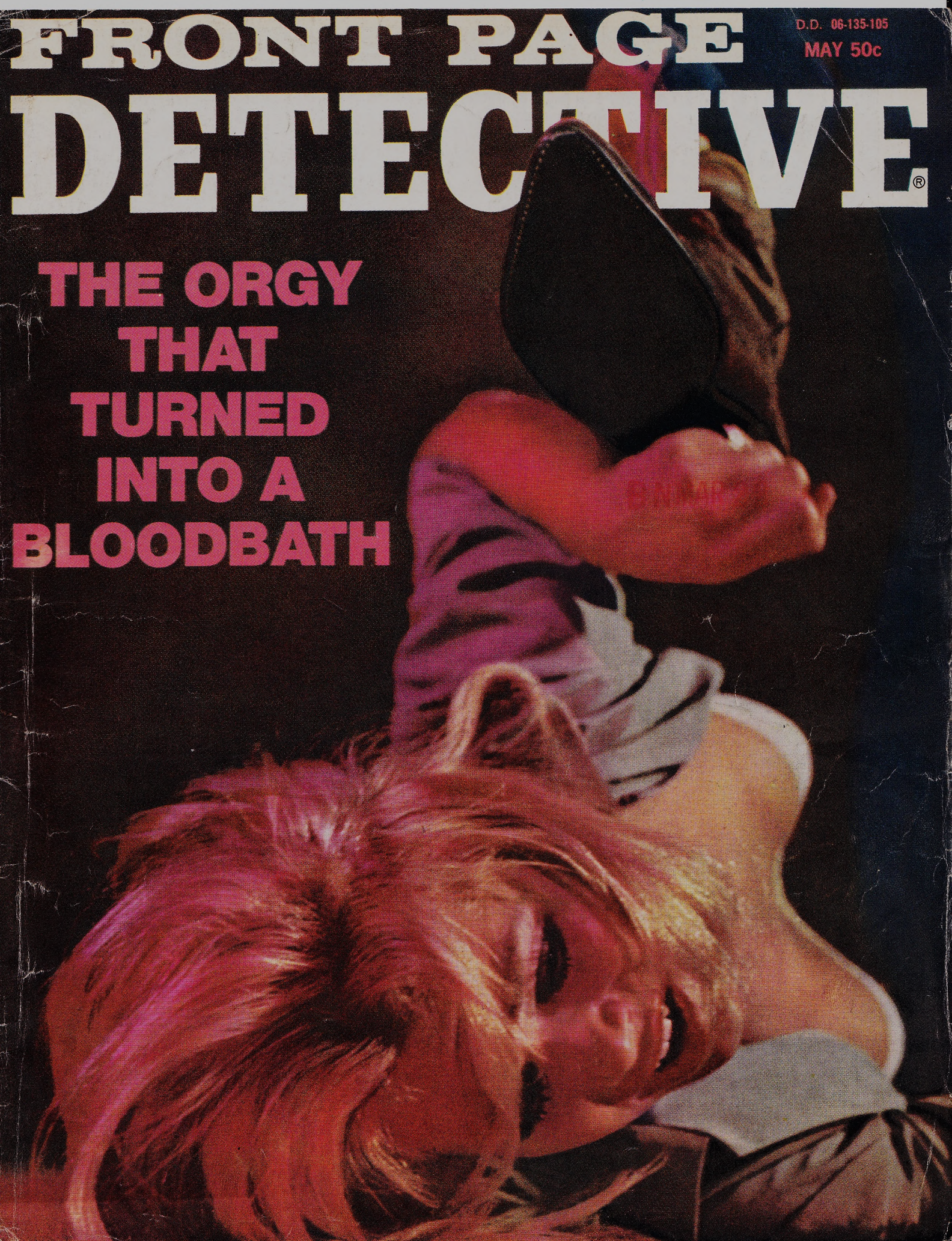


# FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE

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THAT  
TURNED  
INTO A  
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## On The Editor's Desk

# LET ME SAY THIS ABOUT THAT....

Caught up in the flood of news that daily washes across this desk are some items worthy of comment....

A photo of New York City policemen, who had been taking part in the recent "job action" by refusing to carry out routine duties. On the faces of the officers, who are jeering their union's decision to obey a court ruling and return to work, are sneers of rage and fists are raised in anger. How can policemen expect private citizens to respect the law if they don't do so themselves? ...

A survey, based on the 1970 census, shows that more than half the inmates in city and county jails have not been convicted of any crime. Of the more than 80,000 persons involved, 35% had been arraigned and were awaiting trial; 17% were being held for other authorities or were awaiting arraignment. They were housed in jails of which more than 25% were over 50 years old; 6% were more than 100 years old. About 85% had no recreational or education facilities; about 50% no medical facilities. Overcrowded and poorly equipped correctional facilities can breed only more crime. Something must be done to improve them—and fast. ...

A group of inmates at California's Soledad Prison offered themselves in exchange for American prisoners of war held in North Vietnam, as a gesture of "Peace on Earth at Christmas time." Some of those who made the humanitarian offer soon were to be eligible for parole. How many of us outside a cell would have the courage to do likewise? ...

A New York Times columnist suggested fighting dope pushers in ghetto areas by using militant groups already organized there. Their members already have community respect and many of them, from bitter personal experience, know what "junk" can do to a man. The writer suggests paying the militants (or anybody) the full wholesale price for every ounce of dope turned in, plus a bonus, on conviction, for every pusher delivered. He lets it up to the militants to figure out how to get hold of the dope or pushers, short of mayhem or murder. It might just work. ...

An 11-year-old Florida girl spent her \$10 Christmas money buying toys for four black children whose family was evicted from their apartment. On reading about it, white teenagers beat her and called her a "nigger lover." Police couldn't do anything because they "didn't see it happen." There oughta be a law. ...

# FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE

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MAY, 1971

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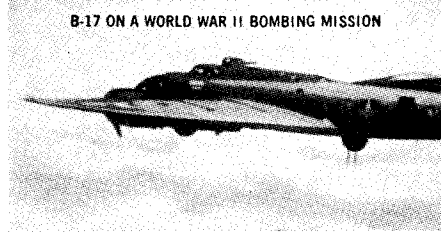
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"MUSHROOM CLOUD" FROM THE A-BOMB—HIROSHIMA, 1945



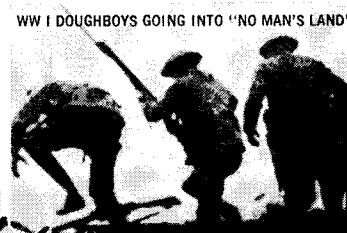
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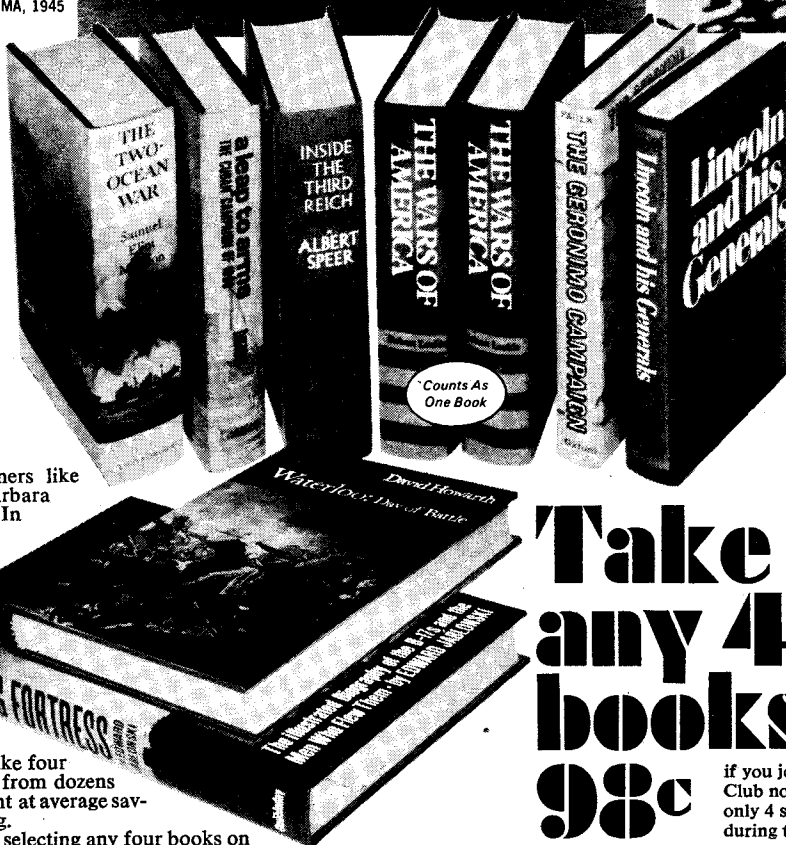
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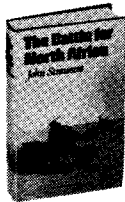
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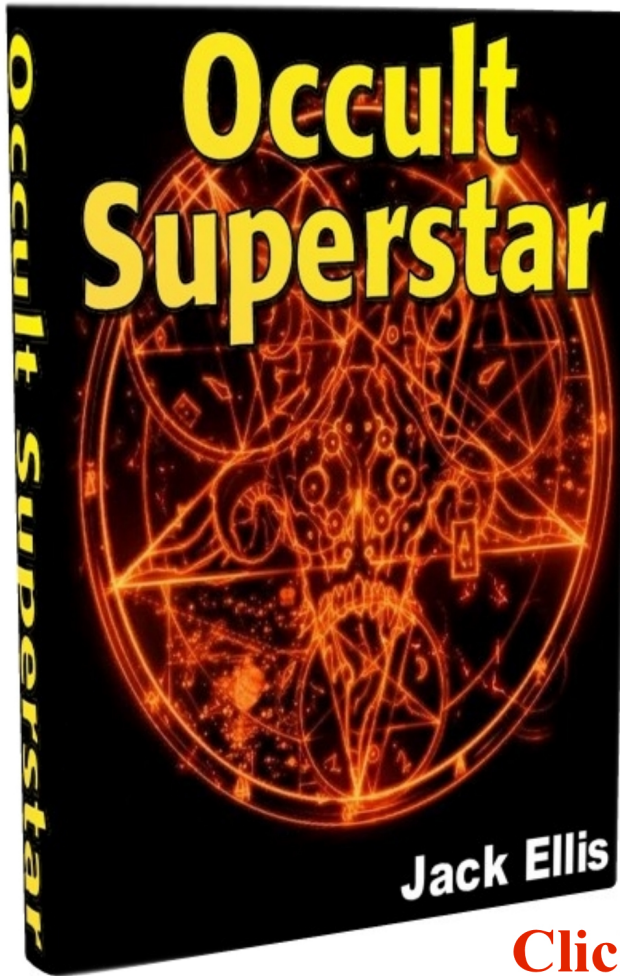
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# Front Page Case Book

COMPLETE COVERAGE  
FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS



## JUST CAN'T MEASURE UP

■ Mrs. Phillip Kehrer checks skirt length after losing her Indianapolis, Ind., sheriff's clerk job for wearing skirts more than an inch above her knees. Her ex-boss blames minis for increase in sex crimes.

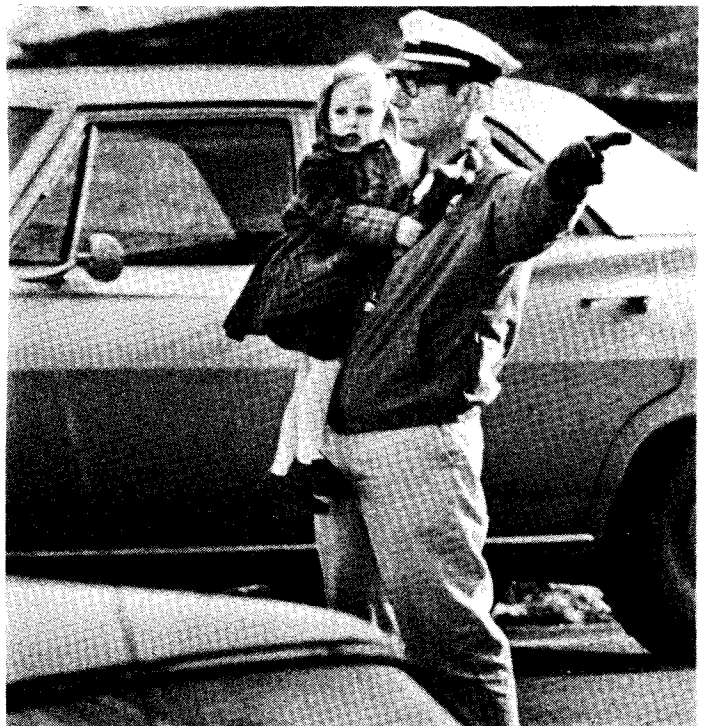


## MIRROR IMAGE

■ A 38-year-old ex-cop turned robber lies dead outside Queens, N.Y., bank after double fatal shootout with 76-year-old bank employee, also a former policeman.

## WHEN DUTY CALLS

■ Responding to an alarm while baby-sitting in his Lansdale, Pa., home, Fire Policeman Bruce Rouzer seems to be handling traffic and baby quite well.





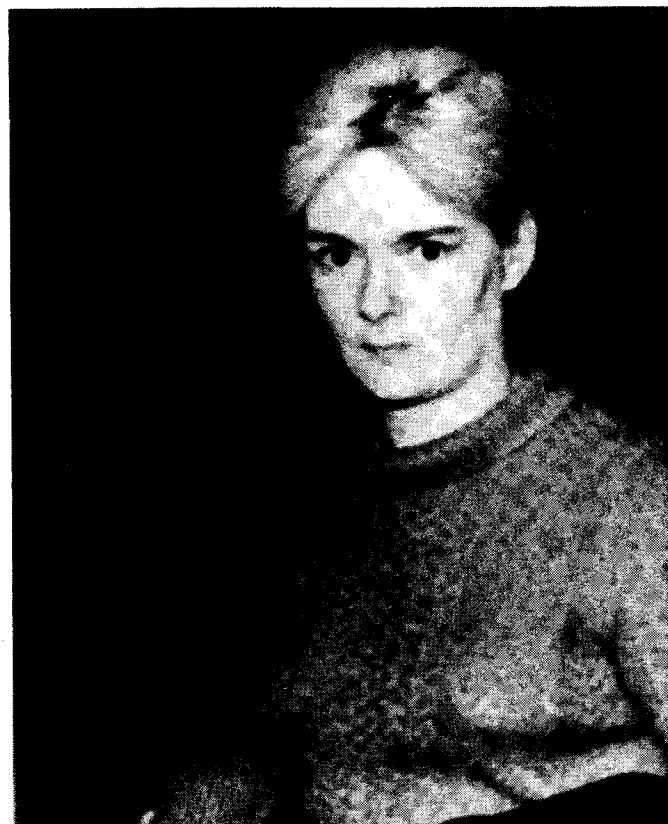


### WASTED BREATH

■ Police administer mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to Warren LaRue, 56, Maricopa County, Ariz., sheriff's deputy, after he and fellow deputy, Rex Stone, 51, were fatally shot in their attempt to repossess Phoenix man's trailer home.

### HIGHEST SORT OF PRAISE

■ Lew Alcindor, 7-foot-3 center for Milwaukee Bucks basketball team, bends to congratulate his dad on rise to lieutenant with New York City Transit police.



### TEARFUL TRAGEDY

■ Margaret Boykin has been charged by Philadelphia, Pa., police with slaying three infants over the past two years because "babies crying annoyed her."



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**HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. (Special)**— This is the revolutionary grapefruit diet that everyone is suddenly talking about. It has made people slim, attractive and feel young again. Literally thousands upon thousands of copies have been passed from hand to hand in factories and offices throughout the U.S.

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## THE CLEANUP SPOT

The District Attorney's office in Memphis, Tenn., has announced that it has decided to drop murder charges against **Louis Montesi**, 52, accused of fatally shooting his first wife six years ago (*We, The Jury* . . . August FRONT PAGE, 1966). The decision was a direct result of the Tennessee Supreme Court's second reversal of Montesi's manslaughter conviction and an order to return the case for a possible third trial. The District Attorney claimed that he had no alternative but to drop the charges since "The state has no additional proof it could present." Initially, the prosecution had developed its case along the lines that Montesi allegedly was bad-tempered and a tyrannical husband, who frequently engaged in violent arguments with his wife. On the other hand, Montesi, a wealthy Memphis grocery chain operator, had insisted that on the night of November 2, 1965, a masked intruder broke into his home, attacked and robbed him and murdered his wife. Furthermore, he had claimed that the assailant was actually a Massachusetts grocery-cart salesman whom he knew. The charges against the salesman, initiated by the defense, subsequently were dropped for lack of evidence.

□

A Fresno, Cal., court has awarded **Louise Thoresen**, 34, custody of her eight-year-old son. Just last November, another California court found Mrs. Thoresen innocent on charges of murdering her eccentric, gun-collecting husband, **William E. Thoresen, III**, on June 10, 1970 (*Louise Thoresen's 24 Hours Of Hell*, March FRONT PAGE, 1971). She claimed that she was forced to shoot her husband in self-defense since he had been brutalizing her while "apparently on, or coming down from, an LSD trip." While alive, Thoresen, heir to a vast steel fortune, was well known to federal authorities, who frequently were called upon to confiscate the huge arms arsenals which he enjoyed building up. The court named Mrs. Thoresen to be the boy's guardian, on the condition that she post \$20,000 bond to assure protection of the boy's interest in his late father's \$400,000 estate. Immediately following Thoresen's death, the boy had been placed with his paternal grandfather, who voiced no objection to the lad being returned to his mother's care.

□

The hunt for the elusive **Ronald Biggs**, 41, one of England's "Great Train Robbers," goes on with new rumors as to his whereabouts and imminent capture constantly popping up (*The Man I Love Is Wanted for the Crime Of The Century*, April FRONT PAGE, 1970). Biggs

was part of the gang that on August 8, 1963, stopped a British mail train and stole \$7.3 million. Later arrested and sentenced to 30 years, Biggs, along with three other inmates, pulled a daring escape from London's Wandsworth Prison. Authorities have been looking for him ever since. Last verified reports had him living in Australia, where police released a series of photos of disguises he might use. But, recently, police in Dublin, Ireland, mounted a full-scale alert after they were notified that Biggs was in their city looking for accommodations for him-



**RONALD BIGGS**  
Two disguises are not his limit.

self and his family. London police believe that Biggs soon will be captured somewhere, since they have been informed that he broke his false teeth and will have to get replacements. Dentists throughout the world have been sent Biggs' dental charts and have been asked to be on the lookout for him. The biggest threat to Biggs' freedom might be his desire to rush to his wife's side and attempt to comfort her, after hearing that their eldest son, 10, was killed in a head-on auto collision. Mrs. Charmain Biggs has appealed to her husband not  
(Continued on page 8)



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(Continued from page 6)  
to return, since his capture would only worsen family conditions.

□

In a 3-2 decision, the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court reversed the convictions of **Gerald Price**, 18, for the March 4, 1969, murder and attempted robbery of Harry Scolnick, a 57-year-old Long Island, N.Y., plastics manufacturer (*Money Is Only Good for Living*, March FRONT PAGE, 1970). The presiding justice said that the jury had been improperly shown a statement implicating Price in the crime and, therefore, he should be given a new trial. Purportedly, Price and **Joseph Bullard**, 20, entered Scolnick's plastics firm with the intention of stealing a \$1181 payroll. Unfortunately for the victim, the company's check-cashing schedule had been changed and there was no ready cash available. When Scolnick attempted to explain the situation, Bullard shot him down. Bullard pleaded guilty to a reduced charge of first degree manslaughter and was sentenced to a maximum term of 20 years in prison. Price was given a life sentence for the Scolnick murder and 15 years on the attempted robbery charge.

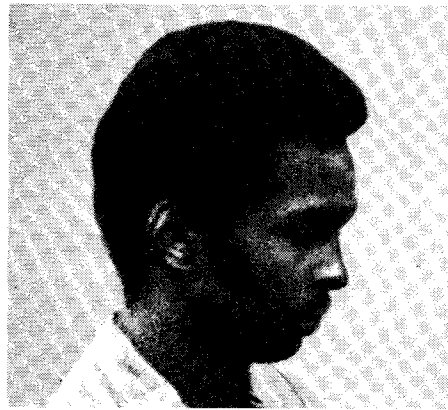
□

Nine Pagan motorcycle gang members have been convicted and sentenced for the kidnap slaying of two rival gang members in Northern Virginia on March 26, 1970 (*When the Bikers Go Berserk*, August FRONT PAGE, 1970). A long simmering feud resulted in the abduction, torture and murder of Saint members **Lewis "Weasel" Hartless**, 21, and **Richard "Newt" Newland**, 19. Pagan members **James "Professor" Cole**, 20, and **Bradley "Lucifer" Hinckley**, 25, pleaded guilty to charges of second degree murder and abduction of Hartless and were given jail sentences of up to 20 years on each charge. The prosecution dropped all charges against them in connection with Newland's death. **Isaac "Bear" Farber**, 29, received a one-year jail term and 21-year-old **Eugene "Bobba" Lambert** two years for their role in the double murder. **Albert "Filthy Frank" Schoepper** and **Harry "Buck" Williams** were convicted on conspiracy charges and sentenced, respectively, to seven years and five years in prison. All but 12 months of Williams' sentence was suspended. **Victor Leonard Cassara**, 31, and **Richard Scarborough**, 25, pleaded guilty and were convicted on charges of being accessories to the blood-bath. The most severe sentence was meted out to the alleged triggerman in the shootings, **Alexander "Head" Akers**, 24. He was given a life sentence for one killing and an additional 40 years for the second slaying. The sentences are to run consecutively. Reportedly, the prosecutor said that he didn't want Akers paroled until he was too old to kill again. A

tenth defendant in the case, **Alfred "Pappy" Duffy, Jr.**, is currently in a Galveston, Tex., jail, where he is fighting extradition.

□

**Ben Chaney, Jr.**, 18, has been extradited to Florida to face charges of having slain two Florida coeds and an insurance salesman last May (*Backtracking an 800-Mile Trail of Terror and Blood*, September FRONT PAGE, 1970). Chaney, brother of slain Mississippi civil rights worker, **James Chaney**, recently was acquitted on a charge of murdering **John R. Bazemore**, 48, owner of a roadside fireworks store in South Carolina. Chaney's 16-year-old traveling companion was found guilty of those same charges and sentenced to life imprisonment. Chaney and two other young men—one of whom was killed during a shootout in Bazemore's store—allegedly had killed **Marlene Mehnke** and **Donna Fink**,



**BEN CHANEY, JR.**

Returned to face second freedom fight

both 21, on May 14, 1970, to gain possession of their money and their car. The bodies of both coeds were found fully clothed near Florida Atlantic University. Each of the girls had been shot in the head with a .38-caliber gun. A week earlier, **John J. Bowes, III**, 23, a Miami insurance salesman, was found shot to death. The young insurance agent was found dead on May 5, 1970, in a Fort Lauderdale roadside dump. Purportedly Bowes was kidnaped by Chaney and the others while out in his car making collection calls, shot and then thrown into the dump.

□

Penal authorities in Somers, Conn., announced the death of **Arthur Culombe**, 46, confessed slayer of six persons in a series of holdups between 1956 and 1957 (*Kneel-down-and-die Dogs*, June FRONT PAGE, 1957). The cause of death was listed as a probable brain tumor. Culombe and **Joseph L. Taborsky** were convicted of first degree murder and sentenced to die in June, 1957. The pair, known as the "Mad-Dog Killers," staged eight holdups and six murders within a one-year period. Each of the victims was

slain in the same cold-blooded style. They had been forced to kneel and then were shot in the back of the head. Taborsky was the last person to be executed in the state of Connecticut. In 1960, at the age of 36, he died in the electric chair. Culombe escaped the same fate when his conviction was reversed by a higher court on the grounds that his confession was improperly admitted as evidence. At his second trial, he was sentenced to life imprisonment after pleading guilty to second degree murder. He would have been eligible for parole in 1977.

□

Accused mass murderer **John Lindley Frazier**, 24, failed in a recent attempt to commit suicide. The former California auto mechanic cut his left arm above the wrist with a razor blade. Frazier has been charged with five counts of murder in the senseless shooting deaths of prominent eye-surgeon **Dr. Victor Ohta**, 47; his attractive wife, **Virginia**, 43; his two young sons—**Derrick**, 12; and **Taggart**, 11—and **Dorothy Cawallader**, his private secretary (*A Swimming Pool Full of Corpses*, February FRONT PAGE, 1971), in the Ohta's luxurious Santa Cruz County home last October 19. The bodies were found in the family swimming pool by firemen responding to a blaze at the mansion. The accused allegedly had left a note at the scene of the bloodbath in which he referred to the occult and the ecology movement. The hippie community in the area and Frazier's wife aided police in their search for the suspect. Frazier was seized as he slept in a mountain cabin not far from the Ohta estate. He has, since his arrest, entered a plea of innocent by reason of insanity to the murder charges.

□

**Harry J. Karafin**, one-time Philadelphia newspaperman, has been convicted of perjury charges by a Pennsylvania Common Pleas court. The charges stemmed from an earlier hearing on his reputed blackmail activities (*Philadelphia Story: Color It Black*, February FRONT PAGE, 1969). After extensive investigation, authorities had proved that Karafin used his position as a star reporter for *The Philadelphia Inquirer* to get on the payroll of various corporations, in return for a promise not to write expose articles on their activities. Karafin's conviction and receipt of a four-to-nine-year prison sentence was greatly aided by testimony given by **Sylvan S. Scolnick**, a man who had himself been indicted on 18 charges of fraud for his involvement in corrupt business dealings (*The Scum Who "Scam,"* May INSIDE, 1967). Scolnick claimed that he had arranged with Karafin not to report on any of his fraudulent deals in exchange for a profitable cut of the illegal business earnings.



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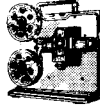
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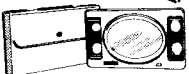


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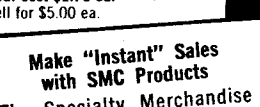
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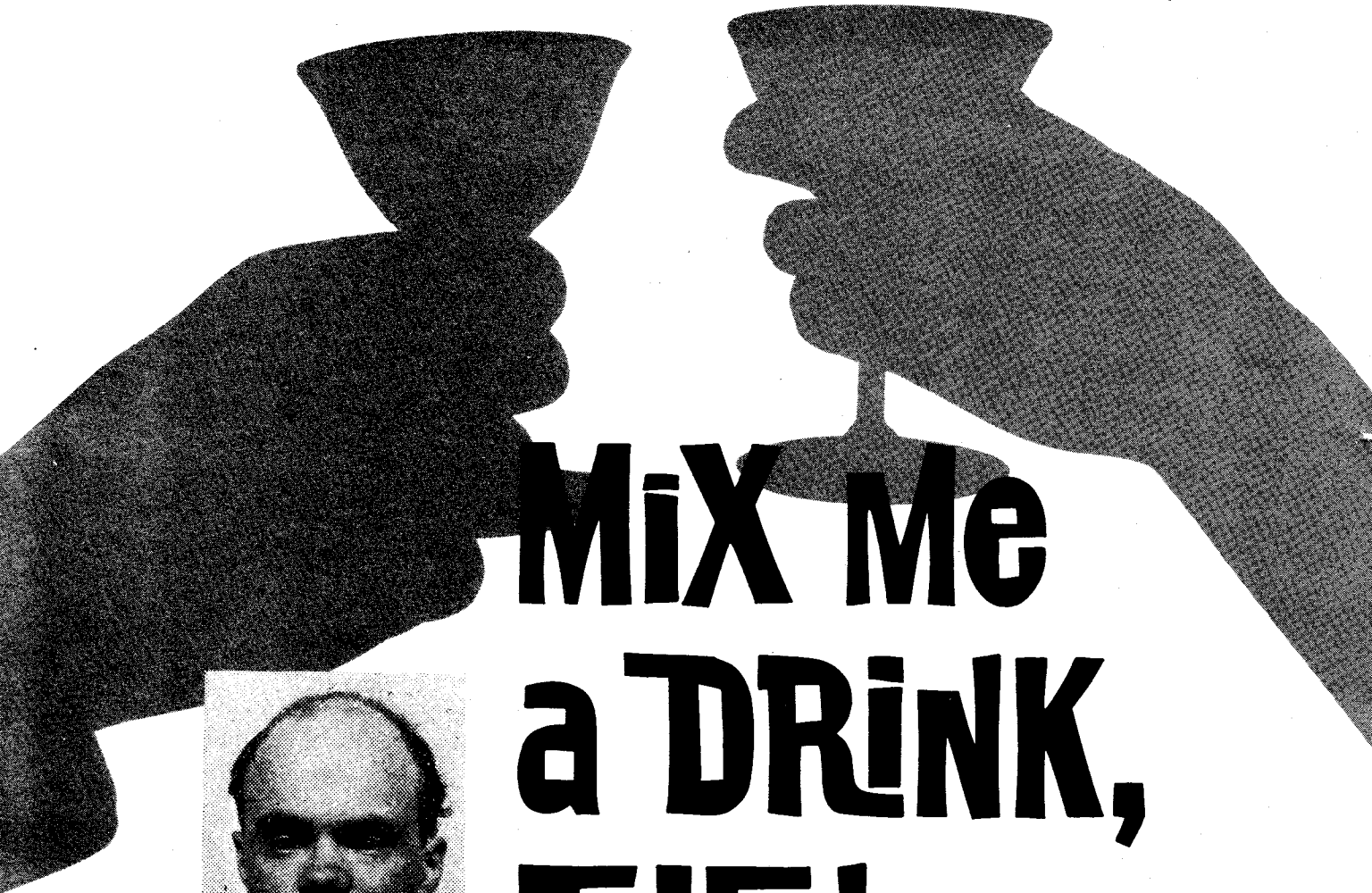


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Playing by the rules, he went quietly to his death

# MiX Me a DRiNK, THEN KiLL Me

**Phil had no false illusions about the penalty for double-crossing his alleged partners-in-crime, but he had one last request before dying**

by JOHN V. TEN EYCK



## PHILADELPHIA, PA., FEBRUARY 18, 1971

■ Everything seemed normal along the narrow winding road that gridded the grounds of the Philadelphia State Hospital, when Security Officer Anthony Stieff made his regular tour at 3:40 on the frosty Wednesday morning of January 13, 1971. Located at Byberry in the northeast section of the Pennsylvania metropolis, the institution's vast acreage extended almost to the city limits.

About 4 A.M. Sergeant Armand Auerweck of the hospital's security force was on another routine patrol of the two-lane asphalt road when the headlights of his car picked up a form lying on the road. The officer braked his car to a halt, then sat quietly for a moment, listening to the steady hum of the motor and staring at the body stretched across the narrow ribbon of blacktop.

Slowly, Auerweck got out of his car and walked to the body, that of a man lying face up, his head resting against a mound of snow on the shoulder of the road. Deep cuts on his throat had allowed a quantity of blood to soak into the patch of snow.

Sergeant Auerweck jumped back into his car, turned it around and drove to a telephone. Calling the Philadelphia Police Department, within seconds, he was put through to the homicide bureau.

Giving a detective an idea of what he just had seen, he detailed the location of his grisly find... "just east of Roosevelt Boulevard, on that pike that runs through the hospital grounds. I'll be waiting with my lights on."

Homicide Detectives Larry Grace, Gerry McDonald and Anthony Melfi dressed quickly in overcoats and hats and soon were racing their car out of the police parking lot in Center City. Traffic was light, at that hour, and they were soon speeding north on Interstate 95 which flanks the western bank of the Delaware River. Making a northwestern turn off the highway they drove along Roosevelt Road to the hospital grounds, then turned into the Old Bensalem Pike. They quickly spotted the guard's headlights and found the security officer waiting for them.

Hurrying from their car with flash-

lights shining, they stared at the man lying on the road, quickly determining that he was dead.

"Looks like he's almost decapitated," a detective said, noting the deep wound in the victim's throat.

"Are you sure this is our case," another investigator asked, trying to get his bearings.

"Yeah, this must be inside the city limits by about 75 yards," he was told. "There's Poquessing Creek. That's the boundary."

The detectives noted that the dead man had a young face, although he had lost most of his hair. Light fuzz covered the side and back of his head, but he was bald in front. A toupee was lying near his head.

Clothed in a zippered yellow jacket and dark trousers, he was underdressed for the sub-freezing weather. About 5 feet, 9 inches tall and with an average build, he had a wide nose, thick lips and a cleft chin.

"He doesn't look familiar to me," Grace said.

"I don't recognize him, either," McDonald added.

Security Officer Stieff told the detectives that when he had passed by at 3:40 A.M., he had spotted nothing unusual.

"And when I drove by here at 4 A.M., there he was," Sergeant Auerweck added.

"That pins the time down," Grace said. "Seems like he was killed here and I guess we've got it narrowed down to those 20 minutes."

"Let's see if there's anything on him," another detective said, going through the victim's pockets.

The dead man was not carrying a wallet, but the detective found three packages of cigarets and a slip of paper in a pocket. When the paper was unfolded and a flashlight beamed on it, it proved to be a telephone bill, issued to Philip *(Continued on next page)*



David and Jane reportedly didn't spare tears after execution-slaying of ex-con.

Hartman of Henry Avenue in the Roxborough section of Philadelphia.

"Any of you boys recognize the name," a detective asked.

His companions shook their head.

"We can't do much more now, but it will be daylight soon," Grace said. "We might as well stick around for a while. We can have the body taken back to the morgue and get the mobile crime lab over there to start working on fingerprints. I wouldn't be surprised if this fellow has a record."

The scene was photographed and the body was taken to the medical examiner's office at Thirteenth and Wood Streets. The homicide detectives radioed a request for the mobile crime lab to have the victim fingerprinted and the prints run through police files.

Grace, McDonald and Melfi continued to poke around the area in the pre-dawn darkness. The hospital buildings were blocks from the scene.

"I think that whoever killed this man knew his way around this area," one of the detectives said. "A stranger wouldn't know about this lonely pike going through the hospital grounds. He might not even know the small road was open to public use."

"There's more than one person involved in this," another officer suggested. "He was killed by a knife. It isn't likely that one killer could have forced him here at knifepoint."

"That's right," his partner agreed. "He wasn't tied up."

As the first light of dawn started pushing back the darkness, the detectives put their flashlights away and began a closer inspection of the area. They searched the road for a couple of hundred yards in both directions and checked the shoulder, but found nothing.

Later, the officers returned to police headquarters. At the homicide bureau, they found a report waiting for them.

The victim had been fingerprinted and a file had been found to go with his prints. The investigators opened the folder and looked at its contents.

The prints had matched those on record for Philip Hartman, 26. "That's him," a detective said, staring at the photo pulled from the file.

**R**ECORDS showed that Philip Hartman had been arrested three times. On June 7, 1963, he had been picked up in Alameda, Cal., for theft of an automobile in San Francisco and had served 30 days after conviction.

On August 5, 1967 in nearby Cornwells Heights in Bucks County, Pa., he had been arrested on charges of burglary, larceny and receiving stolen goods. No disposition was shown for that case.

On March 23, 1968, he was arrested

in Philadelphia on charges of furnishing liquor to intoxicated persons and of being the proprietor of a disorderly house. He was discharged on both counts.

"Not much of a record," a detective commented.

"Nothing on him in over two years," another investigator added. "Let's check other divisions. They might have heard his name around town. There are also some names here of people picked up with Hartman. We can talk to them."

Two detectives drove to the address on Henry Avenue in Roxborough. Stepping inside the old apartment building, they checked the names on the mailboxes in the lobby, finally finding one listed for Philip Hartman. Pressing a bell near the mailbox, they walked down the hall, knocked on a door and waited. There was no answer to their knock.

The detectives walked back up the hall and knocked on the superintendent's door. A short heavyset man answered, looked at the detectives and checked their credentials.

"What's the beef," he asked.

"No trouble here," an investigator replied. "We're checking on one of your tenants. Philip Hartman was found murdered this morning."

"Where did it happen?" the superintendent asked, brusquely.

He was given some of the details of his tenant's death.

"Then what do you want here?" he asked.

"We have to notify Hartman's family and talk to people he lived with. Maybe somebody here can help up," the lawmen replied.

"Nobody here can help you," the superintendent answered. "He lived alone. Kept to himself, he did. None of the neighbors know anything about him."

"Did you know he had a police record," a detective asked.

"I don't run an FBI check on the tenants," he replied.

The superintendent said that Hartman had received no visitors that he knew of.

"In fact," he went on, "I got the impression that he might have been a traveling salesman. He seemed to be away a lot."

"Did you ever see him with a sample case, or anything to indicate what kind of a concern he might have been with?"

The superintendent shook his head.

"Well, let's have a look," a detective said. "You've got a key to his apartment, haven't you?"

"Do you have the necessary papers?" the superintendent replied.

Shown that everything legal had been taken care of, he got his keys, led the way down the hall and opened the door.

Entering the apartment, the detectives took a look around, but found no indication, at all, that Philip Hartman had been employed. The lawmen called at the apartments of the neighbors, but got nothing from them. Soon, the investigators returned to police headquarters.

Detective Inspector Raymond Kennedy and Detective Lieutenant Michael Tobin were taking reports of the investigation. They had concluded that Hartman had been associating with dangerous characters.

