

BIZARRE CASE OF THE RELUCTANT PROSTITUTE

FRONT PAGE

OCTOBER, 1982 • \$1.25

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Police discovered the killer stuffed her into a furnace, but

LORI'S FLESH DIDN'T BURN!



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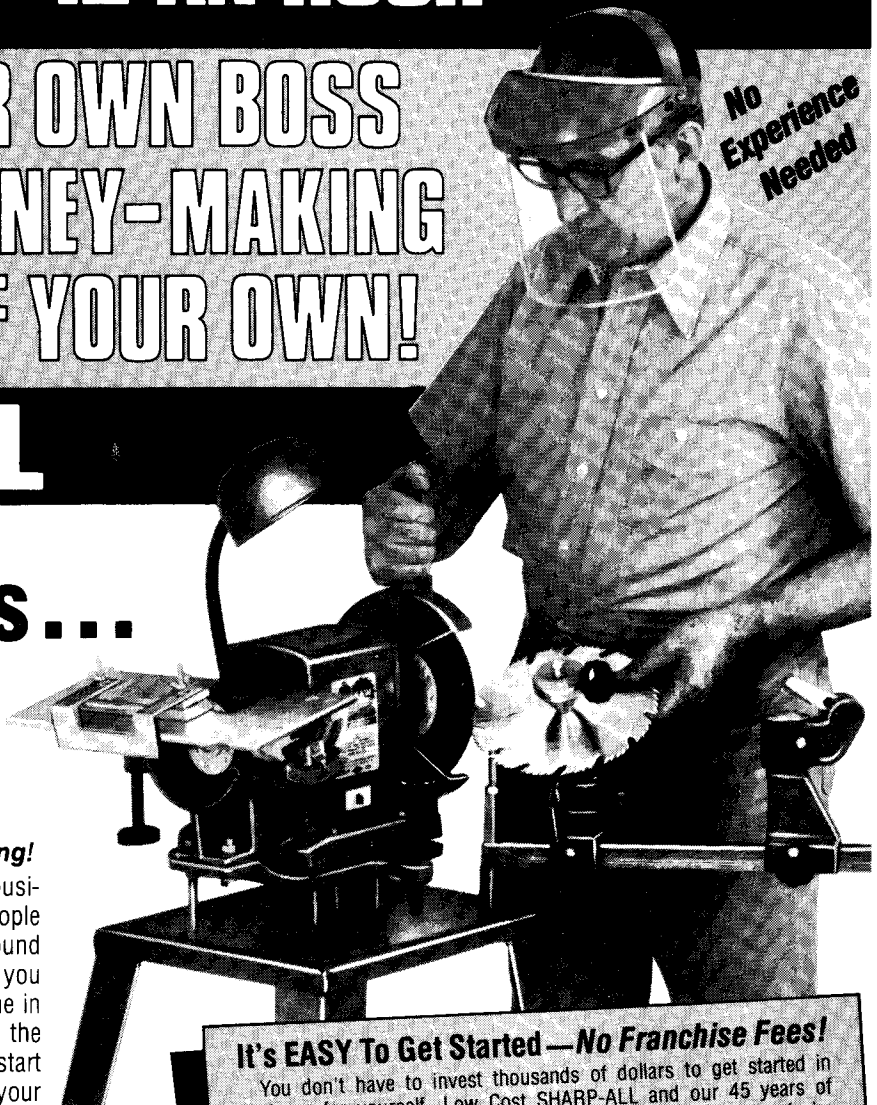
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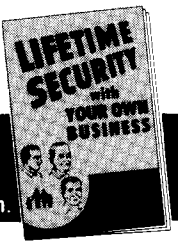
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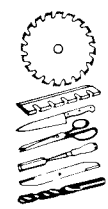


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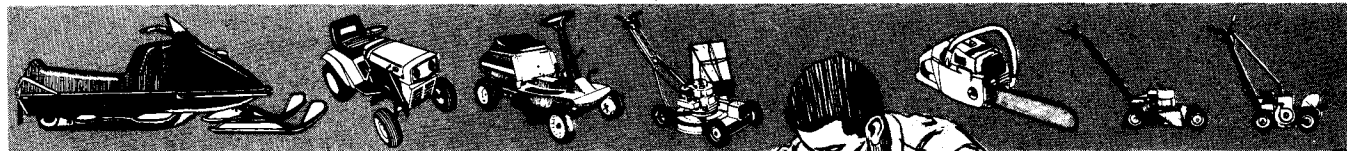


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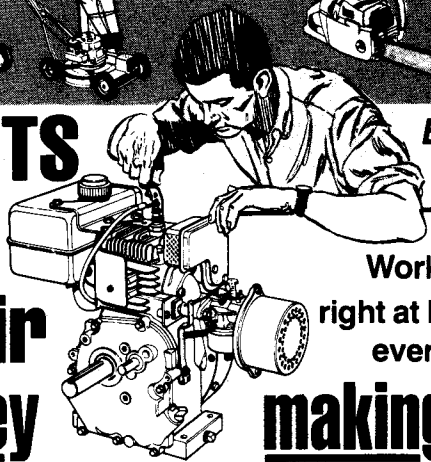


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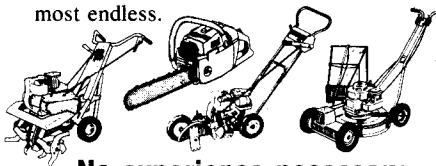
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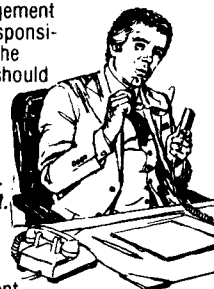
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FRONT PAGE CASE BOOK

COMPLETE COVERAGE FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS



WOUNDED COP

Patrolman William Shea, 26, (right) grimaces in pain after being shot in leg during drug raid in Woonsocket, Rhode Island. SWAT team officer guards Shea. Raid netted seven suspects and \$750,000 in drugs were seized.



FACES CHARGE

Eddie Carthan, former mayor of Tchula, Miss., faces charge of murder of alderman during heated religious controversy.



IN CUSTODY

Bernard Hunwick is charged with attempted murder, kidnapping and armed robbery in abduction of Allen Chafin in Fla.



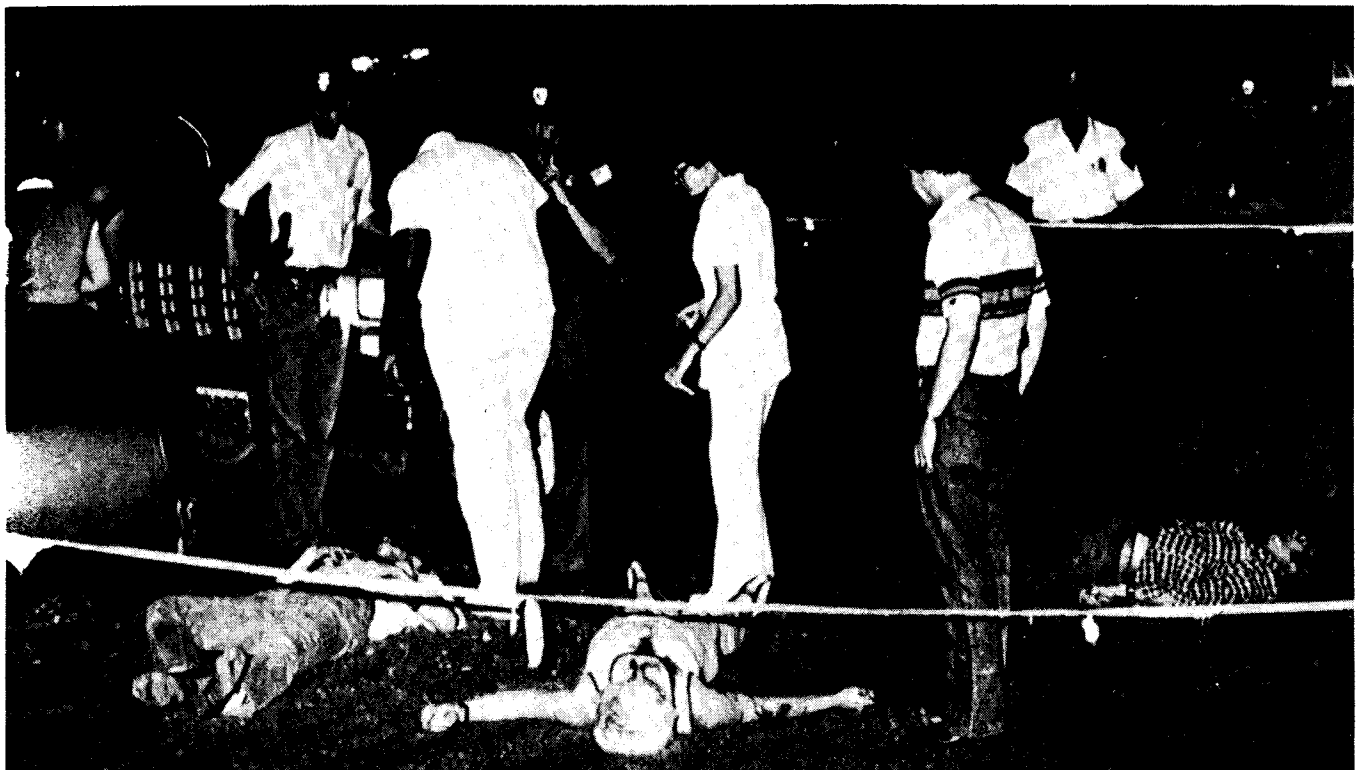
DETROIT BOMBING

Victims at window await rescue after a bombing of Detroit office building.



TRIAL POSTPONED

Arthur Jackson, right, is accused of stabbing attack on actress Theresa Saldana. His attorney, left, had trial postponed so he could collect more records on his client.



MURDER-SUICIDE

Three people were shot to death in Danville, Alabama. Alabama authorities said that Freddie Shadden, 33, shot his former wife Deborah, 26, and her new husband Doyle Hill, 40, and then used same weapon to kill himself.

SHOCKING CONDITIONS IN PUERTO RICO'S PRISONS

Killings, violence, overcrowding, gang warfare, mass escapes and drug traffic have been plaguing Puerto Rico's prisons. Last year 51 prisoners died. And at least 44 of these deaths were violent, according to the island's corrections administrator.

A Federal court order called conditions in the facilities "cruel and brutalizing" and directed that they be ended. But conditions seem to be getting worse.

Governor Calos Barcelo stated that more money than ever before has been put into the prison system and a lot has been done, but he blamed the prisoners for already destroying most of what has been accomplished.

Lack of personnel and money as indicated by the Puerto Rican Corrections Administration may be one reason for the problems. The present ratio of inmates to guards is 11 to 1. Guards are becoming harder to recruit and morale is low at the current pay of \$570 a month.

Critics of the system say that prison officials are placing too much emphasis on security and too little on humane treatment. Over the last 25 years, 11 major studies have pointed out overcrowding and outdated and unsanitary conditions. In addition, the reports state that the mentally ill are treated cruelly, first offenders are housed with hardened criminals, and the prison administration is disorganized.

Prison authorities see the violence as the result of gang rivalries. A government committee for penal reform indicated that the country's prisons are almost totally under the control of gangs.

Overcrowding is one of the major factors contributing to the problem. Charles Jimenez Nettleship, the island's corrections administrator, says that lack of space is his biggest problem. He claims this is one reason for the persistence of gangs, because dangerous criminals cannot be isolated from the other inmates.

Nettleship has been trying to initiate reforms such as more health services, inmate security, and the

transfer of mentally ill prisoners. He has directed that each inmate have at least 35 square feet of cell space and has made efforts to separate prisoners by category. He claims that prison security should improve by 1984 with the building of four new prisons.

Other officials are trying to implement change. Senator Francisco Aponte Perez is advocating five new bills which he has filed designed to reduce overcrowding. They call for alternatives to bail by permitting convicts to do outside community work and for the separation of dangerous inmates from other prisoners.

VIDEOTAPING TRIALS

Modern technology has infiltrated many places of human activity—including the courtroom. The concept of videotaped trials has been around for a while. Advocates of this method claim that it cuts down the amount of time needed for a trial and thus helps reduce any backlog of cases. Lengthy arguments over evidence, objections of testimony and endless conferences at the judge's bench are edited out of the tape to be viewed by the jury. In addition, supporters claim, the method is more objective since the cameras focus on only the witnesses and evidence, rather than on the lawyers, defendant or judge.

The murder trial of 19-year-old David Lange earlier this year was the first to use videotape. The trial included live opening and closing statements by the prosecutor and defense attorney, and the tape itself. The case was heard by a three-judge panel, (Lange had waived his right to a jury trial).

The presiding judge in this case was James Lincoln McCrystal aka "Videotape" who earned this nickname through his advocacy of the use of videotape in civil cases. Now he hopes the practice will be carried out in criminal cases as well.

Judge McCrystal's argument is that it will reduce the backlog of civil cases. He claims that factually simple cases are the ones clogging up the docket but these can be cleared up quickly through use of

videotape. The judge insists that his support of the practice is not just for the "show biz" aspect of it.

The judge did concede, however, that there is the possibility for manipulating a jury's emotions through videotape, but explained that jurors like the videotape system because they can concentrate better and the proceedings are shorter.

But not everyone is in favor of the new process. Erie County Prosecutor John Pfefferie says he has fought its use in criminal cases from the beginning. He says he is not as sharp mentally and legally when talking to something as "cold" as a videotape camera.

Like it or not, it appears that videotape will remain a tool in our modern justice system as it has become important in other areas of human endeavor.

THE PLIGHT OF VICTIM HELPERS

A recent study conducted by the National Institute of Justice shows that friends, relatives and neighbors of crime victims who offer their help also suffer fear, suspicion and insecurity. The study indicated that such people "suffer hidden costs of helping victims."

The report, entitled "Victims and Helpers: Reactions to Crime," based its findings on New York City data from July 1979 and September 1981 and found that 80 percent of those who helped crime victims suffered the same types of reactions: "Feeling nervous or frightened; increased suspicion of people; feeling less safe at home or on the street." The report also indicated, however, that most helpers did not regret that the victim turned to them for help.

The report summarized the findings of the Victim Services Agency of New York which interviewed 274 victims and 152 supporters. Four months later, 182 of the victims were re-interviewed.

Friends, relatives, co-workers and neighbors were the most likely victim supporters, although a few victims reported receiving help from strangers. Landlords were most often cited as those who would not or could not help.

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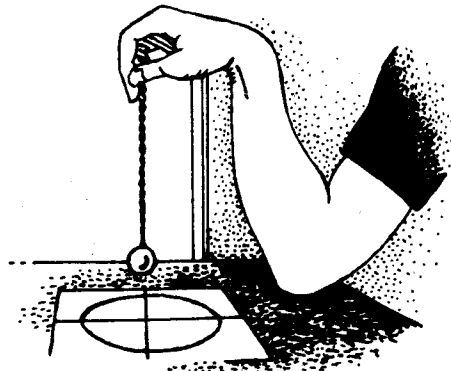
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About the Author

Milton Lederman is a graduate of City University and New York University, with B.S. and M.S. degrees. Member of Alpha Delta Sigma and ETA MUPI Honorary Societies. As a Martial Arts Practitioner and teacher for over 37 years, he has taught thousands of Buddhist and Practical Philosophy of Jiu Jitsu- Judo- Tai Chichuan and Chinese Kung Fu. His own life is proof of Automatic Mind Control, honored by U.S. Presidential committees, YMCA man of the year. He has the rare ability of clarifying the most profound truths in a way which can be plainly understood by anyone.

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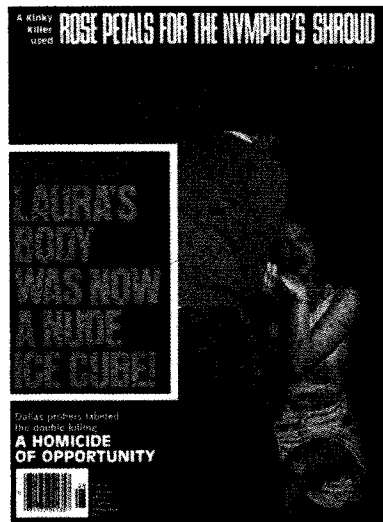
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On May 11, 1982, a state appeals court in New Jersey order a new trial for convicted rapist and murderer **Robert Reldan**. The Appellate Division of Superior Court held that the testimony of two prosecution witnesses "had the high potential" of prejudicing the jury's verdict.

Reldan was convicted of raping and murdering two Bergen County women in 1975 ("There's Someone Out There," FRONT PAGE, February 1980). It took two trials to convict Reldan; the first one ended in a hung jury. His sentence for both murders was life plus thirty years.

The testimony in question was delivered by two women, one of whom was raped by Reldan in 1967 and the other of whom accused him of attempted rape. The prosecution used their testimony in an attempt to show the similarities between those cases and the two murders.



Marion Albert Pruett, already sentenced to die in a Mississippi murder case, has been transferred to a prison in Colorado where he has been ordered to appear for a preliminary hearing on charges that he killed two Colorado store clerks.

Pruett is charged with the shooting deaths of James Balderson, 24, and Anthony Taitt, 21, during separate robberies that occurred on the same night, October 16th. During testimony given while on trial in Mississippi, Pruett admitted being responsible for the shootings ("Six-State Rampage of Terror," FRONT PAGE, June 1982).

Pruett has acted as his own attorney since his arrest last fall, and his defense attorney has already requested the court that Pruett be permitted to serve as co-counsel. Judge J. Robert Miller said a hearing would be held to determine if Pruett can act as his own lawyer.

Before his transfer from the Forrest County Regional Jail, where Pruett was held prior to his appearance in Federal Court in Biloxi on bank robbery and kidnapping charges, a jailer discovered that the bars had been sawed through the window of his second-story cell. After an immediate search, a blade was recovered from the sole of Pruett's shoe.

Pruett received additional federal sentences of 25 years and life for the robbery and kidnapping charges in connection with the murder of Peggy Lowe, a savings and loan clerk from Jackson, Miss. He faces criminal charges in several other states.

On May 26, 1982, **Steven Marquiz** was convicted of first-degree murder and conspiracy in the slaying of Debbie TerHorst. Marquiz—identified in the story as **Juan Robles**—and Rudy "Midnight" Gallegos murdered Debbie on January 10, 1981 because of some missing cocaine and liquor ("A Little Larceny Among Lovers," FRONT PAGE, July 1982).

At the time the story was written, three suspects were apprehended. One of them, identified as Pedro Cruz, was acquitted. Another, Gallegos, was convicted and received a life-term sentence.

The third suspect—Marquiz/Robles—was judged unfit to stand trial and sent to the Colorado State Hospital. In late December of 1981, psychiatrists judged Marquiz sane and released him to police custody.

Although psychiatrists agreed that Marquiz suffered from a permanent personality disorder, they were unable to agree whether he was sane at the time of the killing. The jury, however, decided he was sane and knew what he was doing when he murdered 17-year-old Debbie.

Marquiz will be sentenced July 6th to a mandatory life term in the state penitentiary.



On April 16, 1982, the Federal Bureau of Investigating reopened the investigation into the murder case against **Dr. Jeffery MacDonald**. MacDonald was convicted of slaughtering his wife and two daughters in 1970 at Fort Bragg, North Carolina ("Why Did He Kill Colette And Her Babies?," FRONT PAGE September 1982).

The investigation was reopened because of new evidence obtained by a retired agent acting as an independent investigator. The evidence is a 53-page signed statement by a woman who claims to have witnessed the slaughter by members of a satanic drug cult. During his trial, MacDonald said that such a cult broke into his home on the base and murdered his family.

The retired agent was hired by the doctor's lawyers. He said that he had informed the Justice Department of the signed statement over a year ago.

Earlier, on May 3rd, a three-judge panel of the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals for the Fourth District denied Dr. Jeffery MacDonald bail. He is currently in a Federal prison serving three life terms.

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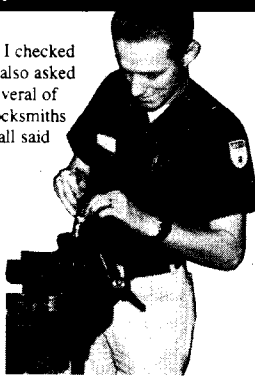


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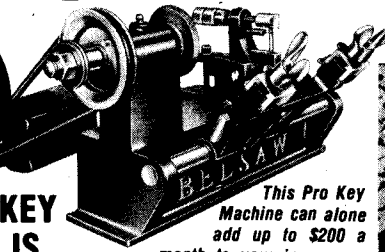


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BIZARRE CASE OF THE RELUCTANT PROSTITUTE

by KURT BROCKER

FIVES, FRANCE

JUNE 12, 1981

The bread knife was still jammed to the hilt in the center of Daniel Renaut's stomach when the emergency ambulance arrived at the little apartment at Number 16 rue Gosselin in the suburb of Fives.

The burly, 37-year-old truck driver sat hunched forward on the settee, his hands clasped almost protectively around the handle of the knife and his mustache like a streak of charcoal across the deadly power of his face. He was sweating heavily, the thick streams of perspiration running down from his forehead and across his cheek and into the open collar of the scotch-plaid shirt. Lower down, where the eight-inch blade of the knife was imbedded in his vitals, the blood was seeping slowly out to form a large, roughly circular, dark patch over the pattern of the garment.

His sister and her fiance sat on either side of him, holding him in their arms. As the intern and the stretcher-bearers from the emergency ambulance burst through the open door of the apartment into the room, Renaut raised his head, opened his mouth as if he were trying to say something and then went totally limp as he lost consciousness.

The intern took one look at the protruding knife handle and signaled to the stretcher bearers. "Into the ambulance with him!" he snapped. "We can't lose a second. It's going to be touch and go."

As the stretcher-bearers eased the unconscious man swiftly and with the efficiency of much practice out into the narrow hall and down the stairs, the intern, following them, paused for an instant to look back at the couple sitting on the settee.

"Have you called the police?" he said.

The man and the girl shook their heads mutely.

"Then I will," said the intern as he went off down the stairs.

A few moments later the communications center at police headquarters in downtown Lille, the great and grimy industrial city in the northwest corner of France, received a call over the radio-telephone from the ambulance speeding through the streets in the direction of the Lille Emergency

Hospital. A man had been seriously wounded with a knife at 16 rue Gosselin in the suburb of Fives and it was not possible at the moment to make a prognosis.

It was a Saturday, the 2nd of August, 1980, and the time was precisely 3:22. Although it was a weekend and the height of the vacation period, all departments of the Lille police were fully staffed. Even in the best of times the cities in the industrial northwest of France along the Belgian border tend to violence and a high crime rate. Now, with massive unemployment and a falling standard of living, violent crime was at such a level that all departments needed to be staffed around the clock.

At the Department of Criminal Investigations were Inspector Giscard Cabot, a tall, handsome man with long, dark-brown sideburns and a permanently harassed expression; his assistant, Detective Sergeant Francois Petri, a bear of a man, with a sizeable stomach and a rolling gait; and one of the department's three experts in forensic medicine, Dr. Charles Simon, who looked like an aging choir boy. While the inspector and the sergeant set off for the rue Gosselin, the doctor headed for the emergency hospital to learn what he could concerning the condition of the victim, the nature of the wound and to make some estimate of what sort of implement had caused it. At the time no one at police headquarters knew that the knife was still sticking in Daniel Renaut's body.

At the apartment in Fives, the police officers found 25-year-old Martine Renaut, the sister of the wounded man, and her fiance, Louis Devynck, 30, still sitting side by side on the settee as if stunned, holding hands.

In response to the inspector's questions, both said that they had no idea how Daniel had come to be stabbed and that he had staggered into the apartment holding his hands over the handle of the knife. They had immediately called the emergency ambulance.

The inspector, who had heard a great many false statements in his life, immediately recognized this as one and instructed the sergeant to take both Renaut and Devynck into custody and bring them to police headquarters. If they insisted on being charged, then the charge was suspicion of wounding with a deadly weapon.

The johns who showed up at Martine's door got the surprise of their lives, but she reserved the biggest shocker of all for the pimp who sent them.

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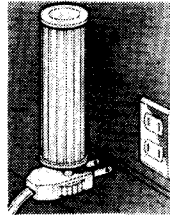
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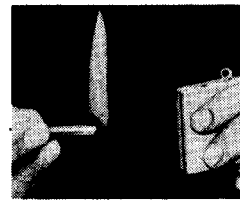
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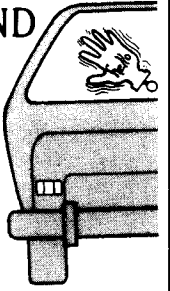
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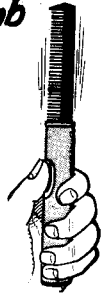
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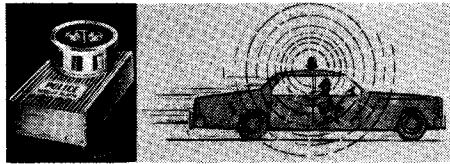
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The sergeant took the two suspects down to the police car and the inspector took a quick look through the apartment. He found nothing of significance other than that someone, apparently a man, had been sleeping on top of the covers on the bed in one of the two bedrooms. The form of the body on the covers and the dent made by the head in the pillow were plainly visible.

At police headquarters, Martine Renault and Louis Devynck were taken to separate interrogation rooms for questioning. Generally speaking, their statements turned out to be roughly identical. They were, however, going to have to repeat them a good many times, for the inspector had barely arrived back at the station when he received a call from the emergency hospital. It was Dr. Simon and he reported that Daniel Renault had died while being carried to the operating room. The murder weapon, a bread knife, had been withdrawn from the body and he was bringing it back for possible identification and testing for fingerprints. The body was being sent to the police morgue for the autopsy.

The inspector did not pass the news of Daniel's death on to the two suspects, but simply resumed questioning. The longer of the two statements was that of Martine Renault.

Like her brother and Louis Devynck, Martine had been born and raised in Fives and had spent her entire life in the little apartment at 16 rue Gosselin. The apartment had originally belonged to her parents, Roger and Leontine Renault, but Roger had died in 1965 and Leontine in 1973. Daniel, the only other child, had married that same year and had moved to the little town of Mons-en-Baroeul.

The marriage had not turned out well and in 1977 he had obtained a divorce. She had not had much contact with him since he left home as his job of a long-distance trucker kept him away a great deal of the time.

She had met Louis Devynck, a giant of a man with shoulder-length red hair, in September of 1979, and upon having decided to marry in September of 1980, he had moved



Louis Devynck was engaged to the victim's sister. He confessed to murder, but claimed he was defending himself.

into the apartment with her in January of 1980. Devynck was employed as a mechanic in a garage in Lille.

Louis Devynck's statement agreed with that of Martine's in almost all detail. His knowledge of her parents and her brother was, however, as he pointed out, only based on what she had told him. Although he too was a native of Fives, he had never met the elder Renaults before their death and had only seen Daniel on one or two occasions. He had, he said, heard that Daniel drank rather more than was good for him and that he was known as a brawler in the bars. He thought that it might be in some such brawl that Daniel had obtained his mortal knife wound.

Although these were straightforward, reasonable and nearly identical statements, the inspector did not believe a word of them, but, having insufficient evidence to bring any kind of a serious charge, he was left with no alternative other than to release both suspects with the warning that they were not to leave town or change their address without advising him.

Before the couple left police headquarters, he informed Martine that her brother was dead and suggested that she make arrangements for the transfer of the body from the police morgue after the autopsy to a funeral home for burial.

Martine broke down completely, became hysterical and had to be transferred to the police clinic for tranquilizing injections which were, however, so ineffective that she was forced to spend the night there.

In the meantime, a large contingent of plainclothes investigators was pouring into the Fives suburb under the direction of Sergeant Petri. The case was now officially classed as homicide and a correspondingly large quota of manpower could be assigned for the purposes of the investigation.

Nothing unusual was discovered that evening other than that Devynck had been correct in his statement that Daniel Renault drank more than was good for him and was given to brawling in bars. His divorce had apparently had a had effect on him, for he had not worked since that time and had spent his time either in the taverns drinking or importuning casual acquaintances for small loans with which to finance further drinking. In 1978, he had been a suspect in the stick-up of a filling station, but had been released without charge for lack of evidence. It was not possible to determine how he supported himself, but it was possible to determine that both Martine and Louis had been lying when they said that they had seen little of Daniel. The neighbors reported that he had been constantly in and out of the apartment at 16 rue Gosselin.

The break came on the following day when the sergeant appeared in the inspector's office with a large, ugly and menacing-looking man named Rene Dupres. Mr. Dupres, said the sergeant, knew the Renaults and claimed that Martine was a prostitute and that her brother was her pimp. He was, he said, one of her customers.

This statement astonished the inspector very much, for he knew a prostitute when he saw one and Martine Renault did not look to him like a prostitute at all.

Nonetheless, Dupres stuck to his story.

"I met Daniel in a bar one night in June of 1978," he said. "We'd both been drinking and I guess I complained that I didn't have much luck with the girls. He said if I wanted a nice girl, he could fix me up with his sister. It would cost ten dollars and I might have to be a little rough with her because she was a little masochistic and liked to be pushed around. She'd play coy, but if I slapped her around a little, she'd come across."

"Was Miss Renault present in the bar when her brother told you this?" asked the inspector incredulously. He had heard some remarkable things during the course of his career, but this topped all of them.

"No," said Dupres. "She was at home in her apartment at 16 rue Gosselin in Fives. All I had to do was go out there, knock on the door and, when she opened up, push in and say

I'd come to get my money's worth. If she put up any objections, I was to ignore them."

"And did she put up any objections?" said the inspector.

"Fought like a tiger," said Dupres. "She scratched me up pretty bad, but, for ten dollars, it was worth it. What can you get for ten dollars nowadays?"

"Fifteen years for forcible rape," said the inspector. "She didn't bring charges against you?"

"How could she?" said Dupres. "I told her I'd already given her brother the money and that if she wanted her cut she could ask him for it. After that, she sort of gave up."

"That story is so weird that it has to be true," said the inspector after Dupres had left the office. "My God! What was going on there with those people, anyway?"

"Renaut appears to have been peddling his sister's hips without her knowledge or consent," replied the sergeant. "I suspect that if we keep looking, we'll find others."

He was not mistaken. Over the next few days, the police were able to turn up no less than four men in Fives who admitted to having paid Daniel Renaut for the privilege of sleeping with his sister. The fee had been in all cases the same: ten dollars. So too had the sales pitch.

Said Jean-Paul Courtois in his statement to the police, "I was in this bar drinking and Renaut was standing next to me. I was telling him that I had a lot of trouble meeting girls and, when I did, I couldn't get anywhere with them. He said he knew where I could get a nice girl for not very much money. She was a little fat, he said, but she was really good stuff and clean.

"I said, 'How much?' and he said that ten dollars would be all right. I could give him the money.

"I said that I thought I would like to take a look at her before I paid because, although ten dollars really was a cheap price. I was living from unemployment compensation and I didn't have very much.

"He said that he didn't have her right there in his pocket, but that he could show me a picture. Then, he pulled some pictures out of his pocket and gave them to me.

"I thought they would show her naked or something like that, but they were just ordinary photographs. One was in a living room and the other one was outside at a picnic or something of that sort.

"Like he said, she was a little plump, but she wasn't bad looking and I figured that for ten dollars I couldn't go wrong.

"I lost my money, though, because she put up such a fight that I wasn't able to do it to her."

"Didn't you ask for your money back from Daniel Renaut?" the inspector asked.

Courtois, a short, shabby sort of man with a week's growth of beard and very few teeth, nodded his head sadly.

"He said I wasn't forceful enough," he said. "Said she liked to be dominated by men. He said if I wasn't satisfied, I could have another go at her for free. It was pretty generous of him."

"And did you?" said the inspector.

Courtois shook his head again. "She hurt me pretty bad the first time," he said. "Scratched me all up and she hit me in the eye so that I couldn't see for a couple of days. I thought maybe I'd better not. It was better just to lose the ten dollars."

Courtois said that Renaut had not told him that the girl was his sister, but the other two men, Marcel Gireaux and Denis Presteur, both claimed that he had.

As in the other cases, they had encountered Daniel Renaut by chance in a bar, had spoken of their problems with women and had been offered Martine's services for ten dollars. Both had been shown pictures of Daniel's sister and both had accepted the offer.

Presteur, a stocky, powerful man, had overcome the girl's resistance by sheer force and, like Rene Dupres, had literally raped her. Gireaux, actually the biggest and the strongest of the four, had been kneed so violently in the groin that he had had to beat a retreat, crawling away on hands and knees in



Daniel Renaut, 37, was a destitute drunkard. In order to support himself, he forced his sister into prostitution.

great pain. As he was the last of Daniel's clients that the police were able to locate, it appeared that Martine had been becoming more efficient in defending herself.

"There are probably others, possibly a good many," said the sergeant, "whom we have not been able to locate or who are unwilling to admit that they were involved and the only question that comes to my mind is why she didn't murder him before. She's obviously not a prostitute and she was obviously not in agreement with her brother's schemes for making money out of her."

"And some of the clients must have realized it, too," remarked the inspector. "That girl put up a savage resistance. Anyone with any brains at all would realize that she was not faking it for the sake of masochistic kicks. It's significant that all of the four who made statements are very simple men from the lowest class of society and nearly illiterate. Renaut could tell them something like that and they'd believe it."

"Well, whatever the case, it's one of the most solid motives for murder that I've ever heard of," said the sergeant. "Do you want me to bring her in now and see what we can do

(Continued on page 56)



Gary Schoolcraft, 32 years old, wanted to get even with the victim's boyfriend.

The killer had the perfect crime in the making. The only trouble was he learned too late that
LORI'S FLESH DIDN'T BURN!

by ED BARCELO

**MANSFIELD, OHIO
DECEMBER 7, 1981**

"That house is spooked," a Cleveland housewife said recently, pointing to a 100-year-old abandoned mansion on the city's westside. "It should've been torn down years ago. Maybe, then, this wouldn't have happened."

