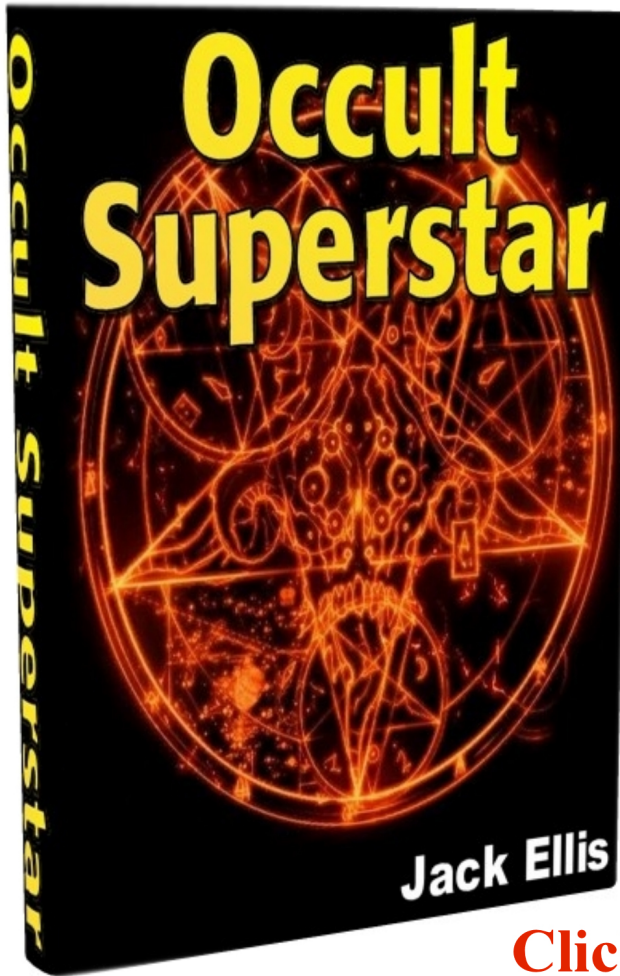


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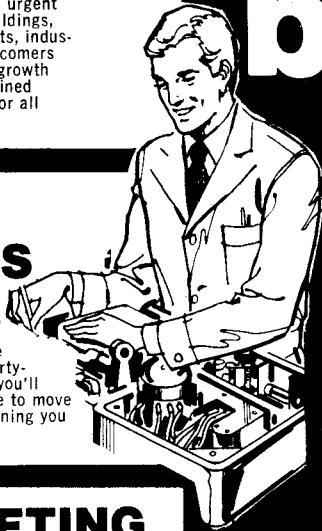
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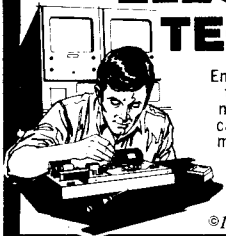
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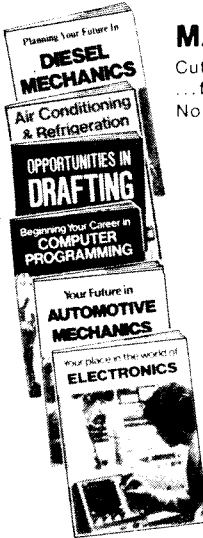
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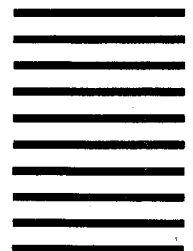
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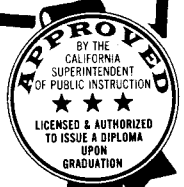


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# A KEY TO IRENE'S MURDER

by NATHANIEL PENNYPACKER

MERTON TOWN, WIS., JANUARY 21, 1974

■ Donald A. Schlise had owned a fair-sized farm in northwestern Waukesha County, but the encroachment of suburban living had taken over the countryside and the land thus had become too valuable to farm. Consequently, he had sold off parcels of his land, keeping a sizeable piece for his homestead, and had taken a job with a real estate firm in Milwaukee.

Schlise specialized in selling homesites and mobile homes for the large manufacturing company in Wisconsin and he had closed many deals which called for setting up those abodes in the northwest part of Waukesha County. Commuting was not particularly difficult from his home in Merton Town to Milwaukee, as he made most of the trip along Interstate Highway 94.

For that reason he was able to tell customers with sincerity how they could get to Milwaukee or Waukesha from the area where he lived. Too, his knowledge of the land sites, the roads, the advantages and other things about living in the area made him well suited for his job.

Another selling point which he might have used was the crime issue. Out in the country, one is far away from the dangers of big city crime and doesn't have to worry about being knocked in the head on the street, or about some character breaking into one's home.

On Friday, December 7, 1973, Schlise worked late as usual in his Milwaukee office. After dinner in the city, he met another real estate salesman for a drink and a chat, then drove home. Highway 16 was clear and fast,

as Schlise headed out of Milwaukee. Thick snow was on the ground, but the highways and roads had been cleared. He made the familiar turnoff onto Highway C, a two-lane blacktop, and drove about four miles north, just past Okauchee Lake, and, about 10:30 p.m., the real estate salesman pulled into his driveway.

The house was dark, but that was not unexpected, as his wife Irene sometimes was asleep when Schlise came home that late. Their teenage daughter ordinarily was up at that hour on a Friday night, but she was baby-sitting for a neighbor on that occasion.

Schlise got out of his car and made his way through the snow to his door in the dark, damp, quiet night. There were lights at the homes of neighbors, but none very close by. He got his key in the latch and opened the door, then reached for the familiar switch and turned on the lights.

Schlise froze. When he could move again, he called the Waukesha County sheriff's office in Waukesha, which was about halfway between his home and Milwaukee.

Patrol deputies quickly were sent to the Schlise home "... on Highway C, just north of Okauchee Lake ... the address is W334-N7652 ..." and an ambulance also was dispatched.

Once at the scene, officers determined that there was no immediate need for the ambulance, but there was a necessity for homicide detectives to come and take over. The desk duty officer at the sheriff's office got the message and relayed it to the homes

of a number of investigators, who subsequently hurried out for extra duty on that cold Friday night.

As deputies and detectives flocked to the Schlise home, they were greeted by the vigorous barking of a German shepherd in the backyard. Taking off their snow boots on the porch, they entered the house with care.

The dead woman was lying face down in the hallway near the basement door and was clad in nightclothes which were smeared with blood. Apparently, she had been stabbed repeatedly in the head, chest and back. Blood stained the floor leading to several rooms.

Captain Roland Jenkins and Detective Sergeant Frank Cappozzo conferred with Ronald Dick, the sheriff's identification officer. "Take a look around," one of them instructed Dick. "We're going to get the State Crime Laboratory to send the mobile unit here. It shouldn't take much more than an hour for the unit to get here from Madison."

Donald Schlise, 55, average in height and weight, slumped in a chair in the living room. Detectives had to ask him necessary questions, though they were reluctant to badger him at that tragic time.

They were told that the dead woman was his wife, Mrs. Irene E. Schlise, 52. They had had four children, a son living in North Lake and another in New Berlin, as well as a married daughter living in West Allis. Their youngest child still lived at home.

Schlise said the girl was baby-sitting

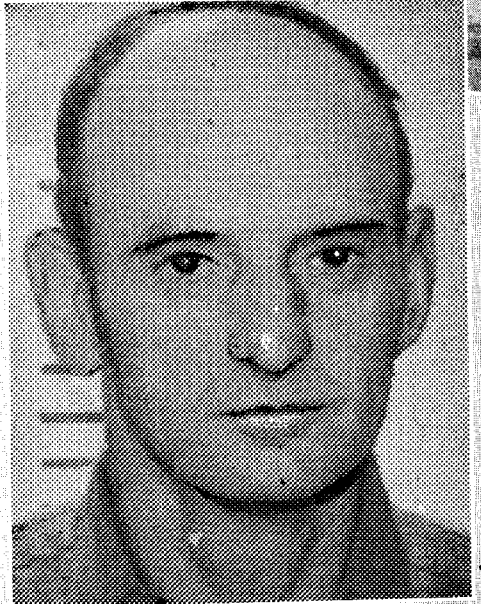
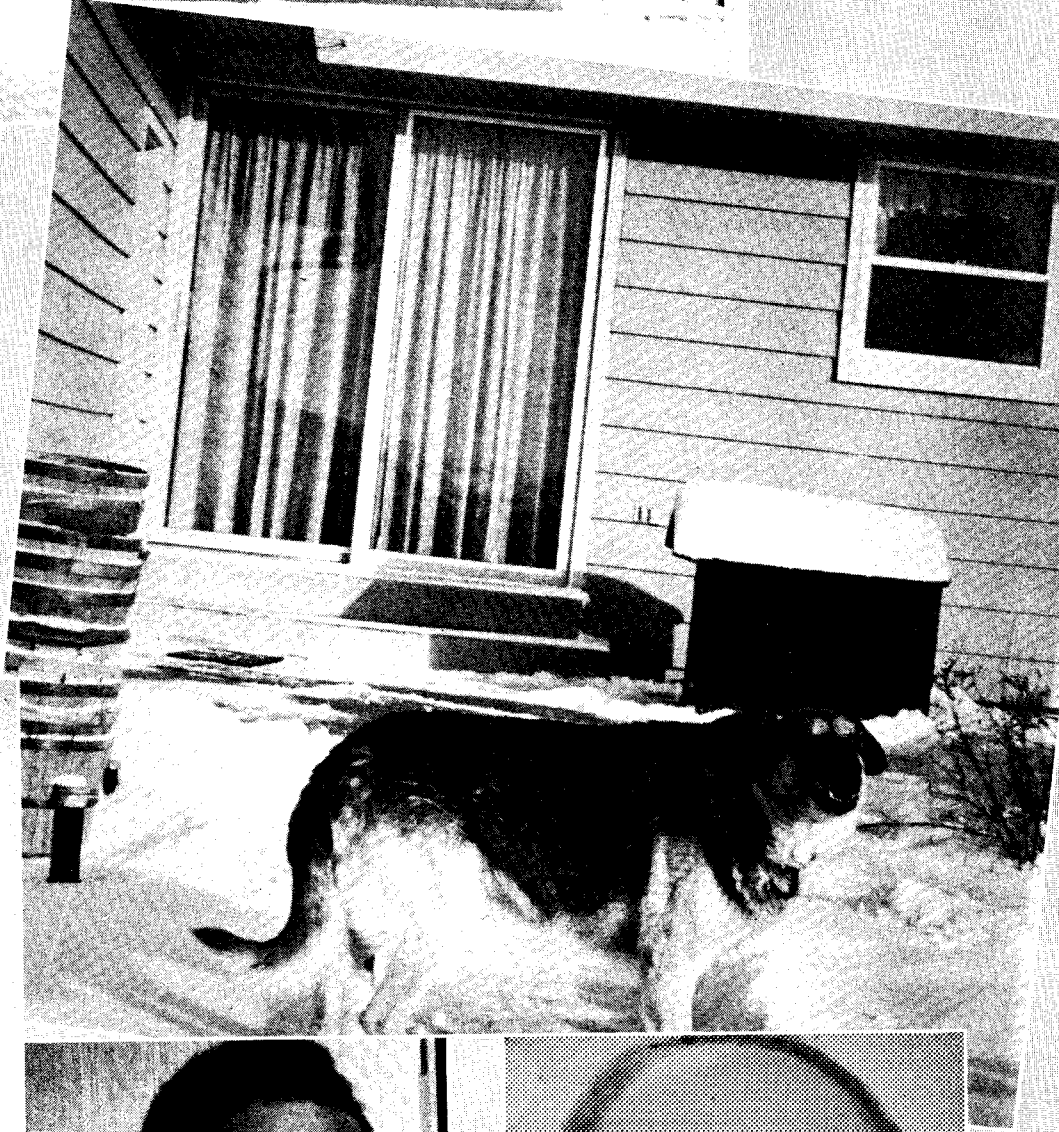
continued on page 6

## A too-perfect alibi might have gone untested, if a killer hadn't found entry to a home so easy



Schlise home supposedly was guarded by dog, but no one heard it barking at time of slaying—one of several items police felt didn't jell.

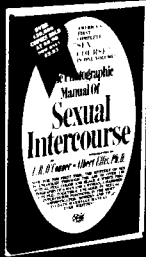
James Brown (↓) and Sam McGhee (C) were arrested for killing Mrs. Schlise, when Milwaukee police picked up information about them while investigating a murder of their own. Third suspect (R) then reportedly admitted setting up the job.





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at the home of a neighbor, about a block away. Two officers were sent to that house, while teams of officers canvassed other homes in the area.

Schlise, meanwhile, was asked if he knew of anyone who might have had a motive or reason to harm his wife.

He shook his head, saying he guessed that the killer had been a burglar.

Detectives were aware that burglars had struck recently in that part of the county and, as a matter of fact, one of the homes hit had been that of Deputy Sheriff James Flach, who lived about half a mile away. That burglary had occurred several weeks earlier and a number of items of personal property, including a television set, had been taken. That and other burglaries had not been solved.

"When did you last talk to your wife?" an officer asked Schlise.

"It was about 6:30 tonight," he replied. "I called her from the office."

"Anything unusual . . . any visitors . . . anyone expected?" a detective inquired.

Schlise shook his head, saying he had expected that his wife would be home alone and that their daughter was babysitting.

"Maybe somebody knew about that," an officer suggested. "You work late often?"

Schlise nodded.

"Someone around here might have known about that . . . you working in Milwaukee . . . your daughter not in the house," the officer repeated. "We can't overlook any possibility."

Schlise said his family had lived in the house many years and there never had been difficulty with neighbors.

Just then, officers returned from checking their neighborhood.

"We talked to the daughter," one of them reported. "That house where she is can be seen well from here and she had a good look at this place from there. It's about a block away. She said she put the dog out over there about 9 P.M. and, at the time, observed the lights in her home were out. Mrs. Schlise sometimes went to bed around 9 P.M., so the girl didn't think anything about the house being dark then."

"She was probably too far away to have heard her own dog barking," a detective noted.

"Yes, but none of the neighbors said they heard the dog here setting up a howl tonight . . . that is, until we got here," an officer retorted. "The closest neighbor is well within earshot of this dog's barking."

"Well, they might not have heard the dog, even if it did bark," the detective reasoned. "This kind of weather . . . house shut tight . . . television sets

going at that time. Of course, maybe the dog didn't bark. Maybe he knew whoever it was who came to the house."

Officers who had canvassed the neighborhood found no one who said they had noticed anybody at the Schlise house that night before Mr. Schlise arrived. On a cold dark night in a lightly settled area, that was expected.

"The only chance we'd have for a break there would have been if someone was driving by at the right time," a deputy declared. "And, if they didn't hear the dog bark, they wouldn't have heard the woman scream from their homes."

"But *did* the dog bark?" a detective pressed. "Maybe it did and maybe it didn't."

The detectives talked with Schlise about the German shepherd named Timmy kept in a dog house in the back. It had been considered a watchdog, they were told. Officers, indeed, were aware of the reception the dog had given them that night.

**T**HE mobile unit from the State Crime Laboratory soon arrived at the scene and ID Officer Dick met the state technicians outside, where there was work to be done. Dick pointed out footprints in the snow, leading from the house to a rear driveway. There was blood in the prints.

"The killer got blood on his shoes," Dick observed. "We know that from marks on the floor inside." Several prints were sprayed and then casts were made.

Inside the house, meanwhile, detectives were asking Mr. Schlise what was missing from the house. The television set, a frequent target of burglars, was in its usual place and none of the furniture or appliances seemed disturbed.

"Did you keep any large sum of cash or jewelry in the house?" Jenkins asked Schlise.

"Well, not usually, but we had been saving for a vacation," Schlise told him. "We had about \$800 in a metal box we kept in our bedroom closet."

"Show us," Jenkins requested.

They walked carefully through the house, side-stepping blood spots on the floor, into the master bedroom. Red marks spotted the floor into the big bedroom . . . to the closet.

"It's gone," Schlise said, when the closet door was opened.

The money, he told the lawmen, had been in a metal box on the closet shelf. The box, he said, was not kept locked.

"The killer must have looked around, came across the box, saw the money in it and figured he had the best of

(Continued on page 8)



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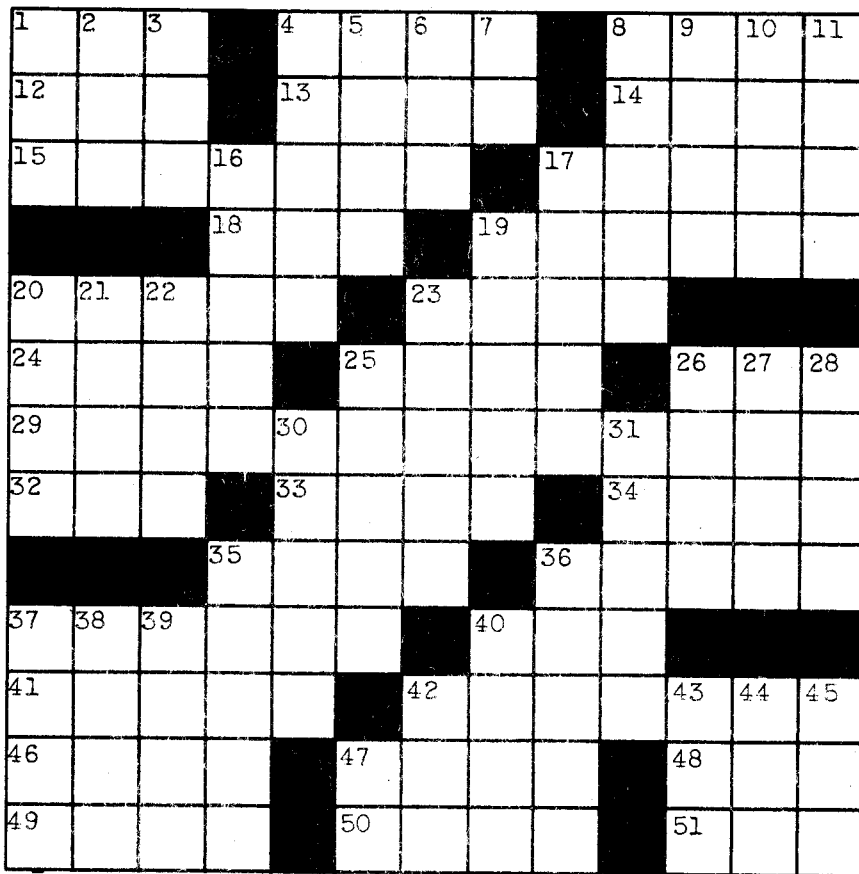
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# INSIDE CROSSWORDS



## ACROSS

- |                             |                       |                                   |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. 24 hours                 | 20. Gun calibers      | 37. Ballistics exhibit            |
| 4. Sharon —, murder victim  | 23. Use scissors      | 40. Twice five                    |
| 8. Auction                  | 24. Opera song        | 41. Criminal's other name         |
| 12. Raw mineral             | 25. Kill with a knife | 42. System for catching criminals |
| 13. Public disturbance      | 26. Honest — Lincoln  | 46. Hidden obstacle               |
| 14. Black-tongued dog       | 29. British criminal  | 47. Scalp covering                |
| 15. Butch —, Western outlaw | 32. Malt drink        | 48. Miss Gardner                  |
| 17. Got up                  | 33. Genuine           | 49. Hearing organs                |
| 18. Golf peg                | 34. Roll of film      | 50. Pagan god                     |
| 19. Killer                  | 35. Touch             | 51. Ask for handouts              |
|                             | 36. Sheriff's men     |                                   |

## DOWN

- |                           |                           |                       |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Gunsmoke character     | 17. Criminal's excuse     | 31. Fork tine         |
| 2. Southern constellation | 19. Growl fiercely        | 35. Banners           |
| 3. Word of assent         | 20. — California          | 36. Oyster Gem        |
| 4. Attempts               | 21. Verbal                | 37. Foundation        |
| 5. Assistant              | 22. Oriental food         | 38. Forearm bone      |
| 6. Plaything              | 23. Take by theft         | 39. Untruthful person |
| 7. — cetera               | 25. Piece of paper        | 40. Three singers     |
| 8. Discard as junk        | 26. Gorillas              | 42. Mom's mate        |
| 9. Nautical greeting      | 27. Honey makers          | 43. Arrest            |
| 10. Fail to win           | 28. Perry Mason's creator | 44. First woman       |
| 11. Water pitcher         | 30. Forest plants         | 45. Children's game   |
| 16. Porterhouse —         |                           | 47. Hello!            |

(Continued from page 6)

the pickings," a detective surmised. "So, then he left. Nothing else in the house appears to have been disturbed."

State technicians covered the entire house, photographing the scene from all angles, as well as the bloody marks on the floor which led into the master bedroom and the bathroom. There were no telltale marks in the bathroom, they noticed, to indicate that the killer had washed up.

The technicians and detectives examined tables in the living room and a desk in a bedroom, but found nothing disturbed.

Too, going through the desk and table drawers, the officers found nothing of value likely to interest a thief.

The technicians paid particular attention to the front door, where they found no evidence of forced entry.

Then, they examined the hall and surveyed the general scene. Coroner Donald J. Eggum arrived shortly and joined the investigation.

"It looks like she might have let the killer in," a detective suggested. "She could have heard a knock on the door and figured it was her husband, having trouble with his key or something. She opens the door and then she was backed up against the basement door, and then the killer worked her over with a knife."

"He might have panicked when she started to scream," an officer said.

AS the investigators continued their examination of the scene, two detectives spoke again with Schlise in the living room. "Did anyone else know about that \$800?"

Schlise shook his head.

The suggestion was advanced that his wife might have mentioned it to someone. "Somebody could have known about the money and it could have been a lucky find by the killer," a detective said. "Of course, some burglars try bedroom closets looking for guns."

Waukesha County officers, thinking about men who had come to their attention for burglary and robbery in the past, started discussing names. "You think maybe we're looking for a sex killer?" a deputy asked.

"Well, right now we can't overlook anything," a detective responded. "But there doesn't appear to have been a sex attack and there are other factors about the case that weaken any sex offender theory."

The body was taken out of the house, while officers talked again with Donald Schlise. "We'd like a written statement from you," they told him.

Schlise said he understood. The sher-  
(Continued on page 10)

Solution on page 54

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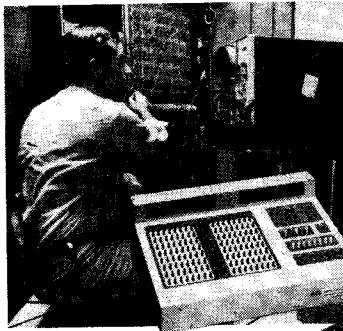
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If you can, I'll meet you here at 1 P.M. If not, some other time. Aren't you glad I remember your car, or else you would have gotten a ticket for sure?" Jimmy may not be too glad, but Harold, whose car looked like his, was.

**HIDDENITE, N.C.**—Police charged an employee of a gem company museum with stealing North America's largest emerald, worth about \$50,000 in its uncut state of 1436 carats. He would have had a little trouble wearing it anyway; it's as big as a tennis ball.

**LINCOLN, NEB.**—Safety authorities advised parents to make certain that their children know how to make a phone call home in case of an emergency. Also suggested was that each youngster be given an "emergency dime" to be kept on hand at all times for just that purpose.

**LINCOLN, ILL.**—A Chicago man was stopped by state police for driving at night without his headlights on and he explained he had traveled all the way



from St. Louis that way to conserve energy. He got a ticket for his efforts and continued on homeward.

(Continued from page 8)

iff's department had a substation in the fire station at nearby Chenequa and Detectives James Paddock and William Buechler took Schlise there and got his statement.

Early Saturday morning, the investigators met in the sheriff's office in Waukesha and Paddock and Buechler had with them a detailed written statement from Donald A. Schlise. The detectives said Schlise talked freely, giving almost a minute-by-minute account of his activities and whereabouts for Friday night.

"He said he last talked to his wife at 6:30," one of the detectives related. "He said he called her from his office and his boss happened to be there at the time. He said he went out to dinner with another salesman, met another man he knew and they had a drink together. They left the bar around ten, he said, and he drove home. He put it all down... the names of the restaurant and bar and the names of the men he was with."

Captain Jenkins inspected the statement. "This should be easy enough to check out," he observed. "He's got it down very close."

"He understood that we'd have to talk to him that way," an officer told Jenkins. "He came out with everything. I guess he was aware the husband is always a suspect in a case like this."

"Any chance he might have killed her when he came home and then gave us a call?" a deputy asked.

"We'll know more about the time of death after the autopsy," a lawman responded. "But that woman appeared to have been dead at least an hour when we got there. And there's the bloody footprints in the snow. His shoes were clean. We went over that entire house. No bloody shoes. We'll know more about the footprints when we get something from the state crime lab, but, from the looks of them, they were made by smaller shoes than the size Schlise wore."

A detective who had talked with children of the victim reported that they were in the state of shock expected in such a situation. "They don't have any ideas," he related. "But one thing that bugs me. They didn't know about that metal box with the \$800. All we've got so far is Schlise's word for that."

"Why would he lie about that?"

"That's a good question. Of course, if he and his wife had been putting away money for a vacation, they wouldn't have to tell anybody about it. But why keep money like that in a box at the house, anyway? Why not put it in a daily passbook account,

where it would be safe and draw interest?"

"Well... some people have funny ideas about saving a special amount of money for something," another detective explained speculatively. "Maybe he just tossed cash in it from time to time when he had it around."

Captain Jenkins paced the office thoughtfully. He noted that there was no indication that the desk in a bedroom had been touched, or that the table drawers in the living room had, either. "That's where a thief would look for cash," he said. "Not in a bedroom closet."

"Then it was someone who knew about that money," a deputy concluded.

"That... or something else," Jenkins commented. "We'll have to find out if his alibi holds up and anything else we can find out about Mr. Schlise."

**T**HE investigators called it a night and, when the day shift came on duty Saturday morning, Detectives Peter Roelandts and Kenneth Ludwigsen were handed Donald Schlise's statement and the assignment to check it out. Their work would take them into Milwaukee County and the city of Milwaukee, but they still would be in Wisconsin and could move freely without notification of another agency.

"But if you think you need any help, the police there will work with you," Jenkins advised.

A squad of officers was sent back to the Schlise home to search the area in daylight. They were to go over the immediate grounds, then expand the search up and down Highway C. Also, they were to talk with residents of the area about any suspicious-acting persons in the neighborhood in recent days and to ask if anyone might have any information about Mr. and Mrs. Schlise, which authorities should know.

Officer Dick returned to the sheriff's office later that morning, after conferring with state crime lab men in Madison. Testing of blood and markings in the house indicated that all of the blood had come from the victim. There also was blood on the bed clothes in the master bedroom, which indicated that the killer had gotten blood on his clothes as well as his shoes. Too, the careful examination of the house failed to bring out any sign of forced entry.

A report from Coroner Eggum stated that the victim had been stabbed 19 times in the head, chest and back, but there was no indication of sex molestation. There were bruise marks on the woman and the coroner, in describing the bruises and knife wounds, put together some information.

(Continued on page 12)

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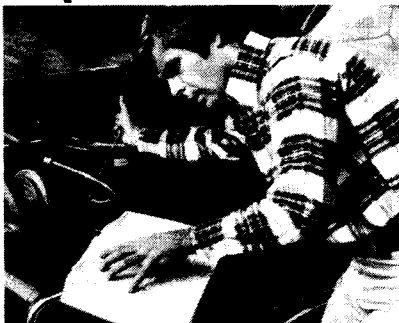
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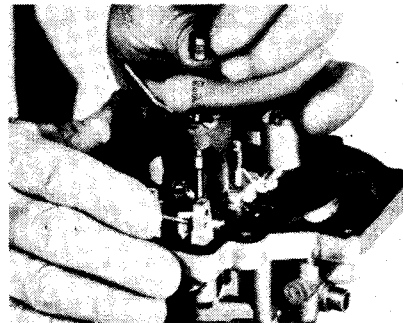
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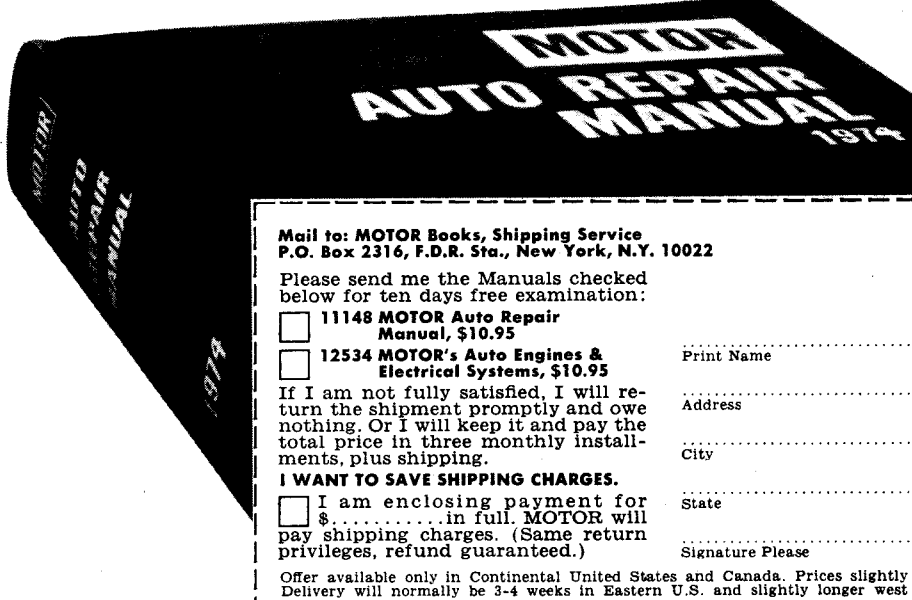
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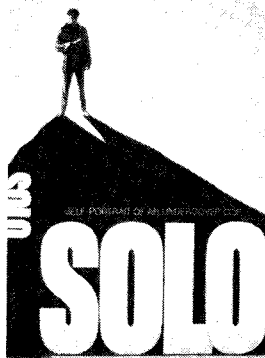
# INSIDE THE COVERS



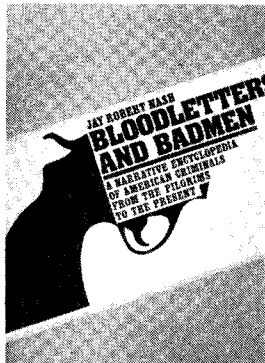
**TARGET BLUE** by Robert Daley, (Delacorte Press, \$8.95; Dell Pb., \$1.75). A former N.Y. *Times* journalist, Daley served as Deputy Police Commissioner in New York City. His book concentrates on the force at the command level, on good intentions going astray and idealism not translating into action. Throughout is the sense of how good the department almost is. We are all familiar with the individual cop as hero, but this is the story of being part of the force and it explains a lot of the *why* of the police.



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**SOLO** by Anthony Schiano and Anthony Burton, (Dodd, Mead and Co., \$6.95). This account of New York City Police Officer Anthony Schiano's nine years as an undercover cop is both graphic and exciting. Not only for its frank descriptions of the violence of the underworld, but because of the character of a man whose toughness is balanced by his determination not to use unnecessary violence. Only at the end of this readable book, when one arrest follows the other routinely, does the pace lag.



**BLOODLETTERS AND BADMEN** by Jay Robert Nash, (M. Evan & Co., \$16.95). It's expensive, but this book cataloging in encyclopedia form the life of almost every major American criminal from the Pilgrims to the present will be invaluable to the student of crime. With 300 photos and lithographs, not only does it describe its character's criminal exploits, but it also delves into their backgrounds and personalities, often giving insight into the reasons behind the mayhem. It makes interesting reading.

(Continued from page 10)

Mrs. Schlise was 5 feet, one inch tall and, judging by the wounds, the coroner stated that the attacker was about 5 feet, 9 inches tall. He reported that the attacker must have backed up Mrs. Schlise against the door leading to the basement and, after she fell, the assailant had knelt on her to inflict a fatal stab wound in the back.

District Attorney Richard B. McConnell subsequently reviewed the information gathered in the investigation and discussed it with newsmen. "It could be a difficult case to solve," McConnell said. "There doesn't seem to be any motive except robbery."

Newsmen were told that the woman had been killed between 6:30 P.M. and 9:30 P.M. and information indicated that her husband was in Milwaukee during those hours. Schlise "is not a suspect," the district attorney told newsmen.

Detectives Roelandts and Ludwigsen currently were in Milwaukee working on Schlise's alibi. At the real estate office where the man worked they talked with his employer and were told that Schlise had been on the job as usual the previous day and, as he often did, Schlise had worked late.

"I was right here when he called home about 6:30," he told the detectives. "I heard him talking to his wife."

"Did you actually hear her talking?"

"Well...no, but I couldn't hear anything from the other end of the line."

The detectives were told that Schlise was a reliable employee and a good salesman and if he had any personal problems, no one at the office said they had any idea about them. Then, the detectives sought out the men with whom Schlise had said he ate and drank the previous night.

**I**N Merton Town, meanwhile, the large number of officers searching around the Schlise home came up with an important find—a knife in a field, about 200 yards northeast of the crime scene, near the road. It was a butcher knife with an 8-inch blade and there was blood on it.

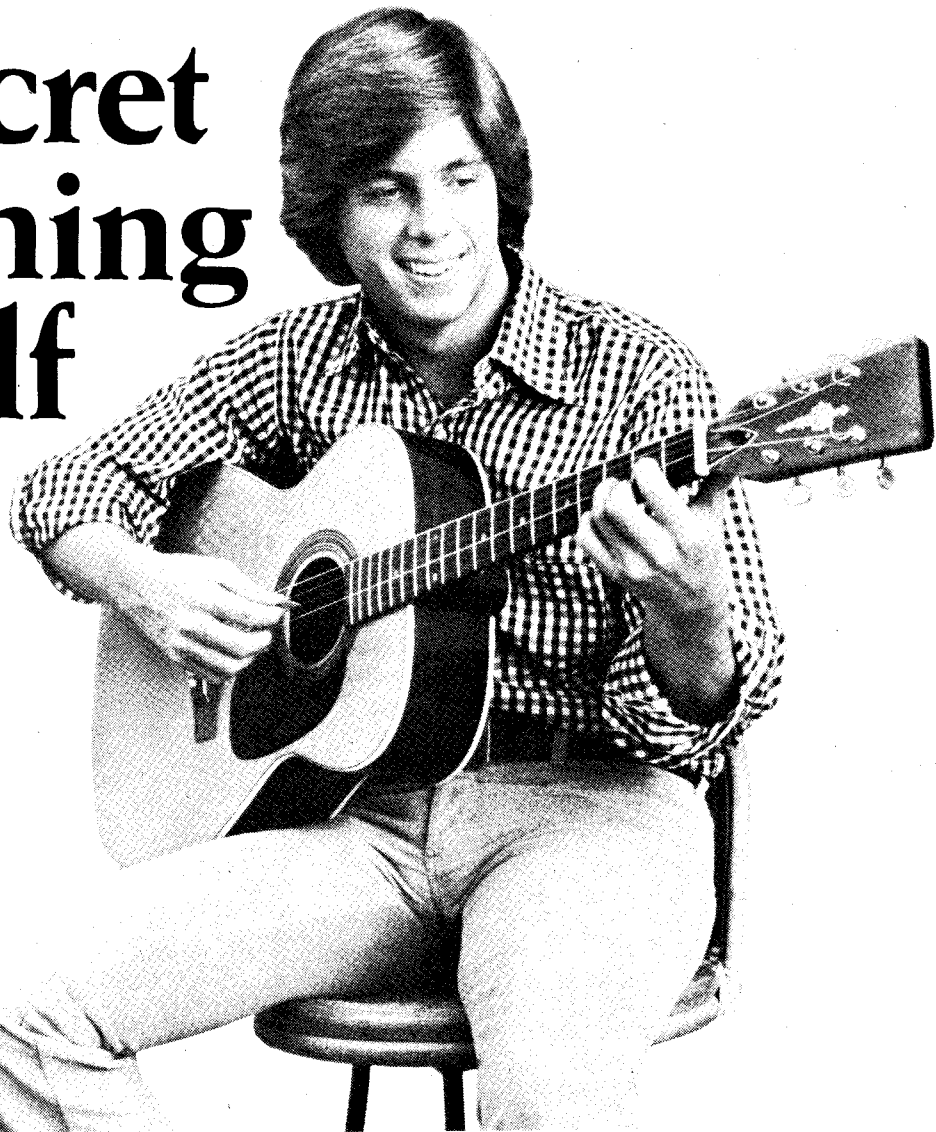
"The killer probably tossed it out of the car as he left," a deputy speculated.

