

# INSIDE DETECTIVE

D.D 06-190-103 MARCH 50c



**Exclusive!**  
We track down  
the Jet Age's  
sexiest spy

**JENNY  
USED HER BODY  
TO BUY THE  
WORLD'S  
SECRETS**

Now she lives in daily terror



# BEA



## EARNED \$800 WHILE TRAINING

reports John P. Pluta, Elyria, Ohio.

"Realized that I would like to better my position so I enrolled in Locksmithing Institute. Before I completed the training program I had already earned \$800.00."



## ABLE TO DOUBLE MY INCOME

says Paul G. Funes, N.Y., N.Y.

"I realized that with the added assistance of a locksmithing course, I would be able to double my income. I soon found this out during training period when I earned over \$150. Found the course easy to understand."



## CHOSE LOCKSMITHING FOR RETIREMENT

states W. T. Bowen, Baxley, Ga.

"Selected locksmithing when I decided to seek an occupation to help me in my retirement years. I used the \$100 I earned while taking the course for equipment. The course was more than I expected."

# LOCKSMITH

### TRAIN AT HOME - EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

Add to YOUR INCOME - even double it with easy spare-time earnings. Cash in on the nationwide shortage that demands hundreds more trained locksmiths. Quickly step into a big pay opportunity, full- or part-time job, or start a high-profit shop of your own!

### EARN EXTRA MONEY RIGHT AWAY!

You can quickly qualify as a skilled locksmith. Age, education, even minor physical handicaps don't matter in this ever-growing trade. So easy to learn - it's easy, it's fun, it's just like a fascinating new hobby!

Study at home as little as one hour a week. All special professional tools, supplies, including files, calipers, tweezers, cylinders, door handles, assemblies, gauges, pins, springs, extractors, picks, wrenches, and different kinds of locks and keys -

supplied to you! Gain practical experience by doing real jobs on car locks, house locks, padlocks, safe locks, etc. Just follow well-illustrated lessons under the guidance of experts.

For a future as your own boss or in a high-pay job, get all the facts, complete details. Write today for FREE Illustrated Book, FREE Sample Lesson Pages Give Exciting Facts. (No cost, no obligation, no salesman will call.)

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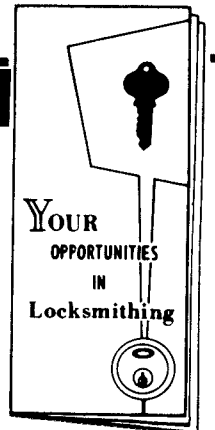
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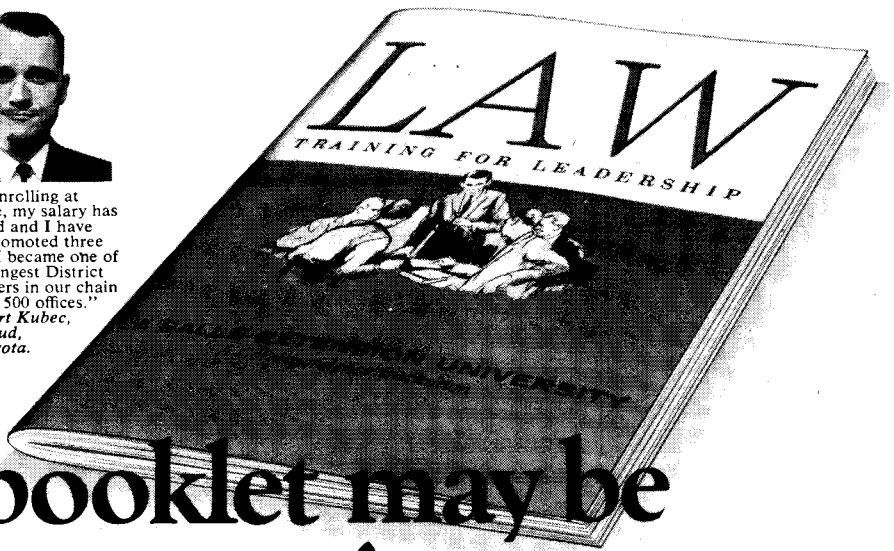
"The decision to enroll was one of the most important I have ever made. With each lesson my knowledge and confidence advanced; my job security was enhanced. I have increased my earnings 85%."  
—Thomas B. Spears, Chesapeake, Virginia.



"This training has enabled me to rise through the ranks of my company, from a laborer earning \$1.55 per hour to a retail store manager ... with a yearly salary well in excess of \$14,000."  
—Julian A. Smith, San Francisco, California.



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—Robert Kubec, St. Cloud, Minnesota.



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# Inside Detective

THE BEST STORIES FROM POLICE RECORDS

MARCH, 1971

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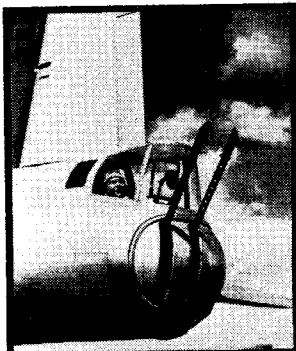
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HOW WE WON THE AIR WAR IN WORLD WAR II

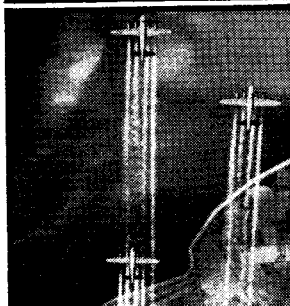
# The story of the B-17s and the men who flew them



B-17 TAIL-GUNNER READY FOR ACTION



CREW MEMBERS OF "ROSIE'S RIVETERS"



B-17's CROSSING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

U.S. AIR FORCE PHOTOS

TO MOST MEN who flew her in World War II, the B-17 was "lady luck" herself. They gave her names like Susie-Q and Rosie. But to the enemy she was a devil in the sky. You'll see why — in this gripping story of the plane and her scrappy brave flyers . . . illustrated with hundreds of photographs. (If you were in the Air Force, many startling candid shots will have personal meaning for you.)

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 ■ Pilot's Training Manual—how to fly the B-17. Even how to ditch it.

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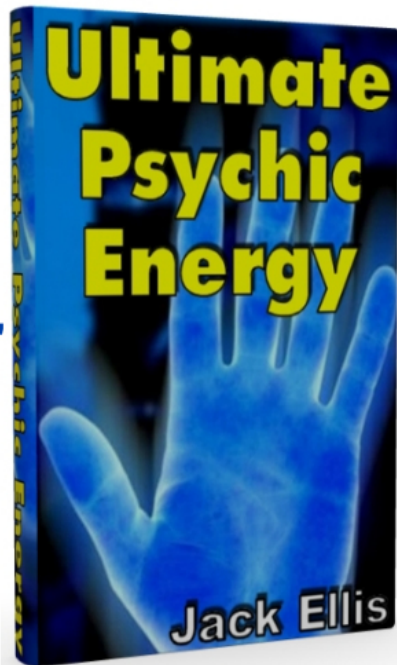
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■ Country music singer Johnny Cash and his wife June can relax now that Nashville, Tenn., authorities have arrested a man alleged to be the extortionist who demanded \$200,000 in old bills if Cash wanted to continue "making money" and keep his family "healthy."

## INSIDE REPORT

COMPLETE COVERAGE  
FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

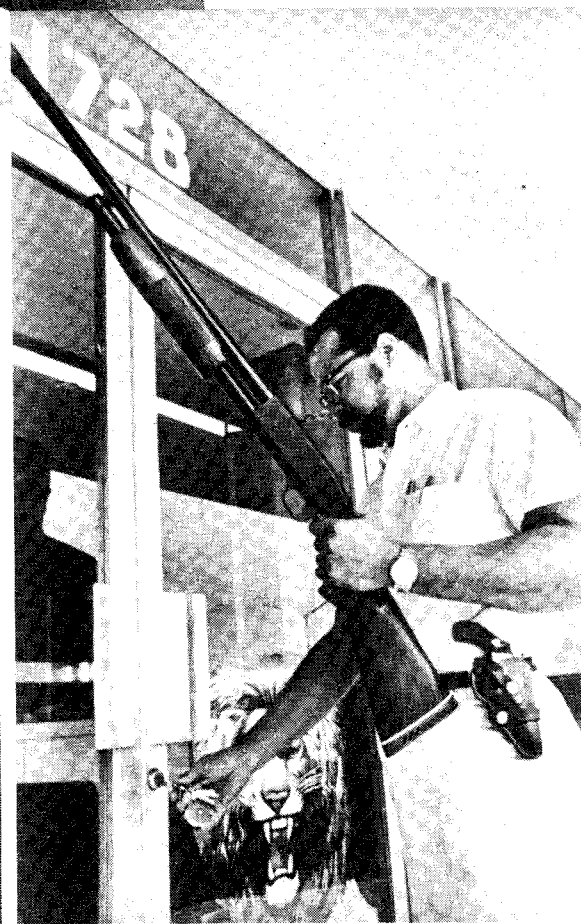
■ Policeman Phillip Stone models the new PIG watch he and two other Culver City, Cal., officers have begun selling. Police have given the words Pride, Integrity and Guts to the radical Left's derogatory chant directed at lawmen.






■ Paris' director of detectives views some of the 17 paintings found neatly stacked in a subway station in the French capital. The artworks, valued at \$1.8 million, were stolen last August from a Paris apartment.

■ Boston, Mass., cab driver Louis Miller believes a picture to be worth 1000 words in scaring away any would-be taxi robbers and has decided to work with his German shepherd riding as a guard.



■ When a freeway isolated San Bernadino's west side from the rest of the California city, a high rise in crime followed, forcing this take-out food store owner to come to work heavily guarded.





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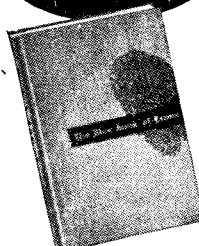
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Without obligation, rush me the Blue Book of Crime and list identification bureaus employing your students or graduates. Include all information on IAS training and easy terms offer. (No salesman will call.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

**INSIDE  
CROSSWORDS**

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**ACROSS**

- |                          |                       |                              |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Fired a gun           | 23. Select            | 41. Former Russian ruler     |
| 5. Bridge                | 27. Building wing     | 43. Vanzetti's crime partner |
| 9. Mr. Hoover's men      | 30. Frozen water      | 47. Murder                   |
| 12. — Wolfe, sleuth      | 31. Sour fruit        | 51. Cutthroat                |
| 13. Assumed attitude     | 32. Small wig         | 52. Solemn fear              |
| 14. Rodent               | 34. Murderer's victim | 53. Units                    |
| 15. Region               | 35. Lone Star State   | 54. James — Ray              |
| 16. Prohibition gangster | 36. Frightening sound | 55. Twice five               |
| 18. Sheriff's men        | 37. Cutting tool      | 56. Canvas shelter           |
| 20. Jot                  | 38. Encourage         | 57. German admiral           |
| 21. Expanse of land      | 39. June or July      |                              |

**DOWN**

- |                       |                              |                        |
|-----------------------|------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Break suddenly     | 19. Iroquoian Indians        | 36. Lizzie —           |
| 2. Brave man          | 22. High card                | 39. Pine Tree State    |
| 3. Raw minerals       | 24. Little devils            | 40. Detests            |
| 4. Browed bread       | 25. — Nostra                 | 42. Native of Scotland |
| 5. Health resort      | 26. Recognized               | 44. Fellow             |
| 6. Patrolmen          | 27. Girl's name              | 45. Heal               |
| 7. Broad scarf        | 28. Leopold's murder partner | 46. Make eyes at       |
| 8. Tidy               | 29. De —, elegant            | 47. Fedora             |
| 9. To and —           | 31. Plunders                 | 48. Be in debt         |
| 10. Prohibit          | 33. Miss Page, singer        | 49. Police officers    |
| 11. Native of (suff.) | 34. — man; swindler          | 50. Superlative suffix |
| 17. Journal           |                              |                        |

Solution on page 12

# WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET A PAIR OF SHOES FREE—worth \$39.95 at retail—

—as a bonus for just giving friends an opportunity to buy these and other shoes at half the prices charged in stores for equal quality?

By Gordon King



Yes, I'll give you these shoes as a bonus—but what's even more important I'll show you how to make a lot of extra money just writing up orders for the famous Hanover Shoe. I've shown hundreds of men how to make from \$7.00 to \$15.00 an hour in

spare time—evenings, week-ends, or even during coffee breaks at work.

And, right now, if you'll mail your name on the coupon below, I'll tell you how and why I send you my complete money making kits entirely free. No charge, not even a deposit. Just one obligation. You agree to show the Hanover catalog to just ten friends, neighbors, relatives, or co-workers. You don't sell. You just show. Because when other men SEE how much they can save, you can't prevent them from wanting to give you an order.

These are not "claims." These are facts. Look in the store windows at Nationally advertised shoes selling at \$39.95. Hanover offers the identical styles—the identical quality of leather—the identical workmanship at \$21.95. Would your friends "love" to save \$18.00? Check the comparison shown in the column at the right.

Here's another surprise for you: Right now, today, almost all Hanover Shoes that are sold direct to the user are sold by men like yourself who have regular jobs, regular salaries, but who want extra money for spare-time. Most of these men have no sales experience whatever. Hanover quality alone and Hanover price does the selling. And, once worn the Hanover shoe is so great that your customers thank you for telling them about this great value.

Don't take my word for it. Read the actual words of men who have tried taking orders for Hanover Shoes as a spare time way to add needed extra income for family budgets:

**D.M. of Maryland:** "I've made as much as \$210.00 in one month as a sideline."

**H.J. of Illinois:** "I made \$225.00 my first month—just in spare time."

**M.A. of California:** "Today I sold ten pairs in four hours."

As a spare time Hanover salesman, in addition to \$25, \$35 or as high as \$50 a week, you will get Life Insurance—Sick Pay Insurance—Gifts—Free shoes for yourself—Other Benefits.

I am ready now to give this money making opportunity to a few more men. Just your name on the coupon is all I need. No money. No deposit. Not a penny of cost to you. It costs my company more than \$10.00 to put this money making sales kit in your hands. It is for that reason that we want your prom-

ise you will show the catalog to at least ten men. That's your only obligation. No selling. No sales talk. No pressure. No asking for an order. Just show the catalog. If you don't make at least \$15.00 profit for yourself the first ten times you hand the catalog to another man, mail it back to me and forget the whole thing.

## FREE SHOES FOR YOU IN A WEEK

But, you see, I KNOW what will happen. Within a week you will have sent at least ten orders. And, when you do I give you a pair of Hanover Shoes entirely free as a bonus. You take your pick of any pair at any price up to \$21.95 (the \$39.95 value) and that pair is yours, free, as my way of marking the day when your tenth order was received.

Many men who "couldn't sell" have found spare time profits with Hanover so good that they've "gone full time." And, some of these men have been so successful that we've promoted them to Selling Managers with income potential of \$1,000.00 a month or more.

You decide how far you want to go. But, right now, send your name on the coupon. Everything I send you is free. Your only obligation is to just "show" the Hanover catalog to ten men. Then, if you're not excited over the money making possibilities, mail it back to me and you will not be under the slightest obligation.

*Gordon King*

Vice President

**THE HANOVER SHOE, INC.**  
726 Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa. 17331

**Gordon King, Vice President**  
**The Hanover Shoe, Inc.**  
**726 Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa. 17331**

Dear Mr. King:

Send on your sales kit free and postage prepaid. My only obligation is to SHOW the Hanover Catalog to ten men. If the orders they give me voluntarily show that I can make good money in spare time, I will keep the catalog and sales kit and continue showing. If I am not enthusiastic about the profits to be made I will return the sales kit by mail and will owe you nothing.

It is also understood that I will have my choice of a pair of Hanover Shoes—at any price up to \$21.95—(the \$39.95 value) when I have sent in orders for only ten pair of shoes which have been accepted by my customers.

*Make this sensational comparison with your own free bonus shoes!*

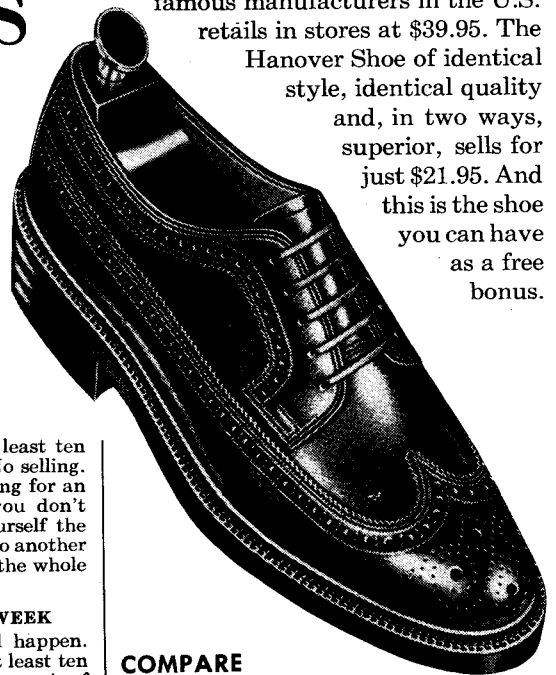
This shoe, made by one of the most famous manufacturers in the U.S. retails in stores at \$39.95. The

Hanover Shoe of identical style, identical quality

and, in two ways, superior, sells for just \$21.95. And

this is the shoe you can have

as a free bonus.



## COMPARE THESE FEATURES

- Upper Leather.** Both uppers are Barrett's Alpine full grain calfskin.
- Linings.** Both shoes are fully leather lined.
- Outsoles.** Both shoes have full grained oak tanned leather outsoles of the same quality and thickness.
- Heels.** Both shoes have leather heels with steel V Plate for extra wear.
- Innersoles.** Both shoes feature genuine leather innersoles but only the Hanover has a cushion between the outsole and the innersole for added comfort.
- Steel Arch Support.** Both shoes have a steel shank but only the Hanover Shoe has a longitudinal arch cushion as part of its famous Comfort Arch construction.
- Leather Storm Welt.** Both shoes have a leather reverse storm welt running completely around the shoe.
- Laces.** Better looking, longer wearing Cordo-Hyde laces are in both shoes.
- Fit.** Both shoes are made over identical wooden lasts purchased from the same last manufacturer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

I have a \_\_\_\_\_ car. Year \_\_\_\_\_

My home phone number is \_\_\_\_\_

I have never sold shoes before.

I have sold shoes for \_\_\_\_\_

I will work spare time

I'll carry as a sideline

My present occupation is \_\_\_\_\_



# ON THE RECORD

Address: The Editor,  
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## LIKES STAR SHINE

INSIDE REPORT made your January, 1970, issue of INSIDE DETECTIVE a really star-studded issue. Very few glamour magazines can boast of having Elvis Presley, Sophia Loren and President



Nixon in the same feature. This is just one man's opinion, but the pictures of VIP personalities in this section helps make your magazine one that is always enjoyable to read, and also takes away some of the grisliness from the actual crime stories.

—Andrew Reed, Phoenix, Ariz.

## DOUBLE TROUBLE

Reading factual detective magazines since 1929 and now past age 80, this is my first letter to any of the magazines I have read. INSIDE DETECTIVE of December 1970 impressed me greatly. It's the first time that none of your stories was a duplicate of other detective magazines. In most others that I read, more than half of the articles are duplicates of other magazines.

—Louis Jacobs, Venice, Fla.

Every month we endeavor to print stories which are both timely and original. Unfortunately, there are times when a crime story breaks that is so spectacular that all of the crime magazines will print it. This is also true of the major news magazines. There is a limit to how original news publications can be. . . . THE EDITORS.

## GOOD SAMARITAN?

After reading *How Do You Put A Price Tag On Sorrow?* (January INSIDE, 1971), I'm left with a question. What effect will compensation to crime victims have on the criminals? Imagine a person who now commits a crime and maybe feels guilt will no longer feel anything, since he knows that his victim will receive compensation from the state. Therefore, the criminal may feel he's doing

the victim a good deed by hurting him. Also, I can just see some discontented wife arranging to have her husband killed so it looks like a mugger did it and then be free of him, collect his insurance money and also receive payment from the government. Maybe the money to be used for compensation payments should be used for better police protection in the streets.

—Andrea Pollack, Bronx, N.Y.

## HUMBLE THOUGHT

The letter entitled *Nice Neighbors*, in the *On The Record* column (December INSIDE, 1970) intrigued me—just the thought that your neighbor may be a criminal. The reason, I had very recently read a comment made by an evangelist about a noted criminal. He said, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." This is a much more sobering and more humbling thought. I lived next door to a convicted murderer. He was the nicest neighbor.

—N. B., Detroit, Mich.

## TRAGEDY OF OLD-AGE

The tragedy of Mrs. Mildred Moyers in *Who'd Kill A Little Old Lady* (January INSIDE, 1971) is the tragedy of the aged in all major American cities today. Most young people tend to seek out an area to live which is safe, decent and comfortable. But as the years pass this area may degenerate and the residents, now years older, are too accustomed to where they live to move. Remaining in an area with a high crime rate is especially rough for the aged since most criminals attack the weak



and the frail before attempting to get at the strong. What the solution might be to make the last years one has on this earth better I do not know, but an answer must exist somewhere I think.

—Eileen Barkley, Yonkers, N.Y.

## CARELESS JUDGEMENT

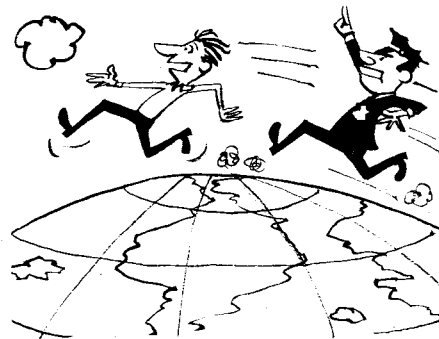
*Did Deputy Cox Die Needlessly?* (January INSIDE, 1971), really infuriated me. Too often we read of tragic murders that could have been avoided had high

officials in government shown some practicality in their judgement. Issues that come before social workers, judges and elected officials are not examined carefully enough. Apparently all these people do is read a case through once or twice and pass some fast judgement without really trying to find out what the consequences of their decision will be. Maybe one solution to this problem would be if every time a person gets murdered because of sloppy judgement, the official responsible should be tried and imprisoned.

—Roger Tracey, Denver, Colo.

## UNIVERSAL UGLINESS

Thank you for printing *When Justice Traveled Halfway Round The World* (January INSIDE, 1971). It is sort of refreshing to discover that crimes of passion and lust are not just happening in the United States, but are common to all mankind. Of course I'm sure one could argue that this poor Pakistanian man was corrupted by the western world, but obviously this just isn't so. The basic nature of man makes him susceptible to all vices regardless of what part of



the world he inhabits. America, in spite of common belief, is not the originator of violent crimes. Violence is as old as time itself.

—Patrick Kelly, Burbank, Cal.

## THRILL OF LIFETIME

Deputy Sheriff Vander Maten's experience may have been an extremely treacherous one (*I Played Checkers With Bullets and With My Life As The Stakes*, January INSIDE, 1971), but it is the kind of tale that most ordinary people would like to live through so they could tell their grandchildren about it. What a story this brave lawman told. He stayed cool and survived to tell the story. I also got insight into Halseth's personality.

—M. S. Cramer, St. Paul, Minn.

I enjoy your really old stories and your foreign ones best. Why do you suppose the foreign stories are usually more interesting than American ones? Do you think many people like the stories about killings during robberies or where some kook kills someone he doesn't even know?

—“Oldie”, Philadelphia, Pa.



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# IN AT THE FINISH

After 48 hours of deliberation, a New York City jury found William A. Maynard, 35, guilty of manslaughter in the murder of Marine Sergeant Michael Kroll, 21, in Greenwich Village four years ago (*You Never Leave a Buddy in the Lurch* (January INSIDE, 1968)). The actor-theatrical agent faces a maxi-



WILLIAM A. MAYNARD  
Strikes out at third trial

imum sentence of 20 years in prison on his conviction at this, his third trial. His first trial ended in June, 1969, with a deadlocked jury. His second trial, last September, ended with a mistrial when Maynard dismissed his lawyer during jury selection. Maynard has been in jail since October 27, 1967, when he was arrested in Germany after having jumped bail in New York City. The prosecution produced four witnesses who identified Maynard as the man who fired a shotgun into Kroll. The killing was the culmination of an argument between the dead Marine and Maynard. Allegedly the two fought because Maynard had made indecent advances toward a sailor and Kroll became involved when he came to the young sailor's aid. The defense insisted that, during the time the killing took place, Maynard was spending the night with his former in-laws in Queens, N.Y. During cross-examination, the prosecution showed that Maynard's in-laws had changed their testimony since the first trial. The relatives by marriage insisted that during the

first trial they were under pressure from the DA's office and could not tell the whole story. Defense attorneys indicated they plan to appeal Maynard's conviction in the near future.

□

A seven-woman, five-man jury in Van Nuys, Cal., convicted Bobby Augusta Davis, 29, of four counts of first degree murder in the killing of four California highway patrolmen last April in front of a Saugus, Cal., coffee shop, and sentenced him to die in the gas chamber (*Bloodiest Massacre in Patrol History*, July INSIDE, 1970). Jack Twinning, 35, Davis' partner in the slaughter, shot himself to death when police surrounded a house in Newell where he was hiding out. Davis was arrested driving a stolen camper, which he took from a tool grinder who managed to fire two bullets into Davis before Davis knocked him out and stole the vehicle. The massacre was the worst incident of its kind in California history. Patrolmen George Alleyn, 24; James Pence Jr., 24; Roger Gore, 23, and Walter Frago, 23, were gunned down by Davis and Twinning after the officers halted the men's car because one of them was waving a shotgun out of a window while driving on the freeway. Evidence presented at the trial showed that, prior to the slaughter, the two men had robbed a market in Houston, Tex., and were planning to kidnap the wives of several Long Beach, Cal., bankers. The defense had argued that Davis suffered from diminished mental capacity at the time of the slayings.

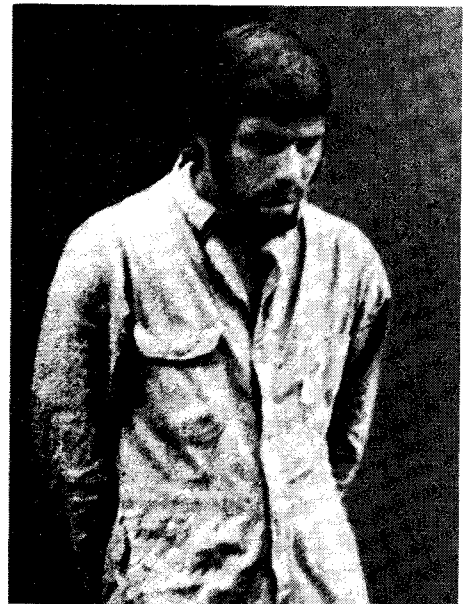
□

The Virginia Supreme Court has upheld the conviction of John Patler, 32, sentenced to 20 years imprisonment for the assassination of American Nazi Party leader George Lincoln Rockwell on August 25, 1967 (*Heil and Farewell*, December INSIDE, 1968). Rockwell was shot from a rooftop as he was getting into his car at an Arlington shopping center. He lurched out of his car, pointed at the roof and then died on the right fender of the car. Soon after, Patler was arrested nearby. The following day, a 12-inch Mauser pistol was found in a creek between the shopping center and where Patler was picked up. A one-time editor of the party newspaper, Patler was dismissed from his position on March 30, 1967, and, on April 4 of that same year, he was thrown out of the party for his frequent arguments with Rockwell. The Virginia Supreme Court approved a lower court's ruling that the bullets found on a farm belonging to a relative of Patler were acceptable as evidence, since they matched those fired

by the murder weapon. Therefore, the court went on, "based on the facts and the unbroken chain of circumstances, the jury had a right to conclude... beyond a reasonable doubt that motive, time, place, means and conduct had occurred in pointing to the defendant as the murderer."

□

Dennis Edward Johnston, 27, was sentenced to an 8½-to-25-year prison term after he pleaded guilty to a first degree manslaughter charge in the slaying of Frances Accomando on September 2, 1969, in West Babylon, N.Y. (*This Girl's Been Stabbed, Strangled and Set Afire*, December INSIDE, 1969). Purportedly, the 17-year-old victim and Johnston, a divorced carpenter who boarded with Miss Accomando and a relative, had a quarrel while seated in his car, and in a fit of rage, he choked her, stabbed her at least 15 times in the back, then drove to an open field where he dumped her body and set it afire. After 30 hours of extensive investigation, police arrested Johnston and indicated that an extremely efficient police laboratory had played an important role in the solution of the case. After pleading guilty to the reduced manslaughter charge, Johnston was held in jail without bail until his recent sentenc-



DENNIS EDWARD JOHNSTON  
Pleads guilty in girl's death

ing. In explaining the prescribed jail term, an assistant district attorney said that the eight-year, four-month minimum sentence was the shortest term the judge could have set on the plea.

(Continued on page 12)



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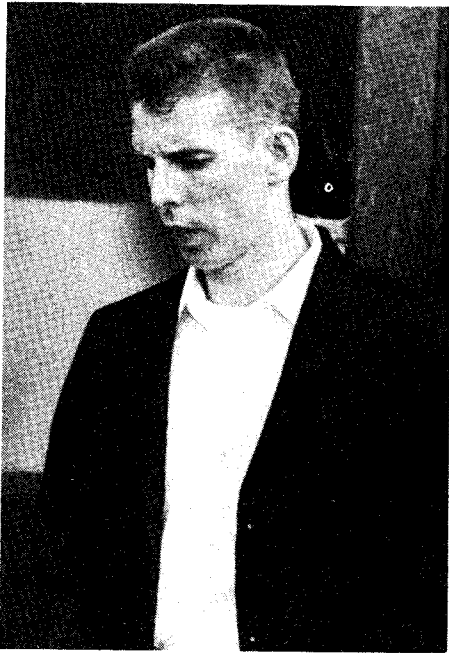


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**THEODORE A. SWANSON**  
*Appeal on life sentence denied*

A federal court has rejected an appeal by **Theodore A. Swanson**, 30, for a new trial in his most recent attempt to overturn his 1966 first degree murder conviction. Three previous appeals for a new trial also have been denied. Swanson currently is serving a life sentence at the Pennsylvania state correctional institution at Pittsburgh for the December 16, 1966, slaying of Robert D. Herdman in Johnstown, Pa. (*The Loudest Squeal of All*, November INSIDE, 1966). According to testimony given by Ronald L. Webb, one of Swanson's compatriots in crime, he, Swanson and Herdman were all involved in a series of local robberies. Swanson, according to Webb, was afraid that Herdman would squeal, so he shot him while out driving in his car and then dumped his body off the edge of a hill. Swanson's bid for a new trial was based on the argument that his trial should have been moved out of Cambria County because news reports had prejudiced the case against him and made it impossible for him to get a fair trial. The defense also insisted that it had new evidence in Swanson's favor. Reportedly, there were three men who were willing to testify that Webb had confessed to them that it was he who shot Herdman.

□  
A New York State court has sentenced **Winston Moseley**, 35, to two concurrent 15-year prison terms for robbery and kidnaping in connection with his escape from custody in March, 1968 (*I Only Regret I Got Caught*, June INSIDE, 1968). Moseley had pleaded guilty to both charges. Currently, Moseley is serving a life sentence in Attica State Prison

for the 1964 fatal stabbing of New York City barmaid Kitty Genovese. The Genovese case received national attention when it was revealed that the attractive 28-year-old woman's cries for help went unheeded by the 38 persons who heard them. On March 19, 1968, four years after his arrest, Moseley escaped from guards as he was being escorted from a Buffalo, N.Y., hospital, where he had been taken for surgery to repair what officials thought to be self-inflicted wounds. Hiding out in an uninhabited house, Moseley was discovered by the owners when they came to check out their property. Moseley tied up the pair, raped the woman, took their money, then fled in their car. Appearing next in Grand Island, N.Y., he held a woman and her child hostage till he was convinced to surrender by the FBI. The judge passing the recent sentence told Moseley that he had shown a "complete, reckless disregard to people. You have hurt people. The people you hurt in Buffalo and Grand Island are still under doctor's care."

□  
The attempt to get government aid for the ever growing number of people victimized by violent crimes in America is gaining more and more support (*How Do You Put a Price Tag on Sorrow?*, January INSIDE, 1971). Recently, Senate Democratic leader Mike Mansfield proposed legislation to compensate victims of criminal violence. In a call for bold action, Mansfield introduced legislation which would create a federal Violent Crimes Commission that would be called upon to make awards to people injured as a result of crimes committed against them anywhere within federal jurisdiction. In addition, Mansfield has asked for money to finance state compensation commissions. Mansfield said that: "This is a time for Congress to demonstrate to the people of America that it is as interested in the problems and suffering of victims of criminal acts as it is in protecting rights of accused criminals." In conclusion, the Senator said: "... When the protection of society is not sufficient to prevent a person from being victimized, society then has the obligation to compensate the victim for the failure of protection."

□  
A court in Providence, R.I., has sentenced **Roger D. Lemois**, **Lawrence M. LeClair**, **Lawrence J. Valliere** and **Ronald P. Paranteau** to 25 years each in jail after the four former Coventry, R.I., policemen pleaded guilty to second degree murder charges (*When They Wear the Badge of Shame*, November INSIDE, 1969). A fifth policeman, **Dennis R. Perry**, charged with being an accessory, still is awaiting trial. The other four had been charged with the kidnap and murder of James J. Caprio. Purportedly, one of the policemen had been

involved in a fight with the 32-year-old bartender over a woman. The patrolman, angered by the incident, arranged to have the bartender killed. On the night of June 2, 1969, two policemen in a marked car halted Caprio on a speeding charge. He was placed in the police car and driven to a deserted area. Another policeman followed in Caprio's Cadillac. Then, one of the men shot Caprio at close range in the head with a shotgun. The body next was placed back in the Cadillac and driven across state lines into Connecticut and abandoned there.

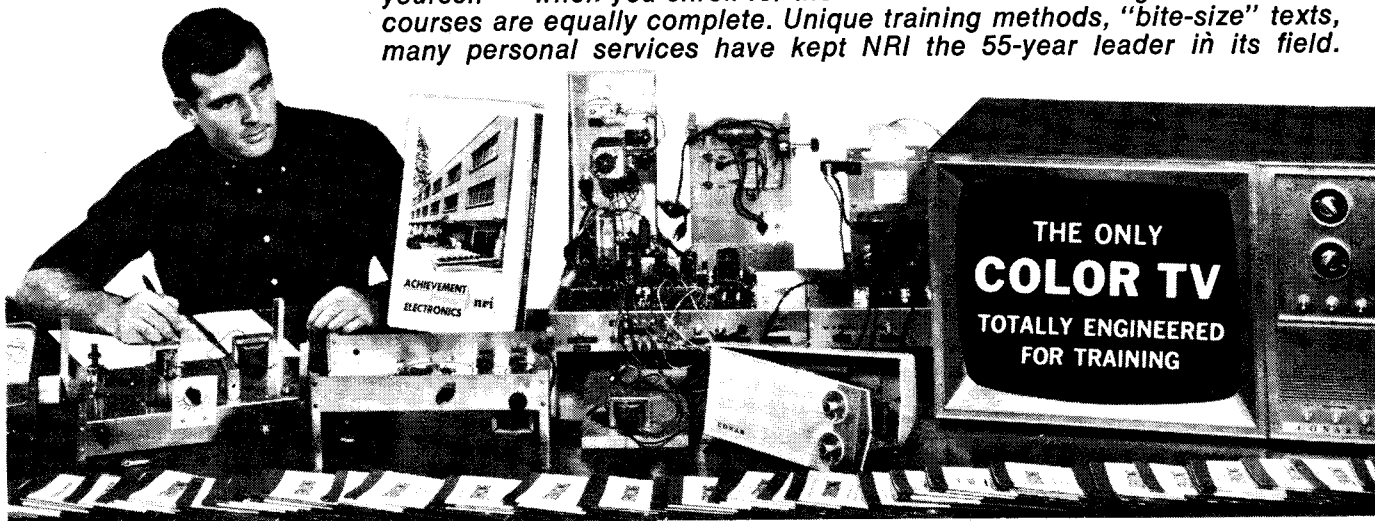
□  
**Frederick Binowski**, 30, one of two men convicted in the 1962 shooting of a paraplegic school teacher who tried to arrange his own death (*A Hankering for Pain*, May INSIDE, 1965), now is being held on a first degree murder charge in the killing of his ex-partner, **Jack Harshberger**, 28. The pair were both out on parole from the Ohio penitentiary, where they were serving time for shooting Jack Flagler. Flagler had admitted to hiring the two to kill him, but a judicial panel's ruling that there was no Ohio law against a man plotting with others to take his own life kept him free. This decision was reached in spite of the fact that, in 1961, Flagler had forced two teenage boys at gunpoint to go into the Florida Everglades with him and help him commit suicide. As a result of the 1962 shooting, Flagler was paralyzed from the waist down. After the Ohio incident, Flagler moved to California, where, three years later, he was found shot to death, apparently successful in arranging his own slaying. In this latest incident, Toledo police said they telephoned Harshberger to inform him that Mrs. Binkowski had accused him of rape and asked him to come to the police station. Harshberger agreed, but, instead, went to the Binkowski home, where a fight ensued and he was fatally shot five times with a .22-caliber pistol.