"His wallet was taken, but I doubt if he was killed in a robbery," an officer said. "He might have had enough money to make taking the wallet worthwhile to someone, but that, most likely, was an afterthought."

"We can start circulating around town. Somebody might know what Philip Hartman had been up to recently and who he had been associating with. Have there been any jobs here lately that Hartman might have pulled?"

"We checked with robbery and burglary," a detective said. "They haven't had him under suspicion for anything."

**D**ETEKTIVES examined the names found in Hartman's file—those of men he had been arrested with and was known to have associated with. Investigators went through more records, checking on still other acquaintances of the victim. Later that day, teams of lawmen went out into the city, trying to learn who had cut the throat of Philip Hartman.

In a small hotel at the edge of Center City, detectives spoke briefly with a clerk. Given a room number, they hurried to the second floor and raced down the hall, pausing at a door when they heard whistling coming from inside.

"Police," a detective said, knocking on the door which soon swung open to reveal a tall, husky man with reddish hair and shaving lather on his face.

"Is this a roust, or can I finish shaving?" the man asked.

"Finish shaving," a detective said. "We just want some info on an old buddy of yours—Philip Hartman."

"What's with Phil," the man asked.

Told of Hartman's slaying, his hand trembled and he had to release his grip on the razor. As he turned to the detectives, shock was mirrored in his face.

The detectives stepped aside as the man walked into the living room and grabbed a shirt from a chair. He spoke softly as he buttoned the sleeves.

"I knew Phil when we were kids," he said. "We ran around here and there. We got pinched back in 1967 on a burglary and receiving rap. The case was dismissed against both of us, but you must know that. Since then, we went separate ways. I might have seen him around town for a short while after

*(Continued on page 14)*



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(Continued from page 12)

that, but I don't think I've seen him in at least three years."

"Any idea who he might have been running with," the investigators asked.

"Naw, our whole bunch broke up around then," he answered. "I don't want to finger anybody, but some of us figured the others might have been bad luck... know what I mean? I wanted no more with that crowd. I went into business, myself, and bought a piece of a gas station in Upper Darby. But the hours were too much. And changing flats in this weather... no sir! I'm working as a cook in that restaurant around the corner. I'm on my feet a lot, but it's inside work."

Asked about other men he and Hartman had known, the redhead kept shaking his head, insisting that he hadn't kept in touch with them and had no idea if Hartman had. He also didn't know what Hartman had been up to lately, or who he might have been associating with.

"Well, can you give us a line on his habits—his likes and dislikes," a detective asked. "Where would he hang out?"

"He liked to drink," the man said. "He might have been hanging out in those bars on Twelfth."

Early that afternoon, two detectives entered a large bar on Twelfth Street. One bartender was busy, but the other, reading a newspaper, stood up as the detectives approached. Told that police were trying to get information about a man who had been killed that morning, he replied that the name Philip Hartman meant nothing to him.

"But I'm not good at names," the bartender said. "I recognized you, but I don't remember your name. Faces. I'm good at faces."

Shown a police mug shot taken of Hartman in 1968, he looked it over, then shook his head.

"Like I said... I'm good at faces, but I don't recognize him, the bartender said.

"Picture him with a full head of hair," a detective said. "He was wearing a toupee, recently."

The bartender stared at the picture and picked it up, holding it at several angles before finally nodding.

"I recognize him now," he said. "He came in quite a bit... at night."

"Who was he with," a detective asked.

The bartender named two men he thought he had seen with Philip Hartman. Known to the detectives, the pair of the murder victim's companions had lengthy police records.

Throughout the day, other detective teams had been questioning men who had known Philip Hartman, gathering information about people with whom he was reported to have been associating.

That night, there was a conference in the detective bureau and investigators reported that Philip Hartman recently had been staying in the apartment of a man who lived on Philadelphia's northeast side—in the area where the body had been found.

"We got a line on him," a detective said. "His name is James Barilak and he lives on Telfair Road near Greenmount. A man who knew Hartman said Phil told him he had been staying there."

"And who is this James Barilak?" he was asked.

"He's a new one on me," the detective replied. "No record on him in our files."

"Well... take a run up there in the morning," he was told.

On Thursday morning, Detectives Grace, McDonald and Melfi met in the detective bureau to discuss the case. No further information had come in during the night on Philip Hartman and the investigators got into a car and headed northeast again.

**T**HE address listed for James Barilak was that of a 10-unit two-story garden apartment. The two-year-old building was located on a street of new apartments and private homes. Constructed of white brick, it had separate entrances for the living units and garages facing the back.

Detective Grace waited in the patrol car while McDonald and Melfi went to the Barilak apartment—a second floor unit. They knocked on the door which quickly was opened by a woman with blonde hair. Identifying herself as Mrs. Barilak, she told the lawmen that her husband was not at home.

Told that she was wanted at police headquarters in connection with an investigation, the woman quickly got her coat and accompanied the detectives to their car.

Later that morning, the detectives conferred again with Inspector Kennedy and Lieutenant Tobin.

"Mrs. Barilak admits knowing Hartman," Tobin said. "He's been to their apartment. Mrs. Barilak has a record of about ten arrests, starting back in 1962, when she was placed on probation for bigamy in Teaneck, N.J. Most of her arrests were on charges of forgery and for passing worthless checks in New York City, in Wilmington and Marshallton, Del., and in West Chester. In 1968, the record shows, she was sentenced in New York to serve two years in the Federal Reformatory for Women at Alderson, W.Va.

While the detectives discussed plans for continuing the probe and other officers talked to Mrs. Barilak, investigators returned to Telfair Road. Later that day, there was another conference at head-

quarters and detectives disclosed more information that they had gathered.

Neighbors of the Barilaks had reported knowing little about the couple who had moved into the garden apartment in November of 1970. But there were reports that, on some days, vans had pulled up to the Barilak apartment as late as 4 A.M., to unload. There were other reports of men going to the apartment at late hours and one neighbor had mentioned that the Barilaks had covered the windows of their garage door as soon as they moved in.

Police found a 1963 Mercury automobile parked about two blocks from the Barilak apartment. Registered to Mrs. Barilak, it was towed to the police garage. Blood reportedly was found on the back seat, later proving to be of the same type as Philip Hartman's.

That night, police announced that Mrs. Jane O'Hara Barilak, 36, had been arrested and charged with murder, accessory before the fact and conspiracy, in connection with the death of Philip Hartman. Police quoted Mrs. Barilak as saying that she knew there was a "contract" out for Hartman, who reportedly was mixed up in a burglary ring. She had been asked to "make a contribution" to the murder plot, but had declined at first, police said.

She was quoted as saying that Hartman had come to her apartment about 1 A.M. on Wednesday, and was drinking and listening to phonograph music while she and her husband were there. She said that she did not know who had called her about the alleged plot to kill Hartman, but that while Philip was in their apartment, she had received another phone call. She was quoted as saying that the caller had asked to use her auto for the crime and that she put the keys in her car before she and her husband went to bed at 3:20 A.M.

Police said that the woman had told them that Hartman was alive in her apartment at that time, but that was the last she had seen of him. Apparently, Hartman had been killed as a result of a feud within a burglary ring that had operated in the northeast part of town.

On Friday morning, the investigators had another conference on the Hartman case, discussing the statement attributed to Mrs. Barilak. The investigation continued and the next day, Saturday, police announced the arrest of 36-year-old James Barilak.

A tall husky man with blond hair, he was charged with murder in connection with the death of Philip Hartman after Detective McDonald took him into custody at his apartment. Police said they were investigating possible charges of burglary, larceny and receiving stolen goods against Barilak who reportedly had made no statement. Police an-

(Continued on page 16)





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(Continued from page 14)

nounced that a search of the Barilak apartment had turned up a steak knife with blood traces on it.

On the Tuesday night of January 19, 1971, Detectives McDonald and James Wood picked up a man at his home on Millbank Road in suburban Upper Darby and brought him to police headquarters. The following day, Detective Captain Arthur Matthews and Detective Lieutenant Frank Ruff listened to the detectives' report with great interest.

The man arrested Tuesday night was David Francis Beddis, 31, who had no police record in Philadelphia. He was 5 feet, 8 inches tall, a muscular 160 pounds and police had been told that he had been a professional boxer. On Thursday, police announced that David Francis Beddis also had been charged with murder in the death of Philip Hartman.

Police said that Beddis had made a statement in which he had confessed to being present when Hartman was killed, claiming that James Barilak had cut the victim's throat. Police quoted Beddis as stating that the slaying had stemmed from the theft of \$40,000 worth of jewelry. The gems—\$20,000 in diamonds and \$20,000 in assorted pieces, allegedly had been in the possession of a burglar who was shot and killed by police in New Jersey. They quoted Beddis as saying that Mrs. Barilak had obtained the jewelry and had it sewn into a black dress.

Continuing from the statement, police pointed out that the jewelry allegedly was stolen when somebody burglarized the Barilak apartment as Mrs. Barilak attended the funeral of the man killed by police in New Jersey. Mrs. Barilak, police said they were told, let it be known that she wanted to "get to" Hartman for the burglary.

According to police, Beddis said he was in the Barilak apartment when Hartman telephoned between 10 and 11 p.m. on January 12, asking Mrs. Barilak to meet him in Center City to settle the matter. Mrs. Barilak said she was not well, but would have her husband pick him up, the statement reportedly went on.

Hartman and Barilak got to the apartment about 2:30 the next morning, police said they were told. Hartman reportedly had been drinking and had fallen asleep in the car. Beddis allegedly helped bring him into the apartment.

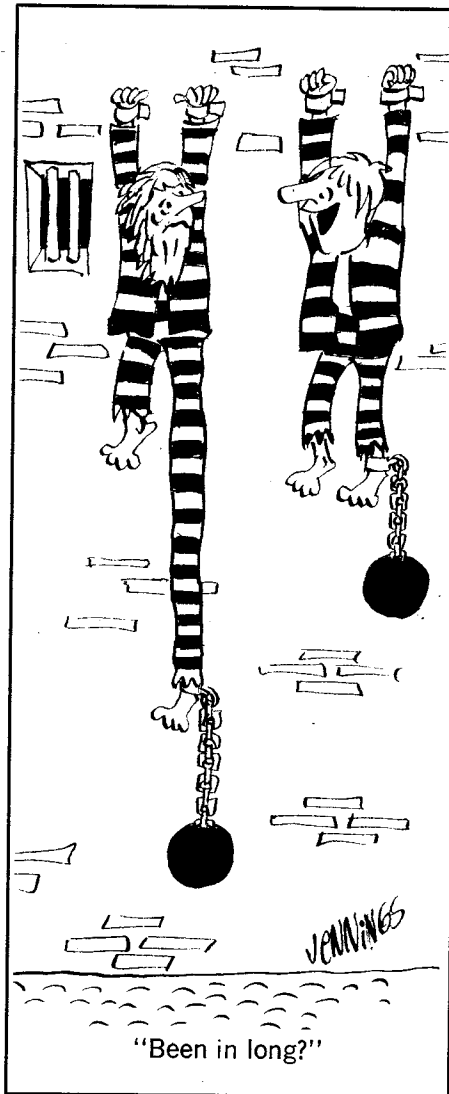
Police said that Mrs. Barilak allegedly questioned Hartman accusing him of having robbed her. When he denied the burglary, police said they were told, Mrs. Barilak pointed her finger at him and said: "You're dead."

Hartman pushed her to the floor, the statement reportedly continued, and a fight started in which he was knocked down. Beddis was quoted as saying that

he told Barilak to get his knife, referring to a large-bladed K-bar—a survival knife used in the Armed Services.

Police said that Beddis admitted poking Hartman with the knife without cutting him, while Mrs. Barilak kept on questioning him. Hartman reportedly had admitted that he knew who had done the job and was allowed to make a telephone call while Beddis listened in on an extension.

Beddis reportedly said the call was to a man named Jack who Hartman



told: "I'm in a bind with Jane and I have to get the jewels back."

Jack reportedly had replied: "Don't ever tell me to bring anything that I ever ripped off."

Police said they were told that when Jack hung up, Hartman made a second call. That time, Jack said: "You talk too much around town anyway," then hung up again.

Beddis was quoted as saying that Hartman and Mrs. Barilak argued heatedly, Mrs. Barilak threatening: "We're going to kill you." Beddis was quoted as saying that she repeated the threat several times.

Police said they were told that Hartman had replied: "I know you're going to kill me, but how about a last drink?"

Mrs. Barilak reportedly made Hartman a stiff drink which he downed after remarking to her: "No hard feelings." Beddis was quoted as saying that he and Barilak then put on their coats and told Hartman: "Come on, Phil, let's go."

The three men reportedly got into the 1963 Mercury—Barilak at the wheel and the other two in the back seat. Beddis was quoted as saying that when they turned off onto a dark road and slowed to a stop, Hartman jumped from the car. Reportedly, Beddis said that Barilak ran after Hartman, overtook him, knocked him down, kicked his head and gave him a few karate chops to the neck.

Beddis was quoted as saying that Barilak then raised Hartman's head and slashed his throat. Reportedly, Hartman's wallet was removed so the body could not be readily identified.

Beddis reportedly said he and Barilak drove back to the apartment without saying a word, took \$27 from the wallet and threw it in a wooded area half a mile from the slaying scene, police related. Beddis was quoted as saying that he was shocked by the killing, having thought the plan merely was to beat and kick Hartman and "teach him a lesson."

He was quoted as saying that Mrs. Barilak's first remark when they returned to the apartment was: "Where did you leave Phil?" Reportedly, her husband told her: "You don't have to worry about Phil no more," police continued from the statement.

Police said they were told that Mrs. Barilak began to cry and "for some unknown reason I went into the bedroom and cried also," Beddis reportedly continued.

At 8 a.m. that morning, the threesome drove to a spot off the Delaware Expressway where Mrs. Barilak threw her husband's knife into the Delaware River, police said they were told. Reportedly, they then took her to a City Hall appointment with a lawyer who told them that Hartman's body had been found.

Beddis was quoted as saying that the three of them then went to the 30th Street Railroad Station where Barilak put some bloody clothes into a locker. Police later reported that they had recovered bloody clothing from the locker.

The knife found in the apartment, police said, might have been used to threaten Hartman before he was taken for a ride. Police said they still were investigating the case and were trying to clarify the motive behind the slaying.

At this writing, Mrs. Jane O'Hara Barilak, James Barilak and David Francis Beddis are in jail in Philadelphia awaiting action on the charges that have been lodged against them. ■

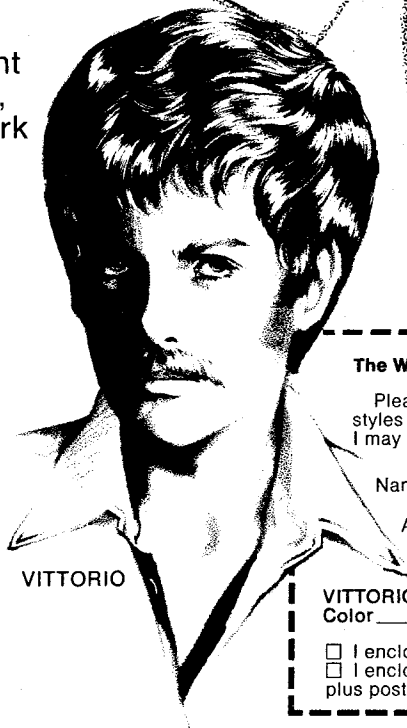
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# REPLAY OF HORROR

**Susan's  
disappearance  
and murder  
renewed fears that  
a fiend was on  
the prowl again**

ATLANTA, GA., JANUARY 28, 1971

■ A frightening picture of the nation's lawlessness is presented by former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark in his recent book, *Crime in America*. He says seven serious crimes are committed each minute of the day and that there is a murder every 39 minutes, a forcible rape every 17 minutes and a robbery every two minutes.

In commenting on Mr. Clark's report, Police Chief Herbert Jenkins of Atlanta, Ga., and his top aide, Detective Superintendent Clinton Chafin, acknowledge that their local crime statistics closely reflect those of the nation. By early December of 1970, the Atlanta police blotter already had listed for the year 221 known homicides. That represented a big jump from the 183 in 1969.

With that many killings on file, the Atlanta police brass almost was able to predict the nature of the very next murder which the homicide department would be called upon to investigate.

"We know," Detective Superintendent

Chafin said, "that a murder in Atlanta is most likely to occur inside the home, in a low income area, with the motive being a domestic one and the death weapon, in most cases, a cheap .22-caliber pistol, often costing less than \$10."

It so happens, however, that Atlanta's 222nd murder for the year of 1970 did not fit that description. By no stretch of the imagination could it be considered a typical killing and, at no point in its investigation, could any of its elements be reduced to a formula.

On the Thursday of December 10, 1970, at about the same time that the local police were discussing the year's crime statistics with members of the press, 25-year-old Susan E. Doty mysteriously disappeared at some unknown point between the Buckhead community and her apartment in the fashionable 5000 block of Roswell Road NE in Atlanta.

Susan Doty was a petite, blue-eyed

blonde, who had been born and raised near Petersburg, Ind., where her father was a well-to-do farmer. She was valedictorian of her high school class and served as editor of the school's newspaper and yearbook. Her classmates voted her "most likely to succeed" and predicted for her a rosy future in any field of her choice.

Coming South to attend Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tenn., Susan graduated with honors in 1967, then worked for a year in an Atlanta department store before leaving to become southeastern clothing sales representative for the Girl Scouts of America. Based in her Atlanta apartment, she traveled throughout six nearby states, reporting at regular intervals to Girl Scout regional headquarters in St. Louis, Mo.

A number of persons, police later learned, were familiar with the details of Susan's schedule on the Thursday she disappeared. Her father spoke with



The attractive young Girl Scout representative left her neat apartment on a business trip and never returned.

by STAFFORD MANN

her on the phone during the morning. He and Susan's mother were planning to visit with her in Atlanta during the Christmas holidays and he especially was anxious to see the Peach Bowl football game. He asked his daughter to find out if tickets for the annual classic still could be purchased and promised to call her again that night to find out if she had any luck.

Another who knew the particulars of Susan's workday was her boyfriend. He, too, had spoken with her in the morning.

Susan told him that she was having a business lunch with a woman executive of the Buckhead branch of Sears, Roebuck. Afterwards, she would try to pick up tickets to the football game and then drive directly back to her apartment in her car. She had some paperwork which had to be completed in her apartment-office by the end of the business day.

"I wasn't seeing her Thursday night,"

the young man later told Atlanta Detective B. G. Goldhagen. "At 6:30, she was supposed to attend a birthday party for a couple of her girl friends. They'd hired a private dining room in a downtown hotel and I know she expected to be there because she was the big wheel in getting up most of the arrangements. It's absolutely inconceivable that she wouldn't get there if she could, or that she wouldn't send them some kind of message if she couldn't. But she sure enough didn't show and she never called to say why."

The girls at the party, it subsequently was learned, tried to phone Susan at her apartment. Although the phone rang, there was no answer. Her friends had no choice, finally, but to proceed without her. Later that night, the young woman's father and boyfriend similarly were unsuccessful in their attempts to reach Susan by phone. Both tried again in the morning, but still got no response.

Prodded by anxiety, Susan's boyfriend

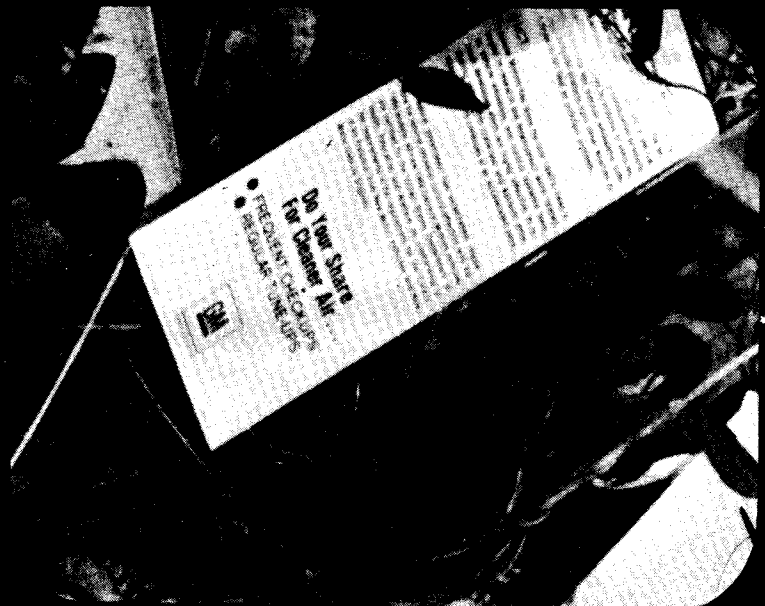
drove out to the Roswell Road apartment house and looked for her car. It was not in its customary space in the tenants' parking lot. Entering a phone booth, he rang up the Sears, Roebuck store in Buckhead and talked to the woman executive with whom Susan had her luncheon appointment.

"She was here," the woman told him. "We went out in her car at about noon and ate in a restaurant on the other side of town. Then we returned to my office and talked about the store's order. I guess it must have been two o'clock when we said goodbye. I went with her to the entrance of the store and, the last I saw of her, she was walking out the door toward her car."

At the young man's request, the executive described the clothes which the blonde sales representative had been wearing: Susan had on a brown, double-knit jumper over a long-sleeved, three-button, V-necked blouse. Her coat was brown camel hair with white, mother-of-

continued on next page





Susan called on Sears buyer, headed for car and vanished. Scattered papers marked trail to her body.

## REPLAY OF HORROR *continued*

pearl buttons. Around her neck, ascot style, she wore a brown print scarf. Her shoes were brown and she carried neutral pigskin gloves and a brown leather handbag.

By Friday night, when he still was unable to contact Susan, the young man got in touch with the girl's family. It was decided to enlist the aid of the police. Mr. Doty, very much alarmed, indicated his intention of flying to Atlanta on Sunday if there still were no word of his daughter by that time.

Atlanta Detectives Goldhagen and J. W. Hagin checked the girl's flat, Suite 4-D of the Lakeside North Apartments, but found nothing unusual. Susan, a good housekeeper, kept the place in perfect order. Her dog was not in the apartment, which mystified the officers until they heard from neighbors that Susan frequently took the animal along with her on her rounds "to guard the car."

From correspondence found on Su-

san's desk, she evidently expected to attend a Monday morning conference at the St. Louis Girl Scout regional headquarters. Phoning her superior, the Atlanta detectives learned that Susan was expected for the Monday meeting. Susan was completely dependable, her boss said, and recently had been given a raise for her "superior work."

Although regional office personnel could not suggest where the Girl Scout representative might be, they confirmed that Susan Doty was "not given to flighty decisions" and agreed that for her to have gone off on some unannounced private excursion would be "completely out of character."

With little else to go on, the officers put out a three-state alert for Susan Doty's 1968 Pontiac LeMans, with a dark green body and a black vinyl top. The license number, Georgia 1-13766, was included in the intercept-and-detect bulletin.

Early Sunday morning, Atlanta offi-

cers received a phone call from law enforcement authorities in nearby Cobb County. The name "Susan Doty," who was listed as the car's owner, had attracted the attention of Cobb County detectives reading the bulletin.

Atlanta Detective Lieutenant C. J. Strickland and Superintendent Chafin later told reporters about their conversation with Cobb County officers.

"On Friday night," Chafin said, "at about 8 o'clock, a man walked into a jewelry store on South Cobb Drive in Cobb County. He picked out three pieces of jewelry worth \$391.25. He attempted to pay for this merchandise with credit cards which had been issued to Susan Doty on whom we have a missing persons report. One was a Citizens and Southern National Bank card. The other was from Bank America.

"When store personnel checked with the C & S card division, they declined to authorize the purchases by the man. This man then took out a BankAmericard





Cobb County officers searched area around corpse for clues to killer, tagged and bagged all potential evidence.

in the name of Miss Doty. He was then asked why he was using someone else's card and he explained that he got married to the woman on December 7. The manager asked if he could check with the woman named on the card and the man replied something to the effect, 'No, she's working and can't be called to the telephone.'

"After being asked if he could produce some identification, the man took out a driver's license... and the manager happened to see the name of Larry Davis on it. The man left the BankAmericard and then walked out of the store."

In Indiana, Susan's father had been keeping close touch with the Atlanta search for his daughter. Upon hearing of the new development, he flew to Atlanta and, at police headquarters, announced a \$2000 reward for information which might lead to the finding of the young woman, or, in the event of foul play, for information leading to

the arrest and conviction of the person or persons involved in her disappearance.

By then, the name Larry Davis had been checked through Atlanta police department's bureau of identification and it was determined that a Larry Ronald Davis, 27, was a former convict with a record which included arrests for larceny of an auto, escape from prison in Baldwin County, contempt of court, issuing bad checks, prowling, aggravated assault, violation of the knife ordinance, speeding, driving an automobile while under the influence of liquor and kidnaping. The man's last known address was a lodging house on White Road in Rockdale County.

Rockdale authorities revealed they already had two arrest warrants outstanding for Davis. One was on charges of armed robbery, the second had been issued when he was named in a grand jury indictment for writing a number of fraudulent checks.

A mug shot of the subject was rushed to Cobb County, where it was shown to the manager of the jewelry store. Superintendent Chafin was soon able to tell reporters:

"The former convict, Larry Ronald Davis, had been positively identified as the man who produced two credit cards of Susan E. Doty, the missing woman, in an attempt to purchase almost \$400 worth of jewelry.

"We have issued a nation-wide alert for Miss Doty, for her automobile and for Davis. We have enlisted the aid of all local law enforcement agencies, including the FBI, in the search for this man. Also, I have sent detectives to outlying counties to ask officers there to help up find him. We have his last known address in Rockdale County, but that's all.

"It doesn't look good. I don't think there's a doubt in the world that Miss Doty is the victim of foul play, but to say anything else at this time would be

continued on next page



Under watchful eye of Atlanta Lt. Strickland, collection of specimens was encased in plastic, rushed to lab.

#### REPLAY OF HORROR continued

to speculate and speculation can serve no purpose whatsoever."

Coordinating their efforts, officers in several Georgia jurisdictions came up with a number of important contributions. It was learned Monday afternoon that Davis had cashed a check in the amount of \$950 at a bank near Emory University on December 12. The check, made out to Susan Doty, was endorsed with her name on the back and countersigned by Davis. Police handwriting experts, after comparing the Doty signature with genuine ones found in Susan's apartment, said that the name on the check had been traced.

It also was learned that on December 12 a man of Davis' description, again using a credit card issued to Miss Doty, purchased a .38-caliber pistol at a store on Candler Road.

By that time, enough had been uncovered to make possible a startling comparison between the disappearance of Susan Doty and that of Mrs. Mary Shot-

well Little for whom the Atlanta police had been searching since fall of 1965.

Mary Little, also 25, was secretary to the personnel manager of the Mitchell Street branch of Atlanta's Citizen and Southern Bank. On the evening of Thursday, October 14, Mary, a bride of six weeks, faced the cheerless prospect of dining alone. Her husband, a bank examiner employed by the state of Georgia, had been called out of town to do an auditing job in La Grange. At loose ends, Mary was delighted to accept a dinner invitation from a girl who worked with her at the bank. The young women decided to eat at a restaurant in the Lenox Square Shopping Center, a short distance away from Buckhead, where—five years later—Susan Doty was to disappear.

Mary Little, accompanied by her friend, shopped for groceries in a supermarket before going to the restaurant. After eating, they did some additional shopping, then parted company,

the friend staying on at a specialty store while Mary went to her car, a 1965 Comet sedan, which was parked in the yellow section of the parking lot.

Mary Little never was seen again. Her car, still in Space 32, was examined by Atlanta police officers at noon on Friday. There were bloodstains all over the car's interior. Grass and weed stems adhered to several of the still sticky spatters. On the rubber floor mat lay a tattered nylon stocking and a brassiere with a torn shoulder strap. Stuffed between the front seats were a pair of crumpled white panties and a blood-stained black and white slip.

Comparing the car's speedometer reading with the mileage in Mary Little's day book, the investigators discovered that there were about 40 miles which could not be accounted for. Since a round trip was involved, it could be presumed that whatever happened to Mary had occurred in an area no more than 20 miles distant from Atlanta.



Even as dead girl was removed to morgue for tests to determine cause of death, hunt was on for fugitive Davis.

The most significant clue to develop during the ensuing investigation involved two credit invoices which were forwarded to the Atlanta police by the Humble Oil Company. Someone using an Esso credit card belonging to Mary Little had purchased 18 gallons of gasoline in Charlotte, N.C., and an additional 18 gallons of gasoline in Raleigh, N.C. Both purchases were made on October 15, 1965, a full day after Mary Little disappeared.

Superintendent Chafin, who had been closely involved with the investigation of the Little case, was quick to point out the many similarities between the disappearance. Too, there seemed to be significant points of similarity between both those cases and a third Atlanta tragedy, the murder of 22-year-old Diane Shields, who was found in the trunk of her car, strangled and beaten about the head, on Saturday morning, May 20, 1967.

Diane and her car had been missing

since the previous night. The girl's fiance had filed a report with the Atlanta police when Diane failed to return home from work on Friday afternoon.

According to the coroner's report, despite the severity of her beating and the fact that a silk scarf she had been wearing was rammed deep into her throat, the actual cause of death was the tightening of a wire or rope around Diane's neck. Sergeant J. E. Hendrix of the medical examiner's office reported that several small scratches were discovered on the girl's legs and that the soles of her nylon stockings were filthy, an indication that she had walked on a dirty floor or on the pavement for some distance. The victim's shoes were missing. All her other apparel was intact.

A rifled handbag belonging to Diane Shields subsequently was picked up in the general area of the abandoned car. Only a few pennies were found in the change purse. Cash and several credit cards were missing.

Officers made the astonishing discovery that Diane Shields had worked for a while as a replacement for the mysteriously vanished Mary Little at the C & S Bank. And Diane actually had roomed for some time with a young woman who had shared an apartment with Mary before the latter's marriage.

Atlanta police, obviously, were anxious to explore the similarities between the three cases. In the Doty case, however, developments were breaking so quickly that they had little time to devote to the older files.

According to Detective Lieutenant J. E. Helms, ex-convict Larry Davis had been traced to suburban Smyrna, Ga., near Dobbins Air Force Base just across the Cobb County line. Davis, who was separated from his wife, had been living in Smyrna for some time. He had become friendly with a young woman, identified as Liz Shanley, 22, who was employed in the office of a prominent Atlanta

*(Continued on page 52)*





Attendants removed shrouded corpse of courageous university student from apartment where he was slain by fleeing intruder.

# *Who Invited a Killer to the Party?*

*Holiday festivities were over when the evening's last visitor arrived, but the knife-wielding stranger brought new excitement with him*

by EDDIE KRELL

KANSAS CITY, FEBRUARY 16, 1971

■ As 1970 drew slowly to a close, a rash of rapes, robberies, muggings and burglaries was plaguing a neighborhood of older homes and new apartments that was located several miles south of Kansas City's downtown business district and which recently had become popular with students from the University of Missouri-K.C. and the Art Institute.

Not usually as safety-conscious as other local residents, the students had, for the most part, abandoned even their minimal security precautions during the excitement of the holiday season. By New Year's Eve, they had let their guard down completely, failing to screen any-

one who might choose to drop by, uninvited, to one of the many parties in the neighborhood.

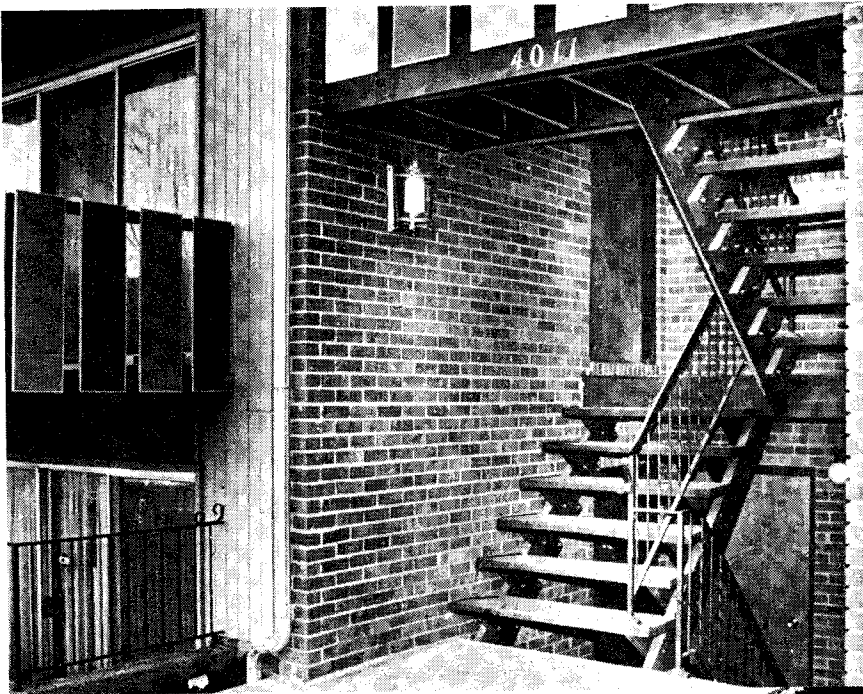
University students Larry George and Melvin Farris had planned a New Year's Eve Party for their apartment on the third floor of a six-unit building located on the 4000 block of Warwick Boulevard. The roommates shared a unit in the modern building which was flanked by two large, older homes.

George and Farris worked that day but when Farris returned to the apartment at 6 P.M., he found his roommate already preparing for the party. The youths expected about seven or eight

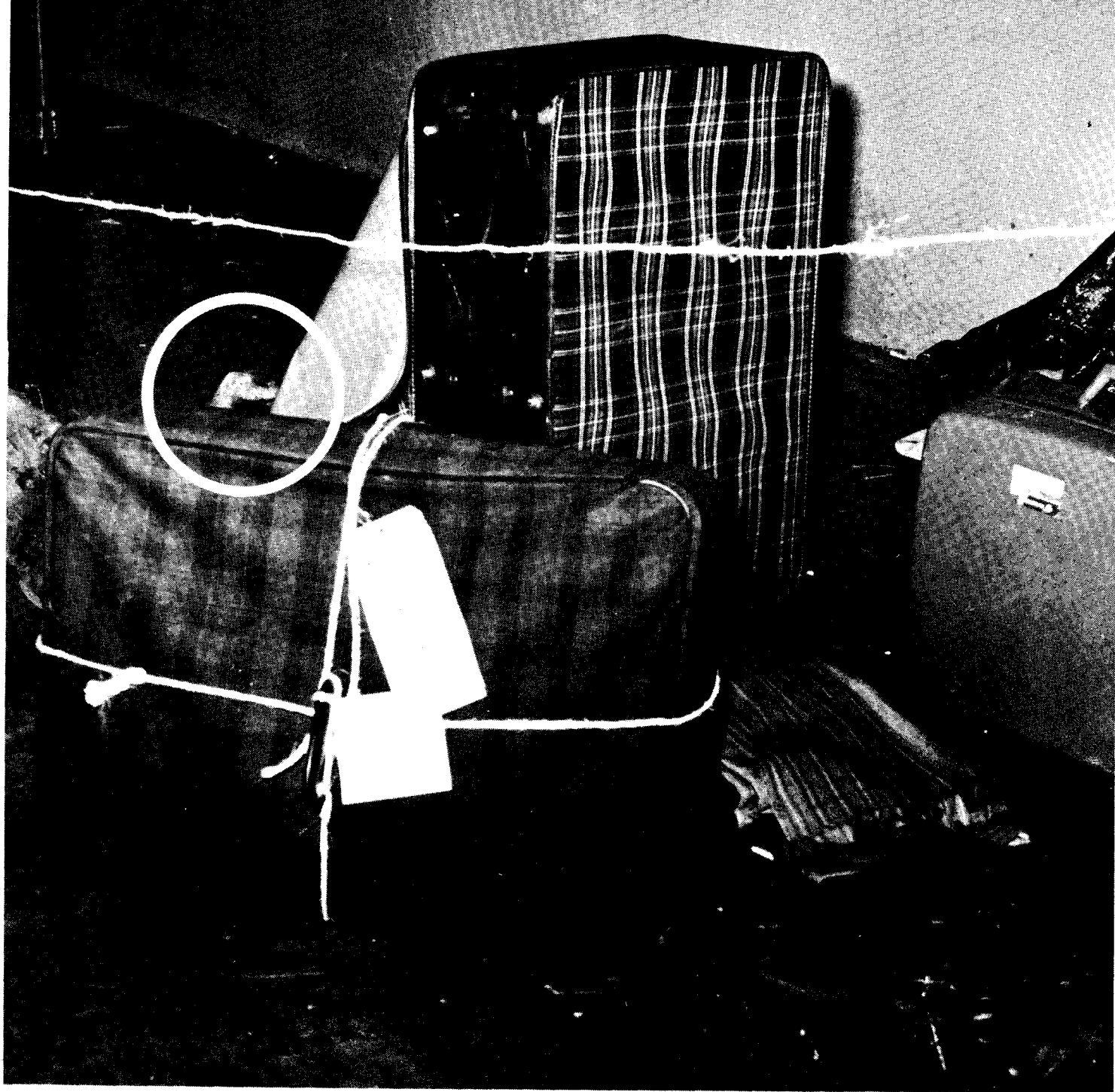
couples. Many were former high school friends who attended the University of Kansas and were back in town for the holidays.