"That's about the size knife we're looking for," a detective added.

The knife was taken to the state crime laboratory and, later that day, Roelandts and Ludwigsen returned to the sheriff's office. They had been able to substantiate part of Schlise's alibi, but still there were more people whom they had to interview. They were assigned to stay with it.

(Continued on page 14)

# The secret of teaching yourself music



Why keep depriving yourself of the thrill of making your own music?

Here's a pleasant way to learn at home in spare time. You play simple familiar tunes right from the start, then more advanced compositions.

Choose piano, accordion, guitar, any of several instruments.

No gimmicks—you learn to read notes, play regular sheet music.

It really works! Thousands now play who never could.

It may seem odd at first — the idea of teaching yourself music. You might think you need a private teacher at \$4 to \$10 per hour to stand beside you and explain everything you should do — and to tell you when you've made a mistake.

But surprising as it seems, you need no such thing. Thousands of people just like you have taught themselves to play by using the lessons we give by mail. And you can too.

With our lessons, you learn to play the right way — by note from regular sheet music. Without any gadgetry or gimmickry. And all it costs you is just pennies a day.

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

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It's really a marvelous way to learn. As recent graduate Mrs. Norman Johanson wrote us, "My daughter has taken lessons for 8 years from a private teacher, and now she asks me questions about some of her lessons. How very proud I feel when she says to friends, 'You've just got to hear my Mom play!'"

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

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

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U. S. School of Music, Studio 28-603  
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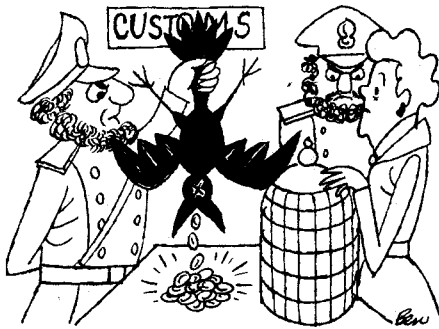
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# CONTINENTAL CAPERS

**A GOLDEN EGG**—Customs officials at the airport in Dire Dawa, Ethiopia, stopped a woman carrying a live but sickly looking bird because she had no permit to transport it. As they



talked to her, the bird died. An autopsy revealed that it had swallowed 79 pieces of gold, so its owner was arrested and fined \$250 for her smuggling attempt, despite its cleverness.

**GEM OF A PLAN**—The telephone rang in the home of a wealthy Dortmund, Germany, jewelry store owner shortly after midnight. A man's voice told her, "Your burglary alarm is ringing; come down right away and I'll call police." She rushed to her store and found an armed robber waiting. He forced her to open the store and its vault and got away with over \$200,000 in cash and jewelry, much to the consternation of the trusting store owner.

**CUTS SHORT A JOKE**—For months, a man in Bexleyheath, England, had been letting his hair grow long to cover a bald spot. Partying with friends one night at a social club, he got angry when a pal set fire to his long locks.



Without saying another word, the butt of the joke walked outside and set fire to a sports car and a truck. "I don't know what came over me," he explained to the magistrate who heard the arson charge against him.

(Continued from page 12)

Officers who had made another examination of the Schlise house had nothing more to report. "We went over the closets," one of them related. "No signs of any bloody clothes or shoes. We looked over his shoes and I don't think he could have made those prints in the snow."

A detective who had been making inquiries about the Schlise family said he had heard a rumor that Schlise was running around with another woman. "But I don't put much stock in it," he added. "You'd hear something like that about somebody in a mysterious case like this, if the guy was straight as a string."

"No, but keep after it. If you come up with a name we can work on, we might have something."

The knife found near the road had been shown to members of the Schlise family before it was taken to Madison and knives in the kitchen also were examined. Ultimately, the investigators were satisfied that the knife had not come from the Schlise home.

"You can buy a knife like that in all kinds of stores," Captains Jenkins said. "I hope they can find some prints on it."

The investigation continued throughout the weekend and into Monday and, on Monday night, the investigators gathered in the sheriff's office and reviewed their findings. "His alibi checks out, down to the minute," a detective began. "His statement fits piece by piece. And we now know from the coroner's report that the woman was killed no later than 9:30. We've got him in Milwaukee from Friday morning until 10 P.M. That's definite.

"Boy, this statement he made... it got me to thinking... the average man just doesn't know everything he does almost minute-by-minute. Think about it... Can you guys come up with a minute-by-minute account of where you were today and back it up with corroboration? But we know he didn't kill her. Yes sir, he was in Milwaukee when his wife was killed."

Other detectives then recapitulated information which they had picked up in making inquiries about the Schlises. Mrs. Irene Schlise, for one, had a normal amount of insurance. Also, there had been more talk about Schlise seeing other women, but the investigators had been unable to pin down the rumor.

Detectives checking on known associates of Donald Schlise had not found anyone of questionable character. "It all looks too pat," a detective complained. "Maybe it was a burglar, but I keep thinking about no sign of forced entry, no search of the desk,

just going to a closet to get \$800 only the couple knew about. I keep thinking the dog didn't bark, and Schlise is 5 foot 10, and the coroner said the woman was killed by someone 5 foot 9. Yes, yes, I know Schlise is in the clear with his alibi and, outside of a rumor that doesn't sound like much, there's no indication of a motive.

"But remember this... he's been away from home most of the time for months... coming home at night after his wife has been asleep. And he's been up in Milwaukee, on the loose a lot. No telling who he might have met, or what he was up to."

The experienced investigators generally were agreed that the murder of Mrs. Irene Schlise did not appear to have been the work of a burglar. "It was too early for a burglar," one of them pointed out. "And no sign of forced entry... and the way the woman was killed... and the situation all over the house. And can you figure a burglar bringing a butcher knife to a house and tossing it away as he left?"

There were many puzzling aspects to the case and several detective teams were busy trying to find the answers. On Tuesday, funeral services were held for Mrs. Irene E. Schlise and, on Wednesday, her husband went to work.

Waukesha County detectives were busy in their county and in Milwaukee, looking for leads... looking for men with whom Donald Schlise had been associating... looking for an angle.

**ON** Thursday, Milwaukee police, themselves, had a murder case—one of their own had been killed. About 1:30 A.M., Patrolman Ronald Reagan had been a customer in a north side tavern on W. Hadley Street. Reagan was 27, a day-shift motorcycle policeman. He had been off duty when in the tavern, located in an area mixed with residential and industrial buildings. It was known as a white-patronized establishment in a mixed but predominantly white neighborhood.

Reagan, dressed in street clothes with his revolver on his hip, was one of six customers at the bar, when a black man entered and asked to use the phone. Then, another man came in and pulled out a pistol, while a third appeared and stood at the door.

It was a holdup attempt, but the trio did not expect to run into an off-duty policeman. Reagan took his gun from his belt and shots roared, then Reagan fell. The three men ran out without money, but the officer's gun was gone with them.

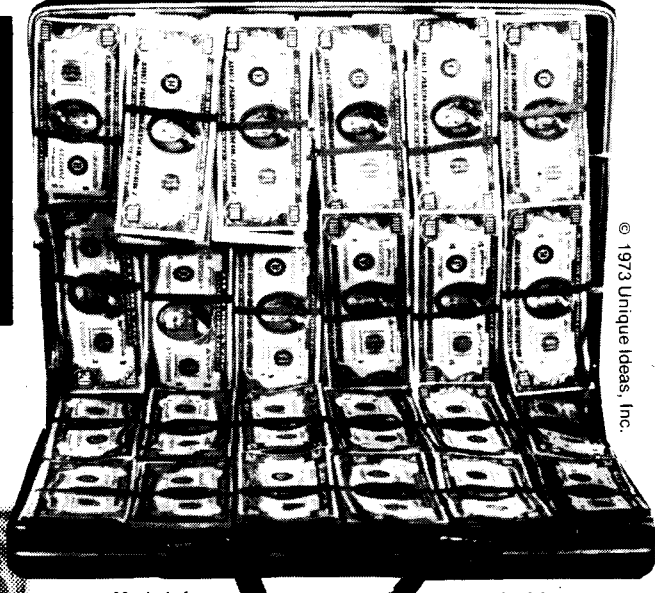
The screams in the bar, following the gunshots, had faded away by the time the sound of sirens was heard.

(Continued on page 16)

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**I WILL QUICKLY TEACH ANY MAN OR WOMAN  
MY PROVEN "EASY MONEY SECRET" OF  
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**DEFINITELY NOT A CON GAME, FRANCHISE,  
INVESTMENT SCHEME OR GIMMICK**

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Obviously you were not born rich so what? 85% of the men and women who are rich today started with very little money and had only average education, so why not be honest with yourself and stop using lame excuses, stand up and face the fact that the only real difference between you and thousands of rich Americans is that they discovered the right moves to make and you did not!

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"THE RIGHT MOVES"**

I've proven this to be true despite the fact that I was born poor and barely squeaked through high school. I still made a fortune in just a short period by making the right moves and I'll show you exactly how I did it.

But why am I so anxious to reveal to you my secret money making method? Surely there's more to it than because I enjoy helping others share in the rich good life as I have but frankly I expect to profit at least two hundred thousand dollars, maybe more, from the publishing of these ads in nationally famous magazines and newspapers.

**STOP WASTING PRECIOUS YEARS**

I should know, I wasted more good years than I care to remember, before I finally discovered the secret of making money. I stayed up to my neck in debt, bounced around from one eight hour dead end job to another. Just working, waiting and wishing for a great fortune to fall in my lap. I got married, became a proud father at a young age. I worked in a toy factory for a short time and peddled cosmetics from door to door, but everything I tried my hands at failed because I didn't know the right moves to make. This only happened to me twelve years ago. No doubt there are millions who are suffering from this agonizing torment now.

**REVEALING: THE RICH MAN'S  
SECRET MONEY MAKING METHOD**

It's true that most rich persons keep

their money making secrets to themselves, seldom sharing it with others, but fortunately I met several unusually fair minded rich men who were so impressed with my ambition to get rich that they agreed to teach me the secret money making techniques that their many years of making millions had taught them, providing I would virtually work for them at least one year. I eagerly jumped at the opportunity to gain this valuable knowledge and said yes to their generous proposition. So for one year I listened and watched very closely, until I learned from A to Z how these financial wizards made thousands of dollars every single day. I'll always be most grateful to these men for teaching me their fast and easy money making secrets. It didn't even matter that I was practically penniless when I first put these methods into action.

**SUDDENLY IT STARTED  
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At first it was unbelievable... I paid off all my bills and my wealth continued to multiply. Huge sums of cash poured in so fast that I was forced to employ a full time bookkeeper and retain a corporation attorney, accountant and tax expert to help manage my prosperous financial affairs.

We had investments, property, stocks, money in the bank and can afford most anything we want. My family and I enjoyed our wealth and success. We were very proud of our accomplishments and it was our secret of making the right easy moves that made it all happen.

**THIS IS YOUR CHANCE  
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It's a better chance than I had. If you're really serious I'm willing to share my secret. Surely I can afford to give it to you free of charge, but I won't, why should I give you something for nothing? Instead I'm going to ask you to send me ten dollars for sharing my secret. What's more, I want you to know that I intend to make a fair profit

from the information I mail you, why not? If I can show you how to make more money than you ever made in your life why should you care if I make a profit? Remember what I'm giving you for only ten dollars cost me 12 years to master. Even more important you get certified and documented proof beyond the slightest doubt that my method can make a fortune, this is why I can offer you the strongest legally binding guarantee possible!! A guarantee so incredible that you'll probably think it sounds too good to be true.

**UNUSUAL \$1000  
GUARANTEE**

This is a legal and binding guarantee from me to you. The information I'll send you can actually put thousands of dollars in your pocket. But this is my pledge to you, after just 10 days if you don't agree my secret method is worth at least \$1000.00 in cash to you (one hundred times the ten dollars you pay) send it back and I'll rush a full refund, including your 8¢ postage. You take absolutely no-risk —not even the price of a stamp.

**GET READY TO GET RICH**

Every single day my method can bring you more cash. You'll never again need to borrow, budget or ask anyone for credit. You'll be proudly independent. You can enjoy those luxuries you've always dreamed about, but never could afford. Sound impossible? But it's not, you only need a serious belief in my proven method, very small capital and enough ambition to give it a try. Remember "nothing ventured nothing gained" and there's absolutely no way you can lose.

**JOIN THOUSANDS WHO ENJOY  
THE RICH GOOD LIFE:**

Ed K. says: "I never earned over one hundred dollars a week in my life until I

made 2 thousand dollars the first month using your money making method. I'm glad I took a chance." Sincerely, Ed K., N.Y. You can easily learn what I taught him and now his money worries are over, so why not take advantage of this rewarding opportunity. Any news of good fortune travels fast, already thousands of just average men and women have benefited from my concept, you will too. But I will not promise you'll make as much money as fast as I have, yet, it's possible you'll make a lot more even faster.

**YOU CAN LIVE HIGH ON THE HOG  
AND DO LESS WORK...**

I'll show you how to stop breaking your back to make ends meet and start using your head to get easy riches. If you're seriously fed up with being treated like a hard working stiff while others enjoy the rich good life, then don't pass up this opportunity—you risk absolutely nothing—not even the price of a stamp.

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Yes count me in on your \$1000 guarantee offer. I enclose \$10. Rush your proven easy money method. I understand that it has been officially certified, notorized and documented. If I don't agree it can actually put \$1000 or more in my pocket within 30 days I can return it for a full refund, including my 8¢ postage. There is no risk on my part.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....  
State..... Zip.....

(Continued from page 14)

Police cars and an ambulance arrived and Patrolman Ronald Reagan was taken to County General Hospital, where he was pronounced dead at 2:12 A.M. He had been shot four times, in the left forehead, left upper chest, left thigh and right hand.

The news of the policeman's death vibrated around Milwaukee and brought Police Chief Harold A. Breier and Deputy Inspector of Detectives Kenneth Marple to the scene. Marple took personal charge of the investigation, ordering up to 40 off-duty dayside policemen to join nightshift men in the hunt for the killers.

Reagan had a wife and two small children and had been on the force five years. His superior, Captain Glyn Fuglesang of the traffic bureau, commented: "We just lost a darn good man."

Marple was grim and determined as he surveyed the scene. "You are not going to kill a cop in this town and get away with it," he said, then ordered the vast force working on the case to shake down the town. They already had the general description of the three men with which to work.

"One of the men might have been wounded," an officer told his colleagues. "We can't be sure because Reagan's gun was taken."

Milwaukee police literally were tearing the town apart on Thursday, as the Waukesha County detectives came into the city trying to solve the murder of Mrs. Irene E. Schlise. While local officers were asking questions about three men with guns, the Waukesha

County detectives were checking on the people with whom Donald Schlise had been associating.

Veteran detectives took a number of men to police headquarters for questioning. In a small office, two detectives fired questions at a young man who had supplied important information in previous investigations.

"You know everyone who operates in that area," a detective said. "Come on ... open up. Three young guys, with guns, hitting a bar on W. Hadley at 1:30."

"Honest, I haven't any idea," the man insisted. "I haven't heard a thing."

Numerous informants had been quizzed, but, on Thursday night, Milwaukee police had no solid line on the cop killers.

The standing order was:

"Keep after it!"

On Friday, two policemen were quizzing an informant who made the rounds of taverns in the area. "I tell you I haven't heard a thing about the policeman being shot," he said. "But I did hear something a few days ago, you might like to hear. I heard a man in a tavern say he had been hired by a white man to kill his wife."

The Reagan case was put aside for the moment, as the officers' asked for details. Later that day, a call was made to the sheriff's office in Waukesha.

"... All we got is that nickname," the Milwaukee detective related. "From what the man said, it could fit your case."

Captain Jenkins conferred with a group of his detectives and they worked throughout the night. On Saturday

morning, they escorted Donald A. Schlise into the sheriff's office.

The real estate salesman was told that the murder of his wife was unsolved and they wanted him to take a polygraph test. Schlise voiced no objection and two detectives took him to Madison, where a state polygraph expert administered a test.

When the detectives returned to Waukesha County, they did not take Schlise home. Instead, he was placed in jail. More meetings with the real estate salesman followed and District Attorney Richard B. McConnell sat in.

A call was made to police in Milwaukee and they were thanked for the tip as well as asked for more help. They were given some details of a fresh statement made by Donald Schlise, in which two Milwaukee men were involved.

"He gave up a couple of nicknames," the Waukesha County detective related. "Said he met them in a tavern at Teutonia and North Avenues. There was a man of average size who went by the name of Sammy Joe. And there was one who was huge, about 6 foot 5 and 250 pounds, who was called Slim."

"We'll get right on it," the Milwaukee lawman assured him.

**T**WO men were arrested in Milwaukee over the weekend and, on Monday, December 17, Donald A. Schlise was charged in Waukesha County Court with being a party to the crime of first degree murder. County Court Judge William G. Callow set his bail at \$50,000.

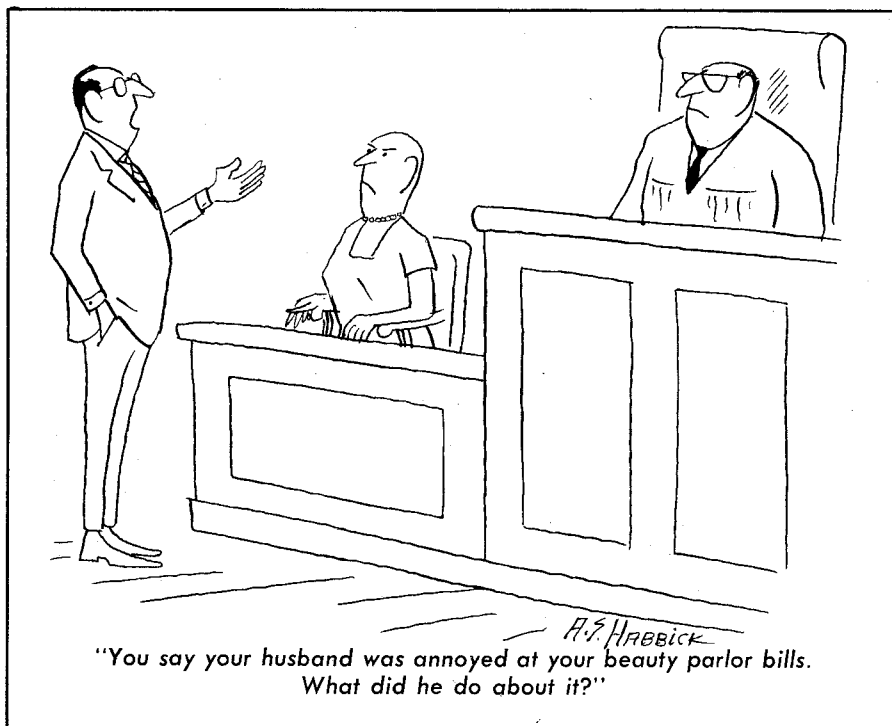
District Attorney McConnell announced that Schlise had made a statement involving himself and two other men in the murder of his wife. He quoted Schlise as saying he had been thinking about killing his wife for the past year.

"By that, I mean she has been so difficult to get along with and has made life so impossible for myself and the children that I decided, about a year ago, to do away with her," the district attorney quoted.

Schlise stated that, last June or July, he met a black man in a north side Milwaukee tavern and talked to him about getting someone to kill his wife. Also, he had paid him \$700 to introduce him to a man known as Slim, McConnell related.

Slim then had introduced his partner to Schlise. The partner was known as Sammy Joe. There had been discussions on how the killing was to be done and, about 5 P.M. on December 4, they had driven to the Schlise home, the confession stated.

(Continued on page 54)



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Scientific tests prove isokinetics 166% better than weights, 390% better than isometrics, for putting muscle on you!

For building your muscle, your strength, your body, your explosive power . . . *discover what ISOKINETICS does for you!* Until Powerex was perfected . . . at a price anyone can afford . . . Isokinetic Muscle Building was available only to those who could afford exercisers costing \$120 to \$5000. Now find out what Isokinetics can do for you . . . test the remarkable Powerex for 14 days at no risk to you.

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ercise to give you fastest possible muscular development.

Powerex is compact, weighs less than two pounds. Take it anywhere you go. Exercise daily, anywhere. You never have to interrupt your body building program.

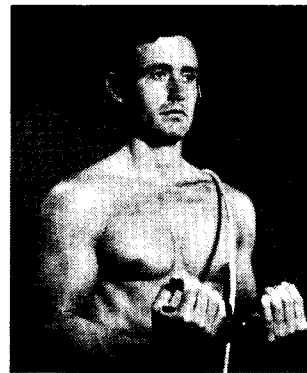
Powerex builds your muscles completely, thru the full range of movement. It works every small muscle fiber to its peak. Not the "grunt and groan" static results from some isometric gadget, but full and total muscular development. This is the building power of Isokinetics.

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Powerex is 100% guaranteed for a full year. Try it, use it, compare it with any other exerciser or system. If you are not satisfied with your Powerex for any reason at all, send it back within 14 days of receipt for an immediate refund of your money . . . no questions asked.

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Isokinetics	47.2%
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Another group of researchers stated that all published research matching isokinetics with weight training and isometrics showed that isokinetics is greatly superior for muscle building.

"I am a weight lifter of eight years. However, after using the Powerex just once, I sold all of my weights!" James Hinson Jr., NC.

"Gained 20 lbs., increased arms 2½ inches, chest 3 inches, reduced waist 2 inches. Look and feel a lot better!" Joseph Moreno, CA.

"Before, I was known as a singles hitter. This past season I was a home run hitter and I credit Powerex with this!" T. J., AL.

"I reduced my waist 3", increased my arms 1½ inches, chest 2½ inches. Powerex has been the greatest!" D. Owens, MA.

"You aren't just another rip-off company . . . you back what you say!" T. Roecklin, WI.

"Easy to use, easy to store! Good program, no frustrations or unnecessary holdups as with a weight program!" J. Hanna, PA.

"In the short time I have been using the Powerex, I have put over an inch on my arms, 2 inches on my chest, and gained 21 lbs.!" Scott Carterette, CA.

"After only two weeks, I am dead-lifting 450 lbs., bench pressing 240 lbs., and squatting with 400 lbs. I'm glad that I invested the \$13.95!" Richard Ozer, MT.

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Instead of my enclosing payment, please charge my ( ) Master Charge or

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**POWEREX**

Room E-34, 330K South Kellogg, Goleta CA 93017

# ON THE RECORD

Address: The Editor,  
Inside Detective,  
1 Dag Hammarskjold Plaza,  
New York, N.Y. 10017

## PAPER CHASE

The interesting series of cases in Mobile, Ala. (*Chilling Trail of a Hot .32*, February *INSIDE*, 1974), apparently was solved because the police kept good ballistics records. Indeed, as I read your magazines month after month, I am more and more struck by



how much record keeping—that is tracking M.O.s and past histories—leads to the solution of crimes. Really, my picture of the detective is changing from a dashing figure, as in television, to a file clerk who moves around a lot. I can imagine the detective headquarters as rows and rows of files with rows and rows of officers going through them. Carbon paper was probably the best thing to happen to police work since Sherlock Holmes found his magnifying glass.

—Jill Sutherland, Miami, Fla.

## BRITISH DETECTIVE

I thought you might like to know, we can buy your two magazines regularly here in England. A long way from New York. Your magazines are superb value for the money, much better written than some others, packed with stories—up to ten—and I appreciate the bonus features, in addition—On the Record, Crosswords, etc.—very good indeed.

As to the crime world, I am constantly appalled and astounded by what's happening, not only in the USA, of course, but all over the world. From a close study, over a period of time, I see certain factors coming up all of the time. The question is, what will ever be done to reverse this crime trend? This is in addition to all of the other types of crime that don't come under your study.

The gravest factors are: Reckless use and tolerance of guns (guns are no-

where near as tolerated in Britain as in the USA); hippies, etc., wandering without visible means of support all the way over the country; stolen cars; girls (and children and, in fact, all) hitchhikers. They are an absolute menace, both to themselves and to the people giving them lifts. Drinking and drugs cause huge misery, apart from figuring in murder, etc., they break up countless homes. Also, far too many people are too trusting with total strangers...

I am fascinated by all the background details you print: names, places and maps, etc. . . . I am only too sorry for all the victims of crime.

—Mr. F. H. Moss, Brentford, England

## COOL IN CRISIS

I have nothing but admiration for the Wegscheid family who, when their home was invaded by killers on the run (*We'll Trade You Six Lives for Two*, February *INSIDE*, 1974), kept their cool and saved their own lives. By not panicking, by holding themselves together and not doing anything stupid, they came out of a potentially deadly situation alive and well. More than that, by their very clever escape, they helped authorities capture the wanted men. I could not help but wonder what my own reaction would have been in that situation, as I had to watch my wife and children under the power of a killer. I hope I would be able to be just as cool as was Mr. Wegscheid, because I have a feeling that if the killers had come across a



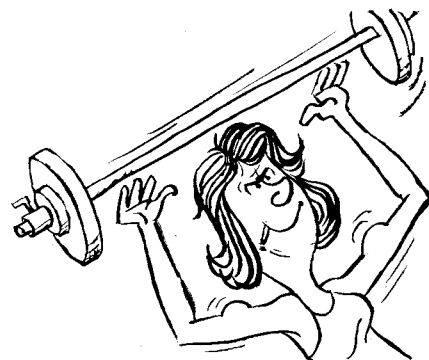
man so frightened and shaken that he could not act normally, lives would have been lost. They all acted magnificently; I know the whole family must have been trembling inside.

—John Atlee, Cleveland, Ohio

## ANYTHING YOU CAN DO

Those girls allegedly involved in the death of Sandra Jones (*When the Beating Stopped, the Strangling Began*, February *INSIDE*, 1974) are absolutely

amazing. But that's no compliment; why do they try so hard to be tough? Why would any woman want to be like that? I suppose that it is a prejudice on my part to think that men



have a monopoly on violence, when cases like this make it clear that women can be just as rough and brutal. Still, it does seem to me that women do go in for a less brutal type of crime than do men. I mean, when a crime is very violent you assume a man has done it. One thinks of poisoning or small caliber guns when one thinks of women. But the girls in your article, well, you could imagine them doing anything and warming up for it by lifting weights or boxing a few rounds.

—Mary Copeland, Boston, Mass.

## GIVE US DEATH

As a regular reader of *Inside* and *Front Page Detective*, I look forward to finding them on the newsstands every month and always find myself shocked, angered and amazed how trusting young girls and women are, as in *A Nightmare That Turned Into a Miracle*, (January *INSIDE*, 1974). When those two "punks" . . . showed up in the parking lot to "help them" (the two sisters) with their car, they should have run for their lives. Instead, the youngest girl, only 11 years old, was tossed to her death; the 18 year old raped, strangled and left for dead.

I certainly agree with the state of Wyoming and particularly Shirley Chrobak of Pittsburgh, Pa. (*On the Record*, December *INSIDE*, 1973), who states that we need to have the death penalty reinstated all over the country. We don't need people like Charles Manson, Sirhan Sirhan, Richard Speck and so many others, but the United States Supreme Court seems to think we do. Too bad that they are supposed to be brilliant men—sometimes I wonder if they read newspapers and magazines and realize what's going on around us. I notice your writers "needle" them every chance they get. Keep up the good work and we law-abiding citizens will reward you . . .

—Abe Hudkins, Bridgeport, W. Va.

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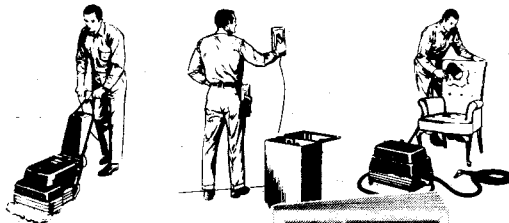
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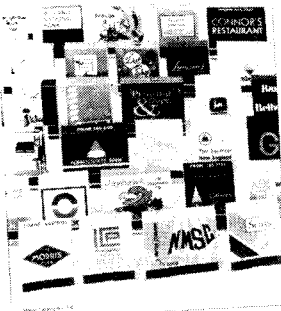
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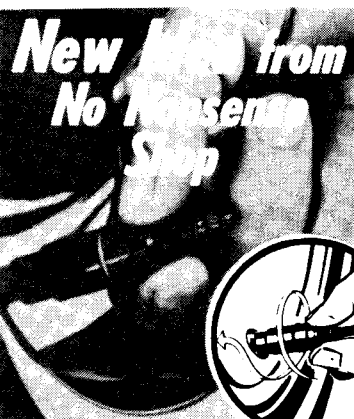


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# IN AT THE FINISH

Charged with running down three children in his car and killing two of them (*I Begged Him Not to Take Her*, November INSIDE, 1973), **Raymond A. McMahon** had pleaded guilty and then asked for the right to seek the death sentence. Instead, he was sentenced to life in prison and sent to a mental hospital for treatment as a sex offender before starting sentence. Police subsequently reported that McMahon successfully escaped from the hospital, but was recaptured within 24 hours. Using a key which, according to authorities, had been left behind by three inmates who escaped a week earlier, McMahon evidently slipped out during a fight staged as a diversion on his behalf. The flight evidently was triggered by a farewell letter from one of McMahon's wives. Though never convicted for bigamy, McMahon claimed to have had two spouses, both living in Florida. He was recaptured while he was making a telephone call in a public booth by police officers.

Being at least partially recovered from a suicide attempt and having waived extradition from Washington, former United Mine Workers President **W. A. (Tony) Boyle** pleaded not guilty to having ordered the deaths of UMW insurgent **Joseph "Jock" Yablonski** and his wife and daughter (*Stalked By Doom*, December INSIDE, 1970). Clad in pajamas and robe, Boyle sat in a wheel-chair all through the arraignment. January 28 was set as a trial date, but observers expected that pre-trial motions would delay the proceedings against the ninth person charged in connection with the Yablonski slayings. Following the arraignment, Boyle was taken to a Springfield, Mo., federal prison, where he is serving three years for misusing union funds.

After three and one-half hours of deliberation, a St. Louis, Mo., jury found **Mrs. Mary Lou Rocha** guilty of contracting for the death of her husband, **Juan** (*Take in a Welcome Mat—Get Out a Shotgun*, September INSIDE, 1973) and the presiding judge sentenced her to life in prison. **Juan Rocha** was found dead in front of his own home and police traced the killing to **George Waller**, his son-in-law, and another area person, a juvenile. Waller then recounted how Mrs. Rocha had come to him to ask him to find some one to kill her husband who had been beating her and mistreating the children. Waller hired the 17 year old for

\$300, which, according to testimony, never was paid. Both men still are awaiting trial and the juvenile offender is undergoing psychiatric examination.

Already sentenced to life in prison for her part in the murder of two Delaware state troopers (*Bonnie and Clyde Have Come Back to Haunt Us*, April INSIDE, 1972), **Mrs. Marilyn Dobrolenski** has been sentenced to an additional 30 years on charges of robbery of a Delaware motel in 1972. It was during the getaway from that robbery that Mrs. Dobrolenski and her partner,



**MARILYN DOBROLENSKI**  
Thirty years added to her life

**Irving Hogg**, killed the two officers who gave chase. Hogg also was slain during the shootout. It was stipulated that the sentence of the 20-year-old blonde from Toledo, Ohio, would run consecutively with her previous sentence of life in prison.

A Fort Monroe, Va., soldier accused of the murder of a 70-year-old neighbor (*Case of the Garrulous Giggler*, January INSIDE, 1974) was found not guilty by reason of insanity after a jury-waived trial in the Hampton Circuit Court. Three psychiatrists had ruled that **Jack Paul Reali** is "seriously ill, needs prolonged treatment and is a danger to himself and others" before

the judge ordered the man held for what is expected to be a long confinement. Doctors traced Reali's condition back to his childhood, citing the fact that he had been institutionalized before, after attacks on his father and grandfather. He was arrested for the **Nicholson** slaying after the man's body was found in Reali's apartment. Officials who questioned Reali after arrest said the 25-year-old soldier was cooperative and spoke of as many as 14 others he might have killed before his arrest.

A special grand jury of 19 men and three women heard an hour and a-half of evidence before indicting **Robert M. Wilson**, **Richard L. Devlin** and **Carmine R. Gagliardi**, all Walpole Prison, Mass., inmates, on a charge of conspiring to murder **Albert DeSalvo**, the self-confessed "Boston Strangler" (*Bailey and the "Boston Strangler"*, April INSIDE, 1967), who was found dead in his cell of 16 stab wounds. All three suspects stood mute and the court ordered innocent pleas entered in their behalf. Devlin is serving a 20-year term for the 1971 shooting of **John James Rooney**. He also was indicted in the killing of **Barbara Lee Courtenay** (*They'll Never Identify Her—She's Straight*, April FRONT PAGE, 1973), but the charge eventually was nol prossed. **Carmine Gagliardi** is doing life for a murder committed in Medford, Mass., in 1969 and **Wilson** is in for seven years as an accessory after the fact of murder in connection with a **Dorchester** slaying. Meanwhile, the brother of **Albert DeSalvo** has filed for the undetermined amount of money left by the convict. Unofficially, it was estimated that it might be as much as \$75,000 in royalties from books and movies about his life. **DeSalvo** never made out a will and an effort will be made to find other close relatives of the murdered man.

## CORRECTION

In the March, 1974, issue of **INSIDE DETECTIVE**, an item in *In at the Finish* concerning the disposition of the cases involving the death of **Abe Schwartz** in Las Vegas, Nev. (*From Rags to Riches to Requiems*, February INSIDE, 1973), and the deaths of **Edith** and **Harry Rosen** in Los Angeles, Cal., inadvertently implied that **Arthur Jaynes**, who was indicted and found guilty in connection with the **Rosen** case, also was involved in the **Schwartz** case. **Mr. Jaynes** never was reported to have had any connection with the death of **Mr. Schwartz** and was not indicted for any crime linked to it.

Straight talk from Brainerd L. Mellinger, Pres., The Mellinger Co.

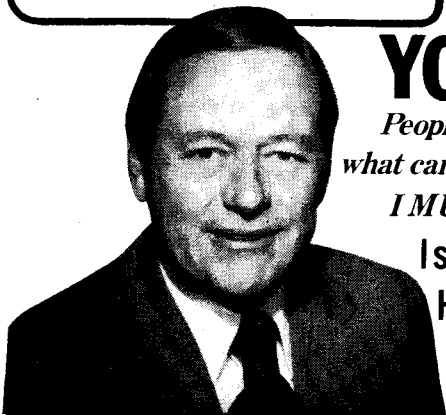
A vitally important personal message for the ambitious beginner thinking about going into a home business . . .

# BEWARE of TRICKS and TRAPS that LOSE YOUR HARD EARNED MONEY

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**Brainerd L. Mellinger**  
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I started a home business in my garage with less than \$100. In a few years I built a firm worth millions. I have invented a plan for ambitious men and women to start a profitable Home Import/Mail Order business without product investment. Read about my Plan without risk. Mail coupon now for free report.

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My whole purpose here is to help you avoid the Tricks and Traps awaiting the unwary beginner who wants to start in business. Your home business can bring great income and satisfaction. But these snares offered by cruel promoters could drain away your money before you even get started. My 30 years of success in Mail Order and world-wide importing equip me to steer you clear of these traps:

caught - ask point blank: "IF THE DEAL IS SO GOOD WHY NOT MAIL THE CATALOGS YOURSELF AND KEEP ALL THE PROFITS?"

### TRAP 3: THE FLASH IN THE PAN.

I didn't learn what I know about World Trade and Mail Order from one or two isolated promotions . . . or from books. I got to be a millionaire the hard way, with one success after another. Beware the expert who leads you to financial disaster basing everything on one flash in the pan success. Investigate those who are going to help you. Deal with long-time winners; you'll make more money.

Steer clear of costly traps . . . see how my proved Mellinger Plan starts you fast to big profits!

Backed by over 30 year's experience, I show you exactly how to start your own home Import Business and how to get into Mail Order the way I did. I'll show you how to buy below wholesale - direct - in small quantities. You can make your first import transaction 10 minutes after my Plan reaches you. My staff and I travel the world searching for dazzling new import money makers you can buy overseas at secret below wholesale prices. You get membership in International Traders - putting you in direct contact with suppliers. Deal in exciting bargains for yourself or for profit . . . cutting out all middlemen. You need no experience and no product investment. Operate anywhere. Age no barrier. My report, "How to Import and Export" explains everything. Report is FREE . . . rush coupon. No obligation. No salesman will call. Air-mail reaches me overnight.