Visibly upset, the impassioned housewife had learned that Cleveland police had made a grim discovery in this very house: the badly decomposed, near-nude body of a 14-year-old newsgirl, little Tammy Seals. The youngster, missing from her westside home for several months, had been brutally raped and strangled.

Ultimately, the girl's killer was caught and convicted, but this did not lessen the potential danger posed by hundreds of other abandoned houses throughout the city.

Nationwide, detectives would not quarrel with the Cleveland housewife's concern for abandoned houses. With homicide figures constantly escalating to new highs, most homicide detectives would agree that an abandoned house is an open invitation to murder. While reliable statistics have never been compiled on the number of rotted corpses uncovered in abandoned dwellings, their number is significant.

But such concern is not unique to Cleveland, Ohio. In the rolling hills, some 70 miles southwest of Cleveland, in the town of Mansfield, local residents were concerned with their own eyesores: the abandoned dwellings on East Luther Place.

To the townfolk, East and West Luther Place was no more than an alley, a narrow, rutted street running parallel to the city's main thoroughfare: Park Avenue, and the irony is self-evident. Ramshackle and decrepit, many of them uninhabited, these half-century old frame dwellings presented a constant blight.

"But they're downright dangerous. Kids break inside 'em, smoke pot and have sex parties—you just wouldn't believe what goes on in those abandoned old houses. And if you wanted to murder somebody and hide the body, there's no better place than a run-down, vacant house," said a Mansfield worker.

Others were more concerned with the threat of fire. "If a fire in one of those old houses got out of control, the whole block could go up in flames."

And an East Luther Place mother echoed similar sentiments, but was more concerned of the danger to her young daughters. "A sex pervert could drag a 10-year-old girl in a house like that—molest her, rape her, do what he damn well pleased, and who would hear her screams?"

Another Mansfield spokesman, more

keyed on the sexual precocity of the puberty set, said, "If I had a dollar for every young girl, from 11 on up, who ever ventured into an abandoned house and pulled down her jeans and underpants and got herself pregnant, my working days would be over. I'd be rich."

A valid concern, that one, but Mansfield citizens were chiefly concerned about homicides against young girls. And with good cause. In the past 18 months, three Mansfield young girls had been brutally murdered. To date, none of these murders had been solved, and it was understandable why citizens were so hostile about abandoned houses, for the vacant wooden monsters seemed like a setting waiting for a murder.

Then, on April 16, 1981, imagined fears became a reality.

It started when someone smelled smoke.

Shortly after 7:30 of that damp April morning, the Mansfield Fire Department received an urgent phone call—an abandoned house on fire, at 223 East Luther Place.

Minutes later, Mansfield skies were darkened by thick, black smoke belching from the East Luther Place fire. Early morning downtown traffic slowed to a crawl. Fire equipment raced across the small industrial town and reached the scene of the blaze. Onlookers filled the narrow alley and had to be herded aside by Mansfield police.

Attending firemen rapidly suspected arson, since the two-story frame house was afire in several locations. Some noted a peculiar odor.

Neighbors gazing at the inferno were not surprised. The single-family 11-room house, converted into a four-family apartment dwelling in recent years, had not been lived in for over a year. During that period, the house had been broken into on several occasions. Reportedly, a friend of the owner of the house had stored clothes and furniture there.

In time, the Mansfield fire-fighters brought the blaze under control, and by early afternoon, arson investigators, led by Captain Max Stahl, were able to enter the gutted ruins to attempt a determination of the fire's cause and origin.

Stahl and his men noticed that the windows were intact, except in the fire area. Also, the doors were locked. But a strange smell continued to assault the investigators, a smell no one could readily identify.

Moving among the blackened ruins, the arson team entered a first-door living room. Here, they found a mattress on the floor, beside a squeaky, aged bed. One investigator idly wondered how many young girls had lain on the stained mattress and, unmindful of rats and roaches, stripped off their clothes

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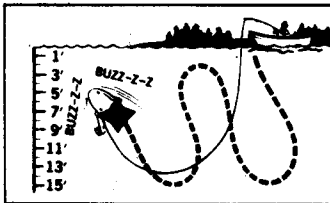
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and allowed a boy or man to profane their bodies.

Beside the mattress, mute testimony of the faceless youths who occasionally frequented the abandoned dwelling, the arson investigators discovered a half-filled bottle of beer, an empty wine bottle and a scattering of cigarette butts. But providing their probe with hard-core evidence of arson, the investigators found what they were looking for:

Telltale hydrocarbon soot in three different locations on the first and second floor—a fine dispersion of black particles caused by the incomplete combustion of some kind of fire accelerant.

In the basement, which was untouched by the blaze, the arson team found the "something else" they were searching for: Resting high in the duct-work leading from an old furnace, they found a partially-filled can of charcoal lighter fluid.

In filing his report, Captain Stahl could not offer a motive for the arson, but vandals needed no motive, he thought. They'd set a fire for the sheer hell of it.

Neighbors, learning that arsonists had set the house afire, immediately assumed an I-told-you-so attitude. For months, area residents had asked city officials to raze the East Luther Place house, as well as other abandoned houses on nearby streets. The intentionally-set blaze now gave citizen efforts new impetus.

A day later, calm had returned to the Mansfield, Ohio neighborhood. The fire

investigators had completed and filed their report on the East Luther Place blaze, and the local citizenry went about their routine tasks. But at 2:34 p.m. of that warm, tranquil day, a new turmoil surfaced. One of the neighborhood girls was missing.

In a city of 52,000, the report of a missing teenage girl would not usually engender great concern. But in a city already beset by three unsolved murders of young Mansfield girls, another missing teenager did cause alarm.

In this instance, the report was filed by 22-year-old Joseph Davies, who identified himself as the "boyfriend" of the missing teenager, 17-year-old Lori June Grumbling.

No one in the Mansfield Police Department questioned the apparent irony. Missing teenagers were generally reported so by their parents, not a boyfriend, and especially not an adult boyfriend. But Davies explained that he and Lori June were practically husband and wife. They'd been living together for eight or nine months, he said.

Had he and his teenage girlfriend quarreled? he was asked.

Davies said no. And he was worried, he added. It wasn't like Lori June to "up and walk out" on him . . . "not when she's three or four months pregnant."

The Mansfield detectives gazed at Davies in unconcealed wonderment. Wasn't this the sad replay of still another American tragedy—a young girl, scarcely weaned from jump ropes and ice cream cones, described by

Davies as a high school dropout, pregnant, and now reported missing by her adult "shack-up" boyfriend; and it was this oft-repeated youth scene that saddened a detective's countenance.

Davies provided the detectives with Lori June's physical description.

"What was she wearing when you last saw her?" a detective asked the bearded boyfriend.

Davies reflected briefly. 'Brown pants . . . brown pants and a plaid shirt . . . and a blue sweat shirt . . . one of them with a hood on it.'

"When did you last see her?"

"Two days ago."

"Morning? afternoon? . . . what time was it?"

Davies told the detectives it had been in the afternoon. "About two-thirty," he said.

"And where was this?"

Davies explained the circumstances. He and Lori June had left their place and visited a mutual friend, Gary Schoolcraft. Schoolcraft lived just a few doors away, on West Luther Place. Davies and Schoolcraft had decided to go out and have a few drinks. Lori June had remained behind, according to Davies.

"And that was the last I saw of her . . . at Schoolcraft's place."

Davies related that he and Gary Schoolcraft had had several drinks, then went their separate ways.

It was quite late when he returned to his West Luther Place apartment,

(Continued on page 78)



Circle marks the town of Mansfield, Ohio, where 17-year-old Lori June Grumbling was stuffed into a furnace.

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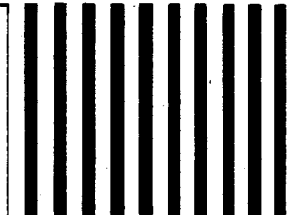
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Las Vegas sleuths reveal **HOWA BLOOD BANK NAILED A KILLER**

by DEAN ANDERSON

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA
MAY 26, 1982

It was raining March 5, 1981 in Las Vegas. It was the kind of day construction workers and others who toil outdoors normally take off. But when a man takes a weekday off he often finds himself looking for something to do to pass the time.

After all, it isn't like having a

weekend off and spending the time with some sort of prolonged entertainment. Yes, a day off in the middle of the week can be a boring thing.

Jerry Pool, a 41-year-old landscaper, decided to take the rainy day off. There would be little he could accomplish with the heavens opening up and the rain pouring down. He knew a friend of his, a fellow landscaper, would also take the day off because of weather conditions.

So Pool went to his friend Clark

A lock was put on the case when investigators learned how the suspect picked up some easy cash, but one more mystery had to be solved before the case could be marked "closed."



Because it was raining, 30-year-old Jerry Pool went drinking at a friend's house, where he was kicked to death.

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When Florida State Trooper N.S. Ritter pulled over the car, he thought he had stopped a speeding motorist; then he discovered he had a murderer.

Smith's house near the downtown area of Las Vegas about 10 a.m. When he got there he found that his friend had still another landscaper with him who wouldn't be working this day, either. The second landscaper had spent the night at Smith's home.

The trio decided to pass the time by drinking beer and vodka and whatever else they could find in the liquor cabinet. By 11 a.m. the numbing effect of the alcoholic beverages was beginning to warm the three men. They were happy. They swapped stories and jokes. They talked about the individual landscaping projects they were currently

in the process of undertaking.

Smith's pal got up to make the trip to the kitchen for another can of beer. But when he opened the refrigerator door he saw no more beer.

"Better go get some more," said Smith. "Has anybody got any money?" Pool fumbled around in his pants pocket.

"I have a couple of bucks," he said, slightly slurring his words.

"I have a couple, too," said Smith.

The friend came back into the living room, took the money from the other two and went out the door.

"I'll be back in a few minutes," he said

as he turned up his collar to keep the rain from running down his neck.

There is a convenience market just a block down the street and it was to that market that the beer run was made. Within 15 minutes the man was back at the house with two 12-packs of beer.

"I was getting thirsty," said Smith as he tore into a 12-pack.

"Thought you'd never get back," said Pool as he opened the other one.

The drinking and partying went on into the afternoon. At about 1 p.m. two young men knocked on the door. Smith let them in. These two young men had done some work for him a few months earlier yet he knew them only by first names. But, still, it was wet outside. He invited the two to join him and his friends in a beer.

The two accepted and the partying went on.

But, as is so often the case when friends are drinking, the alcohol begins to take over. It seeks out mean streaks in people and brings them to the front.

And it happened this day in Las Vegas, too.

At a little past two o'clock Pool got into a shoving match with one of the men. The other three broke it up quickly and the five returned to their drinking.

Someone made another beer run. Things appeared to be settled down. Outside it was still raining and inside five men kept pouring down the booze.

But it wasn't long before two of them were exchanging heated words over some small misunderstanding. A punch was thrown but the man who threw it was so drunk he missed the target—another man's chin—completely.

As the afternoon wore on more small fights developed. One of the battles was over who was going to make the next beer run. They got this one settled, the run was made and 24 more cans of beer found their way into the house.

At about 6 p.m. the biggest fight of the day began.

The two men who had come to the house at about 1 p.m. managed to get Pool down. And then one of those two men, known only as Ken to the others, began kicking his head. Ken was wearing hard-toed work boots.

Smith's friend, who had been in a couple of fights that day, was also down in another part of the room. Ken's companion kicked him once or twice and he lost consciousness.

Ken, meanwhile, kicked Pool some more. Pool, too, lost consciousness. He was kicked one or two more times in the throat. Clark Smith, meanwhile, had left on an errand. Ken and his companion were alone in the house with two unconscious men.

This fact sobered them slightly. They knew they had to leave before Smith returned.

Smith's pal regained consciousness

long enough to get off the floor and crawl to the couch. Pool remained on the floor. It was late when Clark Smith returned. He saw the one friend sleeping on the couch and then he looked over at Pool who was on the floor near a corner. At first glance it appeared Pool, like the man on the couch, was simply sleeping off a day of boozing and brawling.

But something told him to have a second look at Pool. And that second look revealed Pool was not breathing. His face and neck were covered with blood and that blood had flowed onto the carpet and caked there.

Smith had been out of the house for several hours. It was now past midnight. When he had left, all four were alive, and they were drinking and arguing and doing a little pushing and shoving.

There had certainly been no indication the partying would turn into murder. But that was obviously what had happened.

Pool was dead. Another man was lying on the couch sleeping if off and he, too, had been bloodied about the head.

Ken and his friend had vanished.

Smith knew the missing two were probably the ones involved in the beating death. He called the Las Vegas Metropolitan Police Department. Uniformed officers responded to the crime scene immediately.

Smith woke his friend who had been sleeping on the couch. He was the only one who would be able to give officers any kind of an eyewitness account in the beating death of Jerry Pool.

His statement to the officers when they arrived was a simple one. He told them the last time he had seen Pool alive the man named Ken was kicking his head.

The corpse was removed from the house and taken to the morgue, where an autopsy would be performed later in the day. The man who witnessed the beating and Clark Smith, who owned the house in which it occurred, were asked to report to Detective Al Leavitt in Metro's homicide division in the morning for the taking of a detailed statement.

Both men, after squeezing out a couple of hours of sleep, met with Leavitt at 8 a.m.

The eyewitness repeated the statement he had given to the uniformed officers.

"I was down and I saw Pool was down over on the other side of the room, and this guy Ken was kicking him in the head. He just kept kicking him," he said.

"And you don't have a last name on him?" Leavitt asked.

Both men shook their heads.

"He did some work for me, but it was a cash deal," Smith said "I only know him by Ken." They said he was probably in

his mid-20s. He was a big man, well over six feet tall, and he had long hair and a mustache.

"Can you think of anything else?" Leavitt pressed. "Was there anything about him that was unusual? Did he have any strange habits? Do you know any places where he particularly liked to hang out?"

"There was one thing," said Smith, who had known Ken longer, "I don't know if it would be of any help to you, though."

"Anything is better than what we've got now," said Leavitt.

"Well, he just sort of drifted into the town and out again. But I know that when he was in town he would sometimes sell a pint of his blood to the blood bank. They pay for it, you know."

The detective furrowed his brow.

"As a matter of fact, I think he said something about having just sold a pint when he was over at the house yesterday," said Smith. "Does that help you

any?" He asked hopefully.

"It sure does," said the detective. "The blood bank keeps a record of its donors and with that record they keep a picture of each one. If he sold a pint recently, it will be on file with his picture. What I'm going to do is contact the blood bank and get pictures of the men named Ken who sold blood in the last few days. If he is among them and you can pick out his picture, we'll at least know who we're looking for."

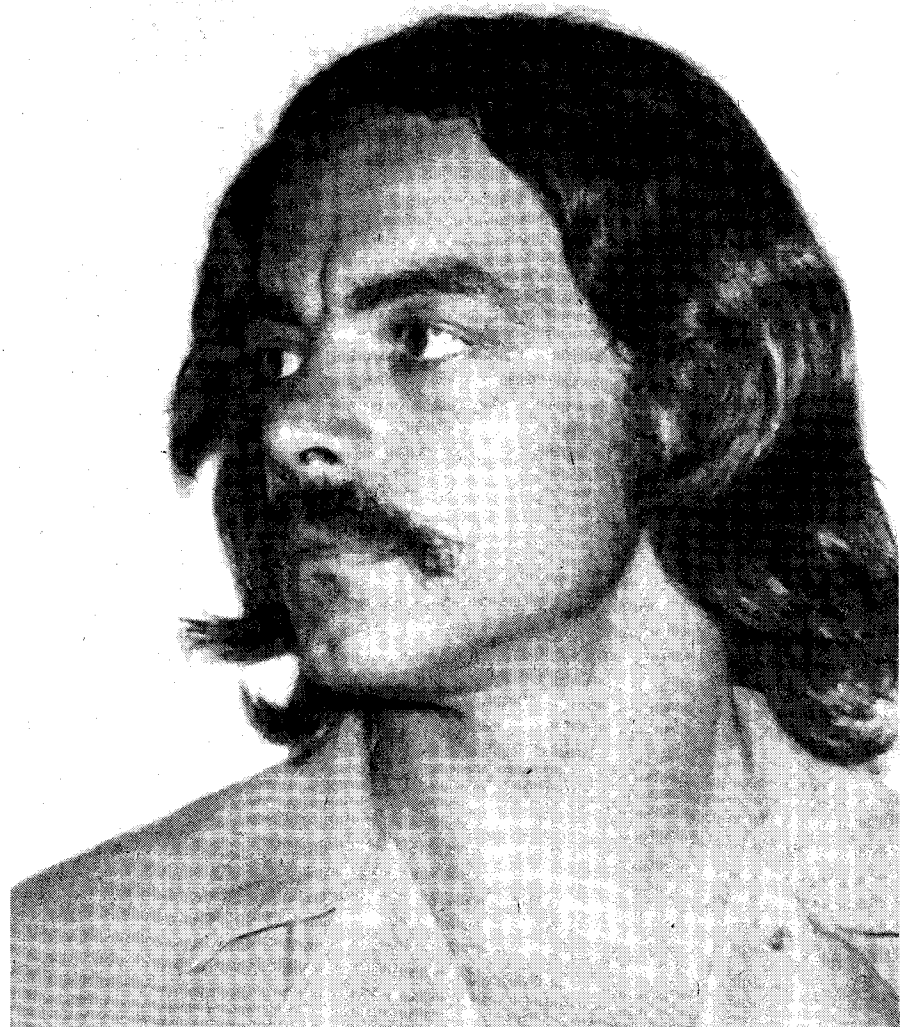
Both men nodded as Leavitt explained his plan.

"I'll be in touch with you in a day or two," said the detective as the two men left his office.

Leavitt's next move was to telephone the blood bank to explain his needs. He was told he could come immediately and that personnel there would start checking the files for Kens who had recently sold blood.

When Leavitt arrived the files had

(Continued on page 53)



Drifter Kenneth Bradley More, 27 years old, fled Nevada after the murder, not realizing records at blood bank would be used to identify him.

Did the woman die by accident or design? That was the big question until the ME's autopsy produced some startling facts.

by PEDAR DAAS

APLINGTON, IOWA
DECEMBER 15, 1981

The call came through shortly after 2:30 Sunday morning September 20, 1980, rousing the pastor of the Aplington, Iowa, Presbyterian Church, from his sleep. Still half awake, he had difficulty hearing the voice of the caller. "Would you speak louder?" he asked. "I can hardly hear you."

"This is Larry Hartman . . . Esther's dead."

"Dead? Good Heavens, Larry, what happened?"

Hartman could barely speak. "When I came home, I found her lying at the bottom of the basement stairs. She's dead—no pulse—no heartbeat," he sobbed.

"I'll be right over," the clergyman responded. "Have you called the sheriff?" he asked.

"No. I'll call him now."

The pastor, who was also the city ambulance driver, was the first to arrive with the ambulance, followed a short time later by several sheriff's deputies. They found Hartman bent over in a chair, his head buried in his hands, weeping.

The deputies, meanwhile, found the body of Mrs. Hartman lying on her bed



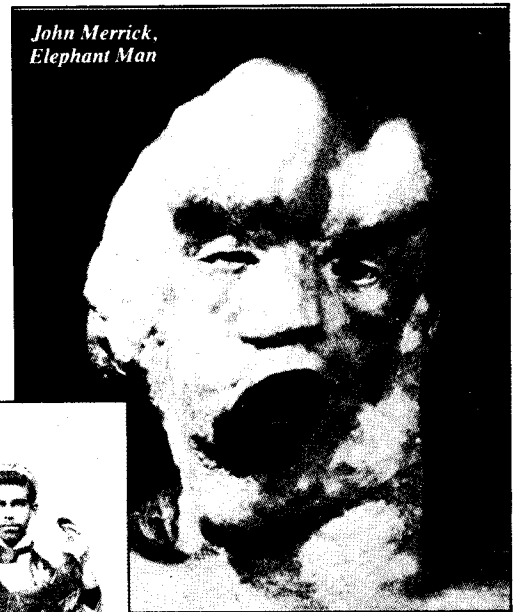
Esther Hartman, found at bottom of basement steps, had bruises on face, head and arm.

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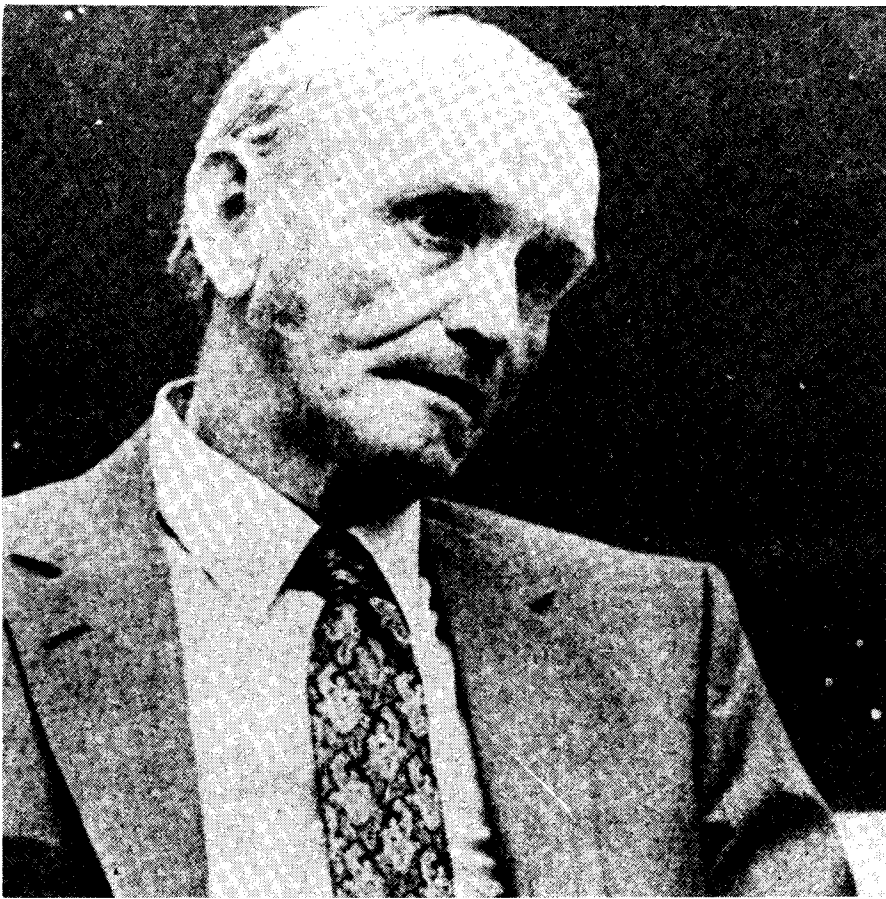
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Fifty-eight-year-old Lawrence Hartman claimed he couldn't have killed his wife. He was with his lover and her daughter at the time, so it had to be an accident.

with no signs of life. There were bruises on her head, face and arms.

Although it was assumed that Esther Hartman died from an accidental fall, the lawmen also had to take into consideration that she might have been attacked by an intruder who could have entered the house intent on robbing it. But this theory was soon ruled out as the motive when it was discovered her purse, containing \$1,600 cash, lay on the kitchen counter in plain view. Furthermore, a careful check of the doors and windows failed to indicate any signs of forced entry.

However, it was pointed out, the isolated farmers in the area seldom bothered to lock their doors, and it could have been comparatively easy for anyone to enter the house.

When Hartman's sons arrived they were shocked and stunned and couldn't understand how she could have fallen down the stairs. She was always careful and overly cautious about everything and would have held on to the handrail. But as one of the deputies noted, many accidents of this nature occur when a person trips at the head of the landing. Then a fall is unavoidable and often results in serious injuries or death.

At 6:30 a.m. Hartman, red-eyed from weeping, left with a deputy for the county sheriff's office to give a disposi-

tion concerning the incident.

During the interrogation, he said he was with his wife Saturday night. At the time, she mentioned she might visit his mother who was ill, and he thought perhaps she would remain with her overnight. He left the house at about 9:30 p.m. and returned at 2:30 a.m. When he failed to see her at home, he assumed she had decided to stay overnight with his mother. He was about to go down to the basement to put his dentures in the basement bathroom when the lights began to flicker and went out. He stepped down cautiously. When he reached the bottom of the stairs, he stumbled over an object just as the lights went on. Lying at the foot of the stairs, he saw his wife. Horrified and thinking she might still be alive, he applied cardiopulmonary resuscitation. The attempt failed.

"You say you left your house at 9:30 p.m. Saturday and didn't return until 2:30 a.m. Sunday, is that right?" Grundy County Sheriff William Martin wanted to know.

"Yes, that's right," Hartman replied.

"What did you do during that time span?"

Hartman hesitated. "I don't like to admit this," he said slowly, "it places me in an awkward position." He appeared extremely nervous. Finally he said, "I

went to Cedar Falls to see a friend of mine who had asked me to help her move a washing machine and dryer from a mobile home to her apartment. We went to Dike with her daughter, put the equipment on my pickup and brought it to her place."

"And you stayed there until about 2:00 a.m.," the lawman inquired.

"Yes, I left about that time."

"Do your sons know about this?"

"I told them," Hartman replied, "when they asked me about the accident. They're angry about it feeling if I had been home with Esther at the time, she would still be alive."

After Hartman left, Martin had difficulty reconciling himself to Hartman's statements about the woman in Cedar Fall. Hartman, 58, was well-known to the area. After he and his wife were married in 1947, they moved to the Hartman farm. It was a 240 acre spread that over the years expanded to an 850 acre farm and dairy operation. He had been a township trustee, a member of the Condemnation Board, the Election Board, and Landfill Commission in Grundy County besides being a Sunday School teacher in the Presbyterian Church in Aplington.

When Dr. Charles J. LaTendresse, County Medical Examiner, completed his preliminary examination of the corpse, he had little to say about the results of his investigation. He did state, however, that in his opinion, death occurred about 11:00 p.m., Saturday, September 19th. Later, he confided to the authorities that he did not believe Mrs. Hartman's injuries were consistent with a fall down the steps. He stated that the only way she could have sustained some of the injuries present on her body would have been if she had fallen on her face.

"But nothing was wrong with her face," he said. "I felt that this was inconsistent with a fall down the stairs and foul play was intermingling in the picture."

LaTendresse's assertions served to substantiate the convictions shared by some of the law enforcement authorities, namely that her death was not caused by an accidental fall, but someone had contributed to it by inflicting fatal wounds on her body.

When Dr. Donald F. Hayes, the pathologist who performed the autopsy on Mrs. Hartman's body, submitted his report, it served only to confuse the authorities in that it completely refuted the medical examiner's conclusions. Dr. Hayes stated the results of the autopsy clearly indicated that Mrs. Hartman died from a fall down the basement steps. The chest injuries she suffered were consistent with the fall and the administration of cardiopulmonary resuscitation.

(Continued on page 74)

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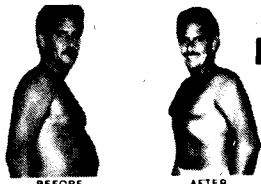
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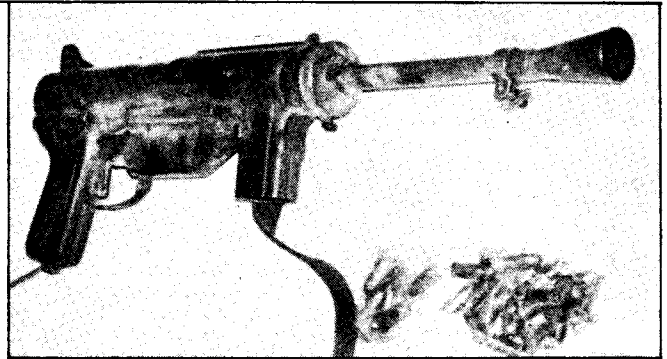
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LAURA WAS KEPT ALIVE FOR SEX ... THEN SLAIN



Twenty-year-old Laura Craig was on her way to college when she was kidnapped, raped, tortured and then killed.



While her fiance was tied to a tree, unspeakable things were done to her in a house, and plans for both included death by slow and agonizing degrees.

by **TURK RYDER**

**SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.
MARCH 15, 1982**

"I used the ax and chopped the dude up," chief witness Norman Thomas told the jury. "I was afraid I'd get shot if I didn't."

Thomas made the comment on February 4, 1982 in the courtroom of San Bernardino, California, Judge Joseph B. Campbell. His tone of voice was matter-of-fact; apparently repetition had blunted whatever remorse Thomas might have felt.

The jury was not so callous. Though warned by prosecutor Paul DePasquale that they would hear shocking testimony during the trial, the jury was not prepared for the witness' low regard for human life, and several visibly recoiled.

Similar emotions were not shown by the defendant, a squat 5'10", 240 pound barrel of a man known to friends as "The Bull."

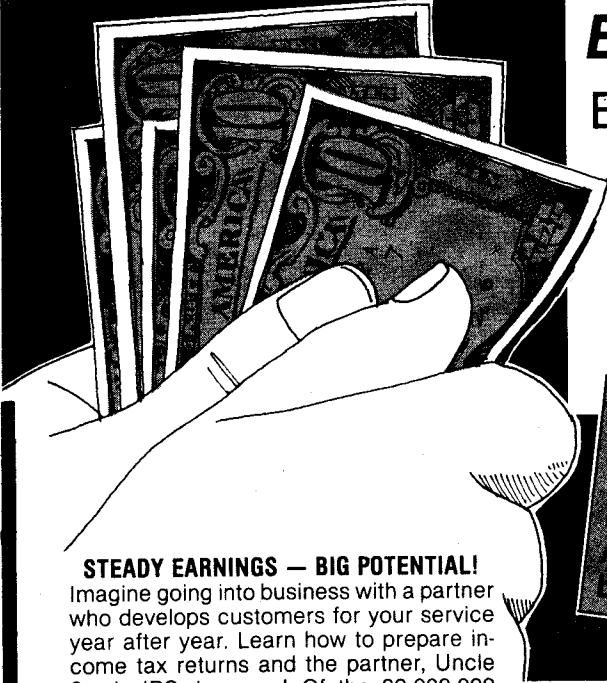
Seated next to his attorney, The Bull only smiled at

Thomas' testimony. It was his most common expression, the toothy, broad-faced smile, and a twinkle in the eye to go with it. The Bull liked to shock people.

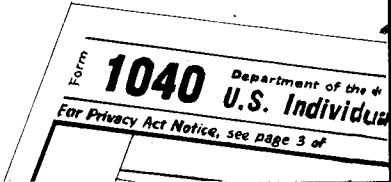
And he also liked to kill them, if the prosecutor was right. Brutally, with plenty of suffering and torture. The Bull was charged with the kidnapping murder of a California college couple. The girl, 20-year-old Laura Craig had been sexually tortured, then murdered. Her boyfriend, 21-year-old Kevin Thorpe had been machine-gunned to death, and then dismembered into five pieces. The grisly crimes had occurred in a remote part of Lassen County, about a three-hour drive from Sacramento, and had generated so much outrage that the trial was moved to San Bernardino.

The Bull didn't mind the move. Nor did he outwardly show annoyance when the prosecutor described him as a gun freak who got his kicks from murdering a couple of kids on their way to college. The description only made him smile.

Laura Craig, 20, and Kevin Thorpe, 21, lived in Ridgecrest, a town of 7,600 inhabitants in the southern part of California. The small town is on the edge of the Mojave



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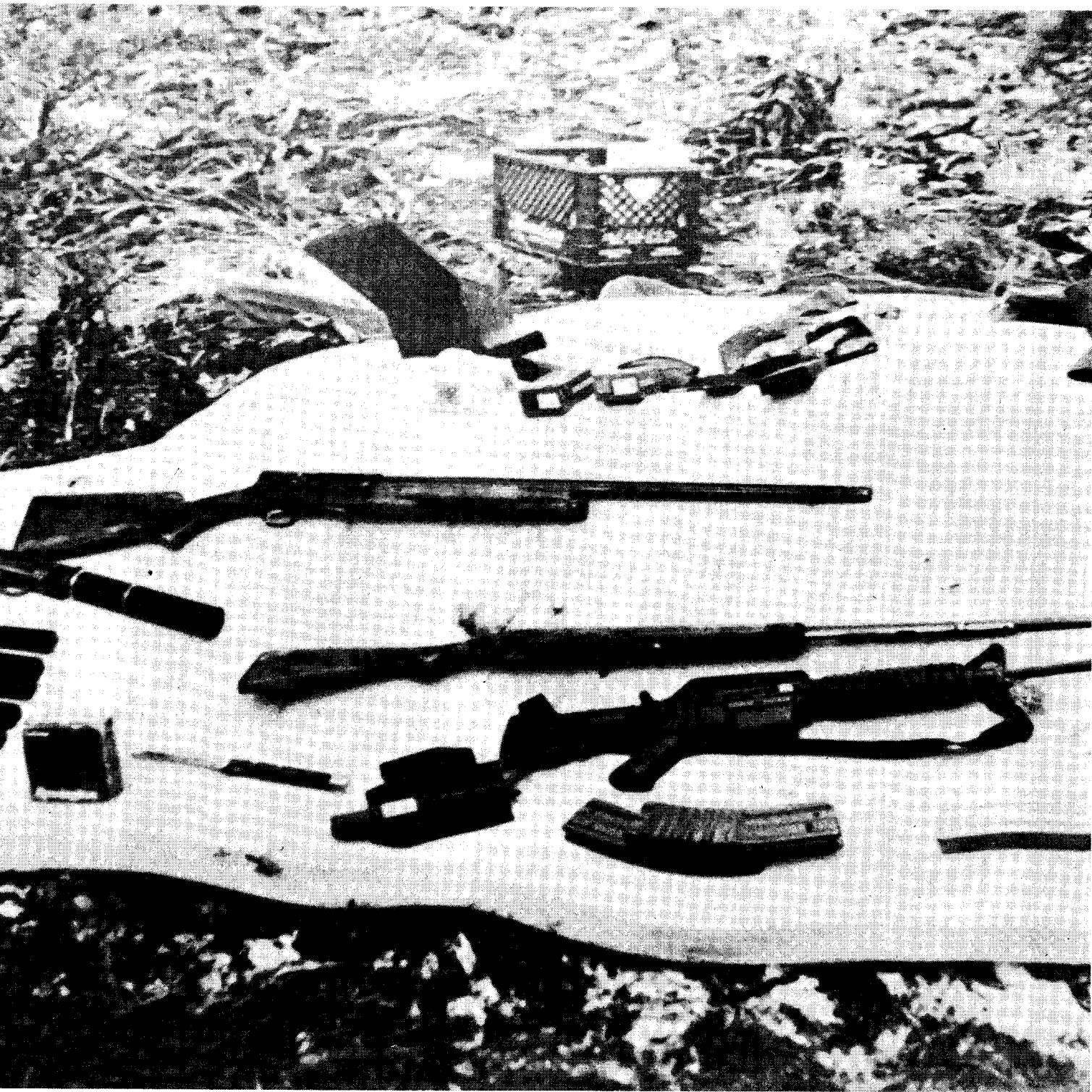
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Part of the arsenal seized by detectives when they arrested the suspect.