The party turned out to be a quiet affair and it was shortly after midnight when some of the couples started to drift home. By the time Melvin Farris left with his girlfriend, only three people were remaining at the apartment.

Larry George and his girlfriend, Louise Lassiter, already were asleep. Tom Harris, a friend, was in Melvin's bedroom, leafing through stacks of books on English literature. He thought about going to sleep, (Continued on page 74)



Modern exterior of Warwick Boulevard building masked grim scene of carnage inside. Trail of blood began on sidewalk outside victim's home, led police to suspect (↑) with record as sex offender.



**NEW YORK, N.Y., FEBRUARY 1, 1971**

■ The Greyhound bus pulled into the terminal in Miami, Fla., with a gentle squeal of brakes and a gush of released air pressure. Slowly, ridding themselves of kinks, the passengers left their seats, hoping to end in the warmth of Florida a long wearisome ride that had begun in the ice-encrusted streets of New York City. As the travelers left the bus at the terminal, at 275 NE First Street, they never suspected that another passenger had accompanied them—in the baggage compartment—on the trip down south. But they, as well as others in the sunshine oasis, soon were to learn of the strange, secret rider with a sense of shock and revulsion.

It was about 6:30 A.M. on Wednesday, January 20, 1971, when the uncounted passenger was uncovered. A

baggage handler noted a “horrible stink” coming from one of four suitcases destined for a Miami Beach address. Three of the suitcases were canvas—two red plaid and one green plaid—while the fourth was a small, vinyl one. All had zippers around one side for easy packing.

Reporting the odor to his superiors, the baggage handler was instructed to take the suitcases to an open area of the terminal and open them, since it is against federal law to ship perishables interstate. As the attendant unzipped one of the bags, he noticed for the first time that what appeared to be blood was seeping from around the teeth of the fastener. Ripping down the zipper, he took a look inside, then yelled:

“There’s something in that bag!”

continued on page 28



# Put Him All Together, It Spells M-U-R-D-E-R

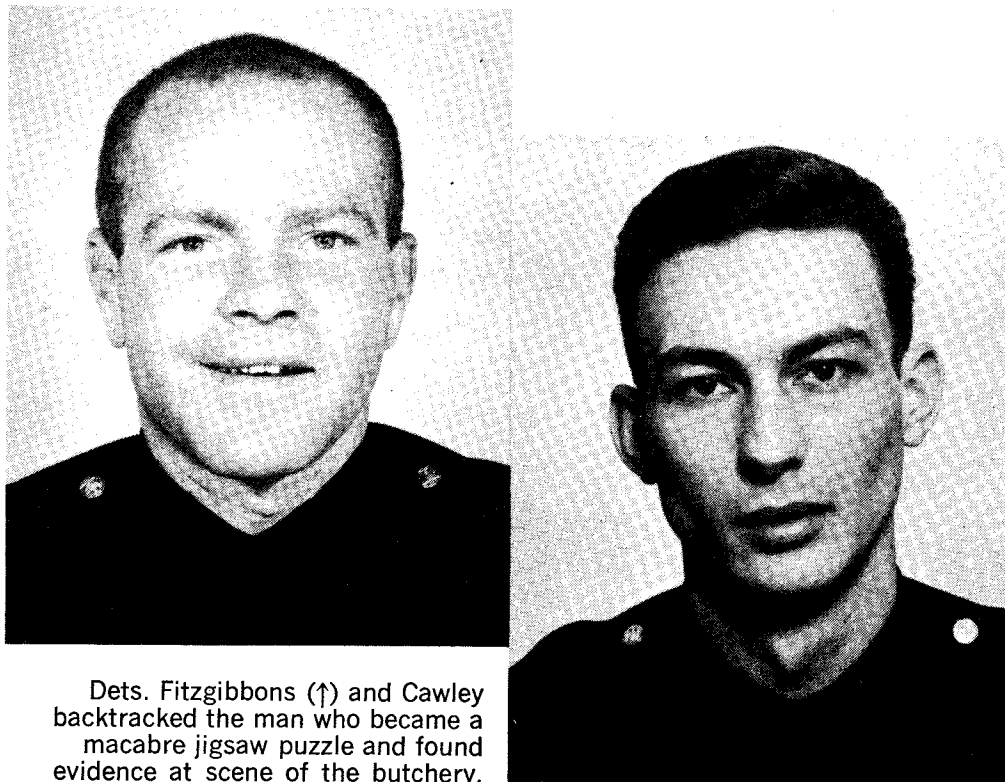
by JAY WILLIAMS

**M** - is for Miami where  
they found him  
**U** - is for the ultimate  
in butchery  
**R** - is for the record of  
his past escapades  
**D** - is for detectives who  
tracked down clues  
**E** - is for the evidence  
on the weapons  
**R** - is for the roommate  
who broke the case

Raphael Susi went south, dismembered and packed in four suitcases (note circled hand). Backtracking his trip, officers found a man they labelled "Mr. Clean" with a dirty secret.

**PUT HIM ALL  
TOGETHER IT SPELLS  
M-U-R-D-E-R**

continued



Dets. Fitzgibbons (↑) and Cawley backtracked the man who became a macabre jigsaw puzzle and found evidence at scene of the butchery.

He rushed back inside the terminal to get his superiors. The manager came out with other employees and they opened the suitcase more fully. Inside them were a number of whitish bags, neatly packed and folded, their ends twisted shut with wire fasteners.

A quick slash with a penknife and the mystery of the putrid stench was solved. Out popped a clawed hand attached to an arm.

An attendant at a parking lot next door later detailed in graphic words for reporters the macabre discovery:

"I saw what looked like chunks of meat, one of them almost three feet long, wrapped in a clear cellophane. The suitcase was dripping blood by now and it was running onto the pavement."

Greyhound officials lost no time in alerting Miami police and officers sped to the scene. In the suitcase already opened by the handler, police found bagged another arm and two legs. The arms were severed at the shoulder. The legs at the hip joint.

In another hastily-opened suitcase, the officers found the chest and the head of the victim, a man believed to be in his early 30s.

The other two suitcases held the man's abdomen and the buttocks, cut down the middle, and, like all the pieces, neatly enclosed in plastic bags. It was

a savage work of slaughter, strangely tempered by the careful packaging, one policeman noted.

There was a tattoo of a flying bluebird on the left upper arm of the butchered man. The head had a hawk nose and a swarthy complexion with curly black hair.

"It's possible he is of Mediterranean origin," Sergeant Edward McDermott of the Miami Homicide Squad, one of the first officers to arrive on the scene, told newsmen who soon flocked to the terminal.

The back of the head from the nude, dismembered body showed bludgeon marks, as if the victim had been struck repeated blows with a heavy object.

To the assistant medical examiner of Dade County, Dr. Brian Blackbourne, fell the gruesome task of reassembling the body, like an unreal and hellish jigsaw puzzle. All the parts were accounted for but the man's ring finger. The victim was about 5 feet, 6 inches tall and weighed 128 pounds, the assistant ME reported. He said the man had been struck at least five times on the back of the head.

According to Sergeant Russell Leasburg, who, with Sergeant McDermott, was assigned to the case, the crime bore all the signs of a gangland revenge slaying. The four suitcases had been shipped

to a Miami Beach address and police theorized that the body might have been sent as a macabre announcement of the grisly fate of the victim; possibly a satanic warning from the underworld.

However, before the sun was very high in the tropical heavens, on-the-spot questioning convinced police that no one residing at that particular address in Miami Beach knew anything about the victim, even after they were shown a "death mask" picture of his face.

"These people are completely innocent," Leasburg said. "There is no known tie-in." Thus, the "greeting card of death" angle was dropped by the investigators.

One of the first things the detectives did, of course, was to dig immediately into Greyhound records for a possible clue to the gory case. The suitcases, they learned, had been put aboard the bus at the Greyhound terminal at 525 Eleventh Avenue, at Forty-first Street in New York City, on the morning of January 18, a Monday, some 48 hours earlier.

The shipper had paid \$22 to transport the suitcases to Miami and had laid out an additional \$1 to insure the contents for \$250. Greyhound officials told the investigators that the shipper thus had to appear in person in New York City to sign the insurance application.

The bags were shipped "to be picked

**"EXPOSED! The Darkest Sex And Seduction Technology Ever Created Is Finally Revealed...**

**Sinister Sex Group Leader Breaks His Silence In This Exclusive Interview...**



Recently I sat down with a man who taught me more about having sex with attractive women in a couple hours than all the "seduction masters" combined have in the past 4 years. Let's call him "Anton" - Anton does NOT have movie star good looks, a fat bank account, or fame.

In fact he's in his 50's, his hair is grey (what's left of it), and he routinely hangs out with people half his age.

When I first saw him out at a club I thought to myself "This guy must be a real loser..." I couldn't have been more wrong!

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up." When the bus arrived just after midnight, January 20, the express luggage, as distinct from the bags the passengers brought with them, was taken to the baggage area. And it was there that the gory discovery began unfolding.

There was little decomposition to the body, the medical examiner had reported. So, the killer had dismembered his victim not too long before packing the pieces and taking them to the bus depot. The airtight seal also helped hamper decomposition. "Apparently, the body was dissected Monday," Dr. Blackburne informed the homicide men.

**FINGERPRINTS** were taken of the remaining fingers—minus the ring digit. Copies were sent to the FBI in Washington and to the New York City police, along with a picture of the victim's face in death.

Identification of the butchered victim quickly was arrived at by both Miami police and New York authorities. In Florida, Richard Hall of the Dade County Public Safety Department dug into the records and matched the prints of the claim man against a civilian registration file of one Rafael Toledo Susi, 31. Susi had registered with Miami Beach police when he applied for a bartender job in 1969. (Such registration is required of all employees in a public service in Miami Beach.) Susi had no criminal record in Florida.

Meanwhile, New York City police checked their records against the prints sent from Miami and found that they belonged indeed to Susi, except that in New York he was listed by the anglicized name of "Raphael" Toledo Susi.

Two brothers of the victim were located in Miami Beach. Sergeant Leasburg brought them to the morgue, where they identified their brother. Neither brother could offer any idea of who could have murdered Susi and shipped his body in four suitcases to Miami. The body had not been shipped to their address, but to the Meridan Avenue residence of persons who had never heard of Susi, Sergeant Leasburg told reporters.

With that identification and followup checking, the work of Miami's police appeared ended and the emphasis on the horrible case swung to New York City. There records showed that Susi lived in a six-story, renovated tenement at 443 West Forty-sixth Street, just off Ninth Avenue on Manhattan's West Side.

According to Detective Edward Fitz-

gibbons of the West Thirty-fifth Street police stationhouse, Susi had been arrested in 1965 for a confidence game, in which he was charged with bilking a woman out of \$4000, and his prints were on file for that crime. Fitzgibbons said Susi also had a number of minor gambling arrests on his record. He was listed as an actor and a professional dancer, although he lately had not worked.

A Cuban national, Susi came to this country in 1960. He quickly became known as a West Side playboy, according to police, frequenting the garish night spots of the Times Square area. He had lived briefly in Miami Beach in 1969, then returned north. Susi had a reputation for being well-dressed and manicured. His acting talents not in demand, Susi showed no visible support except for some part-time jobs.

Checking on the address, Fitzgibbons and his partner, Detective John Cawley,

both under the command of Lieutenant Aaron Mazon, commander of the West Thirty-fourth Street Squad, discovered that Susi had a roommate.

He was Bauke (Bobby) Geertsma, 25, a Dutch national in this country two years. Geertsma was not in when police arrived. A construction engineer and free lance artist, he reportedly was in Toronto, Canada, where his firm, a London-based engineering company, maintained offices.

On the basis of the search warrant, the building superintendent let the two police officers into the apartment, Number 15, on the third floor. It was a tastefully-furnished, 4½-room renovated flat, neat as a pin. When the detectives arrived, on January 21, the place shone with a brightness to cheer the heart of the most demanding housewife. But there was no housewife, although Geertsma previously (*Continued on page 50*)



He had a passion for tidiness, but slipped up on the most important cleaning job of his life and got caught.

**HOW DO YOU KIDNAP A WHOLE TOWN?**

# **BAD NIGHT IN BENNETTSTVILLE**



**The fanatical intruders didn't care who got hurt,  
so long as nothing interfered with their master plan**



Senator Lindsay wasn't home when kidnapers came calling, so his wife and son bore the brunt of the frustrated men's anger and became hostages in the alleged political plot centered in Bennettsville (L).



by C. MOORE MANET

#### **BENNETTSVILLE, S.C., FEBRUARY 7, 1971**

■ Chevis Street in Florence, S.C., threads east through a short tunnel formed by the massive support-structure of the Seaboard Coastline Railroad overpass. On both approach sides of the tunnel are clearly marked road signs warning motorists that the overhang is dangerously low and that there is sufficient clearance only for the passage of cars.

At 1:45 on the afternoon of Saturday, January 16, 1971, two blacks in their 20s were in a high-domed, panel-sided van that bore North Carolina plates and came speeding along Chevis Street toward the underpass. But the one road sign alone interested the truck's driver. It read "U.S. 52, 401, Darlington, 5 mi."

"How we doin'?" the passenger asked the driver. The driver's jaw was set. He nodded somberly. "Right on," he said. "This here's the road to Bennettsville."

At that split second, the dome of the rented van smashed with piledriver force into the concrete-and-steel overpass. The fast-moving truck crunched to a shuddering halt with a rending of metal and a rain of splintered glass. The two men were hurled toward the padded dashboard, hammering their heads against the fragmented windshield. Had they not been buckled in securely with their seat belts, they well might have been killed for the force of the crash was equal to the jolt they would have received driving off the roof of a four-story building.

continued on next page





Wayne Chavis couldn't risk his family's safety when invaders burst into his home, so they all became prisoners. Once she broke loose, Patricia Chavis got control of VW bus' wheel and sped to freedom.

## BAD NIGHT IN BENNETTSVILLE *continued*

Other motorists already had reached the wreckage and the siren of an approaching patrol car was screaming over the lines of stalled traffic by the time the men, dazed and shaken, crawled out of the wreck. One of them, the passenger, fumbled for a cigaret and shoved it between his lips. Then, in a blind rage, he kicked the smashed truck and hammered against the side panel with his fist. Witnesses who heard his outburst recognized the quality of his anger without understanding its meaning or significance.

"We shafted, man," he rumbled throatily. We can't help *her*, now. What we gonna do? Lookit we done to the van."

Driven to Florence police headquarters in the patrol car, the two men were taken to police court, where Jack Hyman, the investigating officer, explained to the magistrate that the crushed rental truck that the pair had been riding in was a total loss.

"What's your name?" the magistrate asked the truck's driver.

The driver snorted angrily. "You got my license," he said. "I give it to the man when he arrested me."

"I asked for your name," the magistrate said again. "And your address, while you're about it."

"Grover Bennett," the driver muttered sullenly. He gave an address in Charlotte, N.C., and said that he was 23 years of age.

The van's passenger identified himself as Charles L. Scales, 22, of Bennettsville, S.C. They had been in Charlotte and were heading for Bennettsville, he said, when the accident occurred.

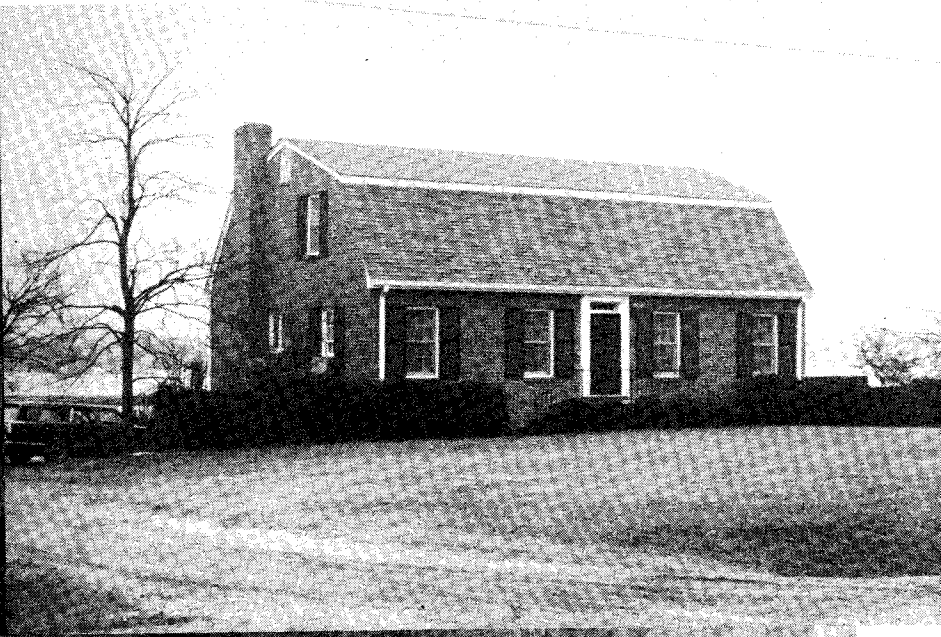
"Bennettsville?" the police magistrate echoed. "We've got an officer, here, from Bennettsville. A real good man. You might know him." He supplied the officer's name.

"I know him," Scales said. "He's my brother-in-law."

That, as it turned out, was a fortunate

circumstance for the pair. Grover Bennett was ordered to jail, charged with disregarding signs near the approach to the Seaboard Coastline overpass. Neither he nor his companion had any money and, had it not been for Scales' brother-in-law who posted the required \$17.00 bond, Bennett might have remained in the cell block for some time. The two men additionally were lucky in that the brother-in-law was going off-shift and volunteered to give them a lift to Bennettsville, in Marlboro County some 30 miles away.

In the colorful brochure which is distributed by the local Chamber of Commerce, it is noted that Bennettsville, S.C., is a quiet and gracious community whose 7500 residents, "in harmony with the leisurely surroundings, enjoy life to the fullest—the way life is meant to be enjoyed, without hustle and bustle, with the grace of dignity, the warmth of friendliness, and a liberal leavening of justifiable civic pride."



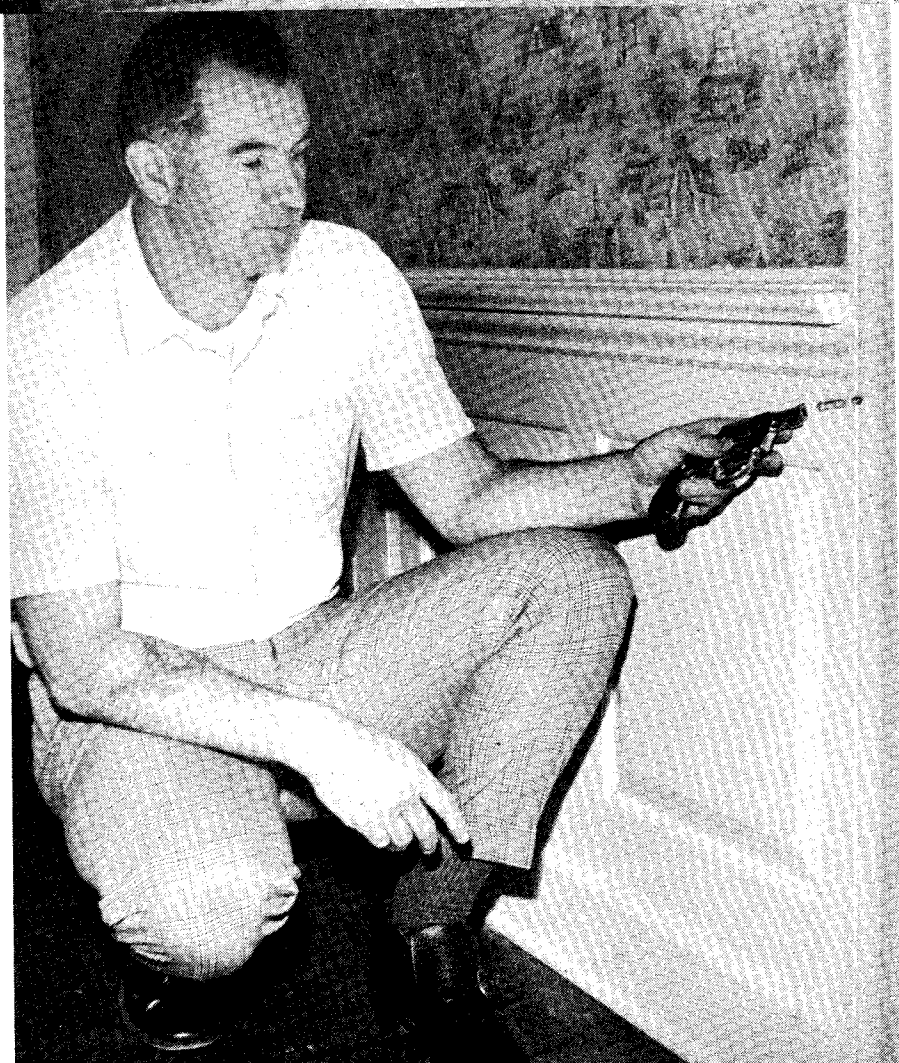
Battle-hardened Jamie Lee, his wife and daughter were at home when plotters came in with hostage. Fast-thinking by ex-Ranger (R, showing where bullet almost got him) foiled plan for a mass kidnaping.

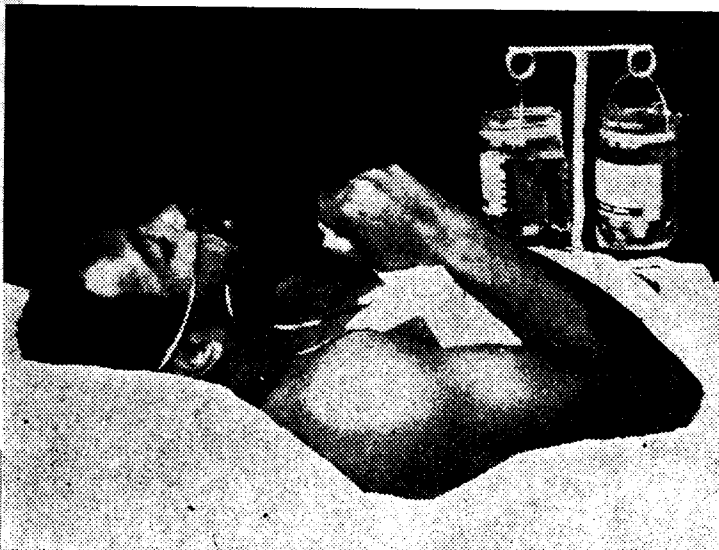
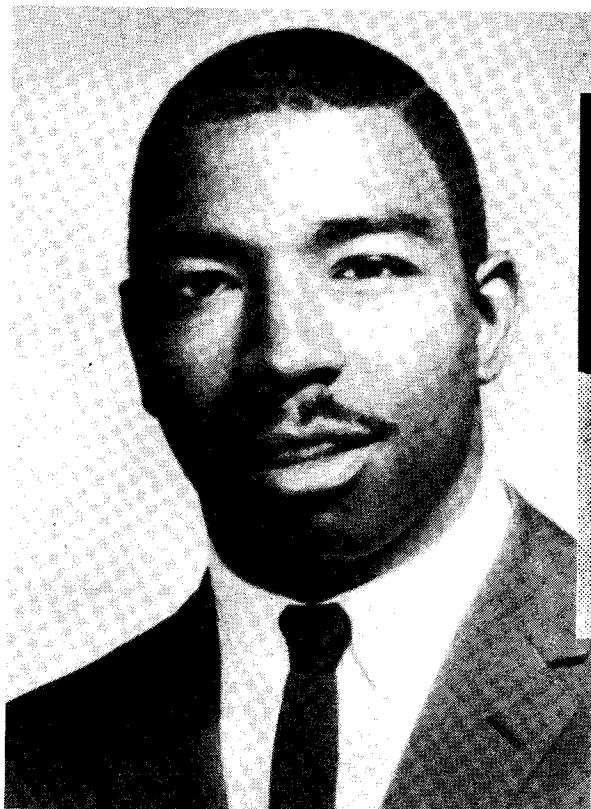
There is no doubt that Bennettsville is all of those things, as well as being a close-knit community of good neighbors with a well defined sense of involvement in local affairs. The town's woman mayor, affable and efficient Mrs. Jessie L. Blackwell, was a schoolteacher for many years.

The mayor knows most residents by their Christian names, having taught them, or their parents, or their children, at one time or another. Mayor Blackwell is a prime mover in bringing cultural and uplifting activities to her lovely little town. Her lively interest in educational and spiritual stimulation is part of her remarkable charm.

That Saturday of January 16 promised to be a particularly busy day in the Marlboro County capital. There always were rural crowds in town to do their weekly shopping and, in the evening, the choir of the University of South Carolina was performing a concert at Bennettsville High School.

continued on page 35





Bullet-riddled Charles Scales (L and above getting emergency treatment) died for scheme that seemed doomed from start.

## BAD NIGHT IN BENNETTSVILLE

continued



Grover Bennett (↑) decided to give up when plan failed. Chief Driggers and Mayor Jessie Blackwell later reviewed case.





Saturday, too, was the first day in office for Bennettsville's new chief of police, Henry M. Driggers, who had been sworn in on the previous day by Judge of Probate Walter M. Newton. The installation ceremonies at City Hall, attended by the entire police force, were presided over by Mayor Blackwell. Chief Driggers, a veteran of 23 years on the Bennettsville force, promised the vigilance of his department in keeping the town's peace and maintaining Bennettsville as the kind of place in which folks would be happy and proud to live.

Thus, traffic in Bennettsville was somewhat heavier than usual on Saturday night. A great many area residents went to the high school that evening to hear the prize-winning university choir. Not all of them, of course, but they were there in sufficient numbers to substantially reduce the number of cars parked on the streets in other sections of town. As a result, Grover Bennett and Charles Scales, their bizarre plan seething in

their minds, walked clear to the corner of Weatherly and Covington Street before they finally saw the kind of vehicle they needed. It was a light blue Volkswagen bus, not too different from the van they had wrecked in Florence that afternoon.

Scales looked at the tires. The rubber seemed to be in good shape. All in all, from its general condition, the Volkswagen seemed equal to the extraordinary use for which they intended it. From the position of the van near the curb, it was an easy matter to determine in which house the owner lived, so Scales patted the pistol in his right pants pocket, then, with the other hand, he fished out a few of the .32-caliber cartridges from the left pocket.

"Got all you need?" he asked Bennett.

"Plenty," Grover Bennett said.

Inside the house, Wayne Chavis and his attractive wife, Patricia, having finished eating dinner, washed up the dishes and joined their four children in

front of the television set in the living room. Chavis, 31, who owned and operated a barber shop on the Charaw highway, had worked a long day. He was tired and reveled in the luxury of just sitting back in his easy chair doing nothing. A family friend had been invited over to visit for an hour or two and was expected momentarily. The Chavis children—Dina, 13; Donnie, 10; Suzanne, 9, and Dawn, 5—were watching the closing sequence of a favorite television program, "My Three Sons." Suddenly, there was a gentle knock on the door.

"It was a really soft knock," Wayne Chavis later related to reporters. "Like a woman's knock. Dina... she's our 13-year-old... went to the door."

Two tall, husky black men stepped over the threshold with guns in their fists. The girl cried out, but immediately was ordered to shut up. Wayne Chavis continued: "When the man stepped in one of

*(Continued on page 58)*

Standing before his fellow senators, Lindsay, still shaken by his family's ordeal, described complexities of plot purportedly based on freeing Angela Davis.





#### DAYTON, OHIO FEBRUARY 22, 1971

■ A recent plague of break-ins had caused many sleepless nights for the owners of the Bengal Lunch on the east side of Dayton, Ohio. Although the late-night intruders had not gotten away with much money, they had done serious damage to the restaurant which recently had undergone extensive remodeling.

Located at 1410 East Fifth Street, the eatery drew most of its customers from nearby Stivers High School, having been christened, in fact, after the school's athletic teams nicknamed the Tigers. Several small factories also were situated in the area and in addition to students and neighborhood residents, the restaurant had become popular with many workers.

Proprietors of the Bengal Lunch were Mr. and Mrs. Mickey McCrosen and Mrs. Carrie Protsman, Mrs. McCrosen's sister. Mickey McCrosen was a former sporting events promoter who at one time had operated a bar in downtown Dayton.

The sisters had years of experience in the restaurant business. As young women, they had worked together at a local envelope company. In the 1930s, they had decided to launch their careers as businesswomen, taking over a vacant building near the envelope factory and opening a sandwich shop. They prospered at their new vocation and soon opened a diner in an old trolley car at Third and Abbey Streets in Dayton.

Throughout the years, they had owned other places—a grill on Third Street called Martin's Restaurant and a place on Route 25 near the San Rae Gardens that eventually had to be torn down. And in later years they were comfortably set at the Bengal Lunch.

Mrs. Protsman, 74, had not worked in many years. She had moved in with her sister after her husband had passed away.

Mrs. McCrosen, 64, had a son and daughter, seven grandchildren and a great-grandchild. She had not worked at the restaurant during the past month, taking an unusual mid-winter vacation.

Mickey McCrosen was running the place, but a number of employees helped

continued on page 39

# *Customers Aren't Always Right*

by PRIEST COLLINS

In aftermath of tragedy, Miami Township Emergency Squad removed bodies of Carrie Prostman (↓) and Margaret McCrosen (both women shown in younger days) from scene of carnage.



**With eyes on the day's receipts, four patrons allegedly paid the owners of the Bengal Lunch a deadly nighttime visit**





As officers fanned out to search for clues on grounds surrounding comfortable suburban home (↑), police technicians carrying equipment prepared for examination of interior of house.

**CUSTOMERS  
AREN'T ALWAYS  
RIGHT**  
continued



him serve the students and the workers.

The McCrosion home was an attractive brick ranch house on Lamme Road in Miami Township, a suburb south of Dayton. The McCrosions had been living in the house since 1957 and Mrs. Protsman had joined them there in October of 1970.

On Saturday, January 16, 1971, business at the Bengal Lunch had been light. School was out at the high school and Mickey McCrosion closed about 8 P.M. After cleaning and straightening up the place, he found some records to work on, then went to sleep in a room in the back of the restaurant. If anybody broke in that night, he would be there, waiting. But Mickey McCrosion slept soundly until morning. There were no disturbances at the Bengal Lunch.

At the McCrosion home, everything appeared quiet. The neighborhood was located in an affluent section of town not far from exclusive Governor's Hill, where the price of houses often reached six figures.

About 11 A.M., Mrs. McCrosion's daughter-in-law drove up to the house from her home in nearby Centerville for a visit. It was a cold, cloudy morning, but a heavy snow storm had stopped. As the woman got out of her car and stepped over the snow-covered walk to the front porch, she grabbed an iron railing and walked to the front door.

Pressing the bell, she got no response. She knocked, but still no one answered. Trying the door, she found it unlocked and walked inside.

Seconds later, the woman came running outside, dashing to a neighbor's home. She pounded on a door, screaming that something terrible had happened at the McCrosion home. Brought inside to use the telephone, she called Miami Township police.

Suburban officers soon pulled up in front of the house on Lamme Road. When they got a look inside, they realized they were faced with a job for a much larger police department and a call was made to the Montgomery County sheriff's office in downtown Dayton, requesting detectives experienced in murder investigation.

Detective Sergeant Harlan Andrew led Detectives Dave Lett, Wally Wilson, Louis Wright and Larry Jackson to the murder scene. Sergeant James Moore, in charge of the Miami Township officers, met the county detectives at the door to the house on Lamme Road.

The detectives went inside the house, finding the living room in order. The furniture reflected good taste and seemed comfortable.

In the kitchen, however, the lawmen found Margaret McCrosion lying in the middle of a bloody pool on the floor. Mrs. Carrie Protsman's body was discovered in the bathroom. The women had been bound hand and foot and a pair of handcuffs had been used to restrain one of the victims.

Newsmen gathered outside, but they were denied entrance to the house.

"There's blood all over the place," a policeman told them. "You wouldn't see this in a movie."

"It almost looks like an execution," another officer said.

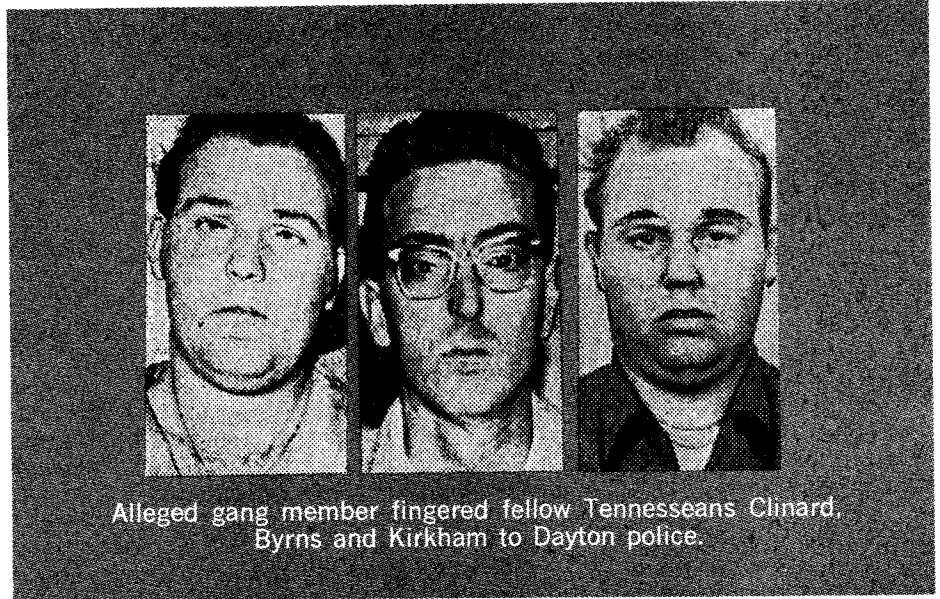
Calling at the homes of immediate neighbors, investigators found no one who had reported seeing or hearing any

At first, there appeared to be some uncertainty as to what kind of weapon had been used to kill the women. Outside, reports that the victims had been shot circulated among newsmen. But none of the neighbors reported hearing gunfire.

Inside, officers found no evidence that a gun had been used. There were no expended shell casings, slugs, or marks, on the walls or floors and the lawmen noted no bullet wounds on the victims.

"Looks like they were beaten to death," a detective said. "They were tied hand and foot and then bludgeoned with a blunt instrument."

Later that afternoon, detectives completed their examination of the house.



Alleged gang member fingered fellow Tennesseans Clinard, Byrns and Kirkham to Dayton police.

sign of a disturbance. Other officers, trying to find a lead, were searching for a motive.

"Where is Mr. McCrosion," a detective asked.

Officers were sent to the Bengal Lunch, where they found the missing relative. He was given the tragic news and escorted home.

The grief-stricken man had no information that could provide police with a lead. He had stayed at the restaurant, he said, and his wife and sister-in-law had been home alone. He knew of no visitors they expected, and he had no idea of who might have wanted to harm them.

"We'll have the state men from London process the house," Sergeant Andrew said. "Be careful not to touch anything. We'll go over the place closely later to see if anything has been missing."

They had found no evidence of forced entry. Examination of the doors and windows had uncovered no pry marks and the locks seemed in order.

"Mrs. McCrosion's daughter said the door was unlocked when she got here," an officer said. "The women are dressed, so it didn't happen very late at night. Somebody obviously came to the door and the women let him in. At least, that's the way I make it."

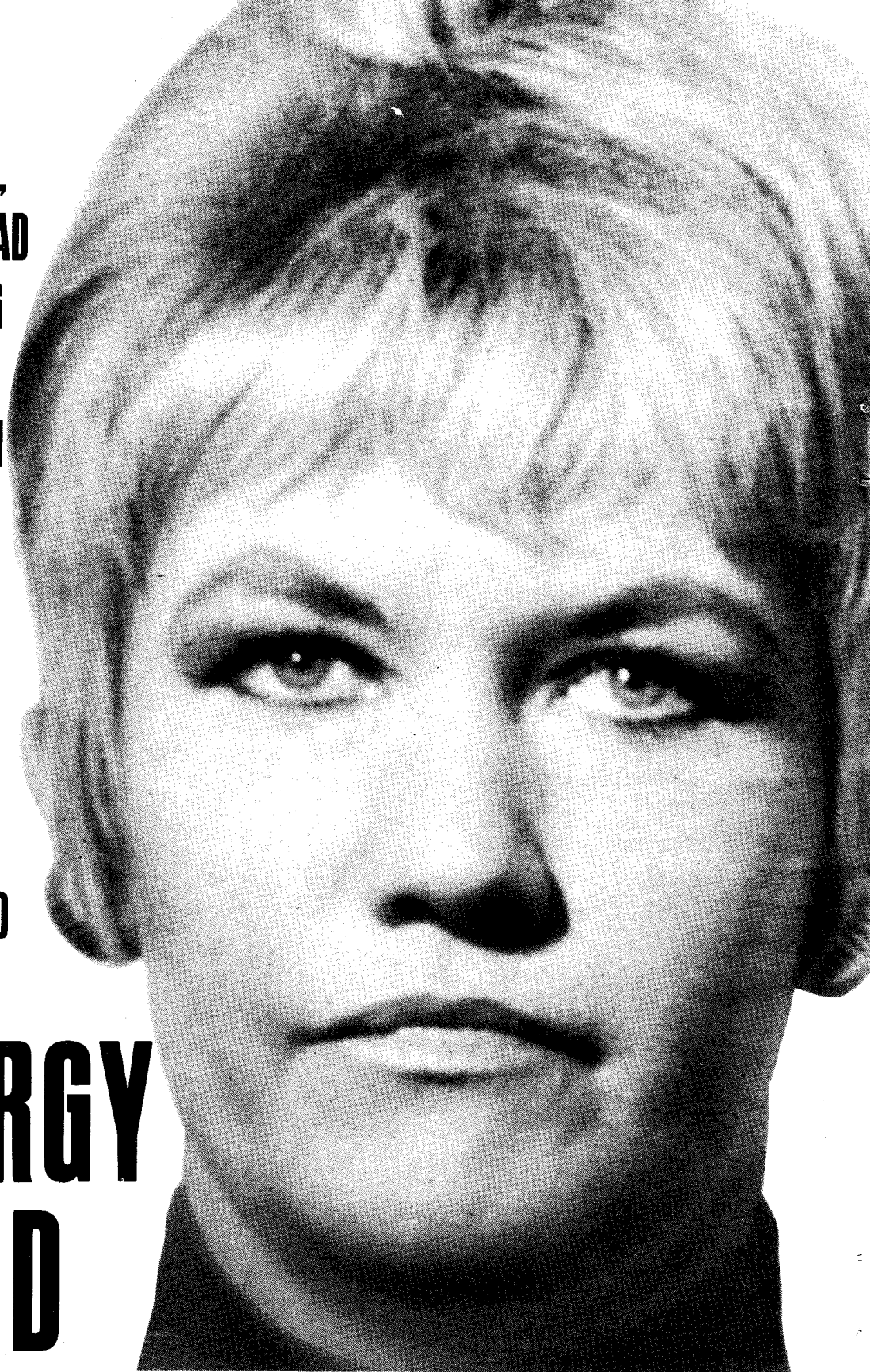
Headquarters for the Ohio Bureau of Criminal Investigation and Identification at London is about an hour's drive from Dayton. Soon, Agent Ross Tipton arrived at the murder scene with two B.C.I. men and their equipment.

