nature mummify the body, so that although the corpse was blackened and the facial features were misshapen, the skin tissue was hardened and plastic-like, which meant, a fingerprint lift was possible.

The body, ransacked of any identifying articles, was taken to the Cuyahoga County Morgue. Identifying these blackened remains as incontrovertibly those of Henry Podborny was the most crucial part of the investigation.

This technique—trying to get a fingerprint from a rotted corpse—varies according to the nature of the decomposition. When advanced postmortem deterioration has taken place, it is sometimes necessary that the fingers be suitably processed before the fingerprinting can take place. Occasionally, this procedure necessitates amputation of one or more digits, which often requires legal jurisdiction.

Fingers which have undergone extensive putrefaction require dehydration before they can be printed. This is accomplished by repeated immersions in concentrated alcohol solutions. In the case of mummification, the fingers are soaked in a softening solution for 24 to 48 hours to make the skin sufficiently pliable to permit satisfactory printing.

In the crucial instance at hand, working on the corpse that had been discovered near Cleveland's lakefront, medical detectives used still another technique: A piece of skin was removed from the cadaver's fingertips and turned over to the police scientific unit (SIU). An SIU policeman took the skin and made a fingerprint with force from his own finger. The resultant fingerprint was relayed to a federal fingerprint computer center. And now it became a case of waiting. And wondering.

When the answer came in, personnel of the Cuyahoga County Morgue and members of SIU shared a quiet pride. The fingerprint belonged to Henry Podborny, and it had been recorded 40 years ago when Podborny entered military service.

At the Cuyahoga County Morgue, staff member Mary Cowan, an unsung heroine of many important homicide investigations, probed Podborny's

corpse for still more answers. Assisted by another morgue technician, Linde Luke, the medical pair examined a bullet wound in Podborny's head, as well as miscellaneous body bruises, then passed along important advice to Cleveland homicide detectives.

The detectives were told to re-examine the ceiling and walls of the abandoned bar-restaurant where Podborny had been taken on the night he disappeared. Mary Cowan explained that the force and direction of the blows and bullet as it struck the victim would cause blood to spurt upward.

A quick re-inspection of the boarded-up restaurant by Cleveland homicide detectives bore out Mary Cowan's theory. Several blood spots were located on the ceiling and walls of the restaurant. Subsequently, these blood samples were typed and compared with dried blood taken from Podborny's jacket. The medical match-up was exact and undeniable.

Now armed with damning scientific evidence, hours of secretly taped phone and personal conversations between the conspirators, and voluntary statements made to lawmen at the time of their arrests, the investigators turned their findings over to the Cuyahoga County Prosecutor's Office. Members of that staff ultimately submitted a Bill of Particulars to the Cuyahoga grand jury.

Dimples Podborny, Lola Gail Toney, Gary Gabbard, Robert O'Neal and Lloyd Allen were subsequently indicted on charges of aggravated murder, kidnapping and robbery. Harry Clarke was indicted for conspiring to commit kidnapping; Gary Gabbard and James McLean were indicted for interstate transportation of stolen property.

Separate trials were ordered for the murder cast, and among the first of the conspirators to go on trial was Lola Gail Toney and her brother Gary Gabbard.

Both of the accused denied key roles in Podborny's murder; however, Toney did plead guilty to aggravated robbery and kidnapping charges just hours before the jury went into its 10-hour deliberation.

The Cuyahoga Common Pleas jury found Lola Gail Toney and her brother Gary guilty on all three charges, and Common Pleas Judge James P. Kilbane, on July 17, 1981, sentenced Toney to life at the Marysville Penitentiary and Gabbard to life at the Ohio Penitentiary. Judge Kilbane ran the aggravated robbery and kidnapping sentences—both 7-to-25-year prison sentence—consecutively with the aggravated murder sentence.

In retrospect, the most damaging testimony against Gabbard came from Harry Clarke, who stated that after telling Gabbard of a discussion he had with his sister Lola about robbing and kidnapping Podborny, he told Clarke,

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"Dead men don't talk."

The trial of Dimples Podborny, Robert O'Neal and Lloyd Allen, in mid-August, 1981, Judge Kilbane again presiding, was a classic study of greed and avarice pitted against one man's misplaced love for his wife.

The first prosecution witness, and a damning one, at that, was Lola Gail Toney. Describing the kidnapping-robbery-murder plot from its inception to its completion, Toney devastated any legal defense the accused trio might have had. Under cross-examination, Toney conceded that she was a "schemer, deceiver, a cheat and a liar," but she maintained that the common pleas jury should consider her testimony despite her past. She also admitted that she was testifying against her mother-in-law and the others, hoping that her own sentence of life plus 14 to 50 years in prison might be reduced.

On October 10, 1981, following an exhausting seven-week trial, a fatigued jury that had deliberated 16 hours over two days, found the three defendants guilty of all charges: aggravated murder, kidnapping and robbery.

Judge Kilbane immediately imposed the maximum sentence on all three defendants—Dimples Podborny, 60; Robert L. O'Neal, 40; and Lloyd G. Allen, 24—life in prison for the murder, 7 to 25 years for the robbery, and 7 to 25 years for the kidnapping, the sentences to be served consecutively.