**SOLUTION TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 6**

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# Department of Public Safety

GEORGIA BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

P. O. Box 1456

ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30301

PHONE 627-3531



On October 18, 1970, Cordele Police Sergeant Hiram Watson was shot and killed in the line of duty. The unprovoked shooting of Sergeant Watson, a veteran police officer, while on patrol, was a senseless killing.

The Georgia Bureau of Investigation and the Cordele Police Department has issued a Murder Warrant for Hugh Hillia Tennon, III, of Atlanta. We believe the suspect has fled the State to avoid prosecution on the charges against him. So far, an exhaustive and intensive search has failed to turn up the suspect.

This office will appreciate receiving any information your readers might have pertaining to the location of this fugitive.

Sincerely,

*B. G. Ragsdale*  
B. G. RAGSDALE, Major

Director  
GEORGIA BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

BGR:gjo

Sgt. Hiram Watson

## \$5000 REWARD

# CAN YOU HELP FIND SERGEANT WATSON'S KILLER?

by JAY ETTMAN

CORDELE, GA., DECEMBER 23, 1970

■ When Hiram Watson moved from the Cordele, Ga., fire station to the municipal police department next door, he came in for a lot of good-natured ribbing about changing hats and jumping into the frying-pan from out of the fire. In point of fact, Watson's transfer to the Cordele police force was dictated by an unfortunate occupational accident. After ten years as a fire-fighter, he had the bad luck to fall from a ladder and injure his back. During his long convalescence, he was assigned to the police desk, where he answered the phone, logged complaints and took care of the troublesome details of routine office business. Later, when his back had mended, despite his long tenure in the fire department, Hiram Watson discovered that he really preferred being a policeman. Applying for a permanent transfer, he took over the regular duties of a patrol officer and soon proved to be an excellent policeman. He wore his badge proudly and, within four years, had earned his sergeant's stripes, as well as a reputation for exceptional bravery and selfless dedication to the service.

During the normal course of events, Cordele is a quiet, peaceful town of some 11,000 population on Route U.S. 75, one of the main tourist trunks on the south run to Florida. It also is the main market center of Crisp County,

situated at the hub of a network of rural roads which traverse some of the most fertile farmland in the central section of the state. Police Chief Lewis T. Jobe's 22-man-force normally deals with the day-to-day problems of law and order—the occasional thefts, the domestic squabbles, the fist-fights in the honky-tonks along the Truckers' Route on trouble filled pay-nights.

Once in awhile, the action is a little more violent. Chief Jobe remembers the night in 1966 when Hiram Watson and two other officers battled several members of a safe-cracking gang and engaged them in a dramatic shootout on Cordele's store-lined Main Street. One officer already had been felled by gunfire and the gang leader had managed to wrest the service revolver from a second policeman when Hiram Watson charged into the fray. In Watson's subsequent citation, he was credited with "disregarding his own safety to disarm a dangerous desperado and bring about his capture."

Admittedly, such gun-blazing confrontations are rare for Cordele's policemen. More often, the officers' encounters are with tourists who are looking for the road to nearby Andersonville, the notorious Confederate military prison where, during two years of operation, 12,926 Union

continued on next page

## A policeman's belief that law brought with it a feeling of respect in others proved fatally inaccurate



*Jokes about Sgt. Watson leaving the fire station (L) to go right next door and become a policeman had a tragically sad ending.*

## **CAN YOU HELP FIND SERGEANT WATSON'S KILLER?**

continued

soldiers died of a shocking variety of causes in a 22-acre quagmire scooped out of the red earth of a Sumter County hillside.

More recently, tourists have taken to stopping Cordele policemen to ask the location of Sasser Farm, the Black Muslim co-operative purchased with funds supplied by members of the sect who call themselves "The Lost-Found Nation of Islam in North America."

Asked for directions to the unique plantation, Cordele policemen are extremely polite and accommodating. Actually, they explain, Sasser Farm is something of a misnomer. The Muslim cooperative is a good ten miles out of Sasser, about 14 miles southwest of Albany, Ga. The best way to get there is to bear left on 118 at Leslie and left turn on U.S. 19 when one gets to Smithville.

In an era of dramatic and swift moving social change, the Black Muslim farmers of Sasser plantation hold no special interest for Georgia police. A spokesman for the Georgia Bureau of Investigation sums up the official attitude quite succinctly. "Our business is trouble," he says simply. "Any citizen whose interest is in the good of the community, who com-

plies with the law and who conducts himself in a decent and orderly manner has the right to look to the police for all the consideration we can give him. Any citizen who creates a disturbance, who poses a threat to his neighbors, who disregards the laws of the land to the extent of becoming a menace to a peaceful and orderly society can expect the police to give him their swift and undivided attention."

A full comprehension of that basic concept has been similarly expressed by the sect's leader, Elijah Muhammad, self-styled "Messenger of Allah," who was born Elijah Poole in Sandersville, Ga., on October 7, 1897. "You will read the Koran daily," Elijah Muhammad has instructed his followers. "You will worship no God but Allah. You will eat one meal a day and you will pray facing Mecca five times during each daily circuit of the sun. You will pray for humility, and that first prayer will be at 5 o'clock in the morning. More, you will use no cosmetics, no tobacco, no alcohol, or dope . . . And, above all, you will stay within the law because when you obey the law, the white man has no power over you."

The Black Muslims at Sasser Farm have given the Georgia authorities very little reason to object to their presence in that section of the state where they have been conducting their experimental plantation. To begin with, they paid for their 1743-acre farm with cash slightly in excess of \$310,000. Their land-clearing was done by a white local contractor. Their equipment and supplies were purchased from white local businessmen. They buy what they require on a cash-and-carry basis and, since their arrival in the area, have injected nearly \$2 million into the district's economy.

To explain their presence in the region and the purpose of their communal endeavor, Brother Walter Turner, Public Relations Director of the Nation of Islam, arranged a meeting with representatives of the surrounding communities. He explained, first of all, that his group was politically and socially an entity unto itself. They both practiced and preached racial separation. It was their intention to produce beef, dairy products and vegetables, while providing jobs for the local blacks. They were building a small cannery, capable of daily processing of 5,000 containers of okra, snap-beans,





*Officer Martin (L), Chief Jobe and GBI agent Perry (R) have a grim report for Gov. Lester Maddox (R) after examining car where Sgt. Watson was slain.*

cream corn and butternut squash. Their dairy herd was expected to produce a daily output of 740 pounds of milk. Their beef herd, numbering 300 head of quality Herefords, would be maintained and fattened for slaughter on forage grown on the farm.

"In no sense can we be said to be competing with our county neighbors," Brother Turner explained. The farm's entire produce was to be shipped north, to Chicago, and made available at reduced prices to impoverished ghetto dwellers who patronized Muslim-owned supermarkets and restaurants.

Brother Turner's remarks were met with a certain amount of natural skepticism by the community representatives who listened to him. In time, however, that skepticism completely disappeared. Typical remarks from the white community were reprinted in the local press. The workers at Sasser Farm were "assets to the economy, good businessmen . . . law abiding . . . good neighbors . . . good people . . . hard working and respected citizens."

One county Chamber of Commerce actually invited the farm's Muslim directors to become members of its organ-



**continued on next page**



### CAN YOU HELP FIND SERGEANT WATSON'S KILLER?

continued

*Suspect who slew officer with his own revolver, similar to one held (↑) by Police Chief, is high on wanted list of GBI's Major Jobe (↓).*

ization. The directors politely declined. "The directors were honored," they said, "but they recognized that their presence in such an organization possibly might be the cause of some unfortunate friction or incident.

"They had come into the region only to do what they had originally stated was their intention. They bought land, they wanted to farm and their major purpose was to make their produce available to impoverished members of their sect who lived in deplorable conditions in the unspeakable ghettos of the North."

In all, the Muslims and the experimental farm near Sasser would have continued to remain a notable tourist attraction in central Georgia, but for one tragic occurrence.

Coopeative farming was only one activity of the sect in North America. It also published various tracts and periodicals, including an out-of-state magazine called *The Muslim Program* and a newspaper entitled *Muhammad Speaks*. The publications very seldom were seen in Cordele because of a local ordinance, rigidly enforced, prohibiting the public or private sale of all such literature with-



out an appropriate license, issued by city authorities.

Cordele Police Sergeant Hiram Watson and his partner, Patrolman Johnny Mapp, cruising their beat in a municipal patrol car on Sunday, October 11, 1970, spotted two neatly-dressed blacks standing on a street corner in the downtown business district. There was a neat stack of what appeared to be newspapers on the sidewalk between the two men and both held up copies of the publications and waved them at passers-by.

Sergeant Watson had his partner stop the police cruiser and both officers got out and watched the two men with considerable interest. One was young, apparently in his late teens; the other, a man who seemed to be in his early 30s. Both were wearing business suits, white shirts and ties. The younger, who stood about an inch taller than six feet and weighed about 150 pounds, kept waving his periodicals at passers-by, oblivious of the presence of the police. The older man stopped.

"Just what do you fellers think you're doing?" Sergeant Watson asked pointedly.

"We're selling *Muhammad Speaks*, the Muslim newspaper," the younger one answered. He pronounced the word with the double-o sounds in almost universal use among members of the American Islam movement.

The sergeant picked up a periodical from the top of the pile and quickly thumbed through the pages. He noted such titles as "The Coming Armageddon" and "Toward a Black Utopia."

"The Mooslim magazine, eh?" the sergeant asked. "What's your name, friend?"

"Tennon, sir," the young man said.

"And yours?" the sergeant asked the youth's companion.

"My name is Barksdale, officer," the older man replied.

"Well now," Sergeant Watson said, "the name of this town is Cordele, Ga. And in this town of Cordele, Ga., we got us a law, a statute, you might even call it an ordinance which says, to wit, that nobody sells any magazines or periodicals in the city limits of Cordele, Ga., unless they've got a license properly applied for, duly approved and officially issued by the city authorities.

"You got a license like that, friends?"

"No, sir," the two sect members admitted.

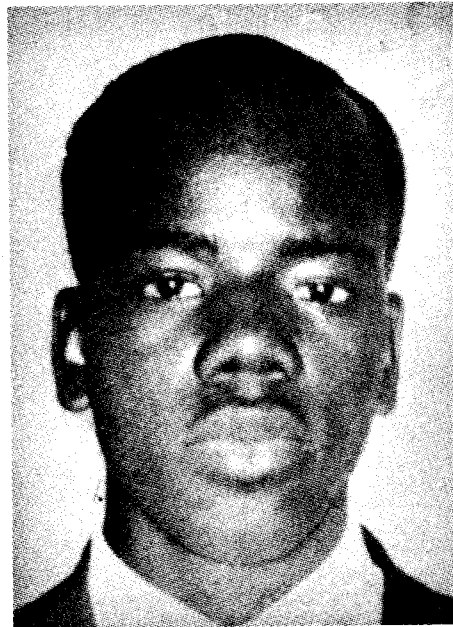
Sergeant Watson tipped back his hat and scratched his forehead at the edge of the ring left by the sweat-band. His voice was kind, almost paternal. "Well," he said, "seeing this is a first offense, we're going to give you a break."

He helped the sect members load their periodicals in back of his patrol car and offered to give them a lift to just outside the city limits. In return, he told them as the car started off, he wanted their promise that they never again would return to Cordele to peddle their literature without an appropriate license. But the promise was not forthcoming.

"What?" Watson demanded, as the patrol car headed toward the Flint River Bridge. "You mean you're going to try to come into this town again and try to sell these papers?"

"It is our duty to spread the word, sir," the younger man said. "This is our mission. We have taken an oath."

The sergeant pressed his lips together.



**Lawmen across the nation want to find Hugh Tennon. Have you seen him?**

"Well," he said, "that's something I can understand. I've taken an oath, too, and that's to uphold the laws of the city of Cordele, Ga. If I see either of you in town trying to sell those papers without a license, I'm going to run you in. You got that? That's my job."

By then, they had reached Route 90, where the two sect members got out of the patrol car, carrying their periodicals with them.

"We got what you said," the younger man remarked earnestly. "But we'll be back, sir, to sell the newspaper, *Muhammad Speaks*. It's our holy duty, Officer. We got a job, too."

"Just hope I don't see you then," Sergeant Watson said in parting. "I've told you the law. If I catch either one of

you in town trying to break it, I'll put you under arrest and take you to the station house."

The week passed without any indication that the two magazine salesmen either had applied for a license to sell their periodicals or had entered the town of Cordele to sell the publication illegally. The incident was almost forgotten in the press of normal police business and, by Friday, even if they had tried, neither Sergeant Watson nor Patrolman Mapp could have recalled the names of the two Muslims.

Most weekends in the Cordele area are reasonably peaceful. The one which began on Friday, October 16, was a notable exception. To start things off, there was a gunfight in a roadhouse on the Truckers' Route just before Friday midnight.

According to Deputy Sheriff Warren Dowdy, the trouble started even before the shooting. Two city patrolmen, Vernon Pridgen and Arnold Robinson, chasing a reckless driver in their patrol car, were pelted with baseball-sized stones by someone near the roadhouse when they sought to arrest the speedster. A half an hour later, a local tough, with a .22-caliber pistol in his fist, allegedly fired a bullet into the left side of a roadhouse patron. Both men were quickly rounded up by members of the Crisp County Sheriff's Department.

At 2:40 in the morning, a Southern Railroad employee parked his car on the railroad crossing and held up rail and highway traffic for more than five minutes.

On Saturday morning, the Cordele Recorder's Court ordered city policemen to arrest four persons for failure to make payment on fines previously assessed them. During the lunch hour, a local appliance shop reported the theft of an expensive tape recorder, which had been sneaked out of the store while the attendants were away eating. The serial number of the recorder, CO411696, and the model number, 6200, were made available to Police Chief Jobe's office.

The welter of bothersome police activity continued without letup. A car was stolen at 11:35 P.M. Saturday. Immediately thereafter, a local resident reported that a prowler was attempting to enter her home. Cordele policemen stayed on the scene until early Sunday morning without apprehending any suspicious person or finding traces of a would-be intruder.

When Sergeant Watson reported for duty at muster that Sunday morning, he found his fel- (Continued on page 56)





**EXCLUSIVE! WE TRACK DOWN THE JET AGE'S SEXIEST SPY**

# JENNY USED HER BODY TO BUY THE WORLD'S SECRETS—

*Now She Lives in Terror Every Day*

by BOB SAUNDERS

■ When Yuri Loginov flew from Canada to South Africa in August, 1967, little did he suspect that the espionage mission on which he was bound already was doomed because South African intelligence agencies knew he was on his way, why he was coming and a wealth of other information about this man who was one of the most brilliant Russian agents in the West.

In the preceding five years, Loginov had worked successfully in the United Kingdom, the United States, Canada,

West Germany, France and Italy. He had been in Canada just over 18 months when he was ordered to the Republic of South Africa, where his duties were to include assisting black African rebels to leave the country illegally for military training in Russia and to arrange to import into the country by illegal means weapons with which to arm subversive elements. He had acquired, as directed from Moscow, a Canadian name and a well-established false identity and, finally, a Canadian passport.

Yuri Loginov, at 35, was a brilliant, well trained agent whose father was a top aide to the deputy director of the KGB, the soviet spy bureau. That meant that when Loginov returned to the Soviet Union—assuming that his record as a spy in the West was good—he would be in line for an important post among the hierarchy of the KGB.

Loginov's work in Canada largely centered around the Quebec Liberation Front, which had its headquarters in Quebec City. (Continued on page 46)



*Jenny's reports to South African spy chiefs Ludi, Lt. Broodrijk and Schroder (L to R in left photo) put an end to undercover work by USSR's top agent Loginov (L).*

# DEATH LURKED ON THE ROOFTOP





Joe plummeted from rooftop (opp. page) and the shock brought out union demanding safeguards (↓).



## THE MURDER A CITY PROTESTED

by JOSEPH McNAMARA

NEW YORK, N.Y., DECEMBER 20, 1970

■ The body lay face down on the blood-smeared concrete in a pool of lamp-light. The man's face was crushed in, his skull was split. One arm was twisted grotesquely under the body. Any passer-by who could bring himself to look could have told at a glance that the victim had fallen from a great height.

The victim was a man about 60; his clothes were those of a worker, obviously one who had been coming to or from his job. But death had intervened and his body lay upon the paved areaway

outside the front entrance of one of the many buildings in a mammoth housing project in Long Island City in New York City's borough of Queens.

It was 9:30 P.M., Thursday, November 5, 1970, when police sped up, cruiser lights flashing red, to find the broken body. They had been called by a woman tenant of the building who peered out her window and saw the ghastly sight.

Not one of the investigators who responded to the woman's frantic report

could have imagined then that the death of this slightly-built, graying man would reverberate throughout the city, rock the fragile balance of labor relations, reach into the office of Mayor John V. Lindsay and call down the wrath of a Congressman who deplored the spreading cancer of crime.

The death occurred in the 24-building Queensbridge Housing project complex, the first low-rent housing built in New York, started in 1936 under the late Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, with

continued on next page

**When the popular project foreman was tossed  
to his death, his co-workers and neighbors set up an  
outcry that echoed through City Hall**





*Only one building in a complex housing more people than in some towns, it was scene of senseless, brutal robbery-murder.*

## **DEATH LURKED ON THE ROOFTOP** continued

a huge addition added after World War II. Some 16,000 families in all call the project home.

On the heels of police arrived an ambulance from St. John's Hospital. In the red-flashing glow of its signal light, an attendant pronounced the man dead. But investigators from the Long Island City Precinct awaited the arrival of Dr. Milton Graff, assistant medical examiner of the city of New York.

Graff determined in a preliminary examination—later borne out by a more detailed scrutiny and autopsy—that the man had been savagely beaten about the head, face and chest with a heavy object. The ME further observed that the victim had plunged to his death from the adjacent brick building, six stories high and numbered 41-07 Twelfth Street, Long Island City.

The victim quickly was identified as Joseph Gagliano, 61, a maintenance foreman in the project, who was widely-known and well-liked. Gagliano was a jack of all trades, not only handy in most household emergencies, but eager to lend a hand to anyone in trouble. He also lived in the project, on Vernon Boulevard.

Detectives from the precinct, augmented by Housing Authority policemen, fanned out through the nearby

building in a floor-by-floor search. On its roof, they found Gagliano's wallet, empty of money, containing only the pictures of his wife and his six grandchildren.

Also discovered by the police—on the roof near the wallet—was Gagliano's toolbox, with a plumber's fitting wrench, dropped near the opened chest. There was blood on the wrench and, in the meagre light of hand flashlights, investigators also detected strands of hair adhering to it.

It was several hours before labora-

tory technicians, in their sterile quarters, ascertained that the blood on the wrench was the same as that of Gagliano and that the hair on the gore-encrusted instrument matched his. But long before that official verdict, investigators on the scene had begun to piece together a story of robbery and murder.

It quickly was apparent to the detectives that Gagliano had been beaten with the wrench during a robbery. But then what? Had the killer—or killers—picked up the slight victim (he was 5 feet, 8 inches tall, weighed 150 pounds)



*Joe Balzano, president of Housing Authority PBA unit, and Barry Feinstein (R), head of HA's union, sought safer rules.*



*Gregory and Joseph Treadwell (R) had reputation as gang chiefs, police said, which helped investigators track them down.*

the detectives figured. It was missing from the body and presumed to have been stolen. Gagliano never carried a large amount of money, but always had some few dollars, his wife said. His wallet was empty, except for the pictures and some cards.

At first, shock and then anger rippled through the huge housing project. The murder proved to be the catalyst that galvanized tenants of the complex into action after having endured a crime blitz for the past few years. They had had their apartments burgled, their persons robbed. They had been accosted in elevators. Their women had had their purses snatched, their wits scared out of them. And the grisly killing capped it all. It was more than they would take. And the rallying cry of the tenants was taken up by the army of workers who make up the maintenance force necessary to run the sprawling project. With a population of 16,000 families, the complex had a larger head count than many towns across the face of America.

Some 600 employes of the Housing Authority projects across the city threatened to walk (Continued on page 53)

and tossed him, conscious or unconscious, off the parapet to his death on the concrete six floors below? Or had Gagliano, dazed by his beating, stumbled off the edge to his death?

The details were not apparent immediately, but there had been a crime committed and the foreman was dead. It spelled out homicide in one form or another to Detective David Katz of the Long Island City Squad and James Rath, a Queens Homicide Squad detective.

Into the case, too, came Joseph Balzano, a Housing Authority investigator and president of the Authority's Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. Balzano assigned himself to the case as soon as it became apparent that Gagliano had been slain. And the union chief was quite vocal about the reluctance of city police to step into the stemming of crime in the project, which is patrolled by Housing Authority officers.

From questioning family members of the murdered man, Detectives Katz and Rath learned that Gagliano always wore a wristwatch, a Bulova, about 15 years old. The watch was worth about \$40,

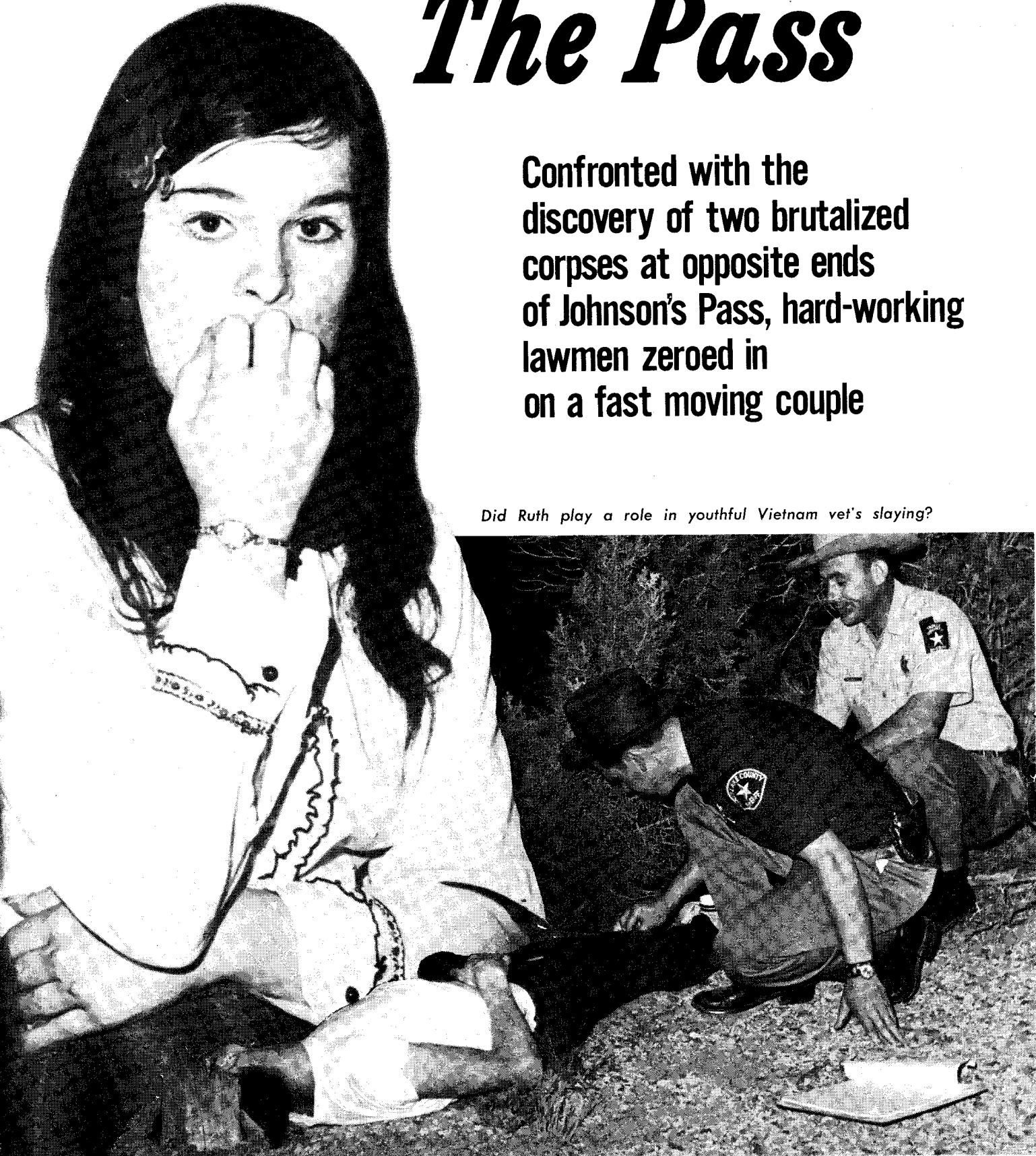
*For fingerprint expert Vincent Scalisi, tragedy was another opportunity to show his skill, win new honors.*



# *Blood Storm Over The Pass*

**Confronted with the  
discovery of two brutalized  
corpses at opposite ends  
of Johnson's Pass, hard-working  
lawmen zeroed in  
on a fast moving couple**

*Did Ruth play a role in youthful Vietnam vet's slaying?*





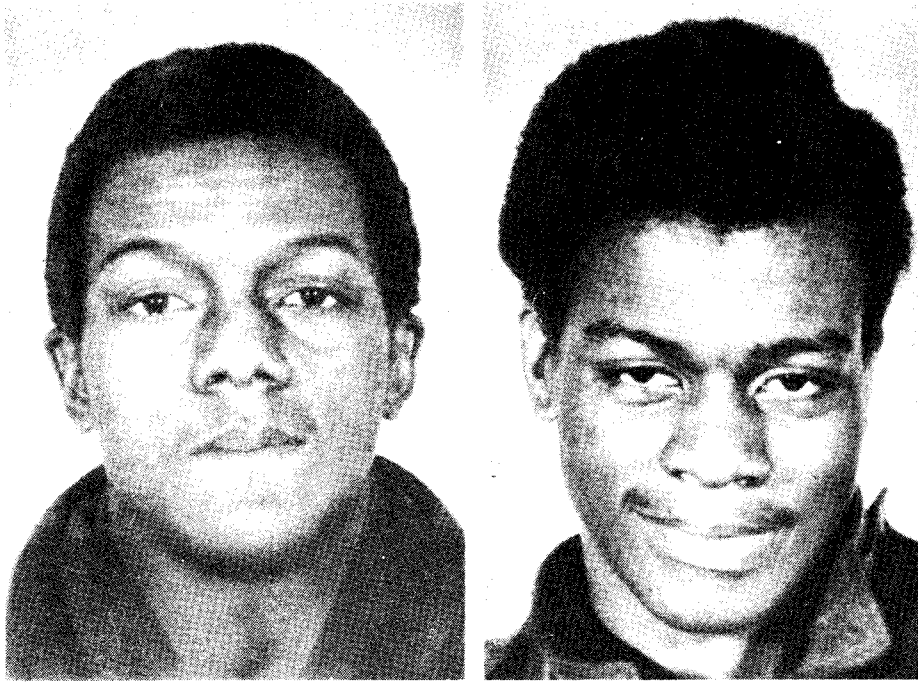
**"One Of The Most Ruthless  
Hustlers On The Planet Is  
About To Set The Record Straight...**

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

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*Gregory and Joseph Treadwell (R) had reputation as gang chiefs, police said, which helped investigators track them down.*

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*For fingerprint expert Vincent Scalisi, tragedy was another opportunity to show his skill, win new honors.*



by PRIEST COLLINS

**TOOELE, UTAH, DECEMBER 29, 1970**

■ The threat of rain hung heavy in the air south of the Great Salt Lake and the two tree cutters realized that they would have to hurry if they were going to haul in all the logs they had been chopping. Though accustomed to the outdoor life, the men had little desire to get caught in a midsummer downpour.

At his office in nearby Tooele, meanwhile, Sheriff Guy Gillette and his deputies were unaware that they, too, were battling time. The dark clouds that billowed overhead were gathering above the only clues to a couple of murders that had not yet been reported to the law. The victims of the double slaying had been left at opposite ends of a mountain pass about 33 miles southwest of Tooele and, if the tree cutters hadn't been in a hurry to gather their logs, the body on the east side of the pass might not have been discovered for months—perhaps years.

As his 24th year as sheriff of Tooele County was coming to a close, Gillette was planning his retirement. But although he had worked on a number of tricky murder cases since first taking office in 1946, he had no way of knowing that he would be faced with two more killings before he could unpin his badge for the last time.

A relative of Sheriff Gillette owned some land on the east side of Johnson's Pass, which separates the Stans-

*continued on next page*



*Was Bennett at end of mysterious victim's deadly trail?*







Deputy William Pitt (L) and veteran Sheriff Fay Gillette headed investigation of murder scene.

### BLOOD STORM OVER THE PASS continued

bury and Onaqui Mountain Ranges. A herd of cattle grazed on the land and there were fine stands of juniper trees which made good fence posts.

The tree cutter and his 18-year-old assistant had contracted with the owner of the property to cut down some of the timber. Previously, they had trimmed the logs and stacked them near the road. Then, on Thursday, July 9, 1970, they had gotten into a truck, left their home in the small town of Erda and driven along the highway to the Dugway Road, a narrow stretch of asphalt that ran west from Highway 36 south of Tooele to the Dugway Proving Grounds. The proving grounds was a large military installation at the edge of the Great Salt Lake Desert where scientific experiments were carried out.

The tree cutters had bounced along in their truck as they drove through heavily wooded areas and past old mines that had played out years earlier. Tooele County is rich in minerals, and there are huge deposits of copper, lead and

zinc. Prospectors with dreams still ply the hills looking for gold.

Arriving at the area where they had been cutting, the two men parked. Finding the logs where they had left them, they began loading the truck.

It grew a bit cooler about 3:30 P.M. as the warm July sun drifted behind a patch of clouds. Suddenly, the wind picked up and the two men heard a strange sound coming from a distant patch of brush.

Turning his head toward the noise, the teenager spotted a large, white object through the trees, a few hundred yards away. Forgetting the sound, he pointed out the unusual sight to his partner and they both started walking toward it.

Arriving at a small clearing, the men quickly noticed that what they had seen was a T-shirt on the body of a young man, apparently dead, lying face up at the edge of a clearing.

"What do you think?" the older man asked anxiously.

"I think we'd better get the law," his partner answered.

Scampering back to their truck, they drove east to the highway and then all the way to Tooele, a town of about 15,000 people named after an Indian chief. Numerous government agencies and mining companies are headquartered there. The two loggers went directly to the courthouse and into the Tooele County sheriff's office.

A deputy got up to greet them and they quickly told him about seeing a body in the woods.

"About 300 yards north of the Dugway Road . . . near Johnson's Pass . . . a young man," the younger of the two said.

Sheriff Gillette was called out of his office and he listened attentively to the report.

"I know that area," he said. "It belongs to a relative of mine."

"That's right, sheriff," the older man said. "We had a contract with him to cut logs."



*Deputy Dennis Ewing examined telltale scratches, took paint samples from suspects' car which later was checked for familiar tire tread.*

"Show us the spot," Gillette said, calling orders to his men.

Gillette was joined by Chief Deputy Cliff Carson and Deputies Jim Park and Bill Pitt. As they walked out of the office, the dispatcher was instructing an ambulance to head to the scene. The mobile crime lab of the sheriff's office in Salt Lake City, 25 miles to the northeast, also was requested.

Other deputies contacted by radio joined the caravan speeding along the highway. Slowing down for the turn onto the Dugway Road, the cars wound their way through the mountainous, desert area where deer and elk are hunted in the fall.

It was shortly after 5 P.M., when the caravan finally pulled up near the mountain pass and the tree cutters ran a couple of hundred yards into the brush to the clearing where they had found the body. Sheriff Gillette and his deputies formed a semi-circle around the corpse—that of a young man, almost 6 feet tall, on the slender side, with dark hair. Clad in a white T-shirt, dungarees and light canvas shoes, there were no obvious wounds on the front of the body, no blood around it. Upon closer examination, however, officers noted a wound

**continued on next page**







*Their flight cut short by alert lawmen, haggard suspects were returned in handcuffs to Tooele sheriff's office.*

### **BLOOD STORM OVER THE PASS** continued

in the back of the head, and another on the nose.

"Looks like he's been shot," one of the lawmen said.

"He looks familiar," another added. "I think I've seen him before."

Searching the dead man's pockets, the investigators failed to come up with a wallet. They noted, however, that the youth did not appear to have been dead more than a day or two.

"It's a good thing those tree cutters spotted the corpse," an officer commented. "No attempt was made to bury the body, but it could have been out here a long time before being found."

Sheriff Gillette and Deputies Pitt and Carson noted footprints in the soft sandy soil of the juniper-studded area. Two sets of prints led to the body and from it.

"Looks like one set of tracks were made by cowboy boots," a deputy said. "The other were made by small shoes with wide heels, the kind women are wearing these days."

The investigators also noted a set of tire tracks leading from the road to a spot near the body.

"These tracks are fairly fresh," the sheriff said. "They were probably made no more than a day or two ago . . . at least after the last rain."

The wind picked up, blowing dust around and as thunder rolled through the mountains it grew darker.

"I hope that mobile crime lab hurries up and gets here," the sheriff said. "I want casts made of these tracks."

The sheriff told his men to look around and see what else they could find.

Not far from the body, near the tire tracks, the officers found five empty beer cans and an empty cigaret package. The cans did not appear to have been in the open too long.

Following the tire tracks, the investigators noted where a car apparently had backed into a tree stump.

"The car was red," the sheriff said, noting paint flecks on the stump. "And that paint hasn't been here too long."

The ambulance arrived from Tooele and the driver said he had been forced to take a circuitous route over a mile and a half of hilly terrain. The route was the same one taken by the mobile crime laboratory from Salt Lake City which arrived shortly and Sheriff Gillette and his deputies quickly pointed out the evidence that they wanted preserved.

County Attorney Edward Watson arrived at the scene and the sheriff filled him in on what he had found. As Watson took a look at the evidence, thunder sounded louder in the distance.

"I'm sure glad that rain held up," a technician with the mobile crime lab said as he completed making a cast of the tire tracks. Another officer was measuring the distance between the twin treads.

The tree cutters were asked if they had noticed any people or cars in that area.

"Well, not today," the older man said. "But when we were out here cutting last week we saw some people over there through the trees. They seemed to be working on something, but they weren't cutting trees."

Leading the way to the spot where he had seen the people during the previous week, the tree cutter came to a clearing among the juniper trees about a half a mile from where the body was found. As the lawmen joined him they saw a bright orange, plastic ribbon tied to a fence post. They also saw that the ground had been tilled and something planted. Quickly, they dropped to their knees and dug up some seeds.

Sheriff Gillette had little doubt what he would find. Nobody would sneak around to plant a legal crop on land that was not their own. It was obvious

that his deputies had uncovered marijuana seeds.

There had been previous incidents in which people had been caught illegally planting marijuana in the wild areas of Tooele County and officers speculated as to whether the killing might be connected with the marijuana planting.

"I know some people we can talk to," a deputy said. "Remember those two boys we brought in last month? They were planting marijuana over near Willow Springs. We knew it, but we couldn't make a case out of it."

The officers returned to the clearing where the body had been found. A careful search of the ground had produced nothing more in the way of evidence.

Sheriff Gillette checked the path the car that had made the tire tracks had taken off the road, noting that the vehicle apparently was damaged somewhat in striking the stump. He also realized that the car probably had been scratched up as it drove through nearby brush.

"The branches from those cedar trees must have made marks on that car," a deputy said. "And we know what color car it was from the paint on the stump."

"We might get a good idea of what kind of car it was from those tire tracks," the sheriff added.

Early that evening, when the investigation at the scene had been completed officers were preparing to leave the area.

Suddenly, a highway patrolman drove up and called out to the sheriff:

"Another body has been found!"

Sheriff Gillette stared at Trooper Sylviano Martinez as his other deputies turned to look at him.

"It just came over the radio," Martinez said. "Over near Willow Springs at the other side of the pass."