"We'll want the entire house processed," Sergeant Andrew told them. "Looks like there was a search here . . . things have been moved about, but we're not sure yet (Continued on page 71)

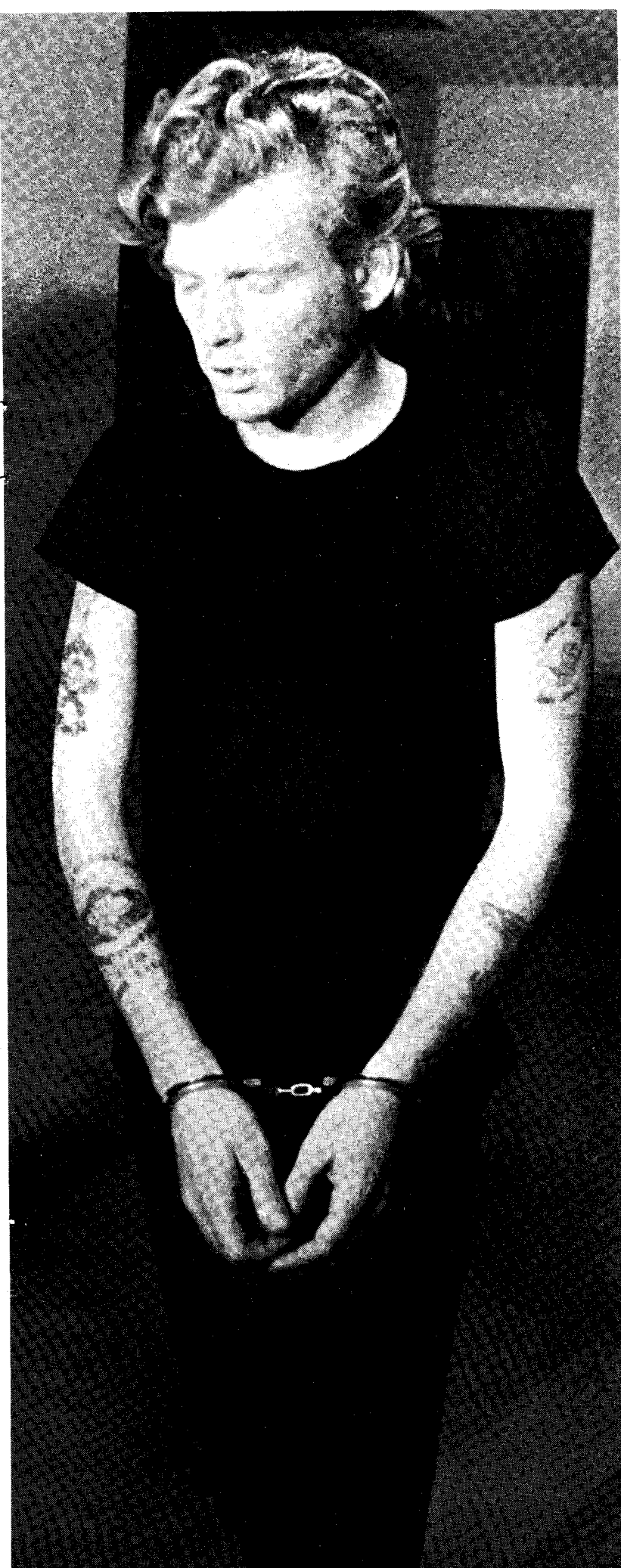
**BREEDING, WEALTH,  
LOOKS... SUSAN HAD  
EVERYTHING GOING  
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UP UNTIL THE  
NIGHT MEN TURNED  
INTO BEASTS AND**

**THE ORGY  
TURNED**

**INTO A BLOODBATH**







by VERNON BILL

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA., JANUARY 25, 1971

■ Susan Bacon might have married into wealth or found a highly rewarding career as a linguist with the United Nations. She had the breeding, the education and all the opportunities. But, somewhere along the way, her life style broke down and she found herself on a twisting path downward that led inevitably, it seemed, to destruction. Such is the background of the strange and violent story that might have been called "Susan and The Outlaws," the tale of the sophisticated, well-born and European-educated girl who held a rendezvous of death with a wild motorcycle gang who drank, slept and even made love amid their own garbage. But all that was to come out later. And it might never have come out had not Susan, rousing instinctively to the call of her breeding from the depths of a sordid adventure, defied The Outlaws in their own lair, where their kangaroo justice sealed her death warrant.

The tragic events began unfolding on Monday afternoon, December 27, 1970, when three boys ventured off Florida's Highway 27, about ten miles west of Fort Lauderdale, on the new motor scooters they had gotten for Christmas. They were testing the new vehicles on the rolling contours of Markham Park, an uncompleted Broward Country recreation spot beside the North New River Canal.

Among the coral boulders and partly hidden by a clump of the Everglades sawgrass that gives the park a natural setting, they spotted a crumpled form in black and gray. Intrigued, they stopped their scooters, jumped off and went closer, quickly realizing that it was a young woman sprawled over chunks of coral and obviously dead.

She wore a black, long-sleeve blouse and a gray mini-skirt that exposed long, trim legs. She had long blonde hair and once might have been a striking looking girl, but, bloody and mutilated from savage wounds, she no longer seemed attractive. One side of her head bore a huge bruise and blood seeped from at least two wounds of her upper body. Her freckled face also was bloody.

The boys were shaken by their discovery, but they quickly mounted their scooters and sped out of the park to a nearby filling station on State Road 84. They told the operator what they had found, stammering out the story in their excitement, and he telephoned the office of Broward County Sheriff Edward Stack.

Uniformed police, homicide detectives and

continued on next page

"Blue" Starrett had "Born to Raise Hell" tattooed on one arm and, according to his pals, did just that.



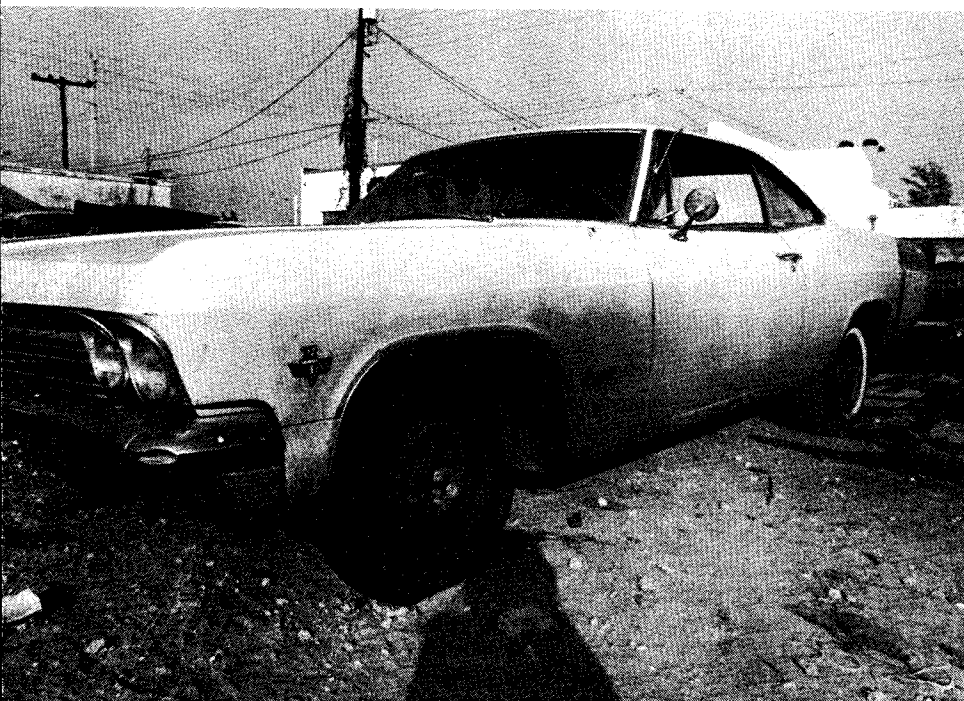
As ambulance attendants prepared to remove Susan's body from park, officers started to look for clues (↑). Evidence found in abandoned car (↓) was linked to victim, then to the suspects.

### THE ORGY TURNED INTO A BLOODBATH continued

a technician from the medical examiner's office soon were in action at the scene and, before dusk, the murder investigation was well underway. After pictures were taken of the body and its surroundings and measurements were made, the dead woman was removed to the medical examiner's office for a closer observation of possible clues to identity and for an autopsy to determine the cause of death and the condition of the victim before death.

No purse or other identification was found with the body, but the young woman obviously had not been dead long and a clear set of fingerprints could be taken from the still firm flesh of her fingers. Then doctors began the autopsy.

The M.E.'s report showed the woman had received two blows on the head from a broad instrument, possibly with enough force to knock her out before she died. Death was caused by gunshot. She had been shot once through the right shoulder by a shotgun. The charge had ranged downward, severing an artery from which her life blood would have emptied in seconds. She also had



been shot through the heart at point-blank range. Either wound would have been fatal.

The heart wound apparently had been caused by a pistol shot and Sheriff Stack told newsmen: "We assume two guns were used." He added, "She apparently was shot at the scene and may have been lying on her back as a gunman stood over her."

The woman, estimated to be about 30 years of age, had not been sexually molested, the autopsy indicated. Nor had her undergarments been disarrayed, as is usual in sex-motivated violence.

A blood analysis showed a reading of .27, indicating a high degree of alcoholic intoxication just before death.

Missing persons reports were scoured immediately for a description of one matching that of the murder victim. One of the first place authorities in South Florida look for a fingerprint identifica-

tion is in the so-called civilian registration files. Police along Florida's "Gold Coast" require all employees of establishments providing food, beverage, lodging and entertainment to the public to be photographed and fingerprinted. And in the case of the woman found in Markham Park, the prints were matched within hours with those on file at the Fort Lauderdale police department.

She was identified as Susan Bacon, 31, who had complied with the registration law when she went to work for a brief period at one of the city's finer restaurants, the Moonraker.

The police registration card, however, provided only a fleeting glimpse into the complex life of Susan Bacon and gave no hint of her qualifications for a far more prestigious station than that of a waitress. It soon was determined that she was the unmarried daughter of a well-to-do couple who lived in the fash-

ionable Harbor Beach section of Fort Lauderdale.

Detectives went to work immediately to trace the young woman's movements before her death, which the coroner placed at about 2 A.M. on December 27, some 13 hours before her body was found by the three boys on motor scooters. The first stages of the investigation indicated that it might prove to be a long and difficult one.

"We are just going to have to do a lot of cross-checking of all her friends and acquaintances," Sheriff Stack told reporters four days after the murder. "Also, we must check the people she could have met the night she was killed.

"We are working night and day," Stack added. "Even though today is New Year's Day, we haven't been celebrating and we have been digging into this as much as ever. But this case is obviously going (*Continued on page 68*)



"Grubby" Summers (L) escaped being charged for murder, but faces accessory rap. Anthony Shockey (↓) was indicted for his role in brutal slaying that followed booze-sex orgy.





**CASE OF THE**



**TELL-TALE**

**TRUNKS**

by JAY ETTMAN

**FOLLY BEACH, S.C., FEBRUARY 1, 1971**

■ Southeast of Charleston, off the Carolina coast, a complex of dune-high white sand islands shuts in the broad historic harbor formed by the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper Rivers. Among the outlying ridges of barrier dunes is a fragment of shifting bar some five and one-half miles long by little more than a mile in width. This is Folly Island.

The earliest maps of the region, prepared in the 1670s for the Lord's Proprietors of His Majesty's Carolina Plantation, do not show an island of this name. When Governor William Sayle landed the first British colonists on the west bank of the Ashley River, only a few Indians, Cusabos of the Kiawah tribe, were encamped along the bar. There, in season, they dug clams and netted waterfowl in the marshy lee of the dunes. They had better sense than to build permanent homes along the beach where they would be at the mercy of the ever-lashing seas and the unbridled fury of the fall and winter gales.

Today, Folly Beach is a lovely resort with a permanent population of about 1200 residents. A wide causeway at the

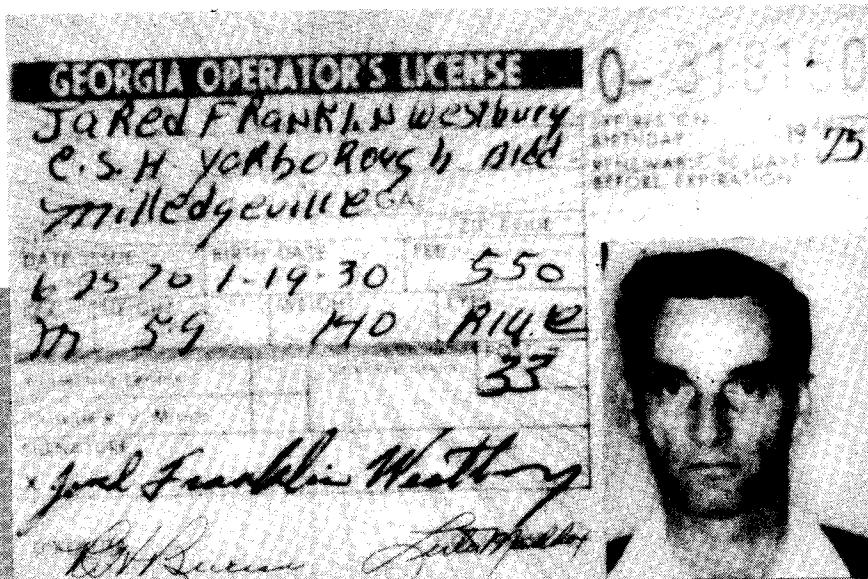
end of South Carolina Highway 171 links Folly Island directly with Charleston and there are rows of cottages, a boardwalk, a plaza and a rebuilt pavilion—not that these are certain to remain. Despite the planting of groins and piled-stone breakwaters, the angry Atlantic already has washed away a row of houses on the upper beach. It is when hurricanes flail north that the low-lying island seems so aptly named. All it takes is a bad storm to point up the rashness of building for permanence on Folly Island.

During the Saturday night of August 29, 1970, the marine weather report contained particulars of a new tropical disturbance which had come into being off Pointe-a-Pitre in the southern Leewards. The turbulence was centered in the vicinity of the Windward Passage near Cuba and was expected to reach the Florida mainland within 24 hours.

Word of another hurricane-watch was depressing news to the business community at Folly Beach. The summer season was fast drawing to a close and since

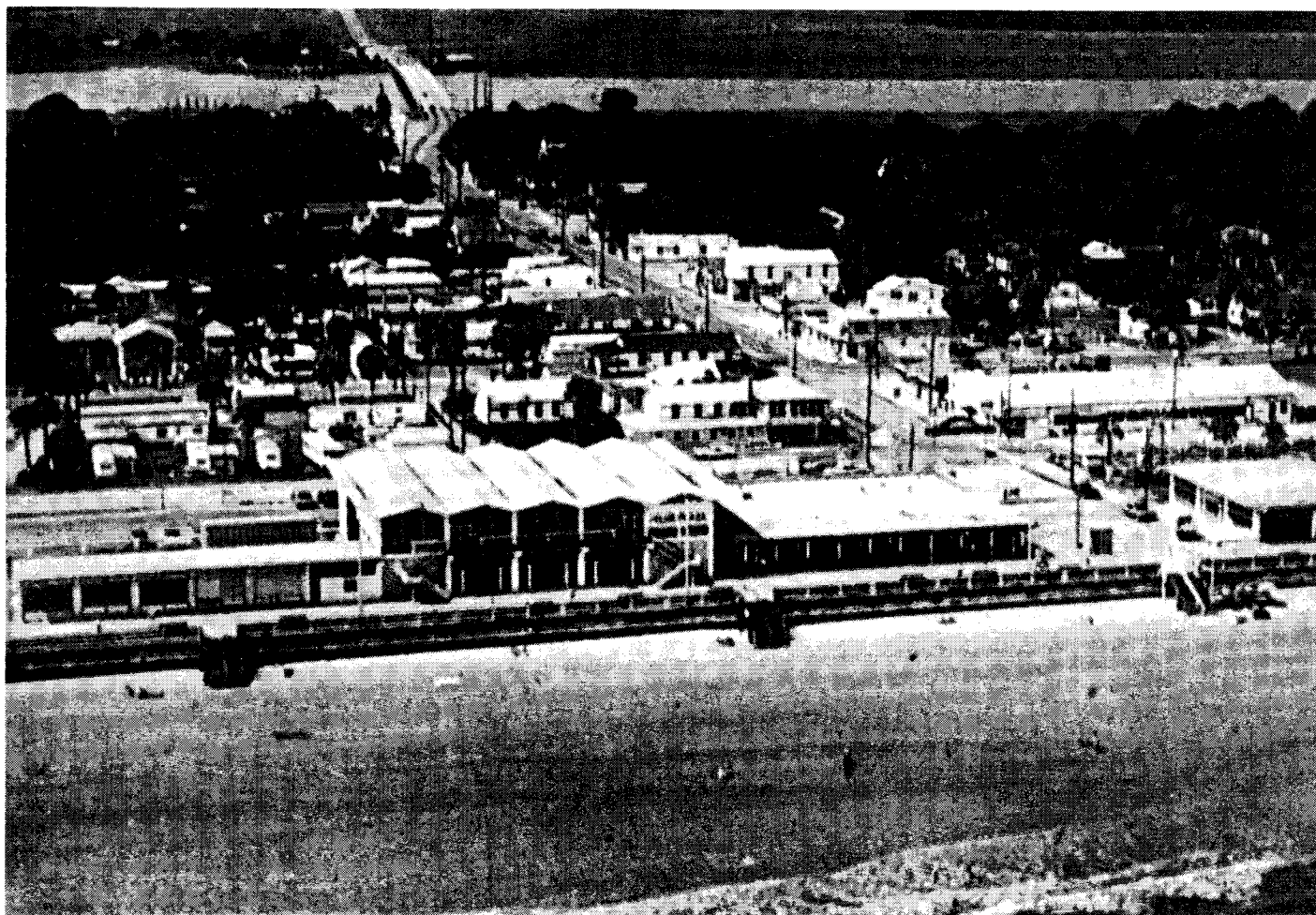
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## It was no ordinary drowning victim that had been washed up at Folly Beach with lungs full of fresh water, wearing his bathing suit backward



Seaside vacation at aptly-named resort area turned into deadend trip for Georgia motorist.





Broad causeway in background links South Carolina mainland to popular tourist city.

## CASE OF THE TELL-TALE TRUNKS continued

the tourist industry was vital to the island's economy, an overcast weekend plus the possibility of a severe storm before Labor Day was a disheartening prospect.

At the pavilion, that night, the muggy weather cast a pall over the usual festivities. The crowds were thin and the pitchmen seemed to lose their enthusiasm at a relatively early hour.

Just after 11:30, a teenaged couple, after dancing for awhile at the plaza, took off for the east end of the island where their families had homes. They could have gone by way of the boardwalk, or made their way along the darkened streets. Instead, they descended the stairs to the beach and strolled along the wet packed sand above the surf-line.

The tide, which had been high at 7:15, still was falling. The beach, dark and forbidding under a clouded sky, was deserted. There was no sound but the

seethe of the receding surf and the rhythmic booming of a distant groaner-buoy, swinging in the channel on the seaward tide.

About half a mile up the beach, the girl, who was walking barefoot, suddenly tripped over a sizeable object lying in the sand. Despite the darkness, she knew at once what it was—but for a second she stood rooted to the spot, unwilling to trust her frightening flash of intuition. Her boyfriend knelt and stretched out his hand.

"Hey..." he said hoarsely. "It's a guy. He's d-dead. The tide must have brought him in."

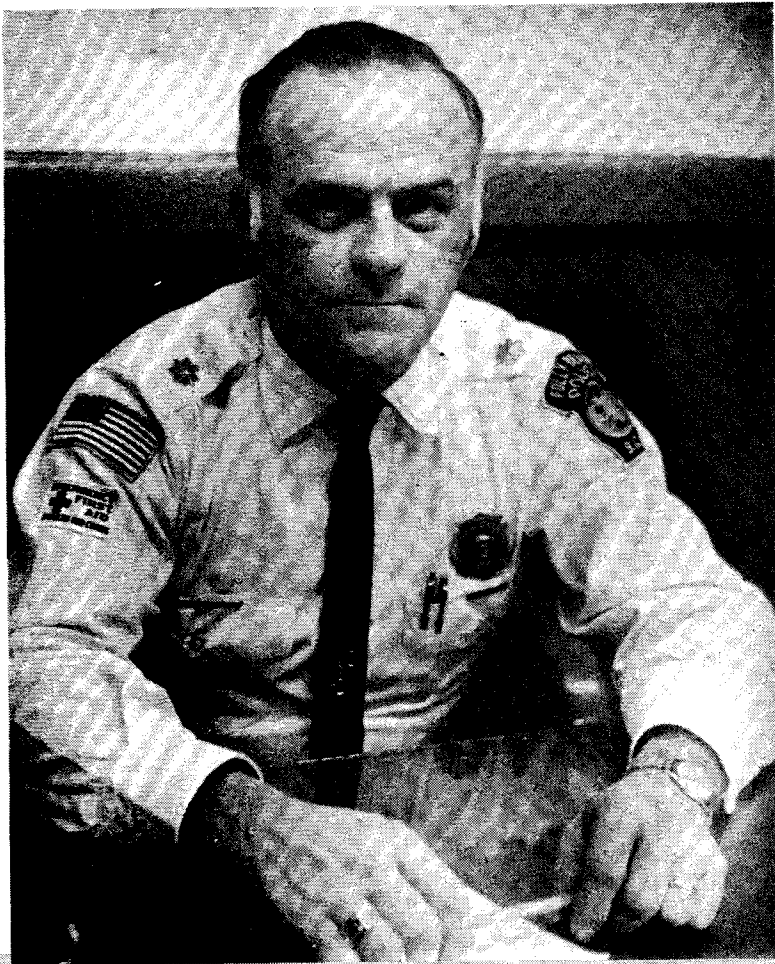
Although the girl's fingers flew to her mouth, they could not stifle the full-throated scream which tore from her lips. Sobbing, she pounded across the beach, plunging through the knee-high Johnson grass which grew on the ridge of the dunes. With her boyfriend only a few

strides behind her, she ran toward the lights of a cottage which was close to the foot of Fifth Street. From there a telephone call was put through to Chief Fred L. Janowczyk, head of Folly Island's three-man police force.

Chief Janowczyk, a career policeman with 18 years in law enforcement, notified Officer Tom Barrineau, Assistant Fire Chief Dick Amos and Roy Jordan of the Folly Beach Rescue Squad. In a matter of minutes, the officers arrived at the foot of Fifth Street and struck off across the strand. In the near distance, the Folly Beach Rescue Emergency truck hurtled down the ramp and careened across the loose sand to the hard-packed beach below. Claxoning as it came, it attracted scores of cottagers who streamed over the dunes to the breakwater near the foot of Fifth Street.

Floodlit by the beams of powerful porta-lamps and flashlights, the dead





Chief Janowczyk pushed probe into death of "floater."

man, clad only in navy blue swim trunks, lay face up in the damp sand. He was slightly built and looked to be about 40 years of age. His arms were at his sides. Presumably, his body had washed ashore in the fullness of the tide and had been left in the lee of the breakwater when the sea receded.

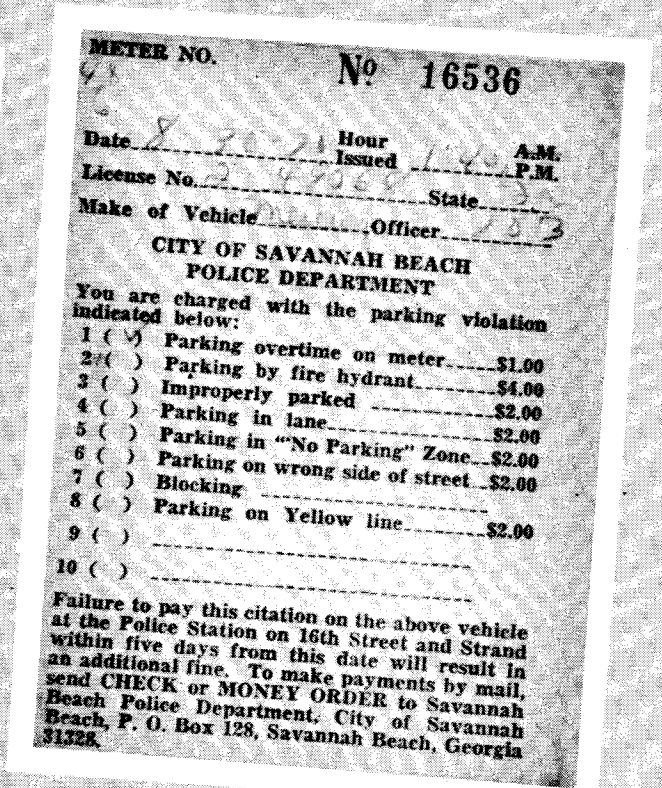
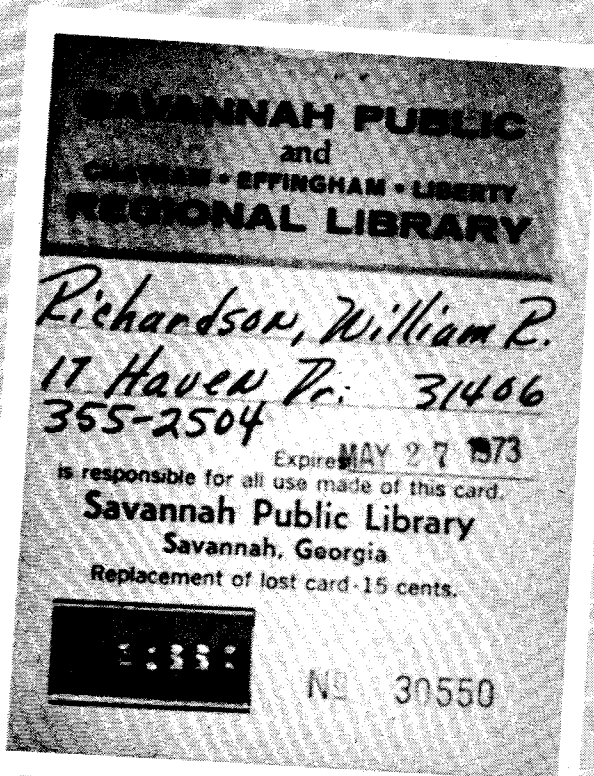
To members of the rescue squad who were about to lift their pulmotor apparatus out of the truck, Chief Janowczyk shook his head.

"It won't do any good," he pointed out. "It didn't happen just a while ago. He's been here for at least five hours."

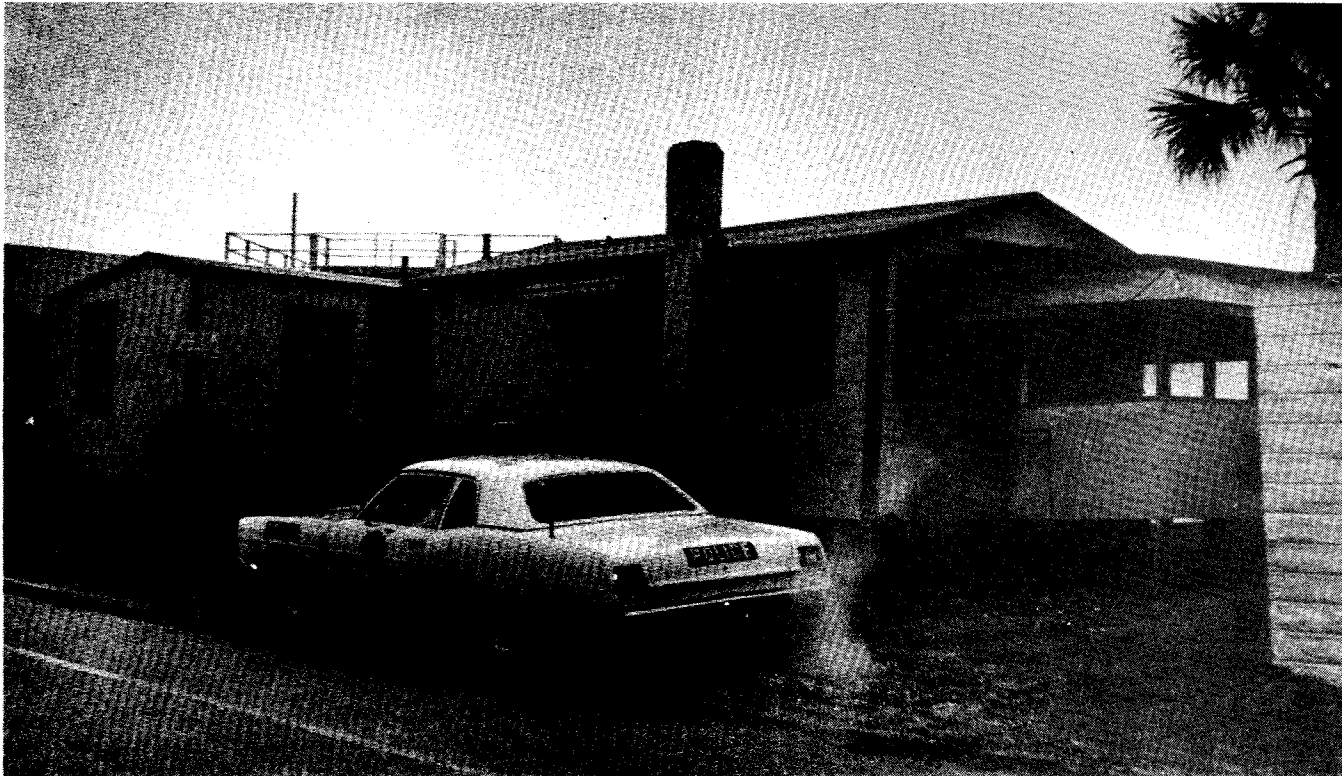
The tide, that night, had turned at 7:15, the police chief explained. Since the body had been discovered just below the high water mark, it was to be presumed that the victim, already dead for some time, had drifted to the beach either on the incoming tide or during the full.

Coroner Jennings Cauthen, who arrived before midnight, examined the body under the light of the porta-lamps and ruled that death had been caused by drowning. Until an autopsy could be performed, he would not hazard an

continued on next page



Cross-country manhunt was triggered by discovery of suspect's library card (L) in victim's ticketed auto.



Pleasant East Atlantic Avenue cottage provided unlikely backdrop for alleged sadistic beating and revenge murder.

opinion concerning the actual time of death.

While awaiting the Charleston County ambulance which was to transport the victim to the morgue, Chief Janowczyk inquired about several elements which had aroused his interest. There was a strange-looking bruise which extended left across the bridge of the victim's nose. Another bruise, almost two inches square, ran across his throat. At the dead man's nostrils and mouth, there were no traces of the blood-flecked froth which is usually present in cases of surf drowning.

Still another particular disturbed the police chief. Although there was no way to predict the manner in which a "float-er" would wash ashore, one did not usually find a drowning victim lying on his back, his arms close to his sides in an attitude of quiet repose. Janowczyk, who had attended both the South Carolina Police Academy and the National Police Academy of Applied Science, was trained to look for little things. He studied the hollow which had been scooped out of the sand by the undertow as the tide receded from the corpse. It seemed too deep a depression, somehow. The tide

must have worked on that hollow for a long time. More, it occurred to the police chief that the body must have floated like a cork on the very surface of the water to have settled on the beach so close to the high tide mark.

Janowczyk could not shake off the thought that perhaps the body had not been placed in the shallows by the sea. He directed his two colleagues to make a careful search along the beach for the victim's clothes or for any other belongings which might suggest that a swimmer had left them, intending to return.

It was when the body of the unknown victim was being lifted onto a stretcher for transfer to the mortuary that the Folly Beach police chief made a most astonishing discovery.

*The dead man's bathing trunks were on backwards!*

The mesh athletic supporter which should have been at the front of the garment was at the back. When this fact was pointed out to several of the officials, Chief Janowczyk was surprised that their reaction was quite different from his own. It was entirely conceivable to his colleagues that the man could have pulled on his trunks backwards.

"Everybody does that once in awhile," one of the officials commented. "Hell, Chief. Didn't you ever try to get your left foot into your right shoe?"

"I might have tried," the chief said, "but I wouldn't get very far before I realized I was making a mistake. I can't see this guy putting on his trunks the wrong way without being aware of it."

Before the remains were transported to the county morgue, the chief removed a gold ring from a finger on the dead man's left hand. It was a well-worn school ring, Janowczyk noted. Barely discernible was a crest and letters which spelled out *Savannah H.S.* There was a faint inscription on the inside surface of the ring, possibly initials or a date, but the chief was unable to decipher it.

With the removal of the corpse for post mortem examination, the chief and his two officers carefully searched along the strand for any effects which the victim might have left. They found nothing.

At first light on Sunday morning, Janowczyk and his aides, after another tour of the beach, turned their attention to the Folly Beach community. There were neither hotels nor motels on the island. There were, however, a number

of cottages which were rented to vacationers and several rooming houses which catered to tourists. In what was virtually a house-to-house check, the officers were unable to turn up any information either about a missing house-guest or a tourist who had failed to return from the beach after a Saturday afternoon dip.

At the chief's request, a jeweler in the business district carefully examined the high school ring which had been removed from the victim's finger. Under the magnification of an eye-loup, it was just possible to make out the initials which had been engraved on the inner surface.

"The letters are 'J.F.W.,'" the jeweler said. "No date, though. That's worn off. Obviously it's a class ring from Savannah High School in Georgia. The school might be able to help you trace it, but I don't know how they'd begin to go about it unless you can give them the year of the class."

**T**HE actual relationship of the ring to the victim was of itself extremely tenuous. It did not necessarily belong to him. Indeed, he well might have had no connection at all with Savannah High School. He easily could have found the ring, or it might have been given to him. Although there were any number of possibilities, Chief Janowczyk telephoned the Savannah authorities and enlisted their cooperation. The police department of the Georgia city promised to publicize the fact that the only clue to the identity of the Folly Beach victim was a Savannah High School ring engraved with the initials J.F.W. Bulletins to this effect, subsequently were aired over T.V. and radio stations in Savannah and were featured on the front pages of regional newspapers.

Similar bulletins broadcast in the Charleston area carried a digest of the county coroner's initial findings. The autopsy on the unknown victim confirmed, from the presence of water in the bronchi and the left lung, that the cause of death indeed had been drowning.

Following the 11 o'clock newscast on Monday night, Chief Janowczyk received a telephone call from a resident of neighboring James Island, which is situated between outlying Folly Beach and Charleston on the mainland. The caller, a woman, thought she recognized the broadcast descriptions of both the drowning victim and the ring. A close relative, she said, Jared Franklin Westbury, 39, recently had come to the Charleston area to look for work. Westbury, for some years a resident of Milledgeville,

Ga., had graduated from Savannah High School almost 20 years before. He frequently wore his high school class ring on the third finger of his left hand. The chief gave the caller the name of the Charleston funeral parlor to which the victim's remains had been brought and arrangements were made for her to view the body.

It was 4 the next morning, before Chief Janowczyk received a second call from James Island. This time it was the woman's husband on the phone. He and his wife had viewed the body at the funeral home and were able to make a positive identification of the remains. The drowning victim was indeed their relative, Jared F. Westbury.

"Was he staying here at Folly Beach?" the chief asked.

"We really don't know," the caller answered. "He dropped in to see my wife on Thursday, the 27th. At that time, he hadn't yet made up his mind about a place to stay."