Dimples Podborny, who had recently turned 60 and would not be eligible for parole consideration before she was 89, was asked by Kilbane if she wished to make a statement.

The overweight former nurse's aide said, "I am not guilty and I do not feel it was true justice in this case. I am not guilty, God knows it."

Kilbane snapped back that she should reflect on the trial, with its 22 witnesses and more than 200 pieces of evidence, and see if she could change her mind.

Judge Kilbane, especially galled that Henry Podborny had professed his love for Dimples in taped conversations just three days before his death, was asked if he felt any pity for Dimples.

Kilbane replied, "It would be hard to engender pity for a woman who hired criminals to kill this guy. It was a matter of greed and avarice, killing for avarice."

Assistant County Prosecutor Michael Corrigan, who hugged Cleveland homicide detective Timothy Patton when the convictions were read, said, "Allen and O'Neal were the killers, but ironically, Dimples Podborny was probably more involved than O'Neal and Allen. She started the ball rolling, she was the finance lady and she had the motive."

Both Corrigan and Judge Kilbane credited Detective Tim Patton for a

blockbuster investigation. Joseph E. Griffin, Jr., special agent-in-charge of the FBI, said, "The case was a perfect blending of the homicide squad and the FBI. It was a tribute to the FBI, police and prosecutors."

Of the remaining figures accused in the murder plot, Harry Clarke, 35, was given a suspended 5-15 year prison term and placed on five years' probation.

James D. McLean, the FBI informant and a key prosecution witness against the other gang members, is under federal indictment for passing a bad check and may face other federal charges. His trial, not yet scheduled as of this writ-

## DEADLY SNIPER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

there," the sergeant theorized.

"He fired three shots in rapid succession," said Lt. McEwen. "These were the ones that hit the victims. Two hit Taylor and one struck Bresette."

There was speculation among the investigators that the shootings were racial because of the fact that Taylor was black and Bresette white.

"Beyond any shadow of a doubt, the gunman was a crack-shot," declared Sgt. Mundy, "and knew how to use a scope."

Weeks passed with a dearth of clues and leads, despite an extensive investigation.

On January 12, 1980, Lawrence E. Reese, a 22-year-old black youth, was shot in the back and killed while standing inside a fast-food restaurant waiting for his order in Indianapolis, Indiana. A single shot from a .30-caliber rifle passed through a plate glass window before striking the victim.

Two days later, on the 14th, a 19-year-old black youth, Leo Thomas Watkins, was working as a pest exterminator in an all-night store and was shot to death as he stood near a window. Again the projectile came from a .30-caliber rifle and passed through plate glass.

Ballistics tests revealed the same weapon was used in both killings.

Several months passed and another similar killing was recorded. Then, in Fort Wayne, Indiana, on Thursday, May 29, 1980, Vernon E. Jordan Jr., executor-director of the National Urban League, stopped in at a cocktail lounge in the company of a white woman for a drink. Afterwards, she dropped him off at the motel where he was staying. As Jordan crossed the parking lot, a shot struck him in the back. But this sniper had failed to accomplish his purpose; Jordan was still alive, although critically wounded.

The sniper had used a 30.06 rifle, firing from a grassy mound about 75 yards away. Because Jordan had been accompanied by a white woman that evening,

leaves him presumed innocent unless proven otherwise.

The bulk of Henry Podborny's 1.7-million dollar estate was originally willed to Dimples. Under the circumstances, she will be an ineligible beneficiary and the estate awaits a new ruling.

The irony of the tragic murder was best pointed out by a close family member, who said, "I don't know why they had to kill Hank. He would have helped anyone, given them anything they needed."

But for some, generosity and love are never enough. ●

authorities thought it might be a racial shooting.

Homicide Det. Donald Patton, assisted by FBI agent-in-charge Charles Kruz, came up with a possible suspect who had been seen in the motel lobby just prior to the slaying. They later released him for lack of evidence. Jordan later recovered from his wound.

In Cincinnati, late on the night of Sunday, June 8, 1980, Dante Evans Brown, 13, and 14-year-old Darrell Lane were walking a heavily traveled street on their way to a grocery store. Both were black, and both died instantly when a sniper fired on them with a .44 magnum rifle.

Although Homicide Division Commander Donald Byrd, Capt. Don Slaughter and Sgt. Paul Morgan put in many man-hour on the case, they were unable to come up with a motive other than racial. Working on this theory, the officers did learn that on June 7th, the day prior to the slayings, a classified ad run in *The Cincinnati Inquirer* offering a 30.06 rifle for sale. This was the same caliber that had been used in the Jordan shooting.

The ad had used the name Ed Logan with an Evansville, Indiana address that turned out to be nonexistent. It also stated, however, that he would have the rifle for sale at a motel room where he was staying in Florence, Kentucky, across the Ohio River from Cincinnati.

Only a week passed before another racially motivated sniper attack took place that was similar to the double slaying in Oklahoma City. On Father's Day, June 15th, in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, Arthur Dale Smothers, a 22-year-old black youth, was walking along a bridge with Kathleen Mikula, a 16-year-old white girl, when both were struck down by a .35-caliber gunfire from a wooded hill about 100 yards away.

