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## INSIDE

# DETECTIVE

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## SLAIN GAY WITH THE LUSH LIPS TATTOO!

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BABY CRACKED THE  
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Omaha's eight-year-old mystery:  
**TEEN WAS LURED  
INTO A FATAL  
SEX FRENZY!**

Oregon's  
**BIZARRE CASE OF THE  
LOOK-ALIKE KILLER!**



With champagne, the  
**TRIO TOASTED THEIR  
SLASHED VICTIMS!**



**HELP FIND:**

**CLARK  
TOSHIRO  
HANDA**

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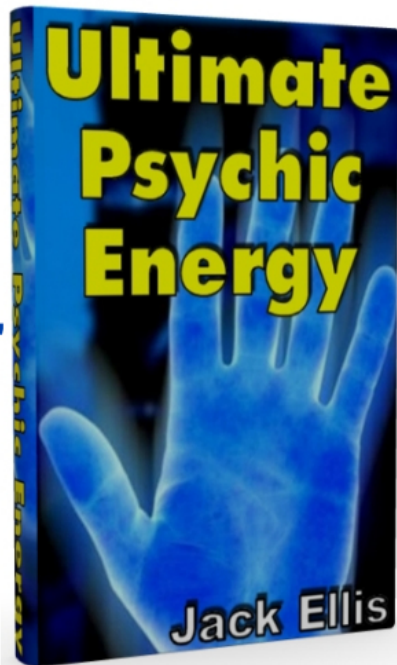
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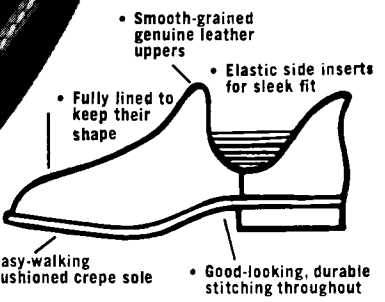
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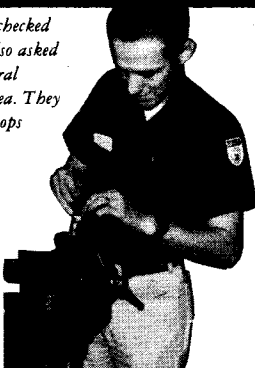


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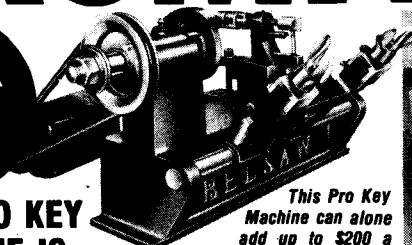
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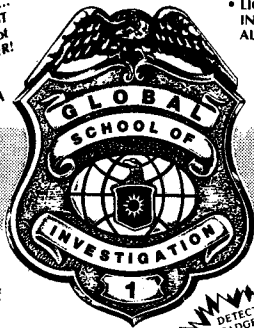


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# INSIDE DETECTIVE

SEPTEMBER 1986

VOL. 63, No. 9

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# "I Became Financially Independent In 2 Days!"

And I'll Tell You How You Can Do The Same!

"Life was absolutely miserable until I discovered a method that changed my life around in only 2 days. Before my discovery I owned nothing and was \$14,000 in debt, after my discovery everything changed. Within 2 days I became financially independent. Since then, I have acquired everything that I've desired! Listed below are a few of them:

- Just about every luxury and exotic car you can think of.
- I'm currently driving a Ferrari.
- An authentic Tudor home worth over half-million dollars.
- A high performance racing boat.
- Net worth of well over One Million Dollars.
- Freedom to go anywhere and do anything!"

## LIFE BEFORE MY DISCOVERY

There was a time when I was so broke I could not put diapers on my baby or feed my family. Maybe you are living like I was - I pray that you are not.

Today, my life is incredible, but it wasn't always that way; in fact a few months ago, I lost literally everything I had, through a bad business deal. I didn't have money for the car payment, phone bill, gas or light bill. We were living rent free in a friend's home. It was sad that I was hurting, but what was really killing me was that my family was suffering with me! Despite the disappointment of being in debt and unemployed, we kept hanging in there — looking and searching for something — anything.

I know that this sounds like a familiar song, but in my situation, the results were absolutely incredible.

In one miraculous day, everything changed. That particular day, I woke up very early. I went into the kitchen, sat down and dropped my head to the table. I was so miserable and full of hurt and grief watching the hours pass by. All of a sudden I was overcome by an incredible idea: an idea that was so strong I instantly picked up the phone. I made that one certain phone call. Just one phone call and 2 days later we were making \$8,000 a month! All I made was one phone call and in 2 days our miseries were gone forever!

## LIFE AFTER MY DISCOVERY

In the next few days, we paid off all of our debts and began buying things that even people who have worked and saved all their lives can't afford. As a symbol of my victory over defeat, I went out and bought myself a \$50,000 sports car. A few days after that I went and bought another \$40,000 sports car.

In a few months after my discovery, I asked myself where would I like to live if given the freedom and the choice. "California." So we packed up everything and moved into our dream home right by the ocean. Yes, we were doing and acting totally as we pleased. Life is incredible and it's all because of one very simple phone call.

I'm completely financially independent and have been since I began implementing my method. I have written my method in a short and simple book that takes no longer than an hour to read. I don't believe in sending you a book with a lot of PMA and hype. My book is direct and to the point. I want you, as the reader of my book, to quickly read it and then begin implementing my method so that you can end your financial problems once and for all within 2 days. That's right, in 2 days from the time you receive my book. I guarantee it.

I'm asking \$10 for the book. Not because the material of the book is worth \$10 (it's only paper and ink), but because I want you to be serious in your intent. I feel that if you send me \$10 then I'm going to have your interest to the point where you'll seriously read my method. If after reading it and trying my method, it doesn't end your financial worries in 2 days, simply send the book back for a refund. Once again, I guarantee it!

Below are my deposits for my first 5 months of operation. This can happen to you if you will follow my simple method.

September .....	\$ 92,481.65
(first month of operation)	
October .....	134,383.25
November .....	116,462.18
December .....	101,258.00
January .....	190,482.61
<b>And still climbing TOTAL</b>	<b>\$635,067.69</b>

**My method is an easy-to-follow formula that works as follows: A 3-minute phone call can make you up to \$8,000 per month income, and more, for as long as you implement the method.**

Below are just a few of the many, many testimonials that we have from everyday people that ordered my book. Notice the time in which it took them to change their lives.

## SOLID PROOF

Mike Kohler, Texas

Mike was a professional organist, living off of a very small salary. He did, however, have a desire to get ahead. He ordered my book. As a result, he claims to have been able to secure an income for himself of \$12,000 per month. The time in which it took him to do this was 2 days. In his own words; "After receiving your book, it took me 2 days to secure an income of \$12,000 per month for as long as I wanted it."

Karen Skelly, Illinois

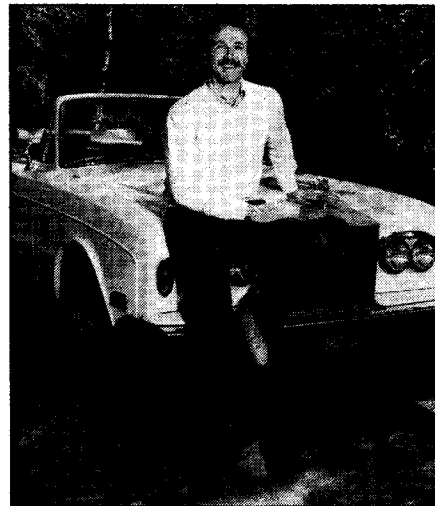
Karen is a 32 year old single woman. With only a high school education, she was pinching pennies to make ends meet. She told me that she has ordered and tried just about every money making idea on the market. She claims that our method was the only one that worked for her. She also claims to have made enough money to be financially independent. It took her 1 week to start making big money. In her own words; "I'm 32 years old with a high school education. Once receiving your book, within a few days I secured enough income to be financially independent."

Ken Smith, Saskatchewan, Canada

Ken was a construction worker. He became extremely irritated with working in the hot sun and the idea of working for someone else. As a last resort, he ordered my book. He claims to have been able to lock in an income for himself of \$12,000 per month. He did this in 18 hours. In his own words; "Within 18 hours of reading your book, I locked in an income of \$12,000 per month."

Dan Cockrell, Texas

Dan was a preacher for christianity. He left that job in hopes of finding a new job doing something where he would be his own boss. Apparently, Dan sent us his last \$10 in hopes that this would answer his prayers. It did indeed. He told us that in 3 days he had secured an income for himself of \$7,600 per month. In his own words; "I was flat broke when I received your book. After 2 days of applying your method, I locked in an income of \$7,600 per month."