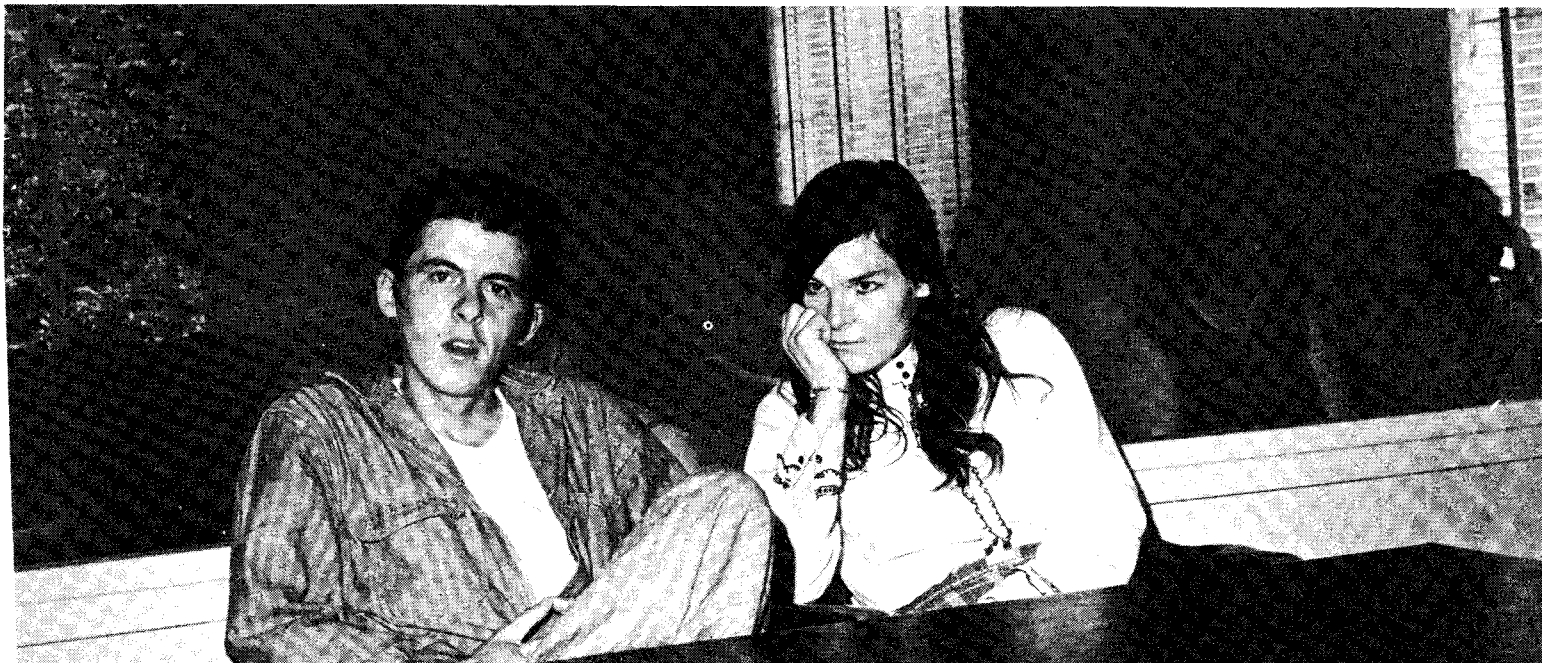
As the first body was taken to Tooele, Sheriff Gillette and the other investigators headed west through Johnson's Pass. The caravan of official vehicles snaked its way through the opening in the mountains for about five miles, where a man in a camper was waiting for them. A worker at the Dugway Proving Grounds, he led the way off the asphalt onto a rocky canyon road on a mountain slope for about 200 yards. It was a crude road used by prospectors who ventured into the wilds beyond and the body was sprawled across it, lying face up.

The corpse was that of a man, its right arm extended, the left folded and resting on the torso. It was clad in a white, short-sleeved shirt, dark trousers and green sneakers. There was blood on the face, the white shirt, and the area surrounding the body.

As officers gathered around the second corpse, rain began to beat down on them.

"It's a good (*Continued on page 59*)

*Emotions again under control, Bennett and Ruth sat side by side as attorneys were appointed during arraignment.*



# Mystery of the Body in the Tub

by JOHN V. TEN EYCK

ST. LOUIS, MO., DECEMBER 8, 1970

■ Mother should have been here by now, the young woman thought as she looked out the window of her home in suburban St. Louis County, Missouri. It was Sunday afternoon, cold, gray, with snow thick on the ground. The older woman had been expected to spend the day and have dinner with her daughter and son-in-law, who were concerned as they talked about where she might be.

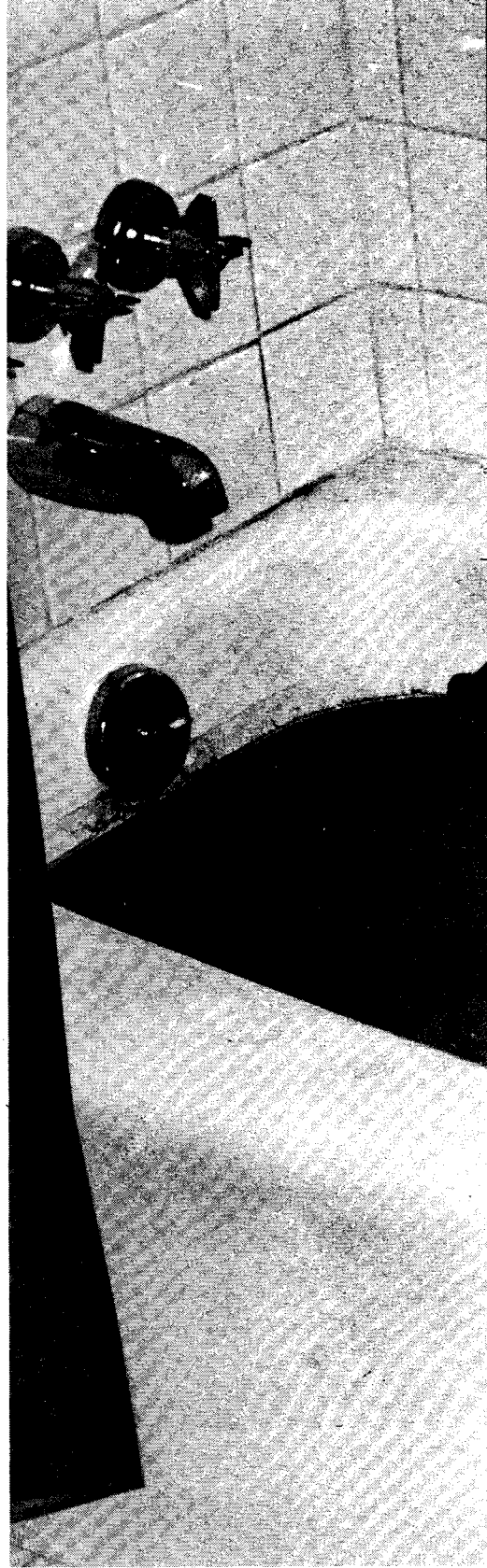
They had called Mrs. Griffin's apartment several times without getting an answer. If she didn't get a ride over, or couldn't get a cab, she'd have called.

Where was she? The question bothered the couple so the young man decided to drive to his mother-in-law's apartment. The snow had stopped and he made fast time through the suburban area south of the city to the village of Marlborough, an attractive residential section a short distance away from the busy thoroughfare of Watson Road.

Mrs. Laura Phyllis Griffin had a second-story apartment in one of a number of modern apartment buildings that lined Fernbrook Drive. She had lived alone in this apartment about three years, since the death of her husband.

The young man parked, then bounded into the building and up the stairs. He knocked, waited. Radio music drifted from an apartment down the hall. Just across the hall there was conversation. All was quiet in the Griffin apartment. He knocked again, then tried the door. It was unlocked. Frowning, he pushed the door open and went inside.

Drapes were drawn, lights were out; a heavy stillness all but choked him. The living room appeared in order as he walked through, but what he saw in the other rooms made his pulse race. He hurried through the apartment,



*Motive for her murder was as obscure as Mrs. Griffin's life blood clouded this water.*

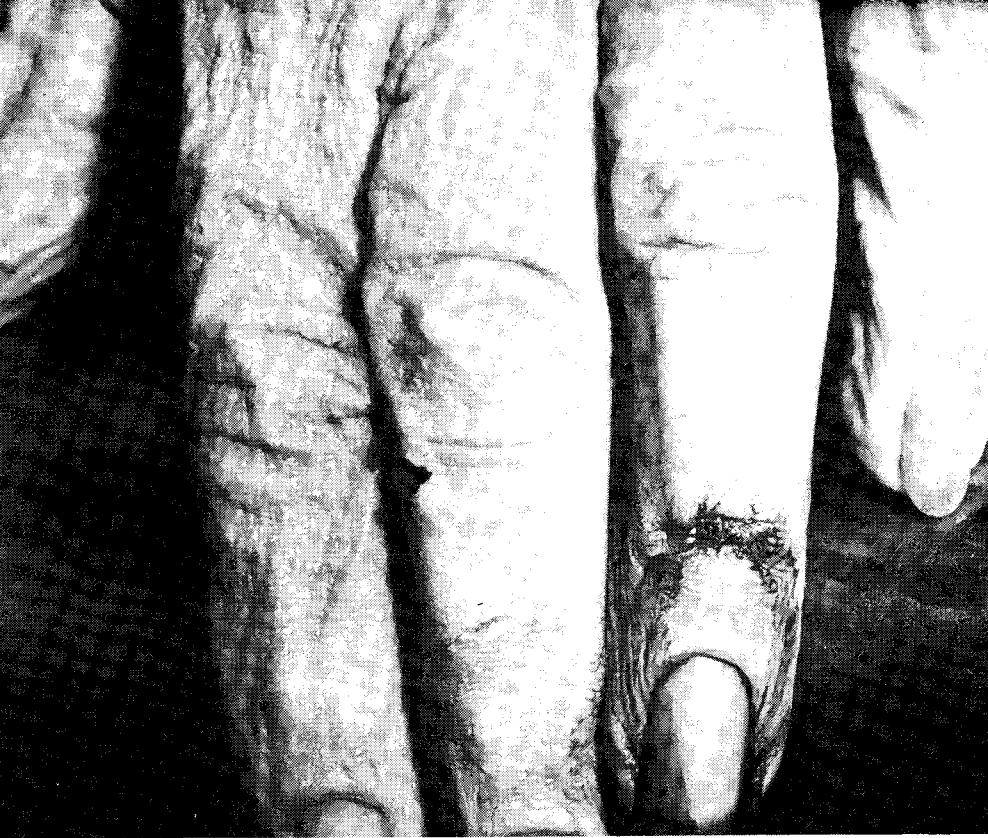
continued on page 34





**Why stab a woman, then take her into the bathroom and dump her bleeding body in a tub full of water?**





*Torn nail on victim's water-shriveled hand showed she had struggled to escape killer's clutches.*

**MYSTERY OF THE BODY IN THE TUB** continued

and when he reached the bathroom he stopped short, gasped, backed out and turned instinctively to the telephone. His call to the Marlborough Police Department brought Lieutenant John Cottom with uniformed officers. After a fast look around and a brief conversation with the shocked and saddened young man, Cot-

tom called the St. Louis County Police Department for assistance.

Officers were contacted at their homes and ordered to Marlborough. Detective Lieutenant Jack Patty of the Criminal Investigation Division arrived with two of his detectives—William T. Van Buren and John Lutzou. There also were three

men from the county's crime lab, Detective Lieutenant David Wendel and Detectives Ora Royer and Charles Pyatt.

The victim was in the bathtub. She was nude, lying on her right side, in water mixed with blood. The liquid was a couple of feet deep, normal for regular bathing.

There were blood traces on the tile wall. And a large pool of blood was in the bedroom, by a chair. There also were blood traces on the floor of the bedroom and the kitchen.

"Footsteps," Lieutenant Patty noted. "Man's shoes. He got blood on his shoes. And he probably got blood on his clothes."

The Marlborough officers filled the county detectives in on the background of the victim. She was Mrs. Laura Phylis Griffin, age 53, a widow who had lived in the apartment about three years. She'd been employed as a sales clerk for a card and gift shop located in the Crestwood Plaza Shopping Center in nearby Crestwood. Her daughter had last talked

*Massive bloodstain on floor indicated that woman first was knifed elsewhere in house.*



to Mrs. Griffin on the phone Friday afternoon.

Officers were calling at neighboring apartments.

"Mrs. Griffin! Killed!" said one man, calling out to his wife. "What happened? How did it happen?"

"We don't know yet, but we're hoping the neighbors can help," the detective responded. "Did you hear any sound of a disturbance since Friday night?" The man and his wife shook their heads. "Has there been . . . any kind of trouble in this building?" More head shaking.

**B**ACK in the Griffin apartment, a medical examiner making a preliminary examination indicated he was undecided as to cause of death and planning to leave an open verdict.

Detectives were noting things that left no doubt in their minds they were working on a homicide. There were two deep knife wounds in the woman's neck, and another wound in the body.

Lieutenant Patty showed interest also in a small wound on the back of her finger.

"Looks like she might have got this trying to protect herself," he said.

He also noted there was no knife in the bathroom, the bedroom or anywhere else in the apartment, except in a drawer in the kitchen.

"Whoever stabbed her took the knife with him," Patty said. "Must have taken something else. We can't find her purse."

Questions were asked about jewelry, and the detectives were told Mrs. Griffin usually wore a diamond ring, the center stone being of two carats, with two half-carat diamonds on the sides. There was no ring on the victim.

The apartment showed no signs of ransacking, but detectives noted dark stains on the floor throughout the apartment, indicating a man with blood on his shoes had walked around the place.

"Well, her purse is gone and her ring is gone," one detective said.

"There's no sign of forced entry," one of the crime lab men said. "No marks on the door, and the lock is working. Whoever killed her didn't bust his way in."

Out in the hallway, neighbors began to gather and talk about Mrs. Griffin. Detectives questioned the group.

"Didn't any of you hear what might have been a scream?" one asked.

No one responded.

"Did any of you see anyone coming into the building with Mrs. Griffin?" was another question. Still no response.

Questions were asked about Mrs. Griffin's friends, and the detective was told that the dead woman had had a man who came to call on occasions. He was described as a quiet gentleman.

"He doesn't live around here," one man said. "I think he's from Illinois. But I haven't seen him in weeks."

It was getting dark and colder outside. In the Griffin apartment, the lab men were paying a lot of attention to the blood spots on the bathroom tile.

"Might be some good fingerprints there," one said.

"And be sure you give the doors a good going over, and the kitchen drawers," Patty said. "The man we want might have obtained a knife from the kitchen."

The lab crew continued their work as detectives made a closer inspection of the apartment. Nothing. Women living in the building had told detectives Mrs. Griffin usually carried a black leather purse with a large leather buckle. No such purse was found.

Mrs. Griffin appeared to have been a neat housekeeper, detectives noted. But, on the floor, near the chair and pool of blood in the bedroom, there was a pink

outfit, including a pair of slim jims.

Lieutenant Patty paced the bedroom, trying to decide on the next moves in the investigation.

"It figures to be somebody she knew," one detective suggested. "No sign of forced entry. None of the neighbors hearing a scream. If a stranger busted in here, there'd be some indications of it. For some reason the killer attacked her in the bedroom. Maybe he carried the body into the bathroom and put her in the water."

"Why would he do that?" someone asked. "Why would he carry her into the bathroom? That would get blood all over him, and he'd risk somebody seeing him with blood all over his clothes. Why not just leave her in the bedroom?"

"That's a good question," Patty agreed.

"But the situation also indicates the killer wasn't a prowler or a burglar who just happened into this apartment. He might have been upset . . . hepped up on something. He stabbed her in the bedroom—who knows *why* he wanted to get her into the bathtub."

Patty said they would have to try and find out more (*Continued on page 61*)



*Tracked down through friendship with band drummer, Beardslee admitted to murder.*

# There's \$20,000 in the House—But You'll Never Find It



When the prominent surgeon bragged of the wealth in his home, he didn't know it would mean his death



by EDDIE KRELL

**FORT WORTH, TEX., DECEMBER 2, 1970**

■ It was a party with interesting people and stimulating conversation, at a large house on the south side of Fort Worth, Tex. It was the home of a doctor and his friends were giving him a housewarming. Among the many guests was Dr. France A. McKee, chief of surgery of St. Joseph Hospital in Fort Worth.

Dr. McKee, at 44, might have been considered rather young for such an important position. Tall, handsome and a sharp dresser, he was a man who appeared highly professional, but at ease in all types of company and he circulated easily among the guests, stopping at one point to congratulate his host on his new home.

The chief of surgery was equally proud of his own home and liked to talk about it. Dr. McKee had been divorced several years earlier and, since then, he had spent considerable time and money creating a lush home for himself in a luxury house on Hartwood in the plush, Tanglewood neighborhood in southwest Fort Worth, near Texas Christian University and the posh Colonial Country Club.

Dr. McKee's home was of modern design, with a winding driveway that brought cars to the garage entrance at the rear. The house had numerous picture windows and glass doors and Dr.

McKee took special pride on the manner in which he had furnished it. He liked to discuss its trappings and decorations and often had been heard to say he spent \$20,000 on them.

It was shortly after midnight on that Thursday night of March 5, 1970, when Dr. McKee prepared to leave the party. Many of those at the party had a long day ahead of them in which their professional skills would be needed. A woman he had brought to the party left with Dr. McKee. She was a former official at St. Joseph Hospital. They were planning to stop at Dr. McKee's house to pick up some things before she was taken home.

The streets of the city were quiet at that hour and the air was cool and crisp as Dr. McKee's car moved along the winding streets of the Tanglewood neighborhood, then turned onto Hartwood and swung into the driveway of his home. As the car made the turn to move into the garage, its headlights flashed across the back of the house.

It was his companion who first noticed something was wrong. "The door . . . the glass is broken," she said, pointing to the rear of the house.

Dr. McKee halted his car in the driveway and looked at the sliding glass door that led to (Continued on page 66)



*Dr. France McKee (top) lived well and died tragically in this luxuriously furnished home. Murder trail that began there ended with arrest of a man (R) with allegedly erroneous motive.*







*Have recent actions of his 20th century "reincarnation" set 18th President spinning in his tomb?*

by AMY CAMERON

**PLACITAS, N.M., DECEMBER 28, 1970**

■ The small crowd had gathered in the square in front of the secretary of state's office in Sante Fe, N.M., to see what Ulysses S. Grant would do. Most of them, including a number of reporters and photographers, never had seen Grant before. It was a warm clear day in June, 1970, and word had gotten around that Ulysses S. Grant wanted to run for governor of New Mexico in the 1970 general elections. They'd heard that Grant had appeared at numerous political meetings in the Albuquerque area to put himself in the running for the primaries and that he had come to town to formally announce his political intentions.

Most of them expected to see a wild-eyed hippie, a bedraggled nut, maybe even a raving lunatic. After all, what else could you expect from a guy who insisted that he was Ulysses S. Grant incarnated and wanted to run for high political office in the bargain?

They guffawed and nudged each other when they got their first look at him. He was a hippie, all right, 32-years-old, with long hair, a heavy beard and dressed for the occasion in jeans, work shirt and blue jean jacket. But Grant surprised them in every other way. He was, if not conservatively dressed, at least spruced up and clean, his clothing pressed, his hair and beard neatly brushed. He waved at the crowd, taking no offense at their wisecracks.

"How are things, General?" a Sante Fe shopkeeper called out.

**WANTED:  
ULYSSES S. GRANT...  
FOR MURDER?**

## As unbelievable as it sounded, the likeable namesake of a long-dead President was a suspect in a tragic double killing

Grant replied that was feeling really fine.

"You want to run for governor?" another asked.

Grant admitted that he did.

"Ain't that a comedown, son" an old-timer asked. "After being President and all?"

Grant said it wouldn't be a comedown at all, that he would be proud to be governor of New Mexico.

The crowd was impressed. Why, the hippie knew how to talk just like a real politician. And they liked him for refusing to be riled. They watched as he took a piece of paper from his pocket and read it to himself.

"What's that?" someone asked. "Your orders from Abraham Lincoln?"

"No, Ulysses S. Grant said. "It's my formal candidacy announcement for governor."

They watched, wide-eyed, as he carefully folded the announcement into the shape of a paper airplane.

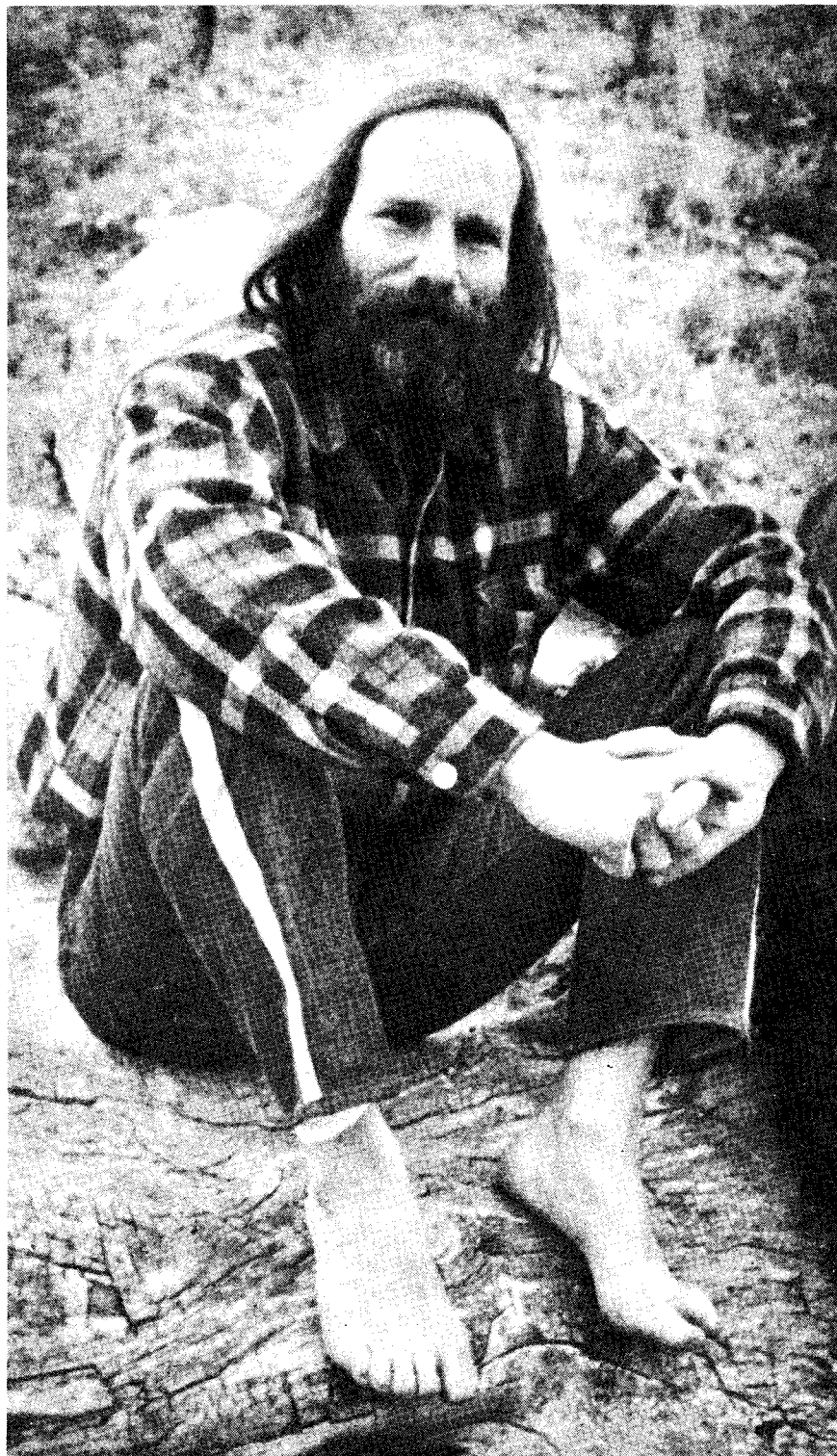
"What are you doing that for?"

"So I can deliver it." Grant raised his arm and expertly sailed the announcement into the open window of the secretary of state's office. There was laughter from the crowd, a smattering of applause and picture-taking by local photographers.

Ulysses S. Grant left Sante Fe feeling that he'd made a few friends and perhaps won a few votes from his would-be constituents. He returned to Ojo de las Casas, 38 acres of tree-dotted canyon just outside of Placitas, that had been home to him for three years. He lived there with his second wife, a pretty 23-year-old girl, and their infant son—whom they called Snake—in a rundown, ramshackle four-room adobe house. There were several other houses adjoining Grant's and they were occupied by shifting numbers of people, sometimes

*continued on next page*

*In happier days, Ulysses  
paused on barefoot  
campaign trail to pose for  
photographer.*





**WANTED: ULYSSES S. GRANT . . .  
FOR MURDER?** *continued*

as few as six, rarely more than 15, who made up the commune of which Ulysses S. Grant was leader and "sheriff"—a commune position he'd won by election.

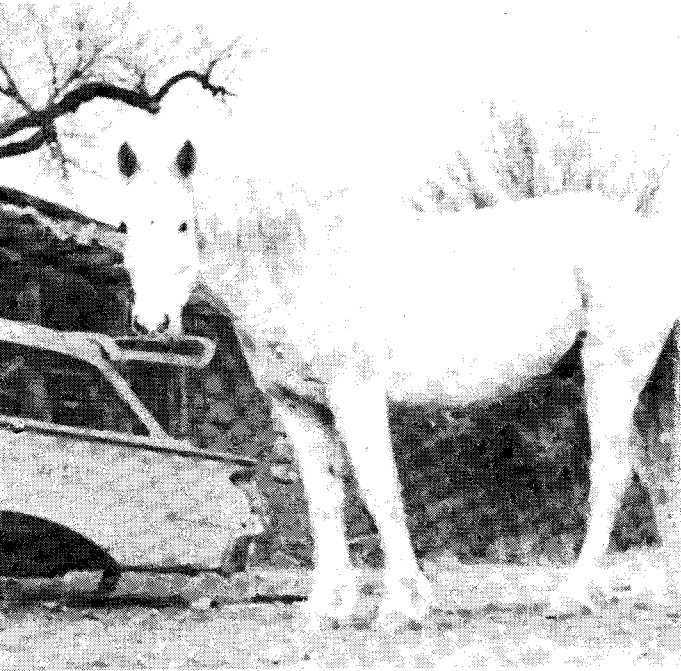
When he returned home that day, his large white horse, Charger, was standing outside whinnying gratefully as Grant came up to greet him. A torn car seat leaned against the outer wall of the house, a faded American flag hung near the front door.

Inside, Grant welcomed by his wife and son who were in the kitchen, the baby in his white high chair which had painted on it in blue letters: *Suffer little children to come unto me*. Next to the high chair were stacks of plastic plates, cups and saucers. There was a kitchen table and a couple of chairs at one end of the room, a small transistor radio was on the window sill and toys cluttered the floor. Cooking utensils hung from the ceiling of the house along with bags of Indian corn. The kitchen wall was decorated with a copy of the Declaration of Independence and the first 12 articles of the Constitution.

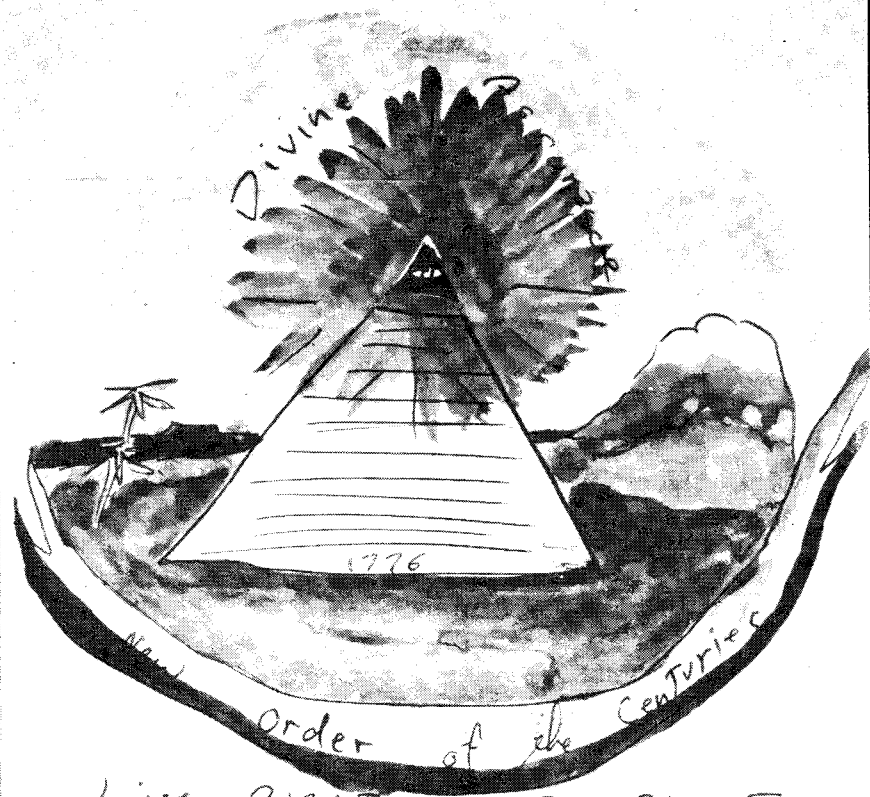
*Grant's wife "took off" after dispute between her husband and neighbors over rights to one of commune's adobe houses.*







Ulysses' horse, Charger, also gained fame in race for statehouse kicked off when would-be governor literally sailed his candidacy into the ring. Hand-painted posters proved weak voter magnet.



Ulysses S. Grant  
Republican

"How did it go?" Mrs. Grant asked.  
"Very well," Ulysses said, as he described his day in Sante Fe.

The baby announced that he was through with dinner by tipping his dish over on the wooden floor and Grant's wife picked him up and put him to bed. He had a small room of his own, filled with a baby crib, two small mattresses on the floor, more toys and a basket of apples.

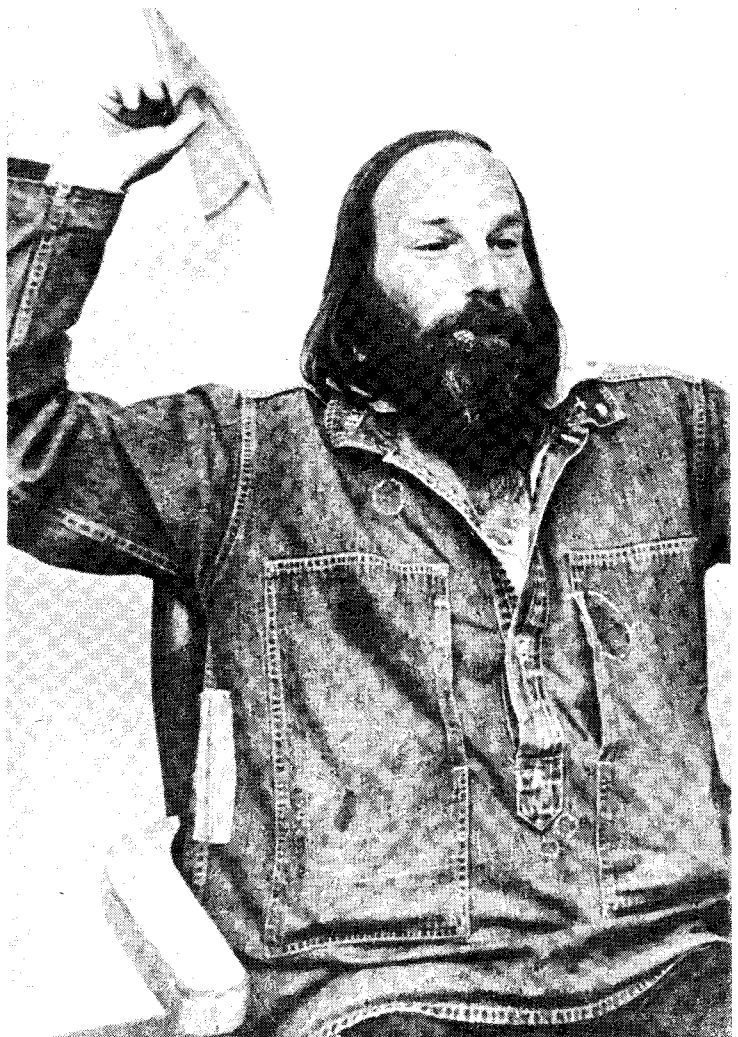
The Grant's bedroom consisted of a kingsize bed, a large poster pinned to one wall that read "How Man Pollutes His World," and a variety of books and magazines. On the dresser was a worn copy of the New Testament.

It was good to be back, but Ulysses' high spirits were dampened by the news that a new couple, Mollie and Jim Rogers, had moved into the adjoining house during his absence. Mrs. Grant said she'd asked them to wait until her husband returned, but they hadn't paid any attention to her.

"Where are they now?" Ulysses asked.

"Next door with Robert Copeland and his wife," Mrs. Grant replied.

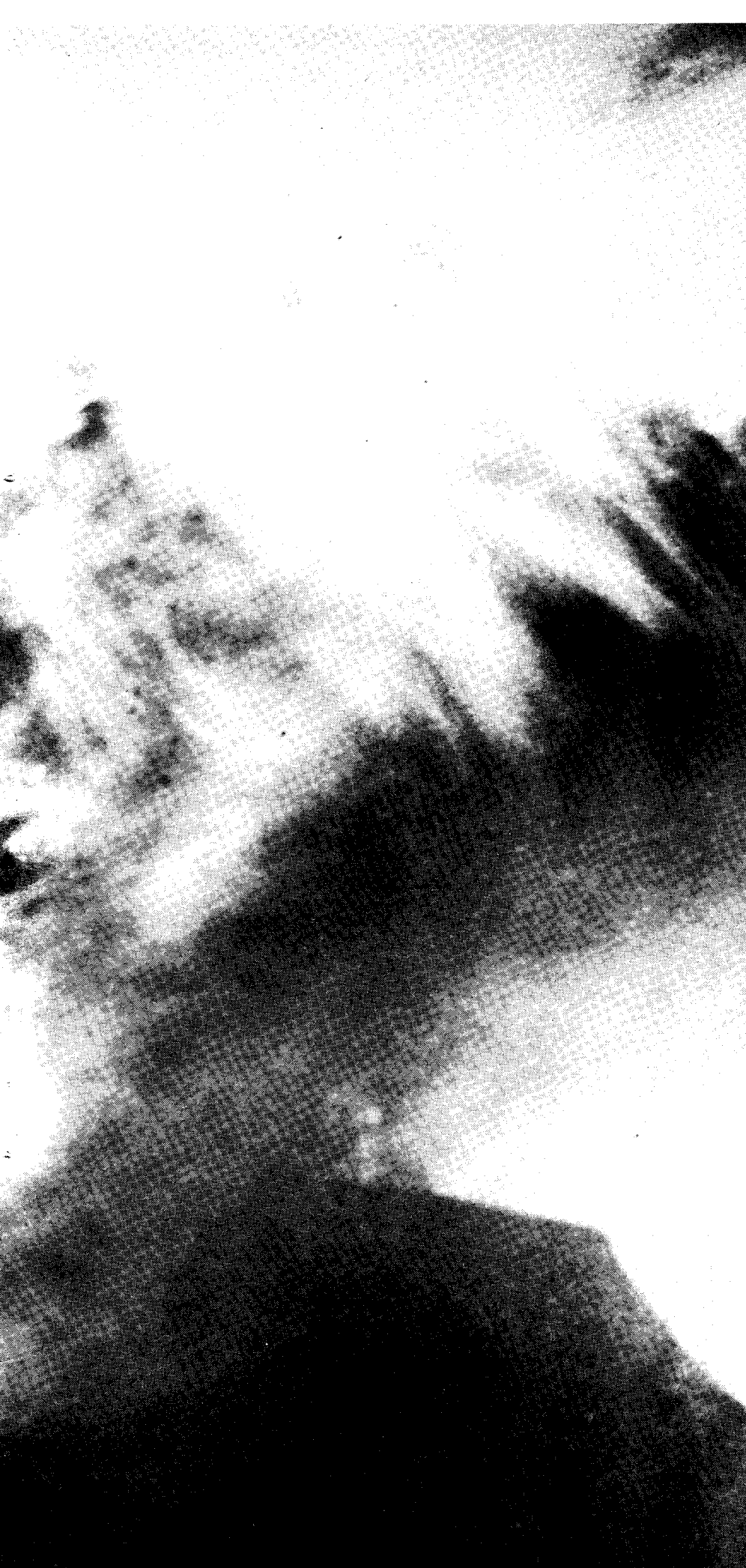
Ulysses S. Grant went next door and spoke to the new couple. They were young and agreeable-looking, but when Grant explained that they couldn't just move in like (Continued on page 72)







A  
\$1000 BURN  
FOR FREE



## Putting the heat on a man who liked to play with fire meant that two officers had to risk their lives

by GEORGE S. MANN

STATEN ISLAND, N.Y., DEC. 10, 1970

■ Great tongues of flame leaped from the windows of the rambling frame structure and lashed hungrily into the blackness of the night. They painted an eerie glow that spread rosy tints into the recesses of darkness that was unrelieved to the south where Staten Island gave way to the waters of Raritan Bay. To the west glimmered dimly the street lamps of the New Jersey shore, while to the east, more pronounced, flickered the lights of skyscraped lower Manhattan. The roar and crackle of the flames were everywhere; the hiss of burning wood sap discernible in the flaming structure, just off the water at 2 Shell Road in the Great Kills section of Staten Island, N.Y.