### TRAP 1: PAY FOR PRIVILEGE OF "BUYING WHOLESALE".

I wonder how anybody falls for this. But some do. The TRAP is set by the promoter who wants to charge you \$100 or more for the dubious "privilege" of buying wholesale from him. This is silly. In towns everywhere fine wholesalers welcome your business free . . . no fat fees to pay. Some promoters even "guarantee lowest below wholesale prices". Their "guarantee is so restrictive as to change the meaning. Wholesalers can't sell BELOW wholesale . . . or they'd quickly be out of business. The only way to Buy Below Wholesale is to buy where wholesalers themselves buy . . . importing products direct from overseas. I show you how to deal with overseas suppliers DIRECT . . . avoid middlemen.

### TRAP 2: THE CATALOG DEAL.

Beginners come to me constantly for advice, sadly hoodwinked out of their money by "Mail Order Catalog Sellers". These offers want you to "buy a few thousand" of the promoter's printed catalog, then buy his mailing list, mail out the catalogs and wait for orders. The promoter promises to drop ship orders (if any) for you. But the orders don't come in. Don't get

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Searchers used fishing nets to drag Strunk Lake after portions of corpses of the Hoyts (opp. page) started to turn up in the water.

## *The disappearance of the farm couple set off a massive search that led to the discovery of two butchered bodies and shocking revelations*

by PRIEST COLLINS

McCOOK, NEB., JANUARY 15, 1974

■ It was mid-August when the signs first appeared on fence posts and highway markers in Red Willow and Hitchcock Counties, Neb. Obscene and crudely drawn, they shared one other characteristic as well. Every one of them bore a defamation of the character of Mrs. Rita Weaver, an accusation that she was carrying on affairs with a variety of local men.

Mrs. Weaver, a resident of the Red Willow County seat of McCook, visited the local sheriff's office to discuss the matter. The 30-year-old divorcee, an attractive blonde, lived with her two children in the town of 10,000, and

was employed in the office of a local construction firm. Mrs. Weaver told deputies that a number of the obscene signs had been scrawled on the side of her house. What's more, someone had sprayed defoliant on her lawn and shrubs, denuding the land of vegetation.

In late August, Mrs. Weaver's friends and relatives painted over the obscene signs on her home. Many of them had offered their help to the young woman as a favor to her father, Edwin Hoyt.

Hoyt owned a farm in neighboring Hitchcock County, where he raised cattle and wheat. He also had a job as a

plumber in McCook and his wife managed the linen department in a McCook store. Their five children were grown and living away from home.

Edwin Hoyt also picked up a brush and painted over the crude signs. On one occasion, he did not have very far to go. One was on his mailbox.

Early in September of 1973, Edwin Hoyt and his wife took a trip to Germany to visit a son stationed there with the Army.

The Hoyts returned home on Thursday, September 20. On Sunday, three days later, the couple discussed their trip at a family dinner.

**SEX OVERTONES FOUND IN DISMEMBERMENT SLAYINGS**

# *Fish For the Rest of Ed and Wilma*



Heavy rains hit southwest Nebraska on Monday morning. Country roads became muddy, slowing rural traffic. And late in the morning, when Edwin Hoyt failed to appear at his job and Mrs. Wilma Mae Hoyt did not show up behind the counter in the McCook store's linen department, some folks thought the rain had kept them at their farm.

The news that Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt had not shown up at their jobs reached their relatives in and around McCook later in the day. Calls were made to the Hoyt farmhouse, but there was no answer. Next, relatives of the Hoyts

began calling each other and, finally, they met for a trip to the farmhouse.

The Hoyt home was situated on Route 17, a country road located a few miles south of the town of Culbertson in eastern Hancock County. The first thing relatives noticed at the homestead was that the Hoyt car was not in the driveway, farmyard or the garage.

Entering the house, the relatives found dirty dinner dishes on the table and the moldy remains of some muskmelon on a TV tray in the living room. The couple's bed had been turned back, but had not been slept in.

Hitchcock County Sheriff Dick League, informed of the relatives' discovery, hurried from his office in Trenton to the Hoyt home on Highway 17, 1½ miles west of the old Stone Church, south of Culbertson. By the time the sheriff and a deputy arrived, it had been determined that neither the Hoyts nor their car had been involved in an accident reported so far in Nebraska or Kansas.

The officers looked around the house, but found no signs of trouble, no indication of a struggle.

"Maybe they took off on a trip," the deputy suggested speculatively.

continued on next page



seen, that their car was found in front of St. Catherine's Hospital in McCook. When officers opened the doors and trunk of the locked vehicle, they found nothing of interest.

Inquiries in the area failed to turn up witnesses who had seen anyone in the vehicle. The investigators were unable to determine how long the car had been parked in front of the hospital.

State investigators from several Nebraska cities were sent to McCook to work on the case. Lieutenant Jack Sexton, from the patrol office in North Platte, conferred with Hitchcock and Red Willow County officers and interviewed relatives of the missing couple.

He learned that Edwin B. Hoyt, 56, was born on a farm southwest of McCook and had attended grade school in Red Willow County and in McCook. Active in high school sports, he was an all-conference guard on the football team in his senior year. He had attended Barnes Business College in Denver before returning to his father's farm.

Wilma Mae Joy Cook, 57, was born in Culbertson and attended school there. After graduating from high school, she had gone to work for the local telephone company.

The couple was married on June 7, 1938, and, soon after, moved to the farm south of Culbertson, spending their winters in Culbertson so the children could attend school. In 1953, they moved south of McCook and, after their children graduated from high school, they moved back to the farm.

Edwin Hoyt was a member of the

## FISH FOR THE REST OF ED AND WILMA continued

"They just came back from Europe on Thursday," a relative said. "We saw them yesterday afternoon. They didn't mention going anyplace. And here's her arthritis medicine. She wouldn't go anywhere without it."

The sheriff obtained a description of the Hoyts' car, a 1971 Plymouth Fury, olive green with a white top, bearing Nebraska license plate "67-C88." He transmitted it to police agencies throughout Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado, accompanied by word that the Hitchcock County sheriff's department was seeking information on the whereabouts of Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt.

Deputies, meanwhile, began a search

of the narrow, muddy roads in Hitchcock and neighboring counties, traveling in cars, on horseback and on foot. Nebraska highway patrol officers also joined the search and airplanes were brought into service. The aerial observation first was concentrated in the area of Culbertson, but an expanded search also failed to produce a lead.

"The men flew as far west as Swanson Lake," an officer told a group of relatives. "They went east to Indianola, south to Highway 36 in Kansas and north to Hugo Butler Lake. No sign of them or the car."

It was not before Thursday, four days after the Hoyts last had been



Obscenities were painted out on vanished pair's mailbox at their home (↑). To ace private investigator Sawdon (R) went the credit for big role in probe.



Order of Master Masons Lodge No. 174, Culbertson, and the York Rite Bodies in McCook. Both Hoyts were members of Eureka Chapter No. 86, Order of Eastern Star in McCook, and were active in the United Methodist Church in Culbertson. They had worked for many years in the Stone Church south of Culbertson, where Edwin Hoyt served as secretary-treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt were known for their devotion to their five children and 12 grandchildren. Mrs. Hoyt wore a special ring containing five birthstones denoting the months in which her children were born.

**A**FTER his interview with the couple's relatives, Sexton went over the information in the sheriff's office in McCook.

"They sure don't sound like the kind of people to get in trouble," a deputy said. "Good, solid, respectable folks. Devoted to their family. Hard workers. That's what we all thought, even when the signs started showing up."

"We never could figure the signs out," another deputy said. "But maybe they're connected with the disappearance."

The signs had appeared spread over a wide area. After looking them over, authorities had been of the opinion that more than one person had been involved in painting them.

"Whoever painted those signs is obviously twisted inside," a deputy said.

"But how could they be connected with Hoyts' disappearance," an officer asked.

"Well, they came back from the European trip last Thursday. They might have decided to bear down and try and find out who was behind those signs. Maybe they found out... caught someone in the act, or confronted someone they had suspicions about. That could have led to bigger trouble."

The news of the Hoyts' mysterious disappearance coming on the heels of the hideous signs, was causing a lot of talk in the area. Relatives of the missing couple ran ads in local newspapers requesting help in their search. People were asked to check abandoned buildings, vacant property and any areas restricted in visibility from roads. The public was assured that any information received would be kept in strictest confidence.

The owner of a beauty shop in McCook responded to the plea by stating that Mrs. Hoyt had called her shortly before 9 A.M. the previous Monday. She said that the woman had requested an appointment for the next Saturday.

Investigators who felt the Hoyts had

encountered foul play on Sunday night had difficulty trying to fit the phone call into the picture.

"They left their house early that night," a deputy said. "The house hadn't been cleaned and the bed hadn't been slept in. I think that beauty parlor operator is mistaken."

On Wednesday, October 3, parts of a human body were found in Frontier County, which adjoins Red Willow County to the north. The discovery was made on the southwest shore of Harry Strunk Lake, near Medicine Creek Dam, about 25 miles northeast of McCook. Officers from Red Willow and Hitchcock Counties drove to the scene, where Frontier County Sheriff Lanny Roblee and County Attorney F. J. Schroeder were waiting for them to arrive.

"The body must have been thrown in the water and washed ashore," a deputy suggested. "These hands look like a woman's."

One of the hands bore a ring set with five birthstones.

"Just like the ring Mrs. Hoyt was reported to wear," Schroeder noted.

As the investigators discussed plans to search the lake and shoreline, the highway patrol was instructed to set up a special investigation office in McCook. Meanwhile, pieces of the body were taken to a mortuary in Cambridge, 10 miles from the lake.

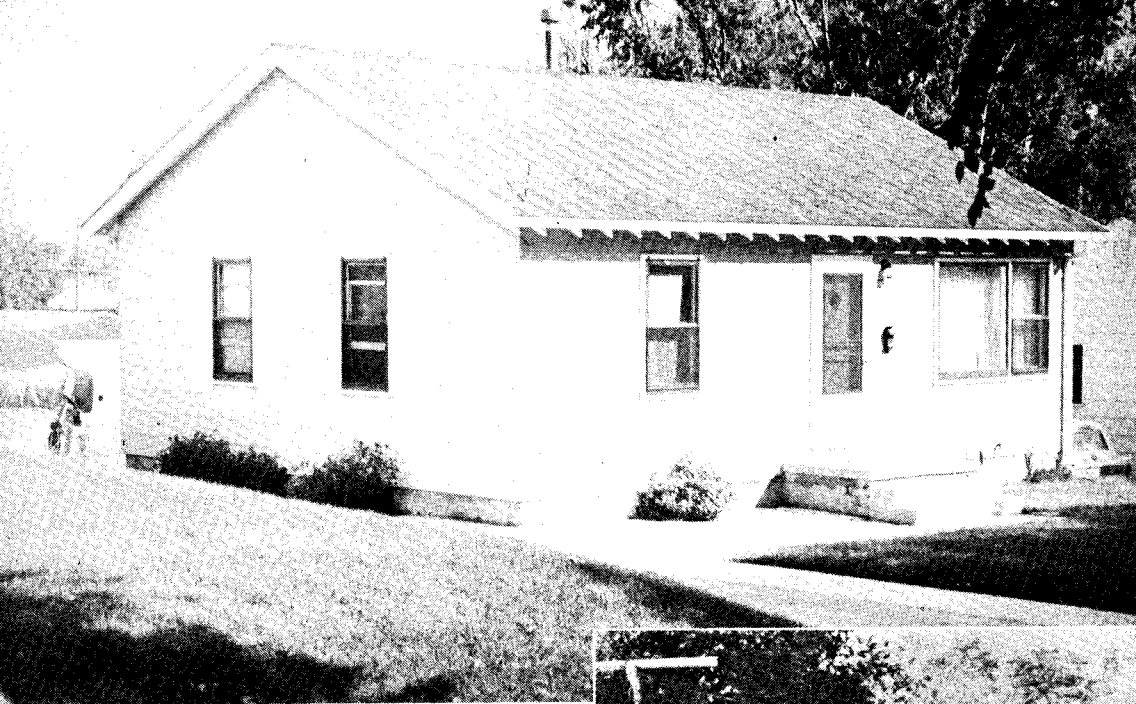
News of the gruesome find at the lake sent a chill of fear through the countryside. At once, a rush began on handgun supplies. One storekeeper reported that most of his sales were to older couples, none of whom indicated their reasons for buying the firearms.

The investigators were joined by Robert J. Sawdon of Lincoln, a private eye. The former inspector with the Lincoln police department had been hired by the Hoyt family.

Although authorities declined to state if there had been a definite identification of the victim, they did report that the distinctive ring had been identified as Mrs. Hoyt's. A total of nine sections of the body was found on Wednesday.

Lieutenant Lynn Parks, a state patrol investigator from Lincoln—accompanied

continued on next page



*Nokes home (L) and the area around it, as well as a boat on the grounds, were searched by police, including Sheriff Roblee (front, below) and state patrol investigator Don Grieb.*

**FISH FOR THE REST OF ED AND WILMA** *continued*

by Jack Sexton, the investigator from North Platte who had been working on the missing person case for about a week—interviewed a number of people that night in their headquarters in McCook. On Thursday morning, a large force of officers moved along the shoreline of Harry Strunk Lake. Helicopters and land rovers were brought in to search the surrounding countryside.

No plans were made that day for dragging the lake. Sheriff Roblee told newsmen that the water was murky from recent rains.

“We’ll go by the lake’s currents and the wind as much as we can,” he said.

On Friday, two more parts of a human body washed ashore on the north end of the lake. A pathologist from North Platte was brought to Cambridge to begin an examination.

While gossip circulated through the area, reports were published that authorities were checking into the possibility that two escapees from a jail in Cheyenne, Wyo., were involved in the case. The two men, it was said, could have passed through the McCook area before their arrest, September 25, in Hays, Kans.

Employees of the Nebraska Game Commission joined deputies and state troopers searching the lake under the command of Sheriff Roblee. In McCook, the interrogation and investigation was being pursued by four state police investigators—Lieutenants Criebe, Sexton and Parks and Sergeant Merle Davis—all working intently.



Two more parts of the body were recovered over the weekend. And, on Monday, the 13 recovered sections were brought to North Platte for examination. It was reported that the pathologist was trying to determine whether they belonged to one or more persons at that point in the probe.

As the search continued around the lake, Sheriff Roblee sent officers to check abandoned farmhouses and barns. The state patrol’s mobile crime lab was stationed at the office in McCook, ready to move if the slaughter site was discovered.

As citizens of the rural counties

awaited official reports, they continued to hear rumors which officers refused to confirm or deny. One story had it established that three arms had been found, indicating at least two murder victims.

On Thursday night, October 11, state investigators picked up a McCook couple for questioning. A search warrant later was obtained for their home.

The couple remained in custody in McCook for several days and then was moved to an undisclosed location. County Attorney Schroeder indicated that they were cooperating with police

by remaining in custody since no charges had been filed and officials "essentially have no power" to hold them.

Schroeder denied that fears for the safety of the couple had prompted their removal from the McCook area. However, it was reported that after a search of their home, articles were sent to the state crime laboratory in Lincoln for analysis.

It was apparent that investigators were somewhat confused as to where they stood in the case when they requested advice from Nebraska Attor-

ney General Clarence Meyer. There were reports that authorities still were interested in the couple held in custody, but were undecided as to what to do about them.

The search of the lake continued, meanwhile, with Game and Parks Commission employees utilizing a 1500 foot seine. Although the seine's 16-foot draft could not reach bottom in deep areas of the lake, searchers theorized that some body parts could be floating "in limbo" beneath the lake surface.

On October 22, 11 days after they were taken into custody, the couple was released and returned to McCook.

"That means the law hasn't come up with much," a man said to a group gathered in front of the courthouse in McCook. "They held them all that time, searched their house, and now they're back at work."

"I know that couple," another said. "They're nice people and have responsible jobs and also have two children at the university. It knocked me for a loop. What could they have to do with all this?"

In McCook, the manager of the department store where Mrs. Hoyt was employed, said: "She was a fine person and everyone liked her. Both of them were the kind you would never expect anything like this to happen to. Anytime you (Continued on page 66)



Frontier County Attorney Schroeder (L, above) showed strain of a taxing case as he held press conference to reveal arrest of Ena (↑) and her husband (R, in cuffs, with sheriff).



# Peggy Jo Wouldn't Yelling Stop

Fear had driven him to murder, a suspect said, but it was a fear sparked by the memory of an earlier attack on a female

by JAY WILLIAMS

TONAWANDA, N.Y., DECEMBER 27, 1973

■ Ever since Daisy was a pup and her master a young man, it had been a matter of perpetual disagreement among residents on the east side of Tonawanda, N.Y., as to exactly which of the pair took the other on their daily walks. With clock-like regularity, the twosome could be seen lurching off in the direction of nearby Sheridan Park each morning and evening. About half an hour later, they would return to view racing for home. On occasion, Daisy's master was in the lead. But more often than not it was the dog that would be three paces closer to the house than the winded biped galloping behind him.

Unless, as some of the neighbors suspected, the man lived in absolute fear of his pet, he seemed to enjoy caring for his dog. Not a single one of the animal's caprices was too demanding for him to endure. When he was not letting the animal drag him across a field or through a patch of woods, he often would stand uncomplaining for endless minutes in a driving rain or even a snowstorm while Daisy staked out a favorite piece of the landscape as her own, or flirted with an unleashed stranger.

Daisy and her master were out of the starting gate and racing toward their favorite field near the Tonawanda Incinerator at the usual hour early on the Saturday evening of June 9, 1973. Few of the neighbors paid any attention to the familiar sight as the animal led the man to the East Park Drive area north of the Youngman Memorial Highway.

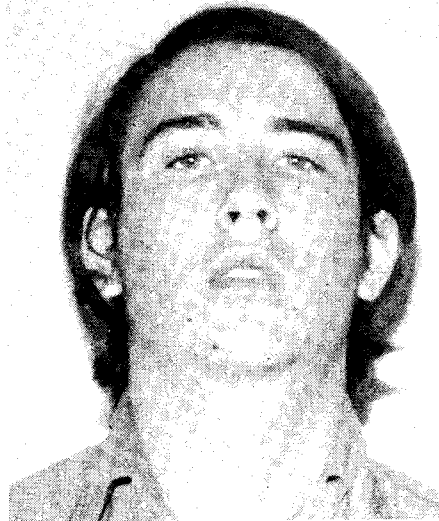
At the field, a vast acreage covered by dense underbrush punctuated by fine stands of hardwood trees, Daisy slowed to a walk. Whether the animal was showing a kindness to its master, or merely waiting for its second wind, was of no concern to the man. Over the years, he had gotten used to this momentary break in their competition and it had become his favorite part of their outings. So, it was with a feeling of betrayal that he held on for dear life as Daisy bolted and headed back into the brush as rapidly as her legs would carry her.

There was no use in trying to stop, or even slow, the dog. They were running too fast for the man to anchor his feet to the ground and draw back against the animal and it was even further out of the question to try to stop her merely by tugging hard at

the leash. All he could do was follow and let his pet drag him on, or drop the leash and wait for Daisy to return to his side when her explorations were at an end.

The second alternative appealed most to him and so the leash already was slipping from his hand when he suddenly saw what it was that had driven his dog into a near frenzy of excitement. Summoning a strength he never had suspected existed within him, he snapped back hard at the strap and stopped the animal in its tracks. Then, struggling for every breath, he proceeded cautiously forward.

He was certain that if he had arrived at the site weeks earlier, he would



*Panic had grabbed him, still it was another who paid the price for it.*

have been gazing at the remains of a teenaged girl. But the hot late spring weather had been cruel to the corpse in the faded dungarees and blue sweater with white stripes, making it difficult to determine exactly who, or what, it might have been in life. All he could be certain of was that his discovery was a matter for the police.

The Tonawanda officers who arrived within the hour began their investigation with a comprehensive examination of the scene. The girl evidently had been dead for some time and, from the looks of things, brutally murdered. Most of her garments had been shredded in a manner that pointed to human rage, rather than the elements, as the culprit. Certainly, there was no other way to account for the fragments of her underwear that had been crammed down her throat so forcefully.

Lying near the corpse was a bag of groceries. But the effects of the weather, or the cleverness of her killer, or a combination of the two, effectively had eliminated any other evidence from the scene. And so, after the remains were photographed where they had been found, the Tonawanda investigators retreated to headquarters to plan the difficult probe that lay ahead of them.

The first matter of business, of course, was to have the dead girl identified. With so much of her body destroyed by the effects of time and heat, it seemed best to start with a comparison of her teeth with the dental records on file for a number of local girls recently reported missing. When that task was completed, a post mortem examination could be performed by the Erie County medical examiner's office. But identifying the girl came first.

The Tonawanda investigators were confident that the teenager would be named quickly. Most of them were certain that they already knew exactly who she was—and they would be proven correct within a matter of hours.

A little more than a month earlier, at 9:30 on the Tuesday evening of May 15, a Lardner Court, Tonawanda, resident had phoned police to report that his 17-year-old daughter, Peggy Jo Bowers, was more than three hours late from a shopping trip to the B-Kwik supermarket on Ensminger Road between Sheridan and East Park Drives. He described the attractive Kenmore West High School student as 4 feet, 11 inches tall, 115 pounds, with brown hair and eyes. When she left home at about 6 o'clock, she had been wearing a pair of faded blue jeans and a blue sweater with white stripes.

From additional interviews with Peggy Jo's relatives, police concluded that the teenager's disappearance was more serious than a childish lark, or a foolish attempt to escape the responsibilities of impending womanhood. A distinctly sinister quality had lent itself to the girl's vanishing act and the investigators suspected at once that she had met with trouble.

Backtracking Peggy Jo's last known whereabouts, detectives learned that the popular high school student had made it to the neighborhood supermarket. There, she had purchased a box of cereal, a loaf of bread and a package of typing paper. And there, too, the trail (*Continued on page 72*)





# P.J. and BUDDY'S LAST HIKE HOME

BY WILLIAM BEESON

SCRANTON, PA., JANUARY 9, 1974

■ The street seemed strangely empty and quiet. It was the 3000 block of Colliery Avenue, in the Minooka area of South Scranton, Pa., and its grim-faced residents knew what was missing.

"P.J." wasn't ambling along tossing his football in the air as his pet beagle, Candy, scampered at his heels. Or playing catch with "Buddy." Buddy wasn't around, either. Gone, too, was the familiar sight of one or the other of the lads standing in front of his pal's home calling for him to come out.

"P.J." was the nickname of Paul J. Freach. He was 13, had blond hair and wore a perpetual wide smile. "Buddy" was 12-year-old Edmond J. Keen, Jr. His hair was a little darker than that of his chum, but he had the same eager enjoyment of life written all over him as did P.J.

Good boys, everybody on Colliery Avenue agreed. The buddies were close neighbors, too, and shared a liking for all the sports boys are supposed to appreciate. Their fathers often sat to-

gether in the stands while Buddy and P.J. played Little League Baseball.

The pals had another thing in common: They were the only boys in their homes and each had four sisters.

"Toss it over here, Buddy."

"Let's get some ice cream, P.J."

"Let's go to the school and play basketball."

"Hey, P.J., wanna go swimming this afternoon?"

The winter winds seem to bring back echos of familiar shouts along the block.



*In tragic end to lengthy search, corpses of Paul Freach (opp., L) and Ed Keen were removed from dump site.*

## Tired of the hilly two-mile trek from school every day, the two boys might have welcomed a lift home, but not from a man with a gun who turned the drive into a one-way ride

It wasn't so long ago, but, to some, it might have been sounds and memories from another world. One thing for certain: Minooka would never be the same. Or Scranton, for that matter. . . .

Buddy and P.J. attended South Scranton Junior High School and, like their classmates, shared a complaint. It was a good two-mile walk for most of the Minooka boys and girls to the school and there was a large, steep hill to negotiate along the way.

Their parents had been trying unsuccessfully to get school buses to pick up Minooka students going to junior high. A city bus ran through the area, but Minooka residents complained that the buses usually were crowded and generally passed up students going to and from school.

Some of the students hitchhiked, despite their elders' oft-repeated warning: "Don't get into a car with a stranger." But, sometimes, after a busy day at school, that long walk and the big hill

brought many a thumb up and wiggling.

The last time P.J. and Buddy started the long walk home from school was on Thursday, November 1, 1973. The weather was cool, not a bad afternoon for football. There were milk and cookies waiting at the homes of the growing boys and P.J.'s football was in his room but he never came to get it.

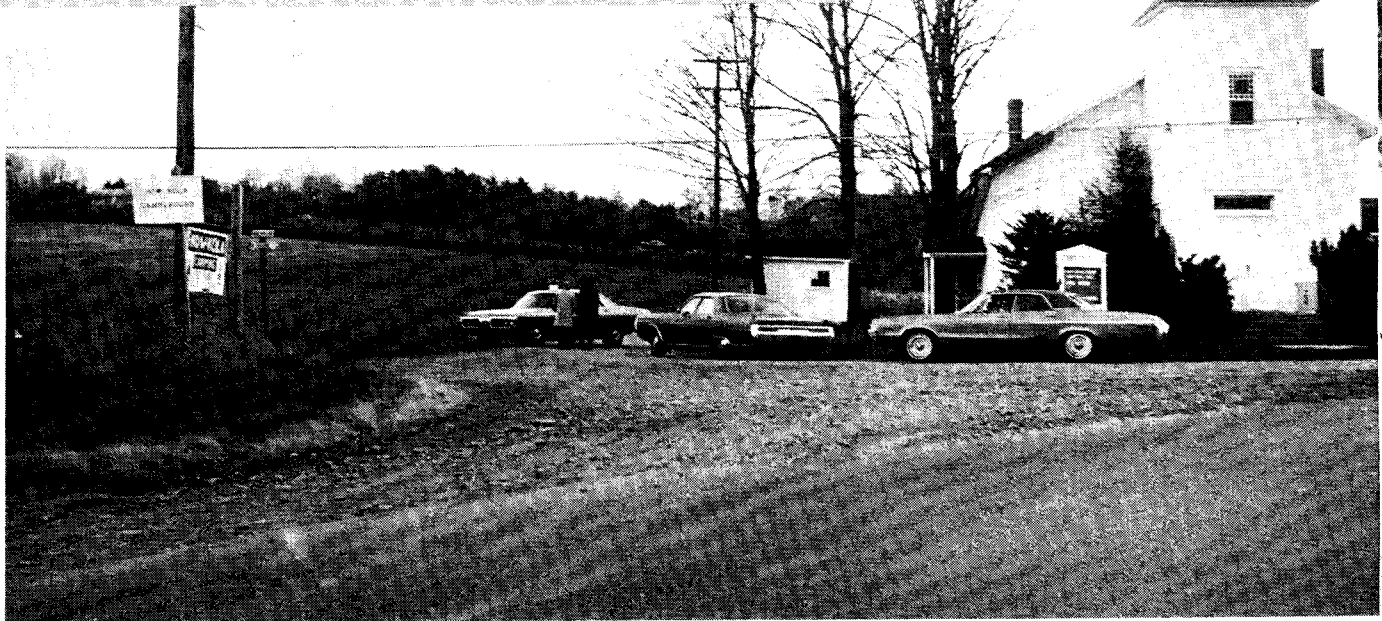
Eventually, sisters of the boys all returned home from their schools.

Still, the Keen and Freach families

*continued on next page*



Police located a lad who said he had seen the missing teenagers with a man and woman he described for official sketches.



When camper in How Kola grounds found vanished pair's schoolbooks in nearby dump, police found their owners.

### P.J. AND BUDDY'S LAST HIKE HOME continued

weren't too concerned when the boys hadn't arrived by late afternoon, because it was possible they stopped to play ball, or had gone to a friend's home.

By dinner time their absence began to take on a serious aspect. P.J. and Buddy were obedient lads who knew they were due home for dinner. They weren't like many teenage boys today who take their family obligations lightly and come and go as they please.

That point was discussed by the fathers of the boys in a phone conversation during which it was realized both were missing. The fathers then made calls to the homes of other friends be-

fore checking back with each other. P.J. and Buddy were not to be found. It was determined that the boys had been at school that day. Their fathers had talked to classmates who had seen them at junior high.

There always was the possibility, of course, that P.J. and Buddy were at the home of a new-found friend and had forgotten to watch the time, or had accepted an invitation to dinner and neglected to call their homes. But, knowing them, it seemed unlikely.

During a long night of anxious waiting at both the Freach and Keen homes, calls to police brought only the information that the boys had not been

involved in a reported accident. Friday morning, the absence of the boys had filled the two homes with fear and more calls to police got the message across that the missing persons cases were very serious.

Scranton police were aware of the numerous instances of violence involving missing teenagers. The situation had been highlighted several months earlier when 27 corpses were found in southeast Texas. The bodies were those of teenage boys who had been missing and allegedly killed by Dean Corll, who had lived in a Houston suburb. Corll had been shot dead by a youth who subsequently told police that he had assisted the man in burying the bodies of victims who had been lured

Keen home, where Mr. Keen greeted him. Also at the Keen home was Mr. Freach. The two men who had sat together watching their sons playing baseball, then again sat together, but, sadly, to talk with Detective Conlon about their ominously absent sons.

The detective was told that it had been established that the boys had been at school the previous day and that it was expected that they had started home together. "I usually picked up my son," Freach said. "But my car broke down and I didn't get to the school yesterday."

The detective was assured that the boys never had stayed away from home before and that all of their things were in their rooms. He was given photographs of Buddy and P.J., as well as descriptions of the boys and the clothing which they had worn to school that day.

Edmond J. Keen, Jr., known to his friends as Buddy, was 12 and he was 5 feet, 2 inches tall, weighed 100 pounds and had straight, dark blond hair and a fair complexion. He had been wearing a nylon baseball warmup jacket, Kelly green with white flannel lining. The jacket bore a baseball-shaped emblem with the inscription,

*continued on next page*

*With tears in his eyes, DA Paul Mazzoni left the site where the mutilated remains were discovered. Other city and county officials briefed newsmen on latest developments.*

to Corll's home to be tortured, then murdered.

When Houston police were questioned about what actions had been taken when the boys were reported missing, they indicated that little and, in many cases, nothing had been done. But they were quick to stress that more than 5000 youngsters are reported missing every year in Houston, most of them runaways, and, unless there was evidence of, or a witness to, foul play, the police did nothing more than make a report and alert other departments.

But Scranton police were not taking the report of the two missing boys lightly and, on Friday morning, Detective Joseph Conlon was sent to the



*Charged with brutal murders, suspect sobbed, "I did it . . . let it go at that," during his hearing and left people wondering about possible accomplice in crime.*



## **P.J. AND BUDDY'S LAST HIKE HOME**

*continued*

"Minooka 1973 Little League." Also, he had worn blue work-type pants with patch pockets, a pullover shirt with blue and white stripes and blue and white saddle-type oxford shoes. It, too, was noted that he had been wearing eyeglasses.

Paul J. Freach, known as P.J., was 13, 5 feet, 2 inches tall, weighed 110 pounds and had straight, light blond hair and a fair complexion. He had been wearing a baseball jacket, maroon with white sleeves and a "Cardinals" emblem on the chest. Too, he had worn plaid trousers colored blue, white, maroon and gold, red sneakers with white soles and, also, he was bespectacled.

The detective knew that the families had called everyone of whom they could think who knew Buddy and P.J. Also, he knew that there had been no disturbance report to reach police the

previous day which could fit the missing persons report.

"I'm going over to the school," Conlon announced. "I'll see if I can find someone who saw them on the way home . . . maybe saw them with somebody, or get into a car."

Then, the detective drove to South Scranton Junior High School and spoke with officials. "I'd like to talk to students who are in their classes," Conlon told them. "Students who know the Keen and Freach boys."

The detective consequently was taken on a tour of rooms, where classes were interrupted while he explained the purpose and seriousness of his visit to the school. ". . . and so, if any of you saw the Keen or Freach boys after school yesterday, we have to know about it."

Students stared at the detective and at each other, then back to him again.

Several said indeed they had seen P.J. and Buddy after school that day, walking out of school, down the street.

One boy said he had seen them as far as Cedar Avenues and Elm Street, several blocks from the school. "They were getting into a car," the boy specified.

Detective Conlon called the lad to the front of the room, spoke to a teacher and school official and then permission was granted to take the boy to police headquarters. Detective Captain Frank Karam and several high-ranking officials were waiting to talk to him and they stressed the importance of his information as they tried to stir his memory for specific details.

Later that day, a pickup was put out for a car and two people as described by the youth. The car purportedly was a 1966, blue Chevrolet with a white

top. The vehicle was described as being rusted in spots and two people, reportedly in the car, were described as a mustached man and a light-haired woman. The man reportedly had a round face, thin mustache, large eyes and had been wearing a hat. The woman allegedly had been wearing glasses and had a small thin mouth, pointed chin and curly blonde or gray hair.

The witness reportedly told police that the two boys had gotten into the car on their own and that there had been no indications of trouble at the time. The youth indicated that he had been close enough to be able to identify the couple, should he see them again. He had been with the Freach and Keen boys, he said, but had declined the offer of a ride.

The boy had pinned down the make and model of the car through photographs police keep on file for identification purposes. Officers asked him for further details and he told them that the car had been scratched. The model was either an Impala or Caprice and the vehicle had two chrome bumper guards on the rear bumper.

Afterwards, a police artist worked with the young witness to put together sketches of the couple in the car.

FBI agents called into the case went over various kidnaping routines and quickly learned that the missing boys were from the homes of workingmen; no ransom notes had been received and none were expected. Picking up boys after school, they knew, was a routine of homosexual perverts.

That the boys had been ashamed of what had happened to them (being raped) and gone into hiding was considered a possibility, but not a likely one. If the Freach and Keen boys had been able, in all probability they would have gone home no matter what horrors might have transpired. Also, perverts can get violent, experienced officers knew.

A large squad of officers went to Cedar and Elm and covered every house in the area, showing pictures of the missing boys and describing the car and couple. Unfortunately, they found no one with any information.

"Lot of boys come by here after school," a woman said.

"They would have stopped at the corner, to get into a car," a policeman elaborated.

"I didn't see anything like that," the woman insisted.

Police still were covering the area that afternoon when school let out. They stopped then and talked with students from South Scranton Junior High School instead.

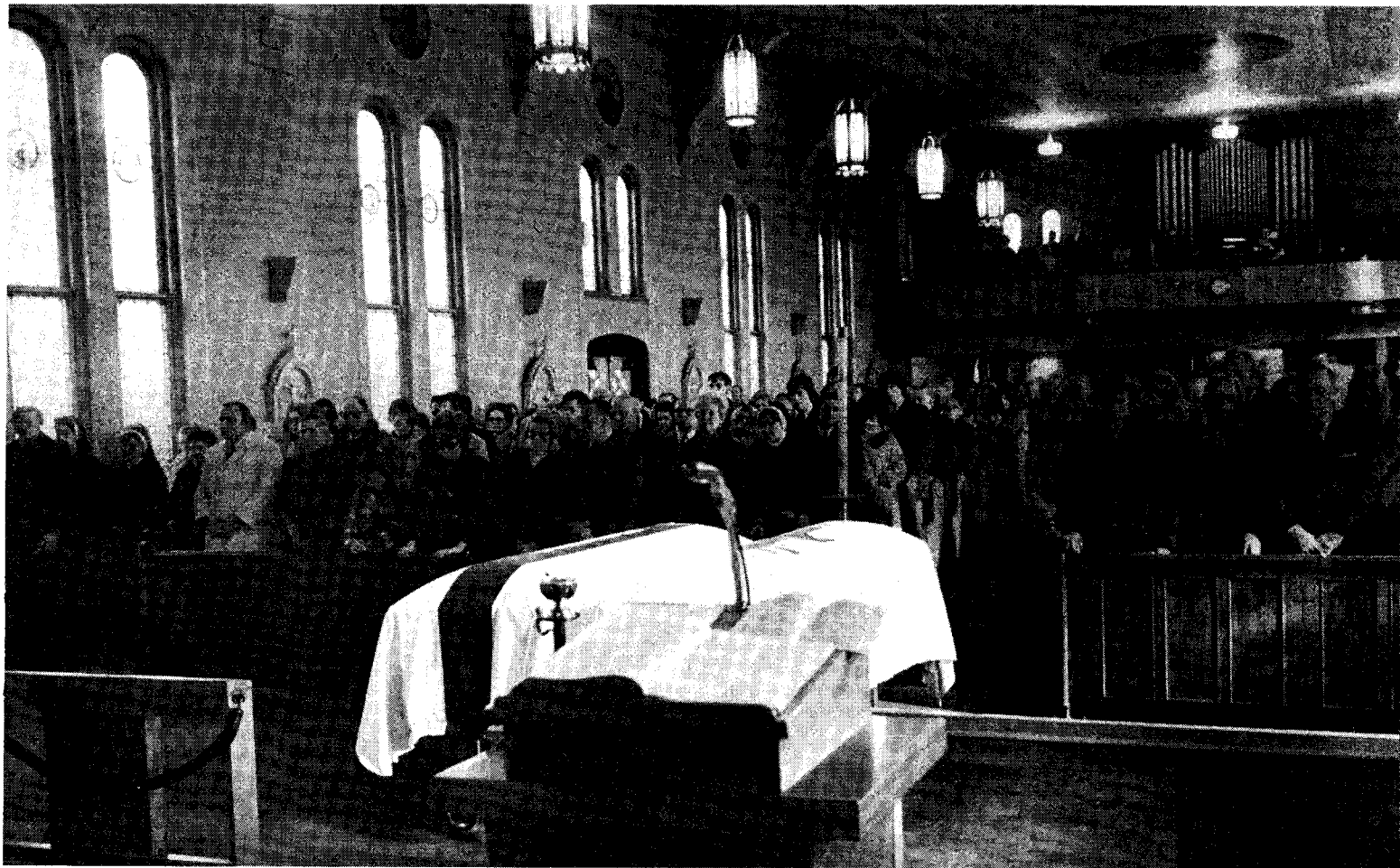
"Yeah, sure, I go by here every day," a youth told them.