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Dear Doug,

I am willing to send you \$10 on the condition that if I'm not absolutely satisfied or am not making \$8,000 in 2 days after trying your method, I can send it back at anytime for a full refund.

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## DOUBLE-LENGTH FEATURE

Eight-and-a-half years after the pretty teen disappeared on her way to a "party," probers learned the

# TEEN WAS LURED INTO A FATAL SEX FRENZY!

by FRANKLYN SHARPE

**OMAHA, NEBRASKA  
MARCH 8, 1986**

A group of men stood around an open manhole at the intersection of Abbott Drive and Airport Plaza Drive in the Owens Parkway in Carter Lake, a suburb of Council Bluffs, Iowa, at 8:30 on Monday morning, April 16, 1984.

On a sheet nearby there was a human skull.

The group consisted of Pottawattamie County Sheriff Michael Kerns, several deputies, County Attorney David Richter, County Medical Examiner Dr. Samuel Ross and two surveyors.

"Are there any more bones down there?" Kerns asked the surveyors.

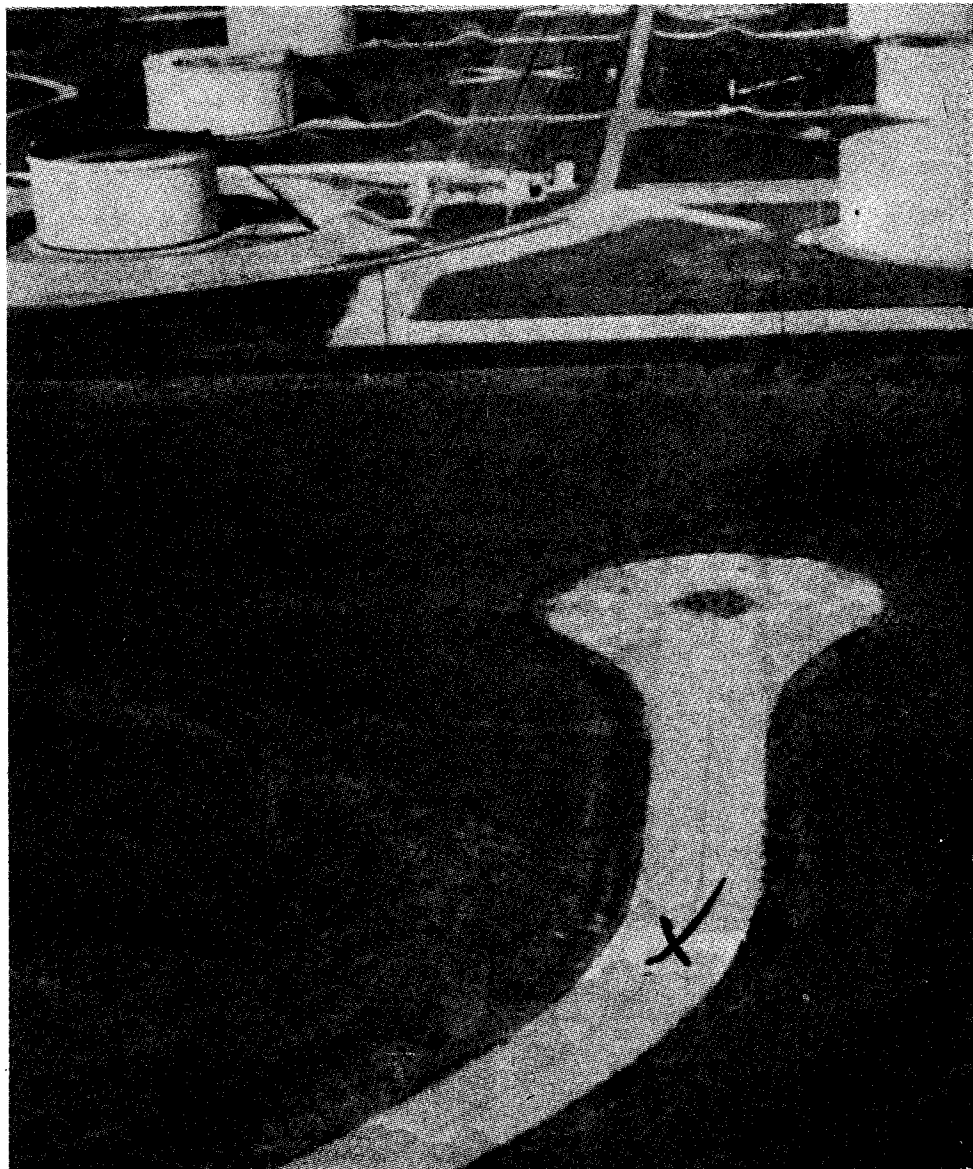
"I don't know," one of the surveyors answered. "I just happened to see the skull and brought it up and then we called you."

"We'll need every bone we can find," Dr. Ross said. "It will probably be the only way we can determine if the victim is male or female."

Deputies went down the manhole with the surveyors to search the area where the skull had been found to recover any additional bones or possible evidence.

Looking toward the skull, Kerns asked Dr. Ross, "How long do you figure it's been down there?"

The medical examiner shrugged.







"That's hard to say," he replied. "Off hand, I'd say for quite some time."

"Years?" Kerns queried.

Dr. Ross nodded.

"What are the chances we can get it identified?" Kerns asked.

"The teeth look pretty good," Dr. Ross responded. "Maybe we can find a dental chart for someone who has been reported missing. But, first off, we'll need to know if it is male or female and possibly an age."

Dr. Ross said he would send the remains to Dr. Thomas Bennett at the state's crime laboratory in Des Moines where they had more scientific equipment.

The deputies and surveyors came back up and out of the manhole carrying plastic sacks. They had managed to recover a number of bones including a leg bone, part of a spine and some hand bones.

"That's about all that's down there," a deputy said. "Rats or animals possibly dragged off other parts."

"No sign of clothing, jewelry or anything like that?" Kerns asked.

The response was negative.

Scowling in thought, Sheriff Kerns approached one of the surveyors. "If a body had been down there for a long time, how come it hasn't been washed away long before this?"

The surveyor had an answer for the puzzling question. He said his records showed that the sewer had been built in 1974. The line in which the skeletal remains had been found led to a field that had not been developed and the sewer line had not been used. The survey was being conducted to determine if it would be adequate to develop the area.

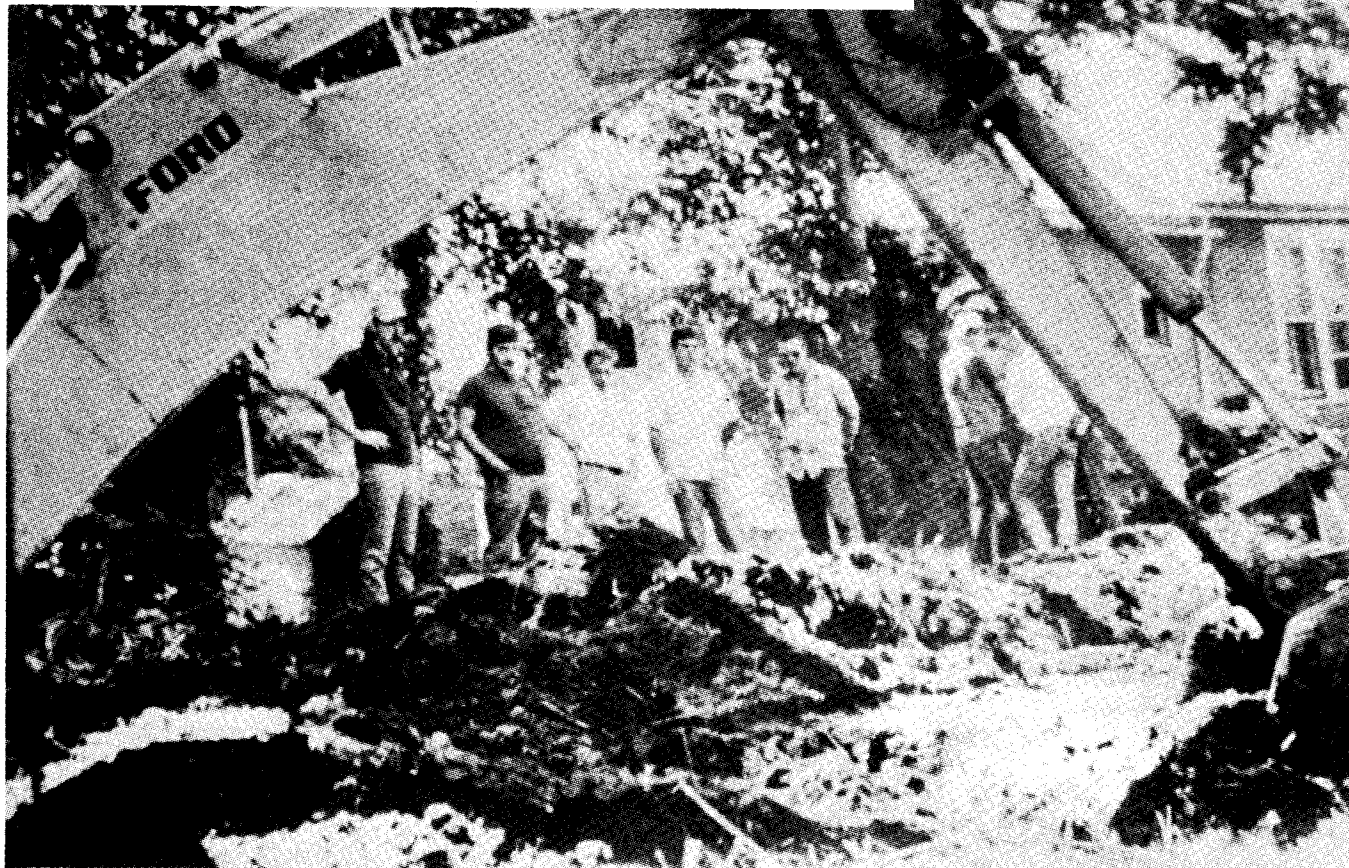
Before leaving with the remains, Dr. Ross told Kerns that from his visual examination of the bones, since the pelvis had not been found, he could only hazard