Kathleen died about three hours after being hit, and Arthur died a short time later.

As in the Oklahoma City case, no sus-

pects were ever apprehended. Witnesses, however, reported seeing a man driving away from the shooting scene in an older model dark-green Chevrolet Nova with Indiana license plates.

Two months went by and the scene switched from the midwest to Salt Lake City, Utah. On Wednesday evening, August 20th, a dark-brown 1975 Chevrolet Camaro moved down a sidewalk and parked in a vacant lot covered with waist-high weeds.

Getting out of the Camaro and walking around to the rear, the man opened the trunk and took out a lever-action .30-caliber Martin rifle. He stood in the weeds and stared across the street toward the spot where a wide path exited from Liberty Park. It was obvious he was waiting for something or someone to appear.

Darkness was closing in beyond the perimeter of the street lights as the sound of laughter and talk became louder from the direction of the path in the park. Then four joggers could be seen approaching the exit—two young black men and two 16-year-old white girls.

Soon they had left the exit and were jogging down 5th Street East. At the intersection of 9th South, they paused for the traffic.

Suddenly, the laughter turned into horrified, confused screams as gunfire exploded from the vacant lot. David Loren Martin, 18, was the first to go down. His friend 20-year-old Theodore Tracy Fields, attempted to help him out of the streets. Then he, too, was struck down. One bullet ricocheted off the pavement, sending a fragment to strike one of the girls on the arm.

Although he was bleeding profusely, Ted raised himself up and told the girls, "Run, damn it, run! Get outta here!"

They did.

The sniper calmly laid the rifle back into the car trunk, shut it, then climbed into the Camaro and sped off into the street traffic.

Someone in a nearby store quickly called the police and also told them to send an ambulance. As soon as patrol cars arrived, the street was blocked off and the crowd of curious onlookers was restrained from moving too close. One of the male joggers was pronounced dead on arrival at Holy Cross Hospital, and the other black youth died on the street while the paramedics tried to keep him alive.

Not long after they had arrived, one of the first patrolmen contacted the radio dispatcher and told him to inform the homicide division. Shortly afterward, several of the top investigators of the division were swarming over the scene—Major William Stoler, Lt. Brent Davis, Lt. Bob Braman and Sgt. Bob Nievaard. When they were informed that the shooting had come from the

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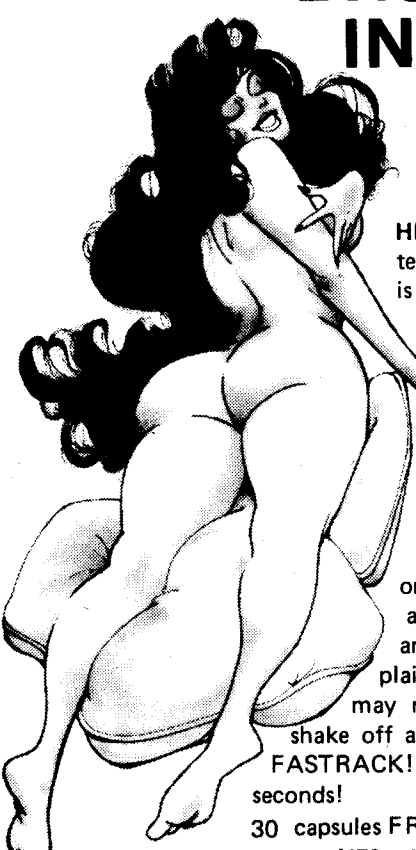
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vacant lot, they immediately had patrolmen seal it off. This was to prevent any evidence being lost under the trampling feet of unauthorized persons before the crime lab technicians could get a crack at it.

Salt Lake City Chief of Police Bud Willoughby was notified at home of the double sniper-slaying, and he also arrived on the scene.

Patrolmen and detectives moved quickly through the crowds and around to the nearby homes and businesses seeking witnesses before they got away from them. The two terrified and stunned teenage girls were questioned, but they had no idea who had shot their two companions.

Both of the deceased worked for the Northwest Pipelines. Ted Fields was the son of Rev. Theodore Fields, pastor of the Pilgrim Baptist Church in Salt Lake City.

One witness told a homicide detective: "I saw a person get out of a dark Camaro that pulled into that vacant lot and open the trunk."

After going in the house, the witness continued, he heard a loud noise like a car backfiring. He said the man, whose back was to him, was firing a shot from what appeared to be a bolt-action rifle. The witness said he then saw the man throw what appeared to be a long object into the trunk.

Searching meticulously over the vacant lot, the crime scene technicians recovered six spent casings that had come from a .30-caliber rifle. In the soft ground they discovered a splendid set of tire impressions where the Camaro had been parked. They were the size that would probably be on a Camaro.

One interesting piece of information was learned from one of the girls who were with the slain joggers. It turned out she was the daughter of an alleged motorcycle gang leader who had been involved in a sensational murder case about five years before. Three of his underlings were convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment for beating a man to death for testifying against the gang leader in a drug case.