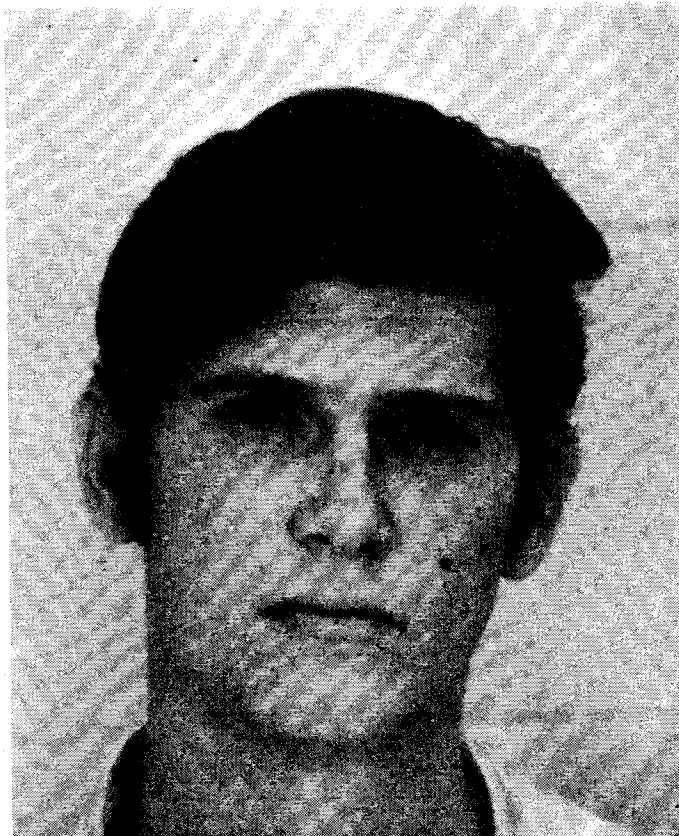
Westbury, it seemed, was travelling with a male companion. The pair had left Milledgeville on Wednesday, August 26th, bound for Savannah, where West-

bury had been keeping his car in storage. He was driving that vehicle, a 1963 white Mercury, when he called to see his relatives on James Island. The caller was unable to supply Chief Janowczyk with the name of Westbury's friend.

Far from satisfying the police chief, the information served only to pique his further interest in Westbury's drowning. Presumably, the Georgia resident, after visiting his relatives on James Island, had continued driving along Highway 171 to Folly Beach. There, it would seem, he and his friend spent the night. Since there were no other accommodations, they must have stayed either at a cottage or in one of the lodging houses. But what had happened to Westbury's friend? Was he aware that his travelling companion had been drowned in the surf? If so, why had he not reported the tragedy to the authorities? On the other hand, if Westbury simply had wandered off and disappeared, why had he not reported him missing to the police?

"There's a lot more to this thing than we know," Janowczyk told his two officers when they met that morning.

"I don't know (*Continued on page 56*)



When Bill couldn't afford the price of a cab, police gave him a free plane ride home.



had been married. The detectives talked to the other residents of the building about Susi and his roommate.

"Yeah, the two of them's neat as hell," one tenant said. "And quiet, too. The Dutchman sweeps and mops the hall outside his apartment like he'd wear out the linoleum."

The landlord said the two men had lived in the apartment about a year and a half and he'd never had any trouble with them. No wild parties, no suspiciously-acting visitors, just a pair who minded their own business and bothered no one.

Meanwhile, the body and the suitcases had been flown back to New York, where, police were convinced, Susi had been carved up. Dr. Michael Baden, an associate medical examiner for New York County (Manhattan), scrutinized the remains.

"Whoever murdered this man and cut up his body did a clean job," Baden told the police. "It's one of the neatest jobs I've seen and I've been around a long time."

The associate ME said the killer had wiped the severed members clean of blood before wrapping them in the plastic bags.

"This [dismemberment] was done with a knife, or knives . . . no cleaver . . . there was no chopping," the doctor related. "The cuts were made at the joints. It's hard to do, but the killer did it. The killer had some knowledge of human bodies."

In reviewing their visit to Susi's apartment, Fitzgibbons told his partner: "The place looks like nothing was ever killed there, not even a fly."

Meanwhile, the two detectives, aided by others from their squad, began checking on Susi's haunts, trying to find somebody who could trace his whereabouts in the hours before his death. But their long hours of work brought nothing fruitful to the investigation.

"We'll have to talk to Geertsma. He's the one most likely to know when Susi was last home," Detective Cawley said.

Next day, the two investigators returned to the apartment of West 46th Street. And Geertsma was at home. He was a big man, 6 feet, 3 inches tall, weighing 180 pounds.

"I haven't seen Susi since early on the evening of January 16," Geertsma told Detectives Cawley and Fitzgibbons. That was Saturday, four days before the packaged body arrived in Miami.

"But he associated with some shady characters within the Cuban community," Geertsma continued. "He had been deeply involved in anti-Castro activities."

The two detectives exchanged looks. That aspect of Susi's life had not come to their attention before. The Dutchman also went into some detail of Susi's West

Side capers, his playboy role, his love of the tinsel trail. While talking with the detectives, Geertsma offered them coffee and they sat, the three of them, around the kitchen table talking and drinking coffee.

Geertsma's story hung together rather well. The detectives came away with no real inkling of what had happened to the ill-fated Susi, except dark suspicions that, somehow, the menacing spectre of Cuban politics had been injected into the picture.

"But, there's something unreal about that guy, Geertsma," Fitzgibbons said to Cawley. "Did you notice how he jumped up right away and put our coffee cups in the sink the minute we finished?"

"Yeah. And he wiped the table practically under our elbows," Cawley replied. "He's finicky all right, almost a Mr. Clean nut."

The police department's subversive squad, which keeps tabs on all suspected intrigues of foreign groups within the city, was asked to run a check on Susi within the anti-Castro element, to try to find out if he were rubbed out in such ghoulish fashion because of political in-fighting in the group.

**T**HAT night, Fitzgibbons tossed long upon his pillow. By the next morning he had made up his mind. He sought out Lieutenant Mazon at the squad room and asked permission for himself and Cawley to return to the Geertsma apartment, on the basis of the warrant, and to look around again.

Later that day, Saturday, January 23, they drove to West Forty-sixth Street while Geertsma was working and they gave the apartment the fine-tooth-comb treatment. Inch by inch, the officers covered the flat. In a bedroom closet, they found three suitcases. If the detectives suspected that Geertsma had carved up Susi and shipped him south in his own suitcases, the find was a heavy blow to their theory.

In a kitchen cabinet, the detectives found a package of plastic garbage bags with seven bags missing. Under a kitchen sink in a dish, Fitzgibbons found three sponges. All had been washed, obviously, but there was a dark stain on one of the sponges. Fitzgibbons impounded it.

In the tableware drawer, the knives and forks and spoons shone with lustre. Close examination did not turn up the slightest suspicion of a blood stain. However, poking through another drawer in the kitchen, lying among some tools—hammer, pliers, screwdrivers—the detectives found three kitchen knives with blades of more than 12 inches. There wasn't a speck of dirt on the knives. But one had a cracked handle; the jagged opening ran the entire length of the handle, from the butt end to the knife

blade. The detectives took them, too, for examination by the crime laboratory.

Moving on to the foyer of the trim apartment, Detectives Fitzgibbons and Cawley noticed a heavy brass statue of a nude woman gracing a table top. The statue was about two feet high.

"Look at this," said Cawley, examining the statue with interest. "The back is split."

Running up the base of the brass statue was a crack.

"Let's take this along, too," Fitzgibbons said.

After letting themselves out of the apartment, the detectives went downstairs to talk to the super.

"Where does Geertsma do his shopping?" Fitzgibbons asked, playing a hunch.

"A little grocery store at the corner, Forty-sixth and Ninth Avenue," the super replied.

The detectives went to the grocery. "Do you remember either Mr. Geertsma or Mr. Susi buying plastic bags recently?" Fitzgibbons asked the grocer.

The grocer didn't recall such a purchase. But his wife overheard the question. She remembered. "Mr. Geertsma came in Sunday night and bought a package of large garbage bags," she told the detectives.

"Did he buy anything else?" one asked.

"No, just the plastic bags."

Thanking her for her cooperation, the detectives went back to the stationhouse. The items they had taken from Susi's apartment were turned over to the crime lab.

By the end of the day, the reports were back from the lab. The dark stain on the sponge was, indeed, blood and the lab had been able to extract enough of it to identify it, despite the fact that the sponge had been washed out. The blood, the lab reported, was of type "rh positive." It already had been established by the lab that the blood taken from the veins of the brutally murdered Susi was "rh positive."

But the laboratory wasn't finished. Scrapings from the crack running up the back of the base of the brass statue showed particles of skin and hair.

"Comparisons with skin and hair of the murdered man show that this statue was used on the head of Susi," a crime lab technician informed Lieutenant Mazon. "There can be no doubt of it."

To further clinch the circle of guilt, the lab reported that particles of flesh inside the cracked handle of one of the large knives also showed particles of flesh that proved to be that of Susi. The lab experts found that the knives had been boiled at length and that all traces of blood had been washed away. But the incriminating bits of flesh told their story under the microscope.

Meanwhile, from Miami Beach came

further incriminating evidence. Police there were not finished with their probe. They had learned that Geertsma, like Susi, had registered with Miami Beach police in 1969, so he could look for a job as a waiter or cook while he was staying at the resort. His prints thus were on file.

Miami police had lifted the labels of one of the suitcases used to carry the butchery victim and underneath, they found Geertsma's fingerprint, according to the Florida report. It was learned that Geertsma and Susi had shared an apartment on Collins Avenue in Miami Beach and, on September 5, they reported to police that it had been looted of clothing, some checks and a radio.

**ARMED** with all the facts, Detectives Fitzgibbons and Cawley went back to see Geertsma the next day, Sunday, January 24.

"When did you last buy garbage bags?" Fitzgibbons asked the engineer.

Without hesitation, Geertsma answered, "Last Sunday."

"How come you've used up seven of those plastic bags, when you're living here alone?" Fitzgibbons pressed.

The two detectives then confronted him with all the evidence: the sponge, the statue, the hair, the skin on the knife.

"Well, you know it happened here," Geertsma reportedly blurted out to the two detectives. "I did it because he deserved it!"

Geertsma reportedly told the policemen that Susi had been taking money from him for some time and had run the debt to well over \$3000. He, Geertsma, paid all the expenses for the apartment. Susi contributed nothing but his charming presence, which was all right up to a point with Geertsma, police said.

But, on Sunday, January 17, about 8 P.M., a terrific argument over money erupted in the apartment between the two, the tall strapping Geertsma and the small stylishly-dressed Susi. At the height of the argument, Susi threatened to throw Geertsma out of the apartment—Geertsma's own apartment—the place where he footed all the bills, the tall Dutch national insisted to the officers.

Geertsma said he stormed in a rage out of the bedroom, where the argument had ensued. As he strode into the foyer, his eyes fell on the heavy brass statue of the nude woman and he seized it.

According to the investigators, Geertsma smashed Susi on the back of the head with the heavy object, knocking him down to the floor of the living room, into which Susi had followed him. From 10 to 15 times, the well-built Geertsma raised the statue and brought it crashing on Susi's head, police said.

Slowly, the fury of the attack subsided and there was Susi dead on the floor of the living room.

What to do with the body? How to get rid of it? It wasn't a novel problem facing the perpetrator of violence. But, noted the officers, it was Geertsma's problem now.

The first thing he had to do was get the corpse out of the apartment, Geertsma reportedly told the probers. He first decided to chop it up and throw it into the furnace, it was reported. But, as he went downstairs, he found the door to the furnace room locked. That solution was clearly out.

So, Geertsma apparently seized on the idea of shipping the body somewhere. Anywhere. He went into the street, to the grocery that was so familiar to him with its sweet smell of bananas and the sharp odor of cheese. And he bought only one thing, Geertsma assertedly admitted, a package of plastic garbage bags. He had one other purchase to make. He had to have suitcases. It wouldn't do to ship a body in one's own luggage.

So, said the police, Geertsma went to a drugstore on Sixth Avenue at West Forty-eighth Street and bought four suitcases, for \$8 apiece. He got into a cab and brought the suitcases back to the apartment, he purportedly said.

Then, unfolded a scene worthy of a horror story. A man, fastidious to the point of weirdness, perpetrating a deed as gory and ghastly as the human mind could conceive, according to the story police related.

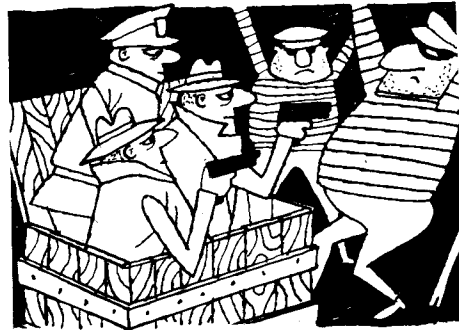
As the officers tell it, Geertsma unfolded a sheet on the kitchen table to serve as a dissecting platform for Susi's body. But the table wasn't big enough, So Geertsma had to open the sheet on the kitchen floor. Susi's nude body went on top of the sheet and the three 12-inch-bladed kitchen knives came out of the drawer, then Geertsma assertedly went to work.

For one hour and a half, the Dutch immigrant cut at the corpse of his roommate, severing and slicing with consummate skill from the memory of long-gone anatomy courses he had taken in college, police said. Into the flesh bit the heavy knife and the blood flowed freely onto the white sheet on the floor of the kitchen. One arm. Then another. A leg. The second. There was the sickening sound of gristle and tendon parting under the sharp edge of the finely-honed knife. Occasionally, there was some resistance, as, for example, when the knife encountered a joint. A sharp rap of a hammer against the back of the knife drove it home.

The extremities gone, the torso had to be cut up. Into the intestines went a knife, carving, slicing, parting. And, it was related by police, after every piece was severed from the body, it was carefully wiped clean of blood and meticulously put into its plastic garbage bag, which then was folded and the open

## The Human Touch

**SURPRISE SHIPMENT**—After seizing a trailer truck supposed to be carrying \$20,000 worth of medical supplies, a gang of Cleveland, Ohio, hijackers

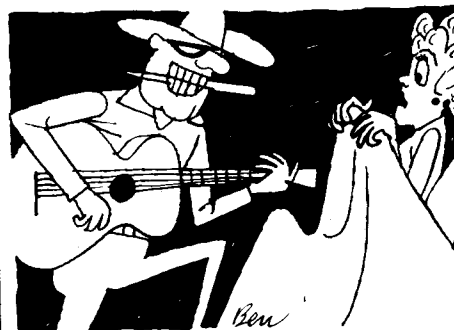


stopped the truck and opened the door to unload the loot. Much to their discomfort, tipped-off FBI agents and policemen leaped out and arrested them.

**BLOODY COCKTAIL**—Drunken driving charges against a Pittsburgh, Pa., youth were dropped after the defense argued that blood samples taken from the boy were inadmissible evidence since the transfusions he received after the car accident might have been "alcoholic."

**TOUGH COOKIE**—Mugged while walking from her bus stop, a night clerk at a Denver, Colo., trucking firm reacted by screaming and throwing her assailant to the ground. The attacker fervently apologized as he struggled to get away, leaving the victim with just one regret: "I should have beat him to a pulp."

**SONGS TO SIN BY**—A young Houston, Tex., secretary awakened in the early morning to see a man standing over her bed with a gun. The would-be-attacker



began to play the young lady's guitar and sing her a country-western ballad when she confessed to being too nervous to serenade him as he had asked.

end of the bag sealed shut with colored wire fasteners that come with such disposable bags.

The wired-shut plastic bags then were carefully placed in the cheap suitcases for shipment out of state. The grisly work finally was done in the apartment on West Forty-sixth Street. Then came the cleanup. The bloody sheet told its story. Also, the gore-drenched floor, covered by its protective cover of wax.

The sheet was rolled up into a soggy ball by the killer and put into a paper bag. The floor was mopped clean of gore and the mop head then was put into the paper bag with the bloody sheet. Later, the paper bag was dumped into a garbage can, never to be recovered.

Police said Geertsma threw the knives into boiling water, heavily laced with detergent, and the water was kept boiling for several hours. The sponge was washed thoroughly, but not so thoroughly as it might have been, as the laboratory had revealed.

When all seemed in readiness, Geertsma remembered that once, when Susi had gone to Florida, to Miami Beach, in 1969, he had shipped his roommate's clothes to him by bus. At that time, the bags had been sent "to be picked up."

And they had been held at the terminal until Susi did pick them up.

Wouldn't the four suitcases remain there in the Miami terminal until picked up, Geertsma reportedly wondered. Or wouldn't they stay until the 60-day waiting period set by the company had lapsed?

By then, Geertsma purportedly figured, he would be in Canada. Don't run too soon, he allegedly thought, it will cause suspicion.

The officers reported that the Dutch national had figured on giving up his job here and lamming it to Canada, but he believed he had more time than fate allowed him.

Despite the bizarre neatness of the dissection, there was a fatal flaw for the killer, Detectives Fitzgibbons and Cawley reported. One of the knives, during the devilish work, nicked one of the plastic garbage bags slightly, unnoticed at the moment of what must have been monumental mental stress and strain. It was through that slight rending of the bag, though, that the tell-tale odor and the blood flowed, to alert the attendant at the Greyhound terminal in Miami.

"The blood did not have a chance to dry; the plastic bags maintained the moisture," Dr. Baden noted.

According to police, on Monday morning, January 20, Geertsma donned dark glasses and a ski hat to thwart later recognition and took a cab to the Greyhound terminal on Eleventh Avenue with four suitcases. Destination Miami, "to be picked up." The bags were on the way. Geertsma assertedly signed the insurance stub with a phony name, Jan Groske, listing his address falsely as a brownstone on West Eighty-fourth Street.

The whole ghastly story spilled out on the night of January 24 into the waiting ears of Fitzgibbons and Cawley. Then, dressed in gray pants, white shirt, blue tie and white sweater, Geertsma was told to get his coat. It was brown fur. He was taken to the West Thirty-fourth Street stationhouse and, early the next day, was booked for homicide. Arraigned before Manhattan Criminal Court Judge Jack Rosenberg, the suspect was held without bail for a hearing slated for February 5.

Geertsma refused to discuss Susi's amputated ring finger.

Thus, the investigation closed on one of the bloodiest murders the New York City police have had in some time, an interstate bit of carnage that shocked many, a modern tale of two cities. ■

## REPLAY OF HORROR continued from page 23

firm. It was reported that in some circles Miss Shanley had taken to using the name Davis.

On Saturday night, December 12, Davis packed a suitcase with his clothes and appeared in a sporty green automobile in front of his girlfriend's house. There is reason to believe that the ex-convict experienced considerable difficulty in persuading Miss Shanley to accompany him on a trip, but, after a loud and lengthy argument, she finally agreed.

Lieutenant Helms told reporters that when Davis left that Saturday night, accompanied by the young woman and a dog, it was with definite plans to travel to another state.

"The former convict, Larry Ronald Davis," Helms said, "made the statement before leaving the Smyrna section that he got the car, a 1968 Pontiac LeMans with a black vinyl top and dark green body from 'Uncle Bobby.' We also have learned that the car trunk was empty and that there was a U-Haul-It luggage carrier on top."

Further investigation traced the rental luggage rack to a service station in Cobb County, where a mechanic had installed it on the Pontiac on Saturday afternoon.

"There's always the hope, however slim, that Miss Doty will be found alive," Lieutenant Helms added. "Right now, it doesn't look too good for her."

Helms also said that the FBI had en-

tered the case and was cooperating on the search for Miss Doty and the former con.

As had happened in the Mary Little case, credit cards issued to the missing Susan Doty were used to buy gasoline for the Pontiac. On December 13, Davis and his woman companion bought gasoline at Oxford, Ala., and again at Clinton, Miss. In each case, the car was a green, 1968 Pontiac LeMans. The license tag on the car, however, was not the one registered to Susan Doty. Atlanta Homicide Lieutenant C. K. Strickland told reporters that the plate then on the car was believed to be one taken from a vehicle licensed in Cobb County.

At headquarters in Atlanta, the investigators carefully studied the official dossier on Larry Davis, hoping to find in his record some indication as to where the former convict might be heading. All they found was a chilling recapitulation of the subject's crimes which showed Davis to be an unprincipled brute, capable of completely wanton violence.

Calling himself Tony Scott Davis and half a dozen other names, the subject had, for a decade, drifted around the state, committing a wide catalogue of crimes, always in trouble, but keeping a couple of jumps ahead of the police for as long as he could. In late April of 1962, Davis was convicted on a charge of auto theft and sentenced to 15 months at a branch prison in Baldwin County.

He stayed there for a little more than 60 days, crashing out of jail in June.

Finding himself in Milledgeville, Ga., with neither money nor transportation, Davis approached a car which was parked outside a supermarket. A 17-year-old girl was in the front seat, waiting for her mother who was in the store shopping.

Davis looked to see if there was a key in the ignition lock. When he saw it there, he pulled a knife out of his pants pocket and told the girl to move over. Terrified, she slid across to the passenger side of the seat. Warning her not to make an outcry, Davis got behind the wheel and started the engine.

"I'm an escaped convict," he told her, honestly enough. "I need your car, and I got to take you with it, otherwise you'd tell and they'd be after me."

According to the girl's subsequent account, Davis stopped the car twice during the seven-hour trip to Atlanta. The first time, it was because he was thirsty. He pulled into a filling station at Madison and demanded of the teenager if she had any money.

"Some," she answered. "Couple of dollars and a little change."

"We goin' need the couple of dollars for gas," he said. "But we're buyin' that later. Still got plenty of gas. Go in there and buy me a bottle of cold pop. And careful, now. Don't try nothin' stupid. If I see you tryin' to pull somethin', I'll be in there to take care of you and the grease jockey, both."

The girl entered the station office and



walked to the soft drink cooler. Quaking with fear and keeping her eyes on the cooler, she whispered urgently to the gas attendant.

"Mister," she said, "don't look at me. Don't make out like I'm talking. Call the police. That man's got a knife and he's kidnaping me." She gave her name and added quickly, "He stole my mother's car in Milledgeville."

The gas attendant gave no sign that he had heard her. As the car pulled away, he noted the license number, then called the state highway patrol and told the story.

The second stop was at a filling station in Winder. There still was gas in the tank, but Davis needed a road map. He ordered the girl to go into the station office and get one. Again the teenager whispered anxiously as she selected a road map from the rack.

"I'm being kidnaped, mister," she said. "Make out like I'm not saying anything or he'll kill us both. Call the police, mister. I'm begging you, mister. Call the police."

That time, however, the station attendant apparently decided that the girl was just trying to have some fun at his expense. When the car pulled back on the highway, he waved it goodbye.

Finally Davis reached Atlanta. He drove to the home of a woman friend, took possession of his captive's remaining money and ordered the girl out of the car. The teenager managed to get a ride to police headquarters, where she told her story to a group of incredulous officers. She was permitted to call home to assure her anguished family that she was safe, while, the police, realizing that her bizarre story was the truth, rushed to the home of Larry Davis' woman friend, where they collared the escapee and rushed him off to jail.

**F**OR some reason which is beyond the comprehension of Atlanta's investigative authorities, the State Board of Pardons and Paroles subsequently saw fit to turn Davis loose after he had served only two years of his cumulative 12-year sentence.

Davis, working occasionally as a mechanic, was free in 1965 at the time of Mary Little's mysterious disappearance. He also was on the loose in 1967, when Diane Shields was found brutally murdered. He had married during those years. His wife was a 14-year-old dropout from Grady High School. It was a shotgun marriage, but not in the usual sense of the term. Davis allegedly pulled a shotgun on the girl's mother when he became convinced that the woman was trying to break up the relationship. The woman took him to court, but the case was *not prossed*.

After a year of marriage, Davis' wife left him and fled to Mobile, Ala., but

Davis found her and brought her back to Atlanta.

"We had a pretty good marriage," the girl told police who contacted her in Mobile, "but he became highly jealous and over-protective. I left him again later because he threatened to kill me. I was working in a motel in Atlanta and he came there and made a terrible scene. So I came back to Mobile."

Employed as a nightclub entertainer in the Alabama city, Davis' wife revealed that for a long while her estranged husband had been phoning her collect almost daily in an effort to effect a reconciliation. There was an abrupt end to those calls in late November. The girl's mother told officers that Davis had spoken of "coming down to Mobile." That prospect was anything but a happy one. "We're afraid of him," the mother told the police. "You'd better believe it."

Tuesday, December 15, brought a tragic solution to the riddle of the whereabouts of blonde Susan Doty.

A Kennesaw, Ga., building contractor, who also served his community as pastor of the Church of God of Prophecy, had "an exceptionally busy schedule that Tuesday," he later told the police. Despite the demands of his business, however, he "took time out to attend to several necessities."

His car, for one thing, required routine servicing and he brought it to the garage with which he customarily did business. He explained that he had to have transportation while his car was laid up, so the duty mechanic had loaned him his own auto, which the man drove to Lithia Springs in Douglas County, where he had an early afternoon appointment.

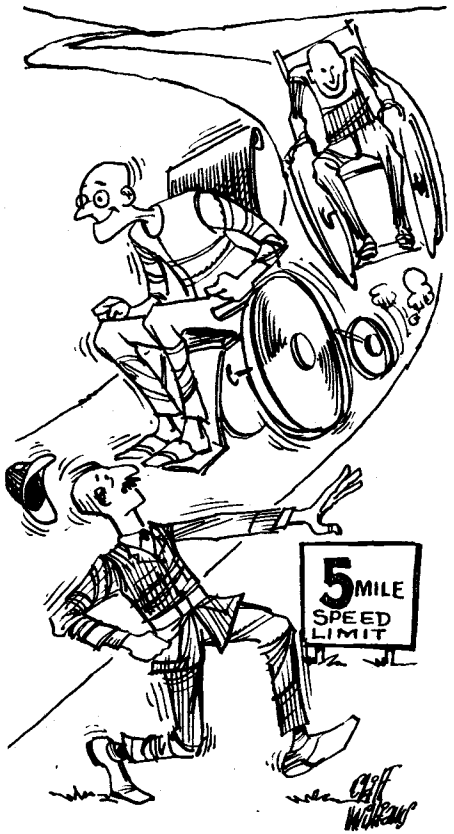
"I went into a drugstore at noon to get a sandwich," the minister later related to investigators. "I didn't have much time because I was so rushed; I had to meet someone at Terrel Mill Road early in the afternoon."

As he ate his sandwich, the minister picked up an Atlanta newspaper which someone had left on an adjacent stool. His attention was attracted by a front page article which described the search for Susan Doty.

"I had heard some things about her being missing," he later told police. "I don't know why, but I took time to read the entire article. I couldn't put it down."

"I remember thinking to myself, 'What would I do if it was one of my daughters?' I've got two girls about Susan Doty's age who live in the metro-Atlanta area."

The minister continued to think about the vanished Susan Doty as he drove in the borrowed car toward East Cobb County. He was traveling along a route which exited from Interstate 75 at



## YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THE CRIME WAVE

■ Face it, there just isn't a place left that is completely free of crime. Modern man with his technological prowess has shortened the distance between peoples and increased the tempo of crime.

For example, the tiny island of Sark, located in the English Channel, has been forced to acquire its first policeman in 405 years. Sark, for centuries, has been a quiet, peaceful, unobtrusive site, where crime was an unknown phenomenon to its 560 citizens.

Recently, however, a gang of ruffians has sprung to life upon the little community. Its members get drunk, joyride with citizens' bicycles and tear up rose bushes—an unpardonable sin to garden-loving Sark.

If that weren't enough, several drivers of the island's 42 tractors, 30 horse-drawn carriages, 418 bicycles and five battery-operated wheelchairs have been breaking Sark's five-mile-an-hour speed limit.

Finally, the authorities decided that the sorry state of affairs could go on no longer and sent to the neighboring isle of Guernsey for a police constable. The bobby will alternate month-long tours of duty with his 32 fellow officers in living on Sark and will attempt to bring back law and order at a cost of \$5000 a year for this one-man force. Hopefully, decency once again will reign in Sark and crime will no longer be a problem. ■

Windy Hill Road, when, suddenly, from under the hood of the car, he began to hear a noise which alarmed him. A half mile further, at the intersection of Windy Hill and Powers Ferry Roads, the car's engine suddenly quit.

There was nothing for it but to telephone the mechanic who had lent him the car. The minister thumbed a ride to the closest gas station, made his call, then headed back to the stalled car at the intersection.

"I started walking back," he later told the police, "something I never do. I don't know why. I told the mechanic he could pick me up at the service station, yet I was walking. I suppose I reasoned he would go looking for his car if he didn't see me at the station.

"Anyway, I walked on the left side of the road so I'd be facing the oncoming traffic. And I must have walked about a quarter of a mile before I noticed this checkbook.

"It was about 10 to 12 inches off the pavement. It looked a little beaten up. I started not to pick it up, but then for some reason I went ahead. I slapped it on the back of my hand and I noticed it was full of checks. I opened the checkbook and read the name.

"Susan Doty!

"Oh, my God," I said to myself. I had a terrible feeling. I felt like I was close to that poor girl. Anyway, I was shook up a lot. Mighty shook up. I got right back to that service station and telephoned the police."

Officers who rushed to the station accompanied the minister along the isolated stretch of road where he had picked up the checkbook. They soon found several other articles, including a paper sack on which someone had practiced writing "Susan E. Doty" eight times.

"Like someone was trying to imitate her handwriting," the minister said.

The officers also found other papers which bore the name of the missing girl. A short distance away, they picked up a small, purse-sized can of deodorant.

"I had a feeling we were in her presence," the minister later said in an interview. "I kept saying to myself, 'Lord, if we find her, please let her be alive.'"

Two hours later, officers found Susan Doty's leaf-covered grave some 400 feet west of that spot on the woods on the other side of the road. Only the crown of her blonde head and the heel of her right shoe protruded through the pine-straw and leaves.

Dr. Larry Howard of the State Crime Lab was notified at once. While awaiting his arrival, Atlanta and Cobb County officers carefully brushed aside the leaves to expose the fully-clad body of the small girl. Susan—her wrists, ankles and knees bound with stout white cord—lay face down in her shallow grave.

The site was marked by a rusted culvert and a three-strand barbed wire fence which ran parallel to the road.

Behind the grave, down a steep hill about a hundred yards away, members of a construction crew were burying sewer pipe in a trench which had been opened by a back-hoe. Along that slope, officers found several articles which had belonged to the victim: a hairbrush, personal papers, a pigskin glove.

Also found in the vicinity of the grave was an empty cardboard box which had been the container for a .38-caliber pistol. A sales slip in the box indicated that the weapon was purchased with Susan Doty's credit card on Saturday, December 12.

Dr. Howard and Lieutenant Strickland, commenting on the presence of blood on the ground near the dead girl's face, explained that it probably was "a symptom of suffocation rather than the result of a blow or injury." Although there were slight bruises on the body, there were neither gunshot nor stab wounds. Nor were there any indications that Susan Doty had been sexually molested.

"We shall have to determine the exact method used in the slaying," Dr. Howard told reporters. "One thing we're reasonably sure of. It was definitely not strangulation."

**W**ITH the removal of the remains to Atlanta for an autopsy, the investigators arranged with Judge Watson White of Marietta, Ga., to sign a warrant charging Larry Davis, 27, with the murder of Susan Doty. Already outstanding were federal warrants charging the burly ex-con with unlawful flight to avoid prosecution on counts of forgery and armed robbery. The latter charge originated in November with a complaint filed with Detectives O. L. Adams and J. F. Paschall after Davis, armed with a shotgun, attempted to rob an Atlanta resident who had taken him for a demonstration ride in a car advertised for sale.

On Wednesday morning, Susan's family and 150 of her friends attended mass in St. Jude's Roman Catholic Church in Sandy Springs. A contingent of uniformed Girl Scouts was present and the eulogy was delivered by Reverend John Kieran, Scouts' Catholic chaplain for the Archdiocese of Atlanta.

"Miss Doty tried to live up to the teachings of Christ," Father Kieran said. "Therefore we know she will be received in the Kingdom of God." The service ended with a prayer for "those with sick minds, that they can get the help which they so desperately need."

It was announced later that afternoon that Detective H. D. Davis and FBI Agent Roy Jones made a number of finds in the wooded outskirts of Smyrna near the home of Davis' girlfriend.

Among the recovered articles were Susan Doty's pocketbook, her scarf, her driver's license, Social Security card, strips torn from a shirt and a ball of cord similar to that with which the girl's body had been bound.

Atlanta officers expressed considerable fear for the safety of Liz Shanley, the young woman with whom Davis reportedly was fleeing. Miss Shanley, who was presumed to know nothing of Susan Doty's murder, was in great jeopardy, the investigators believed. On a large-scale mapboard, the officers logged the presumed direction of Davis' flight.

On Thursday morning, a tip was received from an officer in Bainbridge, in Decatur County. A black and green '68 Pontiac LeMans had stopped for gas at a service station on U.S. 27. There was a young woman in the car. The driver, a sandy-haired man, handled the pump himself, putting \$3 worth of gas into the tank. He asked directions for getting to Mobile.

Suddenly, the driver realized that the gas station attendant had been reading the front page of an Atlanta newspaper. He pulled the hose out of the tank and jammed on the gas cap.

"This man threw down \$3 for the gas, jumped in the car and scorched off on Highway 27 toward Talahassee," the Bainbridge police officer related.

The manhunt thus extended to Florida as officers stepped up a search for Davis in Talahassee, Miami and Fort Lauderdale. He was known to have contacts in each of those cities and his friends were closely watched.

Eluding the Florida dragnet, however, Davis moved along the Gulf Coast and entered Texas, police later learned. At some unknown border station, the Pontiac LeMans crossed over into Mexico. Davis and Liz Shanley spent two days in Matamoros, Mexico, leaving there—with the alerted Federales on their trail—on the afternoon of Saturday, December 19.

For a month after that, the police of two nations attempted to catch up with the fast-moving fugitive. Davis was reported seen in a dozen cities on both side of the Rio Grande, sometimes in three different locations at once.

On Tuesday, January 19, 1971, the inevitable finally happened, though, and Liz Shanley for whose safety the authorities had grown increasingly concerned—became the agency by which the police finally were able to apprehend the murder suspect.

By then, Davis and the girl had set up housekeeping in an aptment on Weir Avenue in San Antonio, Tex. On that Tuesday night, the girl slipped out of the house to do something which Davis expressly had forbidden. She called friends in Smyrna, Ga., with whom she had not communicated since the night

of December 12. The relief of her friends at hearing that she was alive and well was followed by the revelation—complete and shattering to the unsuspecting girl—that Larry Davis was wanted for the murder of Susan Doty and that the police of two nations were trying to track him down.

"Please," the girl begged her informants. "Come down here and get me. I can't go back to him. You'll find me waiting at police headquarters."

On Wednesday morning, the young woman walked into San Antonio police headquarters and told her story to officers there. Immediately a stakeout of the Weir Avenue flat was instituted.

Liz Shanley already was on her way back to Atlanta with friends when Larry Davis walked into a combined FBI and city police trap. He was arrested without incident and rushed to headquarters. In their search of the house, officers found Davis' .38-caliber pistol, a cat and a dog, one believed to be Susan Doty's pet which had been missing since the girl had vanished.

Davis, arraigned before U.S. Commissioner James L. Miller on charges of unlawful flight, armed robbery and forgery, waived extradition and agreed to return to Georgia. But Sam Roberts, U.S. Marshal of San Antonio, referring to the expected Cobb County warrant, announc-

ed: "When other charges are filed against him, he will face more court action here before any movement takes place."

Before being locked up in a Bexar County cell, Davis, whose bail was set at \$50,000, was examined by prison physicians. They noticed needle scars on his arms and it soon was learned that the suspect was addicted to not only heroin, but also to morphine and donatol.

Lieutenant H. D. Davis of Cobb County and Atlanta Detective J. W. Hagin left for San Antonio by plane on Thursday, January 21. It was their intention to serve a murder warrant on the prisoner, expedite his extradition and return him to Georgia in Susan Doty's black and green Pontiac LeMans.

When they arrived in Texas, however, the Georgia officers discovered that returning the burly ex-convict might be a complicated proceeding. The federal government would have to clear away four fugitive warrants before Davis could be brought into a Texas court for final extradition proceedings. Normally, the federal officials gave way to the state when more serious charges were introduced.

In presenting the more serious charges, the Atlanta officials, for the first time, indicated that Davis was wanted on warrants charging both murder and rape in the Doty case.

Davis, suffering from the effects of gradual drug withdrawal, made it easier for the Georgia officers by waiving extradition on the more serious charges. As a result, the U.S. Commissioner in San Antonio was able to facilitate his return in an emergency session.

Cobb County Police Chief E. H. Buruss and County Sheriff Kermit Sanders flew to San Antonio on Friday, January 22, to assist in the handling of the dangerous prisoner during the long drive back to Georgia.

In Atlanta, meanwhile, Lieutenant Strickland and his colleagues had interviewed Liz Shanley at police headquarters. They were told by Davis' companion in flight that, in September of 1970, she and the ex-convict had been married by a notary public in Miami, Fla. She said she was under the impression at the time that Davis had been divorced by his 19-year-old wife. She did not realize that, although divorce proceedings had been instituted they were not completed at that time. Miss Shanley confided to the police that she and Larry Davis were expecting a child.