After being shown pictures and asked questions, the youth said, "Yeah, I know P.J. and Buddy. But I didn't see them going home yesterday."

At the Freach and Keen homes, parents and sisters watched and waited.

Shouts flared up briefly in the neighborhood as a group of boys gathered to play football. But then they decided that they didn't have enough players for a game and several said they didn't want to play, anyway.

It was another long night in Minooka and, on Saturday, police gave the story to the press, along with pictures of the missing boys and the artist sketches of the couple in (*Continued on page 74*)



Only a portion of a city full of mourners could crowd into dual services for two boys known for love of life.

*The Night Stalker  
Likes Them Naked...  
And Dead*



# Prowling for women after dark, the rapist-killer always left his victims stripped nude and oozing life

by EDDIE KRELL

MERRILL, WIS., JANUARY 4, 1974


■ The inside of the two-story white frame building on East Second Street somewhat resembled a sorority house. The building, in a residential section on the east side of Merrill, Wis., had been a rooming house before being divided into four apartments. Currently, a total of seven girls were occupying

three of the units, while the fourth was being prepared for occupancy. The renters all were working girls, some of them farmers' daughters, and they appeared to enjoy their freedom and new friends, as they moved in and out of the apartments to chat, eat and drink, as well as to borrow hair curlers, cos-

metics and clothes. The atmosphere generally was gay, it appeared.

At 3:30 p.m. on Friday, July 13, 1973, a bubbling brunette came to Katherine Schmidt's apartment to borrow a vacuum cleaner. "We're having a party tonight," she told Katherine. "We want to give the place a cleaning.

continued on next page



*Mrs. Hanke was found nude and blood-covered in a driveway near the restaurant where she worked.*



*Ptl. Kluetz guarded the scene at apartment house where Katherine Schmidt was raped and killed and a fire, set to hide crime, blackened wall at windows.*

## **THE NIGHT STALKER LIKES THEM NAKED . . . AND DEAD** continued

How about you and Jean dropping over?"

Miss Schmidt, an attractive blonde of 18, and her roommate, Jean, worked as waitresses at a large restaurant in a local motor inn. Jean, at that time, was visiting in Milwaukee, but Katherine was working that night. Ordinarily she would go on duty at 4 and get off around 10:30 P.M., but, when business was heavy, as she knew it might be that night, she worked later.

Also, perhaps Miss Schmidt wasn't too excited about partying. She seemed very interested in a boyfriend who was in the Marines and, so, she might not have been particularly eager to meet boys at a party. In any case, she politely declined the invitation.

The brunette then skipped off with the vacuum cleaner, anxious to get the apartment cleaned up for the party. Three girls shared the quarters with her and all four apparently had little on their minds but fun and the boys with whom they would be that night.

The girls in Merrill were plagued by no climate of crime to send a chill into their social plans. While coeds throughout the country had been forced to take precautions because of violence, as far as the people of Merrill were concerned, that was merely something which happened elsewhere.

**T**HERE in fact had not been a murder in Merrill in 21 years. On July 12, 1952, police Captain Elmer Krueger was attending a square dance at the Lincoln School, when a man from Chicago approached him. The man had been arrested earlier in the day for drunken driving and had been held in jail several hours before being released on bond. He appeared drunk again.

Captain Krueger thought that the man should be returned to jail, considering his condition, but, as Krueger was escorting the Chicagoan across the street to the nearby jail, the man fired four shots at him with a .22-caliber automatic. Captain Krueger died a week later and the man from Chicago was sent to the Waupun State Prison.



Since that time, the police in Merrill, a town of about 10,000 people in north-central Wisconsin, had no homicide with which to exercise their powers of investigation and deduction. Those abilities, however, were to be tested on Saturday morning.

The fire department had started the investigation, when, shortly after 4 A.M., the four girls who occupied one of the apartments in the building on East Second Street were awakened by smoke. The girls had been up late, their party having been a success, but the smoke was getting into their eyes and noses and they emerged from their beds coughing and screaming. Screams could be heard from the two girls who occupied the second floor apartment as well, but nothing was discerned from the first-floor apartment rented to Miss Katherine Schmidt and her roommate.

The fire department was called and girls in hair curlers and robes were gathered in front of the building when fire engines rolled up. Firemen quickly noted that the flames were coming from a first-floor apartment and they went in through windows and doused the apartment with water.

Outside, girls were shouting that Katherine Schmidt lived in the burning apartment and that she was not with them in the street. Firemen found her

on the floor of a bedroom and determined that she was dead. When the fire was brought under control, after about 15 minutes, they left the apartment without the young blonde.

Fire Chief Ray Priebe conferred with his men, then talked with uniformed policemen at the scene. The firemen wanted to talk with police Chief Gerald Plautz about the matter. The chief was summoned from his home and, by the time dawn was breaking over Merrill, he was in the first-floor apartment, looking over the damage and the body on the bedroom floor. Other policemen were with him.

The girl was not clothed and marks on her body indicated foul play. "She was probably dead before the fire started," a policeman surmised.

"Looks like arson," a fireman put in.

The police and fire chiefs were eager to cover all angles. Deputy state fire marshals were called to the scene and technicians from the state crime laboratory at Madison shortly were on the way.

Chief Plautz and two of his top officers, Captain Leslie Kienitz and Lieutenant Harry Maurisak, spoke with the six girls who had fled the apartments. The dead girl in the first floor apartment, officers were told, had been a Miss Katherine M. Schmidt. Her neigh-



After officials found second sex-slain woman (↑), who had worked at the same place as the first, footprints in snow leading from body helped put police on trail of suspect. Shown (↓) with Dep. Krueger, he was known to walk that area at night.

bors knew that she had been 18, worked as a waitress at a motor inn and shared the apartment with another girl.

"But she wasn't there last night," a girl pointed out. "She went to Milwaukee a couple of days ago for a visit. Katherine was there alone."

"When did you last see her?" an officer asked.

"I saw her yesterday afternoon, about 3:30," a brunette replied. "I went to her apartment to borrow the vacuum cleaner. She was getting ready to go to work. We had a party in our apartment, but she wasn't at our party."

Officers asked if there had been any trouble in the building—any man bothering any of the girls, any peeping toms, any suspicious-looking persons loitering about. None of the girls, however, had any suggestions for the police along those lines.

"How about visitors to Miss Schmidt's apartment?" the police chief inquired.

"Well . . . some people have been at that apartment," a girl told him. "I think Kathy and Jean had callers. But Kathy was sweet on a boyfriend in the Marines. I don't think she was going a lot with any boy in town."

The officers turned and looked at the side of the building, noting that the windows of (Continued on page 60)



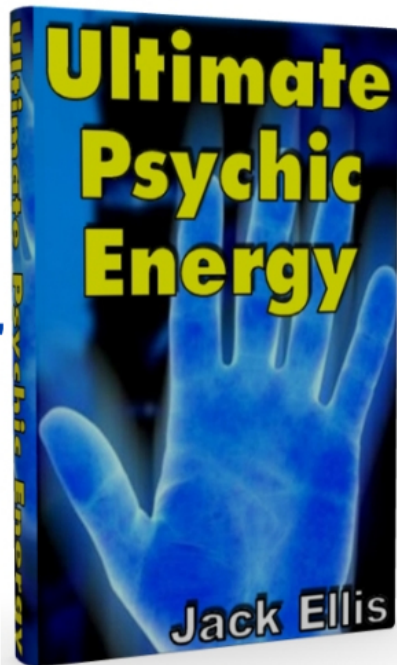
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Have Kept You From Psychic Success!**

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Detectives collected girl's clothing and potential evidence at spot where battered corpse was found.

by L. J. ROI

#### BUFFALO, N.Y., JANUARY 27, 1974

■ Waking up early on that bitterly cold Wednesday morning of December 26, 1973, he felt as if the work-day habits acquired over a lifetime had been lost forever in the relaxed enjoyment of a four-day Christmas weekend. It seemed strange—and not altogether sensible—to climb out of a warm bed into the gray, inhospitable winter dawn when he was so content to remain just where he was.

As he hiked the blankets up to his chin, he was seriously considering the possibility of not budging for the entire day. But, because there are other habits which cannot be forgotten, or ignored, when his dog scampered into the room with a leash clamped tightly between

his teeth he knew he would be getting out of bed after all.

Outside, the light snow which had begun falling on Christmas night had collected in depths that made moving about an athletic, if not hazardous, endeavor for a man who might almost be said to have been sleepwalking. Too tired to resist and too disinterested to care, he followed complacently as his dog cantered from their North Buffalo, N.Y., home to the animal's favorite stamping grounds in a shopping center parking lot off the 600 block of Hertel Avenue, near Elmwood Avenue, in the neighborhood known as Black Rock.

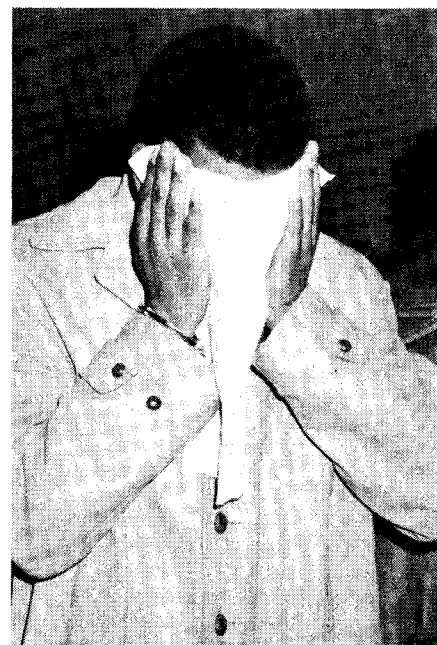
The cold roused him to semi-con-

sciousness in the time it took to walk from the house to the parking lot. Total alertness, a unity of the senses he never before had experienced, came during the micro-second in which he first saw the young woman's almost nude corpse crumpled face up on a snowbank, the blood clotted against her knuckles and fingers offering no contrast to the bright red of her nail polish.

Clad in little more than the remnants of a sparkling, metallic mesh holiday blouse and a bra tangled around her neck, the bruised, battered remains were lying about 100 feet from a corner of a store in the (Continued on page 58)

# She's Too Pretty To Die So Horribly

*Slumped against a snowbank, Cathy's almost nude, bloody body etched a grim crimson picture against the whiteness*



Headed for court, suspect hid face.

# For What You Done to

by GRANT LEE

SHOREHAM, ENGLAND,  
NOVEMBER 30, 1973

■ On a freezing February night in 1973, the quiet British coastal town of Shoreham looked like any other seaside resort in winter. Bleak and deserted.

Most of the 18,000 inhabitants were snugly in bed and if lovers were lingering over a goodnight kiss, they did so in some private place well away from the chilling winds whipping in from the English Channel.

So there was no one about to observe a battered blue panel truck threading its way without lights along the narrow road to the local harbor where fishing boats bobbed at anchor, empty and silent.

The truck halted at the dockside and two figures, speaking in urgent whispers, struggled to pull a heavy bundle through the back doors. Their breath frosting in the cold night air, they heaved their burden towards the quayside, pushing the bulky package over the edge, sending it plunging into the oil-slicked sea with a dull splash.

As the bundle vanished beneath the lapping waters, they hurried back into the truck and quickly drove off, swallowed up by the enveloping darkness of the sleeping town.

Their midnight visit to the scuffy harbor had been as swift and mysterious as any of the forays which smugglers carried out along this stretch of English coastline 200 years ago.

Only this time the mission had been murder—the first chapter of a bizarre story involving rape, violence and chilling glimpses into the life style and twisted values of the Hells Angels motorcycle gang. It was a tale which was to sicken and dismay the whole of Britain.

Three weeks after the strange happenings at the dockside, a coastal freighter nosed its way into Shoreham harbor. Its powerful propeller churned up the waters, sending debris from the seabed floating in its frothy wake.

And suddenly, there was a startled shout from one of the waterfront workers. Floating sluggishly in the ship's swell in front of him was a body.



*Still in high school, Jane Anson unwittingly set in motion the plot that ended in the death of man (opp.) who said he could have any girl for the price of coffee.*

# Jane, You Die, Ollie

**Obsessed by the rape of his girlfriend, he used concrete blocks and a handy harbor for revenge**

Boatmen dragged it ashore and, within seconds, they could see that the corpse wasn't just another suicide victim, washed inland after leaping from one of the many high cliffs which line the shores of the county of Sussex.

The body was that of a teenage boy. He was trussed with rope, his hands bound tightly behind his back. And it was obvious that whoever had dumped him in the sea never had expected him to be seen again. For his feet were weighted with heavy concrete blocks.

Murder squad detectives led by Chief Superintendent Jim Marshall from the neighboring town of Brighton, hurried to the scene. While they combed the dockside for information, police frogmen slid beneath the waters of the harbor to search the seabed.

There were only two clues to the identity of the young murder victim. He was dressed in the denim uniform of a Hells Angel and on his right arm was a crude tattoo which police thought spelled out the word, "HATE."

While detectives questioned fishermen and people living near the harbor, a nervous and tearful kitchen hand named Mrs. Pauline Olive visited Brighton police station.

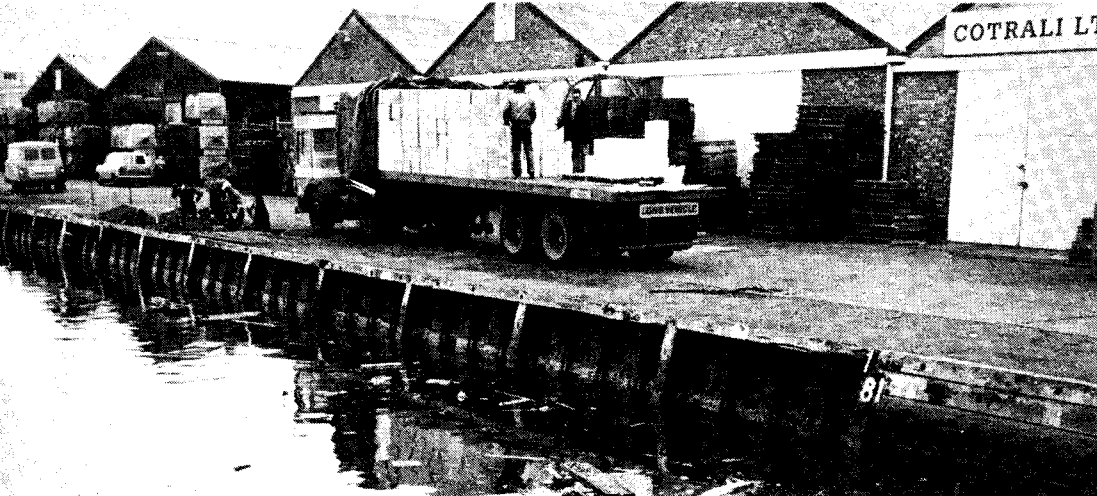
She had heard on the radio that a teenager's body had been fished from the sea at Shoreham. Her 16-year-old son, Clive, had vanished three weeks before after walking out of the house one night with a jaunty: "Cheerio, Mum. See you later."

Mrs. Olive was whisked by police car to view the bound and weighted body at Shoreham. What she saw made her turn away in tears; it was her son.

Chief Superintendent Marshall and his men began the painstaking task of building up a background dossier on the tattooed murder victim whose young life had ended in so grisly and sudden a fashion some weeks earlier.



continued on next page



When victim's body was pulled out of Shoreham Harbor, Det. Supt. Tapp, Det. Chief Supt. Marshall and Det. Supt. Homewood (L to R) delved into life of Mad Dog members, including two of the leaders, Tramp and Bluey (3rd and 4th from left). Gang member Zonya showed off the club's "colors" (bottom).



**FOR WHAT YOU DONE TO JANE, YOU DIE, OLLIE** *continued*

Blown-up pictures of Clive Olive were exhibited at weekend soccer games, inviting anyone who had known him or seen him to contact the police. A policeman was dressed in Clive's denim outfit, then photographed with the dead boy's face superimposed in the hope that the resulting picture would jog the memory of someone who could give a clue to the killing of the boy everyone called Ollie.

And in the Regency town of Brighton, once the favorite vacation spot for British royalty, detectives tried to break through the barriers of a coffee-bar culture created by teenagers whose main interests in life seemed to be sex, rock music and drugs.

Ollie had been a somewhat unsavory specimen, police found. He worked as a dishwasher at the Gondola coffee bar in Brighton. Aided by LSD trips, it was a Walter Mitty existence in which he used five different names and came on more like James Bond than a lank-haired teenager who could hardly afford to keep himself in cigarets.

Friends jokingly referred to him as





the ten-penny Romeo—because he boasted he could make love to any girl for the price of a cup of coffee.

Drugs frequently changed hands in the jukebox world of Brighton's coffee bars and Clive appeared to have done a little dealing in marijuana. Because of this, detectives theorized that he might have been a victim of some gangland feud over drug sales.

Suspected pushers were rounded up and questioned by drugs squad detectives who had been drafted to join the murder hunt. Soon, however, the drug angle came to a dead end and it became clear that the most important thing in young Ollie's life had been his membership in a Hells Angels gang who called themselves The Mad Dogs of Sussex.

The Mad Dogs were a curious and unsightly bunch, led by a long-haired weirdo called Wank who always was to be seen with two swaggering lieutenants called Tramp and Bluey.

The strangest thing about the Mad Dogs was that between them they didn't own even one motorcycle. But, even if they were on foot instead of astride Harley Davidsons, they still set out to emulate the code of the actual Hells Angels motorcycle gangs.

**I**N seedy apartments in the Brighton area they staged rowdy sex-and-beer orgies. They terrorized customers at local public houses, often splashing the walls with bright red dye to simulate blood. Always they were surrounded by adoring teenage girls who were referred to as "Old Ladies" or "Mommies," depending on whether they were attached to one particular Angel or were willing to sleep around.

Clive Olive had reveled in the club's obscene initiation rites and proudly worn his denim "colors." He boasted he could have his pick of the Angels' girls and claimed he had once "sold" his regular girl to another Mad Dog in exchange for a package of cigars.

It was a depraved and alien atmosphere for Superintendent Marshall's detectives to delve into. They found it tough going in a world where all policemen were regarded as "pigs." They even had to call in a teenage "interpreter" to cope with the slang language which gang members used.

Ironically, it was the Hells Angels' strange code of chivalry which came to police aid in the end. The Mad Dogs had lost one of their lineup and they were as anxious as anyone that the killers should be brought to justice.



*Panel truck in which Clive Olive was beaten almost to death before being dumped in harbor was confiscated by police.*

They began to call voluntarily at the murder hunt headquarters in Brighton, feeding detectives with information about the loyalties and rivalries of Hells Angel groups. Their determination to help find the murderer increased when details of Ollie's death were revealed.

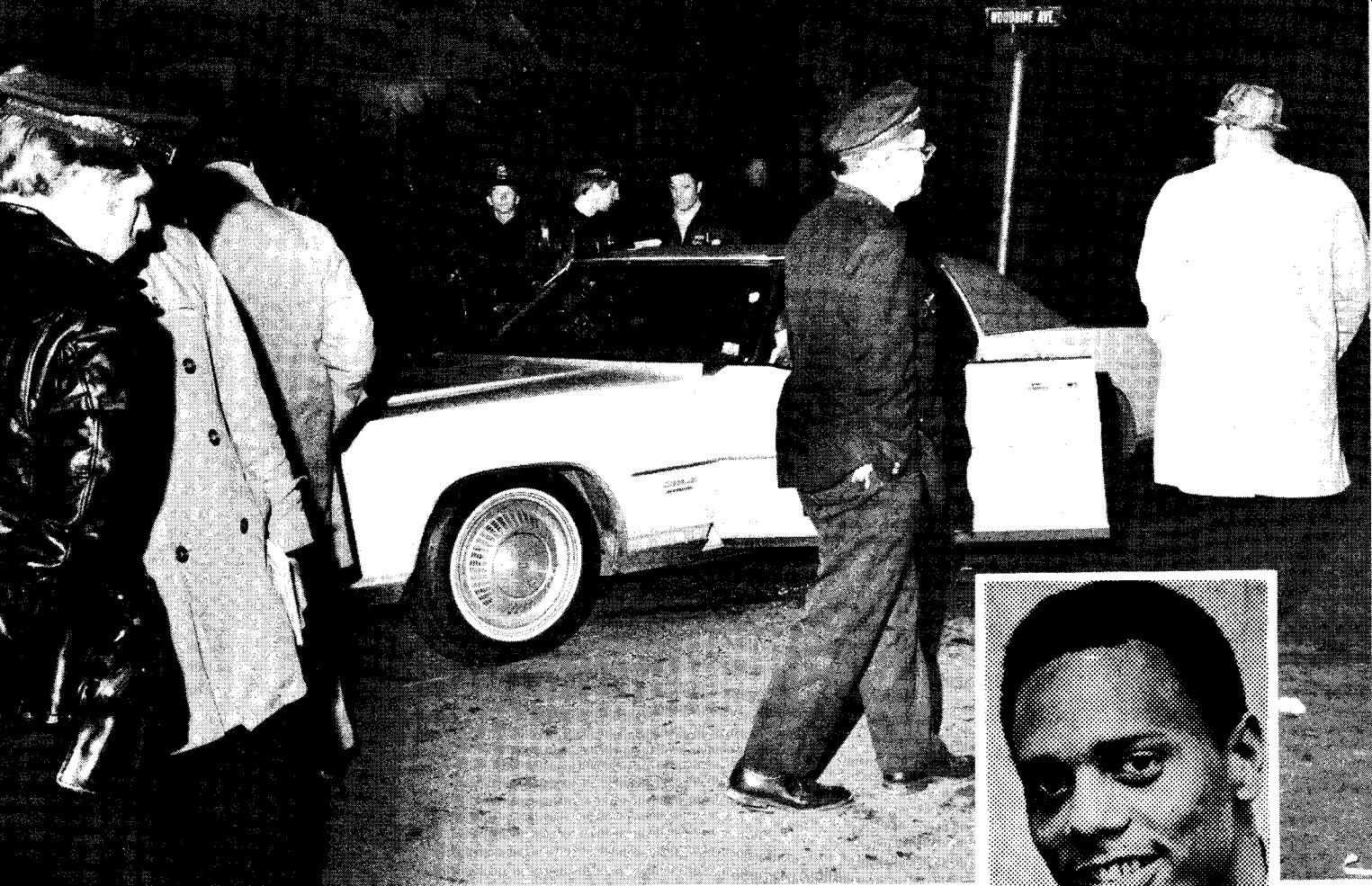
There were signs that the pale-faced youth had been given a brutal beating before he died. But, he still had been alive when he was thrown, trussed and weighted, into the sea and the cause of death was drowning.

Closer examination of the tattoo on Ollie's arm showed that it didn't spell out, "HATE," as police originally thought. It was a message, engraved with a pin and indelible ink, which spelled out the letters, "HAC." Detectives discovered it stood for Hells Angels Cougars—a newly formed break-away group who had set themselves up as rivals to the Mad Dogs of Sussex.

At last, a pattern had begun to emerge. It appeared that Ollie had fallen out with (Continued on page 68)



*Christine Dorn and husband were in truck with Brian Moore (↑) who once tried to kill himself for a girl.*



*Anderson's body still was slumped in front seat of his car as police fanned out to scour area for clues.*



# At First It Looked Like War

*Bloodstained front seat offered grim evidence of death of a crusader who was ready to fight to save youths from addiction.*



by JOSEPH L. KOENIG

ROCHESTER, N.Y., JANUARY 6, 1974

■ Few people living outside the teeming, dope-plagued slums of Rochester, N.Y., knew of William Alexander until with one bold stroke of public relations genius he brought the combined wrath of the radically troubled city's black and white communities crashing down on his head. His gambit, designed to focus attention on the plight of thousands of ghetto youngsters, was nothing short of brilliant.

Surrounded by members of the New Life Council Organization, a Seventh Ward youth group which he headed, the 24-year-old Vietnam veteran calmly told a battery of newsmen that unless police arrested "substantial numbers" of heroin dealers in the next few days, his group would band into five 11-man vigilante teams to "beat up and delimb" the pushers.

"I don't take their threats seriously," William Hall, the executive director of the Baden Street Settlement, told reporters at the time. The veteran social worker, who was in charge of the New Life Council's public funding, said that he would have a talk with members of the group later that Wednesday, January 20, 1971, and urge them to stop issuing threats.

"I think this is just a lot of talk by immature youths who can't back up what they say," Hall went on. "The drug community is much better organ-

ized than Alexander is. If they thought Alexander was serious, they'd probably take care of him first..."

Shortly before 10 o'clock on the unseasonably warm Thursday evening of November 9, 1972, residents along Rochester's Roslyn Street were unglued from their television by a burst of gunfire heralding a drama in the street much more significant than any they might hope to view in their living rooms. From behind drawn shades and lowered venetian blinds, they peered outside in time to see a new Oldsmobile Toronado roll out of control into the intersection of Woodbine Avenue. A few of them, quicker than their neighbors, saw two men step out of the vehicle and pump two final shots through the driver's window before turning the corner and walking slowly down Roslyn toward Genesee Street.

Summoned by a chorus of phone calls, Rochester detectives under the command of Captain Andrew Sparacino arrived at the scene within min-

utes. The officer who reached inside to shut off the car's ignition was careful not to smear any of the blood soaking into the upholstery and carpeting, nor to touch the body of the young, familiar-looking black man slumped over the dashboard.

William Alexander's skull had absorbed no fewer than 13 of his killer's bullets. The \$373.10, mostly in 20s, found in his pockets, told detectives that robbery had not been the motive for his death.

At the modest home which he shared with his mother on the 600 block of North Street, police learned that the anti-drug crusader had watched "The Mod Squad" on television until 9 o'clock. When the show went off the air, the two had chatted until 9:15, when a phone call brought an invitation to a neighborhood tavern from a friend.

Fifteen minutes later, the doomed young man had left his home. His mother told (Continued on page 55)

**Bill had declared  
an all-out battle  
against drug pushers  
and it appeared  
he had become its  
first casualty**

*Deputy Joe Siracuse (l) had  
role of escort for a suspect on  
way to court to face the  
charges in wanton slaying.*





*Handsome 14 year old lived here happily until the night he vanished and the chilling phone calls began.*

# **NO RANSOM COULD BUY BACK DANNY**

by DAVE STOUT

**"I've got your son. I want \$15,000 or you'll never see him alive again." That was the demand and the payment was made**

## JAMESTOWN, N.Y., JANUARY 27, 1973

■ Jamestown is a tidy community of 50,000, nestled cozily in the rolling hills of Western New York. Its residents have a good deal of pride in their city and for seemingly obvious reasons. Jamestown has none of the super-crowded conditions familiar to residents of New York City—across the state, but really worlds away—nor even much of the industrial soot which hangs over Buffalo, about sixty miles to the north and east.

Dr. Glen M. Ebersole, a prominent and well-to-do radiologist in the Village of Lakewood, next to Jamestown, had no indication, on the afternoon of Tuesday, January 8, that his life was about to be torn asunder. Certainly, Dr. Ebersole had much to be thankful for: four handsome children (three boys and a girl), the respect of the community and a spacious white house on fashionable Sunset Avenue in the village.

Two of Dr. Ebersole's sons are in college and a daughter, Kathleen, is a senior at Southwestern High School in the Jamestown area. The youngest child, Daniel, was in a cheerful mood the afternoon of January 8.

"I'll see you later. I'm going to the teen center," he told his father shortly after 4 P.M.

His father bade him an unconcerned goodbye, for the slightly-built 14 year old seldom had caused his parents any trouble. Wearing only an orange ski jacket against the cold weather which had gripped the Chautauqua County area, Danny Ebersole left the house. His destination, the Lakewood Teen Center, a popular hang-out for young folks, was not far away. Dr. Ebersole could not have known that he never would see his son alive again.

The doctor and his wife grew concerned when Danny didn't return for dinner, for it wasn't like him at all. Then, Dr. Ebersole remembered hearing that the Lakewood Teen Center

had been closed for repairs in recent weeks. Strange.

More hours went by, hours in which Danny's mother and father suffered the anguish which all parents have felt, from time to time, when their offspring are unaccounted for.

Finally, late that night, Dr. Ebersole notified the Lakewood Village police that his son was missing. The authorities promised to keep an eye open for Daniel and notify Dr. and Mrs. Ebersole if anything developed. But the news of Danny's whereabouts was to come, instead, from a far more sinister source.

About 11:30 P.M. Tuesday, seven hours after Daniel's disappearance, the telephone rang in the Ebersole home. The doctor rushed to answer it, hoping for good news about his son.

"I've got your son. I want \$15,000, or you'll never see him alive again," an unfamiliar voice told the father. The caller demanded the money in ten and 20-dollar bills. The doctor was to leave the money in a paper bag behind an auto dealer's building in Lakewood, where, the caller said, a small boat was parked on a trailer near a wooded area. The caller was specific: Dr. Ebersole was to deposit the money on the passenger side of the boat at 11:30 P.M. Thursday, January 10, 48 hours away. Dr. Ebersole immediately called the Lakewood police again and they notified the FBI.

Daniel's disappearance and apparent kidnaping still was secret the following day, Wednesday, January 9. FBI agents who conferred with the Ebersoles were compassionate, but pragmatic. Experience told them that the best way to get Danny back alive was to try to find the kidnapers or kidnapers.

The agents asked permission to monitor and tape calls to the Ebersole home and the doctor agreed. About 11:30 P.M. that Wednesday, the Ebersole phone rang again.

"I just wanted you to know I still have your son. I'll kill him, if I don't get the \$15,000. Believe me," the caller said, then he repeated his instructions. Dr. Ebersole was to leave the money, tens and 20s, wrapped in tin foil and placed in a brown paper bag, in the boat behind the auto dealer on Route 394 in Lakewood at 11:30 sharp on Thursday night. The caller then hung up, apparently not guessing that FBI operatives had recorded his voice.

The agents decided to follow the caller's instructions, though with some modifications: the FBI would prepare the ransom package, recording the serial number of each and every bill, and investigators would stake out the drop site, hoping to photograph whomever came to pick up the ransom. There was little else for Danny's parents to do except wait—and hope.

The next night, bundled against the cold, Dr. Ebersole drove to the auto agency building as the caller had instructed. At 11:30, he got out of his car, walked through the crusted snow and left a brown bag containing fifteen thousand dollars cash in a boat behind the building. Then, he drove off.

A short distance away, parked in a

*continued on next page*



*Suspect Whitmore's voice allegedly was recognized on FBI tape recordings of ransom phone calls made to victim's parents after snatch.*

## NO RANSOM COULD BUY BACK DANNY continued

car and shivering in the cold, several FBI agents watched patiently. They did not have long to wait.

About five minutes after Dr. Ebersole drove away, the agents observed a short, long-haired youth cautiously approaching. The boy took a paper bag out of the boat.

"Now what's he doing?" one agent whispered to another.

"I don't know. Just watch," his colleague advised.

Still walking cautiously, apparently trying to stay out of what little light there was, the youth placed the paper bag between the two trees not far from the boat. Then, he picked up another paper bag which apparently had been there all along. The youth's behavior was puzzling, to say the least, but agents had reason to feel that they soon would have some answers: They had observed the same youth snooping around the boat an hour or so earlier and had trained a camera on him.

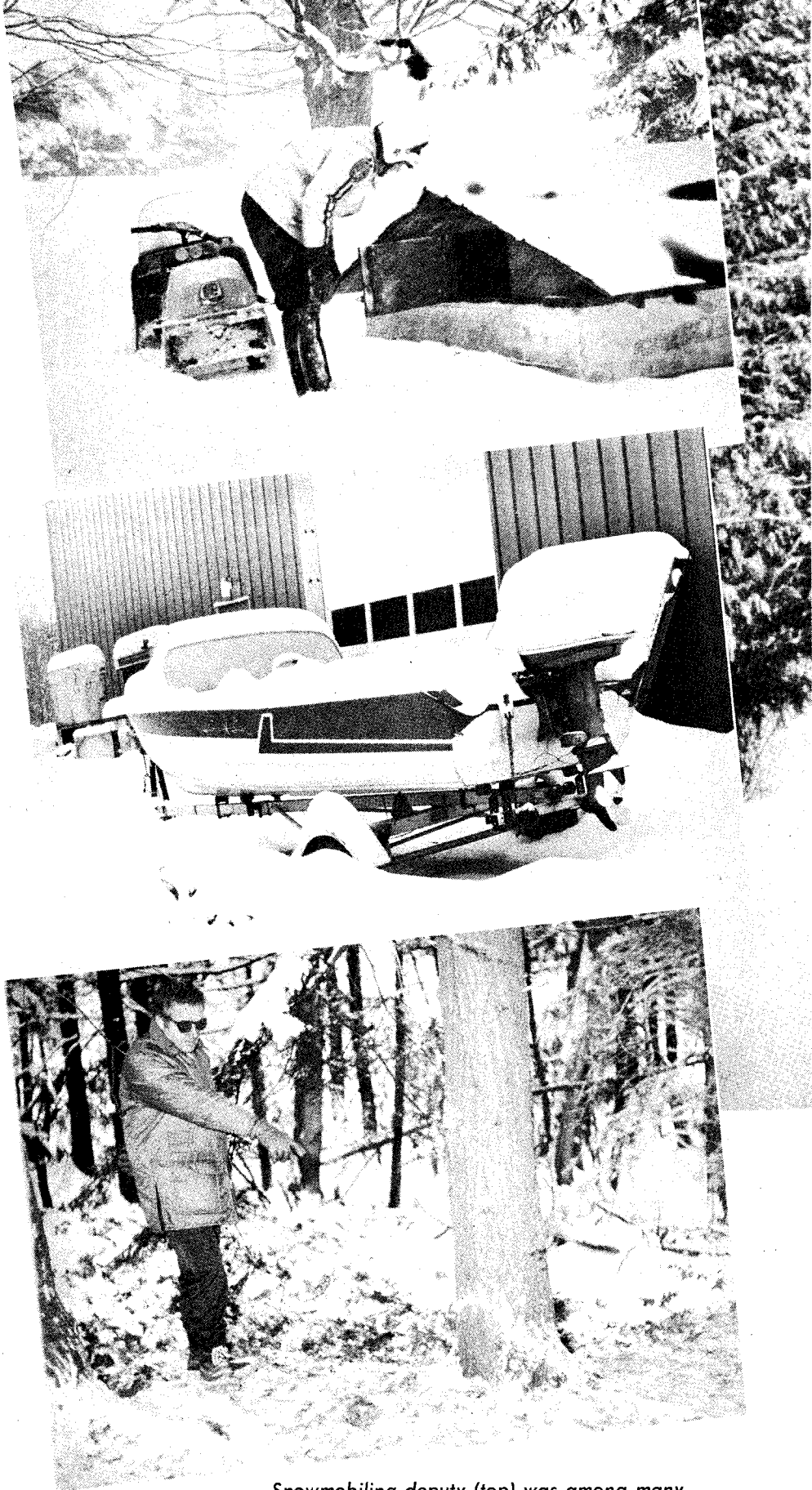
The agents developed the film in a police laboratory. The candid shots of the boat snooper had turned out fairly well. Investigators immediately began an urgent canvass to determine the identity of the night creeper.

Actually, the lawmen already had something on which to go. A check of persons who frequented the Lakewood Teen Center, Danny's destination, the day on which he disappeared, had turned up the name of John Christopher Byrnsen, a local teenager.