Knowing that no love was lost between outlaw bikers and blacks, the investigators speculated that perhaps the gang leader had learned his daughter was going with a black and had him "burned."

To avoid a race riot between the community blacks and bikers in the area, law men investigated this angle as quietly as possible.

"Pick up every biker and bring him in for questioning," ordered Police Chief Willoughby. "If they can't prove where they were at during the time of the slayings, then try to submit them to a polygraph test."

After numerous bikers had been questioned, and some had volunteered

to take lie detector tests, the results were nil.

The first solid lead that would eventually put them on the trail of an avowed racist came from a Salt Lake City motel. A guest with blond hair and mustache, in his 20s, and driving a dark-brown Camaro had left without checking out on the same night as the slayings. Since he had left without paying his motel bill, authorities could at least charge the suspect with defrauding an innkeeper.

Registered as Joseph Hart, the suspect had used Evansville, Indiana as his address. The motel owner gave the detectives a description of the man and his automobile, as well as the Kentucky license number.

Shortly after this, another important witness showed up voluntarily at police headquarters to give a report that would certainly bring joy to the hard-pressed homicide detectives. She said that on August 17th, she had been given a ride by a stranger, who had a one-track mind—killing blacks. He drove a metallic brown Chevrolet Camaro and had shoulder-length blond hair and a mustache.

"I hadn't been in the car no time," she said, "when he straight out asked me if I was a hooker. 'Look,' he said, 'you make me a list of the black pimps around here and I'll come back and kill them."

"I've killed a lot of coons in my life," he told me. He said he was a member of the Ku Klux Klan."

The young woman said the man called himself "Joe."

As quickly as they could round up the other witnesses who had seen the sniper, they had them join the young woman in giving their police artist a detailed description of the suspect. From these, he would make up a composite picture.

Both the motel owner and the woman who had ridden with the suspect described him as wearing large, thick-lensed prescription glasses. The other witnesses could not remember any glasses.

Since the slayings had hit the national news media, the Salt Lake City Police Department had received queries and requests to compare MOs of cases from other police departments in cities where the racist sniper had struck. The national manhunt was beginning.

One example: the use of a different caliber gun in the various cases. An employee at the motel where "Joe Hart" had stayed told of a one-sided conversation with the suspect one night in the lobby.

"After you kill a man," Hart told the employee, "the big trick is to get rid of the gun."

"I guess most killers get rid of their weapons by throwing them in the river or someplace like that," the employee

theorized to the attorney.

"That's where they separated the men from the plumbers," Hart asserted. "Cops go looking in those kind of places. What you do is sell 'em, or trade 'em off to some guy and the cops will never find it."

Later this reported conversation was brought to mind in regard to the ad run in *The Cincinnati Inquirer* offering a 30.06 rifle for sale. The fictitious address had been Evansville.

From Kentucky authorities, Salt Lake City investigators received a report on the Camaro. It had been purchased from a Lexington, Kentucky auto dealer by a man giving his name as Ed Logan on July 9, 1980. For some strange reason, the dealer told a Salt Lake City detective, Logan didn't take the time to have the ownership title transferred to his name.

"He seemed to have the bread," said the dealer. "He threw down the price of the car in cash—\$2,300. Then he bought a set of mag wheels for cash that was right at another \$400, and put on a new set of tires."

The dealer said the man wanted to know the location of a reasonable, but good auto body and paint shop. He said he learned later that Logan had all the dents taken out and the Camaro painted a metallic brown.

"This Logan said he was from Evansville," said the dealer, "but that he no longer had a permanent address there."

The description of "Ed Logan" matched identically to that of "Joe Hart," from the blond hair and mustache to his thick-lensed glasses.

One other important lead was given to the investigator by the auto dealer in Lexington. "He was driving a green Chevrolet Nova when he came onto the lot, but he didn't turn it in on the Camaro," the dealer said. "He told me it was already sold. It was an old model."

The car matched the one seen at both the Oklahoma City shooting scene and the shooting site in Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

The composite picture and information were released to law enforcement agencies around the nation despite the fact that the only charge against the suspect was defrauding an innkeeper.

"We feel this man is highly dangerous," declared Chief Willoughby. "We feel from the conversations that he has had with some of our witnesses, he has been involved in this type of crime before."

"This man is consumed by racial hatred and, if not apprehended as quickly as possible, will continue to kill again and again."

Besides the composite sketch given to the news media networks, Chief Willoughby also released a photograph of a .30-caliber Marlin lever-action, side-

loading rifle with the printed message: "Have you made a transaction with this man for this rifle?" The message offered a \$5,000 reward for anyone who might have purchased or traded for a rifle that met the characteristics of the one used in most of the slayings. If the rifle they had matched the firing-pin markings on the shells ejected at the murder scene, the reward would be turned over to them.

On Monday and Tuesday, September 15 and 16, 1980 law officers representing Oklahoma City, Indianapolis, Salt Lake City, Johnstown and Cincinnati attended a conference in Cincinnati on the series of racial slayings committed by snipers.

At the conclusion of the conference, Cincinnati police homicide commander Don Byrd told the news media that "no evidence" had been found that linked the slayings between the cities. Although high-powered rifles were used in all the cases, in all but two the caliber was different. Some cases seemed to be well-planned, while others seemed to be a spur-of-the-moment attacks.