**Mary Kay had been tricked into going to a class reunion, but once she got there, she realized it was far from a gathering of school chums, and the main participant was a "gorilla out to sexually abuse" Mary Kay and then dump her body in a sewer...and leave it there for eight years.**

Pretty Mary Kay Harmer, above, was taken to a party one night and never heard from again. "X" in photo below marks the spot where Mary Kay's body lay undiscovered for over eight years, in an unfinished neighborhood sewer.

## DOUBLE-LENGTH FEATURE



This photo shows one of many excavations done during the search for Mary Kay. Fortunately, police kept the file open.

a guess that the victim had been a young man or woman and had been dead for at least five years.

"That isn't much to go on for right now," Dr. Ross said. "But maybe you've got someone in your files who might have disappeared and we can check the dental records."

The sheriff and deputies returned to their office and began a check on the missing persons file, but without knowing if they were looking for a male or female and exactly how long ago, it proved to be a pretty futile task.

Several days later, a preliminary report came in from the crime lab in Des Moines. Dr. Bennett had been able to determine that the victim was female. From measuring the bones, he placed the person as being about five-feet four-inches tall. He could not positively determine the race, but was of the opinion that the person had been white and roughly 20 years old.

Dr. Bennett estimated the remains had been in the sewer somewhere between five and 15 years. He stated that he was sending the skull and remains to the FBI laboratory and then to the anthropolo-

gists at the Smithsonian in Washington, D.C., with the hope that they might be able to determine more definitely the time the victim had been dead.

With the new information, the deputies took another look into their missing persons file. The 15-year period covered a lot of cases and considerable time was spent checking dental records, but without any success. They were unable to locate anyone reported missing in Pottawattamie County or Council Bluffs who was the person who had been dumped in the sewer.

Information on the case was sent to the Douglas County Sheriff's Office in Omaha, Nebraska. Omaha and Council Bluffs are separated by the Missouri River.

Shortly after the report was received by the Douglas County Sheriff's Office, asking for a check on a 20-year-old woman who might have been reported missing within the past 15 years, Captain Tim Dempsey had an idea, or at least a hope, that he might know who the person had been.

He called in Lieutenants Bob Pleffer, Pat Brindle and K.G. Miller.

"Take a look at this," he invited,

showing them the report from the Pottawattamie Sheriff's Office.

"Mary Kay Harmer," Miller said excitedly.

The Harmer case had bugged the investigators for years. The girl, who was 19 years old at the time, had been reported missing in 1975. They were positive she had been murdered and had a suspect in mind as to who had killed her, but they hadn't been able to locate a body.

"We can likely find out shortly," Captain Dempsey said. "We've got dental records. I'm sending them to the crime lab in Des Moines. They should let us know in a couple of days."

"I'm betting it's her," Miller said. "And it's just the sort of a thing Big Red would do, putting the girl's body in a sewer."

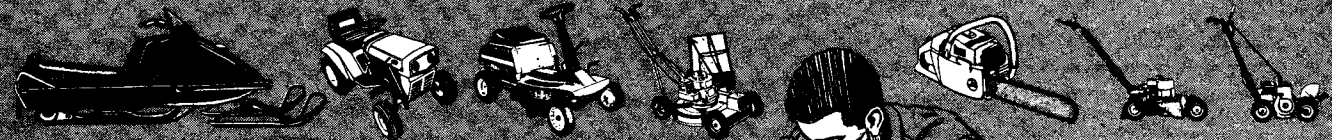
"I wonder where he is now," Pleffer said. "We haven't had any word about him for a long time."

"Wherever he is, I'll find him," Miller said.

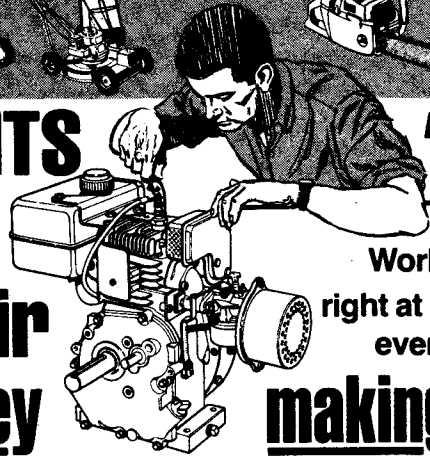
"Let's wait and see if it is Mary Kay," Captain Dempsey cautioned. "If it is, we'll have our work cut out for us."

The detectives pulled the file on the





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## DOUBLE-LENGTH FEATURE

Harmer case, although it wasn't particularly needed. Each of them carried most of the information on it in their minds and had been waiting for the day when they could remove it from the unsolved file.

Mary Kay Harmer had been reported missing by relatives on December 2, 1975. The 19-year-old girl, a recent graduate from Northwest High School in Omaha, had been working for the telephone company and shared an apartment with a girlfriend.

Relatives became concerned when Mary Kay failed to show up at a birthday party. They had called her roommate who told them that Mary Kay had gone to a party the previous evening and had not returned. The roommate thought it possible that she had spent the night with one of her girlfriends.

The following day when Mary Kay had not returned to her apartment or appeared for work, the relatives went to the police.

They were positive that she must have met with foul play. They said it was unthinkable that she would have failed to report for work without notifying her supervisor, and even more unthinkable that she would have failed to attend the birthday party.

Officers checked with Mary Kay's roommate. She told them that Mary Kay had received a telephone call from a girl who had asked her to attend a class reunion.

"Mary Kay wanted me to go with her," the roommate told police. "I told her that I wasn't feeling well and I hadn't attended Northwest High School."

The roommate said Mary Kay had declined the invitation over the telephone, but later two girls had come by the apartment and coaxed her to go with them. She had reluctantly agreed and left with them.

"That's the last time I saw her," the roommate recalled.

Asked if she knew either of the girls who had come to the apartment, the roommate shook her head. Nor did she know where the party was to be held.

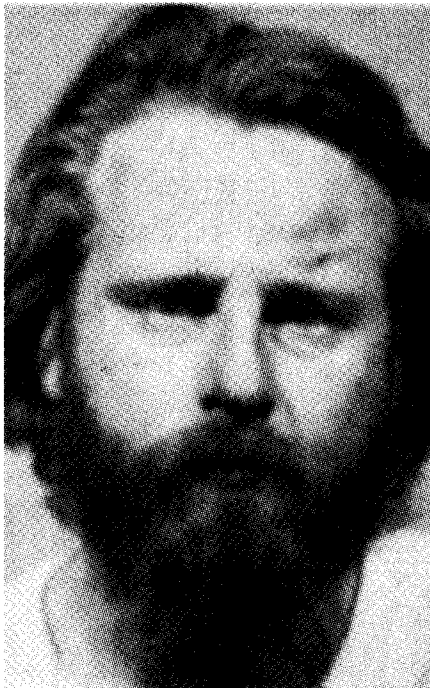
She described the girls who had come to the apartment as being about the same age as Mary Kay. One a brunette and the other a blonde.

"Did you hear Mary Kay call either of them by name?" she was asked.

The roommate thought for several



These two pictures of Thomas Nesbitt show him as he arrived in court, above, and how he looked when he was a biker.



minutes and said she thought she had heard Mary Kay call one of them by the name of Mickey.

She felt as strongly as Mary Kay's relatives that Mary Kay would not have voluntarily not returned. All of her personal possessions were in the apartment.

Officers went to the Northwest High School where they checked with the faculty about a school reunion party. The

school officials said they were unaware that a reunion had been planned and added that it would be highly unlikely for a class to have a reunion after only one year.