The dog found in Davis' San Antonio flat, Liz Shanley explained, was a pup Davis had purchased for her in Florida as a "wedding" present.

Davis and his escort arrived at Cobb County Jail on Monday, January 25. He



Mary Shotwell Little (top), first to vanish, was followed by Diana Shields whose body later turned up in car trunk.



immediately was placed in a cell and put on a drug withdrawal regimen by the prison physician. "You can't let them go 'cold turkey,'" Jailer J. M. Lynch explained. "It's inhuman. Not that Davis appears to be suffering out of the ordinary."

Jail officials at first refused to allow Liz Shanley to visit Davis in his cell, since that was a privilege accorded only to "blood relatives." Nor would Jailer Lynch initially accept the supplies the young woman brought her Davis: A T-shirt, a comb and brush, toothbrush and toothpaste. The stringent regulations

finally were relaxed when it was pointed out that Davis had no funds to make such purchases at the jail store. Then Davis and the girl were permitted a closely supervised 15-minute visit on Wednesday, January 27. Neither seemed emotionally stirred by the reunion.

"I didn't see any tears shed," Jailer Lynch told reporters.

Lieutenant Strickland subsequently revealed that: "Davis had made an oral statement to detectives in reference to how the death of Susan Doty happened." He would not elaborate on the particulars of the suspect's statement.

Having already been indicted in absentia for the Susan Doty murder, the legal process governing the prisoner's eventual trial already has been set in motion. At this writing, added to the long list of charges which already have been lodged against Larry Davis, are 12 counts of misdemeanor arising from the passing of bad checks and one additional charge of misdemeanor for theft. ■

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The name Liz Shanley is not the actual name of the person who was in fact a participant in the incidents described in this article.*

## CASE OF THE TELL-TALE TRUNKS continued from page 49

where we're going to get the answers we're looking for, but we're going to start asking questions as of right now. First of all, I want to know what happened to that white, '63 Mercury."

According to the chief's reasoning, the car must have been driven to Folly Island. Possibly, it was still there. Starting at the outermost house at the east end of the beach community, Janowczyk and his aides canvassed cottagers and vacationers to determine if any of them had seen the Georgia automobile. At the chief's request, a similar search was instituted on nearby James Island by Charleston County officers.

Several days passed before there was another development in the investigation. On Saturday, September 5th, the Folly Beach police chief was visited by an attractive matron and her two young children. Identifying herself as the divorced and since remarried wife of the drowning victim, she was able to provide a number of details which were to prove helpful in the investigation.

Among the particulars which the woman supplied was the tag number of her ex-husband's car, Georgia 2-49068. Westbury and his friend had visited her and the children after travelling by bus to Savannah from Milledgeville. The friend had been introduced to her as Bill Richardson, but she was not certain that this was the man's real name.

When he picked up his car from storage, Westbury stayed in town long enough to attend to several business details. His former wife was able to tell Chief Janowczyk that he had in his possession \$450 in cash, a United States Government disability check for the amount of \$157 and a folder containing a number of blank personal checks, *already inscribed with his signature.*

"Why would he do that?" the chief asked.

Westbury's ex-wife could not answer the question. All she could contribute further was the information that Bill Richardson was someone whom Jared had known for only a few weeks and that the two men had planned to room

together after they found jobs in the Charleston area.

Shortly after his interview with the Savannah woman, the Folly Beach police chief studied the full report on the post mortem examination of Jared Westbury's remains. There was one detail which entirely changed the complexion of the investigation. Almost 600 cubic centimeters of clear—*not saline*—fluid had been found in the victim's left lung. Also, a quantity of frothy matter was found in the left branch of the bronchi.

Unquestionably, Jared Westbury had died of drowning, but he had drowned in fresh water, not in the sea. More, he had already drowned in fresh water when his body was brought to the beach and placed below the tide-line!

"I don't know how it happened," Chief Janowczyk told his colleagues. "We can't be sure it wasn't an accident. But because someone went to a lot of trouble to make it appear that he drowned in the ocean, I think we're looking for a killer."

Certainly, there was sufficient justification to issue an all-points bulletin for Westbury's 1963 white Mercury, and for the detention of the car's presumed driver, one Bill Richardson, address unknown.

The name Richardson proved the key to the riddle of where Westbury and his companion had spent their time in the Folly Beach community. On the morning of August 27th, a cottage at 705 East Atlantic Avenue had been rented by its owner for one week to a William Robert Richardson who had paid in advance.

Chief Janowczyk and his two officers, admitted to the premises by the owner, found a number of items which were the property of the drowning victim including articles of clothing, several radios and Westbury's wallet and check-book. The wallet, containing no cash, yielded Westbury's driver's license which had been issued in Milledgeville, Ga., on June 25, 1970. A photograph of Westbury was attached to the license card.

The check book contained three blank checks, all bearing Westbury's signature.

From the stubs in the book, it was seen that although the victim normally kept meticulous records, he had failed to account for four checks which were missing.

Interrogating persons who resided in the vicinity of the East Atlantic Avenue cottage, the police chief spoke with a man who recalled seeing "a white car in front of the place three nights after the drowning." The car was there for only a very short while, the witness recalled.

"I didn't get a look at the driver's face," he said. "All I could see was this man putting something into the car before he drove away."

Examining the premises once more, Chief Janowczyk took a good look at the bathroom. Had there been a bathtub, he would have been almost certain that Jared Westbury had been drowned in it. But there was no bathtub. The only facilities were a stall shower, a small sink, and a toilet. The chief studied the last two for a long time and walked away shaking his head. The picture which had formed in his mind was too distressing to be dwelt upon.

Almost a full month passed before there was another break in the Westbury case. On October 2nd, the police department of Savannah Beach, Ga., found a white 1963 Mercury abandoned and ticketed in the parking-lot behind a local tavern. The automobile had been there for several days, according to the tavern manager who had no idea to whom the car belonged.

Checking the license tags through the motor vehicle department, the Savannah Beach police discovered that the Mercury had been registered to Jared Franklin Westbury. They found, also, that the Folly Beach, S.C., police had issued a bulletin about the automobile.

Speaking with Detective White of the Savannah Beach force, Chief Janowczyk requested that the car be carefully examined for evidence which could tie the vehicle to any individual other than its registered owner. The subsequent search by scientific officers attached to the Chatham County, Ga., police department, turned up a borrower's card issued by

the Savannah Public Regional Library to one William R. Richardson of 17 Haven Drive, in Savannah.

Lieutenant Anderson Giles of the Chatham County police directed an all-out search for William Richardson, who had not been seen at the Haven Drive address in well over a month. At Chief Janowczyk's instigation, federal and local warrants had been issued for the subject on a number of charges including grand larceny of an automobile, transporting a stolen automobile across a state line and unlawful flight to avoid being questioned concerning a murder.

In due course, Lieutenant Anderson was able to inform the Folly Beach police chief that Richardson, 25, had been traced to the Delta Airline ticket office at the local airport. There, he had purchased a one-way flight from Atlanta to Los Angeles, Calif.

Efforts to trace the suspect in both cities proved unavailing. Then, on Wednesday, October 21, at Los Angeles International Airport, a cab driver hailed two policemen—Officer Roberts and Detective Johnson—to complain that his fare was giving him “a hard time.”

“He’s trying to stick me for a 12 buck ride,” the driver told the police officers. “I give him the tab, and he tells me he’s fresh out of bread.”

The passenger, identifying himself as William Robert Richardson, admitted that he had engaged the taxi even though he knew he would not have enough funds to pay the meter charge at the airport. His one asset, he claimed, was an unused portion of a Delta Airline ticket from Houston to Los Angeles.

“If you’ll come with me while I cash it in,” he proposed, “I’ll have enough money to pay the buy.”

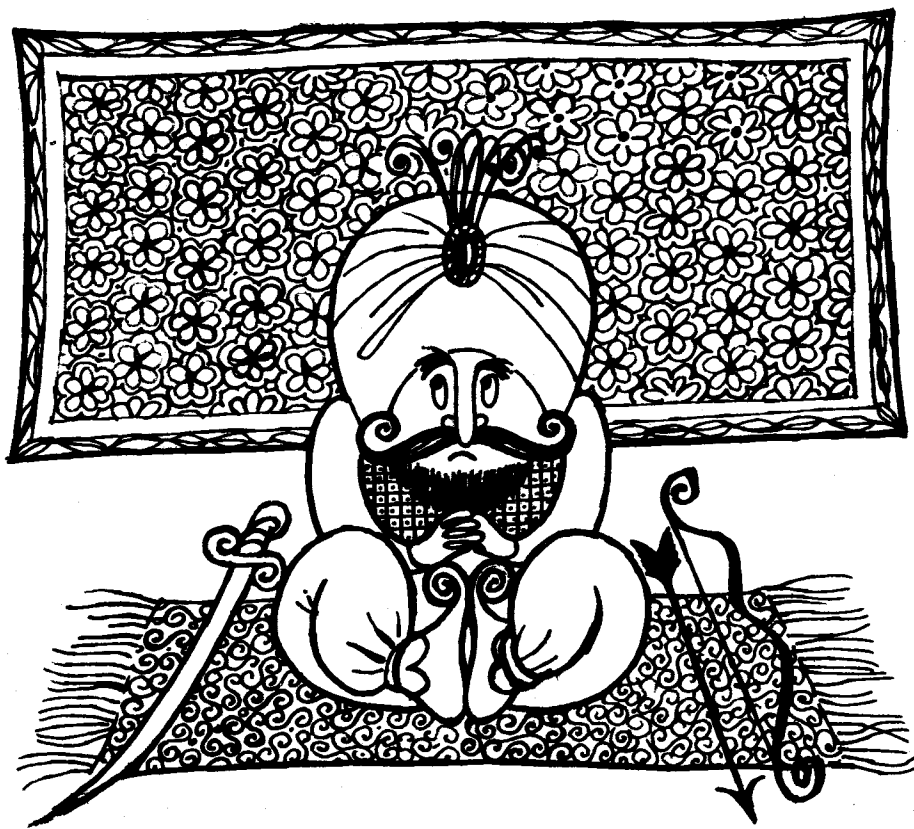
**T**HE officers accompanied Richardson to the Delta ticket counter where he received a jolting bit of news. The unused ticket would have to be processed, he was told. Ten days were required before payment could be made.

His shoulders sagging, Richardson then asked the officers if he could make a long distance telephone call. “Lend me a dime,” he allegedly requested. “I’ll call this guy collect. You’ll see. You’ll be rewarded for your trouble.”

Richardson then telephoned collect to Lieutenant Anderson Giles of the Chatham County police in Georgia. “I’m William Richardson,” he is reported to have said. “I’m being held here by the cops. They don’t think I’m worth 12 bucks. I figured you’d tell them I’m worth a hell of a lot more—to you guys.”

Giles asked to speak with the officers and told them that there were warrants outstanding for Richardson’s arrest on charges of grand larceny of an automobile, interstate transport, and unlawful flight. “We want him for questioning in a murder case,” he concluded.

## WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?



**MURDER STAND-IN**—Few men feared being murdered more than Abdul-Hamid II, Sultan of Turkey from 1876 until 1909. His palace in Constantinople was heavily guarded and outsiders were only permitted to enter one room where they could talk to him. During such an interview, the visitor would sit alone in the center of the room and Abdul-Hamid would talk to him only from behind a fine grillwork that concealed the balcony. But being out of sight did not satisfy the Sultan. He would also walk up and down, fearing the visitor might draw a gun and fire in the direction of his voice. The Sultan's private rooms were studies in fear. They contained alarm systems, trap doors, and mirrors set at angles. And scattered throughout the rooms—stretching out on lounges, standing at windows, sitting in chairs—were life-sized wax dummies of him, which he hoped would lure any assassin's bullets or knives. While Abdul-Hamid looked for danger from without, his real troubles were from within. A palace coup in 1909 deposed him and he was sent into exile by a number of his previously loyal ministers.

**THE 58-DAY ESCAPE**—Convinced people in his village were out to lynch him, a Filipino farmer hauled himself up a 60-foot tree and refused to come down. For 58 days, the frightened man remained on his perch, living mostly on fruit, and ignored pleas from friends and family to climb down. In desperation, his wife got the President to send an Air Force helicopter to bring him down. The farmer kicked and screamed all the time he was being pulled into the craft, but finally the “tree-in” ended. After his long ordeal, the lynch mob fugitive complained of difficulty in straightening out his legs and of stomach cramps. Apparently the man's reluctance to come down was justified since tempers below had been badly inflamed against him for some time. One week after he'd taken to his tree refuge, he was forced to witness the murder of one of his sons at the foot of the tree.

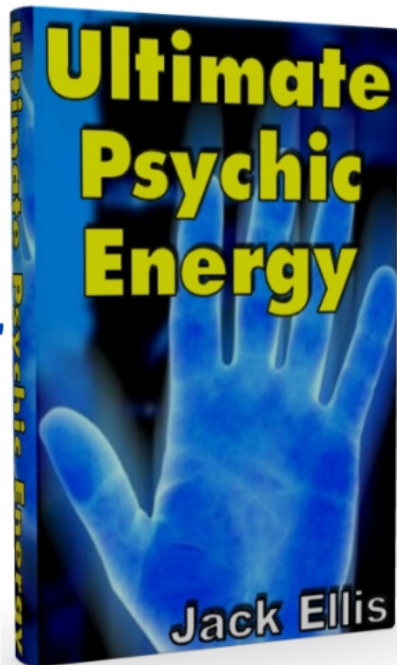
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The next morning, Chief Janowczyk in Folly Beach received a call from Los Angeles Police Sergeant Fredrickson to inform him that William Richardson had signed a waiver of extradition and would voluntarily return to South Carolina. Also, according to the sergeant, Richardson had dictated and signed statements concerning the Folly Beach case and several other crimes.

In the course of a hearing on the extradition waiver before Judge Nancy V. Watson in Los Angeles Municipal Court, 25-year-old William Robert Richardson was arraigned on charges of murder and grand larceny.

On November 9, 1970, Charleston County officers arrived in Los Angeles to return the prisoner to the jurisdiction of the Westbury murder. Upon his arrival, he was given a preliminary hearing before Magistrate Paul M. Elsey. Bond of \$2,000 was set for the charge of grand larceny of an automobile. No bond was set for the murder charge and, as is routine in such cases, Richardson was sent to Columbia, S.C., for a 30-day sanity examination in the state hospital.

Returned to Charleston at the conclusion of this period of observation, Richardson was lodged in County Jail. According to psychiatrists in Columbia, he was capable of knowing right from wrong and could therefore stand trial.

From Richardson's alleged statements, both on paper and in the form of tape recordings in possession of the Folly Beach authorities, the suspect admitted

that he and Westbury had struck up an acquaintance in Milledgeville, Ga. They decided to live together and to look for work in the Charleston area, arriving at Folly Beach at 3 A.M. on the morning of August 27. Later that day, Richardson rented a cottage on East Atlantic Avenue and they then purchased some food and a large supply of vodka. Returning to the cottage, they proceeded to get very drunk.

It is allegedly Richardson's claim that he awakened sometime during the night of Friday, August 28. He found that he was naked and that his wrists and ankles were secured with twine so that he lay spread-eagle on the bed. Westbury, also naked, was standing over him lashing him viciously with a wide, leather belt.

According to Richardson, his tormentor would not untie him until 7 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, August 29. When he finally was released, he and Westbury continued to drink more vodka until just after 9 o'clock in the morning.

Later, according to the purported statement, Richardson talked Westbury into entering the bathroom. There, he allegedly grabbed the victim and held his head under water until he drowned. Since the toilet bowl was the only vessel in the bathroom capable of being used for this purpose, the circumstances of Westbury's purported murder are even more shocking.

Late in the afternoon, Richardson's alleged statement continues, he pulled a pair of bathing trunks on the victim and

carried him onto the beach. There, he walked through the surf with his grisly burden and placed the lifeless body on the packed sand below the high water mark.

Concluding his purported confession, Richardson claimed that he drove the victim's car to Savannah, returning to the cottage once more and eventually abandoning the automobile at Savannah Beach.

There, the alleged statement takes a wild turn. Richardson purports to have travelled to Atlanta, Ga., where he held up a branch of the Fulton National Bank. Then, after forging a check, he boarded a Delta flight which terminated in Los Angeles. Leaving the plane in Houston, Tex., Richardson allegedly joined forces with a confederate and held up a Houston bank on October 17.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation has confirmed that the bank robberies which Richardson allegedly recounted did actually take place. It is confirmed, also, that Richardson left Houston via an airline other than Delta for the last leg of his flight to Los Angeles.

A press release dated January 8, 1971, carries the announcement that William Robert Richardson will be tried for his life on charges of first degree murder in Charleston's General Sessions Court for the homicide-by-drowning of 39-year-old Jared Franklin Westbury. At this writing, Richardson is in jail in Charleston awaiting action on the charges that have been lodged against him. ■

## BAD NIGHT IN BENNETTSVILLE continued from page 35

them... the taller one [subsequently identified as Charles Scales]... commanded, 'Okay. Don't nobody move, or we'll blow your haid off.' This was the one who did all the talking."

Waving his gun so that it was leveled at each member of the Chavis family in turn, Scales said again: "Anybody moves or makes a sound, we're going to kill you."

Chavis tried not to show the frantic fear which he had for the safety of his family.

"You got any guns in the house?" one of the men asked.

"Yes," Chavis said. "Two."

"Show'm to us," the man ordered.

Chavis led the men into the next room and showed them two guns which he kept in a closet. "They took my .38-caliber Smith & Wesson and threw the .22 back into the closet," Chavis later related. "I reckon they didn't want it."

Patricia Chavis gasped when she heard the noise of the gun falling into the closet. One of her children later described his mother's anguish: "They took my daddy in the back room" he said. "My mamma heard the pistol fall and she thought they'd killed my daddy."

The men, armed with an additional gun, then prodded Chavis back into the living room.

"You rich, honkey?" Scales asked.

"No," Chavis said.

"How much money you got?"

Chavis later told reporters: "I said I only had twelve dollars. The man didn't say anything, but felt my pockets. I always keep my loose money in my front pocket with rubber bands around it."

The man discovered that the conspicuous bulge was a wad of bills. "He took it," Chavis recounted. "I had about \$300. He didn't seem angry or offended about my not telling him. I had another \$200 in my pocketbook, but they never asked for it."

"Then they told me we're going to Senator John Lindsay's house and asked if I knew where he lived. I told them no, and the man said 'You mean you don't know where your big senator lives? Yeah, you do, and that's where we're goin'. We're going to get *all* the rich people.'"

The strain was beginning to affect the children, Chavis realized. Mindful of the danger which threatened them all,

he did his best to keep the youngsters in line. "I told them: 'You be real still and don't ask any stupid questions.'"

The men took some kitchen towels with which they bound his wrists and those of his wife and one of the children. "We goin' out now to get your van," Scales said next. "Then we goin' to get that Mr. Lindsay. Anybody runs or moves, we're gonna kill all of you."

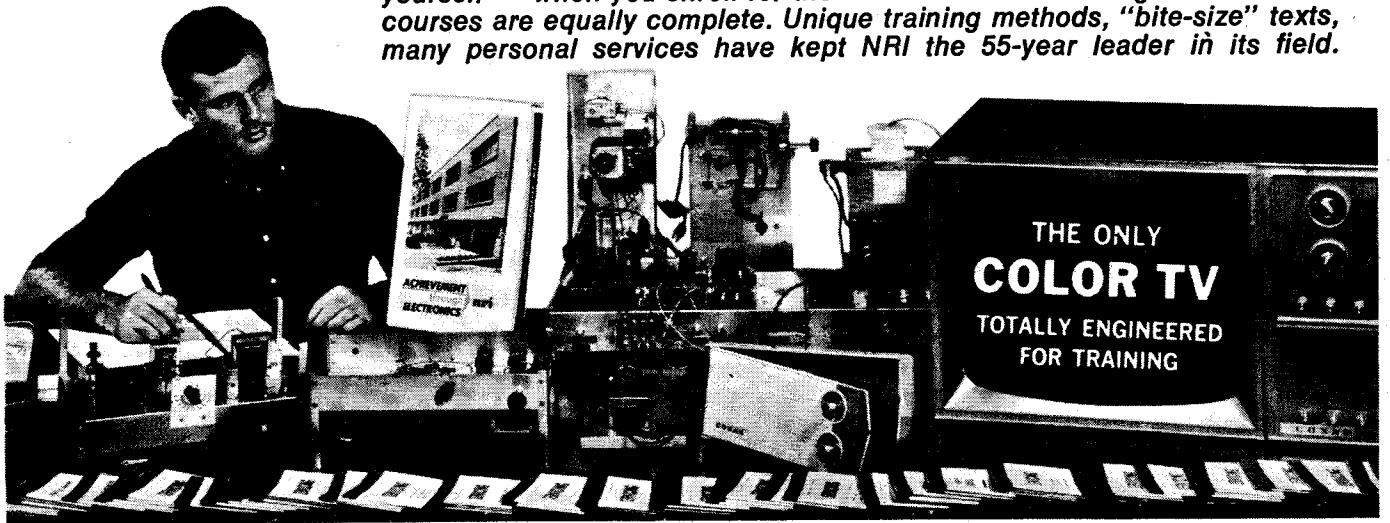
Chavis made no attempt to resist. As he later recounted to newsmen: "I said we're not going to do anything for you to shoot us about. Please. Just don't harm my family."

Marched outside at gunpoint, the entire Chavis family was herded into the Volkswagen bus. The barber was shoved into the back of the van and thrust against a window with his wrists tied behind his back. His wife Pat was placed in the second seat with the children behind her. Then the gunman who had spoken least, the one who later was identified as Grover Bennett, got behind the Volkswagen's wheel and started the engine. Evidently, the driver was unfamiliar with the roads and had considerable difficulty in finding the impressive Darby Street residence of South Carolina State Senator John C. Lindsay,

*(Continued on page 60)*

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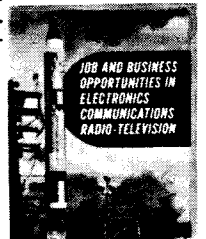
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(Continued from page 58)

but, finally, reached the neighborhood.

It so happened that the senator was not at home that night. "Jack" Lindsay, as his friends called him, a former Marine, in addition to serving in the legislature for 18 of his 43 years, was engaged in an active law practice with his partner, Wade R. "Ronnie" Crow, Jr. During the weekend which began on Friday, January 15, the senator was out of town, attending to an important legal matter.

Mrs. Frances Lindsay and her six-year-old son, David, were alone in the large, rambling house. A good friend and neighbor, who lived only a few houses away, had promised to come over to keep her company. The neighbor's husband was at Bennettsville High attending the choir concert.

Outside the Lindsay home, the Volkswagen bus pulled up to the curb. Charles Scales, brandishing his gun, ordered Pat Chavis to precede him through the door.

"We goin' in there and get the Big Man," he said to Pat's husband. "She my ticket to get in the door. She give me any trouble, you gonna hear the shot that blows her head off. And you hear that shot, that's the signal for my bud to kill the whole lot of you.

"Get that, bud?" Scales said, turning to Bennett. "You keep your gun on them. If you hear I got trouble, don't waste no time. Shoot them other — daid."

In the senator's house, Mrs. Lindsay, hearing the doorbell, was certain that

her neighbor had arrived to keep her company. She opened the door and was startled to see Mrs. Chavis there.

Scales, leveling his pistol and shoving Pat Chavis before him, bounded across the threshold and kicked the door shut behind him. "Where the Big Man?" he demanded. "Where that big Senator Lindsay?"

Mrs. Lindsay might have screamed but for the mute warning in Pat Chavis' eyes. Little David Lindsay ran to his mother's side and stared at the intruders with frightened eyes.

Scales brandished the gun. "Where the senator?" he demanded again. "I ain't gonna ask no more. Talk or I'll shoot."

Mrs. Lindsay wrung her hands. "He's not home," she answered tightly. "He's out of town . . . business . . ."

The intruder grabbed little David with his free hand and pressed the gun muzzle to his head. "You lyin'!" he screamed. "Where he's at?"

The mother, anguished, took a step toward her son. At that, the big gunman swung a shoulder-level jab, smashing his clubbed fist into Mrs. Lindsay's face. As she fell to the floor, Scales drew back his foot and kicked her on the side of the head.

"I'll stomp you," he warned her. "And when you daid, I'll blow the kid's brains out. Talk, damn you. Where's your husband?"

Mrs. Lindsay managed to move her bleeding and swollen lips, white hot pain stabbing into her head. "Please . . . she

whispered. "My husband's away. If you want money . . . jewelry . . . I'll tell you where."

The gunman's nostrils flared. He clenched and unclenched his fists, swearing under his breath in an agony of frustration. "I don't want no — diamonds," he said. "I ain't lookin' for no money. I want your man. Where at's the big senator?"

"He's not here," Mrs. Lindsay said.

"Okay," her tormentor said. "Get up. We takin' you and the kid with us. We goin' to Lakeside to pick up that Cottingham." (The "that Cottingham" referred to was State Representative Edward B. Cottingham, another of Bennettsville better-known citizens.)

**C**LUTCHING her son by the hand, Mrs. Lindsay, still reeling from the force of the blow which had felled her, was prodded, along with Pat Chavis, through the door and down the walk to the Volkswagen van. There, after the little boy's wrists were securely tied, the two new hostages were added to the initial six.

Wayne Chavis later remembered his great relief at seeing his wife emerge unharmed from the Lindsay home. Several of the children began to sob, but Pat Chavis silenced them. She managed to convey to her husband that Mrs. Lindsay had been badly beaten.

"Now we're goin' after Cottingham and all them rich people," Scales said. "First I got to know somethin'. You, Lindsay woman, answer smart. How many kids that Cottingham got? We got to know."

Mrs. Lindsay murmured a number.

Directing the group like an orchestra conductor with his waving pistol, the gunman ordered the eight hostages to lie down and keep out of sight. Then the van continued through the night toward fashionable Lakeside.

"Right before we got to the house," Chavis later recounted, "the man told Mrs. Lindsay to raise up and tell him which house was Cottingham's. She told him she didn't know because it was dark and she couldn't tell which side of the lake she was on.

"He asked her again and told her she better not make a mistake by telling him wrong. Then he put the gun to her head and said, 'I'm gonna blow your head off if you do.'"

Mrs. Lindsay looked from house to house with fearful eyes. The gunman suddenly smacked the dashboard with the flat of his hand to stop the driver. "This it," he said. "This the house." He turned to Mrs. Lindsay, saying: "This is the house, ain't it?"

"Yes," Mrs. Lindsay answered tightly. "I think so."

The gunman looked from her to the  
(Continued on page 62)



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Sounds strange to call a record of 18 years of failures and just 1 single success a winning record, doesn't it? But not when you consider that a doctor explained to me that all other methods I had ever tried for losing weight, (over a span of 18 years) were doomed to eventual failure the very day I started them AND, even more impressive . . . not when you consider that I finally was told **THE METHOD THAT IS ACTUALLY USED BY DOCTORS THEMSELVES** when they want to lose weight . . . lose it fast . . . and lose it permanently. I know, because for the past 2½ years I've not only recaptured the streamlined body of youth we all dream about . . . BUT I HAVE ALSO KEPT MYSELF SLIM—AND WITHOUT PUNISHING EXERCISE, WITHOUT DANGEROUS DRUGS, WITHOUT STARVATION DIETS! Let me explain!

### SO THAT'S WHAT DOCTORS DO WHEN THEY WANT TO LOSE WEIGHT FAST!

Before I go one step further I think it is vitally important that you understand why only 1 fat person in a hundred EVER REALLY BECOMES PERMANENTLY SLIM—while the rest of us are so easily duped by every new gimmick, fad, frill and fancy that comes along—but simply FAILS TO WORK! Why some people lose 10, 20, 30 even 50 pounds JUST LIKE THAT—while the rest of us lug around our hulking carcasses for our entire lives.

It's really quite simple. Ever hear of the word METABOLIZE? NOT CATABOLIZE . . . BUT METABOLIZE! Well, in a nutshell, that's the entire secret. And without getting bogged down in a lot of scientific terms it simply means AN INCREDIBLE WAY TO NEUTRALIZE THE CALORIES IN THE FOOD YOU EAT AND TURN THEM INTO ENERGY INSTEAD OF UGLY FAT. Yes, a medically proven way to not only liquify and drain away any existing fat that may be on your body today . . . but even more significant, a PROVEN METHOD to take the calories in the food you eat . . . and burn them . . . liquify them . . . virtually destroy them before they even have a chance to turn into fat. Here's how it works . . . and why it works:

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**Fact #1:** First off, all calories are completely controlled, so they don't convert to fat.

**Fact #2:** Secondly, the fat on your body is broken down . . . liquified.

**Fact #3:** And lastly and most important of all . . . that all this can be done without a doctor's prescription, that's how safe and sure it is.

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that existing fat has been broken down, liquified and drained right out of your system. Is it any wonder that for the first time in my adult life I really lost weight . . . LOST IT PERMANENTLY . . . pounds and pounds, inches and inches . . . of ugly dangerous, uncomfortable fat! And is it any wonder . . . and is there any doubt that you, too, will lose weight with an ease and a speed that you never before dreamed possible.

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Now we have arrived at the moment of truth. The time for you to take advantage of what I believe to be . . . what I know to be . . . what I proved to be the fastest, safest, most effective way I have ever seen, heard, or read about to lose weight! And lose it FAST! So, if you are in normal health, and your only problem is your excess weight—AND if you are seriously determined to ONCE AND FOR ALL conquer the problem of obesity, as I did . . . if you would like to share the same breathtaking weight-loss results as I did . . . if you would like to reduce your waistline, hips, why your entire body anywhere from two to six sizes smaller . . . then why not take advantage of the special **NO-RISK TRIAL OFFER DESCRIBED BELOW.**

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**NO-RISK TRIAL OFFER**



(Continued from page 60)

house. When he turned to her again, his lips curled back from his gleaming teeth. "That ain't the house," he snarled. "It's the next house. Ain't it the next house?"

Confused, in pain, the unfortunate victim was almost unable to speak. "You're right," she said. "Yes. You're right."

Jabbing her with the gun muzzle, Scales ordered Frances Lindsay out of the van. "Can David come with me?" she pleaded. "Can David come?"

"Naw," Scales said. "The kid, he stay here. You want to come back to him, you do just like I say."

The Chavises were wrenched by the brave calm which Mrs. Lindsay forced into her voice. "Be a good boy, David," she urged her son. "Mother will be right back."

As Wayne Chavis recalled later, Scales handed Bennett "the .38 Smith and Wesson he had taken from me and Scales said to Bennett, 'If anything happens, you shoot out here and I'll shoot inside.'"

Chavis was unable to stir in his cramped position. The bonds on his wrists had begun to cut the circulation. "That driver," he recalled, "was watching me like if anybody did anything he thought it would be me. He had a gun at my head and I was afraid to look up because I figured if I looked up he

might think I was trying to look at him to see if he was looking at me to see if I was going to try anything.

"About that time, a car passed and he ducked down. But he looked at me between the seats and said if you try to get loose I'm gonna blow your damn head off."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Lindsay and Scales approached the front door of Representative Cottingham's home. The entry light was on and there was illumination in several of the rooms, but the Cottinghams weren't at home. Like many of the townspeople, they were at the high school.

Scales was hopping mad. He danced from foot to foot in boiling fury and, at one point, raised the gun barrel as if to pistol whip Frances Lindsay in his wrath.

"All right," he said at last. "All right. That don't make me no mind. We goin' get your husband's partner. That big man Crow, he rich. He got a wife and kid. We goin' get them. They live next door on Lake Shore Drive. We goin' rout them out."

There, Scales made a fateful mistake. Senator Lindsay's partner, Wade Crow, Jr., did *not* live next door to the Cottingham residence. His home was a house and a vacant lot away. The dwelling to which Scales prodded the almost fainting Mrs. Lindsay was 598 Lake

Shore Drive, the home of big, powerful Jamie F. Lee, 40, a practicing attorney and former member of the State House of Representatives.

Jamie Lee, with crew-cut hair and a heavy muscled torso, was a five-year Army veteran. He had gone through extensive tactical Commando training from 1948 to 1953 as a Ranger in the 82nd Airborne Division. He had gone ashore in the first wave of troops during the bloody Inchon landing in Korea. Lee also was an avid hunter, with a passion for collecting guns. He owned an impressive array of firearms—shotguns, rifles, sportsterized military weapons, hand guns—and had on hand a quantity of ammunition equal to a small arsenal.

THAT very Saturday, Lee and his sons had been out in the country, plinking at targets during a session of hand gun practice. In the evening, although they originally had intended going to the high school to hear the choir concert, Jamie and his wife, Louise, decided to stay at home. Their ten-year-old daughter, who was deaf, could neither go to the concert nor remain home alone. The Lees' teenage sons, out for the evening, were not available to look after the girl.

The Lees were downstairs, watching TV in their basement "den." There were two locked gun cabinets and a rifle rack on the walls. Jamie was stretched out on a couch; Louise, bare-foot, was curled up in a chair, when, suddenly, the front doorbell rang.

Jamie Lee and his wife turned their heads in the direction of the sound. Both made up their minds that the caller certainly was not a close friend, Lee later told reporters. Their friends invariably came to the ground-level door, which led to the kitchen-family room.

"I'll go," Mrs. Lee said. She headed up the narrow stairs, which bent sharply at an enclosed, mid-point landing. Her husband, still on the couch, did not hear what was happening on the floor above.

Mrs. Lindsay was at the front door, Louise Lee quickly realized. The senator's wife appeared to be disheveled and hurt. A tall black man stood behind her.

"There must have been an accident" Mrs. Lee later remembered thinking.

Then the tall Negro spoke. "Will you open up, ma'am? You know this lady?"

Mrs. Lee opened the door and Charles Scales literally catapulted Frances Lindsay over the threshold with the force of his push. The gun in his hand practically was hidden by his big fingers, but the barrel, head-on, looked like the muzzle of a cannon to Mrs. Lee.

"Where's your husband?" Scales demanded. "Don't stall, lady. I want him quick."

"He's downstairs," Louise Lee said.

"Lead the way," Scales ordered. "And keep your mouth shet, hear."



Jamie Lee rose from the couch and stared with horrified eyes at the procession which descended the stairs. He looked from his wife's ash-pale face to the discolored cheek and puffed lips of Frances Lindsay. Then his eyes flicked to the pistol in the fist of the big intruder who followed the women. Almost instinctively, he identified it as a .32, stub-nosed and deadly.

"What do you want?" Lee demanded. "Why are you doing this?"

"Shet your mouth," the big man said. "I'll do the talkin'. Women, get over near the wall. Put your face against it. Don't turn around."

Scaes suddenly spied the gun cabinets and rifle racks. One of the cases contained four pistols, mounted on clips behind a clear plastic door. The gunman tried to smash the plastic with his gun barrel, but it would not break.

"I'll open it for you," Lee said. "You have to know how." (There was a hidden peg which secured the door. Scaes obviously hadn't seen it.)

"All right," the intruder said. "You open it. But don't try nothin', hear? You try somethin', I'll start shootin'. I'll kill you, sure."

LEE was worried about his small daughter. "Look," he said. "Our little girl is deaf. She can't hear you, so she doesn't know what's going on. I'll get you any gun you want. Just let her go into the next room."

"Naw," Scaes said. "She stays right here. I don't want no trouble with you. I think you're gonna try to give me trouble. Don't be no hero. I'm goin' to die anyway and I got nothing to lose. You make one move I don't like, just one move, and I'm gonna kill you all."

"He seemed interested in a gun of a particular caliber," Jamie Lee later related. "It was a .32 he wanted and I found out later it was because he had a pocket full of .32-caliber bullets. I tried to divert him from his purpose. First, I opened the rifle case.

"He stuck his gun in my face and said, 'I'm gonna have trouble with you yet.' I answered, 'No' and I opened the pistol case.

"I didn't want him in the drawer of the pistol case because I had enough ammunition in there that he could have started his own war."

Scaes grabbed a .32-caliber pistol from the case and thrust it in his belt. "Okay," he said to his four captives. "Get up them stairs, now. We goin' for a ride."

"I had no idea there were other hostages outside," Lee told reporters later. "If that was known to me, I might have acted differently. Don't dramatize me. Sometimes you just don't stop to think. If I'd stopped to think, I'd probably have jumped out the window. You



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don't have to go into any Commando training or anything like it. No one can prepare for anything like this. My family was involved and I didn't want him taking us out of the house."

Lee recalled: "My inclination was to jump him then and there, but the room was full of people and he was a big devil. Also, I was afraid he could get off a couple of shots before I could get to him."

The two women and the girl were headed up the stairs when Lee suddenly remembered the sharp bend at the landing. That might be the break that he needed; it all depended on getting the women around that bend. Lee followed the women up the narrow stairs, keeping to the middle of the treads to block a sudden rush by the gunman. There was a chair on the landing, Lee

remembered; he had to get to that chair.