The conference did, however, give the various investigators a chance to compare notes and possibly learn things that might assist them in investigating their respective cases.

Another week slid by without new information on any of the cases. Then, in the small town of Florence, Kentucky an armed robbery was committed on the afternoon of Thursday, September 25th. While walking by a brown Camaro parked on the lot of the Scottish Inn Motel, someone saw a pistol lying on the seat and quickly called the police, thinking it might belong to the holdup men. The police learned that the man driving the Camaro had checked into the motel a short time earlier. He had registered under the name of Joseph Franklin.

From the first report given them on the Camaro, the officers assumed it was stolen and obtained a warrant to search it on that basis. According to Florence police reports, the officers found two high-powered rifles and two large caliber pistols in the trunk.

The driver's license given to them by Franklin had been issued the previous day with his photo and an address in the nearby town of Elsmere, Kentucky. When the officers checked the address, however, they learned it was fictitious.

Franklin was booked and lodged overnight in the city jail. Early the following morning he was taken into the interrogation room and questioned again by Police Chief Charles R. Callen and Sgt. Chester Snow. The suspect was unable to explain why, if he lived in adjacent Elsmere, he was staying at the motel. Nor could he explain why he was traveling with so many guns, where he was going or where he had been for the

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past few months. If he hadn't worked, where had he gotten the money he had spent in traveling?

Taking the license numbers on the Camaro and the identification given them by Franklin, the Florence authorities ran it through the National Crime Information Center (NCIC) in Washington to see whether the man was wanted anywhere and to get a full report on the stolen status of the Camaro.

While this information was being processed, the suspect was left alone in the interrogation room with an officer outside the door. When he was checked on, the room was empty—their man had pried open a small window and escaped.

On Wednesday NCIC reported back to the Florence authorities that both the Camaro and its owner was being sought by the Salt Lake City police. He was wanted on a charge of defrauding an innkeeper and, more important, for questioning in a double slaying.

Florence Police Chief Callen immediately contacted the county sheriff's department and Kentucky Highway Patrol for assistance in trying to recapture the escapee. A day-long, door-to-door search was conducted by the various law enforcement agencies, but it was futile. He had slipped through their fingers.

Overnight, the search exploded into a desperate nationwide manhunt with FBI agents working feverishly on background information on the fugitive.

When Homicide detective Sgt. Nievaard in Salt Lake City learned that the Camaro had been impounded, he requested that impressions of the tires be taken in order to compare them with those taken in the vacant lot. He also inquired about the weapons found in the car, but none were .30-caliber. On the tires, though, the officers hit paydirt. The tires had the same tread pattern as those found at the slaying site.

Fingerprints taken from the suspect when he was booked at the Florence police station matched prints taken from the brown Camaro, which also answered the description given by witnesses at the murder scene in Salt Lake City.

Using the fingerprints and the photo on the driver's license left behind when the suspect escaped, FBI agent Fernando Rivero was able to positively identify their suspect as 30-year-old Joseph Paul Franklin, who had police record dating back to 1967.

According to his dossier, Franklin had been born James Clayton Vaughn, Jr., and had changed it to Franklin in 1976. A federal warrant was filed in Salt Lake City charging Franklin with two felony counts of deprivation of civil rights—by killing—while enjoying public facilities, city park. The federal com-

plaintant listed eyewitness accounts from the time of the double slaying, as well as information given by the young lady who had been given a ride by a man named "Joe" driving a brown Camaro.

Police in Fort Wayne wanted to question Franklin because he resembled a man seen in the Fort Wayne motel lobby the night Jordan was shot. Although Jordan spent several months in the hospital, he did survive.

Referring to the man in the motel lobby, Commander Patton said, "I want to eliminate him as a suspect first because the methods are so similar."

FBI agent Wayne Davis cautioned, however, that the only link between Franklin and the man in the lobby was that both wore thick glasses, "and that's not really a connection. A lot of people wear glasses."

A relative of Franklin's was interviewed by a reporter from *The Los Angeles Times* and said the last time she saw her nephew was in 1969.

"Jimmy was a teenager and came by our house with a Bible in his hand, telling my husband how excited he was about joining an Apotolic church.

"The next thing I knew, one of his sisters told me she had heard he'd joined the American Nazi Party and that she was scared to death of him."

During his lifetime, Franklin seemed to be an unhappy drifter filled with sharp contradictions. He had a deep-seated hatred for blacks, yet claimed a love of God. He dabbled in evangelism, then turned to Nazism. He went from a poor, broken home in Mobile, where he clashed with his father and mother, to dreary motel rooms where he bought the affections of prostitutes. His life was always in flux, according to those who knew him.

"Jimmy hates niggers, I'll tell you that," said another relative, "but he's no loony. I don't think he'd kill anybody—he's too smart for that."

Franklin was divorced at age 18 after his wife complained that he physically abused her. It came after only months of marriage. He married again in January 1979, in Atlanta, but under an alias, Jim Anthony Cooper.