Checking the school yearbook, they located one girl student who went by the nickname Mickey. The officers took the yearbook to Mary Kay's roommate. She identified Mickey as the brunette girl who had come to the apartment. She was unable to recognize any of the other photos as being the blonde girl.

Obtaining Mickey's home address from the school officials, the officers went to the house where relatives told them they hadn't seen Mickey in more than six months.

They said that shortly after graduation, Mickey had gone to Chicago. They had no idea where she might be or what she was doing and were surprised that if she had returned to Omaha that they hadn't heard from her. They assured the officers that if they did hear from Mickey they would notify the officers.

Lawmen next contacted other members of Mary Kay's graduation class to ask if anyone had heard about the class reunion party or where it was held. Several days of checking netted the officers nothing.

Person after person who was questioned said they hadn't heard about a class reunion and that the only plans that had been made were to take place on the fifth year after graduation.

"I'll be damned," said one of the officers making the missing person check. "I could figure it as being some sort of a scam if a guy had called, but what do you make of it with two girls coming to the apartment?"

His partner shrugged. "I'll buy that it looks to be some kind of a scam, but I don't think we're going to get any answers until we can locate that girl Mickey."

As the investigation continued, the officers located one of Mary Kay's classmates who had also been called by Mickey and asked to attend a class reunion party.

"I told her it was just plain silly," the girl said. "You don't have a class reunion after only one year and I told her I wasn't interested."

"Did she say where the party was to be held?" she was asked.

"I didn't ask her because I wasn't interested," the girl answered.

She added that she was surprised Mary Kay would have gone to a party with Mickey. She was almost certain that they

*(Continued on page 48)*



# The Royal Road To Riches

Dear Friend,

My name is John Wright. Not too long ago I was flat broke. I was \$31,000 in debt. The bank repossessed my car because I couldn't keep up with the payments. And one day the landlord gave me an eviction notice because I hadn't paid the rent for three months. So we had to move out. My family and I stayed at my cousin's place for the rest of that month before I could manage to get another apartment. That was very embarrassing.

Things have changed now. I own four homes in Southern California. The one I'm living in now in Beverly Hills is worth more than one million dollars. I own several cars, among them a brand new Mercedes and a brand new Cadillac. Right now, I have a \$1 million dollar line of credit with the banks and have certificates of deposit at \$100,000 each in my bank in Beverly Hills.

Best of all, I have time to have fun. To be me. To do what I want. I work about 4 hours a day, the rest of the day, I do things that please me. Some days I go swimming and sailing — shopping. Other days, I play racquetball or tennis. Sometimes, frankly, I just lie out under the sun with a good book. I love to take long vacations. I just got back from a two week vacation from — Maui, Hawaii.

I'm not really trying to impress you with my wealth. All I'm trying to do here is to prove to you that if it wasn't because of that money secret I was lucky enough to find that day, I still would have been poor or may be even bankrupt. It was only through this amazing money secret that I could pull myself out of debt and become wealthy. Who knows what would have happened to my family and me.

Knowing about this secret changed my life completely. It brought me wealth, happiness, and most important of all — peace of mind. This secret will change your life, too! It will give you everything you need and will solve all your money problems. Of course you don't have to take my word for it. You can try it for yourself. To see that you try this secret, I'm willing to give you \$20.00 in cash. (I'm giving my address at the bottom of this page.) I figure, if I spend \$20.00, I get your attention. And you will prove it to yourself this amazing money secret will work for you, too!

Why, you may ask, am I willing to share this secret with you? To make money? Hardly. First, I already have all the money and possessions I'll ever need. Second, my secret does not involve any sort of competition whatsoever. Third, nothing is more satisfying to me than sharing my secret only with those who realize a golden opportunity and get on it quickly.

This secret is incredibly simple. Anyone can use it. You can get started with practically no money at all and the risk is almost zero. You don't need special training or even a high school education. It doesn't matter how young or old you are and it will work for you at home or even while you are on vacation.

Let me tell you more about this fascinating money making secret:

With this secret the money can roll in fast. In some cases you may be able to cash in literally overnight. If you can follow simple instructions you can get started in a single afternoon and it is possible to have spendable money in your hands the very next morning. In fact, this just might be the fastest legal way to make money that has ever been invented!

This is a very safe way to get extra cash. It is practically risk free. It is not a dangerous gamble. Everything you do has already been tested and you can get started for less money than most people spend for a night on the town.

One of the nicest things about this whole idea is that you can do it at home in your spare time. You don't need equipment or an office. It doesn't matter where you live either. You can use this secret to make money if you live in a big city or on a farm or anywhere in between. A husband and wife team from New York used my secret, worked at home in their spare time, and made \$45,000 in one year.

This secret is simple. It would be hard to make a mistake if you tried. You don't need a college degree or even a high school education. All you need is a little common sense and the ability to follow simple, easy, step-by-step instructions. I personally know a man from New England who used this secret and made \$2 million in just 3 years.

You can use this secret to make money no matter how old or how young you may be. There is no physical labor involved and everything is so easy it can be done whether you're a teenager or 90 years old. I know one woman who is over 65 and is making all the money she needs with this secret.

## Here's what newspapers and magazines are saying about this incredible secret:

### The Washington Times:

*The Royal Road to Riches* is paved with golden tips.

### Los Angeles Herald Examiner:

We've all got to start somewhere... *The Royal Road to Riches* is the first step in the right direction!

### National Examiner:

John Wright has an excellent guide for achieving wealth in your spare time.

### Income Opportunities:

*The Royal Road to Riches* is an invaluable guide for finding success in your own back yard.

### News Tribune:

Wright's material is a MUST for anyone who contemplates making it as an independent entrepreneur.

### Success!

John Wright believes in success, pure and simple.

### Money Making Opportunities:

John Wright has a rare gift for helping people with no experience make lots of money. He's made many people wealthy.

### Hollywood Trade Press:

We have never heard of an advertiser offering to pay readers \$20 to try its program. Wright's willingness to do this convinces us that his money secret must really work.

### California Political Week:

...The politics of high finance made easy.

### Hollywood Citizen News:

He does more than give general ideas. He gives people a detailed A to Z plan to make big money.

### The Desert Sun:

Wright's *Royal Road to Riches* lives up to its title in offering an uncomplicated path to financial success.

When you use this secret to make money you never have to try to convince anybody of anything. This has nothing to do with door-to-door selling, telephone solicitation, real estate or anything else that involves personal contact.

Everything about this idea is perfectly legal and honest. You will be proud of what you are doing and you will be providing a very valuable service.

It will only take you two hours to learn how to use this secret. After that everything is almost automatic. After you get started you can probably do everything that is necessary in three hours per week.

## PROOF

I know you are skeptical. That simply shows your good business sense. Well, here is proof from people who have put this amazing secret into use and have gotten all the money they ever desired. Their initials have been used in order to protect their privacy, but I have full information and the actual proof of their success in my files.

### 'More Money Than I Ever Dreamed'

"All I can say — your plan is great! In just 8 weeks, I took in over \$100,000. More money than I ever dreamed of making. At this rate, I honestly believe, I can make over a million dollars per year."

A. F., Providence, R.I.

### '\$9,800 In 24 Hours!'

"I didn't believe it when you said the secret could produce money the next morning. Boy, was I wrong, and you were right! I purchased your *Royal Road to Riches*. On the basis of your advice, \$9,800 poured in, in less than 24 hours! John, your secret is incredible!"

J. K., Laguna Hills, CA

### 'Made \$15,000 In 2 Months At 22'

"I was able to earn over \$15,000 with your plan — in just the past two months. As a 22 year old girl, I never thought that I'd ever be able to make as much money, as fast as I've been able to do. I really do wish to thank you, with all of my heart."

Ms. E. L., Los Angeles, CA

### 'Made \$126,000 In 3 Months'

"For years, I passed up all the plans that promised to make me rich. Probably I am lucky I did — but I am even more lucky that I took the time to send for your

material. It changed my whole life. Thanks to you, I made \$126,000 in 3 months."

S. W., Plainfield, IN

### 'Made \$203,000 In 8 Months'

"I never believed those success stories... never believed I would be one of them... using your techniques, in just 8 months, I made over \$203,000... made over \$20,000 more in the last 22 days! Not just well prepared, but simple, easy, fast... John, thank you for your *Royal Road to Riches!*"

C. M., Los Angeles, CA

### '\$500,000 In Six Months'

"I'm amazed at my success! By using your secret I made \$500,000 in six months. That's more than twenty times what I've made in any single year before! I've never made so much money in such short time with minimum effort. My whole life I was waiting for this amazing miracle! Thank you, John Wright."

R. S., Mclean, VI

As you can tell by now I have come across something pretty good. I believe I have discovered the sweetest little money-making secret you could ever imagine. Remember — I guarantee it.