Byrnsen, 18, had been junior class president at Southwestern High School, where Daniel Ebersole had been a freshman, but Byrnsen had dropped out of school and, currently, was a worker at the teen center. Byrnsen's mother was shown a picture of the youth next to the boat. So was his girlfriend and another youth who knew him. All agreed: that was Johnny, all right.

So, by mid-day Friday, January 11, investigators had at least one suspect. Byrnsen lived in neighboring West Ellicott and the agents picked him up for questioning. What was he doing around the boat behind the auto agency? What had become of the \$15,000 which he had lifted from the boat? And, most importantly, where was Danny Ebersole?

Byrnsen was not exactly a fountain of information, at least at the beginning. Reluctantly admitting being the person in the photograph taken by the



*Snowmobiling deputy (top) was among many seeking the missing youth. Ransom was dropped off behind boat, but victim was found dead, cruelly tied to tree, pointed out by officer.*



At end of search, in which hundreds of local residents took part, Danny's corpse was removed on sled behind snowmobile (background).

PHOTOS BY JAMESTOWN POST-JOURNAL

FBI, he said he had gone to pick up the package without knowing what was in it. He told the agents that he had been promised "\$500 or a \$1000" by a friend, Marty Whitmore, just to take a paper bag from a boat.

Martin Clyde Whitmore, 19, was another drop-out from Southwestern High School. Unemployed, the tall, powerfully-built youth lived with his parents in West Ellicott. He was an only child.

Whitmore had persuaded Byrnsen to "pick up a package for him," only after promising that no drugs were involved. Byrnsen told the lawmen, adding that another friend, 18-year-old Ronald P. Sutter of Lakewood, also had

dealings with Whitmore. Sutter, employed at a Jamestown machine company, had been graduated from Southwestern High School, where he had been an outstanding wrestler, according to the information.

Sutter, too, was picked up by the FBI agents. What did he know about Danny Ebersole? Nothing, he said, telling the investigators that he was a friend of both Byrnsen and Whitmore, having become good friends with the latter since leaving high school. Sutter said Whitmore had offered him \$500 just to pick up a package, but that he had refused. However, Sutter said, he had agreed to give Whitmore a

ride in his car on a certain night for \$50.

Actually, Byrnsen and Sutter told the lawmen a good deal more, but the additional developments would not be revealed until the following week. On Friday, January 11, when agents were questioning Sutter and Byrnsen, the public had not heard of the crime.

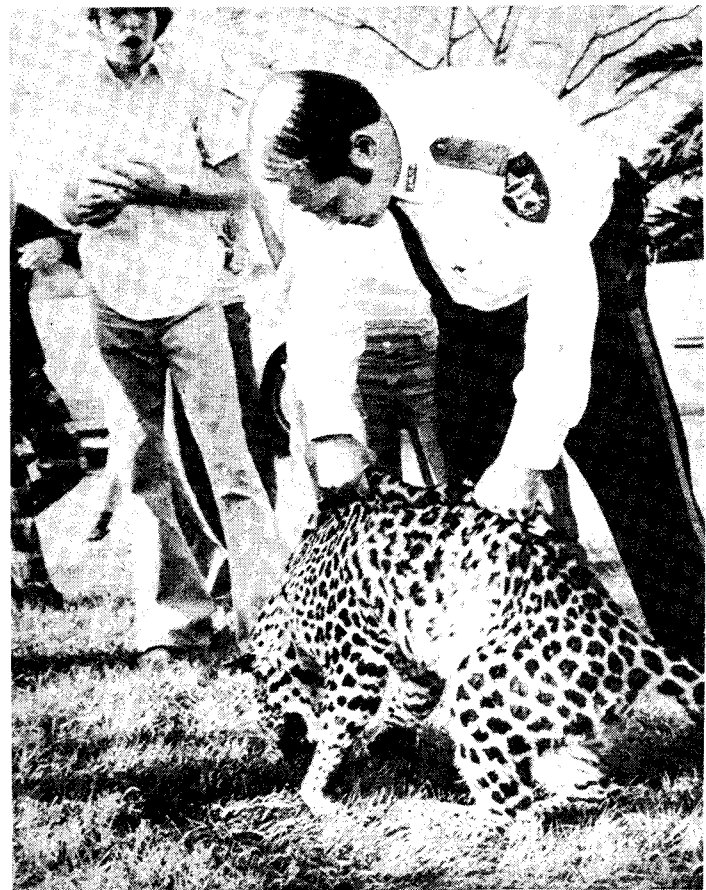
Something else happened that Friday: the investigators, convinced that Whitmore merited the closest possible scrutiny, went to his home. A brief search turned up nearly \$1500 in cash beneath a sofa. The serial numbers on the bills, it quickly was established, matched those (Continued on page 70)

■ A car crash after a high speed chase ended the life of a suspect sought in the murders of three people in Dover and Camden, Del. Another person in the car also was killed and a third person critically injured.



## INSIDE REPORT

COMPLETE COVERAGE  
FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS



■ Police Deputy Mike Coachman of Palm Harbor, Fla., had to remove the 100-pound body of a declawed pet leopard after it sank its fangs into one person's throat and was shot by a neighbor.

■ A woman who attacked WABC-TV's New York City news anchorman Roger Grimsby with an icepick was incoherently accusing him of talking about her on the air as she was taken to police headquarters and booked.





■ A twin engine plane that was carrying 2,500 pounds of marijuana, worth \$1 million, crashed into an apartment construction site in Pompano Beach, Fla., evidently after failing to make an emergency landing in bad weather. Three passengers were killed.



■ Two officers were killed and two wounded in a hail of gunfire from a man who barricaded himself in his Detroit, Mich., home, allegedly after a family argument. The man was taken into custody.

■ A youth who held several people at gunpoint for 40 minutes at a bank in Richmond, Va., said he wanted someone to kill him, according to police who had to restrain him to take him in for arrest.

"I showed Sam how to drive into the field behind my home next to the corn crib, where he could leave his car and not be detected," McConnell quoted from the statement. "We drove past the house and I pointed out the door leading from the garage to the interior of the house, where he could gain entrance."

The statement continued with an account of another visit to the house on December 6 by Sammy Joe. Schlise was quoted as saying they had agreed to make the motive appear to be robbery and he gave Sam a key to the door leading to the house from the garage.

Schlise said it also had been agreed that Sammy Joe would rifle a cash box and make it appear as though \$800 had been taken. According to the statement, Schlise had met Sammy Joe at 6:30 P.M. the day of the killing at a department store parking lot. Schlise had asked Sammy Joe to call him at a certain tavern in Milwaukee, where he planned to be at the time of the killing and the call was to be at 9:30 P.M., McConnell related.

Schlise was quoted as stating that he had waited at the tavern, but had not heard from Sammy Joe, then had driven past his office and gone home. He reportedly had found the house lights out and had seen his wife's body lying in a pool of blood on the hallway floor.

"I was not sure my wife was killed and the job was done," the real estate man was quoted as saying. "I called out to her and she did not respond and I knelt down and she still did not respond. It was then I called the sheriff's department."

Schlise was quoted as saying he had tried to show shock and grief when officers arrived and gave a false statement with the exception of his whereabouts at the time of the killing. The next day, Schlise said, he had handed Sammy Joe an envelope containing \$1870 at Brookfield Square and had been given back his house key, McConnell quoted.

Schlise was quoted as saying he had paid \$700 to Sammy Joe on their second meeting in July. On December 10, three days after the slaying, Schlise had met Slim at a store, where there had been a request for \$300 more.

"I told him he should get the \$300 from Sam as that was the agreement and that he and Sam were to split the money I paid to Sam," the district attorney quoted from the statement. "In other words, to split the \$2500."

Sam reportedly had told Schlise that the \$1900 had been spent and they

needed an additional \$900 to leave town. Schlise had said he would work something out, according to the statement.

Three days later Schlise reportedly continued, he had given the men \$900; Slim was to get \$300 and Sam \$600. Schlise allegedly said he had given a false statement to the sheriff's department on December 7, because "I was concerned with protecting my family and did not want to make a full and complete disclosure."

McConnell said the total money paid out by Schlise to have his wife killed might have been \$4200. There appeared, he said, to have been a bit of confusion as to whether there was one or two \$700 payments along the line to Irene's death.

In Milwaukee, police announced that they had arrested two men who were

**SOLUTION TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 8**

D	A	Y		T	A	T	E		S	A	L	E		
O	R	E		R	I	O	T		C	H	O	W		
C	A	S	S	I	D	Y			A	R	O	S	E	
				T	E	E			S	L	A	Y	E	R
B	O	R	E	S		S	N	I	P					
A	R	I	A		S	T	A	B		A	B	E		
J	A	C	K	T	H	E	R	I	P	P	E	R		
A	L	E		R	E	A	L		R	E	E	L		
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S	N	A	G		H	A	I	R		A	V	A		
E	A	R	S		I	D	O	L		B	E	G		

charged with first-degree murder in the Waukesha County case. The men were identified as James Brown, 34, known as Slim, and Sam McGhee, 25, known as Sammy Joe. They were taken to Waukesha, where Judge Callow set their bail at \$50,000 each on the charges against them.

Authorities said McGhee and Brown were known heroin addicts. Newsmen who called upon Schlise's neighbors were finding them in a state of shock.

"I just can't see Don doing something like this," a woman said. "I can't believe it. It will have to be proved to me."

Another woman broke into tears, as she said she had lived in the area 17 years and had known the Schlises that long. "They were such quiet people and hard workers," she added. "All I can say is I feel so sorry it happened and that she [Mrs. Schlise] had to be the one."

A farmer who lived about half a

mile from the Schlise home remarked: "It doesn't surprise me a bit."

Asked what he meant, the farmer replied: "Well, you put two and two together and there are certain things that don't add up in this case." He elaborated that, in all the years he had lived in the area, he never had had a conversation with Schlise, adding that Mrs. Schlise had been a very nice lady.

None of the neighbors interviewed said they ever had heard of any marital problems existing in the Schlise household.

In Milwaukee, police had made a big announcement, on Tuesday, in connection with the murder of Patrolman Ronald Reagan. Three men had been charged with the crime and an affidavit had been released, quoting a boy as saying he had heard the three men talk about the shooting. The boy, 14, was the brother of one of the suspects sought for the murder.

Police said the three men charged were Battlites Wesley, 20, of Milwaukee; Robert Mallory, 20, and Kenneth Jordan, 18, of Chicago.

Police said they had been told that Mallory had been wounded in the hold-up attempt and that the boy had shot himself in the leg accidentally when he and the suspects were handling the guns in an apartment the past Thursday morning.

The boy and Mallory reportedly had gone to a Chicago hospital for treatment. Police questioned Mallory in the hospital the past Friday and they said he had told them that he had been shot in an alley fight. Police indicated that, at the time, there was no strong indication that Mallory had been involved in the shooting of the Milwaukee policeman, so Mallory and the boy had been released from the hospital on Saturday without being charged.

Milwaukee police, in announcing the filing of murder charges, said Battlites Wesley had turned himself in at the district attorney's office. On Wednesday, Mallory and Jordan surrendered to Chicago police. Police said a car found on Chicago's far South Side had been believed to have been used by someone involved in the crime and a search of the vehicle had turned up two hand guns. Mallory and Jordan were taken to Milwaukee and bonds of \$50,000 were set for them on the charges.

At this writing, Donald Anthony Schlise, James Brown and Sam McGhee are in the Waukesha County Jail in Waukesha, awaiting action on the charges against them in connection with the murder of Mrs. Irene E. Schlise. ■

detectives that she saw him talking outside with a man whom she did not recognize, before the stranger hopped into Alexander's Toronado and the car roared off. The next 20 minutes—those preceding the first 9:50 phone call reporting the Roslyn Street gunfire—remained a mystery.

At the intersection of Roslyn and Woodbine, Detective Captain Sparacino discovered shattered glass on the street, as well as in the death car. The find seemed to indicate that bullets had been fired inside the vehicle, although it was possible that slugs passing through Alexander's head had smashed the window and sent glass flying to the pavement. The senior investigator ordered the Toronado towed to the police garage for a comprehensive inspection and a fingerprint check.

Witnesses at the scene described the men who had fled the car as black and in their late 20s. One of them, tall and lanky, had been wearing dark pants and a blue windbreaker. The other, shorter and heavier, had been clad in "dark clothing."

Detective Captain Sparacino reminded newsmen that, just a short time before his death, William Alexander had identified a Joseph Avenue, Rochester, poolroom as a hangout for drug pushers. His death, the lawman said, could have come as vengeance for that and other anti-drug activities.

"He might have been stepping on somebody," Sparacino said. "To some of these drug pushers, the almighty dollar means a lot."

The wounds in Alexander's head, Sparacino continued, had been made with a small-caliber weapon, possibly a .22. Ballistics tests, as well as an autopsy, were slated for the following day.

Police revealed that, in October of 1971, William Alexander had reported receiving 10 or 11 telephoned death threats. The calls, which the New Life Council chief believed came from local dope peddlers, had begun in January of that year, immediately following his famous pledge to war against the pushers.

That same year, Alexander had made an unsuccessful bid for the 22nd District seat in the Monroe County legislature. His candidacy was viewed with pride by friends and acquaintances of the young Birmingham, Ala., native whose family had moved to Rochester in 1964, at the time the city hosted the first of the racial disturbances which were to plague urban America throughout the 1960s.

Unmarried, the tall, thin, clean-cut,

aggressive young man was regarded as something of a loner and he lived up to his reputation by spending most of his time with his family until 1965, when he enlisted in the Army. Sent to Vietnam, he was wounded in the head by shrapnel. Doctors had been unable to remove all the metal embedded in his skull and, in the last few weeks of his life, he had begun complaining about headaches.

Upon his return to civilian life, Alexander had enrolled in Monroe County Community College and, later, in State University College in Brockport, where he was a political science major due to graduate in August, 1973. In 1969, following a teen gang war in which two youths were shot to death, he had founded the New Life Council, organizing ghetto youngsters and funding his plans to keep them out of trouble.

"It was his [Alexander's] style . . . public confrontation, cutting rhetoric," one street worker told investigators. "Bill could really zero in on somebody. That style is probably what got him killed more than anything else."

Another street worker, citing Alexander's October 23, 1972, announcement that he was pressing local police to shut down the Joseph Avenue pool hall because it was a "shooting gallery" for heroin addicts, told detectives:

"We said Bill's going to get himself shot if he keeps doing that. We all heard threats floating around about him getting killed one day, but he didn't take them seriously.

"Listen, the street's a violent place. If you work here, or are into politics here, you accept that. I don't think there's anybody who hasn't had a run-in with Bill Alexander, including me . . . but nothing I'd shoot him for."

**L**ESS than six hours before his death, Alexander had visited a Rochester television station to be interviewed about his attack on the city's drug establishment.

"He talked about efforts to expand New Life Council to the West Side, through a series of meetings in the Third Ward, and also about the philosophy behind the New Life Council," the talk show moderator said. "He didn't identify any drug hangouts, although he did say that New Life was instrumental in closing down the Joseph Avenue pool hall. We're going to air that interview at 6:15 on Saturday night."

Bill Alexander was no stranger to the news media. In March of 1971, immediately after New Life had opened its six-room center on North Clinton Ave-

nue, he had called a press conference to explain the purpose of his group.

"I guess you'd say we're trying to create a war between the users and the pushers," he said. "We prefer working with those guys not accepted by the other agencies . . . the undesirables . . . guys who hang out in cliques, on street corners with no place to go.

"We point out the characteristics of the users . . . uncombed hair, poorly dressed and so forth . . . to explode the myth that they're the coolest cats in town."

Alexander's girlfriend of five years told police that, shortly before his murder, the young man had been obsessed with a "premonition" of death. For the past week, she said, he had been acting strangely. A Monday morning breakfast conversation had been dominated by talk of death.

On Tuesday, November 7, she continued, he had given her an envelope to "keep" for him. Opening it, she had found his driver's license, car registration, insurance papers and a bill of sale for his car. "I really didn't understand what it all meant, but I kept them," the distraught young woman said. "I told his mother today about the papers. She told me to keep them. I don't think she wants anything to do with that car."

Alexander, she went on, had spoken to her only minutes before he died. "I had just come home from the hairdressers [ . . . ] It must have been 9:20 P.M. The phone rang. It was Ekie [Alexander's nickname]."

Their conversation ended abruptly when they were disconnected. After redialing her number, Alexander had asked: "Hey, what happened?"

"I asked him if we were going to have breakfast together the next morning. He first said 'no' and was real sharp. Then he said 'okay,' but for me to call him at about 8:20 A.M., because he had to check his calendar to see if he had a meeting scheduled."

The young woman said that she had no idea why her boyfriend was slain, although she did not believe it had anything to do with his highly publicized campaign against dope pushers. "I know there was a lot of talk because of Ekie pointing to the pool hall and shoe shine place as drug places," she said, "but he just wanted them torn down to keep the kids out of them."

William Hall, executive director of the Baden Street settlement, took the opposite point of view. He believed that William Alexander's death was directly related to his aggressive stand against drugs. In fact, Hall said, he thought the pushers had put out a "contract" on the young man.

"It's the only logical conclusion you can draw at this point," Hall said. "Other groups aren't bothered because of their drug programs . . . not F.I.G.H.T., not the Urban League, Action for a Better Community. Nobody had aggressively come out against the pusher . . . only Bill Alexander."

Hall pointed out that the young man received a salary of \$10,500 a year as director of New Life Council. He was paid once every two weeks—about \$400 gross—and sometimes he also picked up a paycheck for his girlfriend, who worked as a secretary at the Baden Street Settlement.

"Bill probably always had a lot of money on him," Hall said. "He was single, lived at home and was in school on a GI Bill. He got an educational loan from the Baden Credit Union just a few days ago."

According to his girlfriend, Alexander planned to pursue a master's degree in political science as soon as he received his diploma at Brockport. "He always wanted to be a politician," the young girl said. "I got some of my friends, and his, to write in his name for the presidency of the U.S. on Tuesday . . . Ekie for President."

Speaking of her boyfriend's unsuccessful Republican candidacy for the county legislature the previous autumn,

she mentioned that he had planned a second try for the 22nd District seat in the next election.

"He thought the Presidential write-in would be a good political move," the girl said. "There were so many things he wanted to do."

None of them, apparently, were as important to him, however, as ridding Rochester of drug dealers. Two of his closest friends said that because of that desire the purpose of the New Life Council was as misunderstood as its controversial director.

"It was a youth training center," William Hall explained. "The drug problem in the inner city was Bill's pet."

Hall explained that the new chief of the council will not be required to carry out an anti-drug campaign. "The direction of the program will depend on whoever directs it."

The organization had been looking for a new assistant director, Hall continued, since October, when 21-year-old Richard Sylvester "Pancho" Anderson, Jr., the previous office holder, had been arrested on a fourth-degree drug possession charge after a quantity of marijuana allegedly was found in his car. Although most people believed that Alexander had been behind Anderson's dismissal from his job, Hall claimed that the firing had been his idea.

"If anyone was directly responsible for Pancho," Hall said, "it was me. He hadn't been doing his job and Bill just carried him for a long time."

"We wanted to do something about the situation long ago, but he [Anderson] knew how to handle kids. Then, when he was picked up for possession of marijuana, we just couldn't have that associated with the organization."

At the crime scene, meanwhile, William Alexander's relatives also were speaking of Pancho Anderson. Their mention of the young man's name came in reply to a police query about any persons who might have held a grudge against the murder victim.

**TOLD** the story of Anderson's dismissal from New Life and his belief that Alexander had been behind it, police decided to speak with him at once. Making a few discreet inquiries, Detectives Irving Carter and Joseph Conte were tipped that he could be found visiting his girlfriend at her Hamilton Street home.

Hurrying to the address they had been given, the investigators were disappointed to learn that the young man was not there. He had gone out for cigarettes just moments before their 2 A.M. arrival. The detectives were not going anywhere, however—at least not without first speaking with Anderson—and they made themselves right at home in his girlfriend's living room.

Also keeping them company was Leroy White, a friend of the suspect. When Anderson finally opened the door, he barely had time to undo his jacket before the two police officers told him to button up again. Then, all three young people were escorted downtown to Rochester's public safety building.

At police headquarters, Anderson denied having anything at all to do with William Alexander's murder, claiming that he had spent the entire evening in the company of no one other than his girlfriend and Leroy White. Questioned separately, White backed up his story.

The homicide investigators did not feel compelled to accept the pair's account of their activities as the official record of the night's events. Curious to see if they could uncover a weakness in the friends' tale, Detective Supervisor Louis Trotto and Detective Sergeant Robert Cutt began making the rounds of Richard Anderson's favorite Genesee Street taverns, searching for potential witnesses. At the same time, other detectives, including Elwood "Red" Smith and Joseph Gangemi, began hunting for friends and acquaintances of the murder victim.



"In a situation like this, am I supposed to see your license, too?"

At 3 A.M., one of the detective teams made such a racket pounding on the door of an apartment in the northeast section of the city that they accidentally woke a neighbor of the person whom they had come to interview. Although they never did talk to that witness, the neighbor told them that she had seen Pancho Anderson—with two other men—at about 9 o'clock, despite his claim to have spent the entire evening with his girl and Leroy White.

Returning directly to headquarters, the detectives had another go at Anderson, who remained adamant that he had been telling the truth all along. Leroy White, however, was another story. Weary from his night of questioning, he finally changed his statement at 4 A.M.

White told the investigators that, shortly after 9 o'clock, he had been driving east along Wilson Street with Anderson and another man, whom he identified as Roger Baldwin, when their car had a flat tire. Since Anderson did not have the key to the trunk, he left the car, accompanied by Roger Baldwin, to hitchhike to his girlfriend's house and pick up the key. Leroy White had remained with the vehicle.

**W**HEN the pair did not return after some time, an angry Leroy White had obtained the trunk key by himself and changed the tire. Driving to the Hamilton Street home where police later picked him up, he found Anderson and Baldwin waiting for him. Roger Baldwin, he added, left the house some time before the arrival of the two detectives. He had nothing more to say to the homicide investigators.

White already had told them enough. The fatigued detectives hurried from police headquarters determined to track down Roger Baldwin. Although they were supplied with a number of Rochester addresses where Baldwin might be found, none of them proved of any value to the investigators. At 11 o'clock that morning, with no place else left unchecked, they returned to the home of Richard Anderson's girlfriend. There, hiding behind a furnace in the basement, they found their missing suspect.

By the time they brought the young man to headquarters, a thoroughly worn out Richard Anderson was asleep on a table in a fourth-floor interrogation room. Without bothering to waken the suspect for introductions, Detective Captain Sparacino told Officer Edward Hughes, a crime technician, to compare the lone fingerprint found in the death car with those taken from Anderson and Baldwin.

At about one o'clock that afternoon,

the two suspects were led into separate interrogation rooms for still another round of questioning. Captain Sparacino was the chief inquisitor in one of the rooms; Detective William Mahoney, the other. Anderson proved, if anything, to be even more close-mouthed after his rest than he had been the previous night. His friend was something less than loquacious himself.

After three hours of frustration for the Rochester murder probes, Officer Hughes burst into the interrogation rooms with a well-calculated dramatic flair to announce that a print of Anderson's matched perfectly one found on William Alexander's Toronado. With that revelation, the veil of silence enveloping the pair of suspects abruptly was lifted. For the next three hours and 23 minutes, the two men told all they knew about the murder, police said.

After leaving Leroy White at the side of the disabled car, Richard Anderson and Roger Baldwin had walked around the corner, hoping to catch a ride to Hamilton Street. As luck would have it, William Alexander, at that very moment, was leaving his house on the 600 block of North Street.

Anderson and Baldwin walked up to Alexander just as the New Life director was backing his car out of the driveway and asked him for a lift. It was at that point that Mrs. Alexander had seen her son speaking to a man whom she had not recognized.

Alexander readily agreed to the pair's request and they wasted no time in hopping into his car—Anderson in the front seat, Baldwin in the back. On the way, Anderson brought up his dismissal from New Life, claiming that Alexander had been responsible for it. When Alexander denied his former employee's allegation, the pair allegedly quarreled and Anderson demanded that they drive to the home of William Hall to settle the argument once and for all.

"Damn it all," Alexander purportedly had said, "I'll take you to Hall to prove the point."

"If you don't say something for me," Anderson allegedly had answered, "I'll see that everyone at Baden Street Settlement will lose their job. I'll tell them what I know."

"You must be crazy if you think I'm going to let you mess up my thing," Alexander reportedly had replied, reaching into a jacket pocket and pulling out a nine-shot, .22-caliber pistol.

Anderson lunged for the weapon. It went off by accident, shattering the window on the driver's side of the car. But the fight was far from over with that first shot.

Reaching once more for the gun,

Anderson allegedly wrested it from Alexander's grip. The New Life director yanked the steering wheel to the right and slammed down with all his might on the brake pedal. As the car shuddered to a halt, he threw the gear shift into park position, freeing both his hands for the struggle for the weapon.

As soon as the car stopped moving, Roger Baldwin opened up a back door and stepped outside. He was half-way out of the vehicle when Richard Anderson pumped the first of the remaining eight bullets in the gun into William Alexander's head.

From the murder scene, Anderson and Baldwin had fled to a bar on Jefferson Avenue, where they phoned for a cab. Not long after, they were at Anderson's girlfriend's place on Hamilton Street.

On Monday, November 27, at the conclusion of a two-day, pre-trial hearing, City Judge Harold L. Galloway ordered Richard Anderson and Roger Baldwin held at the Monroe County Jail pending a possible indictment by the grand jury. Judge Galloway said that his decision was based on a statement made by Roger Baldwin, a police report that Anderson's fingerprint was found in the death car and a ten-page autopsy report by Monroe County Medical Examiner John Edland, which confirmed that the victim had died of 13 gunshot wounds to the head.

On Friday, December 22, 1972, Richard Anderson was indicted on the murder charge by the grand jury. The panel cleared Roger Baldwin of murder, but indicted him on a single count of hindering prosecution by throwing away the death weapon.

**O**N July 10, 1973, in his opening remarks to the jury in Richard Anderson's murder trial, a Rochester defense attorney suggested that William Alexander was slain because "he publically declared war on the drug pushers on Joseph Avenue. He was a man whose life continually was threatened by the drug racketeers."

How, he asked, could his client have shot Alexander 13 times, when the alleged death weapon held only nine rounds. In all, the attorney said, 14, perhaps 15, shots were fired.

"They killed a man 13 times with a nine-shooter," the lawyer said, contending it was illogical that the killer had taken time to reload the weapon before pumping the last bullets into Alexander's head.

"What was going on in this community, the black community, at this time?" the attorney asked. He cited, in reply to his own question, the homicide

11 days before Alexander's death of 18-year-old Ronald Rowe, who was slain with a single bullet as he shot a game of pool at a Jefferson Avenue poolroom.

"What's the rumor about the Rowe killing?" the attorney asked. "That it was a mistake. The two men were supposed to knock off a drug pusher who wasn't toeing the line...shades of New York City."

His insinuations were clear. He wanted the jury to believe that out-of-town gunmen had assassinated William Alexander for his anti-drug stance. And at least one of the 12 jurors impaneled to decide Richard Anderson's fate was convinced that the attorney was right. At the end of the trial, the jury foreman told Judge George D. Ogden that it had been impossible to come to a unanimous verdict about Anderson's guilt or innocence.

Richard Anderson's second trial for

the murder of William Alexander came to another conclusion. It ended a few minutes before midnight on Saturday, September 22, 1973, with a guilty verdict reached after ten hours of deliberation.

Almost two months later, on Wednesday, November 14, Richard Anderson stood before Judge Ogden for the last time, to hear the State Supreme Court jurist pronounce sentence upon him.

"Have you any legal cause why judgment should not be passed upon you?" the clerk of the court asked.

"No," Anderson replied in a barely audible voice. He repeated that answer when Judge Ogden asked if he had anything to say before he was sentenced.

"I know the statute gives you very little discretion in these matters," Anderson's public defender said to the judge. "I have little more to add."

"You have been convicted after two trials of a murder," Judge Ogden began. "I have had a long conference with your mother, with whom I deeply sympathize. She's doing everything she can as your mother to help you... You were convicted after what I believe was a fair trial, by a jury that heard all the evidence..."

"Richard Sylvester Anderson, Jr.," Judge Ogden concluded, "the sentence of the court is that you be sentenced to an indeterminate term of imprisonment, which will have a maximum of your natural life and a minimum term of imprisonment of 20 years. You are to be delivered to the New York Correctional Facility in Attica." ■

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The names Leroy White and Roger Baldwin are not the actual names of the persons who were in fact participants in the incidents described in this article.*

## SHE'S TOO PRETTY TO DIE SO HORRIBLY continued from page 41

plaza and three times that distance behind the 13th Precinct police station. To the officers who sprinted to the scene behind the hyper-energized dog walker, the brown-eyed young woman looked to be about 23 years old. In life she had stood 5 feet, 5½ inches, weighed 137 pounds and had worn her dark brown hair almost to her shoulders. The symmetry of her not unpleasant features was marred only by the absence of a front tooth.

Below the waist, the young woman was wearing nothing other than a pair of calf-length stockings and new platform shoes. On the edge of a snowbank a few feet away, near a pair of silver gloves, officers found a pair of women's maroon slacks which had been rolled into a tight knot by whomever had thrown them away. A search of the parking lot failed to turn up any other garments and the glasses and gold bracelet which it did produce yielded no clues to the dead girl's identity.

The medical examiner, Ernest Fernandez, who arrived at the shopping plaza shortly after 8 o'clock, believed that the girl had been strangled, as well as kicked and beaten with such ferocity that her ears nearly had been severed from her head. The scrapes and lacerations which covered her skin pointed to the likelihood that she had been dragged along the rough surface of the parking lot to the spot where she had been found. The possibility that she had been assaulted sexually was left undetermined, pending the results of toxicology tests slated for later.

Once the scene was photographed

and the corpse loaded into an ambulance, the first order of business for police was to have the attractive young murder victim identified. Buffalo police brass handed that assignment to Detective Sergeant James E. Hunter and Detective Richard M. Robson.

At one o'clock that afternoon, a suburban Amherst, N.Y., couple returned from a holiday trip to Pennsylvania to find their daughter, 17-year-old Cathy Edmiston, inexplicably missing from home. When more than an hour of progressively unnerving phone calls to friends, relatives and acquaintances failed to shed any light on the girl's whereabouts, her parents reluctantly dialed the number of police headquarters in Amherst, a community located about ten miles northeast of Buffalo, to report their fears over the disappearance of the Williamsville High School South senior.

One hour later, the phone rang in the Edmiston's Arlington Road home. The caller, a Buffalo police officer, attempted to minimize what he was saying as he asked the girl's father if he would undertake a particularly morbid task. A young woman, he explained, had been found murdered in Buffalo earlier that day and he wanted Mr. Edmiston to view her body on the outside chance that it was that of his daughter.

With a grim foreboding, Mr. Edmiston agreed to his request. Not long after, at 6:30 P.M., standing beside a slab in the Erie County Morgue, he sadly identified the Black Rock murder victim as his 17-year-old daughter.

Cathy Edmiston's parents were unable to provide much significant information to the Buffalo homicide probes. Out of town during the period of time immediately preceding their daughter's death, they were as much in the dark as police about the events that had culminated in her brutal murder. They suggested that detectives speak with the slain girl's sister and boyfriend about that fatal night.

Cathy's 19-year-old sister told investigators that, early on Christmas evening, the younger girl had announced that she wanted to visit a tavern in the shopping plaza on the 600 block of Hertel.

At 17, Cathy was one year below the minimum legal drinking age in New York and her sister had refused to drive her there. However, when the Williamsville High School South student threatened to walk from Amherst to Black Rock, her sister had relented somewhat, agreeing to drive her to the home of a girlfriend in Amherst, where she could pick up a ride.

At 9:30, Cathy and her girlfriend were given a lift by the girlfriend's sister to the tavern. After dropping them off, the third girl had returned home.

Detective Sergeant Edwin A. Gorski and Detective Robert M. Grabowski were told by the slain girl's 18-year-old boyfriend that he had joined Cathy at the tavern later in the evening. Because of the holiday, the place was nearly empty and, by an odd coincidence, he pointed out, the pair had found themselves the only white persons there.

At 11 P.M., the young man said, he

advised Cathy to leave, because the men to whom she had been talking were drinking heavily. When she refused, he left alone.

Contacted by homicide investigators, the girl who had accompanied Cathy on her last night out reported that she last had seen her friend at about 11:45, chatting with a man who was unfamiliar to her. A few minutes after that, the girl explained, she, herself, had stepped out of the tavern for about 15 minutes in the company of a male friend.

When she had returned, Cathy was nowhere to be found. Worried, she had waited for Cathy in the nightspot until 2:30 A.M., then had maintained her vigil for the girl in her friend's car until 4 o'clock.

Chief Leo J. Donovan, head of the Buffalo police department's homicide bureau, announced that his men were trying to determine whether Cathy left the tavern of her own free will, or if she had been coerced into leaving. Talks with the bouncer, as well as a number of Christmas night patrons of the nightspot, had revealed that the young woman had disappeared leaving her coat and purse behind.

The more than 50 interviews conducted during the initial phase of the investigation extended to friends and

acquaintances of the murder victim. They, in turn, led to an even lengthier list of other persons to be questioned about the teenager's death. Heading the roster was the name of a man who appeared to be the leading suspect in the case.

Morris A. Stevens, 25, of the 200 block of Moselle Street in Buffalo, a slim six-footer, recently had been laid off from his job as a bench inspector for a local firm. The father of three young children, he was separated from his wife. Putting together a dossier on Stevens' most recent activities was no real problem. Finding him, though, was something else.

Many long, frustrating hours of legwork by Detective Sergeant Gorski and Detective Grabowski paid off at five o'clock on Thursday afternoon in the form of a tip that the man they were looking for could be found at the home of his estranged wife on Filmore Avenue. After assigning a stakeout team to the Moselle Street address to make certain that the suspect could not evade their trap, a team of investigators headed by Detective Sergeant Gerald O. Dove and Detectives Samuel N. Giambrone and Vincent Pantano hurried to the residence on Filmore.

As promised, Stevens was there and taken into custody without incident.



MORRIS STEVENS

*Suspect said Cathy had "bad-mouthed" him, but nothing had come of it.*

The next day, Friday, December 28, 1973, Chief Donovan told newsmen that Morris Stevens had admitted leaving the tavern on Christmas night with Cathy Edmiston, whom he had met for the first time just hours earlier. However, the homicide squad commander pointed out, the suspect had denied slaying her. Allegedly, he had told investigators that the teenager had accompanied him from the tavern to his car, but had "bad-mouthed" him and left him there following an argument.

"He gives us one story," Chief Donovan said, "but we have information from another source that's quite different. He says she got out of the car, but we've been told there apparently was a fight."

Cathy, the chief explained, was beaten in the car before her semi-nude body was dragged along the blacktop surface of the parking lot beneath the moving vehicle. As Stevens pulled his car out of its space in the lot, the chief continued, "he couldn't see her any more. She apparently was under the car."

Morris A. Stevens appeared at his arraignment later that morning wearing green slacks, a white shirt and a gray leather jacket. He stood with his head bowed in the City Court prisoner's box just a few steps away from the relative who had accompanied him into the courtroom.

The most damaging evidence presented against Stevens at the arraignment was a statement from his roommate that the suspect had told him that he had killed a girl. At the conclusion of the proceedings, City Judge John J. Honan assigned a public defender to represent Stevens until the young man hired his own attorney. Then he ordered Stevens held without bail until a preliminary hearing slated for mid-January.

On Saturday, December 29, following services at a Main Street, Williamsville, funeral home, Cathy Edmiston was laid to rest in Williamsville Cemetery.

On Monday, January 21, Morris Stevens appeared in Erie County Superior Court to plead innocent to a charge of "choking, beating, stomping, kicking and running over Cathy Edmiston in a motor vehicle."

At the conclusion of the proceedings, District Attorney Edward C. Cosgrove announced that his office was prepared to bring the case to trial. However, Stevens' public defender, citing the seriousness of the charge, asked the court to appoint a second attorney to assist in representing his client. The matter was taken into consideration by the judge. ■

the burned apartment easily could have been entered from the outside. "It was warm last night, and those windows were open," an officer said. "The shades were up. We can't tell yet from the condition of the apartment if there was a forced entry, but someone could have slipped in from a window."

The chief turned back to the girls and asked if any of them had seen or heard anything suspicious the previous night.