At the mercy of the blaze was the Shoals Restaurant, an island landmark, opened in 1863 and considered for many years one of the finest sea food dining spots in the area. About 20 years ago, its fortunes began to shift and, as other, more elaborate, eating places on the island came to the fore, the Shoals slipped some. Its clientele became younger and its bar trade began to outshine its long-famed cuisine.

Still, as firemen sired up to the blazing structure at 2:45 A.M. on June 5, 1970, there lingered an aura of grandeur about the old two-story restaurant, boasting a little stone work on the front and along one side. Buildings steeped in the past manage somehow to exude some of the charm of that period.

continued on next page



*Holding fire bombs at another arson scene (L) is Marshal Pat Crowley, who joined Det. Love (↓) in role of beach bums to find a vengeful killer.*

#### **A \$1000 BURN FOR FREE** continued

There was hardly a fireman at the scene who had not tasted of the old place's hospitality and dining elegance in by-gone years. The Shoals had been a temptress to the palate, but it was obvious that the old girl was in trouble as fire showed in every window and smoke billowed from every opening.

Fireman John Conley of Emergency Truck 6, out of the island's community of St. George, spotted a human form mingled with the flames coming from a second-floor window. The ladder truck had not yet arrived, but Conley went into action. He seized a rope claw from his emergency equipment and flung it high onto the roof of the flaming building, where it hit the peak, bit in and held tight. Then, hand over hand, Conley pulled himself laboriously up the rope toward the second-floor window where he had seen the shadowy form.

"Just a few feet more," he grunted to himself with the strain. "If only I can get there and get him before the flames become too much."

Conley could see by then that it was a man in the flame-filled room, a man who had fallen to his knees and was trying desperately to get up.

The heroic fireman's boot smashed through the window glass that had not been shattered already by the heat, then he flung a leg inside the window sill to enter.

It was too late!

At that moment, a huge chunk of the ceiling collapsed with a "swooshing" sound and buried the frail figure of the man in fiery debris. By then, the heat was so intense that Conley had to lower himself to the ground, the tragedy of what he just had witnessed etched deep in his mind. It was tough to come so close to saving a human life only to have victory snatched away by death at the last minute.

Within 35 minutes, firemen had brought the blaze under control, but, by then, it had burned out virtually all the interior and the roof of the old restaurant had collapsed. "Watering down" continued





until it was cool enough for the fire officials to enter the building and remove the badly charred body from the wreckage.

The victim subsequently was identified as Julius Cardell, the 89-year-old restaurant caretaker and maintenance man, who had performed those functions at the Shoals for 60 long years. Cardell had lived above the restaurant and literally came with the business. During his tenure, there had been five owners of the Shoals Restaurant and all had come to appreciate the old man's dedication to his work.

In addition to his restaurant chores, Cardell was very active in a nearby fishing shack, which was part of the Shoal's business. Undamaged by the fire, the building was a focal point for renting of boats and engines, the selling of bait, gasoline and ice and the other provisions needed by the fishermen heading out to sea.

Cardell, a commercial fisherman on the island himself in his earlier years, was well known by the local anglers. Never married, the short (5 feet, 4 inches), white-haired octogenarian serviced the boats with an alacrity that surprised many who did not know him. Assisted by a young man, he ran that part of the operation besides his general handyman duties. He knew engines and his efforts saved many a fishing expedition from a balky outboard.

He had no immediate family, but Cardell's funeral was well-attended for those who knew him liked him. And the man's bizarre and frightful death touched a chord of sympathy with islanders. But even before his body was committed to the earth, investigators learned one thing:

His death was not only tragic, it was also unnecessary.

The building had been deliberately torched! The old man died because of a criminal act.

Such was the determination of Fire Marshal Patrick Crowley, who arrived at the scene of the three-alarm blaze while roils of flame still tossed before the sea breeze. A fire marshal responds on all major fires in New York City and actually begins his investigation while the timbers still are hot. Even had the fire been minor in scope, the fact that it claimed a life would have drawn the attention of the fire marshal's office.

Marshal Crowley, in looking over the building, ruled out an electrical cause of the fire. From the charred area around a pile of stacked up chairs, probably put there just before closing while the floors were being mopped, the fire marshal

deduced that the blaze originated at that point in the dining room, located to the rear of the restaurant. There were no electrical wires at the spot to short and thus trigger a fire.

"It spread awfully fast," Crowley mused. "It was fed something, by all odds."

Looking more closely at that section of the room, Crowley spied a streaking of white, jelly-like substance. Burnt holes in the wood in a splatter fashion convinced him that flammable jelly had been flung into the room.

"But it was puzzling to me," Crowley said later. "I was sure that someone had heaved the jelly into that pile of gathered chairs. But I could find no shattered glass, no bottle or tin container.

Although Marshal Crowley was at a loss to explain how the building was torched, he determined to find out. When shreds of slow-burning fuse were discovered in the debris the next day, it only served to reinforce his findings.

The police laboratory determined that the clear jelly indeed could have been soaked in kerosene or gasoline and that it could have been ignited to start the fire. But how was it done? The lab didn't know either.

Only two things emerged sharp and clear to Crowley: He had a mystery on his hands and the mystery fire was the work of a professional who knew his stuff.

Meanwhile, detectives—working under Lieutenant Vito DeSario of the New



While his alleged "torching" pal Franchi (L) waited in car, Bishop purportedly pitched a hot one.

Not even splinters or charred wood that might have come from a box."

Marshal Crowley reasoned that the area was too far from a window for the contents to have been flung and then ignited with a pitched match. And the obviously volatile nature of the incendiary material precluded its having been flung "hot." It was like a napalm, he believed.

"I had never come up against anything like this in my 13 years as a fire marshal in the city," Crowley admitted.

But arson, it was—pure if not so simple—Crowley noted in his report. And because Julius Cardell had died in the flames, it was murder.

Dorp Squad, who headed the investigation—began digging into the case. And Crowley was detached from the fire marshal's office and assigned to the probe under DeSario. Among the detectives assigned to the case was John B. Love of the New Dorp Squad. Homicide men from Manhattan also entered the case.

The owner-manager of the restaurant was questioned by the officers in hopes he might provide a lead. He had bought the Shoals in 1962. On May 16, 1967, there had been a fire, which had started in the bar. But a passing motorist had spotted the flames and telephoned the alarm from a phone booth at the curb in front. His (Continued on page 77)

## JENNY USED HER BODY TO BUY THE WORLD'S SECRETS

continued from page 21

There, in 1966, he met many girls, among others a tall—5 feet 9, 135 pounds—stunningly attractive, blue-eyed blonde named Jennifer Miles.

Jenny, as she was called by everyone, was a go-between for the French Canadian rebels and one of their most trusted agents. She had inveigled herself with them by first becoming friendly with a shadowy, but all important, figure in the background of the movement, Georges Feys, 40. It was Feys who presented Jenny Miles to Loginov and who told the Soviet spy she was a trusted and reliable agent.

Jenny Miles was about 22 when she met the Russian agent in 1966. She made no secret of the fact that she had great loathing for Americans and the American way of life and that her first love was for the cause of communism. She often declared how she would like to see a world dominated by the Soviet Union; one in which the rich were forced to share their wealth with the poor. Among her close friends, people soon came to know, was Fidel Castro, whose house guest she had been in Cuba on at least three occasions.

Jenny didn't then know that Loginov was a Soviet agent; she suspected that he possibly was a CIA plant, but she didn't overlook the possibility that he could be a Russian and deliberately led him into revealing just who he was. She told him she was an agent for Castro and that she had received orders to find work in Washington, D.C., where she could carry out secret work for Cuba. But, she went on, it was so difficult for a foreigner to find work in the United States.

Loginov, who was known to Jenny as John Marshall, said nothing then and, in the ensuing few days, she waited in some anxiety for a knock at the door of her luxury apartment or a tap on the shoulder from the Canadian secret service—if Loginov were a CIA agent. But no such knock came and, one evening in July, 1967, in her apartment, under the gentle glow of a subdued light and after a meal she had prepared herself, she was thrilled as Loginov told her:

"I know I can trust you, Jenny. I will tell you how to find work in Washington and give you a coded note to a friend. My real name is Yuri Loginov and I am an agent of the USSR."

Jenny pretended surprise as she lay in Loginov's arms. Then she smiled at him as she played with his lower lip with the tip of a forefinger and said, "It will be a thrilling job and so valuable. I wish I had your experience."

Loginov fell into Jenny's love trap despite all of his intensive training in the Soviet Union. Before the night was out he had told the girl, whom he believed to be English—from the county of Buck-

inghamshire—his every move. He explained how he had to go to the Republic of South Africa and why. From there, he went on, he was to make visits to Rhodesia, Mozambique and Angola to form a liaison between Russia and black African militants, whom the Soviets would train and arm for the overthrow of the three white regimes of South Africa, Rhodesia and the Portuguese territories.

In turn, Jenny revealed to Loginov how she had spied in England, Germany and France and traveled as a courier in other European countries before finally coming to Canada. She told of how cunningly she had made her way to Cuba to meet her hero, Fidel Castro, became intimate with him, and was enlisted as a Castro agent. Now, she went on, she was soon bound for Washington, but her problem would be to find work. Although Castro had supplied her with ample money for expenses, she had to have a job to make herself less conspicuous.

The lovely secret agent's keen knowledge of the communist world and espionage methods intrigued Loginov. It was obvious to him that Jenny had been well trained and, when she explained that she had been dually trained by a Soviet agent in England and by other Soviet agents in Cuba—whom she refused to identify at first but later did—Loginov believed her. When he boarded a flight from Montreal for Toronto and New York, bound for Southern Africa, he never could have guessed that for all of his training he had been outsmarted by the girl who since has become known to the West as the "Jet-Age Mata Hari," although Mata Hari or any other woman spy never could have competed against Jennifer Miles.

**L**OGINOV landed at Johannesburg's Jan Smuts Airport, unaware that from that moment on he was under surveillance round-the-clock. South African security agents could have arrested him on arrival and charged him with being an illegal immigrant, traveling under a false name, but, at worst, that would have meant three months in jail and deportation for the Russian. But, they knew that if he could be trapped in an overt act of espionage, he would become a valuable commodity to the Western world, possibly to be traded for Western agents held in Russia.

Ten days later, as the wholly unsuspecting Loginov took secret photographs with a spy camera, a dozen of South Africa's security men closed in on him with drawn guns. He was held in jail without trial for two years, then shipped to West Germany to be traded with the Soviet Union for three top-ranking Western agents being held in Russia on

trumped-up charges. Loginov vanished behind the Iron Curtain and has not been heard of since.

The beginning of the end for Yuri Loginov began when a very ordinary letter arrived at an address in the Cape Town suburb of Tamboerskloof. It was addressed to a middle-aged woman named Mrs. Josephine van Blerk and the letter began "Dear Aunt Jo" and told about the welfare and activities of her favorite niece, Mary, in Montreal.

It was a loving and long letter, but "Aunt Josephine" did not even open the envelope, but took it at once to a nearby neighbor, a retired postal official named Pieter Oosthuizen. Some minutes after Oosthuizen received the letter, he was closeted with a nattily dressed, bespectacled man who oozed the odor of secret police. Again, minutes later, the letter was in possession of BOSS, the Bureau for State Security, a South Africa equivalent of the Russian KGB.

The letter, typewritten and single-spaced, was decoded and supplied all the information required about Yuri Loginov. It even included a 35 mm negative, showing Loginov's face clearly. Thus, when Loginov boarded the Pam Am flight in New York he already was a doomed man, trapped by a girl since regarded with great respect by Western and Russian agents as being one of the post-war world's smartest espionage agents.

Jenny Miles was so smart, in fact, that it was not until October, 1970, that her true identity and real purpose in life were revealed. But, while Loginov was arrested and while in Europe and Britain, security men either closed in on suspects or kept them under close surveillance, Jenny Miles went about her work as an agent, moving to Washington ostensibly as an agent for Castro's Cuba, but in reality working for the West.

For six years, from early 1964 to October, 1970, Jenny Miles, probably the most attractive and seductive spy in modern history, hoodwinked the com-their agent, while in reality she was a South African citizen, initially trained and acting for the Republic of South Africa and for the Rhodesian regime, but, in the past four years, working both for her own country and for NATO and munist bloc into thinking that she was the West.

For five of those six years, Jenny was supplied with false information by the CIA to pass on to Cuban and other agents, while obtaining information for the CIA and her own country and Rhodesia. Whether she could be described as a double agent when, in fact, she was a quadruple agent is debatable, for she actually was, from 1967 to 1970, working for Castro, indirectly for the Soviet Union, for the Quebec Liberation Front, for the CIA, and finally for South African security, and for the Rhodesian regime

of Premier Ian Smith. Yet none of the agents she betrayed suspected her.

Jenny's final act in the United States was to lead to the entrapment of two Cuban officials, attached to United Nations, who were known by the FBI and CIA to be espionage agents, but without proof which would lead to their expulsion from the United States. A plot was concocted among Jenny, the CIA and FBI, then a trap was arranged for the two men, Rogelio Rodriguez Lopez and Orlando Prendes Gutierrez.

As a trusted friend of Castro and ally of Cuba, it presented no problem for Jenny to contact the men individually and to tell them that she had some urgent material to get to Castro, but that she feared she might be suspected by the FBI. She arranged a meeting with Gutierrez, leaving *him* to determine where and when they were to meet so that she could hand over some highly secret documents to him. If *she* had arranged a rendezvous, there was a chance that the Cuban diplomat might have become suspicious, but when she left it to him, his suspicions vanished.

Gutierrez subsequently met Jenny in a small restaurant on Long Island, where she handed him the documents. He was unaware that they were being filmed as the exchange took place and that the U.S. thus had enough evidence to order him out of the country.

But the FBI also wanted Lopez, another diplomat known to be spying for Cuba. And the job of getting him fell to the lovely spy.

A day later, Jenny contacted Lopez and urgently told him of her dilemma: She had documents which could be invaluable to Cuba, but she was afraid to contact her usual source because she suspected he might be under surveillance. Lopez also fell for the trap and arranged to meet her in the same restaurant which the Cubans had used for some months as a meeting place. She handed over the documents while FBI cameramen were busy and, as they left the establishment, both were arrested by the FBI.

Jenny's arrest was, of course, to give her full cover so that she could be secretly freed to continue her counter-espionage work. Lopez and Gutierrez were expelled and Jenny returned to Washington. But, unfortunately, her cover soon was blown. A man she had rejected and who knew that her real name was Jennifer Miles and that she was suspected of being a secret agent tipped off a New York City newspaper and Jenny finally was exposed.

(The story of how Jenny became a secret agent and her work over the years intrigued the editor of *INSIDE DETECTIVE* and he assigned this writer to track her down. What follows is the Jenny Miles' story, as obtained—after considerable efforts, some almost spy-like themselves—in an exclusive interview.)

Jennifer Miles was born on May 6, 1944, in the diamond mining town of Kimberley, in Cape Province of the Republic of South Africa. The third child of wartime Major F. N. T. Miles, she has two brothers and grew up a tomboy in Kimberley, a leggy girl with tousled blonde hair and, from her early teens, the romantic target for every boy in town.

Her father's closest friend of that time, and to this day, was Lardner Burke, present Minister of Justice for the Rhodesian regime. As a child, Jenny played on Burke's knee. As a woman, she became Burke's agent in Europe and in the United States.

The seed of espionage was implanted in Jenny at an early age, when she came home from play one day and told her

## THIS IS FOR THE BIRDS

■ Police in Detroit, Mich., have recovered a really big ransom—maybe even the biggest ever—in what has to be a classic in kidnaping cases. In response to a motorist's call, authorities found a 12-foot-tall, 800-pound penguin tied to a city street sign.

The big fiber-glass bird, valued at \$3000, originally stood outside a local seafood restaurant as an inviting symbol for good food inside. The restaurant manager didn't discover that his feathered friend had been snatched until he received a telephone call and was asked:

"Hey, did you guys lose a penguin? Well, I've got it in my back yard." The penguin would be returned, the birdnaper continued, in exchange for a couple of free fish dinners.

Initially, police doubted the authenticity of the entire birdnap story; then they got the report on the tuxedo-attired *aves* standing at an intersection as free as a stuffed bird can be. ■

father that she had heard some men talking while she was playing with another little girl in an abandoned building awaiting demolition. What Jenny said caused her father to call up a friend in the Criminal Investigation Department, who hastened to Jenny's home, where she repeated what she had heard. The child, then seven years old, did not know that she had overheard a plot to rob a local bank.

Jenny hadn't seen the men and, consequently, couldn't identify them, but she was asked to return to the same building—which the men apparently used as a meeting place—and, two days later, as she played quietly there, she again heard voices, listened, then moved away quietly to go to the police.

The detectives kept the place under

surveillance and, when the men left, followed them. Then, as the three men moved in and robbed the bank, the police were waiting for them and caught them redhanded.

Jenny was praised by the mayor of the town and given a sum of money by the bank for her good work, while the bank robbers were given 15 years each. It was Jenny's first act of undercover work and it is on record that Lardner Burke said at the time:

"One day this lovely young lady might make a very good spy because no man will be able to resist her and no one will suspect her."

Those were prophetic words as later events were to prove.

Jenny's ambition in her early teens was to become an actress. She studied drama, but, eventually turned to dancing. When 18 years old, in 1962, she broke off her engagement to an up-and-coming young man in Kimberley because he wanted sex before marriage while she wanted it after marriage.

By that time, she already had been involved in a form of espionage. She had been approached by friends of her father on the security staff of the South African police to find out something about the activities of the Pan-African Congress, a black African militant movement whose avowed aim was to overthrow the white regime and to place its own men in power. Jenny discussed the matter with her father, who assured her that the family had no objection to her becoming a spy for her country against its enemies. Major Miles himself had been a wartime espionage agent and he told his daughter that he would help train her for the task that lay ahead.

"My father never minimized the dangers into which I would be stepping," Jenny Miles said during the interview with her in her luxury apartment in the Johannesburg suburb of Hillbrow. "I did not look on myself as some kind of female James Bond, but as a girl doing a job of work for her country against its enemies.

"Nor did I look on it as betraying anyone and not playing the game," she went on. "My enemies cannot be my friends and my country's enemies are my enemies. Even if I did befriend some of these people, both in South Africa, and elsewhere, I did not feel a twinge of conscience at betraying them. I had a job of work to do and I did it."

Jenny was recruited by the forerunner of the Bureau of State Security (BOSS) and came under the direct control of South Africa's security chief, General Hendrik van den Bergh. While friends in Kimberley thought she had taken up employment in Johannesburg, some 400 miles away, she was, in fact, in police training headquarters in Pretoria being taught how to be a good spy. There, she was introduced to the man who be-



came South Africa's most famous spy, Gerhard Ludi, and to the ace spies of the South African regime, Detective Lieutenant Johannes G. Broodrijk and Lieutenant Klaus Schröder. (Ludi had the code name of "Johnny" and the BOSS number, Q-018; Schröder was given the code name of "Dutchie" and the number Q-043. Jennifer was given the code name of "Mary" and number Q-05X, the X indicating she was a woman.)

The blossoming agent went through six months of intensive training, which included the usage of varying codes, their transmission and decoding and secret means of communication. She also was given rigid training in unarmed combat, judo and karate, and in the use of small arms and explosives. When she left the training center, Jenny was given the rank of lieutenant, security, South African Police, then assigned to Johannesburg, where she was given work in the office of a broker as a cover.

The broker, brother of one of the top security agents, frequently used various girls in his office in order to give them a cover while they were employed as espionage agents by the South African government. The broker paid Jennifer a wage well above average, enabling her to rent a reasonably luxurious apartment, to buy good clothes and, generally, to keep in with the right people. But her

task was to help Ludi and Schröder ferret out subversives and communist agents working against the interest of their country.

Their contact man first was Detective Lieutenant Broodrijk. Another was a black detective, who played the role of an idler and pimp. Ludi, acting the role of a wealthy loafer, and Jennifer, that of a bored stenographer, arranged to meet by chance at a party at which whites and blacks mixed, an event forbidden by law in South Africa. There, both spouted about the injustices of the South African system to the black population. They both spoke as if a little drunk and made no secret of their detestation of the apartheid system and their leanings toward Karl Marx and communism.

To gain the full confidence of the people with whom they associated, Ludi and Jennifer had to attend drug and drink parties, where orgies were common and where both men and women stripped and danced naked before selecting their partners for a sex revel. All the time, the security chiefs knew what was going on and, in five months, Ludi and Jennifer had gained sufficient information and evidence for the security police to close the trap.

More than 300 men and women, black and white, prominent and unknown, were arrested. Most, including a famous

South African pro-communist attorney, were sent to prison for life; eight were executed for spying for Russia, while others received prison terms ranging from 3 to 15 years.

Ludi was exposed when he was forced to appear in court to testify against the attorney. As a result, he became useless to the security service and was offered a post in the ordinary criminal investigation department.

But Jenny was not suspected. Like a lucky few, she managed to "escape" to England in late 1963 with some of the rebels. In fact, her escape was engineered by the security department to enable her to get to England and to report on, among other matters, the activities of anti-South African government rebels, mainly those who were communist-inclined.

For a cover in England, the sex spy applied for work as a model. With her ripe, statuesque figure and lovely hair and face, she had no problem in finding such jobs, as well as being given work advertising various products on Britain's commercial television.

**JENNY'S** contact woman in Cape Town, "Aunt Josephine," was, in fact, the widow of a South African police officer, who had been murdered while on duty. The nearby postal official was in fact a retired police officer. At no time was Jennifer permitted to risk sending information home directly, but she was allowed to write home. Her letters to "Aunt Josephine" were mundane to a point of being boring, but they were written in a code which has not been broken by an outsider and which remains safe. All that is known about the code is that it is bound up in expressions and descriptions of the places Jenny visited, the people she met and how she was faring at work. It also involved the placement of grammatical signs.

While in England, Jenny received a visit from an agent of Britain's Special Branch, the MI6, formerly MI5. The woman who called to see her was attractive and Jennifer, always on her guard, tumbled swiftly to the fact that her visitor was a British secret service agent. The point was quite clear: South African security was working hand in glove with British security and the British were as interested in the activities of the subversives who sought shelter in England as were South Africa and Rhodesia. All MI6 wanted was Jennifer's cooperation. It has been established that she contacted her chief, General van den Bergh, and that he gave her the green light to cooperate with British secret service agents.

Generally, Jenny played the role of a dumb, yet not-so-dumb blonde. When leakages of information occurred concerning British government dealings with South Africa and with the so-called il-



legal Rhodesian regime, Jenny set out to find the source of the leak.

It was suspected in Whitehall that a junior government official with access to information was passing it out to rebels holed up in England and that the rebels were using the information as propaganda to injure British-South African relations and to hamper any possibility of a settlement between Britain and Rhodesia.

Jennifer first had lived in the London suburb of Earl's Court with some South African girls, but, when she began making money, she moved into her own apartment, one as luxurious as her money could provide. She earned about \$500 a week from television advertising and modeling and, on that income, she could live in luxury in England. A warm, friendly girl, she made friends easily and cultivated one young government officer who was attached to the Home Office.

Jenny played him along in the make-believe world of young lovers, but whether or not she allowed him to seduce her in order to achieve her ends is not known. And when the point was raised with Jennifer during the interview with her in her Johannesburg apartment in mid-November, 1970, she was silent on the issue. She merely smiled enigmatically, then said, significantly:

"I suppose you have heard the hoary old saying about many a man being willing to lay down his wife for his country."

Through her Home Office contact, Jennifer was taken to parties where she met the right people and, in approximately seven weeks she met the man whose name was given her by British Intelligence as the suspected leaker of information.

**I**F OSCARS were awarded to female spies for their acting ability, Jenny Miles would have won one for the way she pretended to the young officer that for her it was a case of love at first sight. Soon in her apartment, she gradually took him into her confidence and revealed that she was a refugee from South African injustice and hoping to help overthrow the regime so that she could return home in safety. And the officer fell for the oldest trick in the book and revealed that he had been obtaining information damaging to both the South African and Rhodesian regimes and the British Government and passing it on to subversives to be used as propaganda.

Jenny was without doubt one of the best trained operators in the espionage business. If more electronically-advanced countries were inclined to look down on South Africa, they would have been shocked to see the apparatus Jenny had rigged in her apartment. A 35mm camera was set up behind a painting. It pointed directly at a couch, with a lens set at the maximum of f.1.8 and speed

at 1/2-second. A remote control for the camera was installed high in the backrest of the couch, so that by lying her arm casually along the backrest Jenny could trigger the shutter. The camera automatically moved to the next exposure and reset the shutter. Another remote control switch was positioned under the couch, so that if Jenny were lying on her back, with her head in the direction of the camera, she could idly drop a hand to the floor and, with a touch of a finger, trigger the shutter.

In her bedroom, concealed behind a false backboard of her wardrobe, Jenny had set up a cassette recorder, which held a tape that ran two hours on one side. It, too, was electronically controlled, operated with switches concealed like those of the camera, so that Jenny could start it in various parts of her lounge and stop it from any other point. The recorder had been rebuilt by electronics experts in Pretoria, so that if it were running and the end of the tape was reached, it automatically and instantly would switch itself onto a return run on the upper half of the tape, giving a total recording time of four hours.

When Jenny invited the officer suspected of leaking information to spend an evening with her, during which she would cook for them, he assumed spending an evening meant staying all night with her. Then she expressed some vague doubts about the veracity of his story that he was in contact with subversives. "I think," Jenny said as she toyed with his necktie, "you are just trying to impress me. I know your position in the government; you could not possibly get hold of top secret information."

"I'll bring you some when I come tomorrow evening," he promised.

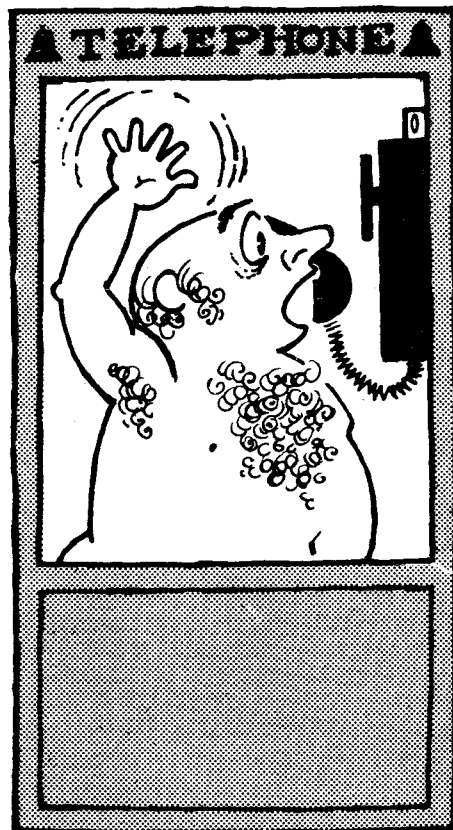
When he arrived, Jenny had her camera and cassette recorder ready. She dined and wined him and, as they sat on the couch, she heard him telling her exactly what steps the British government intended taking toward Rhodesia.

There was to be, he said, a meeting of the UN Security Council in three days and the orders Britain had issued to her representative at the session in secret were bared to Jenny while her camera clicked several photographs of her sitting with the man and her recorder noted all that was said between them. Included was some secret information about the then-Labor government's dealings in supplying arms to South Africa.

The suspect had believed that he would spend the night with Jenny, but she got rid of him by midnight. Three hours later, British MI6 made a tragic error. Its agents arrested the suspect on a charge under the Official Secrets Act and told him more or less everything that had happened the preceding night and what he had said. It was, to say the least, a stupid move for only two people knew what was said and what had hap-

# YOU/THE JURY

What would your verdict be?



■ Rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation, Stanton first was questioned in the registration office as to how he would pay the medical costs. Producing a hospitalization insurance card, Stanton was admitted, stripped and his clothes taken away. After the operation, he was released by his doctor, only to be informed by the hospital that his insurance would not cover all of the charges. "You get your clothes when you pay," a hospital official said. Since he had no cash, it took Stanton a day and a half of frantic phone calls to find a friend to "bail" him out of the hospital. Later, Stanton sued for false imprisonment, claiming he was held prisoner by the hospital. "Nonsense," the hospital's attorney responded. "Medical institutions would be out of business if patients could simply walk out without paying. We only held some of his property—his clothes—until we got what we were entitled to." Would you, as a juror, award Stanton damages for his detention against his will? ■

**ACTUAL VERDICT:** Stanton collected in an Alabama court, which ruled a hospital has no right to force payment of a bill by restraining a person's freedom of movement.

pened—Jenny and the suspect—and, as he had revealed nothing to anybody, the information had to come from the blonde spy.

When she learned the following dawn from a South African secret service contact what had happened, Jenny exploded. Within minutes, she was closeted with a high-ranking South African secret service official in his London home, asking him if British Intelligence had any brains at all for doing something that immediately revealed her as a spy. There was nothing else for it: Jenny had to leave the country. That same day, she closed her apartment and, late in the afternoon, flew to Toronto, Canada, on orders from Pretoria.

"I have met some dumb clucks in my life," the girl told us as she offered a brandy and soda in her apartment, "But the stupid—in MI6 who arrested that mug and told him all he had told me takes the cake. It was the stupidest bloody thing they could have done.

"They should have watched him a few days," she went on, "and then quietly asked him to resign his post and he wouldn't have suspected me. But, as it happened, he had to know I was a spy and had betrayed him. How else could MI6 know what he had told me?"

"They told him to resign when they realized I wouldn't be coming to England to give evidence against him. He

resigned and I know that it was he who blew my cover in October when he found out where I was and what I was doing."

Understandably, Jenny wanted no more truck with British Intelligence. But, then, her father's old friend and her godfather, Lardner Burke, approached the South African government for assistance in obtaining information in the United States. Jenny also was asked by Lardner Burke for help and she agreed at once. The only problem was getting into the Washington, D.C., upper circle and having some kind of cover.

It was decided she had to have a background identity, so Jenny went to Montreal, where she took work as a stenographer. There, she made little secret of the fact that her sympathies lay with the militant rebels who wanted to make Quebec a province of France rather than of Canada. Her wish was to help the rebels, she told anyone interested, obviously not caring who overheard.

Finally she was given a name by a CIA agent, who had been ordered to contact her, and, within a week, Jenny was in the thick of Quebec's rebels, offering to help and undertaking to go to Cuba on their behalf. Some of the group's leaders were in Cuba and aid was coming from that source. Jenny checked with Pretoria through her "Aunt Josephine" and was told to proceed and

given further orders as to what to find out.

In Cuba, Jenny was introduced to Fidel Castro. She made an immediate impression upon him as a beautiful English girl dedicated to the cause of communism and with an avowed hatred of America and all things American. For Cuba, Castro realized, Jenny Miles would be the ideal spy—because nobody would suspect a lovely and seemingly dumb English blonde of being a Cuban spy.

After being thoroughly briefed in Havana, Jenny was given a code name and number and the names and addresses of contacts, which included the Cuban UN officials Lopez and Gutierrez. She returned to Canada and found that South African security officials had made a deal with the FBI and CIA. In return for assistance with information on communist activities slanted against the United States and about draft dodgers hiding out in Canada, the CIA would supply information relating to communist activities slanted against the South African regime. The ideal go-between was Jenny Miles, the "dumb blonde" nobody would suspect.

JENNY aligned herself with the Quebec rebel cause, attended communist study groups and became a messenger for the FLQ (Quebec Liberation Front). In between times she worked for a broker who was himself a leading member of the FLQ. Both Cuba's Castro and the FLQ were keen for Jenny to find work in Washington, D.C., where she would be of much more use to them than in Quebec City or Montreal. But finding a cover job in Washington wasn't easy. It is difficult for foreigners to find work in Washington at the best of times. Finally, the South African government tapped CIA sources and they opened the way for Jenny by suggesting that she might be given a post as a stenographer in the South African Embassy in Washington.

The South African government wasn't too keen on that idea because it didn't want her linked to South Africa or Rhodesia. As an English girl, however, it seemed the only way out to get her into high social circles and among diplomats. Eventually, in March, 1969, the issue was settled and Jenny arrived in Washington to take up the post of secretary to the First Secretary of the South African Embassy.

Jenny rented an apartment at 2800 Wisconsin Avenue in the nation's capitol and, with her beauty and physical attractions, found no problem in meeting highly placed diplomats and making friends. Within days, she was dining and winning diplomats in her luxury apartment. She soon became the life of the Washington social circle.

Most people, Jenny confided to us, thought she was a bit of a dumb blonde





and that was a belief that suited her purposes ideally. While she was entertaining diplomats in her apartment, she was feeding information to her own country and to the FBI on the activities of communists in the United States, particularly information on Cuban activities. The Cubans had been told by Castro himself that Jenny was a trusted and reliable agent, so they had no reason to believe otherwise.

Jenny was supplied with rigged information to slip to the Cubans and Soviet agents, while the data she extracted from them—under the soft lights of her lounge or bedroom after a good home-cooked meal, the right wines and music—was passed to her own people, who in turn relayed it back to the FBI and CIA.

Whether Jenny played the role of a Jet Age Mata Hari to the point of going to bed with diplomats, only she and the men involved know at this time. When asked if she were a real Jet Age Mata Hari, her only reply was an enigmatic smile that said, "You guess what happened."

Most of the diplomats whom she met, however, stayed most of the night and it is now well-known that Jennifer selected her victims with great care, using only those whom she knew to be in possession of information wanted by the CIA, the FBI, South Africa or Rhodesia.

Jenny was in a situation where she could take her orders without the least danger—directly from her boss. Those orders came from Pretoria, but were often interspersed with requests for help from the CIA, transmitted to Pretoria and returned to Washington with South Africa's approval. Most involved communist countries and, since Jenny was known to their agents as a dedicated communist, she was accepted and trusted. The role she played was typical of that of a double agent. While working for the West, the communists believed she was working for them. One little detail was not known either to the FBI or to the CIA: that Jennifer was also working for Rhodesia and sending back immense dossiers of informations to the Ian Smith regime through her "Aunt Josephine" via Cape Town and Pretoria.

**T**HE communists were delighted at having such a lovely spy: They could not have done better themselves for it would have been impossible for them to plant a spy right inside the South African embassy. If they had any doubts whatever about Jenny, they were easily dispelled by secret reports the communists received from their own agents in South Africa that she was one of them and that she had escaped the country by the skin of her teeth with the secret police only moments behind her.

Jenny's system was as old as time itself and the same one that sent Mata Hari to the firing squad during World

War I. Moving as she did among diplomats in the highest Washington social circles, she easily met the men whose names she had been given and whom she was to pump for information. She cultivated them with ease and, after a suitable time, allowed them to invite her to dinner. She never played the innocent, but allowed a great deal of liberties, which led the men to believe that she would be willing to be seduced if they could get her alone and under the right circumstances. Seemingly, she fell into a trap set by the men, but it was one she engineered herself when she invited a man from whom she wanted information to her apartment.

"I am not all that fond of restaurant food," Jenny would say with a smile. "I am really a good cook, you know . . . What, you don't believe I can cook? Let me show you then."

The invitation to her apartment followed automatically and, after winning and dining her victim, Jennifer invariably turned the talk in the direction she wanted and led the man on until he told her what she wanted to know. If, she confessed to us, she had to divest herself of some of her clothing to get the man in the right mood and off his guard then it all was part of the game.

"I didn't have to dance in the nude like Mata Hari," Jennifer told us. "That's old stuff. But there is such a thing as a suggestive gesture and maybe allowing a shoulder strap to slip unnoticed. Such things accomplish far more than any nude dancing."

On orders from Pretoria, Jenny also became friendly with hippies and with groups using drugs. But the orders which most likely emanated from the FBI. She once was instructed to attend a so-called Black Power meeting, going with a white supporter of the movement. The fact that she was a Cuban agent and friend of the man who accompanied her made her welcome among the movement's leaders, whose confidence she cultivated and on whose activities she subsequently reported to her chief in Washington.