Most of the time, it takes big money to make money. This is an exception. With this secret you can start in your spare time with almost nothing. But of course, you don't have to start small or stay small. You can go as fast and as far as you wish. The size of your profits is totally up to you. I can't guarantee how much you will make with this secret but I can tell you this — so far this amazing money producing secret makes the profits from most other ideas look like peanuts!

Now at last, I've completely explained this remarkable secret in a special money making plan. I call it "The Royal Road to Riches". Some call it a miracle. You'll probably call it "The Secret of Riches". You will learn everything you need to know step-by-step. So you too can put this amazing money making secret to work for you and make all the money you need.

To prove this secret will solve all your money problems, don't send me any money, *instead postdate* your check for a month and a half from today. I guarantee not to deposit it for 45 days. I won't cash your check for 45 days before I know for sure that you are completely satisfied with my material.

## \$20.00 FREE!

There is no way you can lose. You either solve all your money problems with this secret (in just 30 days) or you get your money back *plus \$20.00 in cash FREE!*

Do you realize what this means? You can put my simple secret into use. Be able to solve all your money problems. And if for any reason whatsoever you are not 100% satisfied after using the secret for 30 days, you may return my material. And then I will not only return your original UNCASHED CHECK, but I will also send you an *extra \$20.00 cashiers check* just for giving the secret an honest try according to the simple instructions.

**I GUARANTEE IT! With my unconditional guarantee, there is absolutely NO RISK ON YOUR PART.**

To order, simply write your name and address on a piece of paper. Enclose your postdated check or money order for \$12.95 and send it to:

### JOHN WRIGHT

Dept. 391  
3340 Ocean Park Blvd.  
Suite 3065  
Santa Monica, CA 90405

Since the material I'll be sending you is heavy, please add \$1 to cover portion of shipping costs.

But the supply of my material is limited. So send in your order now while the supply lasts.

If you wish to charge it to your Visa or MasterCard — be sure to include your account number and expiration date. That's all there is to it. I'll send you my material right away by return mail, along with our unconditional guarantee.

## SWORN STATEMENT:

"As Mr. John Wright's accountant, I certify that his assets exceed one million dollars."

Mark Davis



The Willamette River where the body of seven-year-old Vatsana Boudavong was found, floating near the bank.

Horror  
encounter between

# THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE LUSTING BRUTE!

---

by HARRY HILDEBRAND

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**EUGENE, OR.  
MARCH 15, 1984**

Something terrible was in the air early on Monday morning, December 12, 1983, as cute seven-year-old Vatsana Boudavong slipped her favorite story books into the small knapsack alongside her lunch, which had been prepared for her earlier that morning. Neither Vatsana nor her family knew what terrible thing awaited the youngster. They had no way of knowing that a sexual deviate, bent on finding a young helpless girl on whom to carry out his frustrations and/or fantasies, was roaming the streets of Eugene, Oregon, in search of his prey. Had her family known, they could have driven or walked the intelligent second-grader to Whiteaker Elementary School, located only a few blocks from her home. But

since the killer had not struck before, at least not to anyone's knowledge, there was no reason for anyone to be fearful. By walking to school, Vatsana was merely doing what thousands of other Eugene youngsters do each day. Unfortunately, she was the one snatched off the street.

Eugene police were not aware of any wrongdoing until later that afternoon, when they received a telephone call from a frantic young man who told them he'd found the body of a young girl floating in the Willamette River near a footbridge in the vicinity of the Valley River Shopping Mall. Police units immediately responded to the location and confirmed the report, after which they pulled the body from the river.

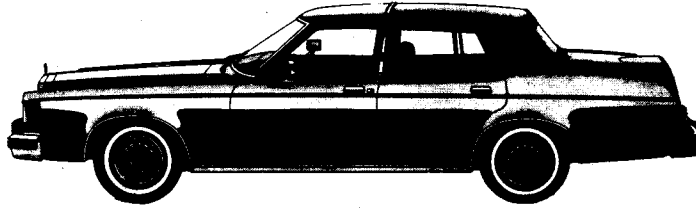
At first it was thought that she had perhaps fallen off the footbridge, or had even lost her footing on the slippery bank and had fallen into the river. After all, it

*(Continued on page 80)*

**A family's dreams and hopes for the good life in America were spoiled by a deviate who abducted the seven-year-old girl and subjected her to an ordeal that no little girl or adult should ever experience.**



# OWN CARS & TRUCKS FOR \$200 OR LESS



Did you know there is an incredible way you can own automobiles for \$200 or less? That's right! \$200, \$150, even as low as \$75.00. And it works for sports cars, luxury sedans, four-wheel-drives, pick-ups and vans.

It wasn't long ago that life really had me pinned down. I was unemployed and deeply in debt. Nothing it seemed would ever go right for me. In fact I had just failed at another business attempt. That was like the final straw. I was miserable, depressed and had lost every ounce of my self confidence.

Then like a lightning bolt from the sky, I discovered something fantastic, something unbelievable. A special way to own automobiles for \$200 or even less!

Don't ask me why this happened to me, because I really don't know. All I know is it came to me when I needed it most, and I didn't question it. I was so excited all I really could think about was trying it out.

So I scraped together the money and tried it. Bingo! It worked even better than I ever expected. Fact is, it worked so good I have already used it five times to own four cars and one truck, two of which only cost \$100 each. What's more, I plan on using this secret for the rest of my life to own dozens more.

Well, you might be thinking I should use this special knowledge to set up some car lots and make a load of money. I did consider that. But to be honest, I really don't want the headaches of running a full scale business. However, I would like to profit some from my discovery. So I wrote down my secret and had it printed.

I am offering it to you for just 10 dollars. I figure that I can sell enough to pay off some bills, take a vacation, and put a down payment on a house for my family. In return you will learn something incredible - a way to own automobiles for \$200 or less.

Imagine what you can do with all the money you save. You could buy boats, take exciting vacations, or even put in a swimming pool.

My method is simple and absolutely legal. It won't require you to do anything dishonest or have any special skills. It **does not** involve:

- leasing
- government surplus
- government sales
- auctions
- repossessions
- tax write offs
- sweepstakes
- or gambling

I am happy to say, my method can work for practically anyone who can legally own and operate a motor vehicle - teachers, factory workers, housewives, students, professionals, self-employed, unemployed and the list goes on and on.

I realize this whole concept may still sound too good to be true. The truth is if I were in your shoes I would be skeptical too! So I have included some testimonials from people who have already read and used my information:

• James, your secret is incredible! I used it to own a fantastic truck for less than \$85. I wish I had known about this years ago.  
Charles M., Florida.

• James, I admit I was skeptical at first, but this method really does work for women. It is truly the poor person's way to own fancy cars.  
Cindy D., Atlanta, Georgia.

• Ten dollars is a very small price to pay for this super information. Way to go James! You have made it possible for me to own those beautiful cars I used to only dream about.  
B.T., West Virginia.



**STOP WASTING MONEY! LEARN THE POOR MAN'S WAY TO OWN FANCY CARS!**

One final word. I believe in being completely honest. So I must tell you there is one drawback. My information **does not** describe a get rich quick scheme. It is not intended for that purpose. It is meant only to provide you with ultra low cost automobiles for your personal use. So don't order my information to get rich. Order it so you can own gorgeous cars for less than you ever imagined. You won't be a millionaire, but you can sure look and feel like one.

My method really works. I know that to be a fact. But I don't want you to take my word for it. So I am offering a FULL & UNCONDITIONAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Examine my secret in the privacy of your home. If for any reason you are not totally satisfied, just return the undamaged material for a full refund.