"We had our party," one of them responded. "We were up kind of late. Then, we went to bed, after the guests left. We didn't notice anything."

"We'd like to know who was at the party last night," the chief said. "And we want to know the names of everyone who knew Miss Schmidt in Merrill."

Several girls showed surprise at that request.

"The girl was killed," an officer told them. "She might have been killed by someone she knew. And she might have been killed by someone who wanted to know her better . . . someone with whom she might have just been casually acquainted and who found out her roommate was away and that Miss Schmidt was alone in the apartment."

"The killer could have been someone who thought he'd have little trouble with an 18-year-old girl who came here from the country with her roommate out of town," another officer speculated. "He could have gone wild when she kept pushing him off. He might have had a few drinks . . . at a party."

The girls, however, insisted that they had no idea of who might have killed their neighbor.

"Can . . . can we go into our apartment now?" one of them requested.

"You can go in and get your personal belongings," an officer told them. "But you'll have to stay somewhere else for a while. We're going to board this building up."

The girls went to their apartments, then came out with suitcases, clothing and sacks of items.

"We'll want you to go down to police headquarters for statements," an officer said.

District Attorney Dennis Montabon and Dr. T. O. Vechinski, Lincoln County Coroner, shortly arrived at the scene.

Not long after, employees at the restaurant where the victim had worked received the shocking news and also went to the house on E. Second Street.

Authorities were told that Miss Schmidt had moved to Merrill about June 1, after being graduated from Wausau East High School. In addition

to her parents, she was survived by two brothers and two sisters.

"She worked last night," a waitress said. "She came on duty at 4 P.M. I think she was due off at 10:30. But we were busy and she stayed around to help. She left a little after 12."

"Anything happen at the restaurant last night that we should know about?" an officer asked. "Anyone trying to make a play for her . . . leave with her . . . follow her out?"

The waitress shook her head.

"How about other nights?" another officer asked. "Has anyone been coming into the restaurant trying to get friendly with the waitresses?"

"Mister, that goes on in just about all restaurants," she replied. "But if you're asking me if I've got suspicions about anyone, the answer is no."

Chief Plautz, meanwhile, dispatched officers to interview neighbors. A policeman found one who said he had seen the young blonde enter the building about 12:30 A.M.

"He said she was alone and no one appeared to be on the street nearby," the policeman subsequently reported.

"Well, we knew she got home all right," the chief said. "Now it looks like she came home alone."

State crime lab technicians soon arrived from Madison and joined fire marshals in examining the victim's apartment. Then, the body was taken away and Chief Plautz organized his 18-man force to push the investigation.

**T**HE victim's apartment was six blocks from the restaurant on the east side of Merrill and officers were assigned to go over the route which the waitress would have taken on her walk home. Miss Schmidt did not have an automobile.

"See if you can get a line on anyone who might have been following her, or any man out on the street," the chief instructed. "And, while you're talking to the people around here, see if any of them have suspicions of their own."

Most of the citizens of Merrill were home on that Saturday, as the news of the town's first murder in 21 years reached them. Many workers were employed in woodworking plants, a shoe factory or a paper mill. Merrill also was a center for dairy agriculture.

Other officers were assigned to interview young men who had known Katherine M. Schmidt. "We've got some names from the neighbors," they were told. "And you might pick up some more at the restaurant. She was a pretty girl. She might have known

the killer before she got here, but that's unlikely. She got out of high school not long ago. That's when her life changed. She came here, got an apartment and went to work."

A veteran officer shook his head, then said he was acquainted with just about everyone in town who ever had come to police attention. "And I can't figure any of them for something like this," he added.

Later that morning, police were busy throughout Merrill, speaking with people who had known Miss Schmidt at the victim's apartment, as well as at the restaurant where she worked. Officers also sought out and interviewed men with criminal records, but none of them had convictions of rape and murder against them. There were a few, however, who had been picked up for molestation, window peeping and exposing person.

Patrolmen Dennis Hintze and Michael Caylor, meanwhile, waded into the Prairie River in Stange's Park, about two blocks west of the murder scene, looking for a weapon. Other officers concurrently used a metal detector, as they searched a several-block area and Patrolman Kirby Stoelling got his skin diving equipment and went downstream into the Prairie River, where the water was deep.

An autopsy was performed that afternoon by a Schofield pathologist, whose report subsequently stated that Miss Schmidt had died of a stab wound in the heart. Other stab wounds also had disfigured her body.

Too, fire marshals reported finding signs of arson in the apartment and strands of hair found there also were considered possible clues. The color was on the blondish side, but not as light as the Schmidt girl's hair.

A young man taken to the police station appeared uneasy, as he sat down.

"We're talking to everyone who was in the building last night," an officer explained. "You were at the party. That right?"

"Yes, sir, I was at the party," he replied.

"You knew Katherine Schmidt, didn't you?"

The young man nodded. "I've seen her several times. She seemed like a nice girl."

"You asked about her last night, we were told," another officer put in. "You asked why she wasn't at the party."

"Sure, I figured she'd be there," the young man said. "I just asked."

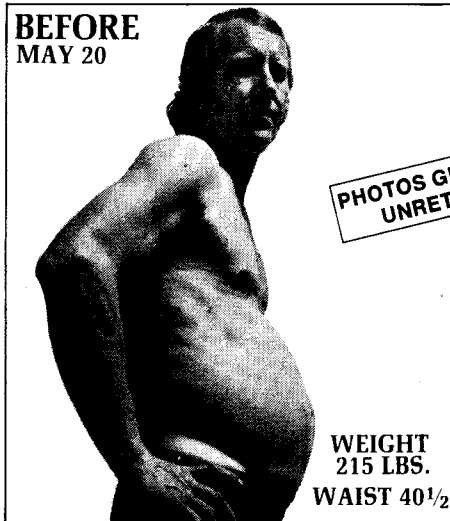
"You knew she would be alone in her apartment, with her roommate out of town, that right?" The man nodded.

(Continued on page 62)

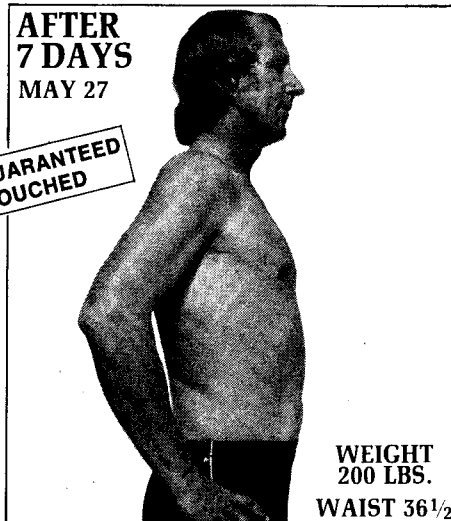


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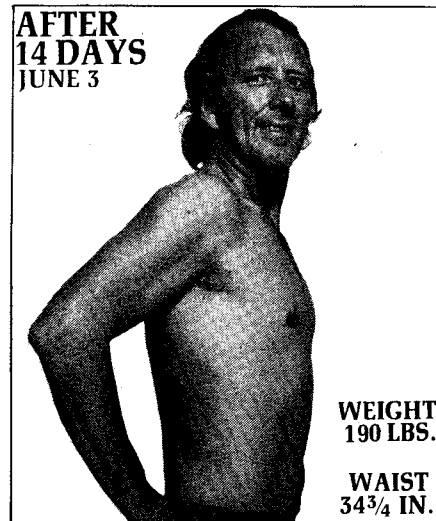
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**Kent Christensen** — "I lost 5 1/2 inches off my waist and 20 pounds in 10 days."  
**Marino Zoller, M.D.** — "I lost 2 inches off my waist in 14 days."  
**Michael Benedict** — "I lost 6 inches off my waist and 22 pounds in 21 days."  
**Ken Waller** — "I lost 3 inches off my waist in 5 days."

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 Reader's Digest (Sept. 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree... there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body... you must work the inches off!

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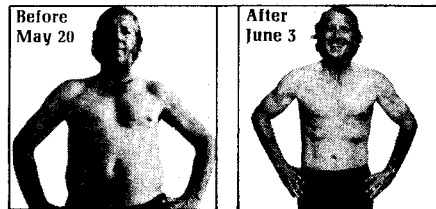
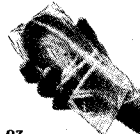
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Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

City .....

State ..... Zip .....

(Please print clearly)

IN CANADA: "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec.

(Continued from page 60)

"Did you go to her apartment, after you left the party?"

"No, sir!" the young man blurted. "I went straight home."

At the hotel on Mill Street, restaurant employees were asked about customers whom Katherine Schmidt had served. They apparently had no suspicions about any of them, but names were taken down and put on the lists of men who still were to be interviewed.

And, when those men were interviewed, they were asked to allow the police to snip a few strands of their hair. Hair samples subsequently were sent to the state crime lab for comparison tests with the hair found in the victim's apartment.

Merrill police kept busy for several days, conducting interviews, checking alibis and searching for the murder weapon. Before long, the district attorney was called in to take part in the interviews.

A young man who lived near the murder scene was unable to provide an alibi and, since his hair coloring resembled the hair found at the scene, the police asked him to provide them with hair samples and to take a lie detector test. The young man voiced no objections and, later, was cleared as a suspect.

After a week and a-half of investigation, Chief Plautz told newsmen that his department had interviewed about 100 people in the investigation, including friends and acquaintances of Miss Schmidt, as well as "anyone connected

in any remote way with her." He said the police had received excellent cooperation from those people, even though some of them had had to be called in for interviews as many as five times. Others had returned to the police department on their own with information which they had thought would be useful.

The big search for the weapon, he mentioned, had failed to turn up a knife. The chief added that the fire department's ladder truck had been used to search roofs.

"We looked into everyone in town who had any kind of record here that could have made him even remotely suspicious," a veteran policeman commented. "They all checked out all right. We covered everyone who ever said, 'Hello,' to that girl. Maybe the killer was someone who passed through town, might have seen her in the restaurant, might have followed her home without anyone having noticed it."

"A stranger wouldn't have known her roommate was out of town," a newsman reminded him.

"Oh, he could have heard her mention it to someone," the lawman retorted. "He might have seen the girl in her apartment and noticed no one else was there."

Various theories were discussed in the police department and around the community, as the investigation continued throughout the summer. Several state investigators were assigned full-time to assist the local police, but, by the time snow fell in Merrill, the murder remained unsolved.

The restaurant where Katherine had worked by then had been converted to serving foreign food and some of the rooms in the hotel upstairs had been turned into apartments. One of the new waitresses in the restaurant was one Mrs. Hye Son Hanke, a native of Korea. Mrs. Hanke, 24, lived with her husband and child in Wausau, 18 miles south of Merrill. Her husband worked the third shift at a paper mill.

One of the employees at the restaurant also lived in Wausau and had been in the habit of driving Mrs. Hanke to and from work, at which she had started on Monday, December 3. The short, slender young woman, in addition to having friends working at the restaurant, also had friends living in Merrill.

When she got off work on Thursday night, her fourth day on the job, Miss Hanke said she was going to visit a couple whom she knew, who lived at Fourth and Hendricks Street, a walk of six blocks. Several inches of snow blanketed the ground and the temperature was near the freezing point, but Mrs. Hanke figured that she could make the walk, have time for a chat and be back in time for her friend at the restaurant, when he got off, to drive her back to Wausau.

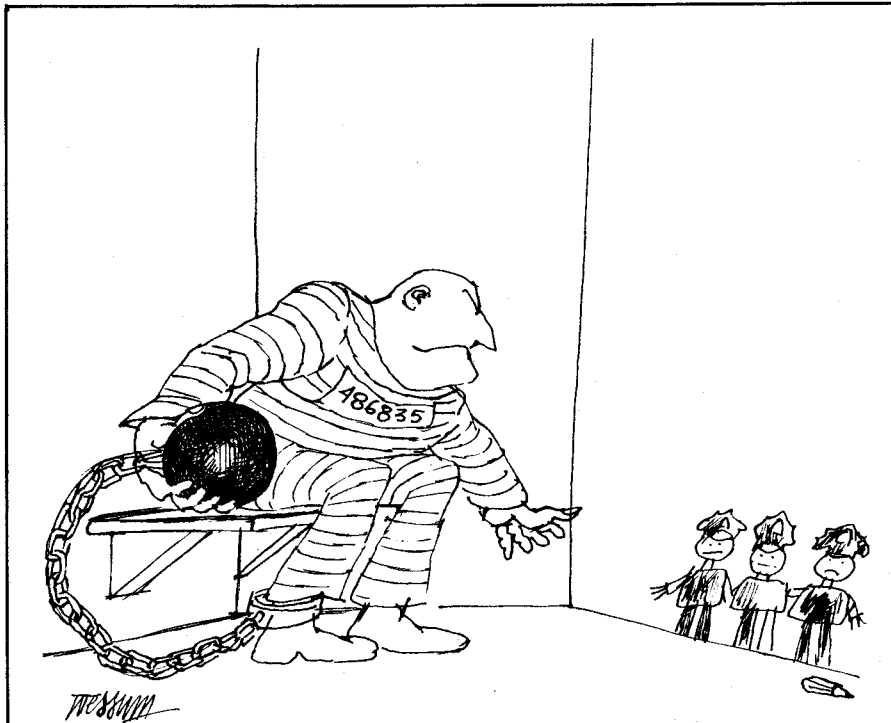
Mrs. Hanke bundled up and went out into the cold, dark night.

**T**HERE were late customers to be served at the supper club and, after the last table was cleared and the remaining employees prepared to go home, Mrs. Hanke's friend from Wausau looked out the window. The young woman had been expected back a while earlier. After a further wait, he assumed that Mrs. Hanke had decided to spend the night at her friend's home, so the man and all the other employees closed the restaurant and went to their own homes.

At 8 A.M. the next morning, Friday, December 7, Andrew L. Hanke became alarmed, having reached his home in Wausau after work at the paper mill and found his wife not there. Consequently, he called the man who customarily drove his wife to and from the restaurant.

"Why, no . . . I didn't take her home last night," the friend told Hanke. "I thought she was staying up there with that couple she knows. She went out to visit them after she got off and never came back."

Hanke then called the couple in Merrill, but their phone went unanswered, so he hurried out to his car and started for Merrill. While Hanke was driving north on Highway 51, most of the citizenry of Merrill were



preparing for work. Some were already out working, like the man who drove a trash-hauling truck and was pulling into the lot behind a supermarket on Hendricks Street. As he got out of his truck, the man noticed something in a nearby yard and walked through the snow to investigate.

He took one close look, then ran back down the alley to the supermarket and called the police. Patrolmen arrived shortly at the scene, followed by Chief Plautz and his top assistants, and they all viewed the corpse of a young, short, slender woman. She was nude and blood stained her body. A pile of clothes lay nearby. Determining that the woman was dead, the police placed blankets over her.

"The body might be frozen," one of them said. "She might have been killed last night."

The scene was in back of a home, near the front entrance of a small rear building, and on the driveway lay the corpse. The couple who lived in the house said they did not know the identity of the dead woman.

"Did you see or hear any kind of a disturbance last night?" officers inquired.

They shook their heads.

The policemen were well acquainted

with the man who lived in the house. A former Merrill policeman, he was currently the Merrill Eighth Ward supervisor on the Lincoln County Board. The small building behind his house was his woodworking shop, but a check of the doors and windows failed to disclose any attempts to break into the building.

Chief Plautz examined the pile of clothing found near the body and came up with a purse containing money and identification cards issued to Mrs. Andrew L. Hanke, 24, of an address on Park Avenue in Wausau. As the officers started their investigation, a patrolman hurried to the scene and called the chief aside.

"Man over there from Wausau," he said. "He just came in and reported his wife missing. She works here at night and never got home last night. Andrew Hanke is his name."

"Where does his wife work?" the chief asked.

"She's a waitress over at a foreign food restaurant. That's the place where the Schmidt girl worked.

"Yes, I know," the chief said and, in a few minutes, all of the officers were aware that both murder victims that year had worked in the same restaurant, which seemed significant.

Chief Plautz issued orders for every available officer to work on the case and requested all the help he could get. A call was made to Madison and, shortly, three state crime lab technicians started for Wausau with their equipment. Concurrently, seven agents of the state Division of Criminal Investigation were assigned to the case, including John Schultz and Bob Ankenbrandt, the special agents who had worked on the Schmidt case.

The murder victim had been found about five blocks west of the restaurant where she had been employed and about five blocks east of where Miss Schmidt had been killed the previous July. Police were calling everyone whom they could find who had worked with Mrs. Hanke or had known her in any other way. In the meantime, other officers started covering the neighborhood.

"We found a man who lives down the street and said he was out a little after 11 P.M. last night," a patrolman reported to the chief. "He said he passed this house and saw a man running from this yard, but he didn't get a good enough look to identify him. He had no idea what the guy was doing back here, but he was sure the man ran in that direction, northeast."

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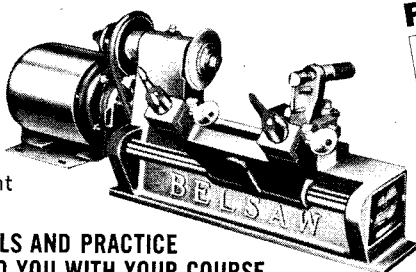
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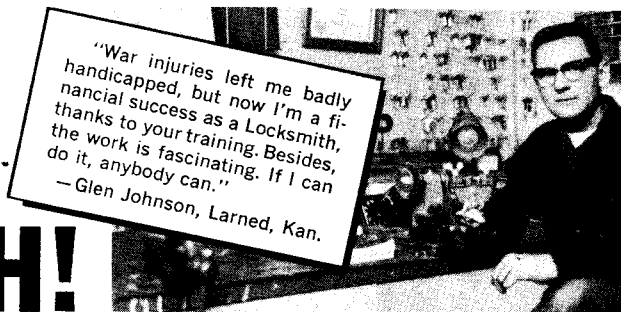
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"This must have been right after the murder," the chief reasoned. He looked carefully around the snow, then spotted some tracks which led northeast from the yard. From their direction, it was apparent that they had not been made by a policeman or the trash hauler who had found the body. Instead, the tracks appeared to have been made by a pair of men's work boots with a thick horizontal rib pattern. Sergeant Donald Trantow and Patrolman Michael Caylor were assigned to follow the trail in the snow and the chief, meanwhile, had several of the tracks covered to await the technicians from Madison.

Employees of the restaurant soon arrived at the scene, some from Wausau. One visibly-shaken man said Mrs. Hanke had gotten off work around 10:30 P.M. and that he had been driving her home since she had begun working at the restaurant on Monday. The young woman purportedly had told him that she was going to visit a couple in town and, when she did not return, he had assumed that she was spending the night at their home.

Police got the name and address of the couple. They lived in an apartment at Fourth and Hendricks, about two blocks from the slaying scene, and officers sent to the apartment returned quickly with a report.

"They weren't home last night," one of them related. "The woman had been taken to a hospital and her husband was with her. The people downstairs remember the woman knocking on the door and then going away."

"So, it's apparent she was walking

back to the restaurant when the killer grabbed her," the chief observed.

"He must have grabbed her off the street and forced her back here and then, when the man came by, the killer ran off," an officer speculated. "Maybe he didn't have a car. Or, he might have had a car parked around here and doubled back later to get to it."

Trantow and Caylor returned to the scene, reporting that they had been able to follow the tracks from the yard to Third Street, down the street and across Streeters Square to the southeast corner. Snow on that side of the street had been shoveled off, so that was where the trail ended.

"He was heading back toward that restaurant," one of them noted. "The trail stopped two blocks from the restaurant."

The officers generally agreed that that further indicated that the killer might have been without a car.

"And I saw a man walking late last night," Caylor further contributed. He said he had been on night patrol with Patrolman Robert Dorava when they observed a man walking on Mill Street.

"He was by the stationery and office supply store," Caylor related. "That's about a block from that restaurant. He was walking alone. Must have been around 11:30. We slowed down and made a turn to have another look at him. Young fellow." The chief was told that the man had not looked like anyone who had come to the Merrill police department's attention in the past.

Technicians and detectives from Madison eventually arrived at the scene and, after Chief Plautz filled them in

quickly, they started by examining the body and photographing the important footprints in the snow. The investigators, meanwhile, noted that the victim had grabbed some hairs from the head of the killer.

"Looks like the same color as those in the Schmidt case last July," an investigator recalled.

"Well, you know we ran a lot of men through the mill," a veteran Merrill officer told him. "We checked out everyone who knew that girl, everyone around here who had any kind of a suspicious record . . . customers at that restaurant . . . strangers in town. No suspect stood out. We thought it might have been someone she knew, due to some of the circumstances. But now . . ."

**"YOU'RE** not sure the same man is involved in both of these cases?" a state agent asked.

"No, but it sure looks that way," the lawman replied. "Our first murders in over 20 years. Both young, attractive women who worked at the same restaurant . . . both found disrobed and stabbed . . . both killed not long after they got off work at night. This may indicate now that the killer was a stranger to both victims, because Miss Schmidt and Mrs. Hanke were strangers. Mrs. Hanke started working at the restaurant this week. They didn't travel in the same circles."

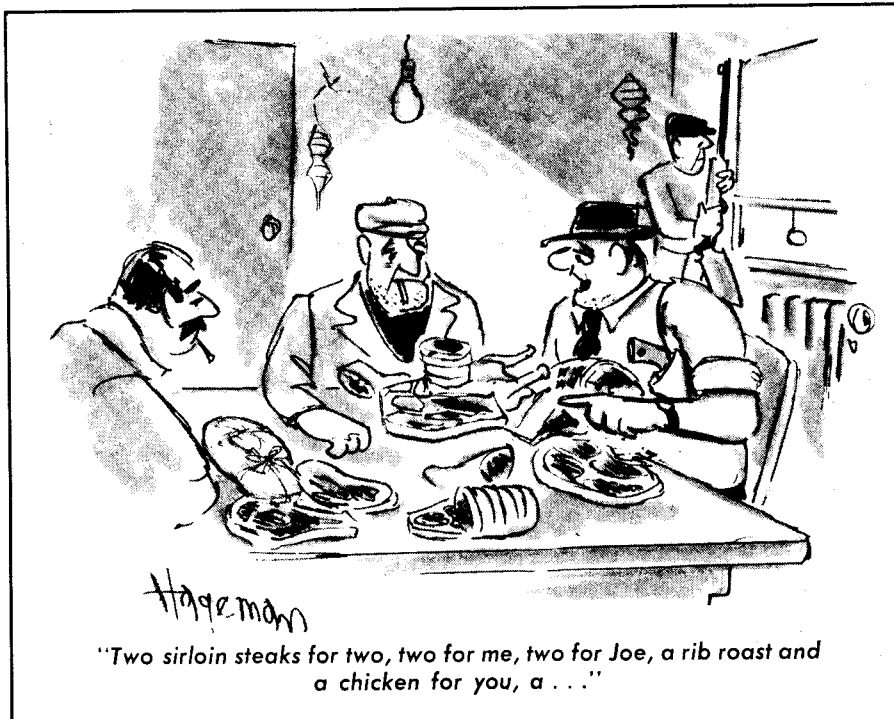
"We went over everyone we could find in town," another officer interjected. "We worked on it for months. I can't figure it as a stranger passing through . . . just by chance seeing these girls on the street. And there's another angle of coincidence—both murders occurred during a full moon period. Maybe that set somebody off."

A policeman arrived, at that point, with a pair of work boots borrowed from a Merrill store. The boots made the same kind of imprints as the prints found in the snow.

"Well, we're looking for a man who wears shoes like these and has light hair and was on the street last night," the chief summed up.

The combined force of local and state officers started circulating around Merrill to question men, for many of whom it was a familiar routine since they had faced interviews the previous July, after Katherine Schmidt had been killed. Again, they gave accounts for their whereabouts and samples of their hair and officers also were shown boots.

In the restaurant, employees had been gathered together and investigators were asking them questions about men who had come in to eat the previous night and other nights. A number of men were interviewed. Alibis, shoes and hair samples all were



"Two sirloin steaks for two, two for me, two for Joe, a rib roast and a chicken for you, a . . ."

examined and, late that night, a weary group of officers gathered in the police department.

"Some of these men want to know if we're going to keep going after them whenever something like this happens in town," a local policeman said. "My goodness! I sure hope nothing like this ever happens again around here!"

On Saturday morning, the local and state investigators continued conducting interviews, checking hair samples, examining shoes and checking alibis. Police also were reviewing all reports to come to their attention since the previous July, looking for something which might give them a lead that they previously had overlooked. Too, men and youths who had been arrested or stopped for any offense at all were the subjects of examination.

LATE in the afternoon, a report which originally had not appeared important was the subject of conversation. The report had been made out by a patrolman and concerned a man whom he had stopped on the street at night the previous August. The man had been walking along on the east side, seemingly minding his own business, but, with the Schmidt case still under heavy investigation, the officer wanted to know who the man was and why he was walking around at night.

The man had identified himself as Wayne L. Smith, age 30, a millwright-mechanic, and, at the time, had been sharing an apartment with his employer on the east side. A routine check had revealed that Smith and his boss both had moved to Merrill early in the year from Rochester, Minn. They had traveled around a three-state area, servicing equipment in feed mills and grain elevators.

A check had been made of local and state records and there had been no criminal record in Wisconsin and Minnesota for Smith. The name also had been fed into the National Crime Information Center computer and Merrill police had been told that Smith was not the subject of a police pickup in the country.

The officer who had stopped Smith recalled that Smith was tall and slender, with light hair. Patrolman Michael Caylor noted that the general description of Smith appeared to fit the man whom he and Dorava had seen walking on the street Thursday night.

The name of Wayne L. Smith then was put on the list of those to be checked out by two of the state agents. Later that day, they returned to police headquarters with a report on Smith and some of the other men on their list.

"Smith and his employer are usually

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out of town during the week," an agent related. "They get back in town on Thursday or Friday, spending weekends here. The employer said they were back from their latest trip on Thursday. The employer wasn't with Smith Thursday night. He got married last summer and Smith had to find a place of his own. He took an apartment in that hotel over the restaurant."

"We're going over to Smith's apartment now," the agent's partner declared.

"We'd sure like to know more about him," a policeman said. "This fellow being out of town during the week . . . just coming to town early this year . . . no wonder his name never came up for discussion before."

The state agents went to the hotel-apartment building on Mill Street, while the police were in the downstairs restaurant, talking with employees and customers. The state agents went upstairs and found Wayne L. Smith in his apartment.

Early that night, the agents brought Smith to police headquarters. He was a slender, young man with a bony face, thin line of a mouth and light hair, cut short and neatly combed.

"We found these boots in his room,"

Chief Plautz was told. "Same design and they look like the same size as the pair that made those prints in the snow. He came out with a record. I guess he figured we'd find out about it later and figured he'd be better off telling it first. He said he's on parole for rape out of Arkansas."

"He came up with an alibi for Thursday night," the other agent added. "He said he was shooting pool with some friends. He said, after he shot pool, he walked back to his apartment. We'll have to check that out."

While the state agents went into another office for more conversation with Smith, Chief Plautz and another agent concentrated on some long distance phone calls. Those questioning Smith subsequently were called into the chief's office.

"Here's what we got on his Arkansas record," Plautz told them. "In 1964, he received a life sentence for rape. He had been arrested near Little Rock while he was in the service. The sentence was commuted to a number of years and, in 1971, he was paroled to his home town, Rochester, Minn. He was supposed to report to a parole officer there and we were told that he did. But, there was no notification

sent to Merrill about him working here. We didn't know anything about him."

"Well, he sticks to his alibi," one of the questioning agents said. "And he's agreed to take a polygraph test. We told him it will be given tomorrow." Smith was allowed to leave, but officers were assigned to watch him. Other officers, meanwhile, were assigned to check on Smith's alibi. They reported back that he had been shooting pool on Thursday night, but, from the time information they picked up, Smith appeared to have had ample time to have committed the murder after the pool game and before an officer spotted a man on the street near Smith's apartment. The patrolmen who had seen the man on the street in that area identified him as Wayne L. Smith.

Smith was back at police headquarters Sunday, but, that night, he was not allowed to return to his apartment. Police Chief Plautz and Russell J. Nelson, director of the state Division of Criminal Investigation, soon held a news conference, during which they jointly announced the arrest of Wayne L. Smith. Nelson attributed the arrest to diligent police work and cooperation from Merrill residents.

On Monday, a first degree murder charge was filed against Wayne L. Smith in connection with the death of Mrs. Hye Son Hanke. Smith told Lincoln County Judge Donald E. Schna-

bel that he did not plan to hire an attorney and did not desire to have one appointed for him.

Bond of \$50,000 was set and, later that day, Smith expressed a desire for legal counsel. A lawyer, consequently, was appointed for him.

A state agent announced: "It is anticipated that Wayne L. Smith will also be charged with the murder of Katherine M. Schmidt."

Added security precautions were taken at the Lincoln County jail in Merrill, as Sheriff Robert Bassett ordered a second deputy sheriff on duty in the building around the clock. He said the precautions were taken, because the jail was then housing two persons charged with murder, two others charged with attempted murder and others charged with or convicted of felonies.

On Wednesday, December 12, Smith was taken before Judge Schnabel, where he waived his right to a preliminary examination, and his attorney entered a plea of not guilty by reason of mental illness or defect. Judge Schnabel explained that the plea was an admission of the essential elements contained in the criminal complaint alleging that Smith had murdered Mrs. Hanke.

Special Agent John Schulz testified on the results of the investigation, describing how and where the body of Mrs. Hanke had been found and re-

lating that a man had been seen fleeing on foot from the scene that night.

Schulz testified that Sergeant Trantow and Patrolman Caylor had followed distinctive tracks from the yard to about two blocks from Smith's apartment. Also, it was brought out that, about 11:30 P.M. the previous Thursday, Caylor and Patrolman Robert Dorava observed a man, whom they later identified as Smith, walking on the street.

Another state agent had obtained a pair of boots, a pocket knife and a hair sample from Smith on Saturday, Schulz continued. A crime lab technician had told Smith that the boots were similar in size and tread to marks found in the snow leading from the murder scene and another technician had said the hair sample contained particles of blood, the court was told.

Schulz also related that another agent had said the pocket knife had the same dimensions as the stab wound in the chest of Mrs. Hanke. Schulz testified further that he had been told Tuesday, by a 23-year-old woman, that Smith had confessed to her the murder of Mrs. Hanke in jail on Monday.

The judge ruled that essential elements of the charge were proven. Two psychiatrists were appointed to examine Smith.

At this writing, Wayne L. Smith is under examination, awaiting action on the charges against him. ■

## FISH FOR THE REST OF ED AND WILMA continued from page 27

know someone who has been treated in the manner they were, it leaves a hollow feeling inside. Everyone in the store feels it."

The operator of the firm where Hoyt had worked as a plumber and serviceman, said: "I never thought I'd know an irreplaceable man. But he was. We miss him. He was a fine person. He knew everybody in the whole trade area.

"He was so tremendously honest, he'd deduct time on his own time card so he wouldn't offend anyone on a job who might think he took too long. You don't find craftsmen like him anymore."

On Friday, October 26, after more than a month of investigation, a meeting was held at the Lancaster County-City Building in Lincoln. Officers from several counties, as well as state investigators, the private detective hired by the Hoyt family and the chief investigator for the Lincoln police department, reviewed the information that had been gathered in the office of Lancaster County Attorney Paul Douglas. The importance of the meeting was noted when Governor J. J. Exon entered the office and joined the talk.

But after a four-hour conference, there was no promise of a wrap-up in the probe. A statement issued jointly by County Attornies Douglas and Schroeder stated:

"We had a meeting and discussed evidence in the case and further work that must be done."

"We have many more interviews to make and we do have some suspects," Douglas added.

The investigators, it was announced, had sent a number of items to the FBI laboratory in Washington, D.C. for analysis. Sheriff Roblee declined to describe the evidence, but he indicated that some of it previously had been examined at the state crime lab in Lincoln.

On Monday, November 5, a memorial service was held at the United Methodist Church in Culbertson in memory of Edwin and Wilma Hoyt. Two hearses stood in front of the church throughout the 20-minute ceremony, while empty caskets were used inside the church for services by Reverend Eldo Kirkus.

As the investigation continued, little progress was reported to the public.

The private detective working on the case requested that his picture be placed in local newspapers, so that people might recognize him on the street. He indicated that several people he sought to interview had been reluctant to open their doors to him because of their new found fear of strangers.

Although a note of pessimism was sounded after another conference of investigators on November 9, reporters were told that the field of suspects had been narrowed to two persons. Meanwhile, as the search of the lake continued, there were reports that "significant evidence" had been found by an underwater search and recovery team. The evidence was not described by authorities.

A psychiatrist versed in legal procedure was hired by Frontier County to aid in the investigation. Sheriff Roblee said the psychiatrist's job was to analyze evidence and assist in solving the murders.

On Thursday, December 20, after three months of investigation, County Attorney Schroeder appeared in Frontier County Court to file a complaint that "on or about September 23, 1973, Harold D. Nokes did feloniously, pur-

posefully and of his own deliberate premeditated malice kill Wilma M. Hoyt."

A similar complaint was filed naming Ena Nokes as respondent.

Harold Nokes and his wife, Ena, lived in a small two-bedroom frame home in McCook. Nokes, 45, was an employee of the State Department of Roads. When he got to work, that day, he assisted in removing snow and putting out traffic cones in downtown McCook. Mrs. Ena Nokes, a short brunette of 44, worked as a bookkeeper in the office of the McCook school superintendent.

Mr. and Mrs. Nokes had been known as a hard-working couple who had sent their son and daughter to the University of Nebraska. The life-long residents of the area also were known as a couple who had been away from their jobs for almost two weeks during the early stages of the investigation.

IT was shortly before noon, as Nokes was putting out traffic direction cones, that he was approached by Sheriff Lannie Roblee of Frontier County and Sheriff James Short of Red Willow County. The sheriffs told Nokes he was under arrest for murder.

About the same time, Lieutenant Don Griebel of the state highway patrol was in the McCook High School superintendent's office to place Mrs. Nokes under arrest. Harold Nokes was taken to the Frontier County Jail at Curtis and Mrs. Nokes was taken to the Lincoln County Jail at North Platte, since there were no facilities for women prisoners at Curtis.

In announcing the charges and arrests, County Attorney Schroeder said that a motive had been established, but would not be disclosed at the time. He said the motive was part of the evidence. In response to questions, he admitted that sex played a large part.

The county attorney would not say where the murder was committed, or where the bodies were cut up.

Schroeder hesitated to state why only one count of murder was filed against the couple. He did say that authorities would continue to collect more evidence and that a second charge could be filed. He said that a further search of the lake was planned for the spring.

Asked if the Nokes couple had maintained their innocence, Schroeder said they had been "ostensibly cooperative." Queried as to whether electronic surveillance was used at the Nokes' home, Schroeder said "there is more than just a wiretap involved."

The county attorney said the arrested couple had no previous criminal record.

It was indicated that the Nokeses had expected charges to be filed, since

they recently had signed over the title of their car to their son.

The county attorney also said the Nokeses had been strong suspects almost since the start of the investigation, which had included interviews with more than 100 people.

Asked why the Nokeses were detained in October, Schroeder said it was because of evidence indicating a relationship between them and Mrs. Rita Weaver.

The county attorney said that nothing was uncovered that bore a relation to any other case other than the obscene signs. He said the investigators found no involvement with drugs on the part of Mrs. Weaver or the Nokes couple, but qualified the statement by saying that he did not include drugs issued through a prescription from a doctor. Schroeder said that rumors of a satanic cult operating in the area were completely unfounded. He said the sex motive had nothing to do with prostitution or a sex club.

Newsmen who went to the employers of the arrested couple heard only favorable comments about them.

"You'll never get me to believe he's mixed up in this thing," Nokes' supervisor said.

"She did her work extremely well all along," Mrs. Nokes' employer said. "Without exception, I think the people in the office appreciated her."

Neighbors also spoke well of the Nokeses. "If they came to my door right now, I wouldn't hesitate to let them in," a woman said.

The Nokeses were described as a quiet couple who kept to themselves.

The next day, Mr. and Mrs. Nokes were brought before Judge Wendell P. Cheney in the Frontier County Courthouse in Stockville. It was disclosed at the arraignment that 81 codeine-based pills were found on Mrs. Nokes when she was arrested and 53 such tablets were found in her husband's possession. The pills were sewn in Mrs. Nokes' brassiere and purse and in the waistband of Nokes' trousers.

Douglas County Deputy Attorney Sam Cooper, who was assisting Frontier County Attorney Schroeder, said: "I can't envision why the tablets would be on a person other than to commit suicide."