Desert and is one of the entrances to the famed Death Valley Monument.

Thorpe's parents had moved to Washington State but he had remained in Ridgecrest working part time for the utility company and going to the local junior college. Kevin was tall and thin, with long brown hair that came to his shoulders and he had a thick moustache. Laura was brown-haired, had a pixie-like smile, and was 5'6" and weighed barely 110 pounds. They were

known at the junior college as "steadies."

They had planned to graduate in Ridgecrest, but then something came up to change their plans.

A former boyfriend named Elmer Davies, jealous of Kevin and wanting his old girlfriend back, kidnapped Laura and held her at knife point in a mobile home for the better part of a day. She was released unharmed but the episode had been frightening.

Laura declined to press charges but that was not the last of Elmer. Friends said he was making threats to kill her unless she stopped going with Kevin.

The threats might have been idle ones. On the other hand, Elmer might very well have kept his word.

Kevin suggested that she not take any chances and leave Ridgecrest for awhile and attend school elsewhere. In fact he had been seriously considering entering college in Oregon for the

spring quarter of 1980.

It didn't take much to convince Laura and her mother that it might be best if Laura went with Kevin to the Oregon school.

Kevin rented a trailer and attached it to his late model Ford pickup. The trailer had seen better days and the rear tires had been worn smooth. "You had better buy some rear tires for the trip," a friend of Kevin's advised. "The last thing you want is to blow a tire on the way to Oregon."

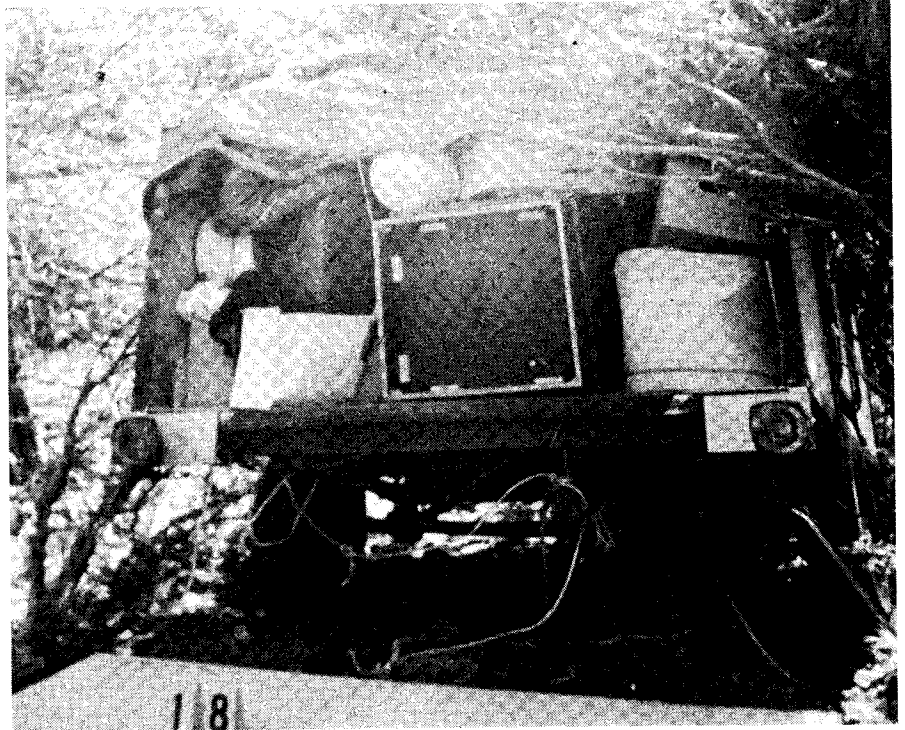
Kevin decided to wait until Oregon to buy tires. "We're going to take it nice and easy riding up there," he said. "I think the tires will last."

The college bound couple packed the trailer to the top with furniture and gear. The shortest route north was Interstate 5, which went through Sacramento, Redding, Ukiah and into Medford, Oregon. But Laura and Kevin decided on old Highway 395, a longer but more picturesque route that took them through Reno, Nevada. They planned to spend a day in Reno relaxing and feeding quarters into the slot machines.

On Saturday morning January 10, 1980, Laura and Kevin climbed into their Ford sedan with the trailer hitched to the back and headed out of town. They estimated it would take three days to reach their destination of Medford, Oregon and promised to call home once they arrived.

The couple reached Reno Saturday night as planned. A \$2 roll of nickles at Harold's Club hit for a \$10 jackpot. They spent the morning and part of the afternoon in Reno before continuing on.

Laura's mother expected the couple to reach Medford on Tuesday and call



Thorpe's loaded trailer was the one clue which broke the case wide open.

sometime late in the afternoon or early evening. When the call didn't come she grew worried. Her daughter was the conscientious type who would not forget to call her mother after a long trip. On Wednesday her mother contacted police and spoke to Detective Kurt Fowler.

Fowler was aware of the troubles Laura had been having with her former boyfriend and immediately contacted Elmer Davies. A chunky man with a morose disposition, Davies said he

didn't know what happened to Laura and Kevin. "I don't know about them," he said, "I've been in town all week."

Fowler was able to corroborate Davies' statement and the former boyfriend was eliminated as a suspect in the couple's unexplained disappearance.

What had happened to Laura and Kevin? They had not gone to Kevin's family or to the college. The family said the last contact they had with their son was just prior to their leaving Ridgecrest. And the college had no record of the couple registering for classes.

Fowler contacted the state highway patrol and authorities in Reno. They reported they had no information concerning a wreck or anything that might involve the young couple and the car in which they were towing the trailer.

With no word from Laura or Kevin by Friday, Fowler requested an alert for the couple and their car to cover California, Nevada and Oregon.

Lassen County is ranching and timber country, about as far removed from the laid-back urban life style of San Francisco and Southern California as one can get. During the winter the snow blizzards often bring commerce to a halt and the only means of transportation to the main highway is by snowmobile. In summer, temperatures in excess of 100 degrees are not uncommon, and cars can be spotted miles away from the clouds of dust raised on the dirt roads.

Unhappy urban dwellers are moving into Lassen County to be close to nature and away from city congestion. They

(Continued on page 70)



Isolated cabin where Laura was captive. Kevin Thorpe was tied to tree nearby.

by VINCENT dePAUL

**BUFFALO, NEW YORK
APRIL 28, 1982**

One the evening of September 22, 1980, a 14-year-old black male was sitting behind the steering wheel of a stolen 1980 Buick in a supermarket parking lot of Buffalo's East side. The teenager, Gleen Dunn, may not have been a model citizen, but he didn't deserve the three .22-caliber bullets that smashed into the left side of his head and killed him. As his blood seeped into the seat's new fabric, a young white man was seen fleeing from the area.

The investigation being conducted by the Buffalo Police Department wasn't even a day old when the homicide squad detectives were informed that another black, 32-year-old Harold Green, was shot and critically wounded while eating his lunch in the parking lot of a fast food restaurant in Cheektowaga, a suburb just over the city line. They were notified because Green was shot on the left side of the head at close range with a .22-caliber weapon.

When the police arrived at the hospital where Green was undergoing surgery, they were told they would have to wait until his condition stabilized and he was out of danger before asking him any questions. As fate would have it, they never questioned him; Green died within a few days. The detectives had to be satisfied with the few statements made by the people at the scene of the shooting.

Later that same Tuesday, Emmanuel Thomas, a 31-year-old unemployed painter, was walking down a street near his house in Buffalo. Without warning, he was shot and killed. Seven blocks and one day separated his death from that of the first victim. The modus operandi was the same as those of the other two cases—a black victim, a head wound on the left side, and .22-caliber bullets.

On Wednesday morning, September 24th, a fourth victim fell prey to the .22-caliber killer and his small, but deadly, bullets. Joseph McCoy, 43, was strolling down a street in Niagara Falls when he was shot from behind. As his body slumped to the ground, his murderer fled down the street.

Within a thirty-six hour period, there were four shootings, three of which were immediately fatal. Although there were a few eyewitnesses, the detectives had no solid suspects, no solid motives.

When they began the first murder investigation, the homicide detectives believed it to be an isolated incident. Because they had a witness who saw the murderer full-faced, they felt the investigation wouldn't last long. They had only to find the young white man with sandy-colored hair seen fleeing from the parking lot.

When the detectives heard about the



Soon after the sixth black was murdered, a cross was burned in a black neighborhood. Investigator Jerome McIntee and City Councilman-at-Large Herbert Bellamy examine it.

**Buffalo had first crack
at him. New York City,
Niagara Falls and Rochester
are waiting on line to prosecute
the man whose only apparent
motive for murder was a sick kick.**



Detectives investigated an abandoned livery with upholstery covered with what seemed to be blood. Police found the car three miles from murder site of Ernest Jones.

**“I KILLED THEM...
IT WAS SOMETHING
I HAD TO DO!”**



Law enforcement authorities investigated car of Parlar Edwards, whose body was stuffed in trunk.

second shooting, they thought perhaps the victims had some dealing with each other in the past and from those dealings a motive could be found, and eventually, a suspect. However, that theory didn't pan out. The victims were as different as day and night. Green was a married man, a successful industrial engineer and a leader of his community. Dunn, on the other hand, was a wild teenager who had trouble fitting into society.

Then came the second slaying—the third shooting—and once again, the police had a witness. A teenage dropout was standing on a street corner with three of his friends when Thomas was killed. The teenager said he saw a white man pull a gun from his coat and shoot Thomas in the head while he was crossing the street. Although his description differed somewhat from that of the other witnesses, enough of it was similar for the police to know they were looking for a white man approximately 30 years old and of medium height. But they still had no motive.

It was after the fourth shooting, however, that detectives began to seriously consider race as a possible motive. It was the only one they could think of that could tie together all four shootings.

By September 28th, ballistics tests had been performed on the few undamaged bullets recovered from the bodies. The tests showed that the bullets all came from the same weapon.

That same day, Police Commissioner James Cunningham added three men to the homicide squad. The three new members, he said, would remain with the unit until the killer was caught. (Eventually, there would be over a hundred and fifty law enforcement officers—from the Buffalo Police Department, the Erie County Sheriff's Office, the U.S. Justice Department, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation—searching for the killer.)

According to Cunningham, the community was concerned that "someone is wandering around killing people at random," but there was no reason for panic as the detectives were following every lead and tip they received. In truth, the homicide squad had little to go on, and they asked anyone with information to call.

Two days later, one of the witnesses called and told the police that his life had been threatened. While he was walking in his neighborhood, a passing motorist yelled out an ethnic slur, pointed a finger at him and said, "Pow!"

The racial motive began taking on more weight. And if the shootings were part of a conspiracy, as local black leaders claimed, the Buffalo police were ill-equipped to deal with it. Therefore, on Wednesday, October 1st, the FBI was asked to help with the investigation.

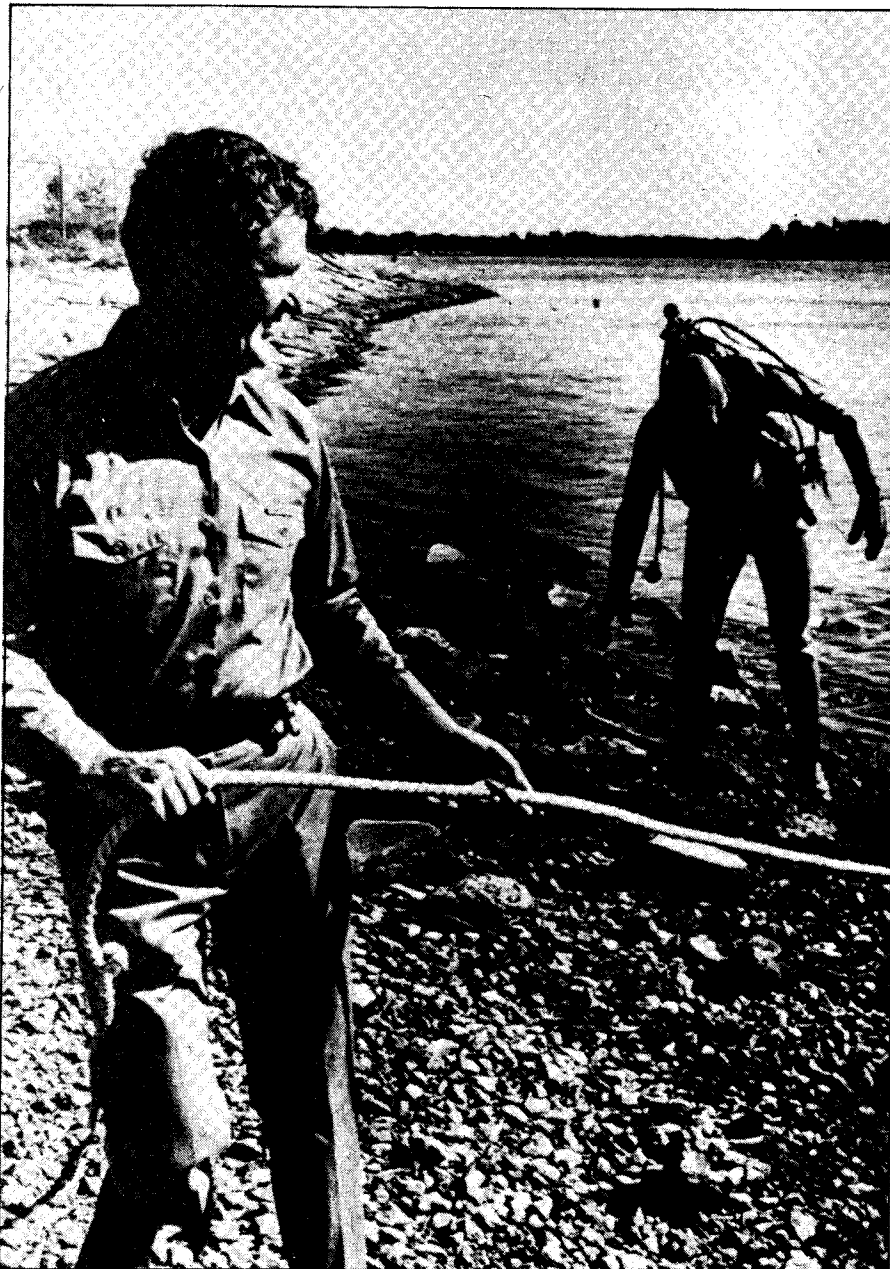
In the beginning, the FBI, under the direction of Special Agent Richard Bretzing, helped by providing the Buffalo detectives with a new composite drawing of the suspect. However, as time went on, the Bureau went over all the police reports and witness statements, trying to find a common factor in the four slayings that perhaps escaped the notice of the Buffalo police. There wasn't any. They then began to check FBI files for possible suspects, paying special attention to the method and the motive. Eventually, the names they found were added to those the detectives already had.

Meanwhile, on October 8th, workers told state police that a cab was abandoned on a service road of the New York Thruway, near the Buffalo Airport. The

trooper who went to investigate found a wallet belonging to 71-year-old Parler W. Edwards thrown under the front seat. When the trunk was forced, the black cabdriver was found stuffed inside.

Edwards was bludgeoned to death, but what was more shocking was the mutilation done to the old man. His chest cavity had been ripped open with a long, horizontal slash and his heart removed.

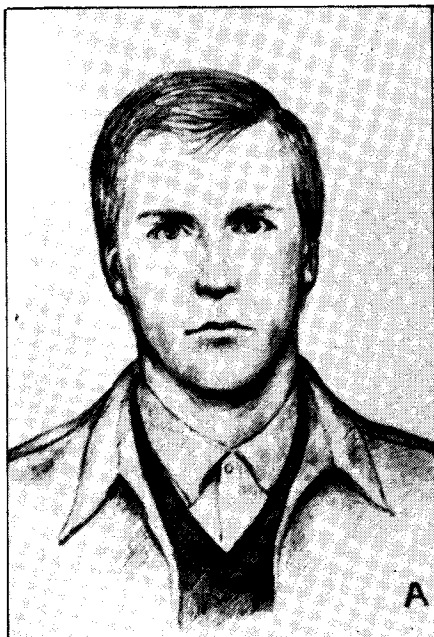
Because Parler's wallet was empty and the murderer used a knife rather than a gun, District Attorney Edward C. Cosgrove of Erie County said that there was "no evidence indicating any relationship to the .22-caliber killings." Cosgrove had taken charge of the investigations into the four shooting murders



State Police diver Roger Hamilton emerged from Niagara River after searching for evidence. Lt. Ron Butterfield of NYSP held onto safety line during operation.



District Attorney Cosgrove (right) with Homicide Chief Leo Donovan (left) and NYSP Captain Henry Williams.



Composite drawing of the .22-caliber killer provided by the FBI artist.

some time earlier because of jurisdictional reasons.

The black community in and near Buffalo didn't agree with him, though, especially when, on the next day, another body turned up.

A police officer in Tonawanda found the body of Ernest Jones, 40, in a boat-launching area about ten feet from the Niagara river. His heart had been removed the same way—with a long, horizontal incision.

District Attorney Cosgrove said that both bodies were mutilated by "someone who knew what they were doing." He suggested that an experienced hunter would have that knowledge. When asked whether it was possible the .22-caliber killer was responsible, Cosgrove replied, "Everything is possible," but he doubted it. He added that divers were searching the river for clues and that state police, detectives from all the communities involved and FBI agents were out looking for the killer or killers.

By October 10th, racial tension was

being strongly felt. A cross was burned in a predominantly black neighborhood and black teenagers were retaliating by throwing debris at passing white motorists. Because of the tension, Cosgrove released a statement asking citizens to be calm and "cooperate by protecting themselves."

"By that," he said, "I don't mean to suggest that they (the citizens) should arm themselves, but I'm saying keep close to home." He added that he was accepting help from the Justice Department and a New Mexican forensic specialist in dentistry. Their help was being added to the efforts of more than 100 officers already assigned to the investigation.

That same Friday evening, a white man slipped into the seventh-floor hospital room of 31-year-old John Farley and tried to strangle him with a cord. Farley, a black inmate recuperating from a drug overdose, was saved by an on-duty nurse. When she entered the room, the suspect fled.

Although a man was stopped by a hospital guard within minutes of the attack, he was released upon showing identification. Nor did the police consider him a suspect because he did not match the assailant's description.

"It appears to be the same maniac," Cosgrove said. He also said that an FBI artist was adding the hospital personnel's description to that of the other witnesses.

The next day, police arrested a man in Amherst on a drunken driving charge. Because of certain unspecified "bizarre behavior," he was questioned as a suspect in the shootings and the hospital attack, but not the knifings.

"Some of the things this person said made us more interested in him than others," said Cosgrove. Although investigators took down the suspect's statements and later searched his apartment, some of the information he gave could not be "accepted or rejected."

The suspect was being held in lieu of a \$500 bail, and because he had a history of mental problems, he was taken to a medical facility for examination.

By October 12th, investigators had followed through on 765 leads, however, according to the district attorney, the



Erie County District Attorney Edward Cosgrove motioning to helicopter prior to taking off for an aerial tour of the scenes of all six murders in Buffalo area.



Joseph Christopher escorted by Erie County Sheriff's deputies after his conviction for three .22-caliber murders.



FBI Special Agent Richard Bretzing holding a composite drawing of killer.

murder investigation was "in a holding pattern." In fact, Dr. Michael M. Baden, a deputy chief medical examiner from New York City, was asked to help resolve some of the unanswered questions in the slayings of the cabdrivers.

Two days later, the police no longer considered the man arrested for drunken driving as a suspect.

"He's in the category of general witness and source of general information," District Attorney Cosgrove said.

A few days later, the district attorney held a news conference. He stated that although no arrests were expected in the immediate future, the "indefatigable manner in which we are proceeding" meant headway was being made. "It's going to take dogged police work," he said. "No Perry Mason-type techniques will solve this."

Among the progress already made was the elimination of a score of suspects. Investigators also ruled out as evidence a .22-caliber gun found in a foot locker of a passenger at the Greater Buffalo International Airport and the .22-caliber cartridges found near the site of one of the slayings. The live ammunition was found two days after the shooting in an area already searched.

By October 27th, a \$100,000 reward was being offered for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the killer or killers. Months passed, and the holding pattern seemed permanent.

Then, on December 23, 1980, D.A. Cosgrove's office received a call from New York City detectives. "We exchanged information that we had and that they had," said Captain Meehan of the Third Homicide Zone in New York City. The information the NYPD had dealt with the fatal stabbings of three blacks and one dark Hispanic in midtown Manhattan.

The killing spree of the "Midtown Slasher" began at 3:30 p.m. on December 22nd. Luis Rodriguez, 19, was the first victim. Before he died, he told police, "He took my wallet." Witnesses described the attacker as a white man in his late 30's or early 40's, 5 feet 6 or 7 inches tall, wearing wire-rimmed glasses and navy blue coat, trousers and cap.

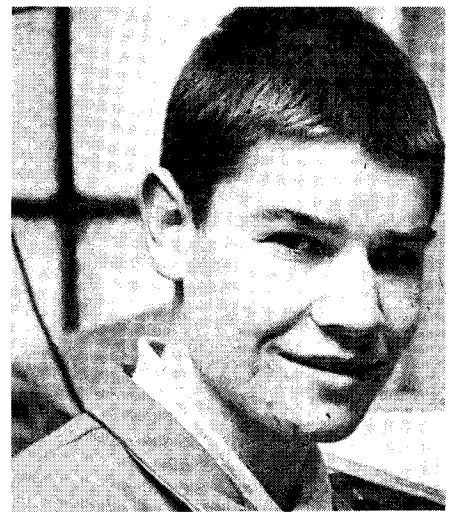
Three hours later, 30-year-old Antoine Davis was killed on 37th Street near Seventh Avenue, only six blocks from the first slaying. A few more hours passed and then, at 10:40 p.m., Richard Renner was stabbed to death as he was

(Continued on page 64)



When authorities brought Joseph Christopher in for arraignment, the judge ordered that the ski mask be removed.

An entire city was
terrorized when
word was flashed that
**A SEX MONSTER'S
RUNNING AMOK**



Private David Clegg, 19 years old, was killed for his clothes while on patrol.



British police search near Weston-Super-Mare in Somerset for their suspect, The Hulk. He eluded them and fled the country.

by **ANDREW LOWEN**

**GLENWOOD, ENGLAND
FEBRUARY 3, 1982**

Agnes Marsh had no reason to believe that there was anything wrong when she returned to the house she was sharing with her girlfriend, after having spent the night at her parent's home.

Twenty-two-year-old Agnes, a clerk in a bank, let herself into the old house in Glenwood, a suburb of Newport Pagnell, a small town in the midlands county of Buckinghamshire, England. It was noon on January 16, 1982, a cold but bright and sunny day. A great day to be alive, she was thinking, as she called out: "Julie?"

There was no answer.

Julie Deakin, 18, occupied the upstairs floor of the two-story rented

house. Agnes lived on the ground floor, but they took turns cooking meals, shared clothes and kept no secrets from one another. In other words, they were the closest of friends.

Agnes was puzzled. Julie never went out on Saturday mornings. She always lay in bed late, listening to the radio and reading, seldom rising much before mid-day.

After dumping her overnight bag in her bedroom, Agnes went upstairs, again calling out: "Julie? It's me. I'm back."

Still no reply.

Agnes knew that Julie, a computer programmer, had been to dinner with her parents the night before. Perhaps

she's stayed over at their place, Agnes thought, though doubting it. They had planned to go shopping together that Saturday afternoon and were going to a disco that evening and then on to a party.

Agnes did not believe that Julie would let her down. Julie didn't let anyone down. She was the reliable sort, a stalwart, a pillar.

Agnes went from room to room, all the time calling Julie's name. Finally, she rapped on Julie's bedroom door.

The door was unlocked and Agnes opened it gently. Peering around the door, her eyes were not accustomed to the darkness. The curtains were still drawn across the window. Julie was



Victim Julie Deakin was found murdered in her bed. The prime suspect, a man she befriended, was Clark Kent.



Detective Superintendent Roger Sillence announced the suspect's name to the press. Then he went to find him. After losing him in England, Sillence went to Belfast.

stretched naked on her single bed in the corner of the room.

"Hey, I know you need your beauty sleep, but this is ridiculous!" Agnes joked. "Do you know what time it is?" she went on, making for the bed.

Julie did not stir.

Finally, Agnes started to shake her, but almost immediately she jumped backwards, shocked by the coldness of the silent girl's flesh.

"Oh, my God!" she muttered, backing from the room, her hands to her mouth. By the time she hit the sidewalk, she was screaming. She was so hysterical and in such a state of shock that she ran three blocks before realizing that she could have called the police from her own telephone.

Detective Superintendent Roger Sillence was on the scene in less than 15 minutes. A family man with an impressive record as a homicide cop, he placed an arm around Agnes' shoulder and told her: "Now we're going to take this nice and slowly. I'm having a doctor come and take care of you. Perhaps he'll give you a shot to calm you down."

His voice had a soothing effect on Agnes and almost immediately she found herself recounting everything with remarkable detachment.

"Have you touched anything in Julie's bedroom?" he asked.

"No," said Agnes.

"Good. I'm going to need your help, Agnes, as we go along, so it's important that you stay with it. Okay?"

"Okay," she said, putting on a brave face. Sillence's manner was a tonic in itself. He was making her participate, which kept her from dwelling on the tragedy.

The medical examiner, Dr. Richard Strachen, walked straight past Agnes and, head bowed, made his way upstairs. He wasn't there to attend to the problems of the living. His interest lay with the dead.

Sillence left Agnes with a police woman, while he and his partner, Detective Sergeant Ray Sampson joined the medical examiner upstairs.

The superintendent had pulled back the curtains, but nothing else had been re-arranged in Julie's bedroom.

Dr. Strachen looked into Julie's bloated blue eyes. He noted the blue texture of her cheeks and the black, swollen welt around her neck. Her dark-colored tights lay on the floor beside the bed.

"No mystery about the way she died," he said. "Strangled with those, I should imagine." He pointed to the tights on the floor.

"Time of death?" asked Sillence.

"Sometime last night," replied the

doctor. "I should say she's been dead for eight or ten hours."

"So that would make it between 2:30 a.m. and 4:30 a.m.?"

"That's about it, superintendent."

"Was she sexually assaulted?"

"Can't say. The autopsy will answer that question. There don't appear to be any other physical injuries."

Dr. Strachen's work was done. He made a mock salute, said: "See you, superintendent," and was on his way.

As he went through the front door, Agnes' own doctor was arriving, along with the usual murder team, consisting of the forensic team, police photographers and fingerprint experts.

While the body was being taken away, Sillence and Sampson sat downstairs with Agnes. She'd been given a sedative shot straight into the vein and already she was a new person, free from the shakes and the trauma.

"You'd better get your statement as quickly as possible," said her doctor. "In an hour, she'll be asleep, and she could stay that way for 24 hours."

"When did you last see Julie alive?" Sillence asked Agnes.

"Yesterday morning," she replied. "We left for work together."

"You didn't see her last night?"

"No, she was getting picked up from work by her parents. They were going out to dinner. I came home from work about six. Clark was still in the house and I told him to get out. I said I didn't want to find him here when I got back today."

"Wait a minute," said Sillence, holding up a hand. "Who is Clark? This is the first time that name has been mentioned."

"He's a bum," said Agnes. "That's all. A jerk of the first order. Julie picked him up in a pub on Wednesday night and brought him home. Don't get the wrong idea. Julie didn't go around picking up men to have sex with them. I'm not implying that. She wasn't promiscuous. Julie was no tramp."

"She was a sucker for a sob story. She was the kind of person who went around collecting stray animals, birds with broken wings, lost cats and dogs, anything neglected. She was too kind, too compassionate, too caring for her own good."

"Anyhow, this guy Clark Kent gave her a sob story about not having anywhere to sleep and that he'd been a missionary in Africa, so she brought him home. She said he could stay the night in one of our spare rooms."

"He was really weird! He gave me the creeps. He was the biggest guy I've ever seen in all my life. He looked to me like he was seven feet tall. And big! Was he big! He reminded me of the Incredible Hulk on TV, except he has a moustache and sometimes wears glasses."

"I know Julie didn't sleep with him

that night. She didn't sleep around. Certainly not with someone like that, especially having only just met him.

"I was surprised to find him still here when I came home from work on Thursday evening. I said to Julie: 'For God's sake, get rid of that bum or he'll be here forever.'

"All she said was: 'I can't, Agnes. He hasn't anywhere to go. He's so pathetic. I feel so sorry for him.' I could have screamed. Julie could be so gullible at times. In some aspects, she was so naive."

"So, when he was still there on Friday, you told him to get out?" said Sillence.

"That's right," Agnes replied. "I knew Julie wouldn't take the initiative, so I had to. He didn't scare me. I told him to go, and he knew I meant it."

"But he wasn't here when you got back today?"

"No," said Agnes. "The house was empty, except for Julie. Poor Julie." She began to weep again, but quickly fought off the tears.

"Show me where this man Clark Kent slept," said Sillence.

Agnes obliged, taking the detectives to a spare room on the floor that Julie had occupied. There was just a bed, an empty wardrobe, a naked light-bulb and a threadbare carpet. There weren't even any curtains. Nothing had been left behind by the man.

"Go over it from top to bottom for prints," Sillence told the head of the fingerprint team.

There was no evidence of a struggle in any of the rooms. Certainly Julie Deakin had been unable to put up any fight for her life, Sillence concluded.

That night the autopsy examination proved conclusively that Julie Deakin had been sexually assaulted after being strangled with her own tights.

"Penetration was perpetrated by a man with a most unusually large penis," the pathologist reported. "When she was breached, considerable damage was caused to her vagina. You are looking for a giant of a man."

Julie's parents, who lived 10 miles from Newport Pagnell, in the country, were shattered by the news, naturally. Mrs. Deakin had to be admitted to the hospital for treatment for severe shock, while Julie's father faced the police questions.

"No, she hadn't mentioned a Clark Kent," Julie's father told Sillence. "No, she didn't have a regular boyfriend. No, she didn't seem nervous. Yes, she did seem completely normal."

The Deakins had dropped their daughter off at the house she was renting with Agnes at 10 p.m. on the Friday night.

"Were there any lights on in the house at that time?" Sillence asked.

Mr. Deakin thought for a moment,



David Michael Hampshire was also known as Clark Kent and The Hulk. Among his crimes was the murder of a British soldier. Cause of death—broken neck.

then replied: "No, I don't think so. I'm pretty sure that the whole house was in darkness."

A statement was taken and then Mr. Deakin was driven to the hospital to be at his wife's bedside.

The following day, Sunday, Sampson said to his superior: "That guy's name, Clark Kent, has been playing on my mind all night. I mentioned it to my son because I felt that it rang a bell, and he knew it straight away."

"You mean your son knows the guy Julie Deakin picked up?" said Sillence, showing his excitement.

"Clark Kent is the name of the comic strip hero, Superman!" explained Sampson. "It must be an alias. This guy reckons himself as Superman."

"Oh, boy!" Sillence whistled.

Lots of complete latent prints had been lifted from the spare bedroom in which Clark Kent had slept and also

from Julie's bedroom. Many of them belonged to Julie and Agnes, but not all of them.

The prints were fed into the Scotland Yard computer in London and a number of the sets taken from both bedrooms matched with those on file for a dangerous criminal whose real name was David Michael Hampshire.

More interesting information came from the computer. Hampshire was known to use the alias Clark Kent because of his huge size. He was 6 ft. 8 in. tall, heavily-built and often kept his hair long and untidy, and had bushy sideburns.

In his first statement to the press, Sillence took the unusual step of naming him because "if we don't catch him quickly, he's likely to kill again," he said. "I can't put it any more bluntly than that."

(Continued on page 60)

by JEANNE TOOMEY

**SOUTH AMBOY, N.J.
MARCH 23, 1982**

Roaring out of the Garden State Parkway in the early hours of March 21, 1981, a green Plymouth sedan veered off a ramp, coming to rest against an abutment at the Sayreville-South Amboy ramp on the New York bound side of the busy Jersey highway. A passing motorist called the police. The

car engine was still running when police arrived.

When the doors of the car were opened, police found a tragic tableau. A pair of young lovers, engaged to be married, lay dead, shot to death.

Both were 19, an exceptionally handsome young pair. Tina Huntley, a pretty redhead, a former softball champion, representing all that is wholesome in youth, lay on the floor of the front part of the car.

Her fiance, John dePunte, was laying dead in the back seat of the car. Both had apparently been shot in the head with a handgun.