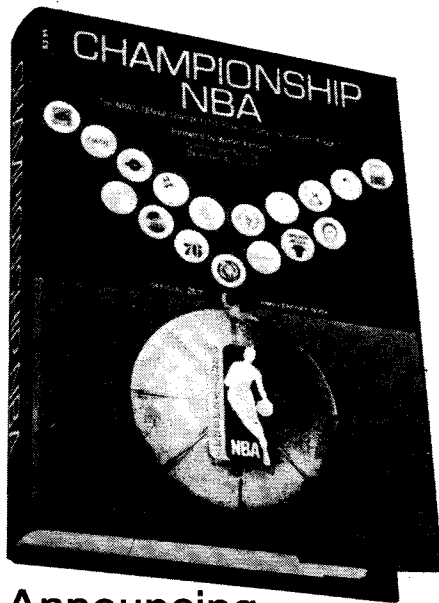
"Halfway up the stairs," Lee said later, "I think he [Scaes] realized that he had made a mistake. I think he knew then that we were going to have trouble.

"He hollered to Mrs. Lindsay. 'Stop, woman! Stop!'

"I hollered, too. I hollered at them, 'Run! Hide!' My body was blocking him from shooting them. I turned and shoved him with all my might. Then I grabbed the chair and threw it at him, knocking him down. As I turned, the hall was clear. The girls had run."

Lee remembers then, too, that in a bedroom was a loaded .32-caliber pistol. It was there because he had used it that day practice shooting in the country. He sprinted into the room to where he had placed the gun.

"As I turned to come out, he fired at



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me from the hall at point-blank range. The bullet went through the door, inches from where I was standing.

"It began to sound like World War II. We were having us an old-fashioned shootout. We exchanged shots dead on. He moved and fired twice more. Then I got off two more shots at him and the blood flew."

Lee's wife and daughter managed to flee to the attic, where they hid themselves in a closet. Frances Lindsay, unfamiliar with the house, threw herself under a table. During the exchange of shots she was hit.

"I don't know at what point she [Mrs. Lindsay] was first hit," Jamie Lee later related. "But she was on the floor under this table in the hall as I came out of the bedroom door. I reached down and tried to pull her to safety and he came at her point-blank and fired.

"I know she got hit then, but she had been hit once already. He had absolutely no reason to shoot her."

While Mrs. Lee and her daughter cowered in the attic closet, the shooting momentarily stopped. Louise Lee was unable to figure out what was happening. "I was hearing all the commotion and I was frantic," she subsequently recalled. "I didn't know if my husband was dead or not."

The gunman, hit in the face and chest, staggered across the dining room.

"I didn't advance on him," Lee later said, "because I wasn't sure whether or not he had run out the back door, or whether he would run into the hall through the kitchen. Also, I didn't know if another one might be in the house or maybe waiting outside in the dark with a shotgun."

Outside, on Lake Shore Drive, Grover Bennett and the seven hostages heard the echoing shots of the gun duel. Pat Chavis, during the split second that Bennett turned his head toward the sound, strained against her bonds and freed her wrists.

Then, Charles Scales, his gun smoking in his fist, came staggering out of the house. Bennett twisted the handle of the door and rushed toward the driveway to aid him.

"This man who came from the house was kind of gurgling and dripping blood," Chavis said later. "His friend leaped out to help him."

Pat Chavis also leaped; she threw herself into the driver's seat, hit the starter button and manipulated the controls. The blue Volkswagen bus hurtled from the curb and along the street, swinging into the driveway behind the home of the John Hamilton family. She and her husband shepherded the terrified children to the Hamiltons' back door, while Pat called out: "Let us in! Let us in! We've been kidnaped. We've got to use your phone!"

Mouthing a high-pitched string of oaths, Grover Bennett ran across the street, deserting his fallen comrade.

In the Hamilton house, 17-year-old "Jack" Hamilton, Jr., grabbed a 12-gauge shotgun and ran toward the sliding glass doors which opened on the back patio. Out in the night, he saw a tall black man attempting to scale the patio fence. Throwing the gunstock to his shoulder, Jack fired through the glass, which shattered over the patio flags as the back man disappeared behind the wall. Young Hamilton ran outside to investigate, but the man had vanished.

Moments later, at police headquarters, where the brand new chief was busy at his desk with some paperwork, the dispatcher's phone rang. Chief Driggers looked up at the duty officer, who seemed to be having some trouble understanding the incoming message.

"I picked up my own phone," Chief Driggers later recounted to reporters. "I've been around here for 23 years, long enough so that I often recognize voices without persons identifying themselves. Many forget to tell us who they are when there is an emergency and they get so excited.

"Only a few words got through to me. Kidnaping... shooting... Jamie Lee's house. I didn't wait any longer. 'I'm on my way,' I yelled into the phone."

Driggers ran from the office. "Jump on that," he called as he passed the dispatcher. "Send the works to Jamie Lee's house."

The chief's car streaked through traffic to Lake Shore Drive, where, in the Lee driveway, Driggers spotted "a person lying near the road.

"I stopped, checked him, put the cuffs on him and put him in the car.

"About that time the rescue squad and my men were arriving, so I left to carry the prisoner to jail. I saw no other persons in the area at that time."

**A**LTHOUGH the man had been shot, he seemed able to walk and did not appear to be seriously wounded, "... so I carried him to the jail and called a doctor," Driggers said. It was after the doctor checked the injured man that the prisoner was sent to the hospital for X-rays.

Meanwhile, police cruisers were pulling up in front of the Lee home like stock cars at a race rally. Jamie Lee, with a freshly loaded gun, finally went to the front door and called out: "Well, for goodness sakes. Come on in. I think they're gone."

The officers cautiously entered the house, stepping gingerly between puddles of blood which marked the trail of the retreating gunman. Suddenly, there came the sound of a mysterious rustling

from behind a closet door. An officer, drawing his revolver, motioned his colleagues to stand behind him. Then, gripping the knob, he yanked open the door.

The Lees' terrified cat, which had been crouched in the closet, sprang for freedom, clawing with all four feet and yowling like a banshee. It disappeared through the open front door, squalling in the night.

Mrs. Frances Lindsay immediately was rushed to Marlboro General Hospital, suffering from gunshot wounds in the right arm, right thigh and throat. Even as she was being treated in the emergency room, a growing posse of heavily-armed policemen, auxiliaries and volunteers poured into the area.

State Law Enforcement Division officers rushed to Bennettsville, too. Chief J. P. "Pete" Strom, head of the Columbia district, arranged to have handlers and several braces of bloodhounds rushed to Lake Shore Drive.

The search which began that Saturday night continued all day Sunday. Armed patrols moved like skirmishers through the 2000-acre wooded section near the Emerson Electric Plant, while SLED airplanes and a helicopter coordinated the movements of the ground forces. Grover Bennett—listed as 6 feet, 1 inch tall and weighing 190 pounds and wearing dark clothing—was listed as armed and dangerous.

At 10 P.M. Sunday, it was announced that Bennett—23 and a former college student devoted to the black militant cause—had turned himself in through a Civil Liberties Union attorney to SLED Chief Pete Strom and his lieutenant, Leon Gasque.

IT also was revealed at that time, that, although the odds on Mrs. Lindsay making a remarkable recovery were excellent, there was very little hope that the critically-wounded Charles Leonard Scales would recover. And, in fact, Scales died on Monday morning, January 25. The young man, police had learned by then, was an ardent black militant, who had become "hooked" on drugs and embittered over racism while fighting as a soldier in Vietnam.

The authorities announced at the time of Scales' death the arrest of a third member of what was termed, until then, "a kidnap conspiracy." The third party was identified as a 17-year-old youth from Bennettsville.

The full story behind the kidnaping attempt and its tragic consequences were revealed by State Senator John Lindsay in a speech delivered Tuesday, January 26, from the floor of the South Carolina Senate.


According to Senator Lindsay—who praised Jamie Lee for "laying his life on the line" and preventing a "much greater

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tragedy—the plot was conceived as a means of developing a powerful lever with which "certain black militants" hoped to force California officials to grant freedom to jailed Angela Davis, held for trial in a sensational West Coast courtroom murder case (*When a Jailbreak Turns Into a Bloodbath*, November INSIDE DETECTIVE, 1970).

"It's a ridiculous absurdity, but that was their definite plan," Senator Lindsay said. "They expected to fly their Bennettsville hostages to Cuba in a commandeered jet. Once there, it was their childish intention to hold us in exchange for the freedom of Angela Davis.

"This was not planned as a political reprisal against office holders in South Carolina and it was not conducted against the excellent race relations in our county, either.

"They had some sort of idea that exchanging these people for political prisoners would make them some sort of political heroes."

The original targets of the kidnap attempt, Senator Lindsay said, were Mayor John M. Belk and his family of Charlotte, N.C. The job of getting close to the Belks, however, proved more of a task than the trio was equal to.

In Charlotte, Mayor Belk found it

hard to believe that he really was the prime target of an abortive plot, which purportedly was foiled by the presence of Charlotte's large police force, making escape almost impossible.

"People in the public eye have to expect that they attract the attention of weird-dos who operate on the lunatic fringe. It isn't unique to this part of the world. Political kidnapings have become an international disease. And who knows what the cure's going to be."

On Tuesday, February 2, Mrs. Lindsay was released from Marlboro General Hospital after her condition reportedly had improved markedly. Meanwhile, Grover Bennett and the Bennettsville teenager charged as an accessory in the case were slated to appear before a Marlboro County grand jury on Monday, February 8.

In Bennettsville and the surrounding area, one hears angry rumblings which suggest several possible cures. And, at this writing, Grover Bennett is being held in the state penitentiary at Columbia—for his own safety—waiting to be tried on charges of kidnaping, robbery and assault and battery with intent to kill. Meanwhile, wiser residents of the area are urging that the law be permitted to take its course in the raid on Bennettsville. ■



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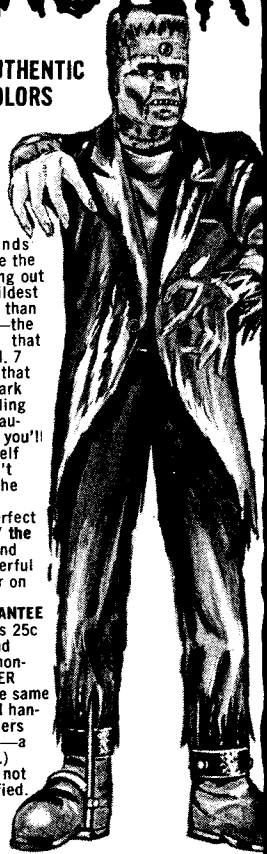
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# THE BLOTTER

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## MENACING MOTORISTS

*Slaughter Rides With the Invisible Man* in your February, 1971, issue reminded me of a lesson I learned as a child—namely, don't hitchhike. Motorists are constantly being warned against picking up hitchhikers, but I think that is a big mistake. The real danger, to my mind, is in hitchhiking. No one will ever know how many nuts are out on the highway and on city streets every day and night, just cruising around for a likely victim. It's the fact that he's got control of the car that makes a driver a lot more dangerous than a hitchhiker in a similar situation. A lot of real weirdos, I'll bet, spend

youngsters are being brought up to think Bad is Beautiful. Some cleanup is being done by our courts . . . I just don't know how the Supreme Court judges can sleep at night. If I were on the court, criminals would be banished from society. They would not exist anymore, they would suffer the same fate as their victims did, death. I am sure that the victims are still remembered by loved ones because their deaths were so unnecessary. [What bothers me is that] these bleeding hearts and do-gooders are for the killer, with bond and bail and retrials. Why is the future of a killer more important than the victim's future? . . . I still believe in an eye for an eye. If justice were true and swift in the U.S.A. we wouldn't have all the backlog in the courts today. A rapist is freed on bond and, in the meantime, out he goes to prowl the land . . . Once convicted, he appeals and it goes on and on . . . We will have to become the law if the courts keep up their soft tactics. Who can we turn to?

—Mrs. S. A. Williams, Pittsburgh, Pa.

## FELT VICTIMS' TERROR

FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE you've outdone yourself with the March 1971 issue and the story called, *Nightmare Trail Of The Phantom Rapist*. The story was written so well that I could almost feel the horror felt by Albert Savage's alleged victims. He certainly did live up to his name didn't he? The terror these poor women lived through and the torture felt by their loved ones is immense. I sincerely hope that the accused receives the punishment he so justly deserves, though I realize this will in no way help the women that were damaged by his monstrous deeds.

—Lillian Kramer, Bronx, N.Y.

## A TRAGIC MEMORY

Two bright spots in my life are when my mailman leaves my copies of FRONT PAGE and INSIDE DETECTIVE. I've enjoyed these two magazines since I was 12 years old. This letter is not pertaining to any particular story in the latest issues, just in the defense of police officers in general and one in particular. In Detroit, in ten months, the police death toll nears ten. I was a den mother last year and I took my Cub Scouts on tour of our precinct. The officer who served as our guide then, just a few short months later, was checking in for instructions after he had arrested two law breakers. He searched the man and, being a gentleman, failed to search the lady. They were one block from the precinct. . . . She shot his head off with a gun giving no warning. The last thing he said to me



EVE HINDEN  
*Learned tragic lesson.*

hours driving around looking at hitchhikers until they find one that they think will perfectly fit their vile needs. Look what happened to Eve Hinden. She was a sweet, trusting girl, who really got taken in by a deceitful driver. Well, I hope that someone at least learns a lesson from the tragic story of her death.

—Jud Ross, Ft. Worth, Tex.

## WHO CAN WE TURN TO?

Well I don't know why I read your magazine or any other because as I read all I feel is frustration. Every good citizen is beating his head against a stone wall when he asks that criminals be punished. Today, in 1971, if you're a bad boy, then they discuss your bad behavior for ten years. If you're good, don't expect a reward, just stay the way you are. That means don't shoot an intruder in your home. If you wound him, he'll sue you and win the case. Our

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when I asked him why he took his life in his hands for people was "Someone has to do it." Just less than a month later he was dead. . . .

—Lorie Green, Detroit, Mich.

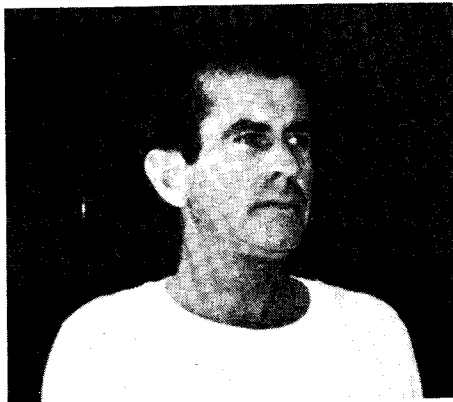
#### DRUG RISE FRIGHTENING

I enjoy your magazine very much. One thing troubles me very much and that is the increasing number of murders and other crimes involving drugs. A lot of people in today's society think there is nothing wrong with experimenting with drugs, but all one has to do is read the story in your February, '71, issue of FRONT PAGE magazine, *A Swimming Pool Full of Corpses*, plus many others to realize something must be done in both your country and mine to put a stop to this horror. As a parent of three sons, I hope no drugs are ever legalized.

—Gail Juteau, Halifax, Canada

#### HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE

I have been a reader of FRONT PAGE and INSIDE DETECTIVE magazines for several years and really look forward to buying a new issue every two weeks. In your February [1971] issue of FRONT PAGE, in the story *Feed Him Soft Soap and Arsenic*, your reporter stated that Polk Carter is 13 years older than his wife and then, near the end of the story, it stated he is 53 and she is 30. I guess it was just a misprint probably. Anyway



POLK CARTER  
Old enough to know better.

that was a horrible way for Jim Clark to have to die. Some of the stories are almost unbelievable, but in this day and age nothing is impossible. Keep up the good work and stories.

—Wayne Davis, Alexander City, Ala.

EDITOR'S NOTE: You're correct. It was a typographical error. The age difference between Polk Carter and his wife is 23 years.

#### WILLIE TAKES THE CAKE, TOO

Willie Sutton working for a bank! (*Casebook*, February FRONT PAGE, 1971). You've just got to be kidding. I thought I'd seen everything, but that takes the cake.

—E. M., San Luis Obispo, Cal.

#### WHY DO THEY KILL?

Just finished reading the February, 1970, issue of FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE and I thought I'd drop you a line to tell you



PEGGY ANN STOKES  
Must beauty bring out the beast?

that it was the best edition of your fine magazine that I've seen yet. Though I sure enjoyed reading it, one thing really shook me up. What I'm talking about is the number of beautiful, and I do mean beautiful, girls who were the victims in six or seven of the cases. It nearly broke my heart to see all those attractive young women cut down before even reaching the prime of life. I don't know what had gotten into the killers in those stories to make them commit the crimes they did, but there's one thing I'm sure of—they were pretty sick. It seems to me that men who would commit such shocking sex crimes—snuffing out an innocent girl's life for just a few moment's stolen pleasure—certainly need help. I think that society would be served a lot better if sex criminals, instead of being thrown in prison, could be hospitalized in mental institutions where an attempt could be made at finding out the cause and, most important of all, the cure and early diagnosis of their terrible problem. Then, perhaps, such attractive young women as Eve Hinden and Peggy Ann Stokes will not have died in vain.

—C.S.V., Atlanta, Ga.

#### UPHOLD JUSTICE

I don't believe in writing letters to a magazine, but the most disgusting or inhuman piece of material I've read concerns the Indiana State Supreme Court ruling a new trial for Gertrude Wright (*The Cleanup Spot*, December FRONT PAGE, 1970). It's a disgrace for the family of that [murdered] girl. There aren't words to express the feeling for people like that. Justice should be upheld, not abused.

—F. Sturgill, Wilkesboro, N.C.

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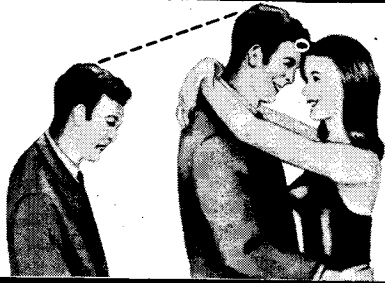
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## THE ORGY TURNED INTO A BLOODBATH continued from page 43

to be one of those solved with slow, painstaking investigation. We are trying to find out whom she might have met in the bars that night."

By that time, Sheriff Stack's investigators had established, newsmen were informed, that Susan was bar-hopping the night before her death, making the rounds with a group of stockbrokers with whom she had formerly worked at a firm which had a seat on the New York Stock Exchange. The last of her broker friends known to have seen her alive "has been effectively cleared; he has a good alibi," the sheriff said.

The story of the broker, Arthur Fountain, was that he had returned to Fort Lauderdale from a new job in Sarasota, across the state, to visit his fiancée. He had left his fiancée's apartment that Sunday afternoon to watch a professional football game with broker friends at the Chit Chat Lounge in the Sunrise Professional building.

"One of the other fellows called Susan and asked her to join us," Fountain said. "After a few drinks, Susan, one of the other fellows and I went to the Parrot Lounge on Sunrise Lane. My fiancée joined us there. She drove me back to the Chit Chat to pick up my car and then went home because she was tired."

Fountain said he then returned to the Parrot Lounge, rejoined Miss Bacon and the other broker. They had a drink there, "hopped" to another bar called the Button Lounge and danced to the jukebox music. Between dances, Miss Bacon sipped blackberry brandy and exchanged quips with the cocktail waitress.

Miss Bacon then drove Fountain back to the Parrot Bar in her green Mustang and dropped him off without saying where she was headed next. Fountain went back to his fiancée's apartment.

The green Mustang had been found on December 29, two days after the slaying, in the parking lot of the Ocean National Bank, not far from the Button Lounge. Detectives were eager to look at its tires. But the size and tread design did not match tracks found leading off Highway 84 to the park where Susan's body was found.

Where did Susan go after she left Fountain at the Parrot Bar, officers wondered. At that point in the investigation, they didn't know too much about the habits and tastes of Susan Bacon. They might have obtained an idea from Fountain's description of her gaiety at the Button Lounge, where she reportedly threw herself into a frenzy of dancing to the deafening strains of rock band records. The setting was far removed from the sophistication of the Chit Chat Club where the evening had begun.

It was time to look deeper in the life and background of the freckle-faced murder victim. She was born in Bogota, Colombia, the daughter of a British citizen who worked in executive positions for the farflung Shell Oil Company. Susan thus was a British subject and she never lost her British accent.

As a child, she lived in several South American capitals, attended the Hampton School, a fashionable private school on the island of Jamaica for children of prosperous South American and Caribbean families. After graduation, Susan was accepted at the very exclusive La Chatelaine finishing school in Switzerland, where she learned all the social graces, in addition to three languages. Then she went to a London secretarial school to prepare herself for the business world.

Susan thus was a highly qualified business career prospect when her father moved to Florida and went into the building field. She found her kind of job at once, as a receptionist for the local branch of a nationally established brokerage house. The job was to last ten years and it brought Susan into contact with many of the leading figures of the Fort Lauderdale community, civic and political leaders and wealthy investors. She was intelligent, personable and had an uproarious sense of humor, once slipping a plastic fried egg into the sandwich of a fellow employee.

But her periods of gaiety grew more infrequent and friends later recalled to reporters that Susan wanted to make a change in her life. So she left for another brokerage house job in Jacksonville.

"I don't think she really knew what she wanted," one friend said. "She was very depressed all the time and I don't think she knew what was bothering her."

**I**N Jacksonville, Susan suffered a "nervous breakdown" which one acquaintance said was brought on by an unhappy romance with a man who did not want to get married. Four months later, Susan returned to Fort Lauderdale and took a job as waitress at the Moonraker, but found she had no taste for the work. She also worked briefly at Le Club International, at a Pompano Beach brokerage house and, finally, for an auto leasing firm.

Susan enjoyed the latter job, her friends said, because it took her to Port Everglades, the city's harbor, where she could go aboard the transatlantic cruise ships and talk to the passengers in their own languages, French, Spanish and German.

But, at the same time, Susan began stopping in at a small, unpretentious bar on the beach called The Sandbox, a

block from the Button Lounge, where she had danced for the last time.

"She used to come in here in the middle of the day, order a beer and sit there reading a book," a barmaid at The Sandbox recalled to a reporter. "She always had a book with her . . . big, thick novels."

But Susan also went into the small beach bars at night, too, and it was to The Sandbox she drove after letting out her stockbroker friend the night before she died.

A Fort Lauderdale policeman provided that information and also the vital clues that led to breaking the Susan Bacon murder case. The officer, looking at the slain girl's photograph in life, realized he had seen her leaving the bar around midnight. He remembered because he was taking a good look at her companions, several of them members of the notorious Outlaws motorcycle gang. The policeman took down a detailed description of a car bearing Ohio license plates in which Susan left, along with several other cars carrying known Outlaw members which left The Sandbox at the same time.

**S**HERIFF Stack obtained that information two days after New Year's and, on January 5, a car suspected of being the one that carried off Susan was found abandoned behind a paint and body shop. Its Ohio tags were missing, but there are other ways of identifying a car and there was one piece of evidence, meaningless at first glance, found inside the vehicle that quickened the pace of the investigation.

It was a torn piece of Page 3A of *The Fort Lauderdale News* of December 26. Sheriff Stack's investigators eagerly fitted it with another torn piece of a newspaper page and the tear edges matched up exactly. The other piece of paper had been found beside Susan's body.

After two days of painstaking checking and cross-checking on the abandoned car, Detective Sergeant Ed Werder caught a plane for Dayton, Ohio. In the small town of Brookville, just northwest of Dayton, Werder went into police headquarters and asked for assistance. A telephone call was made to a Rudolph Lee Lunsford, who had been identified as the owner of the car abandoned in Florida with a fateful fragment of newspaper on the seat. Lunsford was asked to come to the station for a talk.

Lunsford did not come alone, he brought with him his buddy, Anthony Shockey, 21.

"Why don't you go down to the corner and have a beer while we talk to Rudy," the officers told Shockey. Shockey left and the interview began. Soon, a stenographer was called in to take down the youth's words.

When Shockey came back to the station, he, too, reportedly talked to the officers, with a stenographer taking down all that was said. Both youths then agreed to accompany Sergeant Werder back to Florida without demanding that formal charges be placed against them, in which case they could have fought extradition.

The trio went to Broward County Jail on reaching Florida and, dramatically, within hours after their arrival, the Susan Bacon murder case broke.

Shockey was charged with murder and Lunsford was held as a material witness. Deputies soon arrested two Broward County men, Walter ("Blue") Starrett, 24, of Pompano Beach and Edward ("Grubby") Summers, 26, of Fort Lauderdale and charged them with murder in the Bacon case. Both were members of The Outlaws motorcycle gang, which had been involved once previously in a murder case.

On another occasion, The Outlaws were accused of nailing one of their "old ladies" (girlfriends) to a cross because she held out money on a gang member. The carousing cyclists have been repeated targets of eviction actions in south Florida to get them out of warehouses where they allegedly hold wild orgies, spread garbage and filth and make the night hideous with the roar of their engines and the noises of revelry.

But Susan and The Outlaws? Friends of the once sophisticated girl with the British accent could not imagine how their paths had crossed.

How that odd association began still was a mystery at this writing, but the end of it was spelled out in stark and sickening detail during a preliminary hearing before Circuit Judge Louis Weising at which Lunsford and Shockey, the two youths from Ohio, were the chief witnesses. They, too, belonged to a motorcycle gang—the "Legion of Hell"—in their home state. When they drove to Florida on a Christmas lark, they naturally fell in with their tropical counterparts, The Outlaws, testimony was to show.

Lunsford was the first witness. Wearing a rumpled gray jacket, he began to speak haltingly, reportedly conscious of the baleful glares sent in his direction by Starrett, a lanky, heavily-tattooed, yellow-haired youth wearing boots, blue jeans and a T-shirt with skull and crossbones emblem and the word "Outlaws" on the back.

"We were at The Sandbox when Susie Cream Cheese and a guy came in," Lunsford began.

Susie Cream Cheese? The disparaging nickname indicated a gang familiarity with the girl who spoke four languages and Sheriff Stack confirmed later that Susan had associated with The Outlaws before this night. The sheriff said he had

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information that Susan had been beaten by one or more Outlaws earlier at another oceanfront lounge frequented by the gang.

"They had a few beers and then Susie wanted to play pool with an Outlaw," Lunsford continued. "They shot pool and the guy who came in with her left. [Her escort never has been identified.]

"When they closed up, we left the place in three cars and Susie went with us. I drove my 1965 Chevrolet Super Sport. [the car later found abandoned].

"Some of the guys with us were Sly-boy Snorts, an Outlaw from Atlanta; Roadrunner, from Columbus, Ohio; Striker T, Sleazy and Grubby [subsequently identified as Summers]."

The gang, according to Lunsford, went to "Dick's house," and then went on to "Funky Tim's" house in Pompano Beach just north of Fort Lauderdale. At the Pompano house when they arrived, Lunsford said were "Blue" Starrett and a gang member known to him as "Mediator" and Mediator's "Old Lady." A collection was taken up for wine and Mediator's girlfriend and Grubby went out and got four bottles of wine. Later, everybody was, according to the witnesses, "flaking out." Lunsford continued:

"Susie was on the floor with Striker T and Sleazy. She slapped Striker. Blue [Starrett], who was standing by the stereo, went over and jabbed his fingers in her face.

"You don't slap one of my brothers," he told her.

"Then she slapped Blue and he got real mad, almost crazy, wild-eyed. He slapped her around, threw her on the floor near where I was laying and he kicked her in the head... he was wearing cowboy boots.

"Then he pulled out a handgun, stuck it next to her head and someone [later identified as Summers] said 'Don't kill her here.'

"Blue put away the gun and Susie lay there and cried a little while, and then she got up. Her lip was swollen and she was bleeding a little."

Summers got a wet towel for the girl to hold to her face, the witness said. Starrett then asked him for the loan of his car to take Susan home, Lunsford testified, and he and Summers went to a cut-rate station to get gas.

"When we got back to the house," Lunsford's testimony continued, "most of the people were in the bedrooms. In one bedroom were Susie, Blue, Striker T, Sly-boy and Sleazy. Susie and Sleazy were naked and Sleazy was trying to have sex with Susie, but he was unable to perform."

Blue then asked Lunsford if he would like to have sex with Susie, the witness said, but he declined. Lunsford said he then overheard Blue tell another of the gang that one of the two Ohio boys

would have to go along when Susan was "taken out," so he would have to be an accomplice to whatever was done. Lunsford said he pretended to pass out, so he wouldn't have to go.

He did notice that it was getting light outside, the witness said. Summers then came out of one of the bedrooms with a shotgun, Lunsford said, and "Blue told him to take it out and put it in the car.

"Shockey asked me for the keys. Blue and Larry [Shockey] told Susie to hurry. She was standing around talking. Grubby sweet-talked her into getting into the car. He told her 'I've been good to you all night, we want to take you home now.'"

Lunsford said Starrett made Summers wipe off Susan's purse and the items in it with a towel and told him to wipe down places in the house where the girl might have left her fingerprints.

AS the trio prepared to leave, Lunsford said, they found the battery on his car was dead and had to use jumpers from another car to start the engine. The drunken gang members cracked jokes about "the getaway car that wouldn't go," Lunsford said, adding that he went to sleep at that point.

Later that day, Lunsford said, he and Shockey ditched the car, first taking the plates and registration papers, and made their way back to Ohio by other means. He reported his car stolen when he got home.

Lunsford's pal, Shockey, was the clinching witness in the state's preliminary case. His testimony was read from a statement he had given. In it, he corroborated Lunsford's story, added detail and picked it up at the point where Susan started what turned out to be her death ride.

Describing the scene after Lunsford went for gas, Shockey said that the enraged Starrett, Striker T and Sleazy dragged Susan into the bedroom and stripped her with the intention of having sex with her. Susie was very drunk, he said. At one point, he said, Sleazy was sitting on top of the nude girl.

A little later, according to Shockey's statement, Susie seemed to get hold of herself, dressed and demanded to be taken home so she could call the police and report what had been done to her. Shockey's recitation continued:

"Blue got mad again and said he had some alligator friends that he would like for Susie to visit. [It purportedly is a standard threat of The Outlaws to throw their girlfriends to the 'gators.]

"Blue said he just wanted to blow her away [kill her].

"The sun was just coming up as we drove out this road, out of town, Susan was sleeping in the back seat. I drove, with Blue beside me.

"When we got to this park, Susie woke up. Blue told her to get out of the car

and go sit down. Well, the girl went and sat down. Blue got the shotgun out of the trunk. The safety wouldn't work, so I hit it with a screwdriver.

"I got back in the car and I heard two shots. She had asked him not to shoot her... she wouldn't tell. And then he shot her. She moaned after the big shot [shotgun], but she made no sound after the revolver shot."

Shockey added that he had seen a revolver sticking out of Starrett's pocket before they left the house. He prefaced his statement with the words "I must live with my conscience."

After disposing of Susan Bacon, Shockey's statement continued, Starrett said he was hungry so they stopped and ate breakfast. Shockey said he threw the girl's purse out of the car as they returned to Pompano Beach. (It was found, police revealed, on the north-bound lane of the Florida Turnpike, a route they would have taken to by-pass Fort Lauderdale from State Road 84.)

At the conclusion of the hearing,

Judge Weissing bound over Starrett and Shockey to the grand jury on first degree murder charges. He ordered Summers released because there was "no probable cause" to charge him with murder.

On January 21, the Broward County grand jury indicted Starrett and Shockey on charges of first degree murder. Summers, who had been freed of first degree murder charges, was indicted as an accessory after the fact. Lunsford was continued under bond as a material witness. At this writing, the foursome are awaiting further legal action in the murder of Susan Bacon, which was termed a "wanton, vicious attack" by Sheriff Edward Stack, who added: "These people could properly be described as animals."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The name Arthur Fountain is not the actual name of the person who was in fact a participant in the incidents described in this article. The name is used to avoid embarrassment to an innocent person.*

## CUSTOMER'S AREN'T ALWAYS RIGHT continued from page 39

about any possible motive for the killings."

In an effort to find a possible lead, officers were talking with relatives of the murdered sisters—three brothers, living in Dayton, Troy and Brookville, Ohio, and three sisters, living in Troy and Dayton and in Sun City Center, Fla. Detectives were able to contact several of the brothers and sisters, but none had any ideas about a possible motive.

A brother said he did not think his sisters would let a stranger into their home, "even though they were good people."

"We are just so shook up we don't know where to go, what to do," he said. "What do you do when something like this happens in your family? It's like a bad dream."

Investigators searching the grounds around the house discovered a footprint in the snow. The lawmen were sure that it had not been made by the woman who had found the bodies or by police. The print was made by a shoe with a pointed toe and a high heel.

"It looks like it was made by a cowboy boot," an officer said. "Not many people around here wear them."

After the bodies had been taken away, work continued inside the house. Detectives moved carefully as they examined drawers and closets that apparently had been ransacked. They also found that some large appliances, such as the television set, had been moved.

"Looks like someone might have had an idea to take the TV," an investigator said.

"There were probably at least two of them," a detective added. "It would have

been difficult for one man to carry the TV. And with the women tied up like that, it seems likely that at least two people were involved."

That night, Chief Edward Woodward of Miami Township announced that even though his police officers were volunteers who depended upon outside jobs to make a living, they would continue devoting all their time to the investigation "as long as their stamina holds out."

There were reports of confusion at the scene as sheriff's officers and Miami Township police discussed who was to do what in the case. Newsmen heard a rumor that local volunteers had "fouled up some evidence."

But Sheriff Bernard Keiter announced in Dayton that no damage had been done to evidence. He said there had been some disagreement concerning who was to handle the case, but added that he was checking into the problem. Sergeant Andrew, he reported, was in charge of coordinating the investigation.

The force of local, county and state officers continued working through the night and teams of lawmen expanded their interviews of neighborhood residents. They looked at frightened faces as they asked questions. In many cases, the neighbors responded with questions of their own.

"We didn't know them very well," a woman said. "But they seemed like nice ladies. They never caused much of a stir in the neighborhood, sort of kept to themselves. I wouldn't have any ideas of who might have done such a horrible thing. You mean you haven't got any leads at all?"

"We have some things we're working

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on," a detective answered. "But we're covering the entire neighborhood. Maybe someone coming home last night saw a suspicious car around.

"We were home all night," the woman's husband said.

The detective started for the door, thanking the couple for their cooperation, then turned and asked: "Does anybody around here that you know of wear cowboy boots?"

"Cowboy boots," the woman asked. "Why . . . some of the children wear them from time to time. What about cowboy boots?"

"It's just an angle we're checking out," he replied. "Do you know of anyone who wears them, other than children?"

The woman shook her head. Her husband shrugged.

In a house up the street, a pretty teen-aged girl sat with her parents, listening to a detective's questions.

"Well . . . when my date brought me home last night, I saw this old station wagon driving on Lamme Road," she said. "I don't think I've ever seen it around here before. We passed it on the street. Most of the cars around here are rather new and I kinda wondered what that old heap was doing in this neighborhood."

"Did you notice who was in the car . . . how many people?" a detective asked.

The girl shook her head. "It was dark

and I didn't pay that much attention," she said.

"What kind of a station wagon was it," he asked.

"It was a Ford and I think it was a dark color. I guess that's about all I can tell about it."

"What time did you see it," the detective asked.

She started to speak, but turned to her mother and bit her lower lip. After a pause, she said it was about 2 A.M.

In a house about two blocks from the murder scene, detectives were interviewing a middle-aged couple. When a pair of cowboy boots were mentioned, the man stiffened in his chair.

"That Gordon boy," he said.

"Yes, it must be Kenneth Gordon," his wife concurred.

The detective opened up his little book as he pursued the line of questioning about Kenneth Gordon.

The youth, he was told, lived in the next block with his parents. In his early 20s, he was tall and husky, but was believed to be somewhat retarded.

"He's like a big kid," the man said. "I don't think he has any close friends in the neighborhood. He doesn't run with boys his age and he seems to shy away from people."

"Oh, let's be frank about it," the woman said. "The poor boy is a problem. He plays like a child. He walks around in a cowboy suit and boots and a big

hat and he's got a gun in a holster and handcuffs and . . ."

"He carries handcuffs?" the detective interrupted.

"Yes, like he's a western sheriff," the woman said. "But I was under the impression that they were toys, like his gun. Gosh, I hope his gun is a toy."

"Has he ever bothered anyone that you know of," the detective asked.

The woman shook her head. "Not that I know of," she said.

"I think some of the neighbors have expressed concern about him," her husband was quick to add. "Not that he actually bothered anyone. But he runs across their yards and maybe they're overly cautious about their small children playing with him. But he's never put his hands on anyone."

More residents of the area were questioned about Kenneth Gordon and the reports on the youth were taken back to detectives at the crime scene.

"That isn't enough to bring him in for questioning," an investigator said. "We couldn't match a cowboy boot with those prints in the snow."

**D**ETEKTIVE Sergeant Andrew agreed they could not move too quickly on the Gordon boy. "We might have to wait until we get the scene thoroughly processed before we can do anything like that," he said. "If we find some strange fingerprints, we might try and match them."

Monday morning found students at Stivers High School discussing the double murder. Many had seen the victims when they had eaten at the Bengal Lunch.