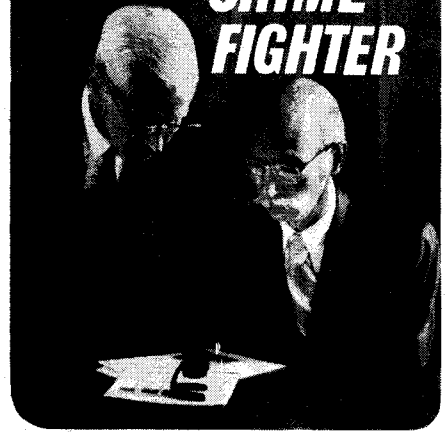
Nokes, who stood 6-foot-1 and weighed about 200 pounds, showed no emotion during the arraignment. He was dressed in a blue jacket and gray work pants.

Mrs. Nokes, who stood five feet tall and weighed about 120 pounds, wore slacks and a brown coat with a fur-trimmed collar and was expressionless.

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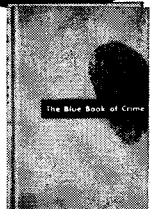
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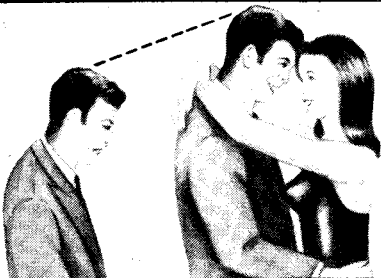
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and the "concern about the harm that could come to a witness," Cooper said, the prosecution recommended that the Nokes couple be held without bail.

Later, authorities announced that a double murder charge would be filed in McCook against Harold Nokes, and that his wife would face lesser charges in the deaths of the Hoyts. Lancaster County Attorney Paul Douglas said the charges would be refiled in Red Willow County because authorities believed the crimes were committed in McCook. Nokes would be charged with the first degree murder of Wilma Hoyt and the second degree murder of Edwin Hoyt, Douglas added. He indicated that the new charge against Mrs. Nokes would be not as great as manslaughter.

At his arraignment on Wednesday, January 9, 1974, before Red Willow

County District Court Judge Jack Hendrix, Harold Nokes pleaded guilty to the first degree murder of Mrs. Hoyt and the second degree murder of her husband. Nokes said that the slayings grew out of an argument he had had with the couple over their daughter, Rita Weaver, in the basement of his home, on September 23. The death weapon, he added, had been a gun.

Following Harold Nokes' guilty pleas, Judge Hendrix set February 28 as the date for sentencing.

Immediately after that, Mrs. Nokes pleaded no contest to two counts of illegally disposing of a dead body. ■

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

## FOR WHAT YOU DONE . . . continued from page 45

some members of the Mad Dogs. And indications were that it was because he had tried once too often to play the Romeo with their girl friends.

Friends of the victim reported that shortly before his death, three Hells Angels—two men and a girl—had called at the Gondola coffee bar asking for him and they had seemed angry.

From the descriptions, detectives identified the inquisitive trio—Brian Moore, a 21-year-old scaffolder who wore his long hair tied back with a black ribbon; Albert Dorn, a 27-year-old building worker, and his 18-year-old wife Christine. Moore and Mrs. Dorn were brother and sister.

Brian Moore made only the flimsiest of attempts to deny his involvement in the killing. Coolly, he told detectives: "I don't feel I've done anything wrong. He had raped my girl, and I thought I should put him out of the way so that he wouldn't rape any other girls."

He also confessed that his accomplices had been Albert Dorn and his pretty young wife Christine who had been used as bait to lure the conceited Ollie to his death. All three were arrested and charged with murder, some two months after Ollie's body had been found.

The killing, it soon came out, revolved around an attractive 17-year-old high school girl, Jane Anson, who came from a respectable Brighton family. Brian Moore, who also was known as 'Angus,' had met her in a coffee bar and fallen madly in love with her.

Entirely infatuated with the long-legged, dark-haired schoolgirl, Moore had given up his job so he could spend more time with her. He even drifted away from the Hells Angels and began

to dress more respectably in suit and tie, so as to impress Jane and her parents.

One night during a necking session he asked Jane if she was still a "white winger"—Hells Angel slang for a girl who is still a virgin.

Tearfully Jane confessed she was not and she claimed it was because she had been raped on her sixteenth birthday by Clive Olive.

Moore went white with anger at the thought that the girl he loved had been despoiled by a boastful punk like Ollie. He was even more enraged at the thought that Ollie then had rejected her. And from that moment, the red-bearded Angel had begun to plan his revenge.

The murder trial of Moore and his two accomplices began in November, 1973, in a curious mixture of the ancient and modern in the Sussex County town of Lewes. Inside the centuries-old Crown Court sat Judge Thesiger in his traditional long white wig and red robes, the Royal Court of arms gleaming blue and gold behind his high-backed chair.

Outside in the historic streets, the Mad Dogs of Sussex had turned up in force to see the show. Preening in their sleeveless denim jackets with Mad Dogs insignia on the back, they swaggered and posed for press photographers as if they had come to a carnival instead of a murder trial.

Looking pale and shy, Jane Anson shielded her pretty face as she hurried past newsmen to give evidence in the packed courtroom. She had taken the morning off from lessons to be there.

In a faltering voice she described how she went to Ollie's home on her



sixteenth birthday, September 9, 1972, after dating him a few times.

He had called her into his bedroom. "We sat on the floor talking, and then he put his arm around me and pulled me over," said Jane. "He had sexual intercourse with me. I did not consent. I struggled quite a bit. When it was over I got dressed and left. I never went out with him again."

Jane said that about two months later she became friendly with Moore. But their romance was haunted by the memory of that sex attack. "Brian could not get it out of his mind, he was always thinking about it," she said.

The soft-spoken schoolgirl brought the first of many macabre touches to the trial when she revealed that she and Moore had staged a ceremonial burning of the clothes she had been wearing when she was raped by Ollie. And during love-making they also had tried to re-enact the rape scene.

Brian Moore, 6 feet, 2 inches tall, with his long hair still tied back with ribbon, shocked the all-male jury with his defiant and carefree attitude. Once he grabbed a bottle of water from the judge's bench and lunged angrily at a lawyer because he had said something unpleasant about his schoolgirl lover.

"You shut your mouth, or I'll belt you one," screamed Moore as police restrained him.

And the red-bearded Mad Dog confirmed that his jealousy over the rape attack on his girl friend had inspired him to kill. "The thought of the rape was eating me up," he said. "I didn't even like to make love to Jane in the normal way because this was the position in which she was raped."

**T**HE court was hushed as Moore calmly described the night of the murder, February 28. He, Dorn and Mrs. Dorn had picked up Ollie in the panel truck on the pretense that they wanted to talk to him about drugs.

Moore, who was armed with a heavy wooden truncheon, rode in the back with Ollie as Dorn steered the vehicle through the streets of Brighton.

"I asked him if he knew a girl called Jane," explained Moore. "He said no. I asked him again and he replied no. I said, 'The one you raped, you —', and he denied knowing her. Then he admitted he had raped her.

"I was furious, boiling. He lashed out at me and I put up my left hand and hit him with the other, slamming him against the side of the truck."

Then he described how he battered the screaming boy unconscious as the truck sped through the darkness of the deserted seafront streets.

"I went berserk," said the power-

fully-built Hells Angel. "I kept thinking of the rape."

Moore, a former animal trainer, went on: "I thought he was dead. I checked his pulse from behind the knee. I had done that before to monkeys and chimps. His eyes were staring and there was blood on his face."

Crazed with jealousy, Moore had hoped to extract a detailed confession of the rape from Ollie before he died. "I had not found out all I wanted to know," Moore told the court. "I had spent all this time, and the only person who could answer my questions was dead. I kicked him."

With Ollie bloodstained and unconscious in the back, Dorn drove the truck to Shoreham harbor. There, they bound him with cord, tied his hands behind his back and weighted him down with a bag of concrete blocks before throwing him in the sea.

Moore said he still had nightmares recalling the scene. "His eyes were staring and there was blood on his face," he said. "After we dropped him in the water, Al said, 'Look he is bobbing up and down.' The staring eyes bothered me, but it was the bubbles that bothered Al."

After the murder, Moore continued to meet his girl friend for lovemaking sessions. He confessed to the killing and they talked about suicide. "We decided that if the police got too close we would jump off the cliffs at Peacehaven—a 250-foot drop," said Moore.

It wasn't the first time that Moore had thought of suicide as a way out of a love tangle. Once, while working at a Safari park, he had been jilted by a girl. He locked himself in a cage with two leopards, thinking they would maul him to death. But they just ignored him.

Even experienced psychiatrists used to dealing with maniac killers told the court they were shocked by Moore's callous attitude to the murder of Ollie. Moore himself told the court:

"I don't feel I have done anything wrong. I knew it was against the law. But I think I did Brighton a favor by getting rid of him."

There were screams from Hells Angels packing the public gallery as all three Mad Dog Killers were found guilty after six-and-a-half hours of deliberation by the 12-man jury.

Moore stood smiling in the dock as the judge described the crime as "a most horrible murder." He went on:

"I feel sure that all three expected some harm to be done to Clive Olive and all knew that the gear required to dispose of his body was in the truck. I feel sure that nobody there that night really minded a bit whether

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Olive lived or died when he was put into the water."

Christine Dorn, neatly dressed in black clothes, collapsed in the dock when the judge sentenced her to ten years jail for manslaughter. "She helped mark down the victim," said the judge.

She recovered in time to hear her husband and brother get life sentences.

Christine screamed, "You—" at the judge as all three were hustled away to the cells. She had given birth to a baby boy in jail while awaiting trial and had to face separation from the child.

Outside the court, Ollie's mother wept as she talked about how the 'evil influence' of the Hells Angels had cost her her only son. "I am begging every

parent whose children have gone astray and may be in moral danger to keep away from these people," she said. "I tried to get my son away from these creatures, who had long hair and never seemed to do any work. But it was no use."

Jane Anson, with the boy who raped her dead and the man she loved in jail for life, is back in high school.

"I know it is being said that I am an easy lay," she said. "But it's not true. I was a virgin until that incident with Ollie on my sixteenth birthday.

"That rumor was started by Ollie. He boasted to his friends that he had sexual intercourse with me four times.

"But, after that first time, the only sex I had was with Brian. I loved him. I still do." ■

## NO RANSOM COULD BUY BACK DANNY continued from page 51

in the ransom package prepared by the agents.

So, on that day, still unknown to the public, the FBI had a trio of suspects in the kidnaping—but they still did not have Danny back.

Saturday morning, the FBI held a press conference in Jamestown to announce that there had been an apparent kidnaping and that three defendants had been arrested. "Detailed searches are being made throughout Chautauqua County and vicinity by the FBI and local authorities in an effort to locate Daniel Ebersole," the Bureau said.

"The FBI has requested that anyone having any information concerning the whereabouts of Daniel Ebersole should immediately contact the nearest FBI office or the Lakewood police department. Daniel Ebersole is 14 years old, 5 feet, 4 inches tall, 115 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes, wears braces on upper and lower teeth," the FBI said.

Authorities told the public that \$14,640 of the ransom money had been found in Whitmore's home. Responding to questions by reporters, agents said none of the three suspects had volunteered any information on Daniel's whereabouts.

That day, January 12, the three suspects were arraigned on federal kidnaping charges before U.S. Magistrate Edmund F. Maxwell in Buffalo. Magistrate Maxwell jailed the trio in lieu of \$100,000 cash bail for each.

U.S. Attorney John T. Elfvin of Buffalo explained that under the so-called "Lindbergh Law" regarding kidnaping, it can be presumed that, if a kidnap victim is not found within 24 hours, he was taken across state lines, giving federal prosecutors jurisdiction.

But the big thing on Elfvin's mind

was the safety of Daniel Ebersole. The prosecutor admitted that he was very alarmed about Danny's fate, since three suspects were in hand and none of them would tell where the boy was. Elfvin did not rule out the possibility of more plotters being involved in the abduction.

Newspapers and television stations, meanwhile, flashed the news of the kidnaping across Western New York. The Jamestown area, still recalling the shock of the February, 1973, Hallett murder case (*Make The Folks Kneel Down and Die*, June FRONT PAGE, 1973), in which a man, his wife and daughter had been shot to death in their Jamestown-viceinity home, allegedly by another daughter and two men, recoiled from the news of the Ebersole kidnaping.

Citizens prayed for the safe return of the frail-looking youngster as his picture was displayed on front pages and TV screens.

Too, ignoring the cold and the steadily-falling snow, hundreds of people began a hunt for Danny the day the arrests were announced. FBI agents, several area police agencies, volunteer fire companies and national guardsmen all were mobilized. Also, a sheriff's department helicopter was called into use, along with a large number of snow-mobiles.

Searchers went from door to door in the Village of Lakewood in an unsuccessful attempt to turn up clues, while others combed wooded areas all around Jamestown. Only an arm's length apart, the seekers pushed through tangles of underbrush and deepening snow drifts, but they found nothing. Stopping only occasionally for coffee, or to warm their hands and feet,

they persisted in the search until dark.

A Lakewood motel was turned into a command post as FBI agents, deputies and policemen wandered in and out, exchanging suggestions and pointing to spots on maps of the area.

Sunday morning, January 13, the search was resumed with a new sense of urgency. The temperature hovered near zero and authorities knew that, if Daniel's captors had left him outdoors, he had to be found quickly—if, indeed, he still was alive.

Several searchers were negotiating a wooded area, a few hundred feet off the end of Idlewood Drive, with a snowmobile just after noon Sunday, when one of them asked:

"What's that? Over there, under that evergreen?"

The party made its way to the tree and, there, they found the frozen, snow-covered corpse of Danny Ebersole. The body, bound to the tree with yellow twine, was in a slumped, sitting position. A ski mask had been pulled over the boy's head and a glove had been jammed into his mouth and secured by tape. Daniel was wearing the same faded blue jeans and orange jacket which he had had on when he said goodbye to his father. One of his boots was off, but it subsequently was found near the body.

The falling snow gave the scene a touch of beauty, almost as though the snowflakes were blotting out a vile scar. The victim's body was placed on a sled and towed by snowmobile to a waiting hearse, then was taken to a funeral home for an autopsy scheduled for the next day, Monday, January 14.

**M**ONDAY, an autopsy was performed by Dr. Judith Lehotay, an expert pathologist from neighboring Erie County. Dr. Lehotay concluded that Daniel had died of a skull fracture several days before the body was found. Later, speculation arose that the death blows had been inflicted by a hatchet. In any case, the death was ruled a homicide.

Chautauqua County District Attorney Robert J. Sullivan announced that he would seek to have the case transferred from Buffalo Federal Court to state courts in his county. The district attorney said he would ask a grand jury to return murder and kidnaping indictments against the trio.

Later in the week, an enterprising Buffalo newspaper reporter pieced together the events which led to the arrest of the three. An examination of documents attached to the federal complaints against the trio revealed that Sutter had made a sworn statement to the FBI. Too, affidavits by several FBI agents outlined purported roles of each suspect.

The documents indicated that the FBI really had begun to unravel the case the night of Thursday, January 10, when Dr. Ebersole, as directed by the kidnaper, left the bag of money in the boat. After being identified through photographs taken at the ransom-pickup site, Byrnsen had told the agents, purportedly, how he had been recruited by Whitmore and had said that, on the night of January 10, after Dr. Ebersole had left the bag in the boat, he had picked it up and left it under two nearby trees for Whitmore. Byrnsen also had retrieved another package from under the trees, allegedly, left there earlier as his signal to Whitmore that he would do his part.

Byrnsen reportedly had said he had gone home just after midnight and, shortly thereafter, was telephoned by Whitmore. Byrnsen had assured Whitmore that he had left the package under the trees, according to FBI affidavits. Byrnsen also had told Whitmore that he had noticed a suspicious-looking car parked near the drop site, a revelation which had caused Whitmore to become quite nervous, the affidavits said.

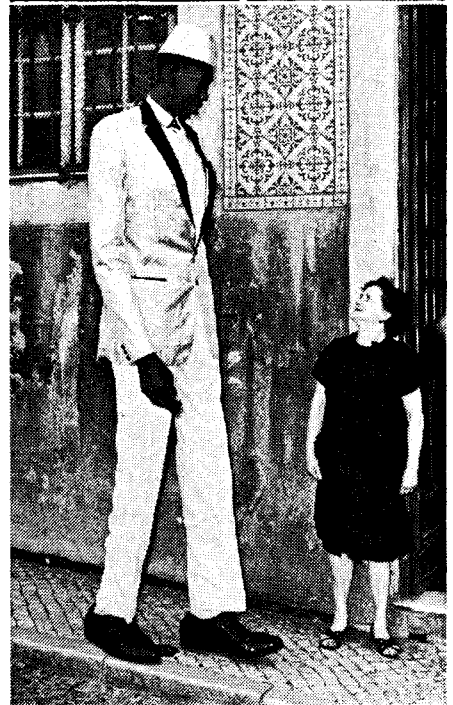
According to FBI agents, Byrnsen had told them that he had played cards with Sutter earlier Thursday night, and that the two had discussed their relationship with Whitmore. In a sworn statement, however, Sutter denied any knowledge of a kidnaping, but he admitted that he should have known that a crime was being committed when he went to a motel with Whitmore and watched him count \$15,000 in ten and \$20 bills. That had been late Thursday night and early Friday morning, Sutter had said.

Sutter also had said he had driven Whitmore to the point where Whitmore had picked up a package (the bag left for him under the trees by Byrnsen), then had driven him to a motel and acted as a look-out, while Whitmore had counted the money. Sutter had insisted that his only role had been as a driver for Whitmore. After the money had been counted, Sutter had said, he had driven Whitmore to the latter's home, where Whitmore had left the money, then had driven Whitmore to pick up his car, which he had left elsewhere.

Whitmore's arrest had occurred after Byrnsen and Whitmore's mother had heard the FBI tape of the kidnaper's second phone call to the Ebersole home. Both Whitmore's mother and Byrnsen had said the voice was Whitmore's.

According to FBI agents, Byrnsen had said that very early on the morning of Friday, January 10, he had gotten a telephone call from Whitmore

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promising him his fee for picking up the package, but warning that the fee could not be paid immediately "because of the heat." Sutter had said that he had been in a motel with Whitmore at that time, while Whitmore had been counting the cash bundle, and that he had overheard an earnest phone conversation about money.

The affidavits of the FBI agents do not include any mention by Byrnsen or Sutter of the Ebersole boy.

Time had run out for Whitmore, Byrnsen and Sutter. But it also had run out for Danny Ebersole, who apparently had been dead even before his father had left the ransom money.

Thursday, January 17, 1974, it was learned that federal lawmen had decided to retain jurisdiction and had

begun submitting the case to a federal grand jury. In an order filed that day, the FBI was authorized to take hair samples from the three suspects to be matched against hair which might have been found on the corpse. The order was to take effect on Friday, the next day, at 2 P.M., thus giving defense attorneys an opportunity to oppose it.

On Tuesday, January 22, the jurisdiction was turned over to Chataqua County, where the D.A. announced that he would seek indictments against the trio. In the meantime, hair samples taken from the suspects were sent to the FBI laboratory in Washington, while the suspects remained in jail.

On January 24, Busti Town Justice E. Robert Booty dismissed the murder charges against Byrnsen and Sutter,

saying, "There was not one shred of evidence presented to link these two boys to participation in the abduction or death of Daniel Ebersole." Then, he instructed the Chataqua County D.A.'s office to charge the two with misdemeanor conspiracy instead.

The D.A. said those charges would be lodged the following week and the two boys were released. The charges against Whitmore were ordered held for grand jury action, which was to come about two weeks later. In the meantime, Whitmore was held without bond. ■

*EDITOR'S NOTE: The names John Byrnsen and Ronald P. Sutter are not the actual names of the persons who were in fact participants in the incidents described in this article.*

## PEGGY JO WOULDN'T STOP YELLING continued from page 29

ended. During the succeeding month, Tonawanda police were unable to come one step closer to the missing girl.

On Monday, June 12, examinations of Peggy Jo Bowers' dental records and the teeth of the decomposing corpse confirmed that the missing Kenmore West student and the Sheridan Park murder victim were one and the same person. Tonawanda police Chief Lawrence Hoffman immediately announced that members of his department's detective bureau would meet the following day in the office of the Erie County medical examiner, Dr. Michael A. Jurca.

The senior investigator also issued an appeal to the public for assistance from anyone who might have seen the girl on the day she disappeared between St. Timothy's Church on East Park Drive and Ensminger Road and the town incinerator at the northern edge of East Park Drive.

On Tuesday, Dr. Judith Lehotay, acting chief medical examiner of Erie County, inspected the remains of the 17-year-old murder victim. Three hours later, she paused in her work to report to homicide investigators that she had encountered distinct indications that the pretty high school student had been the victim of a rape-slaying and agreed to continue her inspection of the remains the following afternoon.

"I don't expect to find anything new after Tuesday's thorough examination."

On Wednesday, Captain Jack L. Morris of the Tonawanda Detective Bureau announced that homicide investigators were fairly certain that Peggy Jo Bowers had been walking north along East Park Drive just before her death. Repeating Chief Hoffman's appeal to the public for assistance, he

reported that his office already had received numerous calls concerning the case, but that none had proven productive.

The following day, after a two o'clock funeral service in the Amherst Baptist Church in Willowridge Drive in Tonawanda, Peggy Jo Bowers was buried in the White Chapel Memorial Park on Niagra Falls Boulevard in Amherst, N.Y.

Two days later, on Saturday, June 16, Dr. Jurca, the Erie County medical examiner, confirmed that his department had been unable to issue a definite ruling on the cause of Peggy Jo Bowers' death. Although the prolonged post mortem examination had been concluded without an official finding, he pointed out, it appeared that asphyxiation had taken the girl's life. However, because of the advanced state of decomposition, it had been equally impossible to determine if she actually had been sexually assaulted.

In the next few days, Tonawanda homicide probers reiterated that they were pinning their hopes on coming up with a lead to the girl's slayer on hearing from a witness who had seen her after she left the B-Kwik market on the night she disappeared. Realizing that a more aggressive tack was needed, however, the suburban lawmen contacted their colleagues in Buffalo, N.Y., on Thursday, June 21, for aid.

Buffalo police Chief Felicetta promised his department's "full cooperation" and passed the Tonawanda investigators' request on to his Chief of Detectives, Ralph V. Degenhart. A short while later, Tonawanda Assistant Police Chief James F. Forsaith, Detective Captain Morris and Detectives Barney J. McGillion and Theodore Smith ar-

rived in Buffalo to plot new strategy with the big city detectives.

After considerable discussion, the combined force of murder probers decided to round up the slain teenager's friends and acquaintances to question them for possible leads. That task took nearly a week, but, when it finally was completed, it opened up an entirely new avenue of investigation. Although a number of the youngsters had possessed valuable information about Peggy Jo's last days, still others unexpectedly had appeared as if they, themselves, should be considered actual suspects in the murder. The Buffalo and Tonawanda detectives agreed to ask them if they would submit to questioning by a lie detector operator.

Ten young men agreed to the murder probers' request and they began trooping in to Buffalo police headquarters late in the final week of June. After each was thanked for his cooperation, he underwent a round of questioning by Buffalo Detective Sergeant Robert Gibbons, an experienced polygraph operator.

Strapped into the strange-looking device which measures a suspect's pulse rate, respiration, heartbeat and galvanic skin response, most of the young men gave indications that they were a lot more nervous than they normally were at home or at work. Among the first half dozen, or so, there was no indication that anyone had been made excessively upset by being asked either control questions—innocuous inquiries designed to reveal whether the suspect's reaction to being asked anything at all would be detected by the machine—or the important questions actually bearing upon Peggy Jo Bowers' murder.

Thanked once again for volunteering their assistance, the young men were

allowed to leave headquarters after issuing additional statements about what little they knew of the slain girl's final hours. As soon as each youth left the room where the lie detector tests were given, his place at the machine was taken by another of the slain teenager's friends.

On Friday night, June 29, it was 18-year-old Robert Cmor's turn to undergo testing. A slightly built youth with long black hair, Cmor lived on Rosemont Avenue in Tonawanda, not far from the Bowers home. As had Peggy Jo, he attended Kenmore West High School.

As soon as the young man was strapped into the polygraph machine, it became apparent to Detective Sergeant Gibbons that Cmor was exceptionally nervous. Of itself, that was no cause for undue suspicion to be placed upon him. Many totally innocent persons found it impossible to remain calm under the intimidation of the big black box.

Cmor's case was different, however. Not only did he fail to relax during the session of control questioning, but his physical responses soared when the key questions about Peggy Jo Bowers' murder were put to him.

With every reason to consider the youth a genuine suspect in the case, Detective Sergeant Gibbons began applying the pressure. According to the machine, Cmor's responses to the increasingly revealing questions indicated a build-up of anxiety and discomfort. Finally, he cracked.

Robert Cmor allegedly admitted to Detective Sergeant Gibbons and a roomful of Tonawanda investigators that he had, in fact, met Peggy Jo Bowers early on the evening of May 15, at the B-Kwik market on Ensminger Road. They had left the store in each other's company and walked along Ensminger to East Park Drive, where they crossed the bridge spanning the Youngman Expressway. From there, they had entered the field where the young woman's body was found a month later.

ACCORDING to Cmor, they lay down together in the grass. But, after a short while, Peggy Jo became scared and began to yell. The young man went on to say that he could recall attempting to stifle her screams with his hand and, when that failed, ripping her undergarments from her body and stuffing them into her mouth.

At that point, Cmor allegedly said, she stood up to run away. But, according to one policeman's subsequent report of the youth's statement, "he grabbed her from behind and choked

her until she became quiet and limp. Then he got afraid and ran from the area."

Robert Cmor was arrested in Buffalo police headquarters that night and charged with the first degree murder of 17-year-old Peggy Jo Bowers. On Monday, July 2, at his arraignment before Tonawanda Town Justice James L. Tippett, he pleaded innocent to the count and then was ordered held without bail at the Erie County Jail, pending a preliminary hearing slated for later in the week.

During the proceedings, Tonawanda Assistant Police Chief Forsaith credited Detective Sergeant Gibbons with "cracking the case." He added that Cmor was just "one of many" young men Gibbons had interviewed with the Tonawanda lawmen sent to Buffalo.

Cmor was arraigned a second time on the same charge before Justice Tippett two days later. The need for the second arraignment had come about when an attorney slated to represent the young man at the initial arraignment had failed to appear in court. Since Cmor, at 18, was considered too young to enter a plea without representation by counsel, he was arraigned once again after a lawyer agreed to handle his case. That attorney entered an innocent plea for his new client and then refused to waive his right to a preliminary hearing.

At that hearing, on Monday, July 16, Assistant District Attorney William J. Worthington submitted to the court a copy of Peggy Jo Bowers' death certificate, on which the medical examiner had listed the cause of death as "undetermined," because of the condition of the body. Asked by Justice Tippett if he had any questions about the certificate, Cmor's attorney replied:

"I never look a gift horse in the face."

"Was that a gift horse?" asked Assistant District Attorney Worthington.

"Sure," the attorney replied. "You've got the burden of proof."

Justice Tippett, however, denied the attorney's motion that would have freed his client on the grounds that the decomposed body made it impossible to prove that the crime had been committed as charged. The attorney also saw motions dismissed that would have freed Cmor because no proof had been presented to show that the youth had been advised of his legal rights prior to making his statement and that testimony by Detective McGillion about that statement gave no indication that his client exhibited the "depraved indifference to human life" required in the section of the murder statute under which he had been charged.

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At the conclusion of the hearing, Justice Tippet bound Robert Cmor over to the Erie County grand jury on the first degree murder charge. Indicted on two charges of murder following the August sitting of that investigative body, the young man pleaded innocent to both counts at his arraignment on Thursday, August 9, before Erie County Judge William G. Heffron. Then he was remanded back to jail to await trial.

On Wednesday, November 14, Robert Cmor pleaded guilty to a reduced charge of first degree manslaughter in the slaying of Peggy Jo Bowers. Assistant District Attorney Albert M. Ranni told State Supreme Court Justice Charles J. Gaughan that he had spoken to the girl's parents before accepting the plea and that they had been opposed to the lessening of the charge against Cmor.

"They indicated that he was accused of murder and they wanted him tried for murder," the assistant district at-

torney said. "Despite what the parents say, the people feel this recommendation by our office represents substantial justice."

Ranni explained that Cmor's confession indicated that the crime had been committed "under extreme emotional circumstances. The people feel there's a fair possibility that the jury would return with a verdict of first degree manslaughter."

The charge carries a maximum penalty of 25 years in prison, but State Supreme Court Justice Charles J. Gaughan sentenced the 19 year old to 15 years in prison, saying it was "one of his most difficult cases." Speaking of his decision, the judge noted that the youth came from a fine family. "His parents up to this point have not lost one iota of their interest or love for him."

The judge also read a portion of a letter from the victim's parents that read: "I'm putting my faith in you and God that you will do the right thing," referring to a maximum sentence.

The judge responded, "I don't feel that the utmost I can impose in this case will do anything to help the situation."

But I do think that an example has to be made in this age of violence that this type of thing won't be tolerated."

Cmor's attorney explained the killing in terms of an earlier case that his client had been involved in which had ended by Cmor being warned by a Tonawanda justice that he "would be given the limit" if he violated the probationary terms in that case. The record of that crime, which involved a 12-year-old girl, is sealed under the youthful offender statute.

Defense counsel explained that when Cmor was in the park with Miss Bowers and she started to cry out, "... it was at that particular time when the words of the Tonawanda justice came back to him. He lost all control of any thought but to attempt to have the young lady stop yelling." ■

## P.J. AND BUDDY'S LAST HIKE HOME continued from page 35

the car as described by the witness. The story and pictures were given prominent display in the Sunday papers and, on Sunday morning, calls began to flood the police department from an aroused public. A large force of officers consequently was kept busy running down leads.

The disappearance of the boys also was discussed that day at a meeting of Minooka parents at the Connolly American Legion Post on Birney Avenue. The angry and frightened mothers and fathers demanded a meeting with the School Board about bus transportation.

One problem that existed was that the Scranton School District had a busing policy which excluded any transportation for students above the sixth grade. The only exception were some seventh and eighth grade students from the Oakmont Park area being bused under court order. But the Minooka parents had been pointing out that their children had to walk two miles and more and the city bus usually was so crowded that it didn't stop for them.

While the missing boys were causing a lot of anxiety and discussion in Scranton, a man was camping out with his family at a site several miles west of the city. He had cleaned up in preparation for driving his family to a party in nearby Old Forge and he went to a dump near the camp ground to deposit his trash. There, the camper's attention was caught by several books.

He picked them up and saw that they were school books from South Scranton Junior High and there were names in them which he had read in the newspaper. The man hurried back to his family, drove them to Old Forge, then called Scranton police. "It's the dump near the How Kola campground," he told them.

The scene was in a secluded part of Wyoming County, about a mile from the Lackawanna County line and not far from the Schultsville Airport. Scranton police along with deputies from the two counties soon gathered at the dump and the officers picked through the large ground, looking for something which they hoped not to find.

"The man who owns the campground covers up the trash with a bulldozer from time to time," a deputy recalled.

"He won't be covering it up again until we're through here," another officer declared.

The search continued until dark, but nothing more was found. Plans then were worked up for a renewed search in the morning.

Monday morning, as officers from numerous agencies gathered at the dump west of Scranton, a meeting of elementary school principals was held in the School Administration Building. The missing boys was one subject broached and there was a general feeling that school children should be warned, but not alarmed. It was agreed that, as part of the regular health and safety program, teachers should issue

a little reminder about the dangers of getting into a car with a stranger.

At South Scranton Junior High, many students were having difficulty concentrating on school work. Buddy and P.J. had been missing four days.

The news of the finding of the school-books had been kept a secret by the police and press, but the officers currently were picking through the dump in Wyoming County looking for something which would have to be disclosed if found. A helicopter was brought into the search and two German shepherd dogs were taken to the scene, borrowed from the Wilkes-Barre police department.

No bodies were found by noon, however, and there was a suspicion among some officers that the books might have been tossed one place and the boys elsewhere.

That feeling was diminished, though, when Scranton Detective Frank Glynn found a pair of eyeglasses along a forest track leading to the dump. They had blood on them.

"Both of the boys wore glasses," a detective recalled. "Let's keep looking."

The large dogs were sniffing around the dump, and a formidable number of officers watched them in action at the base of an embankment, where the sight was located.

About 1:40 P.M., FBI Agent Wayne Smith spotted something and called other officers to have a look. They pulled aside several large boards and a red rug, then gazed at the partially-clothed bodies of two boys.

The search for Buddy and P.J. was

over. The investigation had taken a sharp turn and officers began searching for a killer or killers. In surveying the dump and surrounding area, detectives theorized that the bodies had been thrown over the embankment, then the killer or killers had walked around on a path to the dump and covered them.

"The boards were probably here already," a detective speculated. "The rug might have been here, but the killer could have brought it." The lawmen continued searching the dump and surrounding area looking for a pair of eyeglasses, clothing, a weapon—anything a killer might have dropped.

A call to Scranton brought Mayor Eugene J. Peters and Safety Director Anthony Batsavage to the scene. They conferred with Police Superintendent John McCrone, Captain Frank Karam and Lieutenant Frank Roche, then they looked at the bodies and were visibly shaken.

District Attorney Paul Mazzone of Lackawanna County had tears in his eyes as he walked back up the path from the dump. He termed the killers "brutal and fiendish" and pledged to help track them down.

But the bodies had been found inside the Wyoming County line and jurisdiction for investigation and prosecution fell out of the home town and county of the victims. State police would be responsible for the investigation and, shortly, state investigators from several posts arrived at the scene. It was agreed that Scranton police would work with the state officers as most of the investigation probably would take place in the city.

**O**NE job that had to be taken care of immediately was informing the Freach and Keen families and getting official identification. That assignment fell to McCrone, Karam and FBI Agent John Meade, who hurried to Scranton to inform the families before word of the finding of the bodies went out to the news media.

When State Police Captain Laurence O'Donnell showed up, he took official command of the investigation, knowing at once that he would receive full cooperation from the other departments. Mayor Peters offered the use of his city's new, portable crime laboratory and every other facility of the Scranton police department. The mayor ordered the detective division put on 24-hour duty, with men to work in 12-hour shifts. Tots, cots were to be set up in the department.

The bodies were taken to Tyler Memorial Hospital in Tunkhannock, where Mr. Freach and Mr. Keen identified the victims as their sons.

Word went out to Scranton of the tragic find and the town of about 110,000 people in northeastern Pennsylvania was greatly shaken. The Northeastern Pennsylvania National Bank & Trust Company, where Mr. Freach worked in the data processing center, offered a \$5000 reward for information leading to the capture of the killer or killers. Also, three Parent-Teacher Associations offered rewards and John McIntyre, chairman of the committee of Minooka residents who had been trying to get school bus service, told newsmen:

"The whole town is sick tonight. Our hearts are broken over this. Things are so bad back here tonight you wouldn't believe it." McIntyre vowed that his committee would fight for bus transportation for students in Minooka.

Schools Superintendent John Stephens, contacted at an administrators conference in Bethlehem, told news-

"This is the worst possible outcome. I'm really shocked. Things like this haven't happened in Scranton." He said his administration was going to continue to take a look at the school transportation picture in the Minooka area and elsewhere.

"We all have to be careful," he emphasized. "Who would imagine anything like this? This is a terrible tragedy for the whole community."

County Commissioners Charles Luger, Robert Pettinato and Edward Zipay issued this statement:

"Our deepest and sincerest sympathies go out tonight to the families and loved ones of these two young boys. We must all share the grief of their tragic loss. Let no stone be left unturned, no resource of the law left unused until those responsible for this sickening act are apprehended."

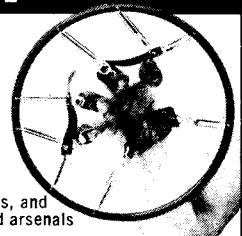
At police headquarters, officers stayed busy going out on "tips" phoned in by an aroused public. "It's just the usual," a sergeant remarked. "But you never know when one of them might be the one we want."

Every tip was to be checked and the results of the investigations later typed and catalogued by clerks. Most of the tips were from people who said they thought they recognized the sketches, or knew the car which police were seeking. Some of the people whom police checked out on Saturday night did resemble the sketches, but none had records or reputations relevant or meaningful to the case.

"I just can't figure this as the work of a couple," a veteran detective commented. "It looks like these boys were killed by a molester gone mad. Those guys usually work alone."