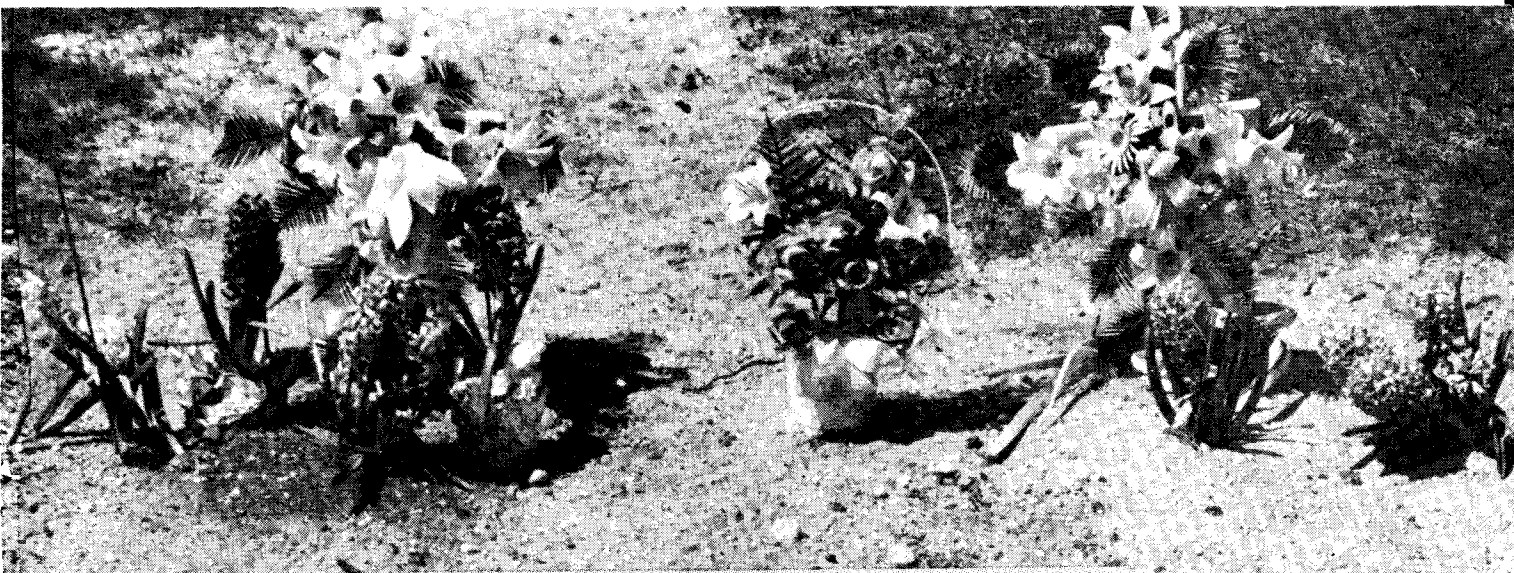
"The car was turned sideways in the road, just a few inches from the bridge, like it had hit the bridge and rolled back," a member of the Morgan First Aid Squad reported.

Police were faced with a mystery. Who would want to kill an attractive young couple like Tina and John?



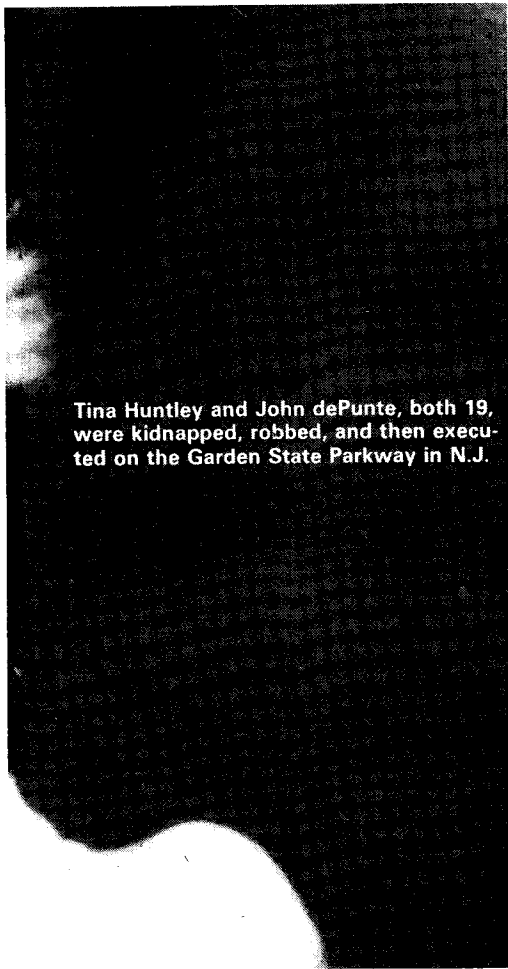
A set of keys and a scrap of paper were the

TRAGEDY OF THE



The two teenage sweethearts had planned to marry within a year. Instead, they were buried side by side in Port Republic Cemetery.

Photos by Jim R. Gray



Tina Huntley and John dePunte, both 19, were kidnapped, robbed, and then executed on the Garden State Parkway in N.J.

Beyond the car, the lights on the Edison Bridge over the Raritan River cast a path of gold on the flooding tide. The plaza where the youngsters were found was well lighted, but the light in the car did not work. Sleuths from the parkway police and the state police major crimes unit felt that the abundance of light at this point might prove significant in their investigations.

The waterfront scene, illuminated like a Whistler Nocturne, was in contrast to the long, dark ride the pair had been forced to take.

Notifying the families of the dead young people was one of the hardest tasks veteran police ever faced.

To the dePunte family the death of the only son was a shattering calamity.

A big, strapping lad, John was also a hard worker. His father had been handicapped for some time and was in a wheelchair. The son helped his mother care for him. His five sisters loved their only brother and depended on his calm strength.

The Huntleys, too, were broken-hearted by their loss.

The young couple were buried in a double grave, together for all eternity, in the tiny Port Republic cemetery in a hamlet where the embattled Colonials fled after the British burned their homes and boats at Chestnut Neck during the American Revolution.

Meanwhile, the police hunt continued. Detective Richard Sudowsky of the Garden State Parkway police and Detectives Ernest Volkmann and Gary McWhorter of the Major Crimes Unit of the New Jersey State police and Detective Sergeant Robert Maholland also of the Major Crimes Unit were assigned.

A search of the car showed that a terrible struggle had taken place. The fabric lining the roof was ripped in three places. The contents of her purse were strewn all over the car. A dark overcoat, a maroon fedora and a ski hat were found. Neither victim could be linked to these items of clothing. In the overcoat detectives found keys and a scrap of paper with phone numbers. The hunt was on. Detective Sudowsky interviewed people located through the phone numbers and Volkmann and McWhorter also talked to hundreds of people in the vicinity where the crime was located and in East Orange where the phone numbers led sleuths.

Not only did they follow up the phone numbers, but the police combed the entire area of the Sayreville Strip where 35 bars are located, not far from the murder scene. This diligence was to pay off. In one, located near a lonely marshland, not far from the Raritan, customers told of a lone customer, without a coat, who came to the tavern and called for a cab. This was to be an important

only clues sleuths had to work with in New Jersey's

SLAUGHTERED LOVERS

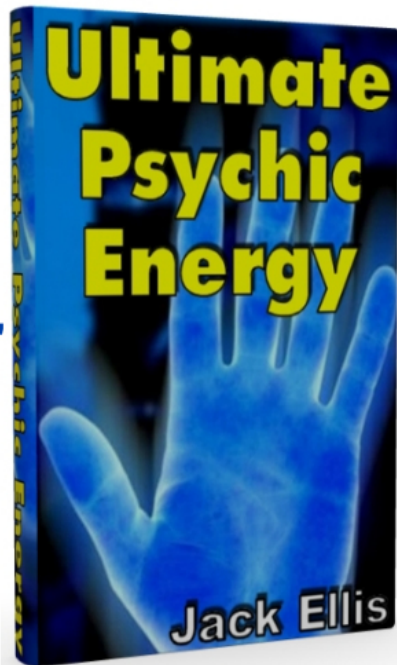
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Detectives Ernest Volkman and Gary McWhorter (right) canvassed hundreds of people before they managed to find a few witnesses who provided them with clues.

element in building a case.

At the other end of the state, Pleasantville, the home of John dePunte, police combed the area for witnesses. They hit pay dirt at the Olympic Diner where a witness remembered seeing Tina and John, and told of a mysterious man wearing a dark coat and maroon fedora, who kept asking for the bar. She also told of seeing a second man, wearing a ski cap, seated on the steps leading to the diner.

Pleasantville itself is like a stage setting as the casinos of Atlantic City continue to rise on the skyline behind. It is across the bay from Casino City and the new high rise casinos look almost as though painted on theatrical canvas.

It is a town where steeples swim in baby blue and white cumulus clouds, where demure picket fences mark off

respectability, where old houses are cherished. Crime seems almost unknown.

The night John dePunte left his Pleasantville home for a little drive with his girl friend, Tina Huntley, was as calm as most nights in the beach town where salt spray gives the air a tang. A few stars sparkled overhead and the young lovers talked of their plans to wed in a year or so.

"I'll be back in a little while, Mom," the six footer called out.

The next time his mother saw him, he was dead, brutally shot to death.

His mother really depended on her strapping son. He had started work as a gardener the month of his death. The weekend the young couple died Tina had been spending a weekend at her beau's home.

Before his graduation from Pleasantville High School in 1980, John dePunte was a star football player, a linebacker who also played center. After graduation he worked as a landscaper for the Dean Kennedy Gardening Company in nearby Mays Landing and also studied for an electrician's license at Atlantic County Vocational School. He had just taken the test, and that Friday night he and Tina probably discussed marriage plans. Perhaps they studied the glamorous skyline of Atlantic City, so dazzling from Pleasantville, and considered all the possible future electrical work the casinos would provide for John.

Glittering signs proclaim the location of Resorts International, Bally's Park Place, Caesar's Boardwalk Regency, Harrah's and all the rest.

Tina, a student at Camden Community College, hoped to be a nurse.

The funeral brought nearly 1,000 mourners. The sweethearts were placed beside each other in open caskets. On Thursday, March 26, 1981, they were buried in a double grave in Port Republic Cemetery.

A 28-year-old woman, Rene Duck, came in with a story of having participated in the killings. She knew many of the details of the case (which had been widely reported in local newspapers) and was arrested and charged with two counts of murder in the shooting deaths.

Lt. Joseph Kobus of the state police announced that the arrest of Miss Duck was made by Det. Sgt. George Justin. Police believed, in a reconstruction of the crime, that Miss Huntley and dePunte were kidnapped, probably at gunpoint, from the Olympic Diner in the Pleasantville area, shortly after John bade his mother good night, promising to be home early.

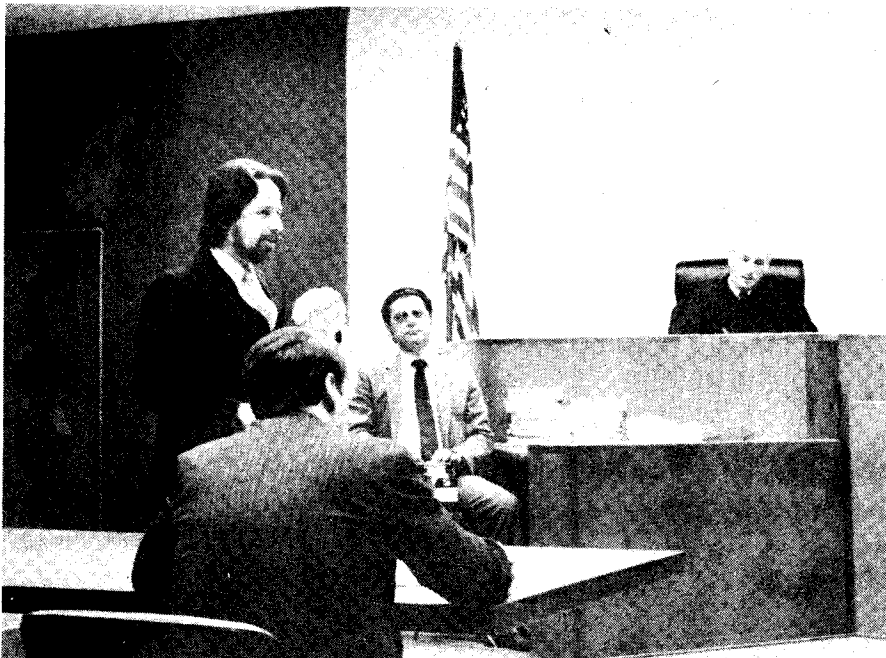
Superior Court Judge John E. Bachman set bail of \$100,000 for the New Brunswick woman, but police were not satisfied.

"They persisted in their investigation even in face of the distraction of Rene Duck's false testimony," said Assistant Prosecutor Kapsak.

For it turned out that far from having been a passenger in the murder car, the New Brunswick resident who had a history of mental illness had been at a Somerset church in choir rehearsal.

Various choir members of the Deliverance Prayer Revival Tabernacle Church, Somerset, testified that "Sister Rene Duck" was at the church the night she told of being in the murder car. She was released. Her mother testified that her daughter had been attending the Rutgers Mental Health Center, Edison, and had been a patient at a state mental hospital, Marlboro.

After the exhaustive questioning of persons whose phone numbers were scribbled on a scrap of paper found in



Defense attorney George Baier said he would appeal his client's conviction. Superior Court Judge Joseph Deegan presided over the murder case.

the Huntley car, state police called in a suspect for questioning. He was a short order cook from East Orange, Daryl Houseman.

Detectives followed a tortuous path to locate Houseman. Dozens of people were called before police believed they finally had a solid lead.

Houseman, who had a record, gave his occupation as an unemployed cook.

Houseman lived with several young women who testified as to his keeping some of a scattered wardrobe in their homes. Investigators found no record of his holding a job.

The suspect had convictions for receiving stolen motor vehicles and served a state prison term. He was paroled in January 1980, 13 months before the dePunte-Huntley murders. While the money in Ms. Huntley's purse was scattered all over the car, both victims had been robbed of their high school rings, and several gold pieces of jewelry belonging to Tina Huntley had been taken. One of these was a gold charm in the shape of a horn, supposed to keep the dead girl from harm.

This pretty trifle was to prove extremely important. The prosecutor obtained one like it and a witness told of Daryl Houseman showing him a charm

just like it sometime after the murders.

A former girl friend also identified the similar horn to being "just like" one Houseman carried.

In the purely circumstantial case against Houseman, this link was of enormous value to the prosecutor.

The trial took place a year after the killings. Superior Court Judge Joseph Deegan, considered a most fair and objective judge, presided.

A most important witness was the waitress, Agnes Rochelle, who identified Houseman as the man she saw in the Olympic Diner the night of March 20, 1981.

"Did you see John dePunte and Tina Huntley?" Kapsak asked.

"Yes."

"I saw them briefly in the diner after 11, around 11:30 p.m."

She also testified that she saw a man standing near the register who kept asking where the bar was.

"He was a black male, taller than I am (the witness was 5'3" tall.) He wore a dark jacket, with the collar pulled up and a hat pulled over his forehead," she went on, adding that the coat went to his knees and had large buttons.

She also identified the maroon fedora, admitted into evidence, as similar to

(Continued on page 54)



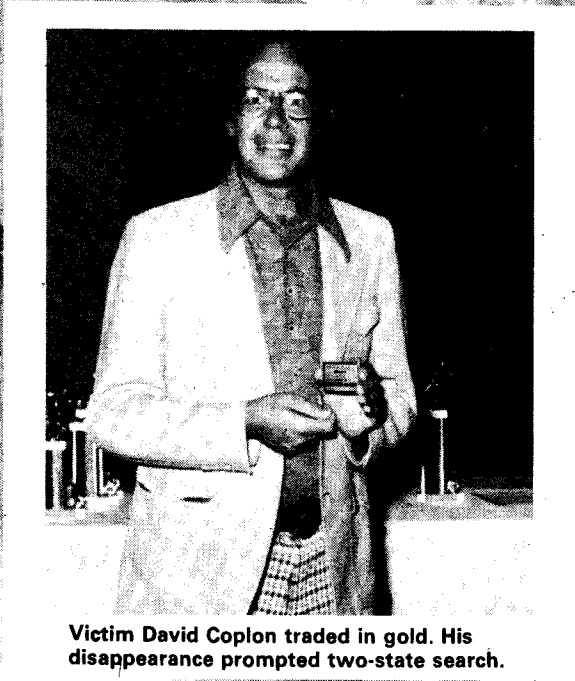
Daryl Houseman, 29 years old, fled the murder scene without the money and, more importantly, without his coat.



Prosecutor Thomas Kapsak won his case with the help of the evidence shown on the table.

Her paramour exercised a Svengali-like power over her, but he broke the spell when she watched him kill and dismember a man for a fortune in gold.

round coil



Victim David Coplon traded in gold. His disappearance prompted two-state search.



Coplon's body was dismembered, wrapped in plastic bags, put in buckets filled with concrete, then buried separately.



by **SAM ROEN**

**WINTER PARK, FLA.
DECEMBER 1, 1981**

David B. Coplon, 46, took off from his south Florida home in Sunrise on Wednesday, January 21, 1981. The bright Florida sun baked hot the 1977-78 white Honda Civic that he was driving. Coplon glanced at his new Seiko wristwatch noting the time to be 12:02 p.m.

He had a long drive ahead to Jacksonville with several stops along the way, which was the usual routine for this independent businessman who made an exceptionally good living dealing in precious metals, with gold as his primary commodity.

He told his wife as he kissed her goodbye that he would probably make Jacksonville sometime late that night and promised to call her from the motel where he would register.

She went about her daily doings as she normally did with David out of town weekly. But as the day wore into night and finally late night, she began to wonder why she had not heard from her husband. She was concerned too, that the drive from Sunrise, in the Fort Lauderdale area, to Jacksonville was quite an ambitious trip—about 344 miles. It seemed like more driving than David usually did when he got a late start, as he had this Wednesday. But she conceded that he knew his agenda and his business well. He had been making these trips for fifteen years and she was confident there was good reason why he had not called, and she decided not to worry further about him. She watched television until about eleven o'clock and retired after a fairly exhausting day.

Thursday morning she rose early and her mind naturally veered to thoughts of her husband. There had been infrequent occasions over the years when David failed to call but these were rare. Pretty much a creature of habit, Coplon generally called his wife twice a day while he was away from her on the road. And he usually stayed in the same hotels in the cities that he traveled.

About 1:10 p.m. on Thursday, the 22nd of January, the phone in the Coplon home in Sunrise rang and she knew before answering it was David calling. Anxiously, he told her that he had had too many calls to make in Central Florida to go on to Jacksonville as originally planned.

"What's wrong, really, David?" she inquired with concern.

"I've been robbed," he revealed bluntly. "Somebody got away with a roll of my gold chain."

"Oh my, oh my, David. What are you going to do?"

"Well..." he responded, indicating that he wanted to take a little time to explain the theft in more detail to her. "I'm not really sure."

"Please, David, tell me what's going on over there. What do you mean you're not sure?"

"I was at a place called The Pawn Shop. It's on Fairbanks Avenue in Winter Park and I discovered after I left the roll of chain was missing. I called the owner and told him that I recalled two fellows in his place when I was showing him some merchandise and he asked me not to go to the police until he had a chance to talk to those fellows. So I don't really know what to do."

The discussion continued between Coplon and his wife and both agreed that the best thing to do was to go the

THE LOVE SLAVE REBELLED AT MURDER



Nineteen-year-old suspect sought the good life and found a quarter of a million dollars in gold irresistible.

Winter Park Police Department, without delay, and let them know about the theft.

At the conclusion of the conversation with his wife Coplon returned to The Pawn Shop and told the owner that he wanted to call the Winter Park Police from his place of business.

In a few minutes Uniformed Officer David Long responded to Coplon's call. He took the information provided which recited that a grand larceny had been committed and that Coplon was the victim of a \$3,000.00 robbery. Officer Long assured Coplon that a full investigation would be made.

Again the salesman called his wife in Sunrise and told her what had transpired since their last conversation. He also told her that he had made reservations at a motel in Orange Park which is a small city south of and on the approach of Jacksonville. And he said that he would call her after he was settled in his room.

No call came that night. The following day the woman grew more deeply concerned. This was Friday, the 23rd. "He's never done this before," she realized, as the hours dragged on at an interminable pace.

When there was no word from her husband by Saturday morning, she called the motel in Orange Park, then notified the Sunrise Police that her husband had not checked into the motel on the 22nd as he had assured her he would. The woman told the Sunrise Police that something had gone wrong in Winter Park and that her husband had suffered the theft of a gold chain valued at \$3,000. She also told the police that he was carrying a gold stock that could be worth anywhere from \$50,000 to \$250,000. She was not able to say precisely, only that there was a considerable amount of gold with this man when he left his south Florida residence.

In the meantime Detective Robert Lang of the Winter Park Police De-

partment dug into the theft Coplon had suffered. He told Chief Ray Beary, "There's a lot that doesn't fit, doesn't come together in this one." It smelled bad to him.

Lang, troubled that David Coplon's statement to the WPD was incomplete and not too informative, thought that it was important to go back to the beginning.

He called Coplon's wife in Sunrise and interrogated her. She recounted to him the simple revelations she had given the police in Sunrise. She told him that she had reported her husband as a missing person and that there was nothing more she could say.

The missing-person teletype was put out about noon on the 26th of January. Lang also entered a message into the teletype requesting "a locate on the subject." The Winter Park detective was anxious for a statement from the apparently missing Coplon, and to provide more help in locating him Lang included the description of Coplon's Honda and his tag number, Florida, AHD 670.

He told Chief Beary, "I want to bring in the owner of The Pawn Shop to go through the mug shots to see if he can fix anyone who might fit the two guys who were in his place when the rip-off occurred."

Both experienced officers knew that

they were digging in darkness, but they also were aware that the beginning of most baffling cases was in the imagination of the detectives who work them.

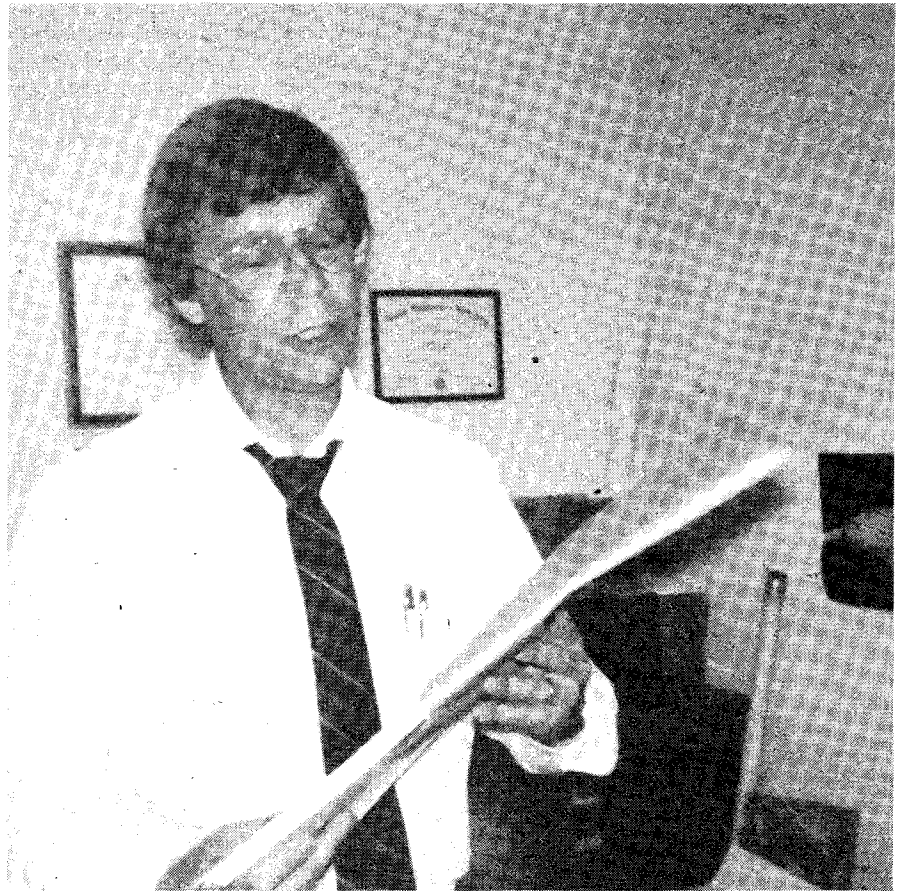
The owner had told Lang that the gold chain "must have been taken by one of the two subjects." But he could not pick anyone out of the mug book Lang had him go through.

Lang later told Chief Beary, "You know, we only have his statement that there were two men in the store."

Mrs. Coplon could have told Lang that David had told her about the two men in The Pawn Shop when he called her. Mrs. Coplon, however, could not have told him that there might have been a relationship between the owner and those two men.

The mystery of the missing man broadened. Lang, digging in on the case, began a reconstruction of the movements of David Coplon. It was set that Coplon had been to The Pawn Shop and had moved on to the Eur-Am Coin Shop in Winter Park, returning to The Pawn Shop upon the discovery of his missing gold chain.

Retracing further, Lang learned that Coplon went from his second visit to The Pawn Shop to the Columbia Stamp & Coin Shop in Winter Park. Coplon had also visited a jeweler in the rear of the same address where he made two phone calls. He apparently made his last call



Assistant State Attorney Ray Dvorak put together and prosecuted the case.

at the Gold Royalties in Orlando. At this point the trail of David Coplon abruptly ended.

As the robbery-disappearance case grew in dimension frantic Mrs. Coplon retained a private investigator to find her missing husband. Friends of the missing Coplon retained a second private eye to see if he could find David.

On Thursday, January 29th, the private eyes met with Winter Park policemen Bob Lang, Tom Fumea and Jim Younger to discuss all of the ramifications of the case of David Coplon. The public and private officers reviewed everything that they had amassed and all agreed there had been little movement in the case. They also agreed that the tracing of David Coplon's movements had to be significant and the final drop off of information, the last known contact of Coplon had to be vital.

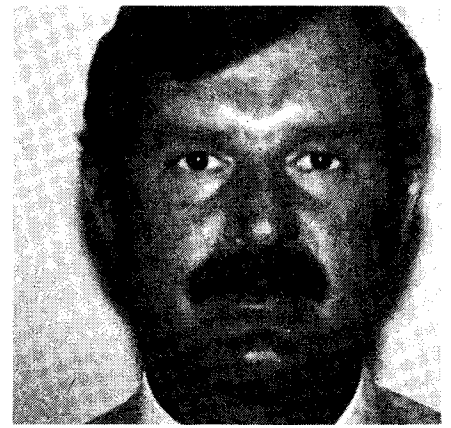
Det. Lang was convinced that there had to be more in the seeds that were sown around The Pawn Shop. After consultation with Chief Beary, The Pawn Shop was staked out. But the stakeout was non-productive.

Unknown to the investigators at this time, on Sunday, January 25th, a Homer Standlings called to notify the Camden County Sheriff's Office in Woodbine, Georgia, that he had seen a human torso just off the road on Harriet's Bluff Road.

"I'm sure that it's a human body," Standlings told the deputy who took his call. "But it's got no hands, legs or head," he noted. Standlings stated that he stopped along the roadway when he saw buzzards swarming and devouring a body. "At first I thought that it was a dead deer, but when I stopped and the buzzards flew off it was obvious to me that it was a human body that the birds were devouring." He later stated, "I was shocked. I drove over to Perry Barber's house (a former Deputy Sheriff) and Perry and I both went back to see what I had discovered." The men then called the Sheriff's Department and reported what they had found. There was no further activity in the area until the lawmen arrived upon the scene.

The next day, Monday, January 26th, an autopsy was performed at the Glynn County Memorial Hospital, with two members of the Georgia State Patrol as well as members of the Camden County Sheriff's Department present. Dr. Larry Howard of the State Crime Lab in Atlanta was the pathologist in charge of the autopsy.

He recorded that the torso was that of a white male approximately 30-35 years of age, approximately 5'6" to 5'9" in height and approximately 180 to 190 pounds. Dr. Howard also noted that there were extensive puncture wounds in the chest cavity and at base of the



When Detective Gerald Keefe interrogated the co-owner of a jewelry store, he did not expect to find out what he learned.

neck. The hands had been severed above the wrist and the head had been severed down to the base of the neck. The victim's legs had been separated from the body approximately 6" above the knee. The hair was reported dark. The doctor also reported that the legs were dismembered smooth and clean. He added that the torso had been incised at the waist from the right of the spinal cavity toward the left side of the body with the incision ending to the right of the stomach area on the front of the body.

Garments that had been on the body were removed by Dr. Howard and passed on to the State Crime Lab in Atlanta.

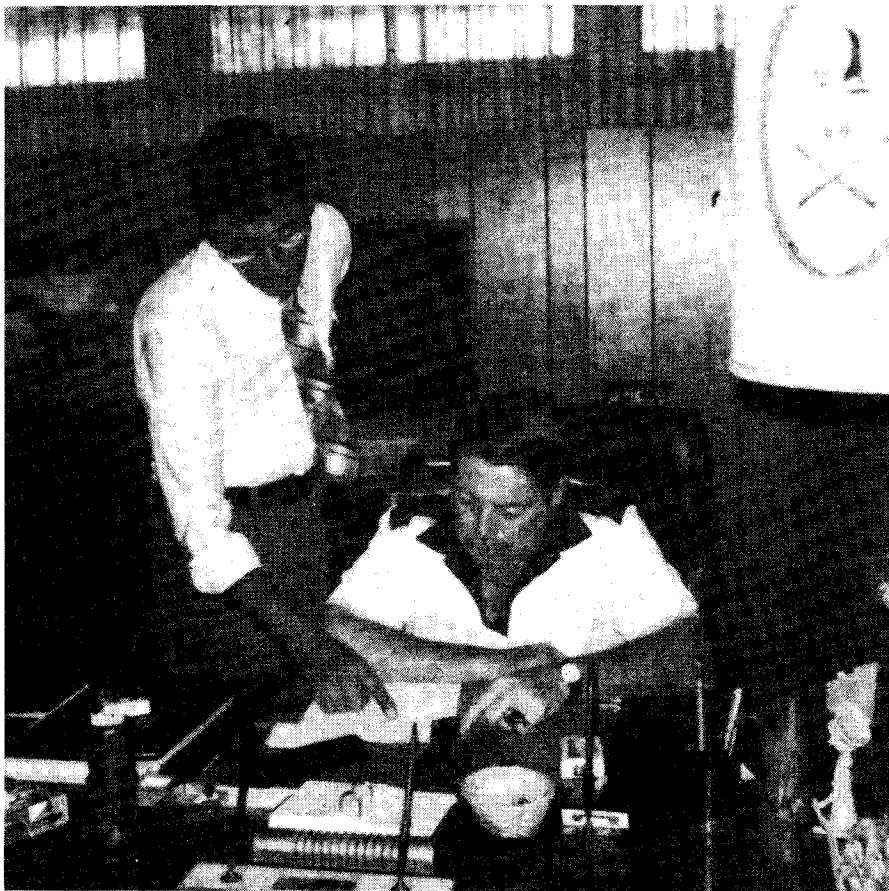
For the next several days the unraveling of the mysterious disappearance of David Coplon continued in Central Florida.

On Wednesday, February 4th, Investigator Bob Short of the Orlando Police Department received a call from the Sheriff's Department of Camden County, Georgia. The Georgia Department was investigating a homicide that had fallen into their territory. In this investigation a wrapper from a particular brand of cookies surfaced and the Georgia lawmen concluded that the cookies came from a business in Orlando.

Short discussed the call from Georgia with Detective Bob Lang of the Winter Park Police Department. Lang then called the Camden County Sheriff's Department and the result of this call fired Lang's curiosity. He later told Chief Beary that there was a good chance that the torso found in Georgia could be the missing Coplon.

The one aspect that troubled this inquisitive detective was that if the Georgia authorities were to conclude that this piece of a human body was unidentified and bury it in Potter's Field, the case would end with that burial. Further, whoever had committed this vicious murder and body hacking would

(Continued on page 66)



Chief Ray Beary (seated) sent Detective Bob Lang to identify torso found in Georgia.



Sheriff Jess Walker found few clues at site of slaying, but his six-month investigation supplied more than enough.

by WAYNE T. WALKER

VINITA, OKLAHOMA
NOVEMBER 24, 1981

Finishing the evening meal, Fred Rame Jr. went into the living room and sat down in front of the television. Most of the 6 o'clock news was already over, but the sports was being given. The 62-year-old Rame was a Craig County employee, a road-grader operator for District 1 County Commissioner Louis Smith. The Rame home was located in Vinita, Oklahoma, the county seat.

Suddenly, the telephone rang on that Saturday evening, October 4, 1980, and Lucille Rame answered it.

"Hello," she said, "Rame residence."
A woman's voice spoke on the other end of the line:

"Are you Mrs. Rame?"

"Yes."

"Tell your husband I was on the way into town when a man stopped me to make a phone call because he had broken down," the woman said. "He said he was a relative of Fred Rame. He's on the Sale Barn Road near Crooked Bridge."

The bridge was about five miles southeast of Vinita, on a county road. There was almost a right angle curve at the approach to the bridge, thus the name.

"Thanks for calling," Lucille Rame

told her. "I'll tell him right now."

Hanging up the telephone, she informed her husband: "Fred, a woman just called and said that a relative of yours was broke down outside of town. He wants you to come see if you can get it started." She told where the car was stalled.

As he started out the door after putting on a light windbreaker, Rame said, "He'll probably be back in about an hour."

Dusk had turned into darkness. As Rame neared the designated bridge, his headlights picked up a car parked off the edge of the narrow asphalt ribbon with its hood raised. It was in a very remote spot. A wild entanglement of

**Oklahoma probers had seen enough murders
of a pro hit. And now they had to**

WHO SET UP THE KILL

trees and underbrush skirted the creek on both sides.

Pulling in front of the car, Rame backed up so that the rear end of his pickup was near the front of the vehicle.

He walked up to the driver's side of the vehicle, where a woman was seated behind the steering wheel. "Someone called and said a relative of mine was having car trouble out here," he told her.