*Special Notice: Copies of my information are limited. They are available strictly on a first come, first serve basis. Order yours now so you don't have to wait another day to start enjoying these cars.*

**To order:**

- 1) Print your name and complete address on the coupon below.
- 2) Include \$10 plus \$1.50 shipping and handling (Florida residents add 50 cents sales tax) and make check or money order payable to Cars & Trucks. Or use VISA or Mastercard. Just fill in the appropriate information on the coupon. Be sure to sign where indicated.
- 3) Mail to Cars & Trucks, Dept B, Post Office Box 6930, Tallahassee, FL 32314

RUSH! Check Money Order or Credit Card

Cars & Trucks, Dept B  
Post Office Box 6930  
Tallahassee, FL 32314

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

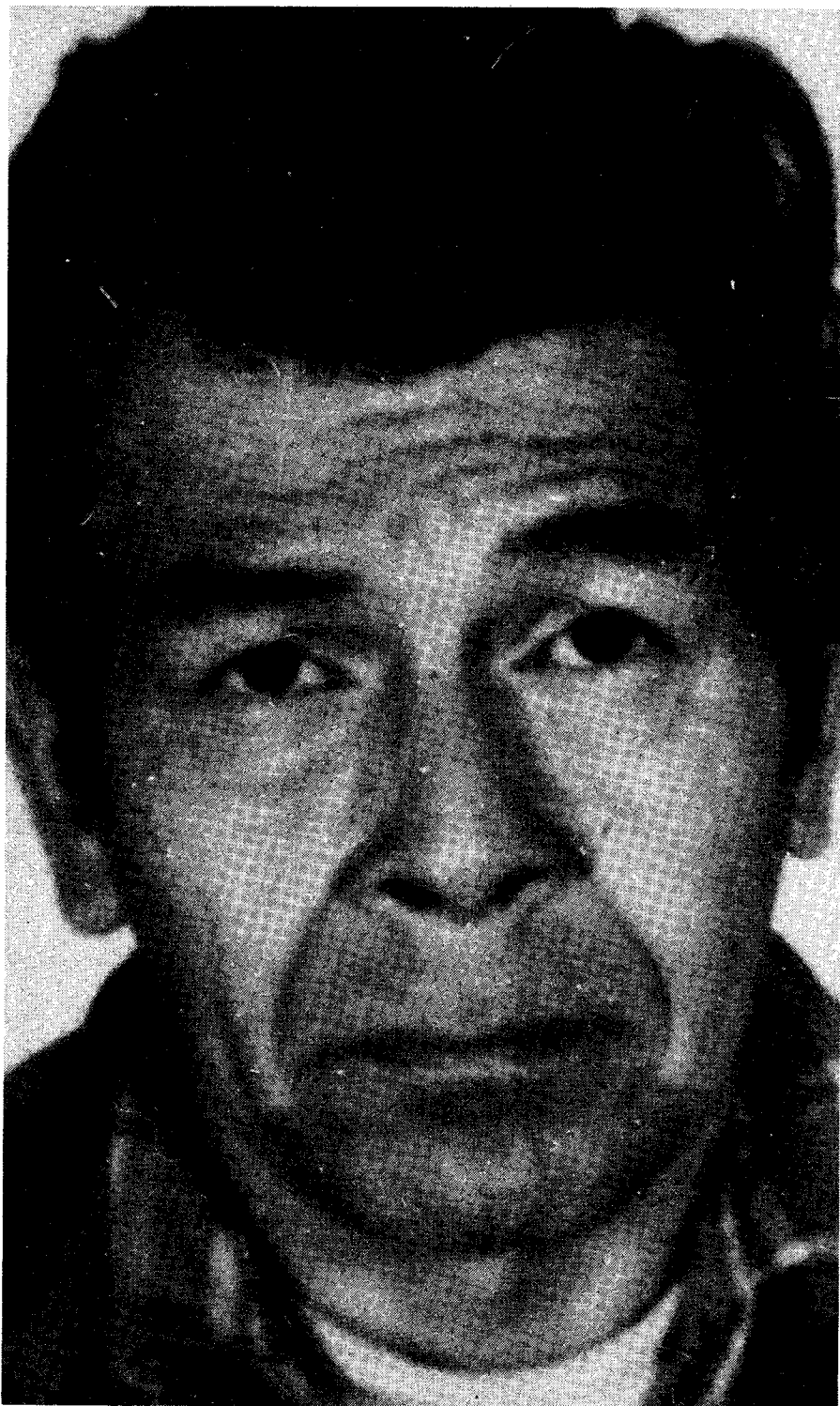
VISA  MASTERCARD EXPIRES \_\_\_\_\_

CARD # \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

Yes, I want to learn your secret to owning cars for \$200 or LESS! Enclosed is \$10 plus \$1.50 shipping and handling. (Florida residents please include 50 cents sales tax) If I am not totally satisfied, I can return it for a FULL REFUND!

# Bizarre Case Of The



Rudolph Boyd Garcia was shot to death after he defended a young woman. An eyewitness pointed out the alleged killer, but lawmen soon learned the suspect was innocent.

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by RUSSELL BEMIS

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## PORTLAND, OREGON JANUARY 28, 1985

As the murder suspect sat in the back of the police car, he felt that his life was over. He wished he'd never hopped the freight train up to Portland, Oregon on that cold March 22, 1984 day. But he had hopped the freight. He had walked to the downtown area. And now a man was dead and he was accused by an eyewitness of the murder. For all intents and purposes, the case was over, the murder suspect believed. There was no way out of it. The police hadn't found the gun on him, but that didn't matter. A guy from some hotel across the street had pointed to him and said, "That's him." What else did the police need?

In Mexico, from where he'd come, the justice would have been swift and efficient. He'd be put behind bars and would never be a free man again. They'd probably beat the confession from him, he thought. The illegal alien's experience with law enforcement in his own land had taught him to have a distinct distrust of all policemen. He had no reason to think the police in Portland, Oregon would be any different than those in Tijuana, Mexico City, or any place else he'd traveled. He'd never been in trouble in the states, but now he believed he would spend the rest of his life in prison. He was convinced that the police didn't care that he was innocent.

But the helpless Mexican who could speak little English was in for a surprise. He was about to encounter for the first time the United States' system of justice. He was to encounter for the first time police officers and detectives more intent at getting at the truth than chalking up an impressive record in the books...

The call came in to police headquarters at 2:23 a.m. on March 23, 1984. Somebody had just been gunned down on the street near the intersection of Northwest Broadway and Northwest



# Look-Alike Killer!

**An eyewitness who fingered an innocent man made the case tough for sleuths who took the suspect into custody. But the suspect was in for a surprise of his own for he would learn about the justice system and about caring detectives who were more intent at getting at the truth than chalking up an impressive record.**

Flanders, in the central precinct.

Officer Scott Field and his partner were northbound on Broadway when they got the call. They immediately rushed to the intersection in their patrol car. Officers Field and Wiebe saw the male victim lying on the asphalt. They used a pocket knife to cut open the victim's shirt to reveal the chest wound.

The victim was unconscious and the officers administered first-aid until ambulance attendants and paramedics arrived to take over.

When the officers had arrived at the scene, their first concern had been to help the victim. But while getting out of his patrol car, Officer Field had noticed a

small, Mexican man pointing to the victim. The Mexican had been standing across the street from where the victim had fallen, so Officer Field hadn't had the opportunity to talk to the man.

While they administered first-aid, a small group of people and other officers had arrived at the scene. Some of the officers had started asking the people questions.

Now that the victim had been taken away by ambulance, Officer Field could turn his attention to those at the scene, and he again noticed the Mexican still standing across the street. Field believed that the man might be an important witness because he'd been pointing toward

the murder scene when the police had arrived. But the officer found that the man spoke very bad English, and could understand it even less. Field had no choice but to take the witness into custody and to police headquarters so a Spanish-speaking officer could grill him. Field put the scared man in the back of his police car. The man didn't resist, as he understood what the officer was trying to do.

Officer David Gerald Koch had been one of the officers working the central precinct when the murder call came in. He, along with others, had arrived at the shooting scene after Officer Field. He was one of the officers who started look-



Roped-off parking lot where, after his confrontation with Garcia, the assailant returned—armed and dangerous.



The killer didn't realize a man saw the murder from his window (indicated by arrow).

ing for eyewitnesses to the shooting.

He found a witness who was babbling the story out to another bystander at the scene.

"Do you know something about this?" Koch asked the excited man.

"I sure do," the man responded. "I'm the guy who ran to the phone and called it in."

"No you're not," said another bystander who overheard the conversation. "We called it in. We were closing up that bar over there when some guy burst through the door and said somebody had just been shot."

"I know. That was me, fool. I'm the one who said somebody had been shot."

"But we're the ones who called it in. You ran back down the street, so who's

the real fool, now?"

"I ran back down the street to go to a pay phone and called it in."

"Well, we called it in, too."

Officer Koch put a stop to the argument. It was irrelevant who called it in. There was no reward or medal involved for calling it in. He couldn't figure out why everybody was getting so bent out of shape over such an unimportant detail.

"Forget about who called it in," Koch said. "What I want to know is did any of you see what happened?"

"Well, sure," the first man said. "I did. I saw it from my hotel room, right up there." He pointed to the third floor across the street from the murder scene. "I saw it all. Everything."

The man paused. Officer Koch waited.

He finally said, "And—"

"Well, it all started after two o'clock. I couldn't sleep. I was in my room, looking down onto the street. And I saw this guy who had tried to get into our hotel earlier. He didn't live there or nothing. He just came up to me when I was out for a walk. He knew I lived in the hotel and he asked me to let him in.

"You see, the hotel is the kind where you need two keys. One is the security key to the front door. All the tenants have one. The second is a key to your room. Well, this guy came up to me and wanted me to let him in through the main front door.