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Police received word that night that X-rays taken at the hospital showed that the boys had been shot in the head. Autopsies were to be performed on Tuesday.

On that day, two pathologists completed autopsies on the victims and Bryce Sheldon, Wyoming County Coroner, took the report to the investigation center in the Scranton police department. The report stated that both boys had been shot in the head and .25-caliber slugs had been recovered. The report also stated that the boys had been sexually assaulted before being shot and the bodies had been slashed and beaten. There were cuts and abrasions about their privates and U-shaped welts on their backs. The bullets were taken to the State Police Ballistics Laboratory at Harrisburg by Trooper William Koscinski.

Detectives found it even more difficult, at that point, to believe that the crime had been committed by a man and a woman as described by the witness. "Maybe it's two men and one was disguised as a woman to lure the boys into the car," a lawman suggested.

"That's a possibility," one of his colleagues agreed. "But these kind of characters usually work alone. Sadistic perverts with uncontrollable emotions are usually loners. But they could have teamed up, a couple of them. Although I would have to figure, if there were two, they would have to both be men. How reliable is that boy who said he saw it?"

"All we can go on is what he told us," a detective replied. "We'll be talking to him again."

State Police Commissioner James D. Barger arrived in Scranton eventually, and he conferred with city and state police commanders spearheading the investigation. He told newsmen that he was highly pleased with the coordination among the agencies, as well as the cooperation shown by the public.

Numerous investigators were in the field following up the tips that continued to pour into the police department, while a large force of officers kept busy going over files of men with records of attacking and abusing boys. Officers back at the dump in Wyoming County, meanwhile, still searched through debris, finding nothing.

Alfred Sporer, Scranton School Board President, labeled the double murder a tragic incident, not just a school problem, but, more than anything else, a crime in the streets problem. "Everyone in the city is deeply saddened to learn the tragedy of the boys. Our expression of words cannot console the boys' parents. We can only pray for their souls. It is my belief that it should be

the concern of all of us, parents, government and school officials and news media."

Sporer noted that there had been five other incidents in the past five weeks involving attacks and threats against school children. One incident involved two girls at North Scranton Junior High School who had been abducted three blocks from their school and held at knife point, until, through the actions of school officials and police, the abductor was arrested.

"What is needed now is community action between various government officials, parents and school officials," Sporer said. "This is more than a school problem."

Investigators looking for possible suspects continued glancing at the two sketches and the description of the car as they viewed men and their autos. Several men appeared as if they might have resembled the sketches with modifications in their hair and some make-up, but none of them drove a blue and white Chevrolet.

Phones continued to ring in the special command post set up in the Detective Bureau and Captain Karam, at that time, had Lieutenant Frank Roach, Sergeant Joseph Rogan and Sergeant Ralph Beers assigned to answer them. It was too important a task to be left to clerks and the officers were patient with calls.

**WEDNESDAY**, it became apparent that police were without a solid suspect when Captain O'Donnell held a special meeting with state police at the Wyoming state police barracks. Police from three state posts were briefed on the investigation and instructed to look for people and cars in three separate counties.

Mayor Peters, meanwhile, ordered Safety Director Batsavage to have a meeting with members of the Adult School Patrol, in an effort to halt children from hitchhiking. By then, the reward fund in the case topped \$11,000.

Thursday, detectives and off-duty, uniformed policemen flowed in and out of the detective bureau, checking on tips. While authorities were not detailing their reports for the news media, Captain Karam did tell reporters that about 450 leads had been keeping investigators quite busy.

Funeral services were to be held the next day and Mayor Peters declared "a day of mourning for one of the worst tragedies in the history of our city."

Too, police sought more help from the public, adding a request to all service station and garage workers to report servicing any 1966 Chevrolets painted white over faded blue.

Skies were threatening on Friday and the first considerable snowfall of the year looked about to hit as hundreds of mourners crowded St. Joseph's Church in Minooka for the double funeral mass of Paul Freach and Edmond Keen. Behind the front pews occupied by family members were many friends, neighbors and classmates of the victims. Mayor Peters and School Superintendent Stephens also attended the service and Scranton Bishop J. Carroll McCormick and diocese chancellor Monsignor James Timlin were seated in the sanctuary.

Plainclothes detectives scanned the crowd as Monsignor Thomas E. McCann chose to console the parents with the joys of life after death, rather than dwell on the senseless brutality of the crime. "This earth is nothing but darkness without the light of Christ which leads man down the corridor of life to his goal of eternal salvation," he said, concluding, "These two young boys have achieved their goal... they are happy with God in heaven." A boy scout honor guard and a color guard from American Legion Post 948 were on hand at the parish cemetery.

At police headquarters, meanwhile, tips continued to come in. Newsmen were told that police throughout the country were alerted for the middle-aged couple and the car as described by the witness. In fact a New York psychiatrist experienced with criminals had been asked to draw up a possible profile of the suspected pair. The medical man reportedly had furnished police with accurate profiles in other cases.

Meanwhile, the Scranton area was scoured for a man with a round face, double chin, thin mustache and his hair dark with some gray. The woman (or man disguised as a woman) reportedly would have gray hair, glasses, narrow face and pointed chin. The sketches were run again in the news media and the public's awareness continually was demonstrated by the calls which kept policemen hopping.

It was apparent to the authorities that the sought-after couple was not from the Minooka area, for, otherwise, residents agreed, they would have been caught by then. And newsmen asking questions in Minooka were assured of that.

They were told how shocked the neighborhood was and what fine boys P.J. and Buddy had been. "It's unbelievable," a close neighbor remarked. "We're all going around in a daze. They were just about the best boys you could find anywhere."

Neighbors remembered that Buddy Keen had been named the "Most Val-



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uable Player" on his Little League team that year and that he also had played in the band at junior high school.

Too, they recalled that P.J. and Buddy had played ball in St. Joe's parking lot and that they had been polite "home boys" who never went out alone at night. They had liked to sleep out in backyard tents in the hot weather and swim in the pool Paul Freach had built the previous summer.

Neighbors also recalled P.J. talking about how he was going to break in his beagle pup for hunting.

One of them recollected a story he had heard about P.J. Freach. The lad had had a plaque in his room, with faith, hope and charity inscribed on it, and it was shaped like a baseball diamond.

Before playing ball, he would go to his room and kneel down before the plaque, dressed in his Little League uniform.

"I guess it was something like touching all the bases," the neighbor commented. "Then P.J. would get up and go out and play baseball."

"They just got to be in heaven," a woman put in. "And whoever did it, they're sick. Sad. The way the laws are. Murderers go up for parole. I think capital punishment should come back. The movies. The TV. They show such terrible things."

A man added: "When did our mothers and fathers ever have to close a door to a house? Now you live in fear."

**POLICE** had little to announce in the way of progress at the end of the week-long investigation. A meeting was held that Sunday in Captain Karam's office, but, when he came out with Captain O'Donnell, neither man appeared optimistic. The two men who were in charge of the city and state police working on the investigation stressed to reporters that there was no intention of slackening the intensive police effort in the case. Karam said his men would continue working on it in full complement as they had from the outset.

It was known that the officers were checking on tips from the public, as well as on the activities and whereabouts of known offenders. While the top investigators declined to comment if they were concentrating on any particular suspects, newsmen got the impression none was considered "hot."

The headline on the investigation story on Monday, November 12, read: "NO EARLY SOLUTION SEEN TO MURDERS OF YOUTHS."

There also was a story that day involving threatened action by Minooka parents. They had warned school and city officials that they would keep their

children from attending classes unless immediate busing was provided.

During the next few days, police checked out a number of men and women who resembled the sketches and examined several cars to come to their attention. Too, the Scranton police scuba team investigated certain ponds and notices went out to people who owned property within 10 miles of the How Kola campground to check their properties for clues. They were urged to notify police if a building had been broken into, blood was found or suspicious-appearing strangers had been about.

The schoolboy who said he had seen P.J. and Buddy get into the car was interviewed again and even was placed under hypnosis in an attempt to elicit further details.

The reward fund reached \$21,000, but, after more than a month of investigation, the case remained unsolved. State police prepared a flyer with the sketches and photos of the front and back of the car which they were seeking and the flyers were sent to all police agencies in the country.

In December, news releases contained no information on any progress in the investigation and the feeling grew that the double murder would remain unsolved and hang like a pall over Minooka. Also, some officers began to suspect that the young witness might not have seen what he had told police he saw, but, rather, that the youth might have come up with the story to gain attention.

The state and city police, however, were not letting up in their investigation. Looking and pushing for a lead, they rechecked a number of men as possible suspects and retained others on their lists for further consideration.

In mid-December, a man who had been questioned a few days after the bodies were found came to the forefront of police attention again. "He was just brought back," a detective said. "He went to Florida after we talked to him. He left without permission... a violation of his parole. And take a look at his record..."

The man was one William Wright, 37, who had spent nine of his 37 years at the Fairview State Hospital for the Criminally Insane at Waymart, a few miles northeast of Scranton. He had gone out on a work release program the past February, which had allowed him to work during the day, but to return to the hospital at night. Reportedly, he had been paroled the past June and had taken a job in Scranton.

Police immediately went to work on William Wright. "We know where he is," a detective said, referring to the

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fact that the possible suspect was in custody already for parole violation. "There won't be any problem finding him if we come up with something."

The detectives checked on vehicles he had been using, men he had known in Scranton and what he had been doing on the afternoon of November 1. The investigation of Wright gathered momentum with no official announcement, but, on Tuesday, December 18, after four days of intensive activity, word leaked out that authorities had a strong suspect in custody.

Newsmen pressed for information and Mayor Peters held a conference with Superintendent McCrone, Captain Karam and Captain O'Donnell at City Hall. On that occasion, he issued a short statement that a suspect was in custody, but he declined to name him. The name was disclosed that night, however, on a television broadcast.

The next day, William Wright was charged with the murders of Paul J. Freach and Edmond Keen.

News stories on Wright told the public that he was arrested in 1955 for the hammer slaying of his great aunt, Mrs. Evelyn Thomas, 68, in her home in the Shadyside district of Pittsburgh. The slaying reportedly had occurred during an eight-hour period when he had been missing from the George Junior Republic, a reform school 60 miles north of Pittsburgh, where he had been sent as a runaway.

A teenager at the time, Wright allegedly had admitted the killing. He reportedly had an IQ of 134 and a record of psychiatric illness. Convicted of second degree murder, he had been sentenced to an eight-to-20 year prison term.

After his conviction, he reportedly had confessed to another killing—the slaying of Buddy Hamilton, a four-year-old boy, whose death had been thought accidental. According to authorities, Wright had said the boy pointed a toy pistol at him on a ballfield in the Philadelphia suburb of Collingdale and he had jammed the toy down the child's throat. The Hamilton youngster died the next day.

The records showed that Wright had been paroled in 1963. On New Year's Eve of 1964, he had been arrested again, accused of the rape of his nine-year-old niece while babysitting in her Darby Borough home in Delaware County, Pa. At that time, he had been adjudged criminally insane and sent to the hospital at Waymart.

He had been out on the work release program the past February and, in June, had been paroled and was sent to Scranton by state officials for a job with a company involved in a rodent

eradication program. The firm was headquartered at Scranton City Hall's Health Department.

Wright was shorter than average, but with an average build. He had dark hair, wore thick-rimmed glasses and had a thin mouth and narrow chin. His photograph was placed alongside the artist sketch of the "woman" described by the witness and it was noted that, if Wright put on a wig, he would bear a strong resemblance to that sketch.

Police were not disclosing what evidence had led to the filing of murder charges, but Captain Karam said the investigation was not over. Too, there were indications that the police were looking for a second suspect.

Wright's job in the rodent control program had been paid for with state funds and Mayor Peters issued orders that the backgrounds of any future referrals from the state be given a thorough police check. City police had been given no information on Wright when he was sent to Scranton for employment, it was reported.

The mayor noted the recent arrest of another man charged with abduction-rape of a woman the previous week. The man had been involved in a rehabilitation program and living at a halfway house in Scranton.

**T**HE news of Wright's arrest also brought a statement from Braxton Hamilton, a Collingdale contractor and father of Buddy Hamilton, the boy Wright reportedly had confessed to killing almost 20 years earlier. He said he had called authorities to ask why the detainer lodged against Wright for the death of his son had not been executed. Reportedly, he had been told that the records were being checked.

If the detainer in the Hamilton case had been executed, Wright would not have been able to gain release from Fairview State Hospital. John Burke, superintendent of the Pennsylvania parole board, told newsmen: "Definitely, it appears that we made a mistake. We have no excuse when this happens."

Medical authorities at Fairview, he said, had told the parole board that they had considered Wright a candidate for rehabilitation and gradual release into the community. The doctor superintendent at Fairview reportedly had refused comment on Burke's statement, instead referring newsmen to the Department of Public Welfare office.

It was reported that several factors had entered into Wright's release. He never had been prosecuted for the death of Buddy Hamilton and the rape charge against him had been left open, giving medical authorities at the hos-

pital the freedom to seek Wright's parole.

On Friday, December 28, William Wright was taken to the office of District Magistrate Joseph Eiden in south Scranton for a preliminary hearing. A large force of officers stood guard in and around the office and all homes across the street were checked. The office was located in a residential neighborhood on Prospect Avenue and the crowd was there early. People were backed away as the caravan of police cars arrived and the handcuffed suspect was taken inside. He was short, with close-cropped hair, and he wore a corduroy coat.

D.A. Paul Mazzoni and his assistant, Ernest Preate Jr., were then ready to outline evidence to back up the charges. Eiden began the hearing by reading the charges: two counts of murder, two counts of involuntary deviate sexual intercourse and two charges of kidnapping.

Detective Joseph Conlon testified on how he had gone to the Keen home on November 2 for details on the missing persons report and Lieutenant Frank Roche testified on how the bodies were found. Coroner Bryce Sheldon of Wyoming County then testified that the victims had been shot and beaten.

That, of course, already had been known generally by the public.

The next witness was a Scranton man who said he never had seen William Wright before. He testified about a .25-caliber pistol which he said he had bought in a diner on Keyser Avenue the previous summer. He had paid \$45 for it, allegedly. The gun, he said, had a blanked-out serial number.

The man went on to say he had fired the gun while swimming at East Lemon, using a tree for a target. Purportedly, he had fired about 14 bullets, or two clipsful, and his children had picked up empty cartridge cases. The witness testified that he had kept the gun a couple of months, then sold it to another man in August for \$20.

The man who had bought the gun was called as the next witness and he said he had kept the gun for two weeks, then sold it to Bill Wright. He said he had known Wright casually and that the suspect had visited his home to watch television. He allegedly had decided to sell the gun because of his children and because the serial number had been removed. He testified that Wright had told him that he wanted the gun to shoot rats in connection with his job in the rodent control program.

Detective Frank Glynn testified that Wright had told him that he had bought the gun from that man. He

said the man subsequently had been questioned and then police had interviewed the man from whom he had purchased the gun. That, reportedly, had led police to the tree at East Lemon which had been used as a target. Glynn testified that a 7 feet, 3 inches long piece of the tree had been cut out and there had been a slug in it.

The slug and piece from the tree had been taken to the state crime lab at Harrisburg, Glynn stated, along with some empty shell casings found by the tree. Trooper Dale F. Allen, a ballistics expert, testified that the bullet taken from the tree, as well as the two removed from the boys' heads, had been fired from the same pistol, in his opinion.

The next witness was Trooper William Koscinski who testified that William Wright had made an oral statement which had been taken down on a tape recorder. The statement, he said, had been given at the Chase Correctional Institution in Dallas, a few miles southwest of Scranton, and, he added, Detectives Frank Glynn and Thomas Baggott also had been present at the time.

Over the objections of Wright's attorney, the taped statement then was played. A hush fell over the room as the recorder was turned on.

"I don't know where to begin," the halting voice said.

"Just start at the beginning," another voice advised the first speaker.

**T**HE first speaker, alleged to be William Wright, said the past November 1 he had worked at his job, then dropped a man off and gone home. "I called a girl I was going with and asked her if I could see her," he continued. "We had been fighting and she said, 'No,' so I laid down."

He said he then had gone out and had driven around in a yellow van, the rodent control truck, which he had been using. "I went driving around," the man said. That statement was followed by sobs, then, "I did it... let it go at that."

In response to questions, the speaker stated that he had parked the truck and forced two boys inside it at gunpoint. The confession went on to state that a short time later, a policeman had come up. Wright purportedly had told him that he was baiting for rats and the policeman had left. The recording went on to say the boys had been in back of the truck, frightened at the time, and had said nothing.

Wright's alleged voice stated that he then had shot the boys and driven to the dump, where he had left the bodies, cleaned out the truck and

thrown a pair of eyeglasses from the truck window on the way back to Scranton. The confession went on to state, allegedly, that Wright had thrown the gun into the Lackawanna River at the East Elm Street Bridge.

Asked about the sexual abuse of the victims, the confessing voice refused to talk about it. There also was a denial that he had had an accomplice, or that a blue and white vehicle had been used, or that any other children had been in the area when he got the two boys into the truck.

It was reported that a Scranton patrolman had said he had stopped a rodent control truck and questioned the driver, but that had been on December 2 and that the truck had been blue. The exterminating company, however, also had a blue truck which Wright used.

Wright sat at a corner of a table, his head bowed, as the recording was played. After a while, he began to shake and cry.

Magistrate Eiden ruled that sufficient evidence had been presented to hold William Wright without bail for grand jury action. The handcuffed suspect then was taken back to a car and the caravan roared away as a chorus of insults, jeers and curses came from the crowd. Wright was taken back to the Chase Correctional Institution.

Various reports circulated that police had canceled the alert for a second suspect and a blue and white car, but, also, confusingly, there were other stories that the second suspect and car still were being sought. It was reported that the boy who had been the big witness in the case had changed his story and said he never had seen P.J. and Buddy get into the car.


Another flood of calls barraged police headquarters as citizens expressed disgust that the police had been working with "bad information" from the outset. Other callers were incensed that police were calling the boy a "liar."

It was reported that the child had been badgered by a steady stream of detectives, guidance counselors, doctors and even clergy, all of whom had wanted to "make sure" that he was telling the truth. The boy reportedly had held fast to his account under psychological testing and hypnosis and had not changed his story until Thursday night.

Finally, there was a report that the alert for the second suspect had been canceled, because the police knew the whereabouts of that suspect.

At this writing, William Wright is in custody awaiting action on the charges against him and Minooka parents are providing their children with school buses, pending a final decision on their demands.

# WHITEN TEETH



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**From Dingy To Radiant White With Amazing LAB. TESTED "Dental Cosmetic" Enamel—Like A Movie-Star Smile!**

Are you smile shy because of discolored, dull and unattractive teeth? Then try WYTEN, a marvelous fine "Dental Cosmetic" for an attractive new glamorous look. Just brush on and instantly you transform discolored, yellow and dingy teeth into a sparkling white look that appears pearl-like and natural. WYTEN is used by thousands of smart women and theatrical folks to cover up stains, blemishes and even gold fillings. Dental formula is completely safe and harmless for natural as well as false teeth. LAB. TESTED.

**10 DAY TRIAL! Money Back Guarantee!**

Just mail coupon today. Pay Postman on delivery, \$1.98 plus postage for a 3-4 months supply. Or send only \$1.98 with order and we pay postage. (2 Wyten \$3.50, 3 Wyten \$5.00) **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.**

**NO RISK 10 DAY TRIAL COUPON!**

NU-FIND PRODUCTS CO. DEPT. W302  
12 Warren St., New York, N.Y. 10007

Rush my LAB. TESTED "WYTEN" at once (in plain wrapper) marked "Personal". I will pay postman on delivery \$1.98 plus postage for a 3-4 months supply. I must be delighted with the new beauty "Wyten" brings to my teeth or I can return after 10 day trial for a full refund.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....Zip.....

SAVE POSTAGE. Enclose \$1.98 now and we pay postage.  2 Wyten \$3.50  
Same refund guarantee.  3 Wyten \$5.00

## OLD LEG SORES

Get FREE BOOK

Are you miserable with pain and aches of leg ulcers, swelling, itch, rash due to deep venous congestion or leg swelling of bulged veins or injuries? Find out about proven VISCOSSE that works as you walk. Easy to use. Money-back guaranteed trial. Send for FREE BOOK today.

**D. T. VISCOSSE COMPANY**  
100 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60610

## WANT TO MAKE some easy money?

Let us show you how to begin AT ONCE...full or spare time. Many report \$10 to \$50 PROFIT FIRST HOUR! Nothing to buy...no salesman will call. EVERYTHING NEEDED SENT FREE including BEAUTIFUL SAMPLE!

Write: **Russell Products Co.**  
DEPT. W29 COLUMBIA, TENN. 38401

## DETECTIVE - FINGERPRINT TRAINING

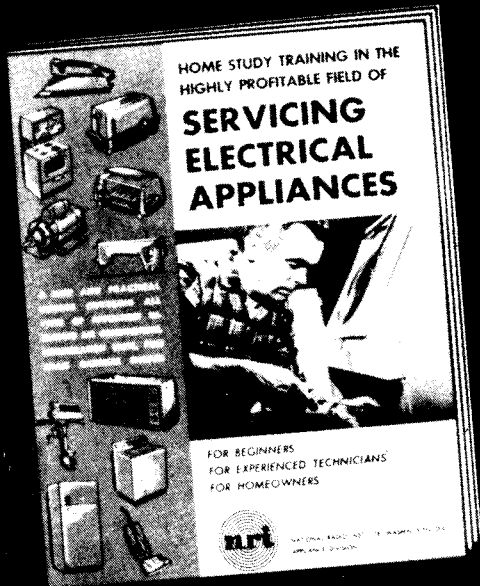
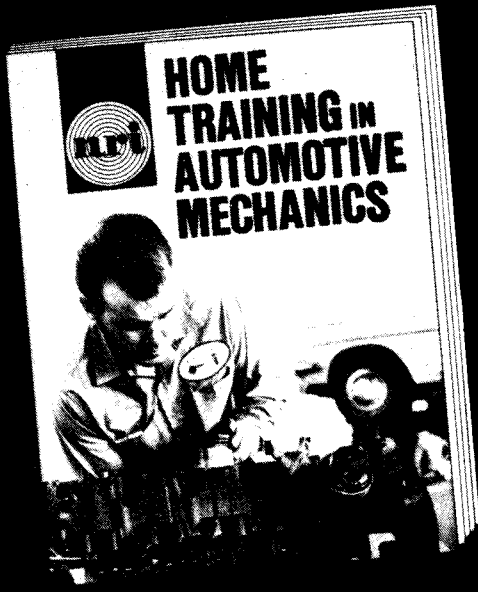
Learn at home for exciting secure career. Men & Women urgently needed.

G. I. & STATE APPROVED.  
ALABAMA SCHOOL OF FINGERPRINTING & DETECTIVE TRAINING  
201 Swann Dr. Fairfield, Ala. 35064

## SONGWRITERS

SONGS & POEMS NEEDED FOR IMMEDIATE PUBLISHING AND RECORDING! WE PAY ALL COSTS ON ACCEPTED SONGS! Authors of accepted songs pay cost of only one hand-cut record (\$8.75)!

**GRAND RECORDING CO.**  
STUDIO DD  
1354 Hancock St., Quincy, Mass. 02169



# 3 needed skills NRI can teach you at home...

Send for ONE FREE catalog.  
Begin earning \$5 to \$7 an hour  
in your spare time as you  
learn a profitable new skill.

1

## **AUTOMOTIVE SERVICING**

Now you can learn automotive servicing at home in your spare time. Take your choice of a Master Automotive Technician Course or a shorter Automotive Tune-up and Electrical Systems program. Both contain professional equipment to give you "hands-on" experience, and the chance to earn spare-time money making repairs.

2

## **APPLIANCE SERVICING**

A short, easy, low cost course covering every type of appliance repair in detail. You learn basic electricity and how to use test instruments; how to repair every type of appliance from toasters to washers, plus refrigerators, even small gas engines. Your own professional appliance tester is included at no extra cost, so that you can start earning spare-time money long before you finish the course.

3

## **AIR CONDITIONING, REFRIG- ERATION AND HEATING**

NRI offers two courses: the NRI Course in Air Conditioning and Refrigeration, and the Master Course in Air Conditioning, Refrigeration and Heating. You learn how to install, maintain and service the latest residential and commercial units . . . with professional tools and equipment provided. The Master Course includes your own 5,000 BTU window air conditioner for training and your personal use.

**APPROVED UNDER GI BILL**—If you have served since January 31, 1955, or are in the service now, check GI line on the coupon.

### **SEND FOR ONE FREE NRI CATALOG**



#### **NRI TRAINING**

3939 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20016

Please send me the free catalog I have checked below. I understand there is no obligation. No salesman will call.

CHECK ONLY ONE: I am interested in:

- AUTOMOTIVE SERVICING 980-044     AIR CONDITIONING, REFRIG-  
 APPLIANCE REPAIR 821-044         ERATION AND HEATING 524-044

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

(Please Print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Send me the facts on GI Bill

ACCREDITED MEMBER NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

# GUARANTEED!

**Triple your money in less than 30 days...or get your money back**

**THAT'S RIGHT!** Now there's a *guaranteed-safe* way for you to TRIPLE your money in 30 days or less... without risking one red cent! You can start small or start large... watch a \$50.00 investment grow to \$150.00, or watch \$500.00 grow to \$1,500.00 — all within a month! Or, if you wish, you can start with no investment whatsoever, and still enjoy the same fantastic 200% profits that have made the spare time of others worth as much as \$25.00... \$50.00... yes, even as much as \$100.00 per hour!

These highest-ever profits are waiting for you to collect them *right now*, just as soon as you start to show Merlite Jewelry to your friends, neighbors, people at work! And we do mean *show* — you don't have to sell this remarkable jewelry, because it literally sells itself, and sells itself FAST, on sight! You don't need a "sales pitch," you don't need to knock on doors, you don't need to do any hard work at all! Just SHOW Merlite Jewelry to folks you know... and watch your money TRIPLE before your very eyes! WE GUARANTEE IT.

## STUNNING MAN-MADE STONES THAT RIVAL NATURE'S OWN!

Merlite Rings feature a variety of genuine and simulated stones, including the DIA-SIM®, the fabulous "look-alike" that only a jeweler can distinguish from a natural diamond. Like a diamond, the DIA-SIM® is hard enough to scratch glass... yet it's *guaranteed* never to break, chip, or discolor. To bring out all their fiery beauty, we set them in exquisite 10K gold-filled, 18K heavy gold electroplated, and sterling silver mountings. The result: rings which look like they should sell for hundreds, even THOUSANDS of dollars... but which you can offer to your customers for only \$6.00 to \$39.00 each! And remember... *every ring they buy from you puts a whopping 200% profit in your pocket!* Sell a \$15.00 ring, and pocket \$10.00. Sell a \$39.00 ring, and pocket \$26.00. Sell three, four, five rings in an hour, and you're on your way to Easy Street.

## DOZENS AND DOZENS OF FAST. SELLING STYLES TO CHOOSE FROM!

The Merlite Collection includes over 150 of irresistible styles for men, for women, for children, for EVERYBODY! What's more, new styles are constantly being added, plus special promotions to let you cash in BIG on the tremendous buying spree at Christmas, Valentine Day, Mother's Day, Father's Day. What's more, each Merlite Ring or Watch comes complete with a beautiful gift box at no extra cost! When you become a Merlite Jewelry Dealer, every day of the week, every day of the year means profits, profits, and MORE profits... profits so huge, so effortless, that you can forget about money worries.

## EVERY RING GUARANTEED FOR A LIFETIME!

Every Merlite Ring purchased from you carries with it a written Lifetime Guarantee.

Under the terms of this Guarantee, the ring may be returned to Merlite Industries at any time, in any condition, and for a service fee of just \$3.00, we will repair it or replace it with a brand-new ring, and return it promptly to the owner. *This sales-clinching Guarantee even applies to rings with missing stones!*

## SAME-DAY DELIVERY! FREE DROP-SHIP SERVICE!

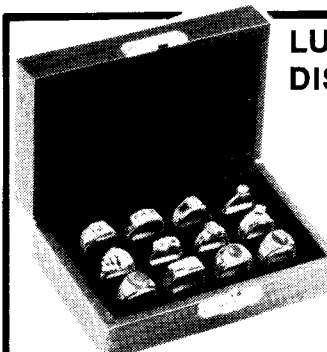
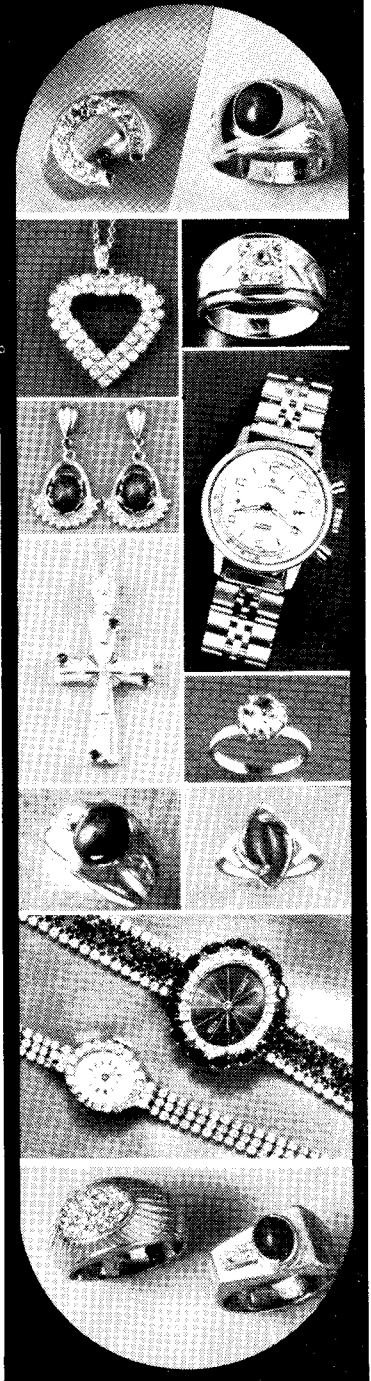
What's more, you and your customers won't have to wait for delivery on Merlite Rings! Your orders are processed the same day we receive them, so that shipments are speeding back to you within 24 hours or less. And as an extra FREE service to you, we'll even drop-ship rings directly to your customers, so that YOU don't have to spend your valuable time making deliveries!

## YOUR CHOICE OF TWO NO-RISK MONEY-MAKING PLANS!

As a Merlite Ring Dealer, there are TWO ways for you to make the most fantastic profits of your life. If you wish, you can start without investing one penny in inventory; simply show our gorgeous 64-page, full-color Customer Presentation Catalogue to your customers, collect your money, and forward the orders to us for immediate delivery. Or start with a *protected* inventory and make money even faster by offering on-the-spot delivery. Our *first-order refund policy* protects you completely: whether your first order is small or large, we GUARANTEE you'll sell it quickly and easily within the first 30 days. If not, Merlite will buy back any unsold rings from your first order, any time within 30 days of your receiving it — no questions asked! And under either plan, you make a full 200% profit on every sale!

## SEND NO MONEY — BUT MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Regardless of which plan you decide to start with, the most important thing is to get started NOW! Just take a moment to fill in and mail the coupon below. By return mail we'll rush you EVERYTHING you need to start making big, easy money next week: the lavish 64-page Customer Presentation Catalogue, an accurate ring-sizer, wholesale order forms, plus full details of our fantastic TRIPLE-YOUR-MONEY Profit Offer. It's all FREE, there's no obligation, and nobody will call on you. Don't miss out on the biggest Profit Bonanza of a lifetime — mail the coupon TODAY!



## LUXURIOUS JEWELER'S DISPLAY CASE FREE!

We normally charge \$8.00 for this professional jeweler's display case, but it's yours, absolutely FREE when you become a Merlite Ring Dealer under our sensational TRIPLE-YOUR-MONEY Profit Plan. Small enough to carry in your pocket or purse, lined with luxurious black velvet, the case holds 12 rings — sparks instant sales every time you open it! Think of it — a "jewelry shop" you can fit in your pocket... and that can turn your spare-time hours into a FULL-TIME income!

MERLITE INDUSTRIES, INC. 114 Fifth Avenue • New York, N.Y. 10011

MERLITE INDUSTRIES, INC. Dept. 271  
114 Fifth Avenue • New York, N.Y. 10011

I'm ready for TRIPLE PROFITS with Merlite Jewelry! By return mail, rush me everything I need to start cashing in at once, including the lavish full-color Customer's Presentation Catalogue! I understand that everything is FREE and without any obligation on my part!

MR.  MRS.  MISS

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

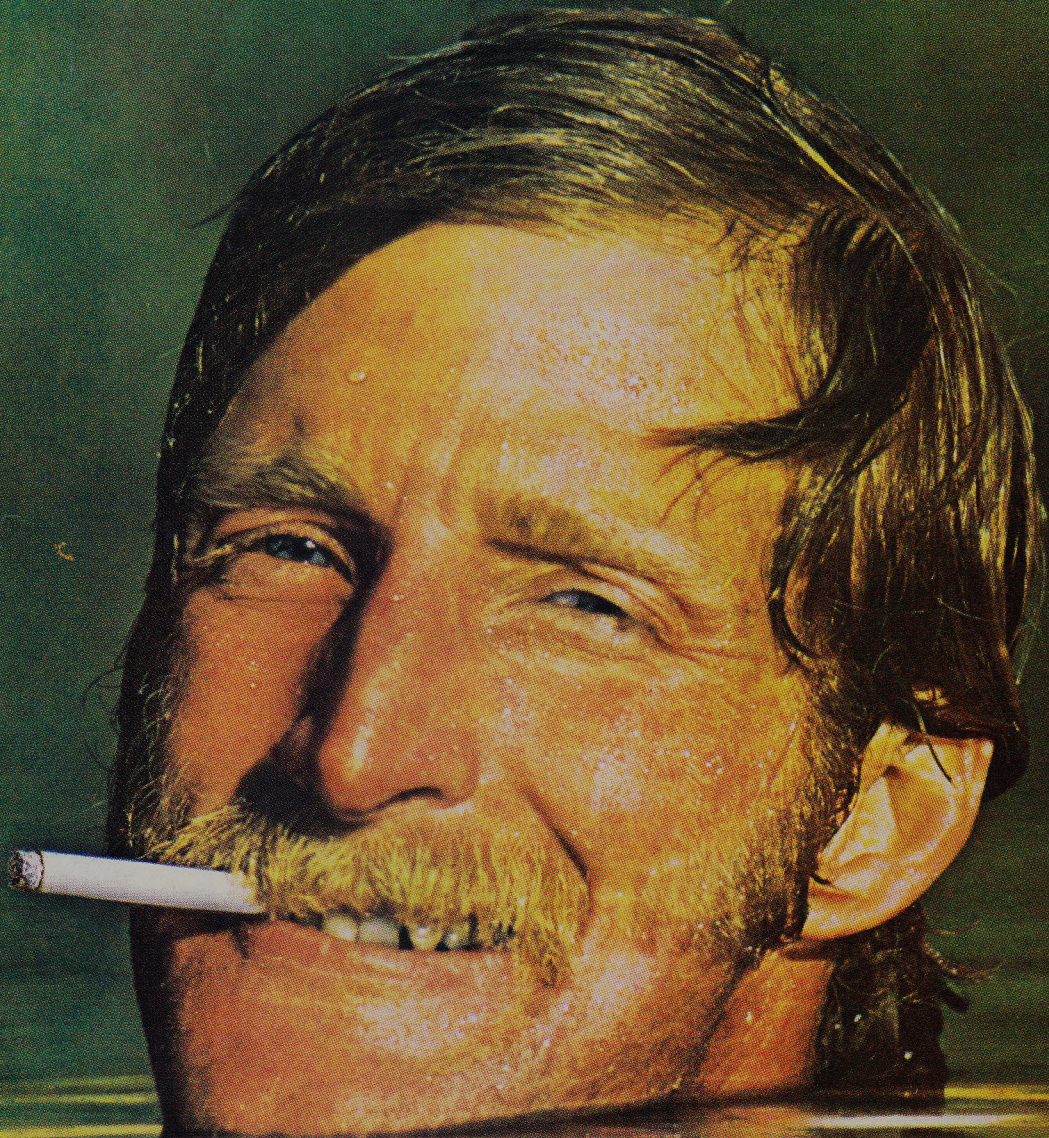
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

IN CANADA: MOPA CO., LTD., 371 DOWD ST., MONTREAL 128, QUEBEC

# Salem refreshes naturally.



- Naturally grown menthol.
- Rich natural tobacco taste.
- No harsh, hot taste.



King or Super King

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,

SUPER KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '73.