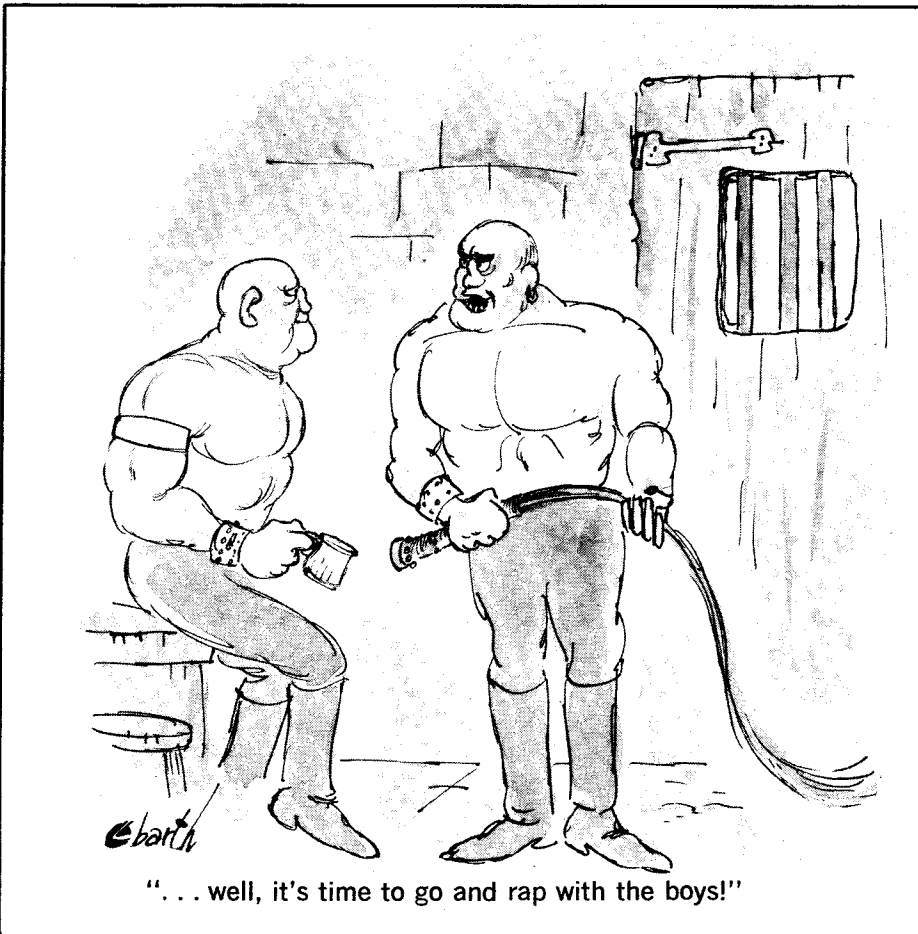
In Miami Township, meanwhile, newsmen and detectives still were trying to pick up information. A neighbor of the victims told reporters how Mrs. McCrosion had brought a rattle to her daughter. A 9-year-old boy who lived across the street talked about a box of candy the women had given him. A girl who was a junior at college recalled that when she was a young girl, she would visit the McCrosion house often.

"I would bang on the piano all I wanted," she said. "Mrs. McCrosion didn't mind. Most elderly people aren't like that."

She said that she had been fascinated at how well Mrs. McCrosion played piano by ear. In addition, she recalled that the elderly sisters were witty, with very quick minds.

Newsmen and police kept hearing what good neighbors the victims were. "No one would kill them because they didn't like them," a man said. "I'd swear to that."

The brother of the victims who lived in Dayton had nothing further to offer in the way of a lead. "I just hope and pray they find the guy before he does it to somebody else," he said. "He's got



to be sick or on that damned dope. I couldn't do that to an animal, beat two old women up like that. I hope to God they find him."

The brother was believed to be the last person to have spoken to the women before the slaying. He said he had talked to his sisters on the phone early Saturday night and that everything had seemed normal.

"Police and investigators have just refused to tell the family much of anything," newsmen quoted him as saying. "You know more than we do. All we know is that the girls are gone. They were murdered. I hope to God they get whoever did such a vicious thing to two such wonderful women."

The distraught man said his sisters had many friends. "They were always doing for everyone," he realted. "In fact, when I last talked to Margaret, she was calling to ask how a sick relative is in Brookville. She was that kind of person."

AT the sheriff's office, detectives had received a report from Thomas D. Brush, chief Montgomery County deputy coroner, attributing death in each case to a beating with a blunt instrument. There were no indications that the women had been shot, stabbed or strangled.

"They were bound and beaten to death," a detective said. "What kind of a person are we looking for?"

"We've picked up enough background information on the victims to just about rule out a personal motive," an officer pointed out. "The killer or killers might have been after loot they thought was in the house. They might have started beating the women to force them to tell where the cash was hidden.

"If that was the case, there definitely must have been more than one of them," a detective suggested. "The robbery angle appears the most obvious motive. We might know if anything was taken after we get Mr. McCrosen to look things over closely.

"But it wasn't just a house selected at random, in my opinion. The cash taken in at the restaurant seems important," an investigator said.

"You think that whoever has been breaking into the restaurant might be responsible," a detective asked.

"That's a possibility," he replied. "There wasn't any cash taken in the break-ins. Somebody might have been looking for what they thought was a lot of money and decided that the receipts must have been taken home."

Detectives returned to the crime scene and had another look around. Later, they announced that they had determined that some money was missing, but declined to reveal the amount.

On Tuesday morning, the investigation continued. Detectives in the sheriff's office on West Second Street in downtown Dayton were going over the vari-

ous angles in the case while they waited for a report from the state crime lab in London. It was about noon when a deputy came into the detective bureau and spoke to Sergeant Andrew.

"There's a young fellow out here who says he has some information on the murder of the two ladies," he said. "And he seems serious. He doesn't sound like some odd character looking for attention or publicity."

"Bring him in here," Andrew said.

Soon, a youth with a boyish-looking face was ushered in. Identifying himself as Kenneth W. Hulsey, 21, he told the officers he was from Tennessee, but lived in Dayton until he had entered the Army. Presently, he was on leave from Ft. Hood, Tex. Hulsey was about 5 feet, 8 inches tall with an average build.

Later that day, Andrew called a meeting of detectives and told them about the interview. He related that Hulsey had implicated himself and three other men in the double murder. A woman who was related to him reportedly had worked intermittently at the Bengal Lunch. Allegedly, the other three men also were acquainted with the restaurant and they, too, had lived in the same general area in northern Tennessee before they had moved to the east end of Dayton.

It was decided to keep the news from the public while the three men were being sought. Another reason for secrecy was to prevent possible retaliation against Hulsey's family by someone in the gang.

The three men reportedly named by Hulsey were identified as Donnie Clinard, William D. Byrns and Lloyd W. Kirkham, originally residents of the area around Springfield, Tenn. which is located a few miles south of the Kentucky border and about 25 miles north of Nashville.


Police Chief C. H. Hancock of Springfield was notified that Ohio authorities were seeking Clinard, Kirkham and Byrns and the Robertson County, Tenn. Sheriff's Department in Springfield also was put on the alert. Information soon came back to Dayton that the three men had police records in Tennessee. Donnie Clinard currently was out on bond on charges of breaking and entering and larceny.

As the search for the three men continued, members of Hulsey's family left the Dayton area.

In Dayton, Sergeant Andrew and his detectives anxiously were awaiting news on the elusive trio.

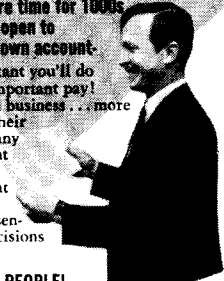
"They're not at the homes where they had been living in Dayton," a detective said. "I think they all worked as truck drivers. They lived in that east end section where a lot of people from Kentucky and Tennessee stay when they come up this way. And I'll bet they have been in that restaurant. They probably

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all knew each other from Tennessee and got together again up here."

On Sunday, detectives at the Montgomery County sheriff's office learned that Donnie Clinard had been arrested at a house six miles from Springfield, Tenn. The youth, 21, tall and husky, with dark hair had surrendered to police without offering any resistance.

The previous evening, Clinard reportedly had been driving from Springfield to the house where he was staying. Suddenly there was an explosion in the back of his rear-engine Corvair, knocking out the windows, setting Clinard's clothing on fire, and blowing him out of the car. However, he was not injured seriously.

Police and deputies had found the wrecked auto. After an examination they still had been unable to determine if the explosion had been an accident or the result of a bomb.

"They can't rule out the possibility that it was caused by gas leakage and heat," Sergeant Andrew said.

"That would be a big coincidence, under the circumstances," a detective said. "Remember the precautions taken by Hulsey's family because of possible retaliation. Somebody in that gang might be trying hard to avoid being fingered."

The next day, Monday, January 25, news of the break in the case was given to the public. Two counts of murder and armed robbery had been filed against Hulsey and Clinard and a manhunt had been started for William D. Byrns and Lloyd W. Kirkham. Charges also had been filed against Burns and Kirkham for the two murders and the robbery of the house.

The motive in the case, authorities stated, was robbery. The gang had searched for restaurant receipts which

were not in the house. Sergeant Andrew said that authorities were unsure who actually had killed the women. Only two men reportedly were in the house when the victims were beaten to death.

Information from Tennessee indicated that Kirkham was out on bond on charges of passing and possessing counterfeit bills and documents. Springfield police also reported recovering a car bearing Kirkham's license plates that had been stolen from a used car lot in Dayton. As the search for Kirkham and Byrns moved into Kentucky, state police there joined the Tennessee Bureau of Investigation in the manhunt.

Mickey McCrosen told newsmen in Dayton that three of the four men charged with killing his wife and sister-in-law had been frequent patrons of the Bengal Lunch. McCrosen said he had glanced at police identification photos of the suspects and had recognized Clinard as someone who had been in the restaurant at least 100 times. He said that Byrns also had been in many times. A waitress later said she thought that she had seen Kirkham in the restaurant.

Newsmen were told that several women related to Hulsey had worked at the restaurant and that a relative of Clinard also had been employed there. McCrosen was quoted as saying that he twice had loaned Hulsey his car to take a relative home when the woman wanted to avoid a bus ride in the cold December weather.

It was reported that the only loot taken by the killers was a small quantity of cash removed from Mrs. McCrosen's purse and two rings that had belonged to Mrs. Protsman. Checks valued at \$352 and \$95 in cash in a bureau drawer allegedly had been overlooked by the killers.

Information from Tennessee indicated that Clinard often had been known to wear cowboy clothing and boots. However, Clinard reportedly maintained that he was not in Ohio when the double killings occurred, according to Springfield police.

That Monday night, the Montgomery County Sheriff's Office received a call from a woman in St. Louis, Mo. A relative of William Byrns, she said that the suspect wanted to go to Dayton to surrender to police but had no money. Sergeant Andrew made quick arrangements for a plane ticket for Byrns and when the suspect arrived in Dayton, detectives were waiting for him.

It was a 78-mile drive from Dayton to Springfield, Tenn., the next day, for Detective Sergeant Andrew and Detective Wally Wilson. Clinard waived extradition and, on Wednesday, he was driven under tight security to the Montgomery County Jail.

As the three suspects were held in Dayton and the search went on for the fourth, investigators reportedly picked up more information about the case. The news was related to authorities in Louisville, Ky., and a river outside the city was searched and articles considered evidence in the double murder reportedly were found.

At this writing, Kenneth W. Hulsey, Donnie Clinard and William Dean Byrns are in jail in Dayton awaiting action on the charges against them and the search goes on for Lloyd W. Kirkham. ■

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** *The name Kenneth Gordon is not the actual name of the person who was in fact a participant in the incidents described in this article. The name is used to avoid embarrassment to an innocent person.*

## WHO INVITED A KILLER TO THE PARTY? continued from page 25

then decided Farris would return to spend the night there, himself.

At 4 A.M., the young couple still was fast asleep in George's room and Harris was reading. Colored streamers and other decorations hung about the apartment and glasses, bottles and ashtrays littered the quiet living room.

Lights had been left on in both the living and dining rooms, although it seemed highly unlikely that there would be any late arrivals looking for the party. Suddenly, Tom Harris heard the sound of the front door opening and closing. Was Mel back, he wondered.

Harris looked up from the book. Glancing through the hallway, he saw a man in the living room.

The man was a stranger to Tom Harris. A Negro, with a beard and mustache, he wore a black leather jacket and dark green trousers. Two green leis were around his neck.

"Hello, can I help you?" Tom Harris asked.

The man walked into the bedroom and looked Harris over. The short, slender youth was startled when the stranger reached into his pocket, made a menacing gesture and said he was going to rob him.

The intruder ordered the student to lay on the bed and to be quiet. Then, he left the room, returning quickly. He had gone just long enough to go to the kitchen and get a butcher knife, which he brandished.

"Your money," he ordered, taking the cash from the student's billfold.

"Lay there and stay there!" he said.

The stranger walked into the other bedroom, where George and his girlfriend were asleep. The two were awakened to find themselves looking at a stranger waving a butcher knife and barking threats. He ordered them to go

into the other bedroom, saying that he was going to rob them.

Larry George was a tall husky youth of 20, standing 6 feet, 2 inches tall and weighing over 200 pounds. As his mind threw off the grogginess of sleep, he tried to size up the situation.

Louise Lassiter was an attractive blonde. Like George, she had been sleeping in the nude.

"Into the other room!" the intruder ordered.

The girl pulled a blanket around her and got out of bed. She walked to the other bedroom with George, followed closely by the man with the butcher knife.

The stranger ordered George to get on the bed with Harris. He spoke of robbing the youth, indicating that he was only after what he could find in the apartment. Then, he turned his attention to the girl who was huddled in fear.

"I'm going to search her," he said, reaching a hand into the blanket.

Larry George made some threats of his own, warning the intruder not to sexually abuse the girl. As the intruder closed in on her, George repeated his warning, then leaped out of bed and at the assailant.

Louise Lassiter and Tom Harris watched in shock and fear as George struggled with the knife wielder. The tall nude student seemed to be getting the best of the stranger as they struggled out of the bedroom and into the living room.

"Let him go, George... he's trying to get away!" the girl shouted.

AS they stood in the middle of the living room, George had his back turned toward his friends. Then, the student stopped struggling, letting go of the intruder. The man with the knife released his grip and ran out the door.

As George turned around, Louise and Tom saw for the first time that he had been wounded. Blood covered the front of his body.

"Call... call me an ambulance," he said, then fell to the floor. He lay near the sofa, saying nothing more.

Tom Harris dashed out of the apartment and pounded on a neighbor's door. "Call the police... get an ambulance!" he shouted.

A man came to the door, listened to the youth and phoned police. Then he ran into the nearby apartment and tried to give Larry George mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

The call was received at police headquarters at 4:20 A.M. In a few minutes, a police car was pulling up in front of the apartment and two uniformed patrolmen were dashing inside and up the stairs.

Louise Lassiter had tossed on some clothes and along with Tom Harris she watched in shock as the policemen looked at their fallen friend. Soon, one of the lawmen called headquarters with a request for homicide officers.

Detective Sergeant Elmer Meyer, in charge of the homicide crew on duty, hurried to the scene with Detectives Clarence Luther, Bernard Gowin and Billy Armstrong. Neighbors who had filled the hallway of the apartment building stepped aside as the detectives made their way up the stairs to the third floor.

Inside the apartment, the lawman examined Larry George, determining quickly that he was dead. There were numerous stab wounds on the front of the youth's body and it appeared that he had been stabbed in the heart.

Sergeant Meyer turned to the grief-stricken friends of the victim to ask the questions that had to be asked.

Harris and the girl said they never had seen the intruder before. He was described as 5 feet, 10 inches tall, with

a beard and mustache and wearing a black jacket, dark green trousers and two green leis around his neck. The leis were still in the living room, having come off during the struggle.

"You think he might have been a student who heard about the party?" a detective asked.

The girl and Harris replied that they had no idea.

"He must have been someone who knew about a party here," a detective suggested. "Why else would he come up here? He wouldn't just happen up to the third floor of this building on the chance he'd find an unlocked door. We talked to the neighbors and none of them said they heard anyone try their doors this morning. Are you sure that the party was over some time before he came up?"

"That's right," Harris said. "I was reading and they were asleep."

Patrolmen cruising the neighborhood returned to the apartment with nothing to report. They hadn't seen any suspicious-looking men on the street.

"He had those leis around his neck," Sergeant Meyer said. "He probably had been to another party. We can cover this neighborhood to see if anyone fitting his description had been seen around. But right now we can check on this."

He motioned to some blood stains on the floor that led from the body to the front door.

"You think he got a lot of the victim's blood on him," Meyer was asked.

"I think that's his own blood," the veteran lawman said. "Let's see where it leads."

The detectives followed the crimson trail out of the apartment and down the steps to the sidewalk. They noticed that the blood on the sidewalk led north on Warwick about half a block to the corner.

"Yes, he's been cut," Meyer said, noting a bloody handprint on the hood of a car parked at the corner. "He stopped here. He might be cut on his hand."

Playing flashlights on the cold dark pavement, the detectives spotted blood spots across the street and further north on Warwick. They followed the blood for another block where the trail abruptly ended.

The lawmen spread out in all directions, but there was no more blood to be seen on the sidewalk or in the gutter.

"He either had a car parked here, or got a ride," Meyer said. "But he's hurt. We'll get the word out on that. If he's hurt bad enough, we might get a lead."

The detectives returned to the apartment and took the two witnesses to police headquarters. As written statements were taken from Harris and Miss Lassiter, Sergeant Meyer discussed plans for following up the investigation.

"There isn't much point in covering

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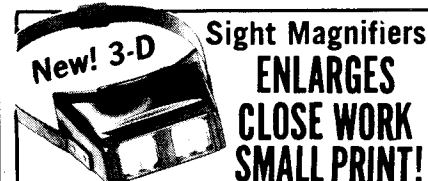
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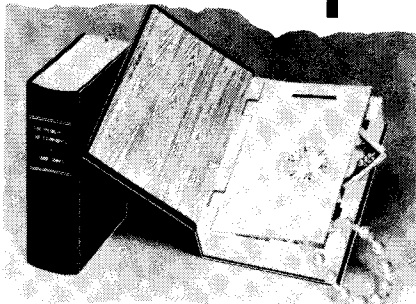
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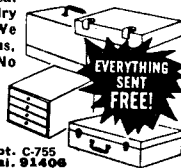
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the entire neighborhood now," he said. "That can be done later, when people are up.

"But right now there is something that we can do. Call the Hospital at the University of Kansas and have them put the information out on their teletype. If anyone shows up at a hospital with a knife wound, we want to know about it."

The university hospital in Kansas City, Ks. maintains a teletype setup that reaches all hospitals in the area. Used to relay information about the medical situations, local police often keep an eye on it.

At 8 A.M., the day shift came on duty. Detective Sergeant Arthur Jenkins was given a detailed account of the investigation up to that minute and Detectives Gary Van Buskirk, Floyd Smith and John King were alerted they had a murder case to work on. They talked about covering the neighborhood, but were interrupted by the ringing of the telephone.

"It's from the Menorah Medical Center," the detectives were told. "They got the teletype message earlier and a man just came in with a deep knife wound in his left hand."

"Get some patrol cars out there to cover the hospital," Jenkins ordered. "Tell them to stop that guy if he tries to leave." He turned anxiously to the detectives and they hurried to their cars.

The Menorah Medical Center was about 10 blocks from the crime scene. The streets were quiet on New Year's morning and the detectives made good time to the hospital where patrolmen were stationed at the emergency room entrance.

"He's in there," an officer said to Jenkins. "He hasn't tried to come out."

Inside the hospital, the lawmen talked to a doctor who told them that the man's hand had been deeply cut and was being stitched. The detectives waited until the treatment had been completed, then walked into the room and confronted the man with the bandaged left hand. They were surprised to find him dressed in a tuxedo.

"How'd you cut your hand?" one of the detectives asked.

The man said he had hurt his hand while fooling around at a New Year's Eve party.

"That must have been some party," another detective said.

The investigators noted that the man fit the general description of the intruder who had stabbed Larry George. When he stood up, they looked him over closely, noticing something else that heightened their interest.

"He's got a pair of trousers under the tuxedo pants," a detective said. "Green trousers."

The man identified himself as Samuel E. Franklin, 30, with an address on Campbell Street. Franklin was taken to

police headquarters where detectives discovered that his fingerprints matched those of a man who had been arrested a number of times in Kansas City in connection with rape and other investigations.

The witnesses to the attack on Larry George were brought to police headquarters to view a lineup. Tom Harris identified Franklin as the intruder who had threatened him and fought with Larry George. Louise Lassiter thought he was the man, but was not as positive as Harris had been. Then, detectives had another conversation with Franklin.

"Now he admits being there, but denies any attempt at raping the girl," one reported. "He said robbery was his only motive. He claims that he had been to a party in another part of town when he heard about the party in the George apartment. He didn't say who told him about it—Just mentioned that he parked his car about a block from the apartment and that when he left he ran in the opposite direction and got a ride.

"He couldn't understand why the victim protested so vigorously," the lawman continued. "He asked me, 'If you were being robbed by someone, would you have resisted so much, or just gone on and submitted to being robbed?'"

Samuel Jefferson Franklin Jr. had first come to police attention when, as a teenager in Texas, he was convicted of burglary and robbery in Fort Worth and sentenced to three years in the state penitentiary at Huntsville. Upon his release, Franklin made his way to Colorado, where he was to become well known to the governor, state legislators, several judges, newspapermen, police and, according to authorities, a number of rape and robbery victims.

HE was in his early 20s when he caused a stir in a Denver courtroom while appearing on charges of burglary, larceny and receiving stolen property. While facing the judge's bench, Franklin suddenly fell to the floor. A court bailiff picked him up and discovered an elastic suspender knotted around his throat.

Four days later, in another courtroom on rape charges, he pleaded insanity and was sent to the state hospital at Pueblo. A report from the institution indicated that Franklin was insane and that his intelligence quotient was 50, about that of a 7-year-old child.

In 1960, Franklin was committed to the hospital as legally insane. Authorities reported that despite his youth, he had a long police record as a sex offender.

Franklin escaped from the State Hospital at Pueblo three times, but after his third recapture, he set about to get himself legally released. Petitions were filed, the legal machinery was put in motion

and in February of 1964, there was a habeas corpus hearing in Denver.

Franklin contended that he had faked insanity because, "you can do your time more comfortable" in the hospital. A state psychiatrist, however, testified that Franklin had a serious personality disorder and was dangerous to society, although he was legally sane.

When it was announced that Franklin would be released once probation conditions could be set up, loud objection was voiced by both police and public. Then, on Monday, March 30, 1964, a Denver District Court judge ordered Franklin released from Denver County Jail under strict probation conditions. The judge said that the law did not permit the court to hold Franklin, but that "our community has some rights also and justice is due the community as well as this defendant."

Franklin's attorney commented: "This case may be unfortunate, but handling of dangerous individuals is a matter for the Colorado legislature to decide. The courts cannot pass the laws."

The judge ordered Franklin placed on five years probation and set down 11 conditions which he was instructed to follow to remain free.

Franklin was to move immediately to Waco, Tex. and reside with a relative, the judge ordered. He could not leave Waco without the permission of Denver District Court, the Colorado Probation Department and Texas officials.

Franklin could not use narcotics or intoxicating liquors, could not associate with men carrying criminal records, or with those known as "police characters." He could not associate with any persons he had become acquainted with while he was incarcerated. The judge also ruled that Franklin could not marry or institute divorce proceedings without first consulting parole officials.

"If the defendant violates any of the conditions, his probation will be revoked immediately," the judge said.

"These conditions are necessary to try to protect the women of this state."

A little over a week later, on April 8, 1964, Franklin was placed under arrest when he reported to probation headquarters in Waco. He was accused of violating conditions of his parole and was returned to Denver.

The following month, Franklin came before the same judge again and testimony was introduced accusing him of violating his parole by not going directly to Waco, by indulging in intoxicating liquors and by stealing.

Franklin had boarded a bus in Denver, en route to Waco. When the bus had crossed the state line and neared Raton, N. Mex., however, a woman passenger reportedly accused Franklin of stealing \$4 from her purse. At Raton, police were called.

A Raton policeman testified that Franklin denied the theft, but had returned the money to the woman. Franklin apparently had been drinking and spent that night in the Raton jail. The next day, the court was told, Franklin purchased a bus ticket to Las Vegas, N. Mex. instead of Waco.

A Denver probation officer testified that he was sent to Waco to return Franklin to Denver. He said that Franklin had told him he had taken a bus to Las Vegas, then had gone on to Albuquerque, N. Mex. There, Franklin had called a relative in Waco to ask for money to travel to California, but was talked instead into going to Waco, the court was told.

Franklin testified at the hearing, denying the Raton policeman's story as well as that of the probation officer. He claimed that he had lost his Denver-to-Waco ticket and had hitchhiked to the Texas city.

Another probation officer testified that he had placed Franklin on the bus in Denver and, that as far as he knew, Franklin had only \$2.80 plus about 60 cents in change after the purchase of the bus ticket for Waco. Franklin, however, claimed he had been carrying an additional \$5 in a cardboard box.

A deputy district attorney pointed out that a bus ticket to Las Vegas cost slightly more than \$3, indicating that Franklin could have bought the ticket, but would not have been able to have paid the woman the \$4 allegedly stolen from her purse. Franklin's attorney maintained that all the evidence against his client was "hearsay."

The judge said there was some question about the theft, but noted that there was little doubt that Franklin had been drinking and had not proceeded directly to Waco as ordered. The Jurist recommended Franklin to the State Hospital at Pueblo for violation of his probation.

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from the courtroom by sheriff's deputies, he shouted: "Why are you sending me back there? I ain't done nothin'."

As he struggled, he threw some papers to reporters—including the legal documents requesting revocation of his probation and a letter he had written to the FBI and the United States attorney. The pencil-written letter accused authorities of kidnapping him in Texas and of a "confederated conspiracy" against him.

There was a feeling among authorities that Franklin might not be safely confined in the hospital. After all, he had escaped three times. The case was called to the attention of Governor John Love.

After Franklin had been back in the hospital one day, he was transferred to the State Penitentiary at Canon City for "safekeeping," under an executive order from the governor.

Samuel Franklin continued his efforts to be freed and on January 28, 1965, a petition for a writ of habeas corpus was filed with the Colorado Supreme Court. Franklin's attorney said that the petition "presents unique constitutional questions."

Under attack was a section of the insanity laws ordering the discharge of a defendant from a mental institution on a finding that he is no longer insane. The law also permitted a judge to impose conditions of probation when a defendant became restored to sanity and released, allowing the judge to recommit the defendant to a mental institution if those conditions were violated.

Franklin asked the Supreme Court to order the warden of the penitentiary to show why he should not be released from custody, claiming that a section of the insanity laws violated his rights under the due process clause of the 14th Amendment of the Constitution. He claimed three violations:

Imprisonment at the penitentiary without having been convicted of a crime.

Imposition of a probationary period after he was adjudged legally sane and never had been convicted of a crime.

Allowing a trial court to impose, without a conviction or charge, a term of probation or confinement in a state institution at the discretion of the judge.

A special study committee appointed by the governor recently had recommended that persons found innocent by reason of insanity should not be released from an institution until free of any abnormal mental condition that would make them dangerous to themselves or to society. The Denver judge heading the committee noted that there was no definite test under current law regarding release. The committee stated that the proposed test "is primarily designed for the protection of the public, so that a person who may be legally sane under the right-wrong test, but nevertheless is

dangerous, shall not be released and thereby be a potential danger to members of the community."

The state supreme court denied Franklin's petition.

In March, 1965, Franklin was back before the same judge in Denver district Court. His attorney had filed a motion asking that statute under which Franklin had been imprisoned be declared unconstitutional, claiming that his client had been jailed without having been convicted of a crime.

The attorney asked the judge to disqualify himself "because this court has shown bias and prejudice in these matters." The judge denied the charge and said he was reading from a Proba-

## COP CAN KEEP HIS COOL

■ Getting down to bare facts, a federal court ruled that a policeman has a constitutional right to be a nudist in his off-duty hours. The case was brought to the court's attention when the top applicant for the Baltimore, Md., police department was refused a position because he was a member of a nudist camp. The department felt that the 30-year-old recruit would not make the grade as a policeman since he might have trouble investigating indecent exposure and pornography cases. In addition, the department argued, his membership in the club would not allow the applicant to satisfy the department regulation requiring officers to carry a weapon at all times. Hogwash, indicated the judge, saying, "If literally enforced, this rule would prevent a member of the police force from participating in any swimming or water activity." Furthermore, the judge continued, "It is a matter of common knowledge, when participating in other recreational activities when not nude, the weapon is not always so available." Any questions? ■

tion Department report when he called Franklin "a danger to society."

Franklin's lawyer claimed that although there were loopholes in the state's insanity laws, the rights of no individual, "no matter how heinous the crime he may have been committed," should be disregarded.

The judge said he found nothing unconstitutional about the statute that spelled out the procedure under which Franklin was reconfined. He gave Franklin's attorney until April 5, to file further motions.

The lawyer said he would appeal the case, asserting that Franklin would rather have a sentence imposed than continue under his current status. He charged

that since Franklin wasn't under any specific sentence, he could remain in prison forever, with virtually no chance of release during his lifetime.

A 15-member District Court Review Committee at the State Hospital at Pueblo made a study of Franklin's case and on April 8, 1965, issued a report that appeared to put Franklin a step closer to freedom. The committee reported that Franklin had a "sociopathic personality disturbance" but was legally sane under the law.

The superintendent of the hospital concurred with the committee's findings. The next step was for Franklin to go to the hospital for 30 days. If he were found legally sane, Denver District Court would have no choice but to release him, it was reported.

The hospital superintendent reportedly stated:

"Mr. Franklin has now recovered to the point where, in my opinion and judgment, he is no longer insane as defined by Colorado law."

Franklin was found to have an anti-social reaction, but the committee reported that the then 27-year-old prisoner "makes a good appearance today and is polite, cooperative and rather humble."

"It is the feeling of this committee that this man is no longer insane, and consequently, transfer to the Colorado Psychopathic Hospital for observation is recommended.

"In the event that release is considered, it is recommended that he go to California to reside near or with a relative and work obtained for him there," the committee concluded.

Five months later, a judge received another report that appeared to be a setback for Franklin. The report came from two psychiatrists at Colorado Psychopathic Hospital. They were of the opinion that Franklin could distinguish right from wrong and refrain from doing wrong—the test for legal sanity under Colorado law.

However, one doctor stated: "He does have an abnormal mental condition which would be likely to cause him to be dangerous to others... in the reasonably foreseeable future.

"For this reason, I recommend that he should not be released from commitment."

The other psychiatrist wrote that although he considered Franklin legally sane, he is "potentially a dangerous person."

Observers pointed out that when the judge had released Franklin in February of 1964, he was bound by law to free him, even though doctors had said he was dangerous. However, it was pointed out, the judge had more leeway this time, because of a law passed by the 1965 General Assembly. Under the new law, the judge could refuse to free Franklin if he felt the man was dangerous,

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even though legally sane under Colorado's "right and wrong" test.

The judge refused to free him.

Franklin's fight for freedom continued, this time using a federal court as the battleground. Filing a petition for his release and for \$180,000 damages, he sued the judge, the superintendent of the Colorado State Hospital at Pueblo and a staff psychiatrist at the hospital. Franklin accused the three of conspiring to violate his civil rights, because he was imprisoned at the penitentiary although he had not been convicted of a crime.

It was March of 1967, when a United States District Judge turned down Franklin's petition, noting that state law permitted confinement of legally sane persons if psychiatrists consider them dangerous to society.

A year later, however, in March of 1968, Franklin was in the news again. District Judge Don D. Bowman, in Denver, ordered Franklin conditionally released after ordering him to spend an additional 90 days at the State Hospital readjusting from maximum security to the complexities of normal life on the outside.

The judge's order was based on reports from two psychiatrists recommending that Franklin be released. Franklin was to be placed under supervision of the Denver Probation Department and 13 conditions were attached to his discharge.

The recent mental examinations had indicated that Franklin was ready for the outside world and his release was to be granted on that basis, it was reported. And so, three months later, despite a public outcry, Samuel Franklin was on the street again. But he wasn't to be under the supervision of the Denver Probation Department for a very long time.

Moving to Kansas City, Mo., he was arrested numerous times for sex offenses and stealing. Police said that Franklin was a suspect in a number of rape cases, but that some complainants would not prosecute and others had failed to identify him. He kept moving in and out of the hands of authorities as the leading suspect in a number of cases.

In November of 1969, he pleaded guilty to a charge of stealing from a person, but while he was free, awaiting sentencing, he allegedly left town, avoiding a probable jail term.

**I**N January of 1970, an 18-year-old Baylor University (Texas) coed was abducted from a campus parking lot and raped three times. Two days later, she reportedly identified Franklin from police photographs and charges were filed. Kansas City police arrested Franklin in a closet of his home in Kansas City, but authorities said that before Franklin could be released for trial in Texas,

he had to serve the Kansas City sentence for stealing.

When he was released from the county jail in August, there was no hold placed against him, because Texas authorities had failed to obtain a governor's warrant for extradition, it was reported. And so Samuel Franklin again was a free man—living on Campbell Street with his wife...

On New Year's Day, 1971, Franklin was charged with first degree murder in the slaying of Larry George. The following day, a Saturday, he was arraigned before Magistrate Robert E. Berry, who ordered him held without bond.

Police continued talking with Franklin and reported that he had admitted committing as many as 15 rapes. But detectives were quick to point out that some of the crimes had occurred while Franklin was in the county jail and that he could not possibly have been involved in them. After talking with some of the victims, however, police did, in fact, charge Franklin with two counts of rape.

Although the charges were filed on Monday, January 4, Franklin was not taken from the jail for arraignment in Magistrate's Court. About 11:30 A.M., he was brought to the nurses' station in the jail for treatment of his wounded left hand, which apparently had become seriously infected, causing a high fever.

The medical staff reportedly recommended that Franklin be isolated to prevent the spread of the infection and he was taken to the 12th floor of the Jackson County Jail and put in a private cell.

Samuel Jefferson Franklin Jr., who had labored for his liberty for so many years, was to make one last desperate try for freedom.

That afternoon, Franklin was found dead in his cell. Authorities claimed that he had hung himself with a bedsheet which he had tied to the bars located above a vent in the ceiling. He was pronounced dead by a doctor at 2:20 P.M.

Later, a psychologist told newsmen that Franklin's repeated crimes should have been interpreted as cries for help. If Franklin was, in fact, suffering from serious mental problems, the psychologist concluded, he might have been attempting to call attention to himself through his anti-social behavior, unconsciously hoping for capture and treatment.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** *The names Melvin Farris, Louise Lassiter and Tom Harris are not the actual names of the persons who were in fact participants in the incidents described in this article. The names are used to avoid embarrassment to innocent persons.*

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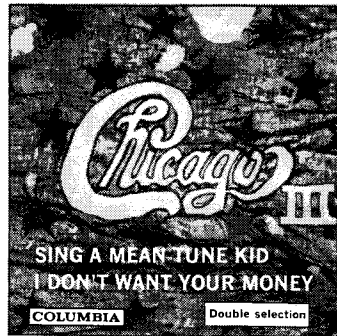
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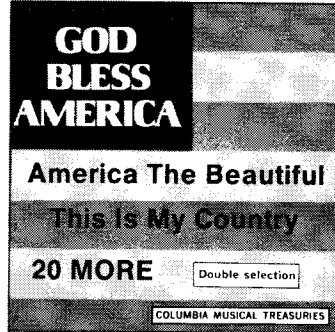
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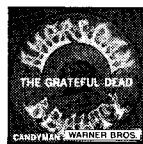
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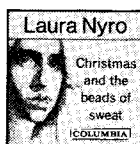
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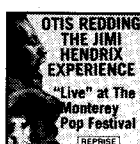
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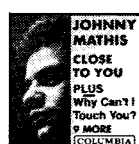
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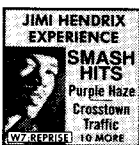
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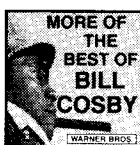
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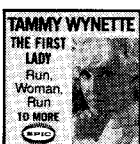
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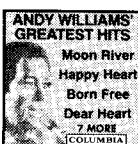
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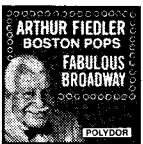
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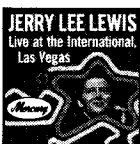
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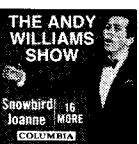
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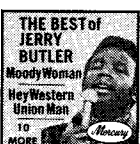
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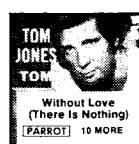
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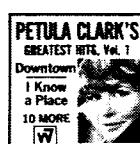
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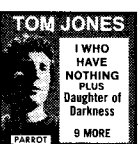
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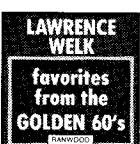
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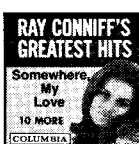
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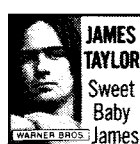
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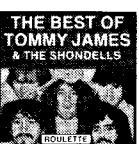
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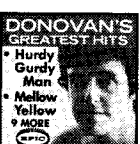
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1967 25

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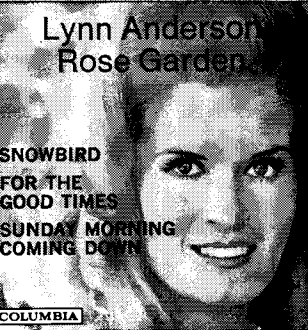


Black Magic Woman

COLUMBIA

195727

Lynn Anderson  
Rose Garden

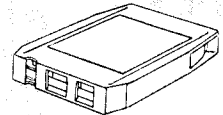


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City.....

State.....

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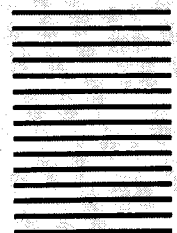

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