She similarly had inveigled herself with the Quebec Liberation Front and got to know its leaders, who trusted her as a messenger and as a go-between. But, Jenny told us:

"I never did anything in my entire lifetime of which I feel ashamed. I hate communists and communism and I would do anything to send them to prison or to hell. You don't sleep with your enemies and they are my enemies and my country's enemies. I invited their friendship and, if they accepted and trusted me, then that was their stupidity. I did my duty as I saw it and I am not ashamed of what I have done."

Jenny conceded, however, to us: "I had to make friends with people whom I very much loathed. But, in war, there can be no quarter asked or given and

## It happened in...

**SACRAMENTO, CAL.**—The attempted robbery of a downtown antique shop came to a sudden and unsuccessful end when one of two would-be-robbers



reached into his pocket for a gun and it went off. The man fled in a truck which police later found with bloodstains on the seat.

**PHILADELPHIA, PA.**—A 21-year-old bus driver was shocked to have his bus flagged down and boarded by a well-dressed man, who drew a gun and demanded to be taken to New Jersey "right now." Upon reaching his destination, the bus-jacker pocketed his gun and fled.

**CLEVELAND, OHIO**—A two-car collision became the scene of a major jewel robbery when a thief reached into one of the wrecked autos and grabbed a handbag containing \$30,000 worth of jewelry, then fled through the crowd of onlookers.

**HOUSTON, TEX.**—The murder trial of a woman accused of fatally shooting her husband came to end when the court was informed that the defendant had just married the state's star witness. The woman had to be acquitted since one cannot be forced to testify against one's spouse.

**PITTSBURGH, PA.**—A delicatessen owner, arrested and charged with growing marijuana in his backyard, said he raised



the plant so his 18-year-old son "would not come in touch with the bad element which sells marijuana."

no time for such sentiments as not betraying people who regard one as their friend. I never professed to be the friend of these people. I was nice to them, I laughed with them and ate with them, but that did not make me their friend.

"God gave me my relatives," she went on, "and I can do nothing about that. But God also gave me the right to choose whom I call friend and I choose my friends carefully. I had to cultivate certain people in Canada, the United States and in Cuba in order to gain certain information which was of value to my country, to America, and to the West generally. And how I did and to what ends I went to get it, I am unwilling to reveal at this time."

Jenny discovered that the Quebec Liberation Front's top agents received most of their training through Cuba, while the Cubans learned from Algeria, where the Algerians successfully fought

against the power of France. She also learned that FLQ members had slipped out of Canada to Cuba and were either trained there or sent to Algeria for terrorist training.

Unarmed and at most meetings of rebels in grave danger of exposure, Jenny fought a lone war against subversive elements which threaten world security. She learned that terrorists were leaving Canada, America, and a number of European countries for intensive training in terrorist methods in Algeria, Iraq and in the south of Russia. She also discovered that the overall chief of the training scheme for terrorists is a man with the code name Uogies, a man of unknown nationality, but believed to be an American, with a price on his head and high on the list of men being hunted by Interpol.

"I reported to my superiors what I learned," Jenny continued, "and it is that

there is a world-wide movement of terrorism in a number of countries.

"In some countries which are comparatively weak, such as Canada, but also in the United States, the object of the terrorists is to overpower authority with terrorism and murder, to destroy all authority and to take control. The bomb attacks in Quebec and the kidnappings there are only the beginning of the reign of terror to follow."

**F**OR the lovely blonde spy, keeping track of the secrets she learned was simple for Jenny Miles has a photographic memory. She discovered it as a child in school, when she could look at a page and, hours later, write out the entire page without an error.

"It helped a great deal, because, in spite of your James Bond, carrying spy gadgets around is simply out. You run risks which are unnecessary. How did I know, for instance, at any of the secret meetings I attended someone might not suspect me and slip me a drugged drink and, while I was unconscious, strip me and find whatever gadget I was carrying?"

"About the only setup I had which might come within the James Bond idea of espionage was in my Washington apartment, where I had concealed a cassette recorder, which was made in Japan, but modified in Washington so that it had complete remote control. I also had two small cameras set up, which could be controlled from a number of points and which automatically wound onto the next film and set the shutter as soon as the shutter was depressed.

"I did have my own weapons in my apartment," Jenny admitted, "but they were really quite simple, a small pistol, a little, jet-like pistol which fired ammonia. And the most important of all, my knowledge of karate and judo, which came in useful one night when an Eastern diplomat would not take no for an answer and tried to rape me. I clipped him under the ear and laid him out."

Jenny also had a steady boyfriend in Washington, a young man—ostensibly working in the State Department, but in reality a CIA man—who posed as a U.S. diplomat and took her to the right places to meet the people her own government and the CIA wanted her to meet, mainly officials at the communist bloc embassies.

"I suppose," Jenny smiled at us, "I had little problem attracting men to my side. If I had any problem at all it was keeping at bay the unwanted ones. I was never really afraid to take a man to my apartment because if I did not want to have sexual relations with him I knew I was quite competent to stop him.

"But it is remarkable to what lengths a man will go and what secrets he will betray if he is in heat and thinks he can get a woman by telling her things that make him appear far more important



*Jenny's body helped make the conquests that made her a successful agent.*

than he is. It is wholly unnecessary to strip and dance naked as poor old Mata Hari did for the German cause she was supposed to have espoused."

Jenny also revealed to us how she first had worked for a broker in Washington, to feel out the ground and to make it less conspicuous when she finally transferred to the South African embassy.

"If," she said, "I had gone directly to the embassy, I don't think I could have made the contacts I needed. But first working for the broker and then transferring to the embassy simplified my task."

She also worked for three months in the Rhodesian information office in Washington, Jenny said, but that job was taken on orders from Cuba to which she relayed false information supplied to her by the Rhodesian regime, while she remitted valuable data to Rhodesia.

"The communists believed that I was all for them," Jenny said. "I let them believe it and I wanted them to believe it. Actually, I hated their guts, but I had a game to play and played it as best I could according to the training I had been given."

Throughout Jenny's time in Washington, the FBI and CIA were well informed on espionage activities in the United States, whether by Soviet or Cuban agents, or others. It was on orders from the FBI that led Jenny to entrap the two Cuban officials, but she was not suspected.

"I think," she said, "if anyone suspected that I was a double agent, I would have been dead a long time ago. I had to be awfully careful what I did. In this kind of work one walks with death night and day."

In August, 1970, the FBI received a tipoff that someone had blown Jenny Miles' secret and that her life was in im-

minent danger. Who blew her secret is not known yet, but it is believed to be the Britisher whom she betrayed in London and who had to know that she was a fake because she alone knew what had transpired between them. It was decided that she had to leave America in a hurry. She supposedly was arrested and interrogated; something, Jennifer says, that never happened, and rushed to a plane bound for Johannesburg and safety.

Although the FBI, or some other agency, let it be known that Jennifer was deported from the United States, that was untrue, she told us. She had not been asked to leave, but had been advised in the interests of her own safety to get out and actually had been smuggled to the plane by the FBI.

Jenny was hailed as a heroine on her return to her homeland and it was suggested that she ought to be honored with a medal for the work she did for the Republic of South Africa, for Rhodesia, and for the West in general as a latter-day Mata Hari.

Although uncertain of which assignment she is proudest, Jenny feels that the capture of the spy Loginov was probably her most brilliant achievement. She refused to reveal details of how she gained the full confidence of so well-trained a man as Loginov, or to what extent she was willing to sacrifice her honor to get the information she wanted, but she did admit to us:

"If one's country is in danger, a woman should be willing to give all she has if she can obtain information that might help to avert that danger. If she has to do something revolting with a person she loathes in the cause of her nation, then she should have no cause to be ashamed of what she did as it was in the course of duty. I am not ashamed of anything

I did in the course of my duty as an agent for the South African security service."

"I cannot reveal details of anything that I did either in the USA or anywhere else. I am under an oath of secrecy. But even if this were not so, I would not disclose to anyone the names of the diplomats and officials of the State Department or Congress who visited my apartment or with whom I had any kind of dealings."

"My sole duty was to get information and this I handed to my country and to the FBI, together with the names of the people involved, the dates and other relevant information. If my country wishes to disclose the information in conjunction with the FBI, then that is their affair, but what secrets I have will die with me."

"I will say this in defense of myself. I was at no time arrested by the FBI. I moved in the champagne-and-cocktail circuit and cultivated people I was told to cultivate and I got information from them by my own methods. I did nothing to be ashamed of. I was working for my country and for the West against our common enemies, the communists."

While Jennifer Miles—code name "Mary" and dubbed by the world's press "The Jet Age Mata Hari"—does not walk in absolute terror each day in her homeland, she is under constant armed guard, with security officers never very far from her. It is believed in Johannesburg that an effort will be made to assassinate her and, for that reason, she is being posted to a South African embassy in Latin America as soon as possible under another name and with her hair dyed.

"I think," Jennifer told us as our exclusive interview ended, "that for a time it is best if I make myself as scarce as I can." ■

## DEATH LURKED ON THE ROOFTOP

continued from page 25

immediately off their jobs unless they were permitted to work in pairs to insure their personal safety.

While the detectives launched into their probe quietly and efficiently, questioning hundreds of persons in the project... while the scientific men of the lab ferreted out their precious clues... while the huge investigation, like a glacier, moved imperceptibly but irresistibly forward, the cries of outrage from the long-suffering aggrieved engulfed the city.

The investigators had ascertained that Gagliano had gone to the rooftop to check on a building incinerator job that had just been completed that day. A foreman supervising 26 men, a job he had performed for the past 23 years, Gagliano took his job seriously. It was not at all unusual for him to decide on his way home that, at an hour of

past 9 o'clock, he would stop by to check the work that had been done. A cover had been installed on an incinerator so that fly-ash would not escape to blow about, a violation of city codes. So, lugging his tool kit and with a goodnight wave to a fellow worker, Gagliano traveled up to the roof of the tall building—and the death that lurked there in the darkness.

Had he been granted a last moment to reflect on the beauty of nighttime Manhattan, the storied skyline with its myriad lights to the west just across the East River, a sight he so often had seen in the city he loved? Had he seen for one last time the huge glass slab of the United Nations building bathed with light, reflected in the river's dappled waters? Had he glimpsed the lights of the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge, strung like pearls across the darkness

of the water, almost to the edge of the very project where he worked and lived—and died?

The victim's 6000 fellow Housing Authority workers didn't know. But they knew that Joe Gagliano was dead. Their friend and co-worker had ventured alone and unafraid to the rooftop and he died. And they wanted to make sure a similar fate did not await them on a darkened rooftop with a magnificent view.

The men, members of Local 237, International Brotherhood of Teamsters, vowed the day after the killing that they would turn off the heat and hot water at 172 Housing Authority projects throughout the city and leave their posts to demonstrate outside the authority's offices at 250 Broadway in Manhattan. Included were caretakers, firemen, maintenance workers, rent collectors and managers.

In an effort to get the jump on the investigation, detectives had not divulged

that Gagliano's empty wallet was found on the rooftop. Nor, in the early hours of the investigation had they characterized the death as murder—although they were convinced it was.

It was an irate Harry Feinstein, president of the Teamster Local 237, who called the tragedy murder. And it was Feinstein who revealed that the wallet had been found on the roof.

Feinstein said he would meet with Simeon Golar, chairman of the Housing Authority, to discuss safety procedures. He said the union had earlier pressed the HA on working in teams, but had been refused on grounds it was too costly.

"Now, the Authority will have to pay the price," Feinstein declared.

The authority quickly worked out emergency measures to provide heat and hot water for the 153,000 families—600,000 people or the approximate population of Pittsburgh, Pa.—who live in HA projects throughout the city. The union agreed not to interfere with heat and hot water where such operations were automatically controlled. And all but a skeleton staff were excused from duty at Queensbridge in observance of the death of Gagliano.

Golar expressed grief and regret over the foreman's death. "The authority is anxious to exhaust every means of insuring the safety of our employes and tenants," he stated.

But Feinstein took a hard line. "We have had it," he said. "We can no longer accept mere statements of concern. We need action." The union leader said that a demonstration outside the HA offices on Broadway would continue "until I have a decent report for the men."

A 2½-hour meeting followed at the HA offices later that day, while 2000 union members picketed outside in a massive demonstration of solidarity for their demands. And the spectacular demonstration was successful. HA Chairman Golar agreed to the use of "teams" of workers. Feinstein drew a thunder of cheers when he announced that demands for the safety of his men had succeeded.

"Until further notice," the HA agreed, "all project maintenance personnel will work in teams or in close proximity where reasonable danger exists."

Union officials were quick to point out that danger existed in all city projects. And in the case of one, Queensbridge, police were finding out just how much.

One tenant told the detectives on the Gagliano case that there had been "sounds of a struggle and a scream for help" at the time the foreman had been attacked and met his death. But, so far as the investigators could determine, there had been no call made to police at the time. At that moment, there were five housing patrolmen patrolling a four-square block area of the

project which was jammed with tenants.

Cries for more police protection arose to a crescendo, with some tenants threatening to form a vigilante group to protect themselves. It never came to that, but feelings ran high and only valiant efforts by cooler heads prevented some people from taking the law into their own hands.

Balzano called for volunteers from among his force of Housing Authority officers. "Any of you men who can give us time of your own will be helping in a big way and it may make this place safer for all of us," Balzano told the men.

Some 200 HA patrolmen did volunteer their time-off to come to Queensbridge and to assist in the investigation in any way they could.

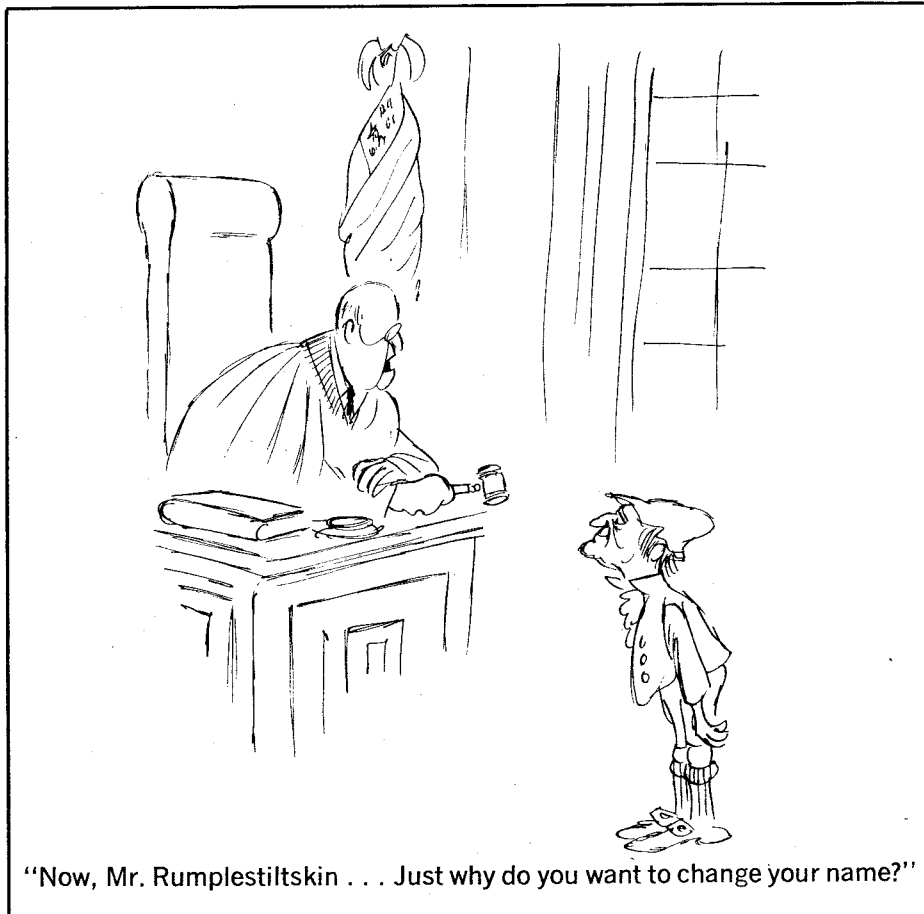
**U**NDER the efforts of the combined investigative forces, the questioning of tenants continued, by the hundreds. One resident finally came forward and said he saw two young blacks, both wearing dark clothes, running through the courtyard outside the building about the time of the murder. A police artist immediately was assigned to work with the witness and prepare sketches from his descriptions.

Meanwhile, without notice to the public, Vincent Scalisi was doing some important work of his own. Scalisi, a detective second grade in the Bureau of Criminal Identification, was a fingerprint expert. And the word "expert" is not used loosely. Scalisi has flown all over the country on fingerprint work, both for the New York City police and for other departments. He has done much work for the Federal Bureau of Investigation and other federal agencies on a "lend-lease" basis. In fact, J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI, had given Scalisi lavish praise for the work rendered his bureau. And Scalisi's courtroom testimony had convicted many a defendant.

Detective Scalisi had arrived at the murder scene with the second contingent of police that night of November 5, as soon as the wallet and tools were found on the rooftop. From the fitting wrench covered with blood and hair, Scalisi lifted a thumb print. From the wallet found on the roof, he took the print of an index finger.

The index finger print proved smudged and of little value. But the thumb print, taken from the 18-inch-long by 2-inch-wide tool, was clear. "Just great" is the way Scalisi characterized it. He determined that it was not Gagliano's and that, from the telltale whorls, that the print was that of a young man.

For days, Detective Scalisi poured over prints in the files of the New York City police, without success. A quick check with the FBI record room in Washington also proved fruitless.





While Scalisi was hard at work over the prints, the cries for action by the police grew louder. Congressman Herman Badillo called for faster work in solving the murder. And he demanded more protection in the Housing Authority projects with their thousands of residents, many of them members of minority groups.

Citing the number of assaults in the Queensbridge Houses, Badillo said it was a rotten shame because the project had been a fine place, one of the best projects in the city. The Congressman demanded that Mayor Lindsay do something about the situation—and fast.

Working fast was just what the investigators on the case were doing. In trying to run down the number of crimes in the project—robberies, muggings, purse snatchings—Detectives Katz and Rath kept coming up with reports bearing a similar “MO,” *modus operandi*. They concluded that much of the crime was perpetrated by a gang of young toughs, black and white, led by two Negro youths. Description of the two leaders matched in a general way the description of the two figures seen running across the project grounds the night Gagliano plunged from the rooftop. But the descriptions were vague in some respects.

“I don’t think we can circulate these [the descriptions] to the public, but let’s give them out to the investigators and some merchants and shopkeepers near the project,” Rath said. Thus, the police artist sketch drawn from the witness who had come forth was circulated among the probers and limited to them because it lacked details.

By that time, Scalisi had completed his exhaustive search through the city’s fingerprint files and come up with a big zero. Whoever had put his big thumb print on the bloodied weapon atop the six-story building that fatal night had no police record in New York City or with the FBI in Washington.

Further questioning of tenants in the project—1000 people were questioned in all—revealed that the gang of young punks were led by two brothers who once had lived in the project.

“Yeah I know them, but I wasn’t a part of their gang,” one youth said. “These guys moved out of the place about a year ago.”

Detective Katz learned, however, that the brothers had been seen in the Queensbridge project off and on over the past three or four months. He further learned that some of the members of their purported gang hung out in a luncheonette about two blocks from the death scene.

The description of the brothers matched generally with that of two thugs who had beaten a woman on the head with the handle of a hunting knife in an elevator of the project two months

earlier. The 53-year-old victim was assaulted and thrown to the floor of the lift and her purse was rifled of \$19 before the petty thieves got off at the ground floor and ran off into the night.

Further investigation turned up the identities of the young brothers suspected of leading the youth gang on its robbery forays. They were Gregory Treadwell, 18, and his older brother, Joseph, 20, according to the information.

Gregory was 6 feet tall, weighed 154 pounds, while his brother was an inch taller and a trifle heavier, at 160 pounds.

One youngster told police he had seen the brothers in the project the day after the slaying of Gagliano and that Gregory was wearing black sneakers, black corduroy jacket and dark brown pants. The older brother had on gray pants, a dark brown corduroy jacket and brown shoes, the kid told the investigators. From these descriptions, the brothers could have been the two who sped across the project grounds as Gagliano lay dead in the bloody concrete the night of November 5. But dark clothes on a dark night? That description could fit many.

A check with Housing Authority records showed that the brothers had lived in Queensbridge with a relative and that the family had come there from Columbia, S.C., four years before and had moved out in February, 1970. They had left no forwarding address.

**A**BOUT that time, the investigators painfully were made aware of the dragging of time in the investigation. Chief of Detectives Frederick Lussen called in the officers of the Queens detective force, especially homicide, and members of the Long Island City squad and laid down the law to them. Lussen explained that he was under pressure from above, coming in fact right out of Mayor Lindsay’s office, to solve the slaying of Gagliano.

Congressman Badillo’s criticism had had its effect on Mayor Lindsay, the man who had captured the city’s top office from—among other candidates—one Herman Badillo. Lussen wanted every possible effort to be made in the investigation to bring the killer or killers to justice in a big hurry.

Then, another crime cropped up to occupy the attention of the murder investigators. On November 8, two young blacks had beaten an auto mechanic who worked in an Esso station at the corner of Thirteenth Street and Vernon Boulevard, a couple blocks from the death scene. The mechanic had been beaten and robbed of \$29. He suffered cuts of the left eye and a fractured nose and was treated at Elmhurst Hospital.

According to the victim, he was jumped from behind by the two and

one assertedly said to the other, “Knock him down, Greg, and take him.”

The mechanic was indeed knocked down and beaten and robbed. Then the two youths fled.

The name “Greg” struck electricity through the investigators; the younger Treadwell was named Gregory, of course. And the description of the mechanic’s assailants matched with those who had mugged the woman in the elevator. Still, the charges in those two incidents were assault and robbery. And murder was the name of the deadly game being played in Queensbridge. And murderers were the target of the investigation.

Meanwhile, Detectives Katz and Rath—who had been coordinating the enormous effort on the part of tenants, housing police and city officers—had been taking turns staking out the luncheonette where the members of the youth gang were known to congregate. Finally, on the afternoon of November 15, just ten days after the killing, Rath saw two young blacks enter the shop. The detective recognized them from descriptions as the brothers they were seeking. Still, Rath felt he shouldn’t make the arrest.

The two youths stayed about an hour and a half in the shop, having sodas and talking with some girls. Then they sauntered out of the luncheonette and walked nonchalantly away.

Rath had been accompanied by Detective Thomas Shay of the Long Island City squad during his tour of stakeout duty.

“Tail those guys and don’t lose them,” Rath told Shay. Then, as Shay moved off after the two youths, Rath darted into the luncheonette.

“Don’t—” Rath started to say to the luncheonette owner. But the words stopped and the detective’s face fell as he realized his admonition was too late.

“Don’t touch those glasses,” Rath was about to say. Too late. The owner already was washing the glasses in the sink behind the counter. Any fingerprints on them had gone down the drain.

At the same time, Rath saw with chagrin that the neat storekeeper already had wiped the counter where the two youths sat during their stay in the shop. But the detective had one card to play.

“Don’t let anyone get near those two seats,” Rath directed the owner, indicating two stools near the phone booth where the youths had sat flirting with the girls.

Rath then went into the phone booth and put in a call to his squad commander, who in turn telephoned Detective Scalisi at the Bureau of Criminal Identification.

Arriving to find the counter wiped clean, Scalisi asked Rath:

“What were the kids doing? Did they touch anything else? Did they touch the stool?”

"They could have," Rath replied. "They were sitting there over an hour." Scalisi went to work on the stools with dusting powder, directing his attention to the chrome ring around the seat. Finally, looking closer, Scalisi shouted, "We got a print!"

The fingerprint expert then transferred the print to fingerprint tape. Scalisi found others, but they weren't so good. The first was the best and it was a clear one. Looking carefully at the tape bearing the incriminating thumbprint from the wrench found on the rooftop, the print expert once more shouted: "We got a match!"

Nevertheless, Scalisi had to be sure, so he rushed back to the lab at headquarters to confirm that the two prints indeed were the same, that there would be no doubt in a subsequent court case.

"I could see it right away," Scalisi said later, after close scrutiny and his art had borne out his first exclamation of success.

Meanwhile, after Scalisi left for headquarters, Detective Shay returned to the luncheonette to report to Rath.

"I got them bedded down," Shay said of the two youths he had been tailing. "But those guys took me on a wild goosechase. Do you know they went through the project again, checking doors. They even followed a woman for a while."

Shay had tailed the brothers to a building on 117th Road in the Jamaica section of Queens, where they lived with a relative. The 117th Road address was put under constant surveillance, while

Scalisi made his final check on the comparison of fingerprints—the big juicy thumbprint from the bar stool with that from the wrench.

Notified of the "match," the squad commander ordered the arrest of the Treadwell brothers. The next day, November 16, they were picked up and brought to the Long Island City precinct for questioning.

After several hours of interrogation, the brothers admitted the slaying, police said. Assertedly, they had accosted Gagliano when he came to the rooftop to inspect the work.

"Get the hell out of here before I have you arrested," the plucky Gagliano reportedly told them. "I'll call the housing cop who's on duty."

The brothers, according to the police reconstruction of the killing, then jumped Gagliano, beat him severely about the face and neck until he was unconscious. The attackers next looted Gagliano's wallet of \$11 and took his watch, then decided to throw him off the roof to make it look like an accident, it was stated by authorities.

Fingerprints were taken from the brothers and compared with the one on the plumber's tool used to beat Gagliano. That print and the one on the counter stool were those of Joseph Treadwell, police charged as they booked the youthful pair for homicide and robbery.

Both the robbed and assaulted mechanic and the woman mugged in the elevator were brought in for a lineup of the suspects.

"Those are the two who beat me," the mechanic reportedly said. The woman also identified the duo, police announced.

According to investigators, the Treadwells admitted staging over 30 robberies with friends of theirs in the project and immediately outside it. The past three months the brothers worked alone, it was related.

"This place [Queensbridge project] was easy pickings," Greg was quoted as saying.

School dropouts, the brothers had committed their robberies over a three-year period, only in the project with which they were familiar, and they never had been questioned about any of the crimes, it was revealed.

Held without bail, the pair was arraigned on the morning of November 17 before Queens Supreme Court Justice William T. Farrell in Kew Gardens. Farrell continued to deny them bail and a hearing was set for January 4, giving a Legal Aid lawyer sufficient time to study the case. At this writing, the brothers are in jail awaiting the outcome of that hearing.

For fingerprint expert Scalisi it was another triumph—and new honors. For this case and others like it, Police Commissioner Patrick V. Murphy announced that he is elevating the fingerprint man to first grade detective. Commented one of the detectives who rely on the lab expert's findings:

"They can make him [Scalisi] commissioner as long as they don't take away his fingerprint cases." ■

## CAN YOU HELP FIND SERGEANT WATSON'S KILLER? continued from page 19

low officers still discussing a most eventful shift. Since it was usual for abnormal police activity to taper off slowly, the sergeant decided to go out on patrol alone, leaving his usual partner to utilize a spare vehicle in the event an additional police car should be needed on the road.

At approximately 10:30 A.M., near the intersection of Eleventh Street and Fourteenth Avenue, Sergeant Watson apparently came upon a scene which distressed him greatly. Witnesses, who were passing by the corner at the time, recall that the officer pulled his car to the curb with an angry screeching of brakes, leaped out of the cruiser and strode across the sidewalk to where a young black man, standing beside a pile of periodicals, was waving a magazine in the faces of approaching strollers.

"Get your copy of *Muhammad Speaks!*" the young man called to all within earshot. "This here is the truth. Get to know the truth and the truth will set you free!"

Sergeant Watson stood in front of the young man with his feet firmly planted

and his hands upon his hips. Witnesses are not certain of his exact words, but in effect the officer again demanded to know if the youth had a city license to peddle his periodicals.

"No, sir," the young man answered.

"Didn't I warn you I'd run you in if I caught you doing this again?" the sergeant apparently asked.

The young man looked solemn and mumbled some reply.

The sergeant jerked his thumb in the direction of his cruiser. "Okay," witnesses recall hearing him say, "put those magazines in the back and get in beside them. I'm taking you to headquarters."

What happened next can be only pieced together from the accounts of witnesses and from a few brief scribbled entries in the official police log.

Patrolman Royce Bush, on duty at the dispatcher's desk at Cordele police headquarters, logged a call from Sergeant Watson at precisely 10:42 A.M. At that time, Watson radioed that he was "enroute to police headquarters with a prisoner in custody."

There were no details given either of the circumstances of the arrest or the sergeant's geographic position.

At exactly 10:45, the telephone in the police dispatcher's office suddenly began to ring. Officer Bush picked up the receiver and held a pencil poised over the memo pad on his desk. The voice which sounded from the earpiece was excited and unidentifiable.

"I'm calling to report that one of your officers is in trouble at Eleventh Street and Fourteenth Avenue. You better send him help immediately! He sure looks like he needs it!"

Bush wrote down "11th and 14th." "Who is this?" he demanded. "What kind of trouble are you talking about?"

"Mister," the voice said, "quit talkin' and start sendin'. Your man needs help!" There was a sharp click as the caller hung up.

The dispatcher hit the transmit button and leaned into the desk mike. His voice was tense and worried. His call was for all cars in the vicinity of Eleventh Street and Fourteenth Avenue to proceed to that location immediately. An officer was reported to be "in trouble."

Patrolman Johnny Mapp, who was cruising on Fourteenth Avenue only six blocks from the location, toed the accelerator of his patrol car and hit the switch for both his turret-flasher and siren, threading through the stream of slowing traffic like a shuttle through the warp threads of a power-loom.

Then he saw it! A Cordele patrol car obviously had left the road, jumping a low brick curbing and rolling a hundred feet before crashing into a small tree near the corner of an abandoned, earth-filled building foundation.

Even before he saw the inert policeman slumped in the cruiser's front seat, his shirt-front drenched with blood, patrolman Johnny Mapp knew in his heart that the badly injured officer was his good friend and frequent patrol partner 46-year-old Hiram Watson. He left his own cruiser and ran to the stalled patrol car.

Watson was barely breathing. spurts of thick, dark blood pumped from his severed jugular vein. There were bullet wounds in Watson's cheek, the back of his neck, the bicep of his left arm. It would have been a waste of time to try to staunch any of the blood or to look for a glimmer of recognition in the stricken sergeant's glazed, half-open eyes. Johnny Mapp glanced at Watson's holster. The sergeant's pearl-handled, .38-caliber revolver, a snub-nosed Smith and Wesson Airweight with a two-inch barrel, was missing.

Patrolman Mapp touched nothing in the injured officer's cruiser, but ran back to his own patrol car and snatched up the radio microphone. The quality of his voice, his few terse sentences, galvanized the entire duty force of the Cordele police into instant action. Within seconds, an ambulance from Crisp County Hospital was speeding toward the crime site. City cruisers, wheeling off patrol, finally lined up in a solid phalanx which screamed along Thirteenth Avenue. A car from the Georgia Bureau of Investigation soon was on the way. At headquarters, Patrolman Bush began to call a series of special numbers, attempting to locate Dr. Larry Howard, director of the State Crime Laboratory.

Sergeant Watson was dying. Patrolman Mapp tried with all his might not to believe it. But Chief Jobe and his top aide, Assistant Chief Q. A. Bobo, realized on arrival that the sergeant didn't have a chance, that a man with lesser strength, with a smaller reserve of stamina already would have relinquished his hold on the small spark of life which still flickered within him.

The Crisp County ambulance rushed the dying officer back to the hospital, where a team of surgeons and nurses already had begun to scrub for emergency surgery. At the crime scene, while police swarmed through the surroundings

like angry hornets searching out witnesses, Patrolman Mapp looked in the back seat of the bloodstained cruiser and figured out what had happened.

There, in the rear seat well, was a pile of newspapers entitled *Muhammad Speaks*. To Mapp, it seemed apparent that at least one of the two periodical sellers escorted to the city limits only one week earlier must have returned as promised—to peddle their magazines without a license. And Hiram Watson obviously had arrested at least one of the pair.

Before Patrolman Mapp and other officers left the scene to scour the area for any Muslim magazine sellers, other policemen, interviewing residents of the neighborhood, turned up two fragments of information. Firstly, about five minutes after the shooting must have occurred, a speeding pickup truck struck a utility pole in the 600 block on Twelfth Street. Although the truck was badly damaged, it continued speeding away from the scene. Possibly this incident was related to the shooting in Watson's car.

**M**UCH more to the point, the struggle which presumably had led to the shooting of Sergeant Watson actually had been witnessed by two city sanitation workers, who had been traveling south on the Truckers' Route when they encountered the sergeant's north-bound patrol cruiser that Sunday morning.

The two witnesses, located in a nearby service station, spoke of seeing the officer and a young, well-dressed black man locked in a fierce struggle in Watson's patrol car.

The sanitation workers then pulled into the service station, where they and the duty attendant were startled to hear the sound of shots coming from the direction of the patrol car. Venturing as far as the building line to observe what was going on, all three witnesses admitted having seen a young light-skinned black leap from the patrol car. He had a pistol tightly gripped in his right fist. First, he looked to the left, then the right, as if to make sure he had not been observed, then walked briskly to Thirteenth Avenue, right-turned toward downtown Cordele and quickly disappeared from view.

Why the gas station attendant and the two sanitation employees had not telephoned immediately to police headquarters to report what they had seen has not been explained to the full satisfaction either of Chief Jobe or Cordele City Manager Jack Comer.

A group of officers, including Patrolman Mapp, Patrolman Lamar Martin and Georgia Bureau of Investigation Agent J. H. Perry, set out to cruise the city and its outlying districts in search of the tall Negro gunman, said to be wearing a brown suit, white shirt and four-in-hand tie. The suspect was described as in his

late teens, standing 6 feet, 1 inch tall and weighing about 150 pounds. The hair on his head was so closely cropped that he appeared either bald or closely shaven.

Recollecting as best he could, Patrolman Mapp came up with a description of the older Muslim who had been in the younger man's company when the pair had been escorted out of town the previous Sunday. Unfortunately, no record had been made of the names of the men. Only a few facts relating to the general appearance of the second man remained with the officer. He had been extremely polite and soft-spoken, tall and thin, likely in his 30s. The clothing he had worn was neat and dignified.

Calling upon the reserves of the Crisp County sheriff's office and Georgia highway patrol, Cordele police arranged for a network of roadblocks, which cordoned off a north-south strip from Arabi on Route 41 to Unadilla in Dooly County and a number of crossroads on an east-west axis from the gravel roads leading to Blackshear Lake to the village of Double Run in the corner of Wilcox County.

At Crisp County Hospital it was clear that Sergeant Watson could not survive long. He had been shot five times at point-blank range. One bullet, fired into the base of his throat, had severed his jugular vein. Another slug went through his cheek. A third ploughed through the back of his neck. He had suffered two additional wounds in his left arm.

Just before noon, while the surgical team still was working on Sergeant Watson in the operating room, an arrest was made by officers manning the state patrol roadblock at the Flint River Bridge on U.S. 280. The man they picked up was in his early 30s. He was neatly dressed in a well-pressed blue pin-stripe suit and readily admitted to being a member of the Black Muslim sect.

Patrolman Mapp, who sped to the check-point within minutes, immediately recognized the man as the older of the two sect members he had helped escort from town. Arrested on the spot the man gave his name, his age as 33 and said he was a resident of Atlanta. He was rushed to headquarters by a cordon of heavily-armed officers, among whom were Crisp County Sheriff Earlie Posie, State Patrol Corporal Jack Barker and Patrolman Mapp.

The roadblock at which the man had been intercepted was situated at least ten miles from Cordele. Although it was a simple matter to establish that he had been one of two blacks ushered out of town a week earlier, he proved no gushing fountainhead of information. Reporters, who harrassed the police for details of the charge against him, received very little in the way of sensational news.

It was impossible to learn even the

name of the younger Muslim, who, allegedly, was the man's erstwhile companion. There was no clear-cut proof that the prisoner even had been anywhere near the town of Cordele on the morning of the shooting. It could not be established that he was in any way concerned with the sale of magazines on that fateful Sunday.

At precisely 3:05 that Sunday afternoon came the tragic announcement that the mortally wounded officer had died of his injuries despite the almost super-human efforts of the Crisp County Hospital staff to save him. The initial announcement from headquarters was simply that Cordele Police Sergeant Hiram Watson had been shot and killed in the line of duty.

"It was a senseless killing," Police Chief Jobe said. Then he praised the martyred officer for his outstanding devotion to duty during more than eight years of service.

"Sergeant Watson was a very popular and a very good man," Chief Jobe said. "He never shunned his duties, and this, naturally, wasn't always appreciated by those who broke the law.

"When he arrested someone, it was with a sense of respect and it was this trait that probably led to his death. He was a very good man."