"I didn't want to let him in, but I was kind of frightened to tell him no, too. So I agreed to let him in, and then I started looking for my key, and I pretended that I'd forgotten it. I played it real stupid, you know, so he'd think I was a fool. And it worked. He just called me some names and walked off."

"What's that got to do with the shooting?" Officer Koch asked the long-winded gentleman who had obviously been relishing the idea of being in the spotlight.

"I'm getting to that," the man continued. "It's this same guy that did the shooting. I was up in my hotel room, and I looked out and saw this same guy. He was arguing with some other guys. Then he walked off. Later, I saw him walk around the corner. He had a waist-length coat slung over his shoulder. He walked right up to this other guy, pulled out a long-barrel .22-caliber pistol, stuck it in the chest of this other guy and shot him."

"Would you know this man again if you saw him?" Koch asked.

"I sure would," the witness replied. "A couple of times he walked right over to that car parked under my window and he used his key to get into the side door."

"That's his car?"

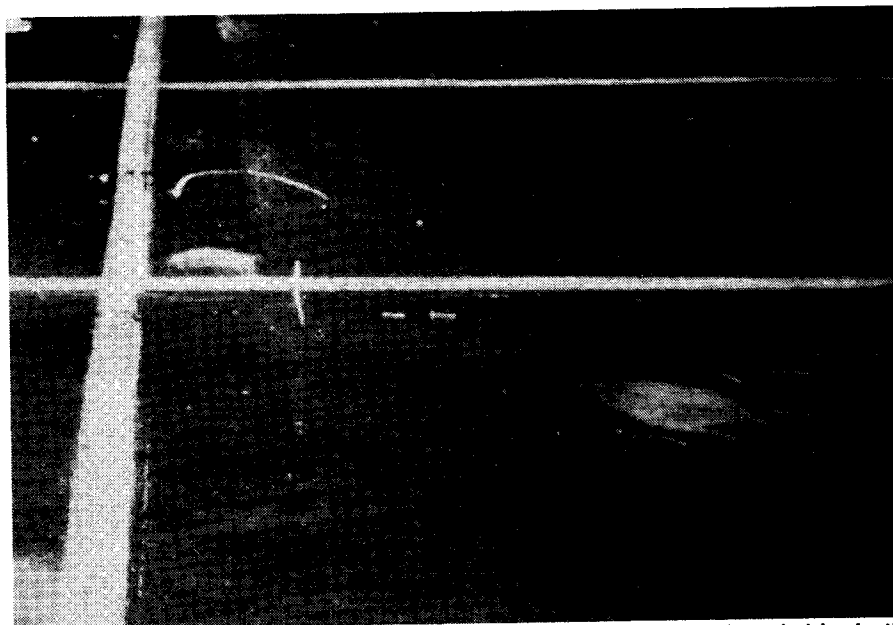
"It sure is."

"Can you give me a description of the clothes he was wearing?" Koch asked.

The man went on to describe the assailant as being a Mexican of short stature and slight build, perhaps 30 years old. He wore a rust-colored suede jacket, a hip-length overcoat with white lining, and a baseball cap.

Although the clothing wasn't the same, the description of the man did coincide with the features of the man sitting in the back of Officer Field's prowl car. The witness to the shooting spotted the Mexican sitting in the prowl car and said, "That's him."

Officer Koch was surprised. The description didn't match the man's cloth-



Markings on pavement show where victim suffered blood loss which ended in death.

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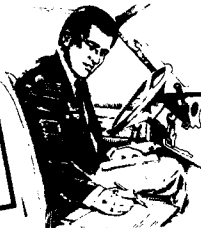
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ing. Furthermore, why would the shooter have waited around for the police to pick him up? Officer Koch had another reason for being skeptical after consulting with Officer Field. Earlier in the night while on his routine patrol, Field had spotted another man who would have met the description.

"Are you absolutely sure?" Koch asked the eyewitness about his identification.

"Yes," the man answered.

Officers Koch and Field looked at each another quizzically. The report had come back from the hospital that the shooting victim was dead, and the officers wondered if they had inadvertently seized the killer. Nobody spoke to the suspect before he could be taken to police headquarters and given his rights in English as well as Spanish.

Before leaving the scene, Field and Koch ran a check on the license plates of the yellow American Motors Hornet station wagon that was parked across the street from the murder scene. They learned that the car belonged to a man named Francisco Salazar, 44, who lived in the 4800 block of North Maryland in Portland.

The officers cleared the scene at 3:15 a.m. Officer Field took the suspect to police headquarters.

The victim of the murder was identi-



**An eyewitness told police the killer walked to this car (top) prior to the shooting. Francisco Salazar (shown) was the owner. He also bore a striking resemblance to the first suspect.**

fied at the hospital as Rudolph Boyd Garcia, 50. He, like the suspect the police had in custody, had recently come into town. But other than the fact that the two men arrived roughly at the same period of time, the lawmen could not establish any other link between them.

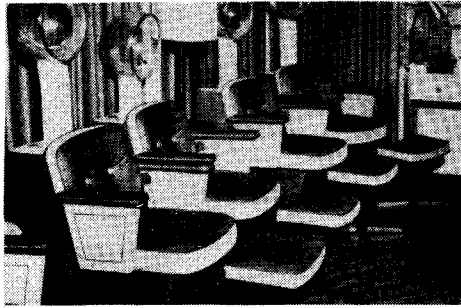
By questioning other persons in the neighborhood where the murder occurred, the police learned that the victim and some other men had come to the aid of a woman who supposedly was being mistreated by another man. They saw the man push the woman around and con-

fronted him about his belligerent behavior. The murder victim even slapped the bully in the mouth, witnesses told the police. The officers couldn't help but wonder if that hadn't prompted the man to go get a gun, return to the area and kill Garcia. It was a pretty flimsy motive for murder, but the police knew that killings had been committed for less. They also knew that nothing was impossible in the big city.

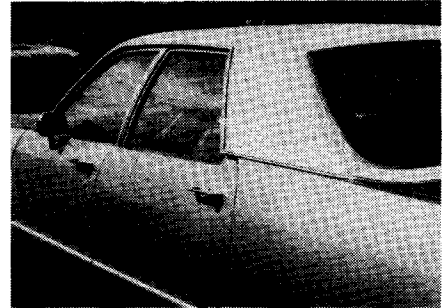
At police headquarters something kept eating away at Officer Field. The suspect they'd brought in had been advised of his rights. He was an illegal alien. He'd sneaked across the border 12 years earlier in 1972.

"I have worked in the fields, that's all," he told his interpreter. "I have never been here. I have just worked the fields. I've done nothing wrong."

The murder suspect went on to say he had hopped a freight train to Portland. Then he had hitched a ride to the busy downtown area and had been standing across the street from the murder scene when he saw the initial confrontation between four men and the killer. The four men apparently were angry because the killer had slammed a door into a girl's face. The bully, realizing he was outnumbered, backed off and everyone thought that was the end of it. But a few minutes later he came back and shot Gar-



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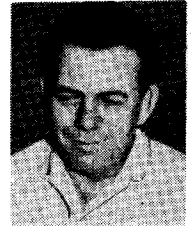
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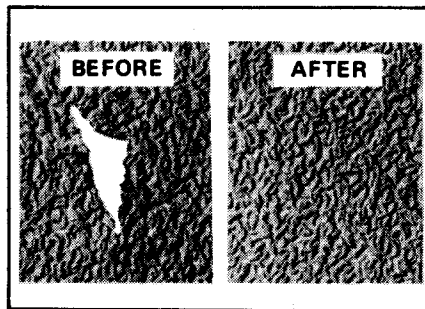
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cia. The other three men who had been with Garcia scattered in various directions. The Mexican said he just stood there, transfixed by what he'd seen, until the police arrived. He explained that he pointed at the murder victim in his effort to help the lawmen.

Why had an eyewitness identified him as the man who had fired the gun? the Mexican was asked.

He had no explanation for this. "I just work in the fields," he told his interpreter.

The eyewitness had told police the killer went to the car parked across the street and opened the door. The car belonged to a man name Francisco Salazar. Officer Field went to the mugbook file to see if they had a record of Salazar. They did, and he pulled out the photographs of Salazar and put them on his desk. He noticed a remarkable resemblance between Salazar and the illegal alien who had been identified as the killer. He wondered if the witness who had pegged the Mexican could be mistaken.

At that point, the eyewitness from the hotel was being escorted by Detective Benson to an interrogation room. They walked past Field's desk. The eyewitness looked down at the picture on the desk and startled everyone when he said, "Yeah, there he is. That's the guy that did it." He was pointing to the picture of Francisco Salazar.

Detective Benson covered up the picture and escorted the eyewitness to an interrogation room. While he was questioning the eyewitness, police took pictures of the illegal alien. They put together a photographic throw-down containing Salazar's picture, the original suspect's picture, and several others with similar features. It was uncanny how much the Mexican looked like Francisco Salazar.