"Yes," responded the woman. "He and my husband are going after help. They waited for awhile, but they were afraid that the woman they stopped wouldn't call you."

"What's the matter with it?" Rame asked the woman in the car.

"I don't know," the woman replied.

Rame walked around to the front of the car and leaned over under the hood. There was a rustle in the darkness and a shadowy figure stood up. A loud snap made Rame raise straight up and start to turn around. Suddenly, a bright flame spat out of the darkness and a shot blasted the stillness of the autumn evening.

Rame collapsed to the ground, shot in the back. As he lay writhing and moaning on the shoulder of the road, someone thrashed through the underbrush and dried weeds toward him.

"Don't shoot me again," Rame cried out. "Don't kill me. Please, don't."

A vehicle was approaching the bridge from the opposite side, slowing down for both the bridge and the sharp curve. They wouldn't see the pickup truck and car until they crossed the bridge and made the curve. By then, they would be right upon them.

The figure standing near Rame concealed the gun he was holding and told the moaning man, "Shut up, or I'll blow your head off."

The other vehicle had slowed down for the bridge and curve. It pulled around the pickup truck, then began picking up speed again as the taillights disappeared into the darkness.

Another shot boomed out over the deserted fields along the remote stretch of roadway. When the figure with the gun got back into the car and the woman

started to drive away from the scene, another car was coming. "Don't turn on your lights until they pass," the man beside her said, "so they can't read the license number."

Rame was left pouring out his life's blood and the pickup truck was sitting with its motor still running and lights still on.

Several hours later, Lucille Rame talked to the dispatcher at the Craig County Sheriff's Department and told him about the telephone message.

"That was shortly after 6:30 this evening and he hasn't called or come home yet," she said.

"We'll check into it, Mrs. Rame," the dispatcher told her. "You call us, if he shows up at home."

More time elapsed without any word from either her husband or the sheriff's office. Lucille called again.

"Deputies and Vinita police are out at the scene now," said the dispatcher. "We'll get back to you as quickly as possible."

He did not go into any more detail; in fact, he did not know anything positive about her husband. A motorist called and asserted that he had come upon a pickup truck sitting on the county road with a man's body near it. The motor of the truck had been running and its headlights were on.

There was not much to be done that night in the way of investigation. The county coroner did an initial on-the-scene examination and photographs were taken of the body from various angles.

Cordoning off the site, officers remained at the scene all through the night.

During the night, Craig County Sheriff Jess. Walker sought assistance on the murder case from agents of the Oklahoma State Bureau of Investigation (OSBI). They had trained crime technicians and several crime labs scattered over the state, which certainly made them better qualified for a major crime investigation.

After learning of the telephone call, Sheriff Walker declared it was simply a hoax to lure Rame out to the deserted

spot where he could be killed. The relative was definitely not a suspect, he said.

"It certainly appears to be a setup job," contended Sheriff Walker. "As far as motives, we have none at the present, but we have ruled out robbery as being one."

Both the sheriff and the OSBI agent agreed that although no motive had yet been established, one might be shortly.

"They (law enforcement officers) have been talking with persons all over Craig County," said the agent.

About ten persons were brought into the sheriff's office to be questioned intensively, but no one was arrested. Several underwent polygraph examinations, but it was not revealed what if anything, had been learned from them.

When the report from the pathologist was received, Sheriff Walker learned that Rame had sustained two shotgun wounds, either of which could have been fatal but only one of which would have caused immediate death. He had been shot once in the back from a distance of about 25 feet, and once again in the head at close range. Half of his face had been blown away.

Later, James R. Looney, an OSBI firearms expert, reported that the shot removed from Rame was from a .410-gauge shotgun and was No.4 size. A shotgun wadding also was removed from Rame's head. It was .410-gauge.

Without suspects, the type of gun used wasn't too much help in the case. A .410 shotgun was popular with farmers and ranchers, along with .22-caliber rifles for shooting small game and wild pests. There is a lot of both types in the Vinita area.

The investigating officers—Under-Sheriff Carol Chaney and Deputy Sheriff J.D. Baldrige—continued to canvass the county residents, along with friends and relatives of the victim. Every lead, no matter how large or small, was followed through by Sheriff Walker and his investigating deputies. Most came to a disappointing dead end, while others gave them information, but not enough to act upon.

Two Vinita men were located who had

**to know that this one had all the earmarks
find out who ordered it and why...**

AT CROOKED BRIDGE ?

been on a hunting trip and were in the car that passed the slaying scene, evidently about the time the action was taking place. They told the investigators about seeing a man standing near the car and pickup truck when they went by the site.

"They did not witness the actual shooting but they may have seen whoever committed it just prior to or after Rame was killed," stated Larry Bowles, OSBI deputy inspector. He said the OSBI investigators were going to use hypnosis to probe the memories of the two men and help them recall more pertinent information about what they saw while they were passing the scene.

Funeral services for Fred Rame were held in the Lugenbuel Funeral Chapel in Vinita on Tuesday, the 7th, at 2 o'clock.

His employer described Rame as a hard worker, who had no problems on the job. He said, "I was shocked. It got next to me. I had no idea anyone had it in for him, to do anything like this."

Although numerous leads were followed up and the case worked from the standpoint of varying motives, the investigation still didn't seem to be making much headway. They developed suspects, but most were absolved for one reason or another as they attempted to gain evidence on them. One person's name though, continued to appear in most of the information given them, but they were unable to nail him with anything concrete enough to take into court.

Weeks passed without arrests being made and both the OSBI and the sheriff's office were forced to return to other duties.

On January 7, 1981, Sheriff Walker and his department had another homicide dumped in their laps when rancher George Zimmerman was found buried in a shallow grave on the northern edge of Craig County, near the Kansas state line. They spent many long hours on the new case and had to back off the Rame case for awhile.

Fortunately, the breaks came fast in the Zimmerman case and Sheriff Walker was able to wrap it up rather quickly.

After Sheriff Walker and his office had returned to the Rame case, they brought in a suspect for questioning whose name had been mentioned by several sources as having a lot of knowledge about the crime. The man denied knowing anything about the slaying.

In order to throw suspicion off himself, however, the suspect attempted to involve a member of Lucille Rame's family. Nevertheless, before the interrogation was concluded, the investigators caught him in several important lies and he became their prime suspect.

Sheriff Walker said later that the

biggest break in the case came while he was home on the evening of Monday, March 2, 1981.

"I received a telephone call from Officer Jim Rush of the Pryor, Oklahoma Police Department," related Sheriff Walker. "He had received information from a female in Pryor that our prime suspect's ex-wife, Linda, wanted to borrow her car the next morning to come to Vinita to collect a large sum of money.

"Linda had told her she was taking her husband to Spavinaw to a residence there and leaving him, and then would come to Vinita and get the money. She said she already made arrangements to buy another vehicle in Pryor and after she returned the car she was to borrow, she was going to leave \$500 for her husband and then skip town."

Officer Rush offered to help Sheriff Walker in any way he could. He was asked by Sheriff Walker if he would observe the next morning when Linda left and he advised that he would.

When the telephone conversation with Officer Rush ended, Sheriff Walker immediately called the area OSBI agent, Leo Albro, and J.D. Baldridge, who by that time was Under-Sheriff, and advised both to meet him in his office at about 8:30 a.m. the following morning, the 3rd.

The next morning Officer Rush called to advise Sheriff Walker that Linda had changed her plans somewhat, that she was having her neighbor bring her to Vinita, and that they would be in a Lincoln Continental and he gave the tag number and color of the vehicle.

"I asked Jim if he would follow the vehicle toward Vinita," said Sheriff Walker, "and radio us when they were getting close. As they were coming through Big Cabin, Jim radioed us."

Sheriff Walker went into action. He contacted his patrolling deputies to be on the watch for the vehicle. A former deputy from the Craig County sheriff's department was there in the office and was driving an old van—the perfect vehicle for a surveillance. The sheriff asked him if he would transport him uptown, which the ex-deputy did.

Other deputies pinpointed Linda after she arrived in town and the van pulled up just west of the post office where Sheriff Walker could observe Linda talking with a Vinita woman, who was related to the case. The Vinita woman reached into her car and handed Linda something.

Then Linda went back to the Lincoln and got in the vehicle. The car went south on Wilson Street and then pulled in behind a pizza shop. Sheriff Walker stopped them and when he did, Linda leaned over as if to hide something. Other backup units arrived and all the occupants of the vehicle were transported to the Sheriff's office.

The woman who owned the Continen-

tal said she knew nothing about what was going on. Linda had only hired her to drive to Vinita.

When Linda was searched at the sheriff's office, twelve \$100 bills were found in her stocking. Her Miranda rights were read to her and an intensive interrogation began, but a short time after it started she informed them she was ready to make a statement.

In the statement, Linda said Lucille Rame had contacted an old crippled man by the name of Happy Jack. She wanted to have Fred Rame bumped off and she was willing to pay \$10,000. In turn, Happy Jack got word to Linda's husband, Willie Wolfe, and Willie was to give Happy Jack \$2,000 for setting up the deal. Linda admitted she made the phone call from a shopping center to lure Fred out to Crooked Bridge.

The statement checked out with information they had in their files on the case and soon other arrests were being made. Lucille Rame and Happy Jack were taken into custody at Vinita, while Willie Wolfe was arrested in Pryor, then transferred to the Craig County Jail.

All were held without bond in the county jail.

The next day, Linda went with officers and divers to a Craig County pond, or rather a gravel pit, where she claimed Willie had taken the murder weapon and thrown it in the water. She said it fell about middle way. Following a search by the divers on the bottom of the pit, a .410-gauge shotgun was recovered.

Sheriff Jess Walker said initial information showed that there had been three insurance policies on Rame's life. One was for \$5,000, one for \$10,000, and one for \$50,000, which was to have paid double indemnity. It was believed that half of the latter insurance policy already had been paid.

Craig County District Attorney T. Jack Graves told the news media that Lucille Rame had been charged with conspiracy to commit murder. Willie Wolfe, 36, and his 35-year-old ex-wife, Linda, were charged with first-degree murder. Happy Jack was charged with conspiracy to commit murder.

According to an Oklahoma State Department of Corrections records official, Wolfe had been imprisoned in Oklahoma three times in the past. He served two sentences on separate charges of grand larceny and second-degree burglary.

His latest incarceration was from February 1st to July 30th, for escaping from Mayes County Jail in Pryor. He wasn't paroled, but had served all of his sentence.

Placed in a lineup by Sheriff Walker at the county jail, Wolfe was identified by one of the young men who were returning from a hunting trip as the person he saw standing near the pickup

truck and car when they passed the slaying scene. With the pickup parked on the rough, narrow blacktop road, their vehicle had to slow down considerably to pass and he had a good long look.

All of the suspects were arraigned in the Craig County District Court on the charges against each of them and ordered to appear at preliminary hearings that would be scheduled for them.

Lucille Rame was released on \$50,000 bond. By this time, Mrs. Rame was operating a tavern on the northside of Vinita. She had purchased the business shortly after her husband had been slain.

Afraid for the safety of Linda, the sheriff made arrangements with Rogers County officials in Claremore, to lodge her there in the county jail. Sheriff Walker and Deputy Margaret Hayes transported her back and forth for court and Linda began to talk freely with Deputy Hayes. She went into more detail on the events as they had taken place.

The following is from Deputy Hayes' report:

3-3-81 . . . approx. 3:30 p.m. While enroute to Claremore, Linda asked Sheriff Walker, "If I would tell the court everything that happened, would it go easier on me?" Sheriff Walker advised her, "No, I can't make you any promises. You are charged with first-degree murder along with Willie Wolfe."

She said she would rather go to prison than go back to Willie because she was afraid of him and was tired of being mistreated. She talked freely about the incidents on the road to Claremore and on 3-5-81 when she was brought back to Craig County for her arraignment.

According to Deputy Hayes, Linda said that Happy Jack had sent word to Willie that he wanted to talk to him. They went to his house and the two of them—Willie and Jack—went into another room to talk. Linda was unable to hear their conversation but later, Willie told her that Lucille Rame wanted to hire him to kill her husband. Linda said they went there several times to talk to Jack about how it should be done. Lucille planned it all through Jack, to avoid being seen with them.

Lucille set it up that Willie was to receive \$10,000 after she had collected the life insurance benefits, and Willie was to give \$2,000 of his money to Jack for being the go-between. Linda said Lucille paid Willie \$50 for an up-front payment.

Not being acquainted with Fred, Willie had Linda drive him by the Rame house one night and he went in and talked to Fred about buying some chickens. Linda sat in the car and waited on him.

At first, Willie talked of catching Rame when he was out in the country grading a road on a deserted stretch. But, for some reason, Willie changed his

mind at the last. Linda said she kept thinking Willie would change his mind about killing Rame, but he had made up his mind to carrying it out.

They didn't have a gun, Linda said, so Willie stole one and left it at Jack's house until the day of the murder.

From the very beginning, Linda said she hadn't wanted to be in on the conspiracy, but she was afraid of what Willie might do to her if she wasn't. She was positive if she ever left him, he would hunt her down and kill her.

She related how she made the call and lured Rame out to Crooked Bridge, where Willie hid in the brush with the .410, while she sat in the car. The rest of the night's events was like something out of a horror movie.

They went to Happy Jack's home after the killing and when they walked in, Jack asked: "Did you do it? Did you kill Fred?"

"Yes," she quoted Willie telling Jack.

Jack looked at her in disbelief, and asked her, "Did Willie really kill Fred?" She said she told him, "Yes, he did." She said they then spent the night at Jack's house.

A few days later, Willie was arrested in Muskogee, Oklahoma and he called Lucille to come bail him out because she owed him money and he was broke. Linda said Lucille and her mother came by Pryor, picked her up and went to Muskogee. They couldn't talk about the shooting because Lucille's mother was with them. Lucille gave her the money to bail Willie out, which was \$400.

On another occasion, Lucille gave Willie \$500 and instructed him to give Jack \$100 of that for part of his payment. Linda was actually not sure how much Lucille had already paid Willie.

As she had stated before, Linda repeated that she was afraid of Willie and that she had looked at a used car to purchase in Pryor. She said she planned to pick up the money from Lucille (on the day she was arrested) and go back to Pryor and purchase the car. Afterwards, she would go pick up her children who were in a Baptist Home and planned to go to Arizona.

She was disappointed with what she received from Lucille, because even if she hadn't got arrested, it was not enough money to leave Willie and go to Arizona.

The first preliminary hearing was for Wolfe, on the first-degree murder charge, and was held on Thursday, April 16, 1981, before Special Judge David Allen Box. The star witness for the prosecution was Linda Scott, who had been promised immunity from prosecution for the role she claimed she had played in the slaying.

Often smiling weakly at her ex-husband seated at the counsel table, Ms. Scott gave damaging testimony over the objections of the defense attorney.

James Looney testified that a spent No.4 shot shell was found in the chamber. He said the shot removed from Rame was No.4 size and the wadding was .410-gauge, but stated there was no way to determine if the gun found in the pit fired either.

The son of a Vinita policeman took the stand and identified Wolfe as the man he saw standing near the slaying scene about 7 p.m. on October 4th as he and another man returned from a hunting trip.

Taking time out from her tavern business, Mrs. Rame attended the preliminary hearing and listened stoically as Craig County Assistant District Attorney Terry McBride told the judge he was trying to show that an assassin was hired to kill her late husband. Authorities told the news media they had information the slayer had been paid nearly \$2,500 of a reported \$10,000 fee for the job.

After hearing the witnesses, Judge Box ordered Wolfe bound over for an arraignment and subsequent trial on the first-degree murder charge.

Ms. Scott blew a kiss to her ex-husband as she walked from the courtroom.

Although Ms. Scott had testified at the hearing that Lucille Rame had contacted Happy Jack sometime before October 4th because she "wanted to find someone to kill her husband," the conspiracy charge against the 54-year-old crippled man was later dismissed.

On Tuesday, May 12th, Wolfe appeared before Associate District Judge Jess Clanton and pleaded guilty to first-degree murder in the Rame slaying. Judge Clanton sentenced Wolfe to life in prison.

It was Lucille Rame's turn next, and her preliminary hearing was held on Friday, July 10th, after which Judge Box ordered her to stand trial. At her arraignment on July 22nd, trial was scheduled for September 21, 1981. Her charges had been raised—besides the conspiracy charge, she was also now charged with first-degree murder.

She remained free on \$50,000 bond.

Jury selection began in the Lucille Rame trial on Monday, September 21, 1981, before District Judge William Whisler in Craig County District Court. A jury of eight women and four men were seated by evening and testimony was due to begin on Tuesday after the opening arguments. Assistant D.A. McBride was handling the case for the state, and the highly proficient Tony Jack Lyons represented the defendant. Atty. Lyons' batting average for acquittals was high.

Again Ms. Scott took the witness stand to testify; her testimony was about the same as in the preliminary hearings.

"You said you discussed this killing

with Lucille on several occasions?" Lyons asked her in his cross-examination.

"Yes," she responded, but asserted she did not remember when Lyons tried to get her to name specific times and dates of the discussions.

She later testified that she did not actually see Rame fall after the first shot had been fired when, in his cross-examination, Lyons asked her, "Did he fall on his back?"

"I didn't see him fall," she answered.

"Then how'd you know he had his face blown off?" Lyons responded.

"Because Willie said he did," Ms. Scott said.

Ms. Scott also testified she could not remember the date of the murder.

"You're not proud of being part of the killing of Fred Rame, are you?" Lyons asked, looking directly at the nervous witness.

"No, sir," she replied, almost inaudibly.

OSBI Agent Leo Albro had testified earlier that Mrs. Rame said her husband had insurance policies worth a total of \$97,000 and that she had collected \$55,000 in death benefits.

Linda Scott testified that "Willie and I had moved to Pryor about the first of December and it was around Christmas time that Mrs. Rame gave us \$2,000. She said she had received part of the insurance money."

On a number of occasions, Mrs. Rame told her that Fred's death had been tougher on her than she had expected, Ms. Scott told the jury.

"She told me that Fred's relatives had been seeking to have her take a lie detector test, but that a doctor advised against it because of her heart condition," said Ms. Scott.

Her ex-husband, Willie, captivated the jury and spectators as he testified about the contract and the murder. He told the jury how Mrs. Rame "needed a job done," that the job was killing her husband, and that she was willing to pay \$10,000.

"I took the job after receiving a \$50 down payment from Mrs. Rame," he testified, "with the balance to be paid after the slaying."

On Wednesday, Mrs. Rame took the stand in her own defense and branded as liars most of the prosecution witnesses. She said she "never paid a dime" to Wolfe for a contract killing on her husband.

"That's a lie," Mrs. Rame emphatically insisted, "I never paid Willie Wolfe a dime for anything. In fact, I don't believe Willie killed my husband."

The statement had come during cross-examination by Assistant D.A. McBride, as he questioned her about an exchange of money with Ms. Scott after the murder. Mrs. Rame maintained that Wolfe and Ms. Scott were extorting

money from her by threatening to tell authorities Mrs. Rame's sons killed their step-father if she did not give them \$2,000.

Previously, she said, she had loaned Linda Scott \$200 to bail Wolfe out of jail on a drunk driving charge. Now she testified she met Ms. Scott at the post office.

"I gave her a handful of change," testified Mrs. Rame, "\$200 and that \$1,200 to keep their mouths shut. I told Linda, 'I'll give it to you, but don't involve my boys.'"

A few seconds later, she added, "I want to tell everybody that I don't believe Willie killed my husband."

"Then why did he plead guilty?"

"To cover up," Mrs. Rame replied.

"You mean you believe Linda killed Fred, and Willie is taking the rap?" retorted McBride.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Rame.

A few minutes later, Mrs. Rame's statements were almost echoed when her defense attorney attempted to call McBride to the witness stand. Judge Whisler summoned both attorneys to the bench for a brief conference.

Afterward, he told the court, "Willie Wolfe told the assistant district attorney on July 9th, that he, Willie Wolfe, did not kill Fred Rame."

Earlier, Fred Rame's sister had testified that she had visited with Mrs. Rame on January 14th, about three and one-half months after the slaying, and her sister-in-law, had told her she couldn't "understand why the Rame folks" were mad at her.

"I wouldn't have killed Freddie," the sister quoted Mrs. Rame. "I might have hired it done though."

The sister said she didn't report the conversation to authorities for several months because she "didn't want to get involved."

During her testimony, Mrs. Rame admitted she talked with Fred's sister on the date, but denied making any statements about killing her husband.

"If I had killed him, do you think I would be crazy enough to divulge it to a family member?" Mrs. Rame asked.

SLAUGHTERED LOVERS

that worn by the man standing by the register.

She also saw a man wearing a ski cap on the front steps outside, she testified.

Though a second suspect was sought in the case, only Daryl Houseman was brought to trial.

Detective Richard Sudowsky of Troop E, Holmdel Station, Garden State Parkway police, said that he reported to the scene where the bodies were found at 3:22 a.m. March 21, 1981.

He identified various items removed from the coat at the scene including sev-

To questions about the greater part of the prosecution's testimony, Mrs. Rame asserted, "That's a lie!"

In the late afternoon, McBride approached a niece of Rame's who had been listening to testimony, and asked take the stand as a witness.

"Did you overhear Mrs. Rame's words?" McBride asked her after she had been sworn in.

"She (Mrs. Rame) said, 'I wouldn't kill Fred,' and then she kinda laughed and said, 'I might have hired it done, though,'" the niece testified.

A former cellmate of Wolfe testified also on Wednesday that Willie told him that Linda Scott actually killed Rame.

"Willie said Lucy wasn't there when Fred was killed and his ex-wife did it," the former inmate testified. "But he said he (Wolfe) would take the blame for it."

Throughout the trial, defense attorney Lyons had attempted to paint a picture of animosity toward his client by members of the slain man's family, several of whom testified for the state.

In his closing arguments, Lyons attempted to portray Linda Scott as a "cold-blooded, hard-hearted killer."

"She voluntarily became an accomplice when she made that phone call to the Rame house, Lyons told the jury. "The state let her go, and so will you if you convict my client."

On Thursday, after three days of testimony, the jury began its deliberation in the case. For almost five hours the predominantly woman jury mulled over the question of whether Lucille Rame paid to have her husband slain. Finally, they returned with a verdict of guilty. In the penalty phase of the trial, they recommended life in prison.

On Monday, November 24, 1981, Judge Whisler formally sentenced Lucille Rame to life in prison. ●

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The names Happy Jack and Linda Scott are fictitious and were used because there is no reason for public interest in their true identities.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

eral addresses and phone numbers, and keys.

The next day he testified he went to East Orange and interviewed a number of people contacted through the phone numbers and addresses on the all-important scrap of paper found in the dark overcoat.

"At 7 a.m. a call from the Bloomfield Police Department came in asking us to contact a witness, Joe Virga, who was 'very upset.'"

Sudowsky told of arriving at Virga's East Orange apartment around noon

with other state police as well as two police officers from East Orange.

A witness there identified a man as closely resembling the composite sketch provided by police. The identity of the witness was not divulged.

By this time, the probe was centered on a certain address on Summit Street, East Orange. With many circumlocutions by witnesses, false leads, evasions and outright deception, police still pressed on.

Finally, they found Houseman at the Summit Street address. The most important mechanical aid to their investigation clicked right off. The keys to the front door and apartment of the suspect fitted perfectly. Police believed they had their man. Houseman was arrested and on April 17, 1981, transported from East Orange to Savreille.

A later witness was Katie Michel who said she was a barmaid at the isolated bar near the marshes.

"A stranger came in the night of the killings asking for a taxi," she testified.

Louise Card, a customer, said she identified a composite drawing of the suspect initially and then identified him as the man she saw that night.

On March 23, 1982, one year and two days after the bodies of Tina Huntley and John dePunte were found shot in the car near a ramp of the Garden State Parkway in Sayreville, Daryl Houseman of East Orange was found guilty of both murders and convicted on double counts of kidnapping and robbery. He showed no emotion as the verdicts were announced and swaggered from the courtroom, his hands manacled, as court attendants escorted him back to the Middlesex County Adult Detention Center where he is awaiting sentencing.

He faces two life terms and another 100 years in prison. New Brunswick attorney George F. Baier, Jr., who defended Houseman, said his client will appeal.

Investigators still think Houseman had an accomplice, the mystery man in the furry ski hat which was admitted into evidence alone with the dark coat and maroon fedora. There was testimony that the second man tried to kill Miss Huntley and six times pulled the trigger of a revolver found in the death car. But each round misfired.

Kapsak offered testimony that Miss Huntley and dePunte were killed with the same gun. He contended that Houseman first killed dePunte and shot Miss Huntley when his unknown companion's gun failed.

Interviewed in his office in the Middlesex County Prosecutor's Office, County Court House, New Brunswick, the First Assistant Prosecutor reconstructed the crime as authorities believe it happened.

"The two young people were abducted

from the Olympic Diner, and being driven further and further away from home, being robbed. At some point we believe young dePunte must have decided to fight for his and Tina's life. He was athletic, a weightlifter. He must have thought it would be worth a try. Tina was small and she was driving the car.

"After they got by the Raritan Toll Plaza in the bright lights of the entrance to the bridge over the Raritan, Houseman was apparently going through their valuables, their money and jewelry, when John dePunte must have gone for Houseman's gun. There were signs of a violent struggle. The headliner in the car was torn in three places. Then after the melee, afraid of being caught, Houseman fled. That's why he only had three dollars, and the cab driver dropped him on the other side of the bridge and refused to take him to Elizabeth. The money was strewn all over."

But Kapsack theorized that Houseman, a powerful young man of 29, forced

dePunte to the floor in the rear of the car and then executed him with a single shot.

Meanwhile, Kapsak said, the second criminal was attempting to shoot Miss Huntley from his location in the front passenger seat. When the revolver misfired six times, the car was stopped and Houseman got out and shot her through the open window on the driver's side, then fled without the money he had killed for. He took a few trinkets, like the golden horn to ward off witches, which eventually was to close the case against him, providing the final evidence of his participation needed to complete what authorities believe to be one of the most demanding, most convincing cases of circumstantial evidence in New Jersey history.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The names Rene Duck, Agnes Rochelle, Joe Virga, Katie Michel and Louise Card are fictitious and were used because there is no reason for public interest in their true identities.

BLOOD BANK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

been pulled. Several photos were presented to him. All of them were of men named Ken who had sold blood within recent weeks.

"We went back about four weeks," said a staff member. "We can go back farther if you need us to."

"I don't think it will be necessary," said Leavitt. "I'd like to borrow these pictures to show to witnesses. I'll bring them back before the day is out."

It was afternoon, now, and the autopsy had been performed. But there would be no written report for another day. At this point Leavitt's concern was more for identifying the killer than for the exact cause of death.

The detective drove back to the house where Jerry Pool had been kicked to death. Both men with whom he had spoken in the morning were there.

"I've been to the blood bank and I have some photos of some Kens," Leavitt said. "I'd like you to take your time and look at each one, and don't compare notes with each other. If you see a picture of the man who kicked Jerry Pool to death tell me which one it is."

The men studied the photos for a minute or two.

And both agreed, the photo of the man who killed Pool was among the ones offered by the detective. Both men picked out Kenneth More, a 27-year-old drifter.

"Are you positive?" Leavitt asked.

Both men nodded emphatically.

Since More was a drifter, the chances were very good that he had fled Nevada already, even though the corpse he left

behind was less than a day old. Rather than just go with a local bulletin, Leavitt put out a national alert for More's capture.

Because the autopsy report would not be available until the following day, there was little more the detective could do on the Pool murder case. The killer had been positively identified by the only two witnesses around, one of whom was an eyewitness to the actual murder.

It was mid-morning the following day when the autopsy report was brought to Leavitt's office. The report confirmed the killing was every bit as brutal as it had appeared.

Although Pool had suffered several head injuries and although there had been plenty of internal bleeding, it appeared the actual cause of death was a shattered Adam's apple. Leavitt read the report slowly and deliberately, making notes on a pad as he went along. The witnesses had reported heavy drinking by all concerned and the autopsy report confirmed this fact, too.

According to the report, Pool's blood-alcohol count had been .35 when he was kicked to death. By comparison, a blood-alcohol count of only .10 is enough for a legal presumption of drunkenness in Nevada. Such blood-alcohol counts are used routinely in Nevada in drunken driving cases.

A count of .35 is considered nearly comatose and it doesn't take much more to produce death. Normally a blood-alcohol count of .43 is enough to bring death.

Even though there had been plenty of alcohol pumping through Pool's veins

when he died, there was no doubt it was the kicking, not the drinking, that killed him. The autopsy report emphasized this fact.

With the inclusion of the autopsy report in the Pool file, along with the statements of the two witnesses and a copy of the blood bank photo of Kenneth B. More, there was nothing more Leavitt could do at this point. The waiting game was on.

Law enforcement authorities across the United States had been alerted. Las Vegas police were on the look-out for him even though the chance of More's remaining in the Southern Nevada gambling oasis was extremely remote. Leavitt was banking on More's getting picked up for some petty offense somewhere in the country and being held after routine police procedure matched him with the warrant for his arrest on the Las Vegas murder charge.

A week passed and then another. The trail appeared to be getting cold, but Leavitt, a veteran detective, knew how to play the waiting game and he knew how to play it well.

It was a balmy April afternoon in Stuart, Florida. State Trooper N.S. Ritter was on a routine patrol on a main road when a car moving at a high rate of speed raced by him from the opposite direction. The trooper made a U-turn and chased after the speeding motorist.

It didn't take long to catch up. The trooper pulled the speeder over, radioed back the offender's license number to headquarters, and then got out and approached the car.

But when he got to the car he found he had a little more than just a speeding motorist. He had a young man who appeared desperate.

The trooper's sixth sense as a police officer told him this would be no routine traffic stop. Then Ritter decided to use a little psychology on the motorist.

He asked the motorist if he knew why he had stopped him.

Apparently the driver didn't even realize he had been speeding because he made no reference to that in his reply. Instead, he referred to something a little stronger than a speeding offense.

He told Ritter he supposed he had been stopped because he was wanted for murder in Las Vegas.

The name on the driver's license the motorist had given Ritter was Kenneth B. More.

The trooper immediately gave More his Miranda warning, handcuffed him and took him into headquarters. Here a formal statement was taken after the suspect waived his right to remain silent.

More said he had kicked a man to death in Las Vegas about a month earlier. The man was known to him only as Jerry. He said he didn't remember too many details because he was very

drunk when he did it.

Florida authorities contacted Las Vegas, saying they had a man in custody who had confessed to a murder in Nevada. The contact was made with Leavitt, since the nationwide alert for More's arrest bore his name.

Leavitt informed the Florida authorities he would fly to them immediately, take a statement of his own, and bring More back himself if he was willing to waive extradition.

Leavitt made the trip the following day. Once again, the suspect confessed but, as with the first confession, he was somewhat vague because he claimed to remember few details of the drunken brawl.

The suspect was booked into the Clark County Jail in Las Vegas and was held there. His case was placed in the hands of Deputy District Attorney Judith Hill.

Although Leavitt had gathered strong evidence, topped off with the confession in Florida, Hill was worried about a jury not taking the case as seriously as it should because the killing was the climax to a day of drunken brawling.

The witnesses were able to finger More as the kicker, all right, and the autopsy report clearly showed that death was due to the kicking rather than the drinking. But would a jury, given the special circumstances, take the case as seriously as it should?

Because of the brutality involved, the state elected to go for the death penalty if it could just get a first-degree murder conviction.

In Nevada, a jury that finds a defendant guilty of first-degree murder must set the penalty at life in the state prison with or without the possibility of parole, or at death in the gas chamber.

But to get to that plateau, Hill would need a first-degree murder conviction.

On April 12, 1982 trial was scheduled in the courtroom of District Judge Robert Legakes. Hill called her witnesses; they described the drunken, brawling scene to the jury. She also called the doctor who performed the autopsy and who had concluded death was due to the

shattered Adam's apple.

After Hill rested her case, More himself took the witness stand, and once again, he was vague about the murder. He watered down his original confession, too.

The suspect told the jury he remembered kicking Pool but that he remembered there was other brawling going on in the house that day. The defendant testified he was not so sure he was the one who delivered the fatal blows.

The case was submitted to the jurors on April 16th, a Friday. The panel was unable to reach a verdict that day so Judge Legakes ordered them sequestered in a downtown hotel. The jurors resumed deliberations the next day, Saturday, and it was at that time they reached a verdict.

The courthouse was opened up for a rare Saturday session of court.

The verdict was a mixed bag for Hill. She got a finding of guilty, but the jury had reduced the charge to second-degree murder. The charge was a still a strong one but it would automatically keep More from a date with the state's gas chamber.

The punishment would not be the jury's responsibility, after all. It would now be up to Judge Legakes to decide More's fate.

Second-degree murder in Nevada is not probationable. It carries a penalty of five years to life in the state prison.

Judge Legakes scheduled a May 19th sentencing for More and ordered him back to his county jail cell to await that sentencing. A pre-sentence report would be made and submitted to the judge prior to the sentencing date.

More showed no emotion when the guilty verdict was announced by the jury foreman.

On May 16th, after a legal continuance had pushed it back, Judge Legakes passed sentencing and ordered Ken More, 27, to serve 30 years in the state prison. ●

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The name Clark Smith is fictitious and was used because there is no reason for public interest in his true identity.

RELUCTANT PROSTITUTE

about getting the confession?"

"Yes, I expect we have to," said the inspector. "I just hope that that red-haired boyfriend of hers doesn't try to give her an alibi."

The inspector's hopes were in vain. Louis Devynck did provide his fiancée with an alibi, the best possible alibi.

He confessed to the murder.

"Merde!" swore the inspector. "He's not guilty! He's protecting her!"