Another police spokesman explained the chief's reference to a "a sense of

respect." He said: "When he [Sergeant Watson] brought someone to headquarters, it was almost in an apologetic way. Human dignity was nothing that the sergeant ever trampled on. It was almost like he hated taking someone to jail, although he knew it was his duty to do so.

"Because of this, he probably felt there was no need to handcuff a man who was initially simply violating a city ordinance against selling literature without a license.

"If he had handcuffed that young fellow, he couldn't have been disarmed. The fellow would have been in jail right now and the sergeant would have been alive."

The eulogies which Hiram Watson's tragic death occasioned lent impetus to the all-out hunt for his suspected killer. City Manager Jack Comer was lavish with his praise for the slain officer who first came to work for the city of Cordele as a fireman in March of 1952. "He has been a faithful servant to Cordele during his entire service," the city manager said. "He was highly regarded by his fellow city employees and was held in high esteem by all who knew him. He worked the school zones frequently and was well liked by the youth of the community. Sergeant Watson will indeed be missed."

Unexpected were two telephone calls to police headquarters from Georgia Governor Lester Maddox at the state house

in Atlanta. The governor agreed with Chief Jobe that "it was a crying shame to have to lose such a good officer through something like this." The governor also discussed the growing spate of police killings all over the United States and he said that there was a basic \$1000 reward offered when a Georgia police officer was killed and another reward of up to \$2500, "depending upon the amount of work or risk involved."

"If I can do it," the governor went on, "I'm going to make a statement to the effect that there is a standing reward of another \$1000 for information that leads to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons shooting or killing any law enforcement officer. I think I have that legal authority and, if I do, it will be a permanent thing."

**F**OR his part, Chief Jobe promised to "take whatever steps necessary to capture Watson's killer." He already had issued a statewide all-points bulletin for the suspect and announced that he was ready to call the Federal Bureau of Investigation into the search, since it was likely that the killer would flee the state in an effort to avoid prosecution.

"Attackers of policemen ought to be prosecuted to the hilt," the chief agreed with the governor. "In fact, I think the electric chair is the place for them."

The police efforts to learn from the Black Muslim in custody the name of his younger companion and the possible whereabouts of the suspect have not been reported in the press. It was announced, however, that the prisoner had been arrested on a warrant which charged him with "hindering the apprehension and punishment of a criminal."

Georgia Bureau of Investigation Agents subjected Sergeant Watson's bloodstained patrol car to an extremely meticulous examination. Agent John Byrom Fokes and Lieutenant J. H. Perry, according to the GBI director, Major Barney Ragsdale, obtained some pretty good prints "both inside and outside the police vehicle." Results of an FBI fingerprint check on those specimens were "expected very shortly."

Although the official announcement was delayed for 24 hours, the suspect finally was identified through his fingerprints as Hugh Hillia Tennon, III, an 18-year-old Atlanta resident, characterized by what his associates called a fanatical devotion to the principles of Black Muslim dogma.

FBI agents from the Atlanta office, agents from the GBI and Atlanta policemen subsequently raided a lodging house in northwest Atlanta where Hugh Tennon was known to have made his home. Although they reportedly found nothing to indicate Tennon's whereabouts, it since has been revealed that the officers were in possession of a wallet belonging





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to Hugh Tennon. It contained a Georgia driver's license which had been issued to him in April, 1970. A photograph of the young murder suspect was attached to the license and it immediately was duplicated and made part of a bulletin which now figures in the nationwide search for the suspected killer of Sergeant Watson.

One more fragment of information was ferreted out by the investigators. Hugh Tennon had purchased an automobile in Denver, Colo., while a resident of that city in the spring. He arranged for the financing of the vehicle with the Denver used car firm which sold it to him and a complete description of the car also was incorporated in the wanted bulletin, which cites Tennon as the subject of two warrants: one, issued by the FBI, for flight to avoid prosecution for a felony; the other, by the GBI, charging Tennon with murder.

The impressive funeral for Sergeant Watson took place in Cordele on Tuesday, October 20. More than a hundred Georgia law enforcement officers crowded into the Third Street Baptist Church, where the Reverend George Nelson delivered the eulogy. Prominent among the mourners were Governor Maddox, Macon Mayor Ronnie Thompson, the state's Director of Public Safety, Colonel R. H. Burson, and State Patrol Major Porter Weaver. The latter two officers accompanied the governor from Atlanta in a state airplane.

"What should happen to the man who

killed Sergeant Watson?" the Reverend Nelson asked the assembled mourners. "I wish to God I could gather all these liberalizing minds in this country and tell them what the Bible says." He then read from *Genesis*: "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, his blood shall be shed."

Capital punishment was a definite deterrent to crime, the minister said, to which Macon Mayor Thompson intoned a loud "Amen" that echoed through the small church.

"We used to read of lawlessness in Atlanta, Chicago and Miami," the minister continued. "But today, my friends, we are faced with it in Cordele."

Following the cortege to the cemetery, Governor Maddox said he wished "every-preacher in the United States would preach like that.

"You know the reason Sergeant Watson is in that box there?" the governor went on. "It's the direct effect of all this compromise and appeasement by the Nixons, Johnsons, Kennedys and Earl Warrens."

Mayor Thompson agreed with the governor, stating that in his city of Macon his officers "got orders to shoot to kill."

There were three official announcements made as the body of Sergeant Watson was laid to rest. One was that a total of \$5000 in reward money had been posted for information leading to the arrest of Watson's killer. Of that amount, \$3500 came from the state of Georgia. An additional \$1000 was offered

by the state Peace Officer's Association. A. W. Dittmore, a rural Cordele resident and former police instructor, added another \$100 and other private citizens pledged to provide the rest of the promised funds.

A second fund was inaugurated, for the benefit of the sergeant's family. It totaled \$26; \$25 came from a donor in Cleveland, Ohio, and a thoughtful citizen in Sacramento, Cal., sent in a single dollar bill.

The third announcement came from Justice of the Peace J. D. Southwell, who said the Black Muslim in custody had been ordered bound over to Superior Court and placed under \$5000 bond. Enough evidence had been produced, JP Southwell ruled, to link the 33-year-old prisoner with Hugh Tennon, even though the former's attorney strongly protested that the hearing produced "no evidence that in any way" proved his client had aided the person involved in the crime.

The nationwide search for suspected killer Hugh Hillia Tennon, III, has been intense and well organized. It also has been unsuccessful. Major Ragsdale, of the Georgia Bureau of Investigation, aware of *INSIDE DETECTIVE's* policy of fostering justice and aiding police in their war against crime, wrote a letter (reproduced on page 14) to the editor asking for the assistance of our readers. If you can help locate Sergeant Watson's suspected killer, contact Major Ragsdale, Chief Jobe, or your local FBI office. ■

## BLOOD STORM OVER THE PASS continued from page 31

thing that the storm didn't break while we completed our work at the other scene," a deputy remarked.

"Well . . . there's not much chance of getting any tracks here anyway," another investigator remarked. "Whoever left this body most likely drove off the Dugway Road onto this path, took the body out of a car, then backed onto the blacktop."

The man who had found the body told the lawmen that he was driving his camper on the rocky road when he spotted the corpse, thinking, at first, that it was a dummy of the type used in training at the nearby Dugway Proving Grounds. On closer examination, he had seen that it was the body of a man. Backing his truck onto the road, he had driven half a mile to a lodge at Willow Springs, where the owner had telephoned the sheriff's office.

As the rain picked up, deputies scurried about trying to preserve the crime scene. It grew darker quickly and flashlights soon were brought out. Not far off the road, the investigators found some empty beer cans and an empty cigarette package.

"Same brand of beer and cigarets as the ones we found at the other scene," Sheriff Gillette said.

The veteran investigator also noted that the package and cans did not appear to have been out in the open very long. They were in similar condition to the evidence picked up at the other slaying site. The sheriff also found several cigarette stubs.

"We found some of these back there, too," he said. "Looks like whoever did the killings paused to smoke and have a few beers."

"And with all these cans, it indicates more than one drinker," a deputy added.

The downpour continued without let-up as the officers searched the rocky canyon road. Nothing else turned up and it was night when the caravan started east through the mountain pass and back to Tooele. The second body was taken to the morgue, where officers examined it along with the first one.

It was apparent, by that time, that the first victim had been shot in the base of the skull with a small caliber gun, apparently at close range. A second shot was fired through the nose.

"I know this boy," a deputy said. "I've seen him around Tooele for many years. Ronald Smith. Remember him?"

"Oh, yes," another officer answered. "He went to Vietnam, didn't he?"

"He's been out of the service for several months, I think," the first deputy said. "I know his father. He used to be a city policeman here."

The officers turned their attention to the other body. It appeared to be that of a man about 40 years old, but it was difficult to ascertain because the victim had been beaten severely about the face and head. On close examination, no bullet or knife wounds were found.

"It looks like he was bludgeoned to death," an officer said.

"He looks familiar, too," another lawman said.

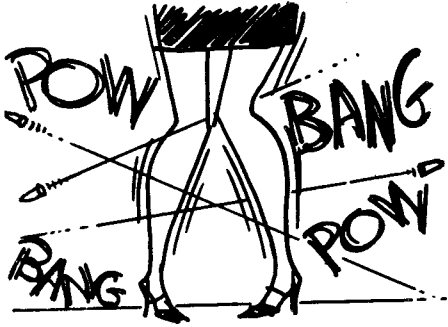
Sheriff Gillette noted that the beating that the victim had sustained would make identification difficult, even for someone who had known the man.

"Maybe it's because I've been associating Ronald Smith with someone . . . a relative of his I know," the deputy said. "But this victim seems to fit the relative's description."

Another officer who knew Ronald Smith entered the room and said that

## CONTINENTAL CAPERS

**VIOLENT PROTEST**—A man in Kabul, Afghanistan, outraged at modern fashion's disregard for Muslim traditions of



female modesty, has been sentenced to die for shooting four miniskirt-clad women. Fortunately, none of the ladies was killed by the angry Afghan.

**HEAVY LOSS**—Great disappointment must have been felt by the three burglars in Rome, Italy, who carted an 882-pound safe out of an office in the hope of finding a large number of payroll envelopes. On opening the monstrous vault, they discovered it held only the equivalent of six cents.

**DISASTROUS DESTINATION**—An Athens, Greece, cabby dropped his fare at an address that happened to be the same as his. After the man left the taxi, the driver decided to follow and found his fare locked in a heated embrace with his wife. The ensuing battle brought all three parties to the police station.

**SILENCER NEEDED**—After a London bobby found that numerous suspects he has been keeping under surveillance were getting away, he asked police officials to equip his radio with an "off" switch.



The troubled policeman claims it is the loud voices over his two-way radio that give his presence away and allows his quarry to flee.

the younger victim was the Smith boy. As for the older victim, he said, it looked a lot like one of the youth's relatives, but he could not be sure. The older victim was 5 feet, 10 inches tall, weighed 160 pounds and bore tattoos on both arms.

It was about 11 P.M. when Sheriff Gillette drove to the home of Ronald Paul Smith to break the tragic news to his parents. The youth's mother and father were home and after their initial shock subsided, the sheriff began to ask questions. He was told that Ronald Paul Smith was 22, single, had made his home with his parents at the North Broadway address in Tooele and had completed his military service after seeing duty in Vietnam. Ronald had left the house at 10 P.M. the previous night to go out with friends.

The youth's father was taken to the morgue where he identified the young victim as his son. However, he had no idea who the other victim was. The relative who officers thought might be the older victim was found in his home, alive and well.

Investigators were sent out to interview friends of the young victim and later that night there was a meeting in the sheriff's office. Patrolmen Don Peterson and R. Day of Tooele police were assisting deputies in the case, but none of the investigators had found a witness who reported seeing Ronald Paul Smith after he left his home the previous night. What's more, the description of the second victim failed to bring in any new leads to his identity.

"None of the boy's friends I talked to had any idea who he is," a deputy said.

"Did anybody have a notion as to why Smith might have been killed?" a detective asked. "It might have been a robbery, since his money was gone. But why was he taken all the way out to the mountain pass?"

"I don't know," the deputy replied. "He appears to have been a good boy. Maybe he started running with rough characters after he came home from the service.

"But it appears his killing somehow was connected with the other one. Maybe we're going to have to get one cleared up before we get an idea on the other."

"But which holds the key to the other?" another deputy asked. "If we have to solve the killing of the older man first, it might be tough. There aren't any clues to work with and we don't even know who he is. At least with the Smith case, we've got some evidence. It's a good thing we got onto it before the rain."

Sheriff Gillette reminded the investigators to keep in mind the brands of beer and cigars found at the murder scenes.

"We also got something back on the tire tracks," he said. "The car is a small

American-made car. And, of course, we know it's painted red."

An examination of the unidentified victim showed that he had died of a skull fracture, the officers were told. He had not been shot.

The officers went over their information on Ronald Paul Smith, looking for a lead as to who might have killed him and who the other victim might be. Smith had been dating a girl in Tooele since his return from the service, but she told investigators that she had not been out with the young man during the previous night and didn't know where he had gone.

**DEPUTIES** and policemen continued to push the investigation into early morning hours and after talking with a number of Ronald Smith's friends, they centered their attention on a young man they had not been able to locate.

"Bennett Merle Belwood," Sheriff Gillette said to a deputy. "So he's not at home."

"He hasn't been staying at his parents' home," the deputy replied. "For the past month or so he's been staying with a young woman who's got several children by a husband who isn't living with her any more. They've been staying with her relatives. The way we got it, young Smith was running around with Belwood and that girl he's been dating is related to Belwood."

The officers talked about Bennett Merle Belwood. No stranger to the lawmen, he was 28 years old and had been a suspect in a jewelry store robbery in Tooele. There was something else they knew about Belwood that heightened their interest in him. He drove a red 1962 Falcon.

"That car could fit the one that left the tire marks and paint on the stump," Gillette noted.

"And that woman he's been going with is also away from home," a deputy added. "Remember those footprints? One of those sets looked like a woman might have made them."

The officers talked about the woman. Ruth Ruby Breece, 26, had not been involved in any trouble with the law.

"Why would Belwood and his girl kill Smith?" an officer asked.

"Maybe if we find out who the other victim is and why he was killed, we'll have an answer to that question," a deputy answered.

Officers making inquiries around Tooele brought their information back to the sheriff's office. Bennett Merle Belwood and Ruth Ruby Breece, they had learned, were not at the home of the relative where they had been staying.

"We were told they went on a trip Wednesday," a deputy related. "They drove up to the Flaming Gorge National Recreation Area in that red Falcon."

Sheriff Gillette called the Daggett

County Sheriff's Office in Dutch John, 200 miles to the east—near the Flaming Gorge National Recreation Area at the northeastern part of Utah. Bennett Belwood, Ruth Breece and the red Falcon were easily located by Daggett County officers and Gillette soon was notified that the couple was in custody.

Gillette made some quick arrangements to fly to Dutch John and as he took off from Tooele, Deputies Jim Park and Bill Pitt started for Daggett County by car. The Tooele County officers didn't stay any longer in Dutch John than was necessary. Later that day, they started back home with the young couple and the red Falcon, arriving in Tooele early Saturday morning.

Early that evening officers went to work on the red Falcon. Authorities reported finding a rifle in the car, but it was believed that Smith had been shot with a pistol.

Sheriff Gillette and his deputies made another trip to the mountain pass and returned with a .22-caliber pistol, reportedly picked up near the spot where Smith's body had been found. Tests on the automobile, which was scratched, resulted in a successful match with the tire tracks and paint found at the spot where Smith's body had been discovered.

Sheriff Gillette signed complaints charging Bennett Belwood and Ruth Breece with first-degree murder in the death of Ronald Paul Smith. But the mystery of the second victim's identity still remained unsolved.

Gillette had sent a set of the victim's fingerprints to the FBI and he had made inquiries at all law enforcement agencies in the area. Soon, he was informed that Salt Lake City police had come up with two missing person reports and photographs. But one of the missing men had lighter hair and was two inches taller than the unidentified victim and the other had no tattoos.

Deputies and police toured bars, restaurants and hotels in Tooele that weekend, asking about a stranger who might

have come to town within the past week. On Monday, a number of calls came into the sheriff's office concerning missing men, but none helped lawmen get any closer to the identity of the mysterious slaying victim.

Bennett Merle Belwood and Ruth Ruby Breece were brought into court that day for arraignment. Bellwood was average in height, on the slender side, with a boney, expressionless face. He had dark hair, neatly combed straight back. Ruth Ruby Breece was a short, slender girl with dark straight hair that hung down far below her shoulders. She sat next to Belwood as Tooele City Judge M. Earl Marshall appointed lawyers to represent them.

Later that day, a call came to Sheriff Gillette from the FBI in Washington. The veteran lawman took down some information, then turned to a group of deputies in his office.

"We've got an identification," he said.

The fingerprints of the second victim had matched prints on file for Holbrook Zane Lowe, 40, of Bandon, Ore.

On Tuesday morning, the murder suspects were transferred to the county jail in Salt Lake City. Sheriff Gillette said the facilities in Salt Lake City were better than those in Tooele, adding that the suspects might be in jail for many months before trial.

Sheriff Gillette was busy trying to learn what had brought Holbrook Zane Lowe to his county. Finding that Lowe had relatives in Seattle, he phoned them and made inquiries.

He was told that Holbrook had been traveling around the country, working at various jobs. A relative told the sheriff that he had received a letter on July 1, in which Lowe said he was in Boise, Ida., and on his way to Denver to seek employment.

A photograph of Lowe was sent to Tooele and officers took it around the city, showing it in hotels, motels and eating and drinking places. No one, however, recognized the victim's picture, in-

cluding friends of Ronald Smith and Bennett Belwood.

Information from the Northwest arrived on Lowe's car—a 1963 Chevrolet convertible with Washington license plates and Sheriff Gillette put out a pickup for the vehicle. The investigation continued and Gillette learned that Lowe has applied at the state employment office in Salt Lake City for a job on July 8.

"That's the day he was most likely killed," a deputy said. "He probably was looking for a job in Salt Lake City that day, then decided to move west and got here at night. He probably stopped in a bar and ran into trouble.

"We know he had some money on him. He might have been set up to be rolled, then lured into the woods and beaten to death.

"That would bring out a motive for the second murder. We've been able to put Smith with Bellwood and the Breece woman that night in Bellwood's car. Maybe Smith didn't like the killing. Maybe he was driven through the mountain pass where they stopped to drink and smoke and Belwood and Breece shot him to eliminate a witness."

The investigation continued, but the Chevrolet convertible was not found. Officers knew there were numerous canyons, wooded areas and abandoned mine shafts where the car could have been hidden.

Residents of Tooele wanted to know what could have prompted the slaying spree and there were indications that some of their questions would be answered at the trial. But the date for the proceedings was postponed and reset for February, 1971.

In December, Sheriff Gillette was preparing to end his long stay in office. But his work for Tooele County will not be over when he resigns at the end of the year. Gillette is slated to be a witness in the murder trial—scheduled to describe the last big case he worked on during his 24 years as Sheriff of Tooele County, Utah. ■

## MYSTERY OF THE BODY IN THE TUB continued from page 35

about Mrs. Griffin, her friends and habits. Calls were made to friends and relatives of the victim, but they were unable to give police a lead as to who might have done such a horrible thing.

The body was taken from the apartment, the lab crew completed their work, and the apartment was locked up. A chill wind swept down Fernbrook Drive as Patty and his detectives left the building. They looked up and down the block, at the modern apartments and neat homes. This was a good neighborhood, an area of professional and working people, a quiet section near the busy thoroughfare that was a fast ride to downtown St. Louis.

Detectives went to neighboring apartment buildings and asked questions, and got nothing there. The county officers talked the case over with Marlborough police.

"No, we haven't had any recent trouble with burglars or prowlers around here," a local officer said.

The officers cruised the quiet neighborhood, and then drove to Watson Road, which is part of U.S. Highway 66. Some of the commercial establishments were closed. The Missouri blue laws prohibit liquor sales on Sundays.

The next morning, Monday, December 29, 1969, Lieutenant Patty arrived early at the St. Louis County Police Depart-

ment, headquartered in a new building in Clayton, a large fashionable suburb west of St. Louis. He called the Marlborough Police Department and Lieutenant Cottom told him there'd been no calls or tips come in overnight. Patty then reported to Major F. J. Vasel, commanding officer of the county detectives.

"We don't know when she was killed," Patty said. "I'm going out to the place where she worked and see what I can come up with. Everything we found points to somebody being invited into her apartment and killing her. But there might be something else in this case. And there might be some guy who seems like quite the gentleman to people who know him, but who has something inside him we should find out about. You



know, I've been thinking about that case over in St. Charles. One of *those* women was found in the bathtub."

"Yes, that's right," Vasel said. "And from what the Major Case Squad has been coming out with, they apparently haven't got a definite suspect."

They talked about the case in St. Charles, Missouri, which is an old town rich in history on the Missouri River and located about 25 miles west of St. Louis. The rapid growth of industry in western St. Louis County had brought about a growth of population in St. Charles.

Early that month, two young women had been found murdered in a house in suburban St. Charles. They were Mrs. Donna Green, 21, an attractive brunette, and Miss Martha Wampler, 20, a blonde.

Mrs. Green's husband was in the Army, stationed in Germany. Miss Wampler, the daughter of a Fredericktown minister, had moved into the home to share expenses.

Mrs. Green was found strangled with an appliance cord and draped over the edge of the bathtub. Miss Wampler was found in a bedroom, her head bashed in by the base of a table lamp.

The Major Case Squad, composed of investigators from various law enforcement agencies in the area, had questioned a large number of men. But one possible suspect after another had been eliminated.

Now Lt. Patty had his own case to worry about.

"I'm going to start at the place where she worked," he told Vasel. "Her neighbors didn't have much for us, but today somebody might feel like talking. Sometimes they are reluctant to talk at first, thinking police might get the lead from someplace else, and they won't have to get involved. So far none of the neighbors reported seeing her or hearing anything from her apartment all day Saturday and Saturday night."

Patty took Detective Van Buren with him to the large Crestwood Shopping Center, still cheerfully decorated with holiday trimmings. The card and gift shop, one of a number of specialty shops in the center, had just opened for the day, and the atmosphere was far from the usual cheerful one.

The news of Mrs. Griffin's death had been in newspapers and on television and Radio. Patty and Van Buren identified themselves and the store employees crowded around.

"How . . . how did it happen?" a gray-haired woman sobbed, twisting a handkerchief. "Do . . . do you know who . . . who?"

"We're still in the preliminary stages of the investigation," Patty told her. "Perhaps you can help us. When was Mrs. Griffin last here?"

"She worked Friday," a tall slender

woman said. "We stay open late Friday, closing at 10 P.M. She worked until closing time. She didn't come in Saturday. I called her apartment. No answer. I figured this was unusual. She was a reliable employee. She hadn't mentioned anything about taking off."

"Do you recall what she wore to work Friday?" Patty asked. The women looked thoughtful. "Did she have on a pink pants outfit?" Patty asked.

"Oh no!" the tall slender woman snapped. "She wouldn't wear anything like that to work. She wore a dress, or perhaps a suit. A pink pants outfit? Never!"

Questions were asked about Mrs. Griffin's purse.

"She usually carried a black leather purse with a large leather buckle," a woman said.

"How about money . . . did she carry much money?"

**N**ONE of the employees had a definite answer on this. They knew Mrs. Griffin made large payments by check, from her red check book. They knew she carried a small red wallet, and had two credit cards, one from a department store that had several branches in the area, the other from a store specializing in jewelry and silver.

"Would she carry anything else in her purse?" Van Buren asked.

A pair of glasses, he was told.

Questions were asked about the victim's jewelry and the store employees were aware of the large diamond ring Mrs. Griffin wore. She usually wore that ring, they said.

"We understand she did not have an automobile," Patty said. "How did she get home?"

"I drove her home sometimes," the slender woman said.

"And Friday night?" she was asked.

"No . . . I didn't drive her home Friday night," was the response. "I wasn't going home. I went to a friend's house in another direction. Say . . . Jimmy drove her home. I remember he offered her a lift."

"Who's Jimmy?" the investigators asked quickly.

"He's our stockboy," the tall woman said. "He's out now, picking up some cards from another store."

"What can you tell us about him?" she was asked.

"Jimmy?" the woman responded with surprise. "Why, he's . . . well, he's always been all right around here. But he's only worked here a couple of weeks. He seems to be working out all right. He's 18, a hard worker, not like some of the other stockmen we've had to let go."

The door opened and a youth entered carrying several large cardboard boxes. The tall slender woman called to him: "Jimmy, these men want to talk to you."

He put the boxes on a counter and joined the group.



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Jimmy Hebert was introduced to the detectives. He was about six and a half feet tall, with light hair that fell over his forehead.

"I guess you know about Mrs. Griffin, don't you?" he was asked.

"Yeah, it's sure awful," he said. "Man, and I drove her home Friday night."

"You took her straight home from here?" he was asked.

"Where else?" was the youth's response.

"Did she mention her plans for the evening?" he was asked.

The youth nodded. He said Mrs. Griffin told him she planned to watch television for a while, then retire for the night.

"She didn't say anything about meeting anyone, or going out?" Patty asked.

"Nope. Just TV and to sleep," was the response.

"Did you escort her up to her apartment?" he was asked.

Jimmy screwed up his face and seemed to squint at the detectives. Then he shook his head. He said he let her out of the car, and watched Mrs. Griffin walk into her building.

"Then what did you do?" he was asked.

"I picked up my date," he said.

"Then what did you two do?"

"We went riding around and parked," the boy answered.

"Kinda cold for that, wasn't it?" he was asked.

"For you, maybe," Jimmy grinned.

"Would you tell us who your date was?" he was asked.

Jimmy Hebert brought a small book from his pocket, found the page he wanted, and pointed out a name and address. A detective copied it down.

"If you want to talk to her, you'll find her home tonight," the youth said. "She can only go out on Friday and Saturday. School, y'know."

"Okay, Jimmy, you can go back to work," he was told, so the youth scooped up the boxes and headed for the back room.

"I'm sure Jimmy is all right," one of the women remarked.

Lt. Patty nodded, as if in agreement. But he reminded the woman, Jimmy Hebert was the last one to see Mrs. Griffin alive, as far as police knew.

Questions were asked about Mrs. Griffin's habits, about friends who might have dropped into the store or she might have mentioned, and the employees of the shop indicated they knew little about her private life.

"Did any of her friends come in and visit her?" one of the men asked. Heads shook all around. "Oh, come on, ladies, you're working together, you talk a lot. Surely Mrs. Griffin said something about her interests," the detectives insisted.

"Honest, officers, she didn't say much about what she did after work," the tall slender woman responded. "She talked about her family, and I think there was a man she mentioned who was a friend of her's and sometimes came in from Illinois. But he seemed like a casual friend, and she never mentioned anything about anyone who might harm her."

"How about people who come in here?" the women were asked. "Maybe someone had an eye out for her ring... got acquainted... found out she lived alone... where she lived. Her ring is missing. We can't ignore that."

None of the women had any ideas that might help the police along that line. They pointed out that many customers come into the shop, and Mrs. Griffin might have encountered a man in the restaurant in the shopping center, or one of the other stores.

"But as far as anything here, we can't help you," the detectives were told.

Further questions in the card and gift shop produced nothing more, so Patty and Van Burean left. The shopping center was crowded as they weaved through rows of parked cars to get to their vehicle.

The apartment house on Fernbrook Drive was the object of curious groups who stood on the sidewalk outside. Patty and Van Buren went into the building to start another round of interview-

ing neighbors. A short thin woman met them in the hallway. "Haven't you found him yet?" she asked.

"We're hoping to get a lead," she was told. "You live on the same floor as the Griffin apartment. Don't you have any ideas for us?"

"She drank some," the short thin woman shrugged. "Perhaps she was lonely."

The detectives asked questions all over the building, then went to neighboring buildings with a picture of Mrs. Griffin. They covered the neighborhood, and early that evening, when men started home from work, the detectives wanted to talk to them, too. In an apartment up the block, a man said he thought he had seen Mrs. Griffin in a tavern over on Watson Road.

After calling at several more buildings, the county detectives went to the Marlborough Police Department, where they conferred with local officers. The county detectives reported hearing talk that Mrs. Griffin drank. The suggestion was made that the woman was lonely sometimes, which might have prompted her to go out and perhaps seek companionship.

"There's a man in Illinois we were told was a friend of hers," Patty said. "We can call police over there and have them run a check on him, just in case he has some information."

"You think somebody killed her for that ring?" he was asked.

"The ring is gone," Patty responded. "We know that much."

"Maybe she ran into somebody in one of those places on Watson Road, and he saw the ring and got ideas," someone suggested. "But there are still some people who knew her we want to talk to."

Patty and Van Buren drove to a house in a neighboring suburb where they found a 17-year-old girl at home, just as Jimmy Hebert told them they would. She said Jimmy picked her up at 10:15 P.M. the previous Friday, and they went for a ride.

"You're sure about the time?" she was asked.

She nodded, noting that the 10 P.M. news had just been concluded on television when Jimmy came to the door.

Patty and Van Buren drove back toward Marlborough, and down Highway 66, by a mixture of drive-in restaurants, service stations, small office buildings, to a stretch near Marlborough where there were a number of nightspots.

"We'll start here," Patty said, pulling into a small parking lot.

They walked into a bar. It was a bit early for heavy business but customers sat at four tables and two men sat at the bar. Jukebox music filled the air.

The bartender was polishing a glass and he continued working on it as the detectives introduced themselves, explained the purpose of their visit, and

showed him Mrs. Griffin's photograph.

"She was 53, average in size, reddish hair, and she might have come in here alone," the investigators said.

"I don't know," the bartender said, still polishing the glass. "So many women come in here. I don't pay attention."

"She might have been in here Friday night," he was told. "She might have been wearing a pink pants outfit."

"We were busy," the bartender said. "I couldn't say."

"Maybe your waitress can help us," one of the men suggested.

"I don't have a waitress on Monday nights," the bartender said. "Not enough business."

He was still polishing the glass as the detectives left.

They went to another tavern, where a waitress looked at the picture and nodded.

"Yes, I've seen her in here," she said. "She'd come in alone. Seemed like a nice lady. But she wasn't here Friday night. I'd have remembered her."

**T**HEY called at a small lounge where a bartender said he remembered seeing the woman, but he insisted she was not in the place the previous Friday night.

The next stop was a large cocktail lounge where a short waitress with long blonde hair who took a tray to a table, then returned to Patty and Van Buren.

"You want a table?" she asked.

They showed credentials and asked her to sit down with them. The waitress appeared upset.

"What do you want with me?" she wanted to know. "I'm busy."

"This woman has been a customer in here, hasn't she?" Patty asked, showing Mrs. Griffin's picture.

The waitress looked at the picture, saying nothing. Patty described Mrs. Griffin. The waitress said she thought she had seen the woman on occasion.

"How about Friday night?" she was asked.

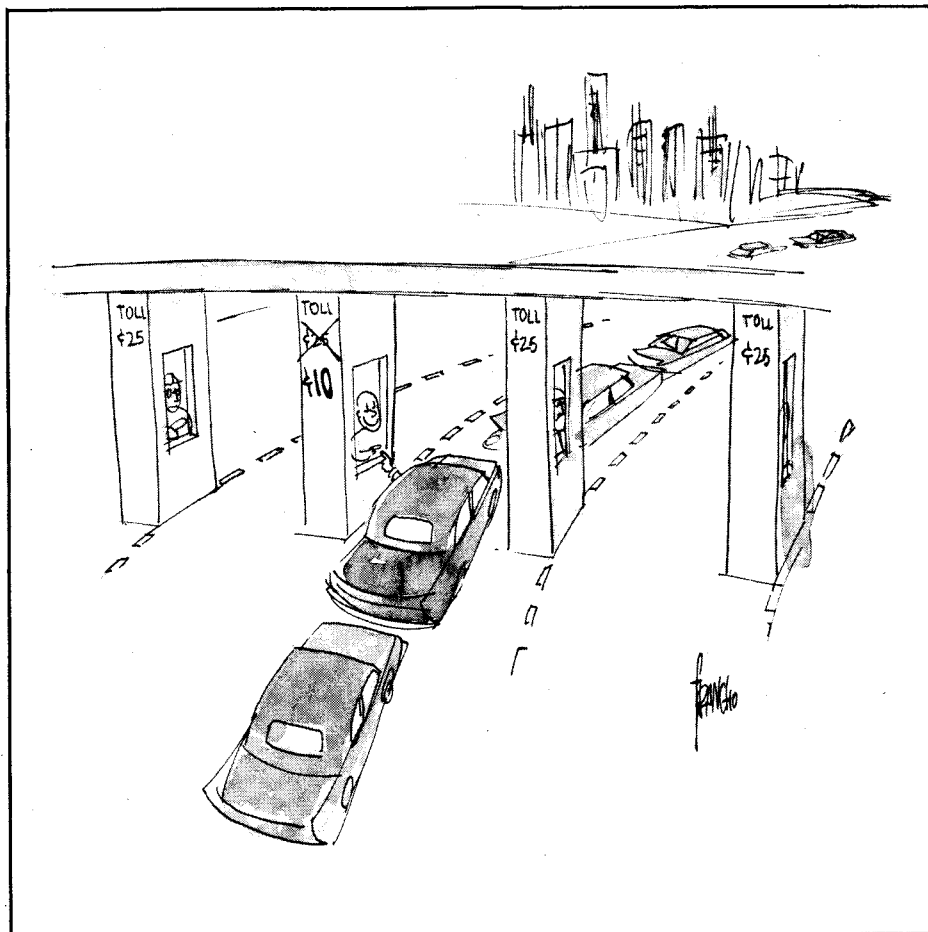
The waitress didn't remember seeing her. "We were busy Friday night," she said. "We had a band. I was on the go all night."

"You mean to say you wouldn't remember her if she was here?" she was asked. "That's only three nights ago."

The blonde waitress shrugged.

The detectives called at another tavern before going home. On Tuesday morning they met with Major Vasel again. The man in Illinois had been interviewed and it was established he'd been home Friday night, and he had no information that might help the investigators.

"Marlborough police checked in at some of the bars along there last night, and they didn't come up with anything definite," Patty related. "But we've got enough to know she had gone to some



of those places at times. We'll just have to keep working. If she made one of those places Friday night, we have to find out about it."

"How do you figure the case so far?" he was asked.

"Well, she got off work at 10 P.M. Friday and was driven home," Patty said. "She was most likely killed Friday night. She didn't come to work Saturday, and several people tried to call her. Her phone wasn't answered.

"Apparently she changed clothes after she got home Friday night. She put on the outfit with the pink slim jims and went out again. So that seems to indicate the man we want was someone she might not have known well, someone she met when she went out after 10 P.M.

"She didn't have a car. We know she sometimes dropped in at some of the places on Watson Road. She could walk there. She might have walked to one of the places Friday night, and met someone. That's where we are with the case now. I think we'll have to try and pick up our lead on Watson Road. The Marlborough police will be working there, and so will we."

That night, Detective John Litzau joined Lieutenant Patty and Detective Van Buren on Watson Road. Marlborough police were also working. A number of places were visited, and the usual questions were asked about Mrs. Laura Griffin and any men who might have met her. No solid lead was brought out.

The next night, the investigators were making the rounds again, pushing a bit harder with their questions. In a large cocktail lounge, a short waitress with long blonde hair recognized Patty and Van Buren.

"You back?" was her greeting.

"Yes, and we're going to keep coming back until we get something," she was told. "Now, we know Mrs. Griffin used to come in here. If she was in here last Friday night, we want to know about it, and we're going to know about it."

The waitress appeared in thought, then nodded. She said she remembered Mrs. Griffin being in the place the previous Friday night.

**"YES,** and she was wearing pink slim jims," she said. "She came in about 10:30. I remember she was dancing with a man."

"What else do you remember?"

The waitress said she remembered the woman and the man appeared to leave together at closing time—1:30 A.M. She said the redheaded woman drank bourbon and water.

The big thing the detectives needed now was the man's name, but the waitress insisted she didn't know his name. She said it was the first time she'd ever seen him.

"Tell us what you can about him?" she was urged.

"Well... he came in about 10," she said. He was alone. He sat at the bar, and half an hour later she came in and they somehow got together. They were dancing. We had a combo here Friday night."

She said the man appeared in his twenties, about 6 foot 2, medium build, wearing dark framed glasses.

"You have any idea why he came here?" she was asked. "Maybe he came here to meet somebody."

"It might have been the band," the waitress said. "He knew one of the boys in the band, the drummer. At least he was talking with him, and when there was a music break the musician sat at their table. Maybe he had a friend in the band who told him where he was playing that night."