The couple had met at an ice cream shop in Montgomery Alabama, dated one week, visited Elvis Presley's grave in Memphis, Tennessee and returned with a marriage certificate. After seven months they were separated and divorced in April 1980. She had complained of Franklin's prolonged absences and had given birth to a daughter on August 24, 1979.

Although Franklin's relatives could cite no specific incident that might have inflamed his racial hatred, it was possible that his already bigoted views were hardened in the early 1970s when he became associated with the National States' Rights Party, a militant organi-

zation headed by avowed racists, and based in Marietta, Georgia.

In Raleigh, North Carolina the titular head of the American Nazi Party said that Franklin "and I weren't bosom buddies, but he attended some meetings."

He described Franklin as "typical of the decent, white, working people who are fed up with our rotten system."

Relatives did say a cousin close to Franklin, Eugene Rau, was shot and killed on January 1, 1980 during an argument with four black men after a traffic accident in Mobile. Rau's brother was also critically wounded in the attack but recovered.

Another conclave of law officers was held in Cincinnati on October 16-17, and this time 14 police agencies were represented. These included the FBI, Secret Service, and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms in the national agencies. The others were Cincinnati, Salt Lake City, Johnstown, Florence, Indianapolis; Fort Wayne, Lexington, Kentucky; Atlanta and Gwinnett County, Georgia, and North Charleston, South Carolina.

The Secret Service was investigating the link between Franklin and a letter written to President Jimmy Carter in 1976, accusing Carter of "selling out to blacks," and contained a veiled threat. The letter was signed James Clayton Vaughn.

Agents had traced him to a trailer park in Maryland, just outside the District of Columbia. By the time they had arrived, however, Vaughn (Franklin) had been booted out for non-payment of rent. The search had been at a standstill until now.

Following the release of Franklin's photograph to news media, reports began coming into FBI headquarters accusing Franklin of robbing banks over the midwest and south. FBI agents were inclined to agree, even though there was no strong physical evidence linking Franklin to any of the bank robberies. They felt this would explain the times when he was flush with money.

He was accused of robbing two banks in Atlanta, two more in Nashville, at least one in Little Rock, Arkansas and several banks in Florida.

One of Franklin's sisters had informed the FBI that her brother would often pick up a little money when he was broke by selling blood to a blood bank. Checking on the information, they quickly learned he had visited blood banks throughout the country. Phil McNiff, FBI chief in Tampa, Florida, said the bureau canvassed every plasma center in the area, handing out flyers with Franklin's description and picture.

"After the threatening letter was traced to Franklin we became deeply concerned when we learned that President Carter would be visiting the area

in only a few days," McNiff said. "In fact, there seemed to be many presidential candidates visiting in the area—Carter, Reagan, Bush, Mondale, Ford. We felt this person was a threat, a definite threat."

Only three days before Carter's planned visit to the quiet "Citrus Belt City" of Lakeland, 45 miles east of Tampa, the FBI received a tip. Workers at the Lakeland blood bank had spotted Franklin.

Swiftly going into action, FBI agents arrested Franklin as he walked outside the blood bank. He had dyed his blond hair black, shaved off his mustache and had even tried to remove tattoos of an eagle and the Grim Reaper on his arms. Protesting loudly that he was not John Paul Franklin or James Clayton Vaughn, he was nevertheless taken into custody by the agents. Later, he was positively identified through his fingerprints.

On Wednesday, October 29, 1980, the day after his arrest, Franklin was taken before U.S. Magistrate Paul Game at the Federal Courthouse in Tampa, for his arraignment on the federal charges. Because of the long list of slayings in which he was wanted for questioning, as well as other crimes, Judge Game set bail at \$1 million.

Afterward, the avowed racist, wearing dark glasses, told the news reporters, "I'm innocent. Those charges are trumped up.

"They're trying to pin everything on me because of my racist views. I'm against race-mixing and communism."

When asked about the Carter visit, and his being in Lakeland, Franklin replied: "No, I'm not interested at all in Jimmy Carter."

A small group of blacks stood watching across the street from the federal courthouse as two FBI agents led the reputed Ku Klux Klan and American Nazi Party sympathizer one block through downtown Tampa to the jail.

Two days later, on Friday the 31st, Franklin was formally indicted by a federal grand jury in Salt Lake City. This move would eliminate the need for a probable-cause hearing in Tampa before he was extradited. Judge Game ordered the paper work prepared to transport Franklin to Utah. He also granted a government motion to take handwriting samples from Franklin because he had used 18 aliases, utilizing wigs, different Social Security IDs and other disguises.

His eyeglasses, however, were something he had to retain without any disguises. In an accident in childhood, Franklin had lost the sight in one eye.

Shortly after his arrival in Salt Lake City, Franklin was arraigned and a federal judge ordered him bound over for trial in January on the two-count indictment of depriving the two young joggers of their civil rights by killing

them. Franklin was then taken to a cell.

Salt Lake City Attorney Ted Cannon, in the meantime, had announced first-degree murder charges had been filed against Franklin in the same case. Conviction on the federal counts carries a maximum penalty of life in prison. Franklin could face the death penalty if convicted on the state charges.