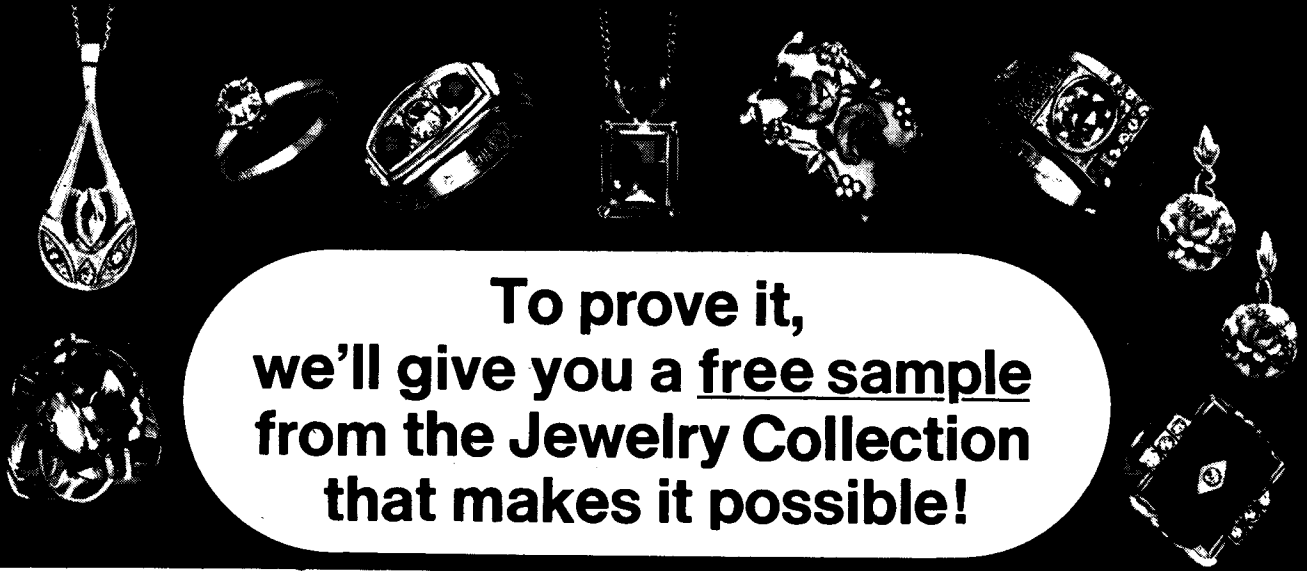
Louis Dvynck continued calmly to dictate his confession. He had had trou-

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

ble with Daniel ever since he took up with Martine, he said. The man had continually hit him up for larger and larger sums of money and, if he showed any disinclination to hand it over, had made coarse references to his paying the price for sleeping with Daniel's sister.

If insults did not work, then Daniel had come around and punched Martine in the head when Louis was absent working at his job. This had always produced results. Louis did not want Mar-

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tine hurt and had paid.

On the afternoon of August 2nd, he had been at home in the apartment as it was Saturday and he was not working. Daniel had arrived at about three o'clock and had demanded \$25, saying that he owed it to some men and that they were going to beat him up if he didn't pay.

Louis had refused, saying that he had enough of paying and that if Daniel got beat up for not paying his debts, it served him right.

Daniel had seized the mustard pot off the table and had made threatening motions with it as if he were going to attack the other man.

Devyneck had responded by snatching up the bread knife which was also lying on the table.

Suddenly, Daniel had rushed at him with the mustard pot raised as if to strike a blow.

Devyneck had no recollection of actually making a stabbing movement, but he must have been holding the knife out in front of him for, the next thing he knew, it was sticking in Renault's stomach and the man was staggering backward toward the settee with his hands clasped over the handle.

Martine had not been in the room at the time and Louis had called her, telling her that she should summon the emergency ambulance. She had immediately done so. He and she had then sat down on either side of the wounded man to support and comfort him until the ambulance arrived.

Although the inspector did not believe this confession, there were details in it that made it impossible to refute.

To begin with, the police already knew that the murder weapon came from the apartment in the rue Gosselin. The combination of food and grease traces on the handle matched precisely those found on other kitchen utensils in Martine Renault's kitchen. The technicians from the police laboratory were able to state with 99 percent accuracy that the knife came from the apartment and no other bread knife had been found there.

Secondly, a broken mustard pot had been found in the garbage can and the autopsy had detected traces of mustard on Renault's clothing and hands as well as similar traces located by the laboratory technicians on the living room carpet and the settee.

At the time, no significance was attached to the mustard stains as it was not suspected that they were connected with the murder. Now, however, the confession of Louis Devynck brought out their true importance and also clearly demonstrated one thing: Whether guilty or not, Louis Devynck was in possession of precise knowledge of the details of the crime. It would be difficult to convince a jury that his con-

fession was false and that he was not the murderer.

"And yet that is exactly what we are going to have to do unless we want to see an innocent man sent to prison," said the inspector. "I'm as certain that it was really Martine who was holding the knife as I have ever been of anything, but, if Devynck sticks to his confession, I don't see how we're going to prove it."

"Well, maybe it was Devynck," the sergeant suggested. "After all, he had a strong motive, too. Renault was milking him for everything that he was worth and beating up his fiancée to boot. In either case, it was more manslaughter than murder. I don't think that either Devynck or Martine Renault actually set out to murder Daniel. There was a quarrel, a brawl of some kind, Renault grabbed up the mustard pot and made threatening gestures with it and either Martine or Devynck picked up the kitchen knife to defend themselves. A jury isn't going to give either one of them very much for that."

"They'd come down on him a good deal heavier than they would on her," said the inspector. "And he doesn't deserve it. He's being noble. The fact is, with his size and strength, he didn't need a knife to defend himself. He could have taken the mustard pot away from Renault and stuffed it in his ear. The use of the knife was by someone smaller and weaker than Renault trying to defend themselves and that was Martine. She's guilty and the thing that astounds me the most is why she doesn't admit it. I've told her myself that she's risking very little if she makes a confession, but she hasn't cooperated."

"Yes, that is strange," the sergeant agreed. "She seems like a very decent, respectable woman and my impression is that she is genuinely attached to Devynck. I can't imagine why she would let him go to jail in her place, particularly when she would get, at most, a very light sentence."

The inspector could not imagine it either, but he was determined to avoid sending an innocent man to jail if he could help it and he reluctantly decided on the use of harsher methods with the recalcitrant girl.

"Bring in Martine and bring in the four men who admit to having paid Daniel ten dollars for the privilege of having sexual relations with her," said the inspector to the sergeant. "We've got to shake her up a little, get her off balance so that she'll make some kind of an admission rather than the denials that she's sticking with now."

The sergeant did as he was told. Martine Renault was brought to police headquarters where she was confronted with Jean Pual Courtois, Rene Dupres, Marcel Gireaux and Denis Presteur.

She promptly became hysterical and was carried screaming and crying to the

police clinic. She did not admit to anything.

"Pity that Louis Devynck isn't as emotional as Martine," said the sergeant, returning to the inspector's office after having seen the girl over to the clinic. "If he got upset like that, he'd undoubtedly admit something, maybe the truth, even."

"Maybe we should try a confrontation between him and the four customers," said the inspector, half jokingly. "At this point, I'm about ready to try anything."

There was a short, thoughtful silence in the office and then the sergeant said, "Does he know about the customers and Daniel's money-making schemes? He didn't say a word about it in his confession. And yet, you'd think that would be one of his strongest motives."

"Maybe, he doesn't want to embarrass her," began the inspector. "Maybe..."

"Maybe, he doesn't know about them," finished the sergeant. "Maybe, she never told him."

"And she doesn't want him to know now," said the inspector. "If she were charged and tried..."

"... the story of her brother's activities on her behalf would become known," said the sergeant. "That's why she doesn't confess."

"Yes. That's why she doesn't confess. But, if Devynck already knew," said the inspector, "she wouldn't have any reason to hold back her confession any longer. How do we tell him?"

"Maybe we could let both of them listen to the tapes of the four customer's statements together," suggested the sergeant. "We could then separate them again for questioning. That way there wouldn't be any question but what everyone concerned was in possession of all the details."

"All right, that sounds like a reasonable idea," said the inspector, "but I want complete security. There's no telling how either she or he will react to this and Devynck is a big man. I think it would be a good idea to have him handcuffed to something solid while he's listening to the tapes."

The precaution was taken but proved unnecessary. Louis Devynck was a big and powerful man, but he was also gentle. His reaction to the taped statements of the four men to whom Daniel Renault had sold his sister was not rage but sorrow.

Martine's reaction was almost one of relief.

"I was in a horrible position," she said. "If I didn't confess, Louis would have to go to jail in my place and, if I did, he would find out about all the dirty things that Daniel had done to me. I was afraid that he wouldn't want to have anything to do with me after that and I didn't want to lose him."

She need not have worried. Devynck

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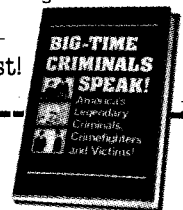
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was utterly convinced of her blamelessness in the matter and even after she had confessed to the stabbing, continued to attempt to take the responsibility onto himself.

"He was not even present at the time," said Martine. "He had been working hard all week and he was taking a nap in the bedroom at around three o'clock when Daniel appeared at the apartment. As usual, he wanted money and he said that three men were out to get him unless he could pay them the twenty-five dollars he owed them.

"I told him to keep quiet, that Louis was sleeping and that he was not going to give him any more money. If he needed money, he should get a job and earn some.

"Daniel was furious and said a lot of filthy things about me and Louis. He started to shout that this was his home, that he had been born and raised there and that Louis was the intruder and should get out. He said he was moving in and that I could easily support both him and myself if I would be a little more reasonable with the friends he sent around.

"I lost my temper completely and started yelling at him too, but it only made him the madder and he grabbed up a mustard pot from the table and started toward me.

"I picked up the bread knife and held it out in front of myself, but he kept right on coming and sneering about how I thought I was going to defend myself with a bread knife.

"Louis had woken up and had come to

the door of the bedroom and I was not sure how much he had heard of what Daniel said.

"All of a sudden, Daniel seemed to be right on top of me and then I heard the mustard pot smash to the floor and he was reeling backward holding his stomach. It was only when I looked at my hands and saw that I was not holding the knife any longer that I realized what had happened.

"I wasn't able to speak or do anything, but Louis immediately called the emergency ambulance.

"I'm sorry that I killed Daniel, but he was doing terrible things to me and I was afraid of him. Louis is completely innocent. He had nothing to do with it and he only came into the room a second or two before Daniel got stabbed."

Martine Renaut was charged with unintentional homicide and ordered held for trial. Although she spent nearly nine months in pre-trial detention, it was the only time that she did serve for her offense, for on June 12, 1981, she was found guilty of unintentional homicide with extreme extenuating circumstances and sentenced to four years imprisonment suspended. She and Louis Devynck were married 10 days after the conclusion of the trial. ●

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The names Jean Paul Courtois, Rene Dupres, Marcel Gireaux, Denis Presteur, Giscard Cabot, Francois Petri and Charles Simon are fictitious and were used because there is no reason for public interest in their real identities.

SEX MONSTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

"This man is a drifter. He has no roots. When he was last seen, he was wearing blue jeans, a blue combat jacket and tan cowboy boots. He was carrying a rucksack with a bedroll.

"Before he met Julie, he was last seen in the Newport Pagnell area two years ago, where he was working at odd jobs. He has no trade, but he's been known to work behind a bar."

Scots-born Hampshire claimed to Julie and Hazel to have recently returned from a trip to Poland.

"We think it unlikely that he's been in Poland," said Sillence, "but we have asked the Polish Embassy, in London, to check it out for us.

"Certainly a person who killed a lovely girl like that must be caught quickly."

Julie was planning to go to a university to study mathematics—sponsored by her boss.

"I picked her out of 400 applicants," her boss said, "for the computer programmer's job, and within a few months she had overtaken us all in her knowledge."

Julie's father was asked whether his daughter had mentioned the man she knew as Clark Kent to her parents on her last night alive.

"No," said Mr. Deakin. "She wouldn't have thought it important. She wouldn't have been sleeping with him. I know my daughter well enough to be sure of that. She was a really good girl, who cared for other people. She was always getting involved in charities. We had told her that it was time she started thinking about herself a little more."

Three days later, a 17-year-old art student, Marilyn Foster, returned to her small apartment in the seaside resort of Weston-Super-Mare on the west coast, in the county of Somerset, to find herself in the clutches of The Hulk.

It was 10 p.m. and she'd been having a few drinks with student friends, but had returned home alone.

Her room was on the ground floor at the rear of a large, old Victorian house on a hill overlooking the sea. She let herself in and fumbled for the light switch. Instead of finding the switch, her fingers found sweaty human flesh.

Before she had time to scream, a hand as big as a turtle was clamped over her mouth and an arm was locked around her neck.

"Make a sound and I'll snap you in two, just as if you're a kid's doll," her attacker threatened.

Marilyn's heart pounded against her breastbone. She felt that something inside her was about to explode any second. It was as if her heart had turned into a time-bomb and was ticking away rapidly towards zero hour.

"I've killed once and I won't hesitate to break you into little pieces," warned Hampshire. "I'm known as The Hulk. You've probably read all about me in the papers, yes? I'm the most famous man in the world right now. I'm Superman. Clark Kent is my real name, but the police are calling me The Hulk."

Marilyn shivered in the vice-like grip of her Goliath captor. The next minute, Hampshire was holding her above his head and spinning her around as if she weighed less than a new-born baby. Then he tossed her on to her bed and switched on the light as she bounced on the soft mattress.

Hampshire had pulled the curtains across the window, but fragments of glass on the carpet were evidence to Marilyn that her attacker had broken in through the window, though it must have been a tight squeeze for him.

"What do you want with me?" Marilyn managed to stammer, all the blood having been drained from her face. She was ashen, yet normally her complexion was a healthy, attractive pink.

"I want your body, and a bed for the night," said The Hulk. "That's all I wanted from Julie, but she resisted. So I killed her. She was dead even before I tried to kill her. I don't know my own strength, you see."

"Why pick on me?" Marilyn, wailed. "This is the only bed I have."

"We can share it," said Hampshire.

"It's too big for you, even without me in it," said Marilyn, stunned by the size of her tormentor.

"There's always the floor," said Hampshire, smirking. "There's enough room on the floor for everything I want to do. Now take off your clothes. All of them. One by one. Start at the top and work down. Face me all the time. Do it slowly, like a stripper. Tease me. Excite me. If you don't satisfy me, I'll get frustrated. When I'm frustrated, I become angry, and dangerous. I'll break you into little pieces."

Marilyn believed everything The Hulk was saying. She slid off the bed, tried to smile, tried to stop her hands, arms and legs from trembling, and began to disrobe.

She pulled off her sweater, then unclipped her bra. "Let it drop on to the floor," said Hampshire. "Don't fold anything up. Just let everything slither

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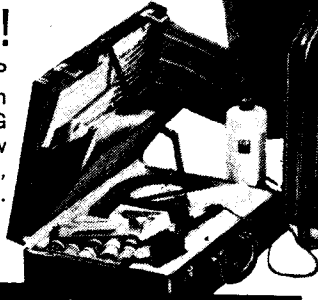
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down. I like to hear the rustle of silky garments. I hope you're wearing silky pants. I don't like briefs. They're rude! I have good taste."

Fortunately for Marilyn, she was wearing black silk panties, with frilly lace around the legs. But first her jeans had to come off.

"I don't like jeans on women," said Hampshire. "That's a black mark against you. I'm going to spank you with my hand for that. I won't kill you, though, because you're wearing my favorite kind of knickers."

The Hulk disapproved of Marilyn's tights, saying that all women should be made to wear stockings and suspenders.

"You'll have to be tied up for not wearing stockings," he said. "That's another punishment for you. Lie on the floor, and do everything I tell you."

Marilyn was sexually assaulted 12 times during that night, according to her statement to the police, an allegation that was substantiated by medical evidence.

"There was enough semen in her for anyone who'd had sexual intercourse at least 12 times in rapid succession," reported a doctor at Weston-Super-Mare General Hospital.

Marilyn had been left bound and gagged on the floor of her one-room apartment, and she lay there for 12 hours, being discovered in the evening when a police officer broke into the premises. Marilyn's friend was worried when she didn't turn up at college and failed to make contact during the day.

She went to Marilyn's apartment, saw the broken window and found the door locked. That's when she called the police.

Apparently, The Hulk had bolted the door on the inside and had left the same way he'd entered—through the window.

"It must have been about six in the morning when he left," Marilyn told Sillence. "I never thought he would leave me alive. All the way along, I thought he was toying with me. Several times he hovered over me, holding my tights in his hands, stretching them and grinning at me menacingly."

Then she made a full statement, recalling as far as possible all the conversation and action that took place from the moment she arrived home the previous night to the time Hampshire made his escape.

Having to re-live the ordeal was torture for Marilyn, but, according to Sillence, she coped "like a real brave and produced the goods." He added: "She's a real trooper. She's a survivor. She'll make out. She'll never forget what she's been through, but she'll ride it. She won't allow this harrowing experience to put her down, to deflect her from her goals.

"I warned that this man was very dangerous and that he had to be caught

quickly. Quite easily there could have been two girls dead by now. The next victim may not get away with her life. She could easily go the same way as Julie, especially if she puts up any kind of resistance."

Road blocks were set up on all streets leaving the town and on the county's major arterial highways. Hotels, small private boarding houses, hostels, caravan and camping sites were searched, but it soon became obvious to the cops that he'd blown before the net was thrown over the area.

Once again Sillence appealed to the nation to be on the look out for this "most dangerous of men." On television, he said: "Hampshire can't possibly hide himself in a crowd. He's the most conspicuous suspect the police could ever have. It would be easier for Mickey Mouse not to be noticed. I appeal for vigilance from the public. We depend on your help to prevent the loss of more innocent lives."

Two days later, an anonymous caller to the Belfast police in Northern Ireland reported sighting Hampshire on a ferry. The ferry was traveling from the north-western industrial city of Liverpool across the Irish Sea to Belfast, where there had been so much conflict recently between the IRA and the British troops.

That same night, a British soldier, 19-year-old David Clegg, from the city of York, and a private in the royal Green Jackets regiment, was murdered while on patrol in the downtown area of Belfast.

At first it was assumed that he was a victim of the IRA, but there were two very strange aspects to this case. Firstly, he hadn't been shot, bombed or caught in any kind of booby-trap. His neck had been broken, but there was no sign of a weapon having been used against him. Secondly, he had been dragged into a dark alley and stripped of his uniform.

The following day, Bernadette Riley, aged 24, returned home from work—she's a check-out girl at a supermarket in Belfast—to find a soldier leaning against the wall of her gray stone house, where she lived with her husband and two small children.

While she was at work, her children were cared for by her parents, a mile away. It was routine for her to return home first, put the dinner in the oven before her husband got home, and then go to fetch the children.

The soldier smiled and she just nodded back, amazed at the size of the man in a Green Jacket's uniform. She also noticed how the uniform was far too small for him and the trousers ended way above his ankles.

In fact, she was giggling to herself as she closed the door behind her. She threw her coat on to the sofa and hurried

into the kitchen, humming a song as she went about her work, very happy and contented with her simple life.

She was just about to put on the kettle to make herself a cup of tea, when there was a pounding on the front door. When she opened the door, she found the giant soldier towering above her.

With one push, he sent her tumbling over backwards. Before she had a chance to rise, he had slammed the door behind him and Bernadette was looking up at The Hulk.

"Upstairs to the bedroom," he ordered, "or I'll tear off your limbs and pull your head from your shoulders."

"Please, no, I'm a married woman," she pleaded. "I have children. Find someone else, please."

"I like married women," he said, smirking. "I get a kick out of raping mothers. I've done it with their kids watching, many times. Where are your kids? I want them to learn a few tricks."

Horried, Bernadette said: "My children aren't here. They're with my parents."

"A pity," Hampshire growled. "Upstairs with you! Where's your husband?"

"He's at work, but he'll be home soon," she replied, thinking that that might scare him off.

All Hampshire said was: "Good. When he gets in, I'll kill him in front of you. It'll be fun. I'm good at it!"

Bernadette was raped in the bedroom she shared with her husband, a mechanic. Then she was tied up, gagged, and locked in a closet.

Hampshire decided not to wait for the return of Bernadette's husband. He made off while the going was good, and it was a very shocked Michael Riley who rescued his wife from the closet.

Immediately, the police started hunting for a soldier in the Green Jackets, but after Bernadette had described the rapist and had mentioned how his uniform was far too small for him, the cops realized that he must be the man who'd murdered the private and stripped him of his clothes.

It wasn't long before a call was made to Sillence in Britain, telling him: "Hampshire is definitely in Belfast. He's killed a soldier, raped a married woman, and is posing as a member of the Green Jackets."

In under two hours, Sillence and Sampson were on a plane to Belfast.

That evening, a top level conference took place, involving Belfast's senior police officers and high-ranking members of the British Army in Northern Ireland. It was agreed that there should be a combined operation between the Belfast police and the Army, "for the sake of the women of Northern Ireland."

Two nights later, the Belfast cops were tipped off that a man answering Hampshire's description was drinking

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heavily in a downtown pub.

Twenty armed cops and ten Army marksmen were dispatched to the pub, with Sillence and Sampson being taken to the scene in a military vehicle.

The police and soldiers stormed the pub in a simultaneous raid. Hampshire saw them coming and killed the first young soldier with one blow to a pressure-point in the neck, and in the ensuing struggle, it took every one of the posse to beat him into submission.

When he was finally dragged from the pub, it looked as if a bomb had been dropped on the building. Three policemen had broken arms, another had a dislocated collar bone, and six soldiers had black eyes and ripped lips.

The Hulk was flown back to Britain with his hands cuffed behind his back and his ankles shackled and a padded hood over his head so that he could not

cause too much damage with his head butting people!

On February 3rd, Hampshire was charged with the murders of Julie Deakin and the two soldiers, and the rapes of Julie, Marilyn Foster and Bernadette Riley. On April 30th, after pleading guilty to all charges, he was sentenced at Northampton Crown Court to life in prison.

Before leaving the court, he declared: "There's no prison strong enough to hold me." He beat his chest and went on: "I'm like Sampson. I'll lean against the wall and it will crumble. You'll see!" ●

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The names Marilyn Foster, Agnes Marsh, Bernadette Riley and Michael Riley are fictitious and were used because there is no reason for public interest in their true identities.

SOMETHING I HAD TO DO

entering a candy store. A witness' description of the assailant matched that of the earlier attacker, but for the outer garments. In the later attack, the murderer wore dark gray. An hour later, an unidentified man was found slashed to death outside Pennsylvania Station and Madison Square Garden.

It wasn't until the day after the murders that New York police began to suspect they were related.

"We can't say definitely these murders are connected," Captain Meehan said. "But there are similarities: a single knife wound in the chest and the attacks all in the same part of the city in the day."

A week passed, and then the killer struck again—this time in Buffalo. Roger Adams, 30 years old, was stabbed to death in front of a department store while waiting for a bus in an "apparently unprovoked" attack.

The next day, December 30th, 26-year-old Wendell Barnes staggered into a fast food restaurant in Rochester, bleeding from a knife wound he received from a street attack. He died.

Lou Trotto, detective supervisor of the Rochester police, said, "We have several leads we are running down, but we haven't turned up anything yet." He added, "All we are trying to do is catch the fellow who did it in Rochester. If we get his fellow and he is the fellow who committed the other crimes, then everything will take care of itself."

On New Year's Eve, 32-year-old Richard Cook was standing in front of a tobacco store in Buffalo when a white man approached him and asked for the time.

According to Captain Henry Williams of the state police, Cook "told him it was 4:04 p.m. and then he was stabbed." Cook was rushed to Buffalo Gen-

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

eral Hospital. His condition was said to be 'guarded.'

Witnesses described his assailant as a medium-sized white man in his 30's, wearing a dark green parka or fatigue jacket and a brown or reddish ski cap. They also said he ran with a limp.

The killer tried again the next day and failed. His intended victim, Frank Burns, was shoveling snow from his car in front of his house. Not only did he fight the killer off, but he managed to get part of the license plate number of the 1975 green Pontiac his attacker drove off in.

This new turn of events prompted District Attorney Cosgrove to say, "hopefully we will have brought this terrible situation to a conclusion before tomorrow." In addition to the new eyewitness accounts, the investigators found a five-inch hunting knife four blocks from the scene of the last attack. Unfortunately, the knife was clean; that is, there were no bloodstains or fingerprints on it, and Cosgrove was forced to admit that it was "an open question" as to whether the knife had actually been used in any of the attacks.

The investigation dragged on.

On January 3rd, Cosgrove stated he believed the four shootings murders of the previous fall and the five recent stabbings were related. He said there was "strong similarities" in both groups of attacks. He pointed out "the motiveless, unconcerned and bold manner in which the assailant attacked, the geography, the time of the day, and the fact that all the victims were black."

The slayings of the two cabdrivers, on the other hand, appeared to be the work of someone else. In neither case had a witness been found, nor had any of the forensic tests yielded any substantial leads.

On January 5, 1981, Chief of Detectives James T. Sullivan of the NYPD said the city's murders were probably unrelated to those reported upstate.

"It would be extraordinary if the same individual traveled 450 miles from upstate to do what was done here and then returned to commit the other attacks," he said. "But we are not shutting the door on any possibility and will continue to share information with those agencies and other agencies."

Chief Sullivan also stated that over 30 New York City detectives and five supervisors were still trying to find leads in the stabbings of December 22nd.

Weeks passed and then in late February, Buffalo authorities released a statement saying that the gun which killed the four men in September of 1980 was a sawed-off version of a Ruger model 10/22 rifle. This disclosure was made after extensive computer assisted ballistics work and consultation with about 180 firearms experts in the United States and Canada.

During the course of the investigation, over 2,000 men were questioned. Among them, 600 were given "close scrutiny" and several Rochester area men were, at one time, considered to be extremely strong suspects. However, they had been ruled out as the killer.

State Police Captain Henry Williams and Buffalo Police Homicide Chief Leo J. Donovan were also considering the possibility that the killer was a Canadian familiar with the Buffalo area. Therefore, they got help from Canadian Customs officials, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Fort Erie and Niagara regional police and Toronto Metro police.

The manhunt went on and the weeks and then months began to pass.

Then on April 22nd, District Attorney Cosgrove's office received another telephone call—this time from the Army at Fort Benning, Georgia. Two detectives were dispatched to Georgia to consult with the military authorities there.

An investigator was quoted as saying the call was "probably one of the best things we've had yet." Another said, "It sounds so good it sounds unbelievable." From their point of view the search was over.

According to the Army, they were holding a man, 25-year-old Private Joseph Christopher on charges of trying to stab a black soldier on January 13th. Christopher was being treated in the hospital for a self-inflicted razor wound. Two of the nurses attending him claimed he bragged about killing blacks in Buffalo and New York City.

Based on the information the detectives received at Fort Benning, investigators obtained a search warrant and went to Private Christopher's Buffalo home and family hunting lodge where

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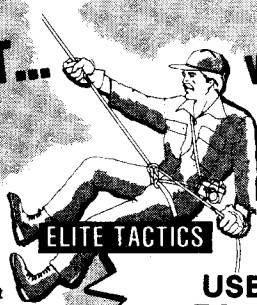
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they seized a number of knives, weapons, cartridges and a jacket with a stain believed to be blood. Christopher entered the Army on November 13, 1980 and was on leave between December 19th and January 4th. District Attorney Cosgrove said an indictment would be considered if tests on the evidence seized proved to be positive.

Meanwhile, detectives from New York City went down to Georgia to talk with the judge advocate general. "We know he (Pvt. Christopher) left Georgia on December 19th and that he arrived upstate on the 24th or 25th," a police source who did not want to be identified said. "We don't know where he was during the interval."

On April 27th, Cosgrove said that investigators had made "substantial progress in the last week or so and we hope it will lead to an early resolution, but I can't tell you when." Some of the progress was the result of lab tests which proved the stains on a jacket were of human origin. Blood was also found on the brim of a leather cap.

Two days later a grand jury indicted Christopher after hearing testimony from the two Army nurses. The indictment was handed down for three of the shooting deaths of the previous fall. District Attorney Cosgrove said, "I expect the full cooperation of the Army." He also said that extradition proceedings

were already begun.

Then on May 5th, the investigation took on a bizarre twist. At 3:33 a.m. police received a call that stunned the investigators.

"I just stabbed somebody. I wanted to take his heart out," the caller said. "You know something? He's still alive. You better get an ambulance before he dies."

It was the second call they had received and as the caller left the phone booth, officers who had been dispatched after the first call arrested him.

According to Police Chief Donovan, the man, a Hispanic, could not be the .22-caliber killer. The man, Donovan said, "is 5 feet 5 inches tall and of Puerto Rican background. In no way does he match the description of Mr. Farley's assailant. He certainly couldn't be described as a white person."

On May 6th, it was disclosed that Pvt. Christopher had among his possessions a bus ticket for Buffalo with arrival in New York on December 20th. New York City detectives began questioning hotel personnel to see if they could find someone who had seen Christopher on the 22nd. "Just because a guy who may be a psycho says he killed someone is not, by itself, sufficient to indict on," said a New York City detective.

Manhattan Deputy Chief Detective Richard J. Nicasastro said that his men were showing hotel clerks photographs

of Christopher, but the identification may prove difficult because the suspect had lost a lot of weight since his self-inflicted wound. "We are not showing any pictures to witnesses," he said. "A picture is not as good as a lineup." He expected the lineup to be held in Buffalo once Christopher was extradited.

One of the detectives said, "This will take time to do it well and we've got the time. If he is our man, he won't be on the loose in the meantime."

A source in Buffalo said that Cosgrove "has made it very clear that he does not want pictures of this guy circulated to the news media before the lineups." Because no one wanted the witnesses to see the suspect before the lineup, he was flown from Fort Benning, Georgia, wearing a gray ski mask.

On May 11th, Christopher was brought into the courtroom for his arraignment. He was wearing the ski mask, his hands were chained to his waist and he had his legs in irons. He pleaded not guilty and wanted to defend himself.

Justice Green refused to arraign him. "I will not arraign a defendant without knowing and seeing who he is," he said. "I don't know whether that is Joseph Christopher or someone else beneath that mask, and I want it removed. Otherwise, get him out of here."

The ski mask and the hand chains

were removed. Deputies formed a human shield around Christopher in order to prevent the media from photographing him.

During the hearing, Christopher said, "I don't feel they have anything against me." When he was asked why he refused to allow lawyers hired by his parents to defend him, he said, "I'll represent myself, sir." Later, he added, "I don't want no lawyers."

The justice decided to hold Christopher without bail and ordered him to undergo a psychiatric examination.

Christopher replied, "I don't want to see a doctor." He also stated that he would not cooperate with the doctor.

The next day, Christopher was identified by eyewitnesses in both the up-state and New York City killings and stabbings.

"We're very satisfied—there will be some new developments in this case," D.A. Cosgrove said.

On May 27th, Christopher was indicted for one of the New York City deaths and an attempted murder on December 22nd. "At this stage of the game, there was sufficient evidence to return an indictment in two of the cases," Manhattan D.A. Morgenthau said. Proceedings were filed to have him (Christopher) extradited to the city for arraignment.

Two months later, on July 20th, Pvt. Christopher pleaded not guilty to charges of murder, attempted murder and assault in the first degree. The Manhattan justice assigned a lawyer for the defense at his request.

On October 20th, Christopher told Justice William Flynn of the State Supreme Court in Buffalo that he wanted to waive his right to a jury trial. "I figure you're an educated man. You know the law. You're a judge," he said.

His lawyers attempted to dissuade the judge, but Justice Flynn, saying that he had "no discretion" in the matter, granted the motion. He then asked Christopher to sign a waiver.

"I'm not signing nothing. Just put it on the record I'm waiving a jury trial," Christopher said. Eventually, he did sign it.

Two months later, Justice Flynn ruled that Christopher was mentally incompetent to stand trial. In his three-page ruling, the judge wrote, "There is no choice except to commit defendant to the custody of the state commissioner of mental hygiene for care and treatment. However, it is the court's belief that such period should be short, and that defendant should be returned to the criminal justice system as soon as practicable."

The stay was relatively short. The director of the Mid-Hudson State Psychiatric Center released Christopher to law enforcement officials on February 17, 1982. Dr. Erdogan Tekben

stated at a hearing in the hospital that "it is my staff's opinion that Christopher presently is fit to stand trial." Psychiatrists at the hearing claimed Christopher was stubborn, not incompetent.

"The court is satisfied that the defendant is not an incompetent person," Justice Flynn said. He then set April 6th as the trial date.

Prosecutor Albert Ranni, in his opening statement, said that Christopher boasted to friends in the Army that he was "the mass murderer." Christopher was also reported to have said, "I killed them because it was something I had to do."

The first two prosecution witnesses, Dr. Catherine Lloyd, a forensic pathologist, and Joseph Judaiewicz, an evidence investigation officer, gave technical testimony. The prosecution also called to the stand a woman and a teenager who had been at the scene of one of the shootings. In all, 38 witnesses were brought forward in seven days of testimony.

When the prosecution rested its case, the defense asked that the charges be dismissed because the state had failed to prove its case. Justice Frederick Marshall denied the motion.

On April 21st, the defense began its case. After only two days of testimony during which various exhibits were produced, the defense rested and once

again asked that a mistrial be granted. Again, Justice Marshall refused.

A week later on Tuesday, April 27, 1982, Joseph Christopher was convicted of the murders of Glenn Dunn, Harold Green and Emmanuel Thomas. Justice Marshall told the courtroom that he reviewed 145 prosecution and defense exhibits and weighed "every piece of evidence" presented before coming to the conclusion that the state had "sustained its burden of proof" on each of the three counts of second-degree murder.

While the judge handed down the conviction, Christopher showed no emotion. The sheriff's deputies shackled him and removed him from the courtroom.

On May 24th, Christopher was sentenced to 60 years to life.

Christopher must stand trial in New York City for the stabbing murders of December 22nd, in Niagara Falls for the shooting death of Joseph McCoy, and in Buffalo and Rochester for the stabbings in late December 1980 and early January 1981. According to the law, he must be considered innocent of those charges until proven otherwise. ●

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The names Richard Cook, John Farley and Frank Burns were fictitious and were used because there is no reason for public interest in their true identities.