The detectives questioned the man-about the band, a four-piece group that played at the lounge occasionally. Lieutenant Patty got the name and number of the leader of the combo and a contact was made later. Lieutenant Patty not only learned the name of the drummer but also that he worked as a pattern man for a large shoe company in Clayton. The company's address was a few blocks from the County Police Department.

Patty and Van Buren found the drummer at his daytime job, and asked him about Friday night at the cocktail lounge on Watson Road. He recalled details of the evening, of meeting a man he knew, and of the man being with an older woman. He identified the man as Donald Jay Beardslee.

Some questions here, and a few inquiries elsewhere, and the detectives put together some background information on Beardslee. He was 26, single, a laborer, and lived alone in an apartment on Itaska Avenue in south St. Louis. There was no police record in the files for the man, however.

"You sure it's the same guy?" a detective asked Patty.

"It's the same guy, all right," he responded. "We had his picture here, and his fingerprints. He applied for a job as a county policeman a couple of months ago."

There were a number of things the investigators still had to put together on the case, so they continued making inquiries. It was early Saturday afternoon, almost a week after the investigation began, when Lt. Patty received a phone call from an attorney who said he was representing Donald Jay Beardslee, and that his client was enroute to County Police Headquarters.

Patty and Van Buren were waiting when Beardslee arrived about 1:30 P.M. Beardslee was advised of his rights, and voiced a refusal to make any statement.

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He was placed in the holdover cell pending further investigation.

The two investigators moved fast now. They located a young woman who was a girlfriend of Beardslee, and she was brought to the detective bureau and interviewed. She told the detectives she was out with Beardslee the night of January 1, 1970—two nights earlier and he told her he was going to leave the state.

She said he first told her he was leaving because of numerous debts, but later admitted he had killed a woman.

The girlfriend quoted Beardslee as saying he'd met a woman in a cocktail lounge on Watson Road the night of December 26, 1969; that they'd danced and she'd invited him to her apartment for a party. The young woman said that Beardslee told her they went to the woman's apartment, and when no one else showed up, he placed his hands around her neck and choked her until she was unconscious.

According to the young woman, Beardslee told her he took all of the woman's clothing off, and when she regained consciousness she began begging him to leave, saying, "I won't tell anyone. I don't even know who you are."

She said Beardslee told her he then went into the kitchen, took a knife out of a drawer, returned to the bedroom and stabbed the pleading woman twice in the neck as she lay on the floor.

She quoted Beardslee as saying he then assisted the woman into the bathroom to wash the blood off, and she got into a tub of water. She further quoted Beardslee as saying he held the woman's head under the water until she stopped struggling.

She said Beardslee told her he put the knife he used in the stabbing in a purse, took a ring from the woman's finger and put it in the purse, took some drinking glasses they had used and left the apartment. He told her he threw the drinking glasses out of his car on the way to his apartment, she said.

She quoted him as saying he removed

all of his bloody clothes and took them, the purse containing the woman's personal effects—including the knife and her ring—and placed them in a trashcan behind his home. She said he told her he burned the articles.

She said she persuaded Beardslee to tell a relative of his about the crime, and together they convinced him to talk to a minister, and this was followed by a talk with an attorney and his surrendering to police.

Patty and Van Buren went to the apartment building on Itaska and picked up the trashcan in the rear. It was taken to County Police Headquarters and technicians looked it over.

"Some things were burned in here," Patty said. "Any chance of identifying anything?"

"We'll give it a try," Detective Royer said.

After extensive testing in the crime lab, Lieutenant Patty was given a report, which he took to Major Vassel's office.

"They couldn't make anything out of the ashes," Patty said. "But they were able to bring out a number on the bottom. It was from something that had been burned, and the number brought out corresponds with the number on one of her credit cards."

The case was presented to the Prosecuting Attorney's Office, and a murder warrant was issued against Donald Jay Beardslee.

On Tuesday, December 8, 1970, Donald Jay Beardslee was brought into the court of Circuit Judge Douglas L. C. Jones in St. Louis County. A jury was selected, but before testimony began the defendant interrupted the trial to enter a plea of guilty.

Jack Patty, now a captain, was in court as Judge Jones sentenced Beardslee to 19 years.

Captain Patty came out of the courtroom with an interesting sidelight. He told other officers that Beardslee had asked him if this would have any effect on his application with the county police department. ■

#### THERE'S \$20,000 IN THE HOUSE—BUT YOU'LL NEVER FIND IT

continued from page 37

a back bedroom. Chunks of plate glass had been shattered and pushed out. There was another sliding glass door leading to the house's den, but it was intact.

"I've probably been broken in on again. "You wait here," the doctor said, "I'm going to get my gun," adding that he kept a gun in a linen closet along the hallway to the back bedroom.

He walked softly to the broken glass door and saw it had been slid open. He stepped quietly into the house and disappeared from view.

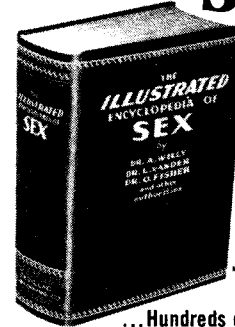
The woman didn't know if anyone else

were in the house, but she decided to follow the doctor inside. She, too, moved quietly through the open door. A light was on in the hallway and she arrived just in time to see Dr. McKee walk along the hall, turn to go into another hall, then suddenly throw up his hands as a scream rang out through the house.

She heard the scream, then another sound drowned it out. A shot!

Thinking quickly, the woman dashed from the doorway into a bathroom adjacent to the back bedroom and locked the door behind her.

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Her mind raced fast. Had she made any sounds? Did they— whoever they were— know she was locked in the bathroom? If they did, was she trapped?

There was nothing she could do if they decided to break down the door. It wasn't likely they would be concerned if she screamed, since they obviously hadn't been worried about a gun going off.

Then she heard footsteps, followed by a voice: "Come on, I've got it. Let's get out of here."

She listened intently, but heard no more voices. Turning on the bathroom light, she looked at her watch. It was 1:10. She waited until it was 1:20, then unlocked the door, opened it and stepped into the hall.

The house was quiet. She took a few steps, then saw Dr. McKee lying on the floor nearby.

**H**ORRIFIED, the woman ran out of the house through the back bedroom and raced to a house next door. She pounded on the back door for what seemed like a long time without getting a response. She dashed around to the front of the house rang the bell; again, no answer. She dashed across the street and pounded on another door and pressed a bell and a man came to the door tying his bathrobe.

The woman told him an ambulance and police were needed immediately at Dr. McKee's house. The man made the call and sirens soon were waking the neighborhood. Ambulance attendants and uniformed policemen were shown into the doctor's house and the former soon came back out with Dr. McKee on a stretcher. The ambulance headed for St. Joseph Hospital. Dr. McKee's friend was taken there by police as more officers arrived at the house on Hartwood.

Dr. McKee was pronounced dead on arrival at the hospital where he had been chief of surgery. The tragic news spread quickly through the hospital and doctors and administrators were called at their homes in the early morning hour. They hurried to the hospital, where they were told Dr. McKee had been fatally shot.

The doctor's companion was visibly shaken, but her professional training had enabled her to keep herself under control, which proved of great aid to police.

The news of the shocking slaying brought instant action at police headquarters; a call was made to the home of Detective B. G. Whistler, top homicide investigator, who hurriedly dressed and rushed to the hospital. For him, it was familiar territory. When he had been on an earlier assignment, the hospital was on his patrol and he knew many of the officials at the hospital, as well as the woman who had been with Dr. McKee.

She had been crying and the tears did not stop when the detective sat down

with her, but she knew he needed all the information she could give him and did her best to help, explaining the incidents leading up to the time she entered the house after Dr. McKee.

She went on to tell how she had followed Dr. McKee in through the bedroom door and, when he reached a right angle of the hallway, she saw him throw up his hands and she heard a horrible scream. She described it as a gurgling as if someone were choking Dr. McKee. Then she heard a shot, she said, but did not see who had fired it or who had been choking the doctor. The angle of the hallway had cut off her view of the tragic scene.

She told of locking herself in the bathroom adjacent to the bedroom and of hearing a man talking to someone. Urged to try and recall every word she heard, she quoted the man as saying:

"Damn it, hurry up. Let's get out of here. We've got what we wanted. I've shot him; we don't have much time."

The woman said she did not recognize the voice, but it sounded to her like that of a man in his late 20s or early 30s who spoke with distinctly proper grammar in a clear voice.

She then described how she had waited in the bathroom for a while, then gone for help. The men were gone when she went out, she said, adding she had no idea what the men were after, or what they got.

An officer who had accompanied the victim to the hospital told Detective Whistler there had been no wallet in Dr. McKee's pockets. His friend said she didn't think the doctor normally carried a large sum of money on his person.

By that time, a number of people who had been at the housewarming were at the hospital and Detective Whistler talked with them. He learned there had been no trouble at the party and that Dr. McKee and his woman companion left shortly before 1 A.M.

Questions had to be asked about the doctor's background to determine if anyone might have a personal motive against him. A close friend of Dr. McKee said he had no enemies she knew of, adding, "He was one of the kindest, nicest, gentlest people I've ever known."

From his friends and officials at the hospital, Whistler was quickly able to put together a background picture of the victim.

Dr. France McKee was born in Fort Worth and graduated from Texas Christian University in 1949. In 1953, he received his MD degree from the University of Texas Southwestern Medical School in Dallas, interned at St. Joseph Hospital from 1953 to 1954, then served his surgical residence at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Dallas from 1954 to 1958.

Dr. McKee was a member of the

American College of Surgeons, a member of St. Christopher Episcopal Church and Theta Kappa Psi medical fraternity.

He was married in 1954, later was divorced and he had two daughters living with his ex-wife. Told Dr. McKee had relatives living in Fort Worth, Detective Whistler took down their names.

His friends knew the doctor's house had been burglarized several months earlier and Whistler was aware that burglars had been working in that area of the city.

From the initial information on the case, it appeared someone might have been lying in wait for Dr. McKee, but none of the large number of the doctor's friends had any idea who might have wanted to harm him . . . or why.

One man said he believed Dr. McKee usually carried a large sum of money on him, probably a few hundred dollars. That did not, however, seem to be an amount large enough to bring intruders into his home to lay in wait for him with a gun.

Detective Whistler then went to the scene of the crime, where Investigators T. A. Black and J. H. Brumbaugh had started the investigation. They pointed out to Whistler some of the obvious things they had observed.

The sliding glass door to the back bedroom had been crudely broken to gain entrance and there were traces of blood on the glass indicating someone might have been cut. Whistler was aware that experienced burglars usually do not gain entrance to houses in that manner. There are methods of opening sliding glass doors without breaking them; burglars have little difficulty in slipping out the locks.

The interior of the house was a mess; rooms had been ransacked and drawers emptied on the floor; closets were a shambles with shelves literally torn apart; mattresses had been pulled off beds and an Oriental screen had been slashed.

"They were sure looking for something," an investigator said. "You think it was narcotics?"

"I don't know," Whistler said. "Dr. McKee was a surgeon and I don't think he even dispensed narcotics, much less had them around his house."

"That might be true," the other investigator said. "But maybe the intruders didn't know that. They might have come here knowing only that a doctor lived here and, naturally, figured he kept narcotics around."

"No, that doesn't seem to hold together," Whistler said as he looked around at the rubble in the house. The woman who was with him said she heard one of them say they got what they wanted. That means they got something from Dr. McKee. His wallet is missing. That's the only thing I can think of they took from him. He wouldn't carry narcotics

on him and they had gone through the house before he got here."

The officers were in the living room and Whistler's attention was caught by something at the piano. The piano bench had been turned around and there was a soft drink bottle and a small piece of sausage on the piano. It appeared someone had turned the bench around and sat there eating and drinking, obviously watching the front of the house—and waiting. The front drapes were drawn, but, from a seat at the piano bench, an intruder could view the street.

One investigator pointed out that "hopped-up" burglars, anxious for narcotics, might break in crudely, mess up the house and wait.

Detective Whistler appeared in deep thought, however, as he rubbed his jaw and looked around the house. Then he walked to the spot where the body had lain in the den, just off of the hallway. He followed a trail of blood from that point through the house to the door of the back bedroom and out to Dr. McKee's automobile. There was blood on a door handle, but none inside the car.

**WHISTLER** returned to the house and resumed his search, centering his attention on a small coffee table in the den when he spotted a small piece of metal lying on it. It proved to be a bullet.

"This must have gone clear through the doctor," Whistler said. The woman said only one shot was fired. We haven't got a full medical report yet, but it appears Dr. McKee was shot once."

"It must have ricocheted around and landed on the table," an investigator theorized.

Whistler nodded, but once more tried to figure out the blood pattern in the house and outside. "If the guy cut himself on the glass, why didn't he bleed in the living room while he waited?" Whistler wondered aloud.

"Maybe he aggravated the cut while struggling with the doctor in the hallway?" another officer suggested.

As more officers arrived at the scene, they were sent to neighboring homes to ask questions. But none of the neighbors reported seeing anyone break into the doctor's house, or make a getaway. Some of the neighbors had come home late, but none had noticed any strange cars on the street. The officers' reports were brought back to Detective Whistler at the house, where he still was showing amazement at its ravaged condition. "It looks like a tornado hit it," he said. "They tore the place apart. They were desperately looking for something."

"Burglars looking for dope can act like that," an investigator commented.

"Yes, but something about that angle doesn't fit," Whistler said. "Those boys generally know that doctors don't keep narcotics in their homes anymore. And

Dr. McKee was a surgeon. Anyone who set up a burglary for narcotics figures to have known that. They don't just pick out doctors' houses at random; a man can be a doctor of many things. And Dr. McKee was well known in this town as a surgeon."

"And you're sure they waited for him?" an officer asked.

"You can see some of the evidence," the detective said. "And they surely must have known when Dr. McKee and his friend arrived. They pulled the car around the back. The burglars easily could have run out the front door and gotten away without being seen by the doctor or the woman. But they chose to wait for him. They must have been looking for something they didn't find and figured he might have it on him."

"Maybe they planned to force him to tell them where it was, then shot him in a struggle that got out of hand?" an officer suggested.

By that time, it was getting light outside. Detective Lloyd LeFils, Whistler's partner, arrived at the scene to join in the investigation and Whistler filled him in on the case. They went to the linen closet in the hallway and found two rifles and a pistol, plus indications that the closet had been searched.

"Well, they weren't interested in guns," LeFils commented.

The suggestion was advanced that the intruders perhaps were interested only in Dr. McKee and that the house had been ransacked as a ruse to conceal the real motive which was the murder of Dr. McKee.

"Why would anybody want to kill Dr. McKee?" an officer asked the detectives.

"Well, we're going to have to check on his friends and associates to see if anyone can suggest a reason," one detective replied.

When police technicians arrived at the scene, Detective Whistler pointed out that it was important to look for fingerprints and to get blood samples. The lab men also were given the slug found on the den table.

"Looks like a .38," one said. "It's been damaged . . . probably hit some bone."

"You think it's in good enough condition for a test if we find the murder weapon?" Whistler asked.

"Can't tell yet."

As friends and relatives of Dr. McKee arrived at the house, police were kept busy asking questions about the victim. The newcomers understood the necessity for the inquiries and they talked about the doctor and what they knew about his private life. Reportedly, he had dated several women after his divorce, but there had been no hint of scandal in his activities.

"Would he keep anything of great value in the house?" one officer asked the new arrivals.

"He had a lot of expensive things here, but nothing of value to a burglar," one man replied. "He put a lot of money in his furniture. I don't think he kept any large amount of cash on hand. He carried a few hundred dollars, that's all. And he didn't have any jewelry."

What jewelry the doctor had quickly was accounted for either on his person or in the house. Then his friends looked at the guns—Dr. McKee liked to hunt—found in the closet. One mentioned a fourth gun Dr. McKee owned, a .41-caliber Magnum pistol, given to him by another doctor. It was missing.

"Maybe that was the gun used to shoot him," an officer suggested.

Detective Whistler shook his head, saying ballistic evidence indicated a gun of different caliber was used in the shooting. About that time, word came from the hospital describing the wound that killed Dr. McKee. The bullet apparently had entered the body on the left side of the chest, midway between the armpit and hip, then emerged on the opposite side. Dr. McKee also had sustained a head injury, which could have been received when he was hit over the head or fell to the floor, hospital authorities reported.

At the same time, a spokesman for St. Joseph Hospital administration issued a statement to the press:

"We are deeply grieved and shocked by the news of the tragedy. Dr. France McKee was a respected member of our medical staff and gave generously of his service. We feel that this is a great loss to the community.

"He has been a member of our medical staff for the past 12 years and has served as chief of surgery section of our medical staff since January 1, 1970."

AS more doctors who had known the victim arrived at the crime scene, detectives questioned them about narcotics. They were told Dr. McKee was not believed to have kept narcotics in his home or office.

"I remember when he wanted something for a toothache, he went to another doctor for it," police were told by one man. "As a surgeon, he would not have any narcotics around."

When the search of the house was completed, nothing had been found that the killer might have dropped. But fingerprint men had lifted a number of specimens, which were to be checked against those of the victim and people who recently had been in his house. Blood samples also were taken.

News of the slaying had alarmed the neighborhood and a message that was received at police headquarters was relayed to Detective Whistler at the scene.

"A woman just called in and said she saw something suspicious out in that neighborhood yesterday afternoon,"

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Whistler was told by the HQ officer. "Something about a guy in a car with a walkie-talkie. Here's her name and address."

Whistler and LeFils went to a house on the next block and a woman invited them inside. "Yes, I'm the one who called the police department," she said. "I figured you might be interested in what I saw."

The woman told them that on the previous afternoon, while bringing her children home from school, she had passed a small park about a block from the McKee home. There, she had noticed two men, strangers to her, sitting under a tree. She said she was certain the pair did not live in the immediate neighborhood. As she drove along Hartwood, she next noticed an unfamiliar car parked near the McKee residence.

"What really attracted me to it was that the man sitting in the car was holding a walkie-talkie," she said. "And we've had a lot of burglaries around here."

She said she took a good look at the license number and, as soon as she got in the house, wrote it down. She handed the detectives the slip of paper which bore a Texas number.

"You recall what kind of car it was?" Whistler asked.

The woman said the car was white and not new, but that was about all she could say about it.

The detectives thanked her and walked back to the McKee house. A few minutes later, the phone rang again.

"We just got another call from someone out there," Whistler was told by the HQ officer. "A man said he saw some suspicious men with walkie-talkies."

Whistler took down another name and address and, once more, he and LeFils drove to another house where a man was waiting for them. He said he had been driving along Hartwood the previous afternoon and seen a stranger on the street and another in a car, each holding walkie-talkies. He, too, was suspicious and took down the license number.

"It was a Buick or Pontiac, a white car," he said. "Here's the license number."

The detectives looked at the notation he had made. It was the same number given them by the woman.

The officers rushed back to the McKee house and called headquarters, asked for an immediate check on the license number. A short time later, they got a report that the number was registered for a 1961 white Pontiac, owned by a Jack Worthington of a Dallas ad-



dress. There was no police record for Jack Worthington in Fort Worth, they were told, nor had Dallas police listed the car as stolen in their city. (Dallas and Fort Worth police routinely exchange stolen car reports.)

By then, it was late in the day and more people who had known Dr. McKee came to the house and the detectives questioned them. Then the house was locked up and the detectives drove to police headquarters to report to Detective Lieutenant Oliver Ball what they had put together on the case. It was decided that Whistler and LeFils should go to Dallas the next morning to follow up the lead on the white car.

Next, the homicide investigators were briefed on reports from the burglary division. Three houses had been burglarized between noon and 9 P.M. the previous day; all had been ransacked. A house on Balboa Drive had been broken into and reported taken there were guns, pistols, cameras, luggage and a mink coat. The other two houses burglarized were on Kimberly and Keswick.

"Anybody get any leads on walkie-talkies at those places?" Detective Whistler asked.

"Nope, nothing like that here," an officer answered. "But there might be a connection."

"Maybe," Whistler said. "But probably not. They were waiting for Dr. McKee... they sat there and waited."

The detectives discussed the background information on the victim and agreed that they could not rule out the possibility that the doctor deliberately had been killed and that an attempt had been made to throw suspicion on a burglar.

"We'll just have to keep checking with people who knew him," one said. "Maybe a lead will turn up. The white car and the walkie-talkie leads might have no connection with the killing, but they certainly are something we'll have to follow up all the way."

Saturday morning, Whistler and LeFils drove to Dallas, picked up a Dallas detective, then drove to the address listed for Jack Worthington. It was a small house on the north side of the city. A woman answered their knock, listened with surprise to the police questions, then told the officers that Jack Worthington had died early in the year.

Questions were asked about his white Pontiac and the woman explained that the car had been traded in not long after Mr. Worthington's death. She gave the detectives the name of the Chevrolet agency to which it had been transferred. They drove there and talked to the manager, who looked up the record on the car.

"Yes, we took that car in on a trade," he said. "We wholesaled it out to a used car lot. Here's the address."

The detectives followed the trail of the white Pontiac through three used car dealers until they finally were told by the last one:

"Yes, I sold that car. Here's the record..."

The detectives saw that the car had been sold to a man named Allan Mallory. They took down his address and were on their way again. It was almost noon when they reached the address, a house on the west side, which proved to be the home of relatives of Allan Mallory. There, the detectives were told Mallory had moved months earlier and his relatives did not know where he was living.

Next, the detectives drove to Dallas police headquarters where Mallory's name was run through the record files. A connection was made and a file soon was being examined by the officers.

"Yep... same fellow," one said. "Allan Mallory of that address... age 29, a welder... long record of arrests for burglary and two convictions. He's out now... out straight, not on parole."

**A**LL of the arrests on Mallory's record had been made in Dallas. Local detectives, who had handled the cases, were called in and they discussed men with whom he was known to associate. All were locals; he had no known connections in Fort Worth.

"He might have made some new contacts recently," one Dallas officer said. "And maybe he figured he'd try something in Fort Worth after being picked up here so many times. We'll start checking on the men we know he used to run with."

"And if you pick up that car let us know," Whistler said.

"Say... here's something recent on him," a Dallas detective said, examining the record again. "He was picked up a couple of weeks ago in a suspected narcotic raid. I think there were some pills involved. Here's the list of men we got in that raid. And one of them is from Fort Worth... a fellow named Clovis Lee Austell... Mean anything to you?"

The Fort Worth detectives were not acquainted with the name. "What do you have on Austell?" one asked the Dallas detectives.

More files were brought out. One listed Austell as 31 years old and showed he had several arrests for burglary.

"And men from our narcotic squad went over to Fort Worth a while ago with information on him," a Dallas officer added. "They teamed up with officers on your narcotic squad for a raid on Austell's home. I think they were looking for pills. Here's the address."

Whistler and LeFils drove back to Fort Worth and conferred again with Lieutenant Ball. They learned that other officers had talked to friends and asso-

ciates of Dr. McKee without developing anything, so the two detectives followed up the lead they had gotten in Dallas and drove to the address listed for Austell. It proved to be an apartment on the east side, near Loop 820.

A young woman answered the detectives' knock. She was 24 and had been arrested in the narcotic raid. The detectives knew she also had a record for bad checks. She said Austell was not there and she did not know where he was.

The detectives talked about the case as they drove back to their office. There appeared little doubt that the white Pontiac seen on Hartwood was suspect, and that they needed to talk to Allan Mallory. It was considered logical, however, that there might not be any connection with the killing of Dr. McKee.

"The method of entry was like a beginner," Whistler said. "And Mallory and the men he runs with are not beginners. And the killer obviously was waiting for Dr. McKee. Why? There are a lot of puzzles in this case. The motive could be something personal... with an attempt to make it look like burglary."

Next day, word came in to Fort Worth police headquarters that two men who had been arrested in Midland, Tex., had in their possession items believed taken in Fort Worth burglaries on Thursday. Detective LeFils was sent to Midland, in west Texas, to question the men, and assist in returning them to Fort Worth to face burglary charges.

Meanwhile, Detective Whistler was at the McKee house, with relatives of Dr. McKee, going through his papers looking for possible leads. He found no indication that the victim had kept a large sum of cash in the house.

That same day, a walkie-talkie radio was found in a ditch a few blocks from the McKee home. Police were called by the finder and they brought it to the detective bureau. No fingerprints were found on the radio.

Monday morning, several reports were received from the crime lab. Homicide detectives were told there were no fingerprints for them to work with: All identifiable prints lifted from the house had been matched to people who were friends of the doctor. However, the lab men had discovered that there was no doubt that one of the men the detectives were seeking had been injured. The blood that had been trailed through the house was of a different type than that of Dr. McKee.

Tuesday morning, Detective Whistler started out with a list of people who had known Dr. McKee and who were to be questioned. LeFils still was in Midland with the burglary suspects. Late in the morning, a call came in to headquarters that sent police rushing to Bellaire Drive, about eight blocks from

the home of Dr. McKee. A crew of men cutting trees in an esplanade there had found two pistols.

The guns were brought to police headquarters and examined. One was a .41-caliber Magnum, which Lieutenant Ball noted was the same caliber, make and model as the gun missing from the victim's home. The other gun was a Western-style .357 Magnum and its cylinder was missing.

"This is the kind of gun the Old West marshals used to carry," a detective said. "Both of these guns have a little rust on them, but they might not have been outside for more than a few days. They were probably thrown from a car in the getaway from Dr. McKee's house."

"Why do you suppose the cylinder is out of the gun?" another officer asked.

"Maybe they took it out thinking it would hinder testing the gun," he answered. "We can get another cylinder to fit and test the gun."

"It might take us a few days to match the cylinder and get the test completed," Lieutenant Ball said. "But let's get working on it."

Next day, questioning of people who knew Dr. McKee continued, while the two burglary suspects were returned from Midland. They gave alibis for Thursday night which cleared them from suspicion in the slaying.

**T**HE doctor who had given Dr. McKee the .41 Magnum and a man from the gun store where it had been purchased originally identified the Magnum pistol found by the tree cutting crew as the one belonging to the victim. Shortly, a cylinder was obtained to fit the other gun and experts went to work fitting the gun together in preparation for testing it.

Meanwhile, Fort Worth detectives continued to look for Clovis Lee Austell. They asked questions around the city and, although they did not find him, they picked up some interesting information about the man.

"We were told he was seen with a bandage on his hand last Friday . . . after the killing . . . and he didn't have the hand bandaged prior to that," a detective reported to Lieutenant Ball. "I sure wish we could find him. He's the Fort Worth connection to that white Pontiac seen near Dr. McKee's house on Thursday afternoon."

Thursday morning, when Whistler and LeFils got to their office, Lieutenant Ball had another lead for them to follow. A man who had a record for burglary in Dallas and Fort Worth had been arrested in Dallas and he had a gun in his possession. "It's the same caliber as the one used to shoot Dr. McKee," Ball said. "Take a run over there and see what you can find out."

In Dallas, the detectives went to the

detective bureau and were given the pistol.

"Does the guy who had this gun have anything to say about where he was last Thursday night?" Whistler asked the Dallas officers.

"He made a statement and we're working on it," one replied.

"Anything new on Allan Mallory?" Whistler asked.

"Oh, yes! We were going to call you about it. We grabbed him and another guy in a burglary last night . . . caught them in a loan company office."

"How about the white Pontiac?" LeFils asked.

"We haven't found that."

Whistler and LeFils had a lot of work to do in Dallas that day and it was late in the afternoon before they returned to Fort Worth. They brought with them the gun taken from the burglary suspect and Mallory and the 19-year-old youth arrested with him.

After a lengthy discussion of the McKee case in the detective bureau, officers were sent out to bring in the young woman who had been living in Austell's apartment. She was there, but not Austell.

Next morning, detectives again went over the information they had gained the previous day.

"Allan Mallory won't say anything about what his car was doing out in Tanglewood last Thursday," a detective said. "But we got some answers from the others. It appears to stack up this way: Somebody got the idea Dr. McKee had \$20,000 in cash in his home.

"Anyway, the information we got is that Austell heard about it and thought a big haul could be made there. He got a group together, which included Mallory, the 19 year old and a young friend of his and they came down here last Thursday. Austell, Mallory and the 19 year old went out to Tanglewood to case the house and test the range of their walkie-talkies.

"When they got back to Austell's apartment, according to what we got, there was an argument between Austell and the friend of the 19 year old and Austell reportedly pulled a gun, which we were told was an old-style Western one that fits the description of the one found on Bellaire Drive.

"Anyway, maybe the argument had something to do with it, but we were told the 19 year old and his friend quit the gang and went back to Dallas and were there that night.

The detective continued his summation of the information: "Our information is that the other two . . . Austell and Mallory . . . were involved in breaking into Dr. McKee's house. . . . They searched for the big money they thought was there and, when they didn't find it, they waited for McKee.

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"We were told Austell had a banded hand after that, but it wasn't from broken glass. We were told the bullet went through Dr. McKee and then through Austell's hand. It probably wasn't a very serious wound for we checked all the hospitals around here and he didn't show up at any of them."

A pickup order soon went out for Clovis Lee Austell, age 31, 5 feet, 10 inches tall, 165 to 170 pounds, with tattoos on both arms and with blondish red hair.

Later, the crime lab made a report on the ballistics examinations: The gun brought in from Dallas was ruled out in the McKee case, but the .357 Magnum found on Bellaire had been test-fired.

Technicians reported that the test firings had disclosed similar markings on the slugs as on the slug found in the victim's home. However, the latter slug had been damaged, so no definite comparison could be made.

Detectives continued their investigation, but, two days later, police announced that the 24-year-old woman, who had been held as a material witness, had been released. Also, the two men were being returned to Dallas police custody to face burglary charges there.

Officers said Allan Mallory still was a suspect in the McKee case, but the arrest of another man was needed to complete the investigation. It also was revealed that Mallory faced burglary charges and Fort Worth police could get him when they wanted him.

As the hunt continued for Austell, detectives continued working on other phases of the investigation. An oil company credit card that had been issued to Dr. McKee was found by three youths in a gutter in the 3200 block of West Berry. Subsequently, the white Pontiac belonging to Allan Mallory was found abandoned in a Dallas suburb.

Detectives then learned that the 24-year-old girlfriend of Austell had left Fort Worth, reportedly to join him.

During the next few weeks, detectives picked up various rumors concerning

Austell, who purportedly was moving around in various cities north of Fort Worth. Meanwhile, Allan Mallory received a nine-year sentence on the burglary charge in Dallas and was sent to the state penitentiary at Huntsville.

As the summer heat came to Fort Worth, police continued to receive various reports on the whereabouts of Austell, but none of the rumors indicated he was back in Fort Worth. By that time, more than seven months had passed since Dr. McKee was shot and still the manhunt continued. Police speculated on where Austell might be.

"If he gets involved in any trouble anywhere, we'll get word of it," a detective said.

It was Wednesday, November 4, before the Fort Worth detectives was proved correct. The word came from police in Texarkana, Ark. Austell was in custody there!

Detective Sergeant Dan Sewell of Texarkana informed Fort Worth officers that the information leading to the suspect's arrest started to come in about 3:30 P.M. on Tuesday, when a car went out of control and overturned on Highway 71 South, about 15 miles east of Texarkana.

When officers from the Miller County sheriff's department got to the scene of the accident, they found the car badly wrecked, with blood inside and no one about. Witnesses said two men and a woman were observed hitchhiking from the scene toward Texarkana.

Later that day, city police received a call from an employee at a motel. He wanted to know if there had been an accident in which people had been hurt because two men and a woman just had checked in there and two of them appeared injured.

By that time, the wrecked car had been checked out and found to have been stolen in Oklahoma, so Sergeant Sewell and Detective John Butler went to the motel with two patrolmen. When Sewell knocked on the door of the trio's room, he heard people moving about in-

side, so he called out, identifying himself as a policeman.

One of the men inside then tried to go out a side window, but saw officers there and went back into the room and closed the window. Then the door was opened and the detectives entered the room, taking two men and a woman into custody.

One of the men was identified as Clovis Lee Austell. The other was a 31-year-old Dallas man and the woman was identified as the 24-year-old woman police had found in March in Austell's apartment.

Fort Worth police were informed by the Texarkana officers that burglary tools had been found in the wrecked car, as well as items indicating that the occupants of the car had traveled through a number of states.

Detectives Whister and LeFils drove to Texarkana and, later that day, the information they obtained was related to Fort Worth. It was reported that Austell had cut his little finger in the accident. The finger also had been disfigured in a previous incident, apparently months earlier and police speculated it could have been injured by the bullet that took Dr. McKee's life.

The next day, Clovis Lee Austell was charged with murder in connection with the death of Dr. A. McKee. The charges were filed in Peace Justice W. W. Matthews' court. Austell refused to waive extradition to Texas and was locked in the Miller County Jail in Texarkana, where charges of auto theft and illegal possession of burglary tools were on file against him.

At this writing, Austell is in jail awaiting action on the charges against him. Allan Mallory is in prison, serving a burglary sentence, while authorities are continuing their work on the case of the death of Dr. France A. McKee. ■

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The names Jack Worthington and Allan Mallory are not the actual names of the persons involved in this article.*

## WANTED: FOR MURDER . . . ULYSSES S. GRANT? continued from page 41

move in like that, they became stubborn about their rights. "It's a commune, isn't it?" Jim asked.

Grant said that it was, but explained that they couldn't move in without clearing it with him first.

"We're as good as anybody else," Mollie said. "And besides, Robert Copeland doesn't mind. Do you, Robert?"

"They're okay," Robert said.

Robert had been on the commune for some time, but neither Ulysses nor anybody else knew much about him. He was 27 or 28 years old, clean shaven with shoulder length hair—a Texas native who'd lived for a while in New York and

who had been in prison several times on narcotics charges.

Ulysses S. Grant said it was up to him, as sheriff, to decide who could live there and who couldn't.

"Well, what do you want us to do?" Jim Rogers asked.

Ulysses S. Grant said he wanted them to leave.

"But we have no place to go," Mollie said.

Ulysses suggested that they find someplace and went back to his own house.

In three years he's spent at Ojo de las Casas, Ulysses had learned that the success of running a commune depended

on organization and discipline. When he'd first set the place up, he'd let anybody drift in or out, no questions asked. At the start, it never occurred to him that a commune couldn't include everybody who came by and wanted to take part in it.

After a while, he learned that too many of them were disruptive and argumentative. Too many were completely shiftless and refused to help with the work that had to be done. Grant began to make a few rules, gradually getting things better organized and being selective about who could become part of the commune.

He gave Mollie and Jim Rogers a few days to find a new place to live, then

went to them again to ask if they were ready to leave.

"No." Jim said flatly.

Mollie looked at Grant and shook her curtain of long hair. "No" she said.

Ulysses S. Grant could see that they were firmly entrenched in the house with Robert Copeland and it made him angry. He reminded them that they'd been told to find someplace else and that he meant what he said.

Later that day, Grant discussed the problem with 47-year-old George Ornas, another regular at the commune who often intervened in arguments and did his best to preserve the peace. Ornas was mild mannered, very quiet and painfully thin. He spent most of his time pecking at his typewriter and though he was too introverted to show his writing to anybody or even to discuss it, Grant and the others assumed that he was working on a book. They knew that Ornas had come to the commune a broken man who had been destroyed by his wife's death. Even then, four years after that event, Ornas often would lapse into terrible sobbing.

Before the tragedy, he'd lived a normal, active life. A native of Spain, Ornas had moved with his parents to Mexico and later to the U.S. During World War II, he had risen to the rank of master sergeant, although he was a citizen of Mexico. After the war, he got married, moved to Albuquerque, attended a business college and became a computer punch card operator.

**F**OR a time he also managed an Albuquerque rooming house and bicycled cheerfully between his two jobs and his house. Then on December 7, 1966, his wife was found dead in their apartment, a death caused, in the corner's words, by "aspiration of foreign matter." It was a blow from which Ornas never recovered. He quit his jobs and eventually moved into the commune where he spent his time writing, brooding and keeping the peace. Ulysses S. Grant respected his sorrow and his need for solitude.

"I don't think you should be upset about Mollie and Jim Rogers," Ornas told Grant. "They're not causing any trouble."

Grant insisted he didn't want them to stay.

"Maybe they'll go soon," Ornas suggested. "It isn't always easy to find a place to live."

Grant mentioned that fact that there were other communes.

"Yes, but they're already on this one."

Jim and Mollie Rogers were only a part of Grant's problem. He had his political life to consider and running for governor became complicated when he lost his bid for the primary. Instead of giving up the idea, he campaigned as an independent write-in candidate. He was

a colorful figure riding barefoot on his white horse, talking to everybody up and down the state, urging them to vote for him.

There were two issues he deeply cared about. One was ecology. Grant was eager to tell people that they had to preserve the balance of nature, that they had to stop destroying the world around them.