"Federal charges have precedence over the state charges," said Salt Lake City Police Chief Willoughby, "and information in the case has been sealed by the 5th Circuit court."

In December, U.S. District Judge Bruce S. Jenkins ordered Franklin to stand in a police lineup to be viewed by witnesses to the crime charged in the indictment similar slayings across the nation. The results were not released.

Judge Jenkins also ordered Franklin to undergo psychiatric examinations to determine if he was insane or suffering from mental illness.

Finally, after various hearings and continuances, Franklin went to court on the federal indictment during the last week of February, 1981. After six days to testimony, the jury of ten women and two men began deliberating on Monday afternoon, March 4th. The jury was given more than 100 pieces of evidence to consider, most of it presented by the prosecution.

The final statements to the jury had to be completed after Franklin was escorted from the courtroom for shouting at the prosecutor.

"That's a lie," Franklin yelled as Assistant U.S. Attorney Steven Sharr summarized his case. He was moved when he refused to keep quiet. He listened to the remainder of the summation over an audio hookup to a nearby room.

Jurors asked U.S. marshals to take them to the basement of the courthouse Tuesday night to examine the metallic brown Camaro, which the prosecution tried to link to the scene of the slayings. They also requested video tapes made by police of the Liberty Park area about one week after the shooting occurred there.

When the jury returned on Wednesday after 13 and a half hours of deliberation, the court clerk read the verdict of "guilty" on both counts of the indictment.

Sentencing was set for March 23, 1981, on which day Franklin was sentenced to two consecutive life terms.

At 12:04 a.m. Saturday, September 19, 1981, the court clerk read two guilty verdicts after a seven-man, five-woman jury had deliberated only five hours following a trial in 3rd District Court in Salt Lake City on state charges of first-degree murder.

Although the state had sought the death penalty, Franklin was sentenced to two more consecutive life terms. ●

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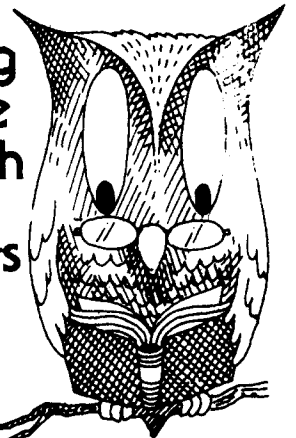
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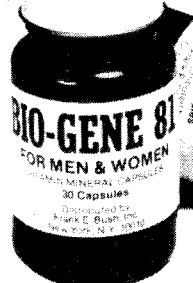
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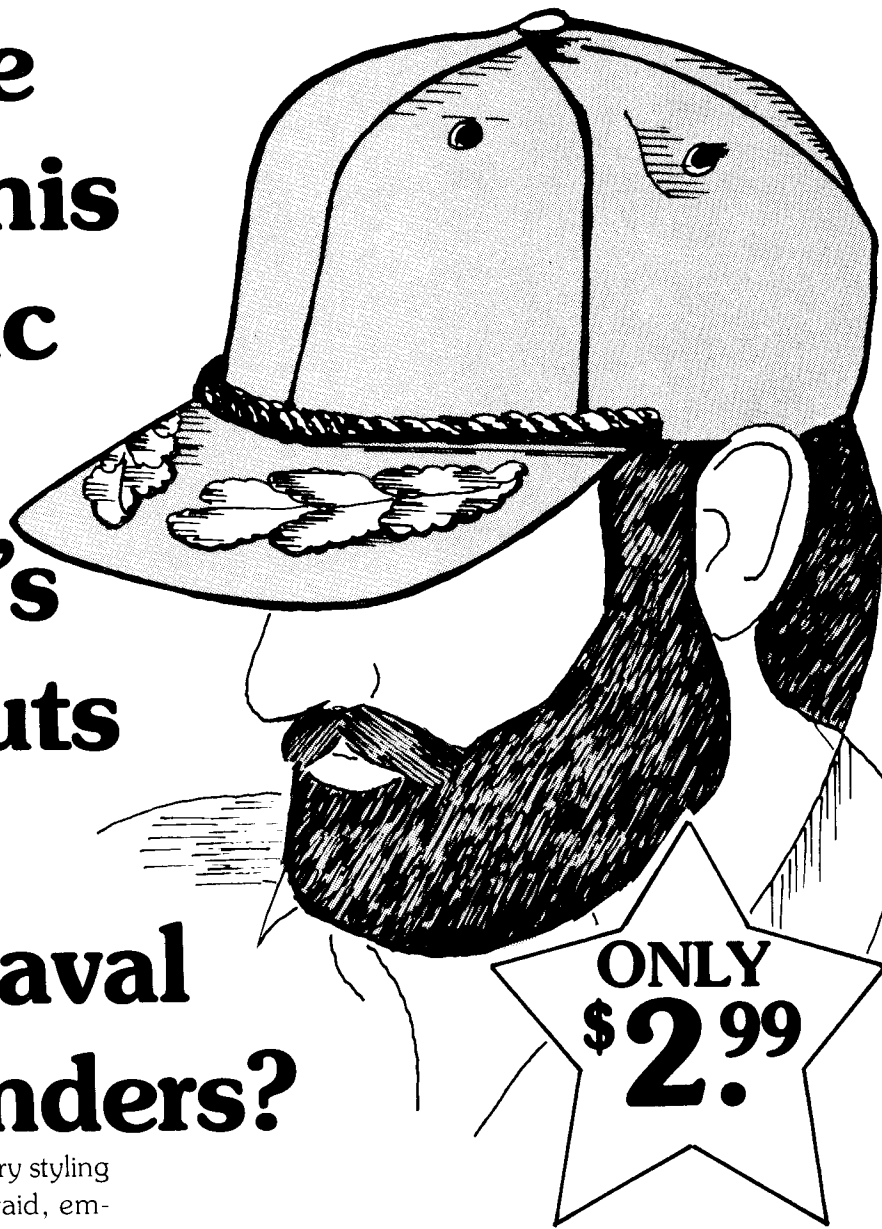
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**Bogart Industries, Dept. 73-B  
768 Carver Ave., Westwood, NJ 07675**