LOVE SLAVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

have smugly outwitted the law. Lang told Chief Beary, "The bastard would smile and gloat 'I got away with murder'. I don't think that we can allow that to happen."

Beary, one of Central Florida's most highly respected lawmen, listened with pride to his determined detective. "Tell me what you want to do, Bob."

"I want to go to Georgia. I want to find out if that body is Coplon's or I want to satisfy myself that it is not." Lang also elaborated to the chief that he had been very impressed with the private investigator Coplon's friends had retained to find him. He explained that he wanted the P.I. to make the trip with him because he had known David Coplon, "and I think he will be a valuable asset on this trip."

Chief Beary agreed to everything that Bob Lang was proposing and told the detective to make his arrangements.

On the fifth of February Lang and the P.I. drove to Georgia and met with authorities there. The P.I. offered that certain x-rays of David Coplon existed and that he would be willing to return to Florida, obtain the x-rays and deliver them to the Georgia authorities as they could be used to determine the identification of the torso if it was indeed that of

the gold salesman.

Four days later, through use of the x-rays, certain items of clothing and factual knowledge of scars and other peculiarities of David Coplon, it was determined positively by the Georgia lawmen that the fraction of the body in their possession was that of Coplon.

In the now advancing progress of the Coplon case, Orlando Police Officer Bob Wyly, on the 11th of February, cruising through the expansive parking area of the Colonial Plaza Shopping Center was struck with the sight of a Honda that he recalled seeing on a prior drive through the same area. Immediately Wyly had the tag number of the white Honda run through teletype and received the response that this was the vehicle of David Coplon. The Honda was held, sealed and towed to the Municipal Justice Building in downtown Orlando.

The developments of this intriguing case brought forth a specific assignment for Investigator Gerald B. Keefe of the Orlando Police Department to assist the Georgia Bureau of Investigation. Also by this time the tentacles of law enforcement had stretched out to include the Florida Department of Law Enforcement. Keefe moved without delay, along with Special Agent Charlie Moniak of the FDLE, to have the San-

ford, Florida, Crime Lab specialists process the Coplon vehicle.

Later on that same day, February 11th, at approximately 7 p.m. an important meeting of the concerned officers was held in Orlando. Keefe, Moniak, Lang and officers from the Georgia Bureau of Investigation as well as deputies from the Camden County Sheriff's Office all participated in this meeting.

The known facts that had been developed in the robbery-murder of David Coplon were discussed and it was agreed the key to the solution of the case rested in the discovery of Coplon's movements on the day of his last known activities: January 22nd.

It was decided that the Florida Department of Law Enforcement would coordinate the investigation. Jim York, the director of this highly regarded agency, assured all of the different law enforcement agencies involved of total cooperation. "We'll go all the way in this," York responded when his department was approached for help.

In the Coplon case he let it be known to his men that he would not abide anything but a solution to the murder. Since the case over-stepped state lines (Florida and Georgia) York asked for and received the cooperation of the FBI.

Keefe of OPD learned that a Jack Dennis, also in the jewelry trade, had done quite a lot of selling and trading with Coplon. Dennis told a private eye, who passed it on to Keefe, that he had recently sold Coplon a Seiko watch. Keefe called Dennis on the 13th of February and the jewelry man confirmed the Seiko watch sale to the detective and promised to get the serial number of it for him. Dennis also added that he and Coplon had made up several unique gold arrowheads that might prove of value in the identification process if they surfaced in the investigation.

The probe heated up intensely and Coplon's movements were again retraced with precision. Detective Bob Lang followed Coplon's movements only to have them dead end at the Gold Royalties shop in Orlando.

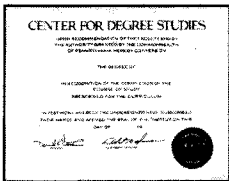
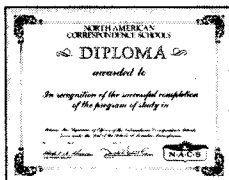
By this time Ray Dvorak, an Assistant State Attorney of the Ninth Judicial District under the nationally famous State Attorney Robert Eagan, had been assigned the case by Eagan and advised to get into the investigation.

"This is a bizarre case, Ray," Eagan told his hard line courtroom prosecutor. "We've got everyone in every police body tied into it already and it sure looks like one for the books."

Dvorak, a superb prosecutor, was glad to have the case and to work it from the beginning. He assured Bob Eagan that he would devote his all to it.

Detectives Bob Lang and Gerald Keefe both had gut feelings that the center and the home base of the crime

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appeared to be in Orlando. They gave their findings and their professional opinions to Dvorak and formed a bond to keep the prosecutor informed and up to date on all of the developments.

In their discussions Bob Lang revealed to the others that, in retracing Coplon's activities that day, he had talked to a Mary Fulford of the Gold Royalties. "She was damned upset when I talked with her," Bob Lang offered, "and it was a kind of emotional thing, unreal. She was shook about the disappearance of David Coplon and I just couldn't believe that she should have been so concerned and affected."

On a follow-up Keefe and Investigator Gary Bourdon also of OPD, on February 16th went out to the Gold Royalties shop and requested Fulford to come into headquarters of OPD to be interrogated. Mary Fulford stalled the officers but promised to come into the station in about an hour, which she did. Also present with Keefe and Bourdon at the questioning was FBI Special Agent Frank Barbero.

Fulford reported that she had known Coplon for about three or four years. She recalled that Coplon had come into the store on the morning of the 22nd to deliver an order that had been previously placed, but she told Coplon that she was too busy that morning to view any other merchandise that he was selling. He agreed to return later in the day.

According to Fulford, Coplon returned at about 5 p.m., at which time her partner James Leighton was also present. "Mr. Coplon traded us some gold bezels for some chains," she continued and then he left their store.

Keefe observed that Mary Fulford seemed stressful and troubled during this questioning. The detective asked her if she would be willing to undergo hypnosis to help recall more details and especially if other persons had come into the store while Coplon was there. She did not decline the hypnosis suggestion nor did she agree to it.

Keefe also observed the Fulford broke into uncontrolled tears several times during the questioning "without any reason."

The following day Keefe and Barbero returned to the Leighton-Fulford establishment and asked James Leighton to come into the OPD for questioning. He agreed and drove his own vehicle to the downtown Municipal Justice Building. He said he did indeed recall Coplon's visit to his store and that they had traded gold bezels for some gold chain, after which Coplon left.

Keefe, at the conclusion of this interrogation, asked Leighton if he would agree to go under hypnosis but he declined. He also refused to take a polygraph test. But Keefe did get Leighton's fingerprints.

With bloodhound determination,

Keefe followed through visiting the different stores and shops where Coplon had gone on the 21st and 22nd.

On Monday, February 23rd, Keefe and Mary Fulford return to OPD headquarters where he inquired if she would be willing to take a polygraph test. At this time Mary Fulford was accompanied by James Leighton's father who is an attorney and who advised her that it would not be necessary for her to take such a test.

On Wednesday, February 25th, Detective Jerry Keefe met with Ray Dvorak, who had by this time been schooled to the teeth on the case. He had even been to Georgia and spent several days in Camden County visiting the site where the torso had been discovered and talking to the officers in that state.

When Keefe explained to Dvorak that he could sense Fulford breaking, the prosecutor encouraged him to press on to get to the hidden elements of the case. "If she'll talk, put it on her..."

It was obvious to the investigators and to the assistant state attorney that there was "damn little" that they had to make a case.

Later that same day Keefe had Fulford in at headquarters again. He tried to persuade her to take the polygraph test and if she refused, he would have the assistant state attorney issue an instant subpoena to require her to testify under oath. She said that she would think it over and call him.

The following day she refused.

State Attorney Robert Eagan, Assistant State Attorney Ray Dvorak, along with Keefe and the other investigators agreed that the only way the case could be broken fully to the point where prosecution could be carried out was with the assistance of Fulford as a state witness.

"We had no case without her," Dvorak told later, "and we gave her immunity for her help."

When this was agreed upon and done, none of the officials had any idea of what might be forthcoming that could be used in court. Dvorak also revealed that the feeling was that Fulford knew something, perhaps what had happened to the obviously stolen gold and maybe Coplon's new Seiko wristwatch he reportedly was wearing at the time of his disappearance and demise. None of the officials felt that Mary Fulford had anything to do with the killing of Coplon.

On Tuesday, March 3rd at 1:15 p.m. Mary Fulford appeared as ordered by subpoena at OPD headquarters for interrogation.

Per the instructions of Eagan and Dvorak, who had full charge of the prosecution of this case, Assistant State Attorney Michael R. Brand was put in charge of the interrogation.

At the beginning of the questioning Brand told Fulford flatly that he had

been advised to explain to her "the only right you have is the right to talk to me and the agents in this case." He added as the others present with him (OPD Detective Gerald B. Keefe and SA Frank Barbero, Jr. of the FBI) watched, "I am going to give you immunity; that immunizes you from any prosecution involving what you might say involving a certain homicide of a David Coplon." Brand waited a moment and then continued. "I am therefore compelling you, that is, ordering you to speak. If you choose not to speak with me or be truthful with me, we will go before a judge of the Circuit Court here in Orange County and he will tell you to be truthful with me and tell me everything I want to know, or you'll go right to jail. Do you understand that?"

Quietly, following a long pause of consideration, Mary Fulford answered, "Yes."

Brand went on to explain that if she lied in this interrogation she would be guilty of perjury and sent to prison, and also her immunity would be cancelled.

The interrogation began with Mary reciting her age: 28, her schooling: some college, her marital status: twice divorced. She told that she had met Coplon "about three or four years ago." She said that she had seen Coplon on January 22nd in the morning and had bought some gold chain from him. He left to make other calls with a promise to return later in the day.

Continuing, Mary Fulford stated that she had gone out and had returned to the Gold Royalties about 5 p.m. Coplon had returned as promised and was in the office with Mary's partner, 19-year-old James Leighton.

As the interrogation proceeded Mary, in an emotional upheaval, blurted out, "Don't ask me any more questions. I'm not ready to talk."

Startled, the officers and prosecutor exchanged looks as Jerry Keefe took the cue. "Why don't you just tell us what happened? It's got to come out. Who killed him? Mary, was it Jim?"

Keefe had torn down the last tormenting screen of resistance that Mary Fulford had been lurking behind. She opened her soul and revealed how James Leighton began clobbering the gold salesman over the head with a plank of wood, but without the success of instant kill. Leighton cried out, "Go get a hammer!" And she did. She confessed that she struck the victim on the head. She could not recall how many times.

Splattered with blood, Mary ran out of the back room of their business quarters in a frenzied effort to get where she could cleanse herself of the blood that had drenched her. Following the killing Mary Fulford assumed the personality of a zombie. For the next few days she escaped from Orlando to attend a gold

coin show in St. Petersburg, Florida, only to realize that she could not escape or like Lady Macbeth wash away the blood and its torture from her person and soul.

When she did return, Leighton had cleaned the store and most of the evidence from the site of the killing. He had rented a truck from a rental agency and took the torso which was left after he dismembered the body (believed to have been done with a power jigsaw) and discarded it in Georgia. He sank other parts of the body into buckets of concrete and scattered these buckets in different areas of Central Florida.

The vast amount of gold that David Coplon had been carrying disappeared as did the Seiko watch. Ray Dvorak, who prosecuted the case, stated that the amount or value of that gold was never precisely fixed but believed to be "somewhere between \$50,000 and a quarter of a million dollars."

After Fulford's confession of the bizarre killing followed by Leighton's arrest, she revealed that Leighton had driven her to a lonely spot out in the country and told her, "This is where I used to hunt." Despite the lack of any specific indication, a meticulous search in this area produced buckets with concrete and buried body parts that proved out to be the head, the feet and the hands of Coplon.

Dvorak explained, "They were enclosed in plastic bags, sealed with masking tape and sunk into concrete."

The buckets containing these human parts were delivered to Dr. Thomas Hegert, the medical examiner of Florida's Ninth Judicial District, who is regarded as one of the nation's top forensic pathologists. He pursued the development of evidence from x-rays of the concrete encrusted remains. Hegert enlisted the help of Dr. Thomas Ford, an eminent forensic dentist, who is a cousin of the former President.

From the head and its teeth Dr. Ford soon developed conclusive evidence that these remains were those of David Coplon.

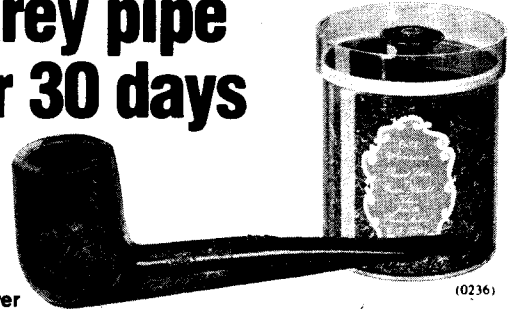
In the removal of the plastic bags from the body pieces careful examination of the tape that had sealed the plastic bags revealed, on the adhesive side, clear detailed fingerprints that matched James Leighton's. The tremendous cooperative efforts of the police involved in this investigation had paid off in success for them as incredible as the bizarre robbery-murder itself.

For Ray Dvorak his case had come together.

In court in the waning days of September, the renowned State Attorney Robert Eagan delivered the opening statement. Although Eagan was brief he devastatingly outlined this vicious murder for robbery before the jury and gave them a full view of what had

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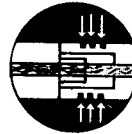
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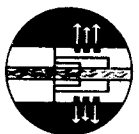
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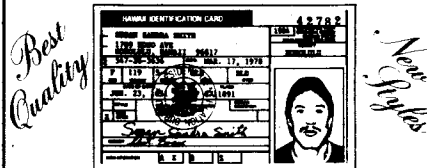
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transpired the day of the murder.

Mary Fulford, the state's prime witness, told her tragic story to a stilled courtroom. Frequently breaking down in tears while James Leighton watched in steeled attention, his business partner who had been his mistress as well, revealed the sordid story of their lives together which climaxed in an ambitious plan of robbery and murder.

Mary Fulford told the court that she was like a puppet on a string, with the string in the hands of Jim Leighton. They lived well; their business provided them with an excellent living but Jim Leighton wasn't satisfied. He wanted more and more. David Coplon's gold loomed in his mind as the way to wealth and luxury. And he assured Mary that his plan was practical, that no one would ever be able to identify the gold salesman and they would walk in the shimmering light of the gold that would be theirs.

Mary told the court that she didn't think that he would really kill Coplon but in hard logic, after their evil plan had been put into play Leighton told this 28-year-old woman that there was no choice and they could not let their victim live to testify against them. Although he was only 19, James Leighton exercised a Svengali-like power over her, and her pattern of life was to follow his orders—always.

She told the court that after the murder Jim told her to stay out of the room where it all happened; she recalled that he had a power jigsaw, that he had a saber-like long knife and she stated that he had rented a truck. She confessed that she became physically sick, that her life had been turned inside out and that she "only wanted to die."

Under the relentless badgering of the defense lawyer, Mary blurted out in the court, "I wouldn't lie about something as important as this."

Mary Fulford's outburst assured Ray Dvorak, who was certain that his case was solid. He said, referring to Mary's dramatic explosion, "At that moment I really began feeling confident; that had such an aura of truth to it I knew the woman had 'told it like it was.'"

On September 16, 1981 the jury found James Leighton guilty of first-degree murder as charged.

Ten days later, on the 26th of September, according to Florida law the same jury recommended, after only 48 minutes of deliberation, that Leighton be sentenced to death.

But on December 1st Judge Frank Kaney, ignoring the recommendation of the jury, sentenced this 19-year-old man to spend the remainder of his life in Florida's Raiford Prison. This sentence, according to Florida law also, carries a proviso that Leighton must serve 25 years before there can be any consideration of parole.

Commissioner Jim York, the Chief Officer of the Florida Law Enforcement Bureau, coordinator of the investigation, told this writer, "This was one of the finest police efforts ever with the different agencies of Georgia, Florida, the separate counties and cities and the FBI all working together in a smooth effective operation that truly saw justice done." ●

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The names Homer Standlings, Jack Dennis and Mary Fulford are fictitious and were used because there is no reason for public interest in their real identities.

THEN SLAIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

quickly make friends among the hearty locals. A smaller number of immigrants have discovered Lassen County, though they are not as welcome. Most were seedy types, with police records and their purpose for seeking out the county's rustic charms was to avoid the law.

Into this later category fell Joseph Shelton, a 28-year-old motorcycle enthusiast from Sacramento. Shelton had rented 10 acres a few miles outside the town of Madeline, where he lived in a primitive one-room cabin.

There was some speculation about what Shelton did for a living. He wasn't employed as a logger, or as a worker with one of the federal and state agencies that maintained the national forests and parks in the area. Nor was he a rancher.

Rumor had it that the shaggy-haired Shelton was something of a later-day hippie who lived off the land. If so, that didn't explain the Harley Davidson

"Hog" motorcycle, or the well-kept van and pickup truck he was seen driving in town. Obviously he was doing something more than growing a few vegetables to make a living, but what he did remained a mystery to the locals.

It was less of a mystery to the Lassen County Sheriff's Office, headquartered in Susanville, and directed by Sheriff Del Gorbet. In the past year the usually crime-free Madeline area had been plagued by burglars, setting many of the town's 100 plus citizens on edge.

"You get the pinheads that are doing this or we are going to take the law into our own hands," an angry resident demanded. His sentiments were shared by most of Madeline's law abiding citizens.

Shelton was already suspected as the possible burglar and on several occasions deputies had gone to his cabin to talk about the crimes.

The visits did little good because the burglaries continued. Then on Saturday

evening, January 31st, (20 days after Kevin and Laura mysteriously disappeared while en route to college) residents of a farm outside Madeline reported they had returned home from a shopping trip into Susanville and found their home had been looted.

After sheriff's detectives had conducted an investigation, Detective Bruce Stelzer was dispatched to the Shelton house to talk to the owner.

Driving up to the cabin, Stelzer noticed a trailer loaded down with household furnishings parked under a tree near the cabin. The presence of the loaded down trailer just after the residential burglary made it appear that authorities had finally caught Shelton red-handed with the goods.

Stelzer knocked on the cabin door and a tall dark haired man with the expression of a whipped puppy dog answered. The man was not Shelton but a friend of his, Norman Thomas.

A string-bean built man with a thatch of unruly dark hair, Thomas explained that Shelton had gone to visit his family in Sacramento and he was the caretaker of the cabin.

Stelzer asked about the trailer parked under the trees. Thomas replied that he didn't know anything about the trailer but believed it belonged to Shelton.

But Thomas wasn't much of a liar and it showed. He stammered when he spoke and looked down at the dirt, scratching a mark in the dust with his toe.

As Stelzer was about to leave, Thomas blurted, "Hey, the stuff in the trailer is Shelton's but I got a couple of my guns in there too."

The admission is what later broke the case. A record check revealed Thomas was a nickel-and-dime type criminal who had been convicted for several felonies and was on parole. Owning a handgun was a violation of parole and was grounds to have Thomas returned to jail.

Stelzer returned to the cabin and arrested Thomas. The mopheaded parolee gave up peacefully and accompanied the investigator back to Susanville.

"I guess you guys got me," he told detectives. His handcuffs were removed and Thomas was taken into an interrogation room where he was routinely questioned by Under-Sheriff Lino Callegari. A veteran lawman who had lived his 47 years in Lassen County, Callegari sensed that Thomas was a weak-willed sort who was incapable of holding anything back.

"Norman, do you know about anything 'heavy' that you might want to talk about?" Callegari asked. The lawman figured Thomas knew something about the burglaries outside of Madeline. Thomas paused for a moment then said, "Look, can you wait about ten minutes. I want to think this over."

Thomas took the time to compose his thoughts then told Callegari he had something "that I got to get off my chest."

A tape recorder was turned on and after his rights were read, Thomas let it spill out.

"They're both dead, the guy and his girlfriend," he blurted. "I didn't have any part of the killings, but Ray made me chop the guy up."

In the disjointed, gruesome story that followed, Thomas said that he, Shelton and a friend of Shelton's known as "Ray" and nicknamed "The Bull" had kidnapped a couple outside of Madeline then later killed them to insure their silence.

Thomas said he, Shelton and Ray were at the cabin when Ray decided they should kidnap a girl from town, bring her out to the cabin, and have a "party."

"It seemed like a pretty good idea," Thomas said. "So we went into town and this Ray guy sees a girl go into the cafe there and says, 'I got to have her.'"

The couple was Laura Craig and Kevin Thorpe.

They had left Reno early Monday morning and had gotten as far as Madeline when a rear tire on the trailer blew out. Kevin changed the tire, but had not yet pulled back onto the highway when a vehicle with a flashing red light pulled up behind them. The men who got out of the car had guns but they weren't cops.

The flashing red light had been purchased from a hardware store and then later put on the dash to simulate a police car. The use of the flashing red light was reminiscent of Caryl Chessman, the so-called Red Light Bandit who stalked the Hollywood Hills in the 1950's and was executed in San Quentin.

Thomas said they forced the couple to drive to the cabin at gunpoint. "Then we got out of the car and this Ray guy tells the girl to get inside the cabin."

Once she was inside, Ray ordered Shelton to chain the girl's boyfriend to a tree outside the cabin. "He said we were going to leave him outside while we had our party inside the cabin," Thomas said.

"And don't you two get any ideas about letting him go," Thomas quoted Ray as saying. "If you do, I'll kick some ass."

After the man was secured to the tree, they went inside the cabin and ordered the girl to take off her clothes. Thomas said they then raped and sodomized the girl. Ray began it, Thomas said, and then they took turns.

The sexual abuse continued without letup through the night and into the early morning hours, with the kidnapers' frenzy heightened by quantities of amphetamines, marijuana and alcohol.

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Later in the morning Thomas said they went outside and discovered that the boyfriend had slumped against the chains which bound him to the tree. Temperatures had plummeted to below-freezing and the youth wore only a light windbreaker, but amazingly he was still alive.

Thorpe was unchained from the tree and lead to a spot about 300 yards from the cabin. "The Bull then killed the guy with his machine gun," Thomas said. "I wasn't there to see it, but I heard the gunfire and later heard Shelton say that Ray had used the machine gun to kill the guy."

At the time Shelton told him this, Thomas said Ray was standing nearby and just smiled. "Joe said The Bull walked behind the guy and shot him up and down the back."

Thomas, up to this point, had nothing to do with Kevin Thorpe, though he was shortly about to.

"The Bull said he had to get rid of the body and that the only way to do it was to chop the guy up, and throw the body in the woods so it would never be found."

The Bull then ordered Thomas to take the axe and do the chopping. "Tell you the truth, I don't think I had much of a choice," he said. "He kept calling me a name and said I had better chop the guy up or else, so I did."

Thomas axed the corpse into five pieces, which were wrapped into plastic bags and then buried in five shallow graves several miles from the cabin.

Laura was kept alive for several more days. The last time he saw her, Thomas said, was when Shelton and The Bull were in the Bull's pickup truck. "They were talking about going to see a Hell's Angel leader."

But when they returned several days later, Thomas said, Shelton told him that "The Bull had driven the girl into the woods and opened fire on her while she was sitting in the truck. He shot her in the side. Shelton told me The Bull had pulled her out by her hair and then shot her in the head."

Under-Sheriff Lino Callegari didn't doubt for a moment that Thomas was telling the truth and immediately ordered state-wide alerts be placed on Joe Shelton and his friend known as The Bull.

A call was placed to the District Attorney's Office requesting a search warrant for Shelton's cabin, and another to the Department of Justice requesting a lab team be sent to Madeline to conduct the crime-scene investigation of the cabin.

Thomas led investigators to the separate grave sites where the five portions of Kevin Thorpe's body were buried. The body parts were sent to the Lassen County Coroner's Office where the pathologist, Dr. William H. Liptrap, later reported that he found over a

dozen bullet and shotgun pellet fragments in Thorpe's head and other body parts.

The shooting of the victim had taken place at Shelton's cabin, as Thomas had said. State Department of Justice investigators found shell casings in a wooded spot about 300 yards from the cabin. The casings had been fired from a Ingram M-11 automatic pistol, one of several weapons Ray had bought. "The guy was a gun nut," Thomas said.

Dr. William Johnston, a state Department of Justice criminalist, conducted ballistic tests on the weapon and determined that "this weapon did fire the bullet that came from the victim's leg."

Detectives also found shoe prints in front of an oak tree, and markings in the bark that indicated this was the tree where Thorpe had been chained.

The discovery of the evidence intensified efforts to locate Laura Craig and her two abductors. Police in Sacramento had already searched the house lived in by Shelton's wife and child but he wasn't there. Then police were tipped that Shelton was hiding out at a friend's house in rural El Dorado County. A SWAT team quickly surrounded the residence but they were just minutes too late; Shelton had already gone.

The close call apparently unnerved Shelton who already suffered from an equilibrium problem as the result of a motorcycle accident and the following day he gave himself up to police.

Learning of the arrest, Callegari headed for the Placer County Sheriff's Office to lead the interrogation.

In good spirits, but a bit bewildered, Shelton blurted, "I haven't ever seen so much heat. I figured I'd better give myself up before you guys cut me in half."

In an extensive interrogation, Shelton confirmed statements already given by his caretaker Norman Thomas.

As to Laura Craig, he said that after they had finished sexually abusing her they took her to a canyon road in Siskiyou County about 120 miles from Madeline and shot her.

"You know, I think she was really getting to like me," Shelton said. "I felt real bad about it when we decided we'd have to kill her too."

The following day Shelton directed lawmen to Dog Creek Road near Damnation Pass in Siskiyou County. The search party headed up the narrow road for a distance of several miles but were stopped by heavy snows. The lawmen and their suspect camped out until almost daybreak then continued up the pass on foot.

A fresh layer of snow made it difficult for Shelton to pinpoint where the slaying had taken place. But after trashing around in the snow-covered embankment, deputies found the partially nude and frozen corpse of Laura.

The corpse was turned over to the Siskiyou County Coroner. An autopsy revealed she had been shot in the abdomen and head and had suffered brutal physical abuse prior to the time of her death.

A conference between the Lassen County and Siskiyou County authorities resulted in an agreement that although Laura had been slain in Siskiyou County, she had been kidnapped in Lassen County, and District Attorney Paul DePasquale would prosecute the case.

Meanwhile, one of the most intense manhunts in the history of northern California was on for the third kidnapper and alleged trigger man.

Detectives had learned that Ray was actually Benjamin Silva, 28, an ex-con who had a wife and family living in San Jose. The name rang a bell with lawmen through central California, who had been after Silva ever since he walked away from a court appearance.

Silva had been linked to a motorcycle gang and had operated as a "chief cooker" for an amphetamine lab in the San Joaquin Valley. Federal agents raided the lab and arrested Silva. He was thrown in jail but managed to make bail. Then on the day of his trial, after the bail money had been released because of his appearance in court—Silva simply walked away during a courtroom recess and never came back.

A new federal warrant was issued for Silva, with the bail upped this time to \$200,000. In the alert telexed to law enforcement agencies, Silva was described as being armed and extremely dangerous.

Just how dangerous was apparant after both Thomas and Shelton talked to authorities.

Lawmen kept up the search for Silva the better part of two months. The hirsute outlaw chemist was reported as being seen in the San Jose area, with his wife and two children, and later in small towns in El Dorado and Placer Counties. Authorities knew he was around but Silva remained always one step ahead of the law.

Then on March 1st, Under-Sheriff Callegari and Sergeant Ron Jerrell were on their way to a meeting with other law enforcement agents in Sacramento to determine the best way to pursue the state-wide search when they were stopped at an agricultural checkpoint station near Donner Pass and told to contact the Sheriff's Office. The message was succinct: Benjamin Silva had been arrested just minutes earlier in Fresno.

Heavy media coverage of the gruesome kidnapping-slayings had not reach Fresno, an agricultural city about 250 miles south of Lassen County, but Silva's big mouth had more than made up for it.

He bragged to just about anyone who cared to listen about "turning out a girl" in Madeline, then machine-gunning her boyfriend.

Silva's idea of a good time had not settled well with at least one person who called the Secret Witness Program. "I'm not the type of person to give somebody up, but this guy Silva just makes my stomach turn."

After Silva was arrested and returned to Lassen County, the gravel-voiced district attorney announced he would seek the death sentence.

He would do so, but not in Lassen County where news reports of the gruesome crimes had worked the local populace into a lynch mob frenzy, and made an impartial jury trial impossible. The defense attorney successfully argued for a change of venue to San Bernardino, California.

The move seemed to matter little to Silva. One place apparently was as good as another.

The trial began early in February 1982. The prosecution's case relied heavily upon the testimony of Norman Thomas and on physical evidence found at the cabin which substantiated the testimony. In opening remarks, DePasquale told jurors how Kevin Thorpe and Laura Craig had been driving to Oregon to attend school when they were kidnapped just outside of Madeline. He then showed them pictures of a tree and told them how Thorpe was chained to the tree overnight and then shot the following morning.

On February 4th, Thomas took the stand and testified about the repeated sexual assaults upon Laura Craig, and of how Silva had ordered him to chop up the body of her boyfriend after Silva machined-gunned him to death.

DePasquale had also planned to have Shelton testify as a prosecution witness but he refused to at the last moment. Nevertheless, the savvy District Attorney had Shelton hauled up to the witness stand so the jury could get a good view of him. The strategy was to let the jury see the weak-looking Shelton so as to remove any possible doubt that Silva was the dominant one of the trio. After he confirmed that his name was Joseph Shelton, he was excused from further testimony.

Following Shelton's brief appearance, the jury was read a transcript of a statement made by Benjamin Silva to Under-Sheriff Callegari shortly after his arrest. Callegari's questions and Silva's answers included:

Callegari: "Did you shoot Thorpe?"

Silva: "I don't know."

Q: "Did you own the alleged murder weapon, an Ingram .380-caliber machine pistol?"

A: "I can't say."

Q: "Did you see anyone get shot?"

A: "I don't think so. I've shot at people

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many times if they were shooting at me."

Q: "Did you ever kill anyone in those exchanges?"

A: "I don't remember killing anybody."

The thrust of the interrogation was to persuade Silva to disclose the roles his companions played in the crimes.

"But I'm not the type of person to give somebody up," Silva said on tape. "If they want to give themselves up, fine. But I'm not going to help them because if I do, as far as I'm concerned I'd be a rat."

Silva's integrity as a person who did not snitch was not at issue. Rather, the jury was to consider only if the barrel-shaped defendant had cold-bloodedly killed two persons.

The defense attorney Thomas Buckwalter, who presented no opening statement or testimony during the trial, rested his case solely on the argument there simply wasn't enough evidence against Silva to support a conviction. In his closing argument, Buckwalter said, "All we're talking about is 'reasonable doubt,' and we don't have it here. Mr. Silva doesn't have to prove a thing."

DePasquale however argued that the evidence went beyond a reasonable

doubt, that it was in fact overwhelming. Referring to Silva as a gun freak who murdered Kevin Thorpe and Laura Craig for kicks, the veteran district attorney told the jury, "I think what we're hearing this week in this courtroom is Silva's idea of fun," and that there was no choice but to find him guilty.

The jury took only one day to reach a verdict: Benjamin Silva was guilty of two counts of first-degree murder. Three days later the same jury sentenced him to death, and on March 15th Judge Joseph Campbell ordered Silva transferred to San Quentin Prison. As of this writing, he has been assigned a cell on Death Row. His case is being appealed.

Joseph Shelton is currently serving a life term prison sentence for his part in the killings. He will be eligible for parole in 18 years.

Norman Thomas was allowed to plead guilty to a variety of crimes stemming from the murder and has been sentenced to nearly 12 years in prison. He will be eligible for parole in seven years.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The name Elmer Davies is fictitious and has been used because there is no reason for public interest in his true identity.

IT'S MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

Hayes said the cause of death was suffocation. He stated that the fractures to the ribs inhibited breathing. He estimated the time of death could have been between 9:00 p.m., Saturday, September 19th and 3:00 a.m., Sunday, September 20th, adding it would be difficult to pinpoint the exact time. He noted there were some abrasions on the victim's body which could have been caused by bumping up against a wall or hitting a step or another fixed object.

But the authorities were not so sure. There were too many rumors floating around. The Iowa Division of Criminal Investigation was called in and their agents checked out the facts that had been uncovered. They came up with the opinion that the case deserved further investigation.

Agents were assigned to assist the sheriff and detectives began delving in the case, questioning friends, relatives and close associates of Hartman as well as checking into his relationship with the woman with whom he allegedly had been having an affair.

Much of the information they gleaned came from Hartman's sons who were bitter about their father's relationship with Laura Hampton. But despite the rumors, conjectures and assertions circulating about, there was nothing tangible the authorities could lay their hands on in the way of substantive evidence sufficient to bring their prime

suspect Lawrence Hartman, into court charged with the beating death of his wife. The entire case would have to be built on circumstantial evidence, and the county prosecutor realized that what they had uncovered thus far wouldn't stand up in court.

For more than three months the Sheriff's Department, in conjunction with the Iowa Division of Criminal Investigation, kept doggedly probing, digging, spending long weary hours of footwork, and interrogating suspects. It was not until January 6, 1981, that they felt they had sufficient evidence to bring Lawrence Hartman to court. He was arrested, read his constitutional rights and arraigned. He pleaded innocent to the first-degree murder charge filed against him. Bail was set at \$100,000. He provided the necessary bail bond and was released.

Early in February, a month after their father had been arrested, Hartman's two sons filed civil suit in District Court, blaming their father for the death of their mother. In their original suit they asked for \$1.3 million, but since then, the figure has been raised to \$2.5 million.

"We want to keep the land mother owned in the Hartman name," one of them explained. "My mother worked just as hard for the land as my father did."