Typical of his feelings on the subject was his encounter with Dr. Eva Wallen, the district director of public health in Albuquerque. When there had been an outbreak of plague at nearby Placitas, she'd suggested to him that he spray the place for fleas. But Grant became excited and upset at the idea and wouldn't hear of it. He was firmly opposed to any kind of insecticides, no matter what the circumstances. It was a matter of principle.

The other subject in his campaign was drugs, another issue with which he had been concerned for a long time. In the three years that he'd lived in New Mexico, he'd dropped in on Governor David Cargo about a half dozen times, mostly to discuss the fact that firmer legislation was needed against hard drugs. It was clear to Governor Cargo that Ulysses was a highly educated person who knew what he was talking about. The Governor, overlooking the fact that Grant was a hippie and had given himself a bizarre name, was willing to take him seriously.

The truth of the matter was the Ulysses S. Grant had not started life with that name. He'd been christened Donald at birth and he'd been born to parents whose last name was equally unstartling and anonymous. He was the only child of a "fine respectable family," according to neighbors in the comfortable section of Baltimore Md. where he grew up. His father, who was in the wholesale meat business, entered real estate in the 1950s

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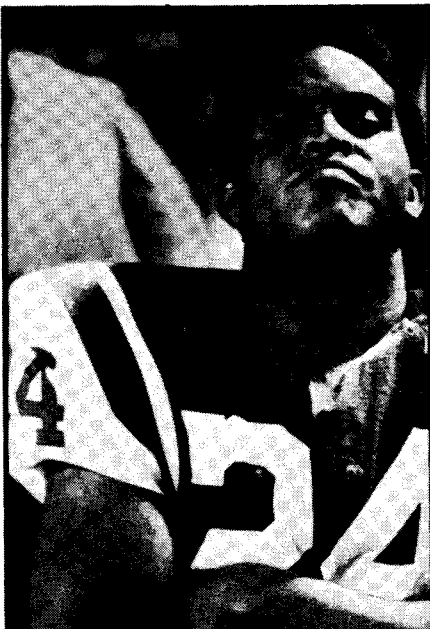
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and became a broker with a large Baltimore firm. The family adopted two other children, a girl who grew up to marry and raise a family of her own and a boy who later went into the wholesale meat business.

But Donald was not destined to follow in their footsteps. As a child, he went to church on Sunday, attended Sunday school, was a Boy Scout and, for the most part, did well in school. As a youngster, he gave only two causes for concern—he was something of a loner and, although he got straight A's in subjects that interested him, he did almost no work at all in the subjects that bored him.

He worked his way to Life Scout, one rank below Eagle, and at the age of 14 taught nature classes to other Scouts in the troop. He also was mechanically inclined and was able to strip and rebuild cars by reading directions from a manual. Out of his hobby came another—making weldings sculpture. He also became a competent taxidermist and although he didn't like to kill animals, he was glad to practice on those that people gave him.

His varied interests and natural abilities as a student got him through City High School in what appeared to be a perfectly normal way. After his graduation in 1955, he joined the Air Force and there his troubles began. He was sent to Carabou, Ma., where he worked, according to his father, "in some kind of underground missile plant" then, in the summer of 1957, he went AWOL.

He disappeared for three and a half months, finally calling his father from Oregon to ask for \$5000 to set him up in business with a man he'd met the day before. His father begged him to come home and the next day his parents met him at the Baltimore airport. They urged him to give himself up, explaining that during the whole time he'd been AWOL, they'd been plagued by Military Police and FBI men who kept a constant watch on their house. They were convincing. He called the military authorities and returned to the Air Force.

Early in 1958, he suffered a mental collapse and was sent to an Air Force hospital for treatment where, after studying his case, doctors recommended him for release from the Air Force. He was dismissed with a general discharge under honorable circumstances.

He returned home and began attending two local colleges, but his parents noticed that he was changing. He let his hair grow. "And he wrote a couple of books in long hand," his mother said. "They didn't make any sense.

"I knew he smoked marijuana and took LSD," she added. "Once when I was not at home he and some of his friends smoked pot at the house. My husband came home and smelled it and saw them."

After a while he left Baltimore, moved to California and enrolled at San Francisco State College. His parents didn't see much of him after he moved to California, but he was a brilliant student there and graduated *summa cum laude*.

Then, several important things happened. He got a job as assistant instructor in the college's behavioral sciences department, he got married and he decided that he was the reincarnation of Ulysses S. Grant. He began calling himself by that name and asked college officials to change the name on his records to U.S. Grant.

HE left his teaching post after five months and took a clerical typing job at the college which he quit seven months later, in April of 1967. He dropped out of sight for a while, showing up for just one last visit to his parents. It was a visit to remember since he told them that he was God and the reincarnation of Grant.

The visit ended with his asking to borrow a family car. He needed it, he said, because he had to go to Washington, D.C.

"What are you going to do in Washington, D.C.?" they asked him.

Talk to officials there, he explained, to see about getting General Ulysses S. Grant's pension reinstated.

The idea was too stunning for them to object to, or even to argue about. They lent him the car and that was the last they saw of him.

A short while later, Ulysses S. Grant turned up in New Mexico with his wife and settled in the commune. After he'd been there for a year, he called his parents.

"The few calls he did make home," his mother commented, "were collect and he always wanted something.

"... he called while we were having a cocktail party and asked his father to send him \$3000 to buy land for a commune in New Mexico.

His father refused on the grounds that he wanted to see what he was buying first."

Later, Grant found himself involved in a land dispute over the 38 acres used by the commune, but he continued to occupy it. Grant divorced his first wife and married his second while he was learning how to run a commune along the lines of a tight ship. It was during that time that he became interested in politics, concerned about drugs and ecology and began dropping in to talk to the governor. They were interests that culminated in his own campaign for the governorships in the 1970 elections.

He knew that he could talk to Governor Cargo about political issues and be taken seriously. It never occurred to him that he couldn't do the same with New Mexico's voters. He didn't see anything bizarre or ludicrous in considering him-

self Ulysses S. Grant's reincarnation. Why should anybody else?

As every candidate for high political office knows, campaigning is hard work. It is a full time job. Even if you take leave of whatever occupation you had before, you tend to become tired, irritable, short tempered, with frayed nerves and an instinct to snap at minor irritations you might cheerfully have overlooked before.

Ulysses S. Grant campaigned hard. He enjoyed talking to people about issues that were close to his heart. When they stopped to listen to him expound on his favorite subjects, when they turned to watch him riding down the road on Charger, he thought he was winning interest, approval, and, most important, votes. There was no way for him to judge the nature of the sensation he was causing, no way for him to see that they were merely enjoying an oddity. Diversion is rare in politics and prized in a campaign that, more often than not, is just plain dull.

But while Ulysses S. Grant was wearing himself out to win votes, he was carrying on as head of the commune as well. That was an occupation he couldn't give up, even for a short period. It was too much a part of his life.

It, too, was a full-time job. And while the campaign seemed to him to be going splendidly, affairs at the commune were coming apart at the seams. He worked as hard as ever at keeping things orderly and disciplined and he let it be known that he was still the main authority at Ojo de las Casas. He cracked the whip harder and more often than he'd ever cracked it before. Why, then, were things getting out of hand?

For one, there was the matter of Mollie and Jim Rogers. Months had gone by since he'd asked them to leave and they were still there, living next door to him with Robert Copeland. If they'd ever made a pretense of trying to find someplace else to go they were no longer bothering. They simply were refusing to leave.

It was infuriating. It was unthinkable. If he were going to run a commune, he had to be able to select the people who lived in it with him. He had to have the right to evict anybody he didn't find desirable. Yet there they were, pretty Mollie and her mulishly stubborn husband, disregarding his requests and orders, as if they were to be considered of no account.

**T**O make matters worse, they seemed to have a staunch ally in Robert Copeland. Every time Grant brought up the subject of their leaving, Robert Copeland spoke up in their favor.

"Why do they have to go?" Copeland asked. "They like it here and I like having them. What are you getting so up tight about?"

Ulysses S. Grant explained that he wasn't up tight at all.

"Then leave them alone," Robert Copeland suggested.

Grant, tired after a hard day's campaigning, found the suggestion unpalatable. He replied angry in a raised voice.

"Don't talk to me like that," Robert Copeland said. "I don't have to take that guff from you." His voice had risen to the level of Grant's.

Then Jim and Mollie joined in. They were no slouches either, it turned out, when it came to an argument, Mollie possessed the surprising ability to shout like a fishwife, although she looked as if she could never quite get her voice above a whisper.

This brought quiet little George Ornas to the scene Ornas didn't have to ask what the fight was about. He knew it was the same thing that had been going on for months. He put his hand on Ulysses S. Grant's arm and said, "Come with me. I want to talk to you a minute."

Grant looked at Ornas with respect and nodded as the others stopped shouting. Grant let himself be led away and he listened attentively while Ornas told him that he shouldn't let Jim and Mollie get under his skin that way—that they weren't worth it.

"I know you say it's not them, it's the principle of the thing that bothers you," Ornas said. "Forget the principle, even. How are you going to run a good campaign if you're so upset?"

Grant agreed that Ornas had a point. He had to conserve his energy. He wouldn't forget the principle—it was too important. But he would shelve it until after the election.

As election day approached, Ulysses S. Grant became more and more keyed up, convinced that he was running a successful campaign and had a good chance of winning. The governorship was a large stepping stone to the power and glory that once had been his, that could be his again.

The result of the November 3 general election was the most crushing blow that ever had been dealt to 32-year-old Ulysses S. Grant. At first he refused to believe the significance of the early returns as he and his wife listened to them on the small transistor radio in the kitchen of their house. Then, later the appalling truth began to dawn on him. But it wasn't until the polls were closed and the last votes counted that he knew the extent of his abysmal failure.

Ulysses S. Grant had garnered six votes for the office of governor in New Mexico.

In a fury of disappointment, he lashed out at Mollie and Jim Rogers. He'd had all that he could take from them. He was going for a walk. When he returned, he wanted to find them gone—for good.

Ulysses S. Grant went for a long walk that helped to cool his temper. When he

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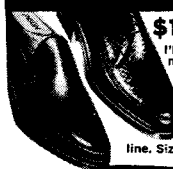
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returned, he went to his own house first, like a reasonable man, instead of storming next door to see if his order had been carried out. He was surprised to find his good-tempered, cheerful wife on the point of tears.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

She led him to their bedroom door. Their king-sized bed was gone. The mattress was on the bare wooden floor.

He looked from her to the mattress without comprehension. He didn't understand, he said. What had happened?

She alledgedly explained that while he was gone, Robert Copeland and Jim Rogers had come in and taken their bed. They had dumped the mattress on the floor and walked out with the bed.

She was so upset that it seemed more important to comfort her than to take any immediate action about the theft. He held her in his arms and dried her tears. Possession weren't important, he reminded her. There was no point in weeping over a lost bed. That night they slept on the floor and discovered that it was much more comfortable than their bed had been. They agreed to keep the arrangement and Grant improved it by putting a board under the mattress.

When he finally went next door, Jim, Mollie and Robert were in a mood of open difference. Ornas intervened again, suggesting that everybody calm down.

"There are other things in life beside this silly fight," Ornas told Grant. "All the things you campaigned for are more important. Are you just going to forget about them because you lost the election?"

Ulysses S. Grant told him there was still work he could do in spite of the fact that he hadn't been elected. He got busy and rounded up six other commune leaders from Taos and Rio Arriba Counties who were concerned about the drug problem and talked them in going with him to see Governor Cargo.

At that meeting, Grant told Cargo: "People keep stopping at Placitas because they think I peddle drugs. And I don't. And I know how bad hard drugs can be." He emphasized the importance of the legislature appropriating more money for stronger drug laws.

**N**OT long after, he arrived home one day to find his kitchen looking different. It took him a moment to realize that the table where he and his wife ate all their meals was no longer there. It had been stolen. He hadn't missed the bed so much, but they needed the table to eat on.

Then, on Tuesday, December 1, 1970, he left his house and went to the abandoned building he used for an office. It was a good place to work when he wanted to concentrate on something without the distractions of a wife and child. It was a place where he could close the door and enjoy the luxury of

solitude. When he go to the building he stopped dead in his tracks and his jaw dropped in astonishment. The door was gone. This time, they'd gone too far. They'd stolen his last drop of privacy and quiet.

Rushing to his car, Grant drove to the Sheriff's office in Bernalillo. When he got there, he explained his problem to Sandoval County Sheriff Emilio Montoya and Undersheriff Polo Baca.

"First they stole my bed, but I didn't care about that. Then they stole my table and I needed that to eat on. Now, this morning, they stole the door to my house. How can I stop that?"

Undersheriff Baca advised Grant to file charges. Grant thought it over for a moment, shook his head and said, "I hate to get involved in court cases."

He returned to the commune, fuming because his hands were tied in so many ways, but determined to put a stop to the thievery himself. He rushed into Robert Copeland's house and let everybody know how he felt, no holds barred.

Retaliation was not long in coming. A short time later, about 3:30 P.M., he found all the windows in his house smashed and broken. He called the sheriff's office to describe the new damage and again was told that he would have to file charges if he wanted the law to do anything about it.

He still wasn't sure that he wanted to take the case to court, but an hour later he returned to Bernalillo and explained that he wanted to file charges against Robert Copeland and Jim Rogers for assaulting his wife, as well as for the other offenses. He filed the charges and left.

At about the same time, the sheriff's office got a call from Jim Rogers at the commune. "In the fight that went on here a short while ago, Ulysses S. Grant assaulted my wife," Rogers complained.

It sounded messy—angry men venting their anger on each other's wives. Undersheriff Baca drove to the commune to see what was going on. Mollie Rogers told him that Ulysses S. Grant had picked up the door he accused them of stealing and hit her with it. "He was so mad he could have killed me with it," she said.

Baca examined Mollie, but failed to find any cuts or bruises. "Where are Grant and his wife right now?" Baca asked them.

"They're not around at the moment," Jim said. "I don't know where they are."

While driving back to Bernalillo, Baca saw Mrs. Grant walking along the road with her child. He stopped to ask her where she was going and what she was doing.

"I took off," she said and continued walking.

It seemed a fairly reasonable thing to do under the circumstances and Baca let her go without more questions. If

the officers thought the incident was closed, however, they were badly mistaken, for at 7:30 P.M., they got a call from a woman who lived a mile down the road from the commune. "My husband and I were sitting in the living room when this hippie ran to the house screaming hysterically," she said. "We could hear him run to the house screaming and our dogs began to bark. 'Help, I need help!' he screamed. 'Ulysses is shooting.'

"We went outside and asked him where the shooting was and he said, 'down by the lower farm.' My husband told me to call you and the State Police. He's outside with the hippie, waiting for you to come."

**S**HERIFF's officers and State Police were on the scene a few minutes later. The unidentified hippie of the woman's phone call was waiting for them when they got there. It was Jim Rogers, frightened but unhurt.

He told officers that as he, Robert Copeland and George Ornas had walked down to the water hole 50 yards from Ulysses S. Grant's home to fill a watering can, Grant began firing at them with a rifle. He and Ornas had managed to get about 125 yards down a dirt road before Robert Copeland was struck by a bullet.

"I'm hit," Copeland shouted.

Jim Rogers continued to run as Copeland fell. He hadn't seen what happened to Ornas after the shooting started.

He led the officers to the water hole where they immediately found the body of George Ornas. Frail, peace-making, 47-year-old Ornas had been shot twice, once in the back, once in the face.

Jim Rogers was completely shaken by the sight. Hadn't those bullets been meant for him? Wasn't he staring at the victim of a killing that, except for some miracle, would surely have been his? The sight of Ornas left him so unhinged that he lost his bearings and was unable to remember where he'd been when Robert Copeland was hit.

It took them almost an hour more to find Copeland's body, although it was only 50 yards from the spot where Ornas had fallen. Copeland also had been shot twice, once in the back, once in the face.

When the bodies had been removed for autopsies, Jim Rogers was taken into custody by the sheriff's office and jailed on the three misdemeanor charges filed by Grant for larceny, criminal trespass and criminal destruction of property. Meanwhile, roadblocks had been set up on all the main roads. Officers believed that Grant was making his getaway in a station wagon, possibly heading toward Taos. Albuquerque-based State Police immediately issued a wanted bulletin for Ulysses S. Grant in connection with the shootings.

It was too dark to search the field where the bodies had been found, but early the next morning a search yielded a casing from a .32-caliber gun.

A short time later, a nearby farmer told police that Grant had come to him the previous afternoon and asked to borrow his .32-caliber Winchester rifle. He'd used it many times before and the farmer lent it to him without hesitation. That morning, when he'd gotten up, he said, he discovered the rifle had been returned and was leaning against the side of the house. The rifle and spent casing were sent to the state ballistics laboratory for testing.

That day, a full scale search was launched for Ulysses S. Grant, with officers concentrating on hippie communities in Albuquerque, Taos and Sante Fe. They also began looking for Grant's wife, who last had been seen walking down the road with her little boy.

Later that day, Mollie Rogers gave the lawmen some information which shed a little light on Georg Ornas' murder. Mollie told officers that she had been in a building about 200 yards from the murder scene when the shooting began. She said she heard the first volley of

shots shortly after the three men walked to the water hole. She remained in the building to hide because she was frightened.

She believed that Ornas ran to a neighbor's to call for help. Twenty minutes passed before she heard the next volley of shots which took place when Ornas returned to see if he could help Copeland.

On Thursday, her husband, Jim Rogers, was released from jail. The charges against him were dismissed by Magistrate Joe B. Martinez when Grant failed to appear at the hearing.

At this writing, the wide spread search for Ulysses S. Grant is still underway. He has been named in a murder warrant charging him with Copeland's death, since police had a witness only to that shooting. Officers feel confident that Ulysses S. Grant is still somewhere in the area and that his capture is imminent.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The names Jim and Mollie Rogers are not the actual names of the persons who were in fact participants in the incidents described in this article.*

## A \$1000 BURN FOR FREE continued from page 45

in front. His quick action minimized the damage and the owner was fully compensated for the loss by insurance. Then officers also were told that, when the fatal fire struck on June 5, the restaurant was insured for \$70,000, not including the fishing shack.

"Do you know anyone who would want to burn the place?" Love asked. "No."

"Anybody you've had trouble with lately, anyone trying to muscle you... any underworld figures?"

The owner repeated "no" to those questions and others and so that line of questioning concerning underworld characters was put aside.

Next, the records at Centre Street in Manhattan—that vast conglomeration of facts that forms the hard-core of the city's police investigative work—were consulted. But, lacking a *modus operandi*, the investigators really didn't expect to come up with a suspect.

The probe then proceeded "by the book." All bases of arson investigation were touched on. No one in the vicinity of the rather remote restaurant had seen anything suspicious that night. An appeal to the public brought forth no clues.

Fire Marshal Crowley decided he would mingle with the young crowd that had adopted the Shoals as a hangout in recent times. For the past five or six years, a motorcycle gang, composed of young men in their early 20s had frequented the place. So, too, had young non-cyclists.

The fire marshal was 36 years old, but that was belied by his youthful face. He appeared to be in his early 20s. A blond, fair-complexioned man, he dressed in dungarees and T-shirt. And, in those credentials of the young set, he began hanging around the fishing shack that had escaped the flames. Crowley also took to frequenting other youth hangouts on Shell Road and in nearby Midland Beach.

"What do you know about the Shoals Restaurant? What kind of business did they do there? What guys hung out there?" Over and over, Crowley asked the questions; nonchalantly, almost disinterestedly, in flat voice, seemingly uncaring.

By the end of June, Crowley had gotten enough answers to convince him that the arsonist had come out of the crowd of young adults who had been hanging out at the Shoals. Then the youngish-looking fire marshal began running with this crowd. And his pursuit frequently led him to points of recreation along the Jersey Shore, particularly Point Pleasant, where the young "in" crowd went.

Crowley learned of those Jersey points by saying over and over to different groupings: "I'm just out of the service. Where does a guy usually go for action?"

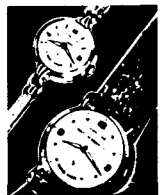
"The Point," as it is called by the younger set, is as pleasant as its name; white beaches washed by combers lively enough for body surfing, and a long boardwalk dominated by a bar and eat-

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ery. Sand and sun resort, Point Pleasant is 15 miles below Ashbury Park.

By the first week in July, Crowley was banging around the "Point." July 4th was big there, as at all beaches in the East. And during the hoopla he was introduced to a young man who had hung out at Shoals, but who hadn't been back to Staten Island for about a month.

The fellow's name was Gary Bishop, 20, who lived on Greeley Avenue, at Midland Beach, Staten Island. Bishop palled around with a Joseph Franchi, 18, of Hunter Avenue, in the Midland Beach area.

Bishop, who weighed about 160 pounds, wore Navy bell-bottoms and short sleeve turtlenecks of varied colors. In fact, Crowley never saw him in any other outfit but a variety of that getup. Both Bishop and Franchi, a 170-pounder, had brown hair.

After several days of ingratiating himself with Bishop, Crowley became accepted by the Staten Islanders. During that "break-in" period, Crowley brought Detective Love down to the Jersey Shore community and introduced him around as his friend.

Finally, at one point, Crowley steered the conversation around to the Shoals Restaurant. Feigning ignorance, the undercover man asked Bishop:

"What happened? The place burned down and I heard it was a moving place."

"Aw," Bishop reportedly told Crowley. "He [the owner] had it coming to him. I had an argument with him. He threw me out."

Marshal Crowley let it go at that because he didn't want to stir up suspicions in his new-found friend. But, at another time, he again maneuvered the talk back to that same issue.

"Why'd he throw you out, a swinging place like that?" Crowley asked.

"I like to play with fire," Bishop assertedly told the fire marshal. "I used to clown around with fire and I gave a guy in the Shoals a hotfoot with some gunpowder . . . I make my own crackers . . . and he [the owner] put me out."

**H**ASTENING to New York, Crowley learned from records at police headquarters that, in May, the New Dorp Precinct had got a complaint from the owner of the Shoals. The record showed that Bishop and Franchi had been ejected from the place on that occasion and were warned not to return to the place or they would face charges.

Crowley, Love and other detectives immediately put their newfound information to use. They began to question other "regulars" of the Shoals, many of whom they already had quizzed earlier in the investigation. From them, they learned that the "cracker" incident, the so-called "hot foot" as Bishop called it, essentially was the way the angry young

man had explained it to Crowley at Point Pleasant.

Back to the owner of the Shoals went the detectives and Crowley. They told the owner what their investigation had uncovered. With that jogging of his memory, he reportedly recalled:

"Yeah, I had been having trouble with Bishop. But not Franchi."

The owner said the pair were part of the young bunch who hung out at the place in recent years. Then, suddenly, something rang a bell in the owner's mind:

"Yeah, he [Bishop] likes fires. And he was arrested for arson once before."

Back into the files went the investigators, on that occasion to the juvenile records. There, they found that a Gary Bishop had been picked up on a juvenile complaint when he was 16. It had been handled through the Youth Squad. According to the report, a car had been set afire in Midland Beach and Bishop's family had paid for the damages to the automobile.

It was about the time officers uncovered that information, the second week in July, that Bishop and Franchi suddenly dropped from their haunts on the Jersey Shore. They already had made themselves scarce around Great Kills and Midland Beach.

Marshal Crowley and Detective Love tried all their young sources on both the Island and Jersey, but they failed to come up with a trace of either Bishop or Franchi. For two solid weeks, it was as if the pair had vanished from the face of the earth.

During the next two weeks, the police continued to delve into the background of Crowley's two new "friends." They found that Bishop had been arrested when he was 18 in New Jersey, once in Camden and another time in Trenton. Both times were for arson; the two fires occurred at commercial establishments and the question of insurance fires was raised.

But Bishop never went to trial on the charges and they later were dropped for insufficient evidence.

Then, as suddenly as they had disappeared, Bishop and Franchi were back at their usual digs at the Jersey Shore. And Bishop reportedly was flashing money around. He was fast to treat, but never an explanation of where he had been, or where the money came from. Crowley didn't press him as their friendship continued.

It wasn't every day that Crowley turned up at Point Pleasant. There was other work in the city. But he made appointments with Bishop and did spend long, leisure days at the Point. They'd bum around a bit. And talk about anything that came to mind.

By the end of August, the confidence had developed on Bishop's part into a trust. Gently pushed, he admitted that

he had been "working" during his absence.

"I did a little piece of work in Trenton, like a lumber yard," Bishop allegedly told Crowley.

Bishop also reportedly said that Franchi was in on the deal, too, and both men, according to Marshal Crowley, did a bit of bragging about the particular episode.

Bishop confided that he got \$2500 for the Trenton lumber yard torching, Crowley later reported. He quoted Bishop as saying:

"Listen, I'm a professional. There is a lot of people who know where to reach me."

All the time, Crowley and Love were keeping Lieutenant DeSario apprised of their progress in the investigation. With revelation of the New Jersey arson angles, DeSario instructed Crowley and Love to contact Jersey authorities and inform them of the development. The Garden State police officials agreed to keep in the background and let Crowley develop further evidence about the alleged Trenton arson.

**M**ARSHAL Crowley was beginning to enjoy his life at the Shore, compliments of "big spender" Bishop. It was like being on a long holiday from college, Crowley thought. And all the while, the gentle questioning continued, giving Bishop the chance to preen and strut about his big accomplishments.

On Labor Day, September 7, Crowley returned to New York—along with millions of other city dwellers—and the shore resumed its "off season" tedium. It became time for "turnabout" and Crowley, who had accepted Bishop's hospitality during the summer, invited him and Franchi to a night out with him in Manhattan.

On the night of Friday, September 11, they went to Sammy's Bowery Follies, a famed beer hall on the fabled Bowery which since has closed its doors to the public.

There, getting back to the inevitable subject, Crowley pressed hard about the Shoals. Arson was no longer a problem. The question of homicide was still an issue, however; a much larger issue.

With reference to Shoals and Trenton, Crowley said to Bishop: "You do pretty well."

"Yeah, I do all right," Bishop purportedly replied.

"Did you see the fire (at Shoals)?" Crowley asked.

"I didn't have to see it. I gave him [the owner] a \$1000 [insurance] job for nothing," Bishop allegedly replied, then laughed uproariously. Sobering, Bishop reportedly continued:

"The guy [the owner] deserved it. I wish he was killed instead of the old man."

Marshal Crowley felt a tingling sensa-

tion in the back of his neck and he was careful to sound vaguely tired as he asked:

"Did you know the old man was up there?"

Bishop toyed with his drink, shook his head and, according to Crowley, replied:

"Well, what difference did it make? Bishop reportedly asked. He was ready to die anyway."

Bishop, according to the fire marshal, made it quite clear in subsequent talk that he was furious that the owner of the Shoals would collect insurance on the fire loss.

"I usually get \$1000 for that kind of job," Bishop assertedly complained to the undercover man.

Why would he have done it so cheaply when he got \$2500 for the Trenton arson, Crowley asked pursuing the subject.

"It was a simple thing, Shoals," Bishop was quoted by Crowley as saying. "I just lobbed one of my special bombs into the window and took off. You just have to know how to use these things and place these things." Rather proudly, Bishop purportedly continued:

"My pitching arm was pretty good that night. I did the job from outside."

Then, allegedly implicating his buddy, Bishop purportedly added:

"Joey [Franchi] was waiting in the car and we just took off. It was simple."

Picking up the lead, Crowley got a fresh beer and asked: "What do you mean 'special bomb?'"

The other man then allegedly expanded, saying: "Well, when you're a pro, you got to make your mark. There's big money in this thing."

Bishop assertedly explained how he experimented with bombs, how he learned a lot from demolition manuals which he had bought in an Army surplus store and how he had a bomb workbench assembled in the basement of his home.

"Gee," Crowley said with unabashed enthusiasm, "I'd like to see that. Probably see a lot of things I never saw before. It would be very interesting."

"One of these days you can come down and take a look," Bishop proudly replied.

**M**ARSHAL Crowley went to his superiors and related to them the interesting conversation at the Bowery bar. Thus, the investigators had not only a purported admission of arson, but a confession to crass disregard for the human life that was snubbed out in the flames of the torched restaurant.

A search warrant was obtained and, on the morning of September 15, Crowley and Love, with Lieutenant DeSario, paid a visit to Bishop's home.

"Yes?" Bishop asked in surprise at the door after opening it. Before he could

utter another syllable, he was placed in handcuffs.

In the basement lab, the officers reportedly found an assortment of flammables—kerosene and gasoline in five-gallon cans; some commercial gunpowder in a ten-pound container, some fuses and timers, wiring—and the payoff—15 pounds of white commercial machinery jelly and some plastic freezer bags and some rubber balloons.

Also reportedly discovered there were some manuals explaining the workings of explosives. In a British commando manual, dated 1944, there was an elaborate explanation of how to make a bomb out of kerosene or gasoline, clear jelly, a balloon and a fuse. (EDITOR'S NOTE: *The description has been deleted here for obvious reasons.*)

Bishop reportedly admitted later that he had made one innovation in the Shoals job, using a plastic freezer bag instead of the balloon advocated in the commando manual. The freezer bag was consumed in the intense heat of the fire, leaving Crowley and other fire investigators with no visible container for the bomb.

"The British manual explained that this type of bomb is ten times more effective than the usual Molotov cocktail," Crowley explained later. "And from the evidence of the Shoals, I would believe it."

The "Molotov cocktail," popularized by Russian troops in World War II, consisted of a bottle of gasoline with a flaming rag stuck into the bottle neck as a cork. On contact, principally with a tank, the bottle would shatter and spread flaming fluid all over.

Quick to seize on any new wrinkle in their ages-old war against crime, New York City police and fire officials have made details on the jelly bomb a part of the training given all bomb squad recruits and prospective members of the fire marshal's unit. It has become a part of the city's manual of procedures. Because of Bishop, the city's fledgling fire probers will learn what World War II commandos knew of warfare fire, deadly arts previously not believed necessary in civilized cities of 1970.

Meanwhile, Bishop and Franchi were booked at New Dorp station on September 15 for arson and murder. They later were arraigned before Criminal Court Judge William T. Cowan and at this writing, are being held without bail for trial.

A Department of Corrections psychiatrist, who talked to Bishop for several days, later described him as a "pyromaniac of high degree." At the arraignment of the pair, Judge Cowan called Bishop an "animal" and he concluded a tongue-lashing with the words:

"For a grudge an old man had to die," the judge continued, "Hopefully, you'll be off the streets forever." ■

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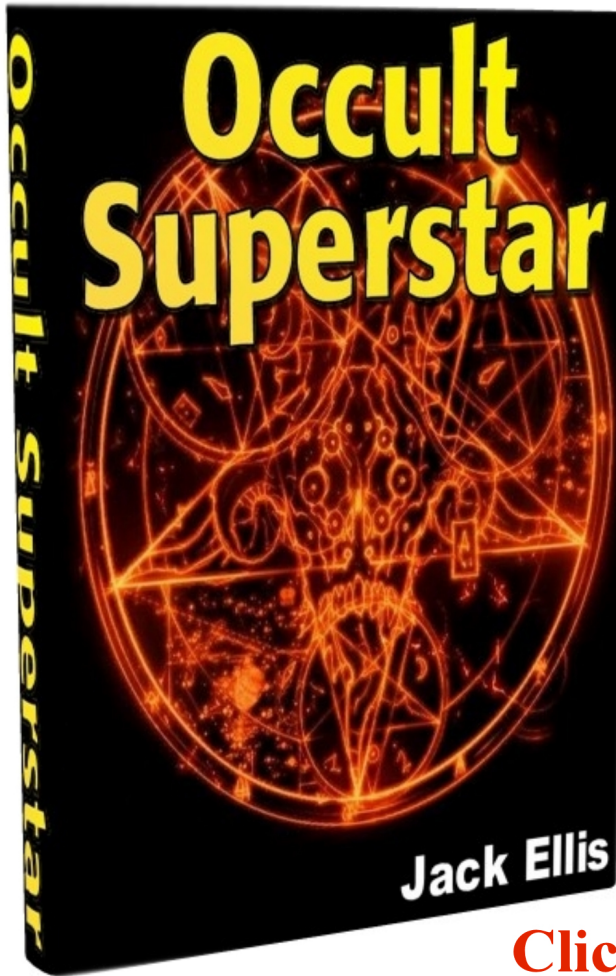
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Here's everything you need to enjoy the new world of 8-track cartridges! Precision-engineered to high Columbia standards, the System—with its solid state design and rich walnut-venyl finish—includes a Player with Program Indicator to control 4 stereo channels (8 tracks) of music that play automatically or can be switched from channel to channel with the touch of a finger. The Amplifier has right and left speaker Volume Controls, plus Tone Control to adjust bass and treble balance. The Twin Speaker Enclosures have sensitive yet heavy-duty speakers for maximum stereo fidelity. From Japan. Dimensions: Player is 8 3/4" W x 4 1/2" H x 10 3/4" D. Amplifier is 6 3/4" W x 3 1/2" H x 8 3/4" D. Each speaker is 7 1/2" W x 9 1/2" H x 4 1/4" D.

Beautiful, compact matched component system!

Here's the most advanced, most convenient, most trouble-free way for you and your family to enjoy stereo music in your home! It's the famous, 4-piece component COLUMBIA 8-TRACK TAPE CARTRIDGE SYSTEM . . . at a truly fabulous bargain price!

With the Columbia 8-Track Cartridge System, you'll have everything you need to enjoy the full stereo fidelity, plus the effortless convenience of 8-track cartridges in your home! Cartridge tapes never need rewinding, play continuously—switch automatically from track to track . . . and the System, with its two beautiful, matched speaker cabinets, provides superb stereophonic sound!

You might expect to pay up to \$99.95—even more—for this System at fine stores in your area. Yet now you may have it for only \$29.95—a price even below our own cost—when you join and buy three cartridges of your choice at the regular Club price of \$6.98 each, under terms outlined in this advertisement. Note that you may charge the System to one of your credit cards, if you wish.



# on 8-track cartridges!



**TWIN-PACKS**  
Twice the music—yet each counts as one selection

**YES, THAT'S RIGHT!** You may have any 3 of the best-selling 8-track cartridges shown here—ALL 3 for only \$1.00! That's the fabulous bargain for new members who join now and agree to purchase as few as four additional selections in the coming year. As a member you will receive, every four weeks, a copy of the Club's buying guide. Each issue offers scores of different cartridges to choose from—the best-sellers from over 50 different labels!

If you want only the regular selection of your main musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically. Or you may order any of the other cartridges offered... or take no cartridge at all... just by returning the convenient selection card by the date specified. What's more, from time to time the Club will offer some special cartridges which you may reject by returning the special dated form provided... or accept by doing nothing.

**YOUR OWN CHARGE ACCOUNT!** Upon enrollment, we will open a charge account in your name. You pay for your cartridges only after you've received them—and are enjoying them. They will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of \$6.98 (some special cartridges somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

**FANTASTIC BONUS PLAN!** Once you've completed your enrollment agreement, you'll get a cartridge of your choice FREE (plus 25¢ mailing and handling) for every two cartridges you buy! That's like getting a 33 1/3% discount from regular Club prices on all the cartridges you want, for as long as you want!

Columbia Tape Club  
a service of  
**Columbia House**  
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

## Mail this coupon today!

**COLUMBIA TAPE CLUB**

B83-8/4F

Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

Please accept me as a member of the Club. I've indicated below the three cartridges I wish to receive for \$1.00, plus mailing and handling. I agree to purchase four more selections during the coming year at the regular Club price under the terms outlined in this advertisement... and I may cancel my membership any time thereafter. If I continue, I will be eligible for the Club's generous bonus plan.

**SEND ME THESE 3 CARTRIDGES (fill in numbers below)**

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My main musical interest is (check one box only):

Easy Listening  Today's Sounds  Country

Mr.  Mrs.  Miss (Please print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Check here if you want to receive the Columbia 8-Track Tape Cartridge System for only \$29.95. Enclose your check or money order as full payment. (Complete satisfaction is guaranteed or your money will be refunded in full.) You'll be billed \$6.98 each for your first three cartridges (plus a mailing and handling charge for the cartridges and System), and you merely agree to purchase as few as twelve additional cartridges during the next two years at the regular Club price. (Be sure to indicate in the boxes above the three cartridges you want.)

If you wish to charge your System, your first three cartridges (plus mailing and handling) to a credit card, check one and fill in your account number below:

American Express  Diners Club  Master Charge  
 Midwest Bank Card  Uni-Card  BankAmericard

Account Number \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ 883-9/5S B84-1/6S



Mr. Victor suggests a much longer cigarette to go with his new hairstyles.

Now everybody will be smoking longer cigarettes to go with their new hairstyles

...almost everybody.



**Camel Filters.**  
**They're not for everybody.**  
(But then, they don't try to be.)