Yes, I would like to own this Authentic **Commanders Cap** with adjustable tab to fit all head sizes. Please rush the following under a money back guarantee if not delighted

Color	Quantity	Color	Quantity
Red		Blue	
White		Black	

- I er close \$2.99 plus 80c for postage & handling.
- SAVE!** Two for only \$5.49 plus \$1.50 for postage & handling.
- SAVE MORE!** Four for \$10.59 plus \$3.00 for postage & handling.
- CHARGE ORDERS** of 4 or more.       MASTERCARD     VISA

Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed is \$ \_\_\_\_\_ NJ residents, add 5% sales tax.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_



# SEERSUCKER SLACKS TO GO!

Go Where? ---  
Straight to Your Door!

See them On Approval!  
Try them on at home,  
THEN DECIDE!

**NEW LOW PRICE!**

**2** pairs for only **24<sup>95</sup>**

Get them while they're COOL!

Haband, the mail order people from Paterson, N.J., ask "How can you look alive and perform your best when the slacks you wear are hot, heavy, and out of season?"

Answer: **YOU CAN'T!!!** That's why right now is the time to line up two pairs of the coolest, lightest, handsomest Summer Slacks imaginable! Yes, Seersucker Slacks To Go! @ 2 PAIRS for only \$24.95!

### SEERSUCKER SAYS 'WINNER!'

Look around you this summer! Everyone from the President of the greatest West Coast University to the Chairman of the Board of your own company will be wearing Seersucker! And Haband's cool summer doubleknit Seersucker never wrinkles, never rumples!

### And here's the BEST NEWS OF ALL:

Haband is America's largest supplier of Seersucker Slacks to over 2-million business and professional men all across the country. We've got more than 80,000 pairs in stock right now, and we are selling them on the basis of PRICE and SERVICE! The price is 2 pairs for \$24.95 (you can't beat that!), and the service is second to none!

**Here's How It Works:** Just tell us your choice of size and color, and send in your check today! We'll amaze you with fast delivery direct to your home or office door! That's when you look them over, try them on, show the wife and family before you decide! Read our famous Haband GUARANTEE below, then

Use This Coupon

Haband 100% Polyester  
**SEERSUCKER SLACKS** **2** Pairs for only **24<sup>95</sup>**

3 for \$37.25  
4 for \$49.00  
All 5 for \$59.95

**LOOK THINNER!**  
Good Looking and Cool Wearing — are they the reasons why Seersucker has become so highly favored over the years?  
Sure, but there is something else, too, called the Optical Illusion of vertical stripes. Put on a pair and see if you don't appear taller and thinner! Believe me, it works, and it sure beats a diet!



Light Weight!  
Quick Dry!  
NO IRON!  
No Wrinkle!  
Full Cut!  
And Cool,  
COOL,  
COOL,  
COOL,  
100% Polyester  
DoubleKnit  
Seersucker!

That means they not only LOOK COOL, they FEEL COOL, because they S-T-R-E-T-C-H with their own natural give & take, move when you move, turn when you turn, even expand a little when you expand!

### HABAND Executive Division

265 N. 9th St., Paterson, NJ 07530

Dear Haband: Yes! Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ pairs of Seersucker Slacks for which I enclose my remittance of \$ \_\_\_\_\_ plus \$1.65 towards postage and handling.

OR CHARGE TO:  VISA  MASTER CARD  
Acct. # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. \_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_

**GUARANTEE:** I understand that if upon receipt I do not choose to wear the slacks, I may return them within 30 days for a full refund of every penny I paid you. 79W-050-786

### FIND YOUR SIZE HERE:

**Waists:** 30-32-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-46\*-48\*-50\*-52\*-54\*  
(\*Please add \$1.25 for 46-54.)

**Inseams:** S (27-28), M (29-30), L (31-32), XL (33-34)

COLOR	000	QTY	WAIST	INSEAM
Tan	A			
Blue	B			
Green	C			
Black & White	F			

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. # \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Complete Your Outfit  
 Check here and add \$5.95 for the handsome WHITE Bonded Leather Belt

# HABAND

265 N. 9th Street, Paterson, NJ 07530

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