After a series of pretrial hearings at

which Larry Scalise, Hartman's attorney, requested a change of venue for his client, stating that it was impossible for Hartman to get a fair trial in Grundy County due to the excessive amount of publicity generated by the news media, radio and television stations. The judge agreed and moved trial proceedings to Black Hawk County, designating the city of Waterloo as the trial site.

The Black Hawk District Court convened Thursday, October 22, 1981, in Waterloo, with Judge Leonard Lybbert presiding. The state was represented by Assistant Grundy County Attorney Richard Pilcher and Assistant Attorney General James Kivi. The Defense had as its counsels Lawrence Scalise and Thomas Louis, both Des Moines attorneys. The selection of a panel of jurors took up most of the day before a jury of eight men and four women were selected. Two alternates were chosen.

Opening statements by the attorneys were scheduled to begin Monday, October 26, with testimony from prosecution witnesses following. In his opening statement, County Prosecutor Pilcher told the jury that the State was basing its case largely on circumstantial evidence. There were no witnesses to the crime, but it was evident from the information that began to unfold as the investigation developed that a motive existed, namely, the accused had fallen in love with a woman twenty years younger than he, and it was his desire to possess her, and, if necessary, to do away with his present wife, if the situation warranted it.

He went on to say that the State would produce witnesses who would testify about the accused's affection for this woman. They would also show the steady deterioration of Hartman's relationship with his wife ever since he met the woman and became completely obsessed with her, the prosecutor stated in ending his opening statement.

The defense chose to present its opening statement after the State had rested its case.

Prosecutor Pilcher then called his first witness to the stand, the younger of Hartman's two sons. Cool and collected, he testified in a firm voice about events surrounding his relationship with his father.

"We got along perfect," he told the jury, "until about two and a half years before my mother's death. My brother and I were partners with Dad. We worked the 850 acre farm and dairy operation together and everything was going along just fine until—"

"Until what?" questioned Pilcher.

"Until we learned Dad was having an affair with a woman in Cedar Falls. I didn't like the idea of his going with another woman while mother was still alive," the young man said.

"Did you discuss the matter with your

father?" the prosecutor inquired.

"Yes. After that, things changed. We were openly hostile."

"Did you ever see your father mistreat your mother?" Pilcher asked.

"I didn't actually see him do it, but mother told me he hit her once in early 1979.

"She told me Dad kicked her in her 'bottom.' When I confronted him about it, he told me, 'I do what the hell I want to do.'"

"One final question," the attorney said, "Do you think your father killed your mother?"

"In my opinion, the answer is yes," he replied after some hesitation.

The next witness, Dr. Charles J. LaTendresse, told the court that in his opinion he believed Mrs. Hartman's injuries were inconsistent with a fall down the basement steps.

"Doctor," defense attorney Scalise questioned in cross-examination, "I assume you are familiar with the autopsy report prepared by Dr. Donald E. Hayes, the pathologist who performed the autopsy."

"Yes sir, I am," he replied.

"Then you are aware that his conclusion differs radically from your interpretation of the incident in that the autopsy revealed she died from a fall, which contradicts your assumption foul play was intermingling in the picture?"

"I still adhere to my original conclusion," LaTendresse stated.

When Iowa Division of Criminal Investigation Agent Robert A. Harvey began his testimony, he stated he had taken samples from three of five blood smears at the bottom of the steps. He did not identify the type of blood in court, but later, prosecuting attorney Pilcher said the samples were type A—the same as Mrs. Hartman's.

No skin tissue or blood was on the steps.

Under cross-examination by the defense attorney, Harvey admitted he did not check to see if any of Mrs. Hartman's wounds corresponded to a set of jumper cables and a propeller type of machinery pictured in a photo at the base of the steps.

"In other words what you're saying is you didn't think it was of sufficient importance to check out either of these two items, despite the fact that they were standing at the base of the stairway?" Scalise questioned.

"The items were not checked out," Harvey admitted.

In other testimony, IDCI Agent Steve Eck stated that tests he completed on Mrs. Hartman revealed no signs of alcohol, barbiturates or stimulants. Asked by the defense if he had conducted tests for two drugs, Scalise mentioned earlier, one of them being a depressant, Eck told the court the two drugs had not been tested for.

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Tuesday morning, Dr. Donald E. Hayes began his testimony. He stated he was the pathologist who performed the autopsy on Mrs. Hartman. He noted that the chest injuries on her body were consistent with a fall down a flight of stairs and the administration of cardiopulmonary resuscitation.

"Mrs. Hartman," he said, "had broken ribs on both sides; one tooth missing and another loose; bruises around her left eye, on an arm, hip, chin and lip as well as cuts on her forehead and left hand."

Questioned by the defense, Hayes said some of the abrasions found on Mrs. Hartman's body could have been caused by bumping up against a wall or hitting a step or some other fixed object.

"But isn't it possible, Doctor?" Prosecutor Kivi asked, "that the injuries could have come from blows?"

"It's possible," the pathologist admitted.

While testifying for the prosecution, Bruce Stotser, a Grundy Center police officer, said he overheard Lawrence Hartman saying, "I didn't mean to do this, Esther. I didn't want to do this." The statement was made early Sunday morning as he was in a room in the Hartman residence watching Hartman.

But Scalise maintained what the officer actually heard was, "How could I do that to Esther? I couldn't do that to Esther." That statement, the defense attorney contended, was made by Lawrence Hartman in answer to one of his son's accusations that Hartman had killed his wife.

Another witness, Deputy Sheriff Rick Penning, told the court he interviewed Hartman about an hour after the farmer reported finding his wife's body. Penning said he evaded the questions about where he had been in Cedar Falls earlier that night. Hartman told him he had returned home about 12:30 a.m. on September 20th. But while he was at the Grundy County Sheriff's Office at 6:30 a.m., September 20th, he overheard Hartman saying he was visiting Laura Hampton in Cedar Falls, and he returned home at 2:30 a.m.

Aplington Chief of Police Thomas H. Lines told the jury he was standing outside the kitchen door of the Hartman house when he heard Hartman's eldest son scream and then shout, "Oh God, Dad, no!" As Lines entered the room, he heard the son repeatedly ask his father, "Why did you do it?" and Hartman replied, "She was a good woman and I wouldn't do anything to hurt her!"

When the older son began his testimony, he did not go into detail regarding his feelings as had his younger brother. He did say the family relationship changed when they learned about his father's relationship with the woman in Cedar Falls.

"I asked my father about the affair," he said. "He told me it was none of my

business." He further testified that his parents had lived in their present house for about ten years. He never knew of a time before September 19th that his mother had a fall.

Tuesday afternoon, the State called its star witness to the stand, Dr. William Eckert. A well known forensic pathologist from Wichita, Kansas, president of the National Association of Medical Examiners and the author of several books on forensic pathology, he had served as an expert witness on many cases. Eckert, himself, never examined the body of Mrs. Hartman, but relied on the autopsy from witnesses expected to testify and from his own experience. Referring to her injuries on both sides of her head, face, arms and chest, Eckert said, "The factor of there being forces that had to be applied to produce injuries to the front, backside, and especially the region of the head is not consistent with a fall."

Asked by James Kivi, co-prosecutor of the case, what some of the wounds were consistent with, Eckert replied, "An assault type situation where she was exposed to trauma from all directions. Some of the bruises on Mrs. Hartman's neck and biceps were suggestive of personal contact."

Cross-examining the witness, Scalise noted Eckert had said in a disposition he made that he could not rule out a fall.

"It's not outside the realm of possibility," Eckert admitted.

Scalise then called attention to the fact that Eckert had said in his disposition that the chest and head injuries could have been received from a fall against a fixed object, such as a stair railing or post. Scalise remarked, "The fact of the matter is, doctor, we're really dealing with guess work."

Wednesday, the State called Laura Hampton to testify regarding her relations with Hartman. She stated she had met the defendant in a bar in Cedar Falls through a mutual friend in 1978. They saw each other twice a week, and then almost every day during the year.

"In the summer of 1979, I didn't see him at all. I believe, at that time, he was reconciled to his wife," the witness said.

In April of 1980, she told the court, Hartman stayed with her for a week and a half after he had been evicted by his wife.

"How did you characterize Mr. and Mrs. Hartman's married life?" she was asked.

"Incompatible."

"How would you describe your three and a half year relationship with Mr. Hartman?" the prosecutor inquired.

"Very bouncy," she replied.

She denied several statements investigators made which she had told them during interviews after Mrs. Hartman's death. But she did admit when a IDCI agent told her of Mrs. Hartman's death,

that she had responded, "Oh, my God, was she beaten?" But she explained she mentioned "beaten" only as an example, adding she was "suspicious" of one person who might have done it. Asked by Scalise if that person was Hartman, she replied, "It's not Lawrence Hartman."

She testified that Hartman gave her a \$1,000 engagement ring for a birthday present on September 3, 1980, and that Hartman wanted to marry her before the end of the year. She denied Hartman had told her his divorce would be final by September 19, 1980, the night Mrs. Hartman died. She also said Hartman had given her a leased car in 1980. After they were married, they planned a honeymoon in Hawaii.

She further testified that on the evening of September 19, 1980, Hartman arrived at her apartment after 9:00 p.m. She and her daughter, Sandra, drove with Hartman to Dike to pick up a washer and dryer. They got back to Cedar Falls sometime after 10:00 p.m. Hartman was with her in her apartment until 2:00 a.m.

"Did you have a sexual relationship with Mr. Hartman at that time?" asked prosecutor Kivi.

"Yes," she replied.

Then, a witness for the prosecution, Kris Monroe, a junior in the Aplington Community High School, told the jury she grew up next door to the Hartmans and knew the family very well. At 10:30 p.m. September 19th, she and two of her friends stopped at a store in Aplington to buy some groceries and saw Hartman come out and get in his truck, not more than ten feet from her. She said she saw a white tool chest in back of the trunk. Others had testified that Hartman had a black truck and carried a white tool chest in it.

The last witness called by the prosecution was Dr. Robert J. Stein, Chief Medical Examiner for Cook County, Ill. He testified Mrs. Hartman's injuries were inconsistent with a fall and could have been caused by a beating, but he conceded that accidental death could not be ruled out. After the completion of his testimony, the State rested its case.

Friday morning, the defense began calling its witnesses. Frank Stubend, a clerk at Casey's General Store in Aplington, testified that he was working there the night of September 19th. He said Hartman came into the store between 6:30 and 7:00 p.m., the time Hartman stated he had been there. However, Stubend stated he did not see Hartman in the store at 10:30 p.m. He was working the cash register that night and would have noticed it if Hartman had been there later in the evening. His testimony contradicted the testimony of Kris Monroe who said she had seen Hartman come out of the store at 10:30 p.m. Laura Hampton's daughter, however, said that Hartman had

been with her and her mother at 11:00 p.m., the time the medical examiner concluded Mrs. Hartman died.

The defense then called Dr. Earl F. Rose, a well known pathologist at the University of Iowa, Iowa City. After a thorough investigation available from the autopsy, death scene and other information, he arrived at the conclusion that Mrs. Hartman's injuries could have been caused by a fall against a banister or post at the bottom of the stairs.

"She could have slipped on the bottom step while carrying a basket of clothes up the stairs," he testified. Her injuries on her right side could have been received when she fell between the banister and the post at the bottom of the stairs. This testimony contradicted Dr. Stein's conclusion. He did not think the rib and lung injuries were due to a fall.

Dr. Rose pointed out also that most of Mrs. Hartman's injuries occurred before her death and were caused by hitting a blunt object.

This also contradicted Dr. Stein's testimony who said the injuries from CPR would have been evidence from the front side of the body, while Dr. Rose stated that the rib fractures towards the back side of Mrs. Hartman were consistent with administering CPR. Monday, the defense called its last witness, Lawrence Hartman, to testify in his own behalf before a crowded courtroom. They sat in hushed silence as he narrated the events that transpired during the evening hours of September 19th and the early morning hours of September 20th.

"I left the house about 6:30 p.m., and drove to Casey's Store and bought gas," he said. "I returned home. My wife said something about going over to my mother's place and how she might stay overnight. I left the house about 9:30 p.m., and drove to Cedar Falls to visit Laura Hampton. At about 10:00 p.m., we drove over to Dike and picked up a washer and dryer and brought them back to the apartment. Her daughter, Sandra, was with us.

After that we had dinner. Then Laura and I went outside and talked until it began to rain. When we went in, Sandra was asleep. We went to bed, had sex and I left about 2:00 a.m., after telling Laura I was leaving."

"Then you went straight home?" inquired the defense attorney.

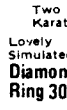
"Yes. When I got there, Esther wasn't at home. I went to bed and was awakened by the dog barking outside. It was raining, lightning and thundering. I let him in the house when I remembered I hadn't removed my dentures. Esther insisted I keep them in the basement bathroom. I went to the basement landing and turned on the lights. They flickered and went out. I stepped down the stairs cautiously and at the bottom stumbled over an object



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just as the lights went on again. I was horrified to see it was Esther lying on the floor. Thinking she was still alive, I applied cardiopulmonary resuscitation. I worked hard, but she didn't respond. Then I knew she was dead. I carried her up to her bedroom and placed her on her bed.

I called the ambulance driver, the sheriff's office and my two sons. Soon the place was filled with people. I felt full of remorse knowing if I had been home, this awful thing wouldn't have happened."

"And did you have a good relationship with your wife all the years of your marriage?" Scalise asked.

"Up to the time the boys left us, I would say it was a good marriage. After that, it began to deteriorate. We just couldn't communicate. We tried to remedy it. We went to our minister and to marriage counsellors. But we both felt it didn't help. Then, I met Laura, and I fell in love with her."

For better than two and a half hours he was on the witness stand before both the defense and prosecution said they were through with their questioning. The defense then rested its case and

Judge Lybbert instructed the jurors. They retired to review the testimony and evidence presented to them during the trial proceedings.

Not having reached a decision by late afternoon, they recessed at 5:15 p.m., to resume their deliberations at 9:00 a.m., Wednesday.

The jury had four options; finding Hartman guilty of first-degree murder, second-degree murder, voluntary manslaughter or innocent. At 3:40 p.m. the jury returned with a verdict of guilty of second-degree murder. They had spent almost nine hours discussing the case. Sentencing was to be pronounced December 15, 1981.

On the appointed day, Lawrence Hartman was sentenced to 25 years in prison for the death of his wife. He is still free on \$100,000 bond pending an appeal. The 25-year sentence is mandatory under Iowa State law. ●

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The names Laura Hampton, Kris Monroe, Frank Stubend and Sandra are fictitious and have been used as there is no reason for public interest in the identity of these persons.

hoax, they thought. Someone's idea of fun and games. But one of the juvenile officers suggested checking the basement. Maybe she was hiding there.

The officers descended the narrow wooden stairs to the unlit basement.

Again, the effort seemed worthless. There was nothing down here but cobwebs and dampness and the house's "Iron Nelly"—an old coal furnace that had been converted into a natural gas furnace. Mushrooming from the top of the furnace was a complex of galvanized duct-work that transmitted heat to the upper floors. And this might have been the end of the search for the missing teenager, except that one of the juvenile officers, perhaps out of idle curiosity, opened the furnace door and beamed his flashlight inside.

"God Almighty?" he exclaimed, his face suddenly ashen.

The others rushed to the furnace for a look. It was a look the men would never forget.

The jeans-clad body of a young girl was crammed head-first into the jaws of the furnace. The flashlight beamed on her darkened, naked breasts, her sightless eyes and gaping mouth. A piece of garment was knotted around her throat.

In the passing of the next few seconds, no one spoke, no one was able. The grotesque sight was paralyzing, the smell overpowering. But if thoughts could have been exchanged, doubtless, the men would have thought alike: Life wasn't fair and this was one horrible way to die, stuffed in a furnace, shoved there like a mass of rubbish. And so pitifully young.

When the Mansfield juvenile authorities gathered their wits, they notified Mansfield detectives.

Mansfield Detectives Charles Hrienk and David Shook responded to the alert, arriving at the East Luther Place address at 9:30 a.m. One glance inside the furnace was enough. A photo crew went to work on the crime scene; at the same time, detectives notified Richland County Coroner Milton C. Oakes.

Oakes and ambulance aides arrived a short time later.

The coroner's trained senses enabled him to make some preliminary conclusions: Rigor mortis was far pronounced—this usually sets in within three to six hours following death—so she might have been dead for several days. He also noted that the body showed no signs of burning. It seemed, then, that the girl's killer had intended to burn her body, but stopped short of completing his plans. And the cause of her death? More than likely, manual strangulation, caused by the cloth knotted around her throat.

But was this Lori June Grumbling? She was young—15 to 20 years old—but a positive identification would have to

LORI'S FLESH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

Davies said—"about 2:45 a.m."—and Lori June was not there.

Davies said he had no idea where his live-in girlfriend might be, but he assumed she would show up the next day. "But she didn't."

"You check with your friend, Schoolcraft?"

"That's the first place I went. But Gary hasn't seen her, either."

The detectives completed their report and told Davies they would contact him if they learned anything.

But soon after Davies left the police department, the detectives notified the juvenile bureau, for Lori June was a minor. But as is so often the case, the juvenile bureau would sit on this for 24 to 48 hours, since missing persons, especially minors, often re-appear during that interim.

But pretty Lori June Grumbling did not re-appear, and routine questioning by juvenile bureau officials determined that the missing girl had left Schoolcraft's apartment shortly after the two men went out drinking.

Concerned neighbors, some the parents of young girls, grimly speculated that Lori June Grumbling might have become another murder victim.

Meanwhile, the Mansfield juvenile officers, if they followed accepted patterns, would begin checking the teenager's known haunts and question friends and relatives. But a sudden new development changed the course of the investigation.

Things began with an anonymous phone call to the Mansfield police. According to the tipster, Lori June and her boyfriend, Joseph Davies, had exchanged grating words when they parted that afternoon in Schoolcraft's apartment.

"It was about her staying out," the caller said. "Davies was mad about the hours she kept. He warned her to be in by midnight. He said if she wasn't in by then, she wasn't getting in at all."

Again, here was irony: Davies allegedly acting like a concerned parent. More ironic, Davies wanted to go out drinking, yet he expected Lori June to play the role of obedient wife. This raised an important question: Did Lori June's boyfriend know more than he was telling? If this phone tip was the real article, why had Davies in his report to the police omitted his word skirmish with his pregnant girlfriend?

Then, on Tuesday morning, April 21, 1981, it was the Mansfield Juvenile Bureau's turn to receive an anonymous tip. If they (the juvenile officers) would take a careful look on East Luther Place, "where they had that fire," maybe they'd find Lori June.

Mansfield juvenile officers sprung into action and sped to the fire-gutted frame house on East Luther Place.

It was a guess of the officers, that they would find the teenager hiding out in the gutted house. But their 15-minute search proved fruitless. The teenager was not in the house. So it was a cruel

come later, after the autopsy.

While the girl's body was being moved to the Richland County Morgue, where Oakes would conduct a full-scale autopsy, Mansfield detectives debated the connection between the fire and the young girl's death. Was it possible that the killer had set the house on fire, expecting that the furnace and its hideous contents would be destroyed in that fire? Had the killer really been that foolish in his thinking? Or was it possible that the body had been placed in the furnace after the fire?

The detectives consulted with arson expert Max Stahl. Stahl confessed that he and his men had been all over the basement, but none of them had thought to open the furnace. A sheer chance omission and it had worked in the killer's favor.

The puzzle deepened. Had the girl been raped? Why had the killer stuffed the girl's body in the furnace, then not lit it?

Stymied, the Mansfield lawmen decided the probable sequence of the sickening carnage: the killer strangled his young victim, dragged her to the basement, then stuffed her small body in the furnace. For reasons that immediately escaped the detectives, the killer, instead of starting a fire in the furnace, had chosen to set the house on fire. Apparently, the killer sprinkled the charcoal lighter fluid in several places, struck a match, then fled the house. But how errant his thinking, the detectives mused. No matter how fierce the fire, it never could have destroyed the body inside the iron furnace.

And that could be the killer's undoing, the detectives hoped. A possibly perfect murder that was amateurishly imperfect.

News of the bizarre crime—a teenage girl jammed in a furnace—shocked the Mansfield community. The academia recalled a fictional parallel to this real-life nightmare; namely, the actions of "Bigger" in Richard Wright's stunning novel, *Native Son*. In that memorable novel, later transformed to a Broadway hit play, *Bigger*, a hapless black domestic, accidentally smothers the teenager daughter of wealthy socialite. To cover his crime, *Bigger* burns the girl's body in a basement furnace.

But the Mansfield murder was a different apple—and very real.

Within a few hours of the body's discovery, the victim was positively identified as the missing pregnant teenager, Lori June Grumbling.

Hearing this, an unmistakable sadness crept into evening dinner conversations. Was no young girl safe in this town, parents asked themselves. What kind of a fiend would commit so unholly a crime, strangling a soon-to-be teenage mother? Where was the bottom line?

Mansfield Detectives David Shook

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and Charles Hrienk had similar thoughts. And both men now had later information from the Richland County Coroner's Office: Lori June Grumbling had been dead about five days when her body was discovered, and there were definitely no burn marks on her body. There were indications of recent sexual intercourse, a suspicious lump on her head, and the probable cause of death—manual strangulation.

Clearly, the investigators had to find answers about a particular block of time in the teenager's life, a 12 to 18 hour span of time during which the tragic girl had met her death.

Reviewing what they had, the lawmen focused their interest on the missing person report filed by Joseph Davies. According to that report, Lori June had been alive and well at 2:30 p.m., on April 15, 1981. Davies had said that he and his pregnant lover had visited a mutual friend at the latter's apartment that same afternoon. The mutual friend, Gary Schoolcraft, 32, had hosted the couple for a brief while, than allegedly Schoolcraft and Davies had gone out drinking, leaving Lori June behind in Schoolcraft's apartment. According to a tipster, the girl had left soon after this.

If all that followed was correct, Schoolcraft had later returned to his apartment, Davies to his. But the girl had apparently vanished, and approximately 36 hours later, Davies had filed his missing persons report.

So much for the logistics.

But what had happened to the dark-haired teenager after the men had gone drinking, The Mansfield sleuths wondered. Had she returned to the love-nest she shared with Davies? Or had she gone elsewhere?

The investigators fanned the seamy neighborhood and asked questions. No one recalled seeing the teenager return to her West Luther Place apartment that afternoon or evening. But this was not necessarily the truth. The Luther Place area was not a friendly neighborhood, the detectives learned, and witnesses, even knowledgeable ones, were less than anxious to become involved. But the door-rapping, bar-hopping detectives never gave up hunting for answers, and they finally uncovered a witness who would talk—a local barmaid, 27-year-old Nancy McBride.

The barmaid volunteered to detectives that she'd seen the teenager on the night she disappeared. According to the barmaid, Lori June Grumbling and another man and woman had been in the bar where McBride worked, about nine o'clock.

Did the barmaid know the man and woman?

"I don't know who the guy was. But he's been in the bar before, by himself."

"And the woman?"

"Her name's Marge. Marge Rawlings, I think."

The detectives shot more questions at the barmaid, but there was little more information that she could offer. The three of them had come into the bar around eight or nine o'clock. They'd left the place at approximately ten-thirty.

More legwork enabled the Mansfield lawmen to track down 20-year-old Marge Rawlings. The young woman readily admitted an acquaintance with Lori June and being with her on that blood-fated night.

"Who was the man with you?" The detectives asked.

"Listen, I don't want to get involved in this."

"You are involved. What was his name?"

Hedging briefly, but realizing that she might be in serious trouble if she didn't answer the lawmen's questions, the young woman mumbled, "It was Gary . . . Gary Schoolcraft."

The detectives exchanged glances. They'd hooked a big one. Schoolcraft and Davies had allegedly gone off drinking that afternoon. Allegedly, they were friends. Allegedly, Lori June was Davies' girl. But in a manner the detectives did not yet understand, Schoolcraft had wound up in the company of Davies' girl. Which now prompted another question: Who was Lori June sleeping with?—Davies or Schoolcraft?

Puzzled by the drink-and-sex tangle of events, the detectives decided to pick up Davies and Schoolcraft for more questioning. As in Shakespeare's Hamlet, "something was wrong in the state of Denmark."

Prior to picking up Davies and Schoolcraft, detectives ran a computer check on the men. Angels they were not. Schoolcraft had been paroled in 1977 after serving five years of two concurrent 10-to-25 years sentences at the Ohio State Reformatory and the Lebanon Correctional Institute, north of Cincinnati. His rap sheet showed that he'd been convicted of armed robbery, rape and sodomy, in Cuyahoga Common Pleas Court, in Cleveland, Ohio, on September 1, 1972.

More currently, Schoolcraft had been implicated in a Mansfield robbery and his Municipal Court hearing was pending on that charge.

Young Joseph Davies also had a police record, having served time for a burglary conviction. Now paroled, Davies had been recently charged in several local robberies, but the case was pending.

In all, nice drink-and-sex companions for 17-year-old Lori June Grumbling, whose blind search for love had delivered her pregnancy, then a slow death. Naked in a blackened furnace, she was at the end of her trail.

The thinking of the homicide sleuths

was that one of these two men had choked the pretty teenager, then stuffed her dead body in the East Luther Place furnace. But which man?

And for what reason?

Early on the morning of April 21, 1981, Gary Schoolcraft was brought to Mansfield Police Headquarters and questioned by Detectives Shook and Hrienk.

The 32-year-old suspect, no stranger to police questioning, betrayed little nervousness. But drink and drugs had wasted the lanky ex-laborer. His pale-blue eyes fixated on empty walls and he seemed in a permanent limbo.

Examining the rap sheet's listing of marks and scars on Schoolcraft's body, detectives might have thought he was the losing man in a Sicilian street fight. The records showed he had a three-inch scar on the back of his right shoulder; a five-inch knife wound scar on his stomach; a two-inch burn scar on his upper right arm; an appendectomy scar; and a tattoo on his upper left arm—a skull and snake.

But old hands at questioning a murder suspect, Detectives Shook and Hrienk sensed the correct pitch.

Their questions came hard and fast. They quickly established that Schoolcraft had been with the teenager during the closing hours of her life, and they pointed out to the suspect that at least one witness had already fingered him.

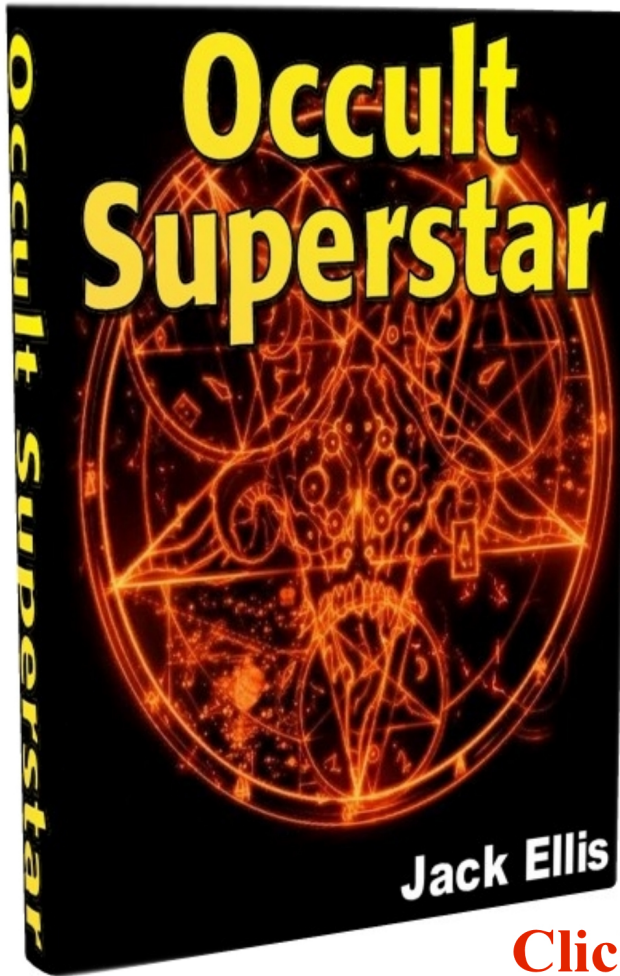
Because he was an ex-con, and perhaps because he decided his cooperation might ease his situation, Gary Schoolcraft sagged and told it all.

Yes, he'd been with Lori June that night. More than that, he'd taken her to the vacant house to have sexual intercourse with her. But it had been more than sex with a teenager that had propelled him to the dark, deserted house. More important to the suspect, he wanted "to get even" with Davies, the teenager's live-in boyfriend.

Schoolcraft explained that he and Davies had participated in a number of Mansfield house robberies, which netted them over a \$1,000. But Schoolcraft's share of the loot was only \$15, not even enough for a cheap drunk. He complained bitterly to Davies, he said, but to no avail. But this was a bummer, Schoolcraft thought, and he decided to get even with Davies. The best way for him to do this, he decided, was through Davies' girl. Get the 17-year-old half-drunk, take her to the abandoned house, then persuade her to have sexual intercourse with him.

Schoolcraft's confession grew more bizarre.

The lanky murder suspect told the lawmen that he did induce the teenager to accompany him to the abandoned house on East Luther Place. Following his planned revenge, the convicted rapist than had sexual intercourse with



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the pregnant teenybopper. But from that point on, things went downhill, Schoolcraft said.

According to Schoolcraft, he and Lori June got into an argument. During the squabble, the errant teenager threatened to tell her boyfriend that he (Schoolcraft) had forced her into sexual acts with him. Schoolcraft said he panicked, and the panic turned to hot anger when Lori June also threatened to divulge to police details of the houses that he and her boyfriend had broken into and robbed.

Schoolcraft said he lost his cool.

Caught up in vicious anger, Schoolcraft said he grabbed an empty wine bottle and struck the teenager's skull, stunning her. Lori June, naked from the waist down, struggled with him. Schoolcraft said his temper then exploded and he grabbed the teenager's throat and began choking her.

The choking didn't stop—not until it was too late. Not until the teenager's frantic thrashing came to a final end did he stop.

The details of all that followed were hazy in his mind, Schoolcraft said. He told the Mansfield sleuths that he decided to set the abandoned house on fire to get rid of the teenager's body. He knew he needed something to help the blaze and ran back to his apartment to get a can of charcoal lighter fluid.

Returning to the abandoned house, thinking neither clearly nor wisely, Schoolcraft said he poured the lighter fluid in different places in the darkened house, then set it afire.

But in his drink-and-panic-fogged mind, he fretted that Lori June's body would not be destroyed by the blaze. Still hoping to cover his crime, Schoolcraft said he lifted Lori June's lifeless body and stumbled through the darkness to the basement—and the furnace.

He crammed her near-naked body into the furnace, head first. In blind logic, Schoolcraft said he thought the fire would destroy everything, including the teenybopper's corpse.

Ultimately, the Richland County Grand Jury indicted Gary Schoolcraft on multiple charges of aggravated murder and arson. Bond was set at \$100,000. On June 8, 1981, the accused murderer pleaded innocent by reason of insanity, but the bizarre furnace slaying was far from over.

On August 19, 1981, the 32-year-old murder suspect was undergoing the second of three psychiatric evaluation sessions at the Richland County District 5 Forensic Diagnostic Center. As Schoolcraft finished this second session, he asked Richland County Sheriff Deputy Sergeant Hicks if he could use the restroom. The 58-year-old deputy allowed the prisoner's request. But a minute late, when Schoolcraft emerged from the restroom, he was carrying a

paper cup. As Hicks prepared to cuff and belt the suspect, Schoolcraft suddenly threw the contents of the paper cup in the deputy's face. Temporarily blinded by the contents of the cup, later identified as cleaning fluid, Hicks attempted to grapple with Schoolcraft. But with the caustic chemical fluid burning his face and eyes, Hicks was no match for Schoolcraft's onslaught.

Schoolcraft wrestled the aged deputy to the floor. As the men tussled, Schoolcraft fought for Hicks' gun. In the struggle for possession of the weapon, the gun fired four times. Two of the bullets grazed the deputy's leg and hand.

Miller S. Makey Jr., director of the center, joined in the struggle.

Seconds later, Schoolcraft broke free of the men and escaped the building.

Eight hours later, Schoolcraft was recaptured as he hid in the darkness between two buildings in the downtown area. Following an inquiry, the authorities learned that Schoolcraft had smuggled the cleaning fluid from his jail cell, concealing it in a roll-on deodorant container. Hicks was hospitalized and it was a full two months before he was able to return to duty.

On October 16, 1981, Schoolcraft pleaded guilty to charges stemming from his escape attempt.

A month later, on November 26, 1981, Schoolcraft, who had waived a jury trial, was found guilty of aggravated murder and five other felonies by Richland County Common Pleas Judge Max K. Chilcote.

Sentencing took place on December 7, 1981, at which time Judge Chilcote sentenced Schoolcraft to life imprisonment for the murder of 17-year-old Lori June Grumbling. Chilcote also sentenced Schoolcraft to serve consecutive prison terms of—7 to 25 years, for the attempted murder of Deputy Hicks, 5 to 15 years for felonious assault, 3 to 10 years for arson, 2 to 5 years for escape and 2 to 5 years for having a weapon under disability.

Schoolcraft, now at the Columbus Correctional Facility in Columbus, Ohio, can appeal the aggravated murder conviction if he so desires, but he cannot appeal the sentences for the five charges to which he pleaded guilty.

According to Richland County Prosecutor John W. Allen, the convicted man would not be eligible for parole for at least 20 years. Justice, perhaps; however, 17-year-old Lori June Grumbling will never be paroled from her imprisonment. Enclosed in her casket, the sentence is forever.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The names Joseph Davies, Nancy McBride and Marge Rawlings are fictitious and were used because there is no reason for public interest in their real identities.

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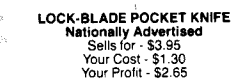
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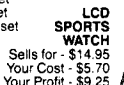
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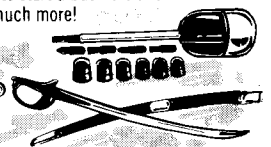
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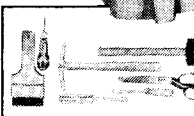
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