The hotel eyewitness was shown the montage. He picked out the picture of Salazar as being that of Garcia's killer.

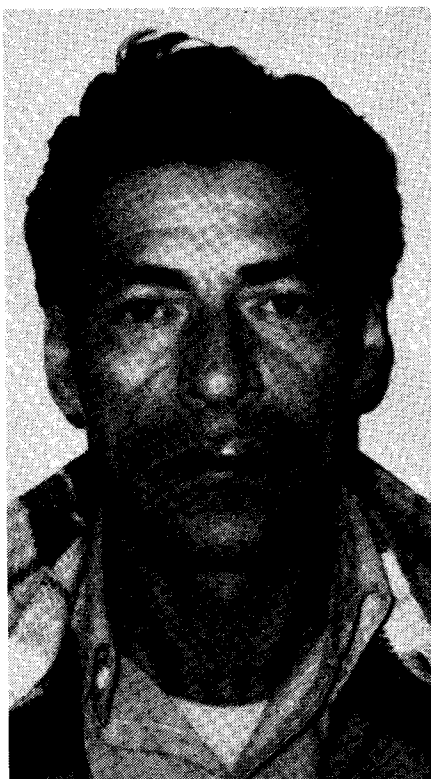
When the suspect who had been busted for the murder learned of the development, he wept. He truly had believed his life was all but over. He thought the police were only interested in charging somebody with the murder and not so much in the truth.

"So much for eyewitness testimony," Field said to Koch as they reviewed what had happened. "That guy from the hotel room would have sworn on a stack of Bibles that the first suspect was the killer. It's a good thing he saw the killer go to that parked car several times prior to the murder, otherwise the truth might never have been learned. As it is, we're

going to need more than just that guy's testimony to convict Salazar, if he is the killer."

The officers were right about that. The defense attorney, regardless of whom he was representing, would have a field day at the trial with the fact that the eyewitness in the hotel room had positively identified an innocent man as the killer, and that that suspect had been taken into custody by the police.

Another photographic montage was made (the second without the first suspect's picture in it) and shown to the Mexican who had originally been pegged



**Although Salazar denied it, the police believed he got his swollen lip during his confrontation with Garcia. Garcia's scraped knuckles reinforced their belief.**

as the killer. The illegal alien picked out the picture of Francisco Salazar as being the one who'd fired the gun. That meant two persons had witnessed the shooting.

But like in the first instance, the defense attorney could make a powerful point by saying the illegal alien naturally would identify somebody else as the killer simply to save his own hide. There was no doubt in the detectives' minds that they would have to find some physical evidence to corroborate what the two witnesses said.

Detective Kerry Taylor, who had been an officer 13 and a half years, five and a half as a detective at the time the murder occurred, was given the responsibility of finding the necessary evidence to wrap

up the case for a quick solution.

The first thing Officer Taylor did was compile all the information from the various officers' reports and meticulously review the progress made up to that point.

Sandwiched in among the police reports, he found a complaint from Salazar about his yellow Hornet station wagon. Salazar reported to police on the morning of the murder that his yellow station wagon had been stolen the previous night.

Taylor went to Salazar's home to talk to the man. He could use the pretense that he was there to talk about the stolen station wagon.

Upon his arrival, Taylor noticed that Salazar's lip was swollen. The detective recalled the autopsy report from Dr. William Brady.

"Mr. Garcia had died as a result of being shot in the chest," Dr. Brady had determined. "He had a gunshot wound in his chest which penetrated a major blood vessel inside of the chest, and he died as a result of that injury."

But there was something else Brady observed. On Garcia's right hand, the knuckle of his second finger was swollen as if it had been scraped. It was in connection with that injury that Taylor believed Salazar's swollen lip to be significant.

Salazar had no objection to being photographed, and he let Taylor take a Polaroid of him. Salazar agreed to go with Taylor to police precinct headquarters to talk about the stolen station wagon.

Salazar gave the detective a detailed itinerary of where he'd been the evening of March 22nd the night before the early morning murder. But Salazar insisted he'd been home by midnight. He gave Taylor the name of the grocery store to which he'd gone, the name of the hamburger stand and other places before returning home by midnight.

Detective Taylor told Salazar that he had several reports of Salazar being seen at a local nightspot. He was in the company of a woman who he had treated rather shabbily. Salazar denied the accusation. He remained adamant about getting home sometime between 11:00 p.m. and midnight, long before the 2:23 a.m. murder.

What frustrated Taylor most was the fact that he couldn't find the woman in whose company Salazar had been. He knew the address of the hotel the woman had been living in, but when the detective went there, he learned that shortly before midnight on the night of March

*(Continued on page 45)*





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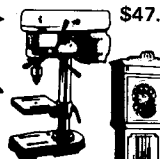
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Who killed Jerry Shreve? No one could remember a single enemy he might have had. But he made one.

California's puzzling motive behind the

# SLAIN GAY WITH THE LUSH LIPS TATTOO!

by TURK RYDER

## HOMESTEAD, CALIFORNIA JUNE 17, 1984

The secretary tore the sheet of paper from the telex and handed it to the detective.

"Some dognapper," she said.

The investigator read the three paragraph, single-spaced message, let out a whistle and went back to talk to the lieutenant.

The terse message showed a murder warrant entered into the NCIC computer one week earlier. It was for a man who had been arrested earlier in the day for stealing a Great Dane from the Humane Society.

In the bottom left-hand corner was the name of a homicide detective and the telephone number for the Riverside Sheriff's Office. It took a moment for the lieutenant to remember Riverside was a small town about 50 miles east of Los Angeles.

"They will be happy to hear we have their guy," the lieutenant chuckled, picking up the phone. "Murder—and dognapping. What is this world coming to?"

Three weeks before the warrant was entered into the NCIC computer, a call lit up the switchboard at the Riverside Sheriff's Office. It was logged at 10:15 Monday morning, August 1, 1983.

"Riverside Sheriff's Office," said the dispatcher. "How may I help you?"

"You can get some deputies out here," said the caller.

"What is the problem?" the operator asked.

The man told him. "He looks like he's been dead a couple of days."

The operator wrote down the caller's name and the address of a mobile home park in Homestead a rural community in northwest Riverside County. "We have deputies in the area," the operator advised. "Stay calm and don't touch anything."

Five minutes later, two cruisers pulled into the Bayside Mobile Home Park and drove to a cul-de-sac on John Court, where they were met by the manager.

"In there," he said, pointing to a double sized mobile home on the west side of John Court.

The deputies went inside to the bedroom where a heavysset man lay face up on the bed, his shirt encrusted with blood. The pungent odor and ghastly white skin color indicated he had been dead for several days.

The deputies checked the mobile home for other victims before returning to their cruiser to report back to the dispatcher who was awaiting their call.

Mobile home residents had followed the police to John Court and formed a semi-circle in front of the mobile home. The deputies kept them behind their cruisers and began taking down field interviews.

They were still at it when the deputy coroner arrived, followed by the mobile lab van and Riverside Sheriff's Homicide

Investigators Sergeant William Ferguson and Detectives Dan Borden and Al Hearn.

Lawmen were told the victim was Jerry Shreve, a 39-year-old postal worker in Cypress. He had been a resident of the mobile home park for 18 months.

The detectives took the manager aside and questioned him. He told them he had received a phone call that morning from the supervisor of the post office in Cypress.

"He wanted to know where Jerry was," the witness said. "He hadn't shown up for work and he was worried."

The manager told sleuths he went to the mobile home and knocked. Hearing no response, he tried the front door, found it was open, and went inside.

"I saw Jerry on the bed," he explained. "It was pretty obvious what happened so I got out of there in a hurry."

The detectives went into the mobile home where they saw the deputy coroner bent over the corpse.

"How long has he been dead?" Ferguson asked.

The deputy coroner explained he could not give a precise time of death until he had examined the contents of his stomach and run routine chemical tests that would tell when the heart stopped pumping blood. The distention of the stomach and advanced decomposition, however, indicated Shreve had been dead at least 72 hours. Death was caused by two bullets that hit the postal worker in the upper chest and face. The

size of the holes they left indicated a high caliber weapon.

The coroner's assistants rolled the swollen corpse onto the gurney and strapped it down. It was then wheeled from his mobile home to the van that waited outside for the trip to the county morgue.

With the body removed, detectives began a careful search of the mobile home. The bedroom showed signs of ransacking, with the top dresser drawer ripped open, and a jewelry case emptied and dumped on the floor. Investigators were unable to find the victim's wallet, suggesting it had been stolen after Shreve was gunned down.

In contrast to the bedroom, the rest of the mobile home was orderly in appearance. Magazines were arranged by the month and neatly placed in a wood magazine rack next to the easy chair. The only item missing was a TV set that had been taken from a wood stand in the living room.

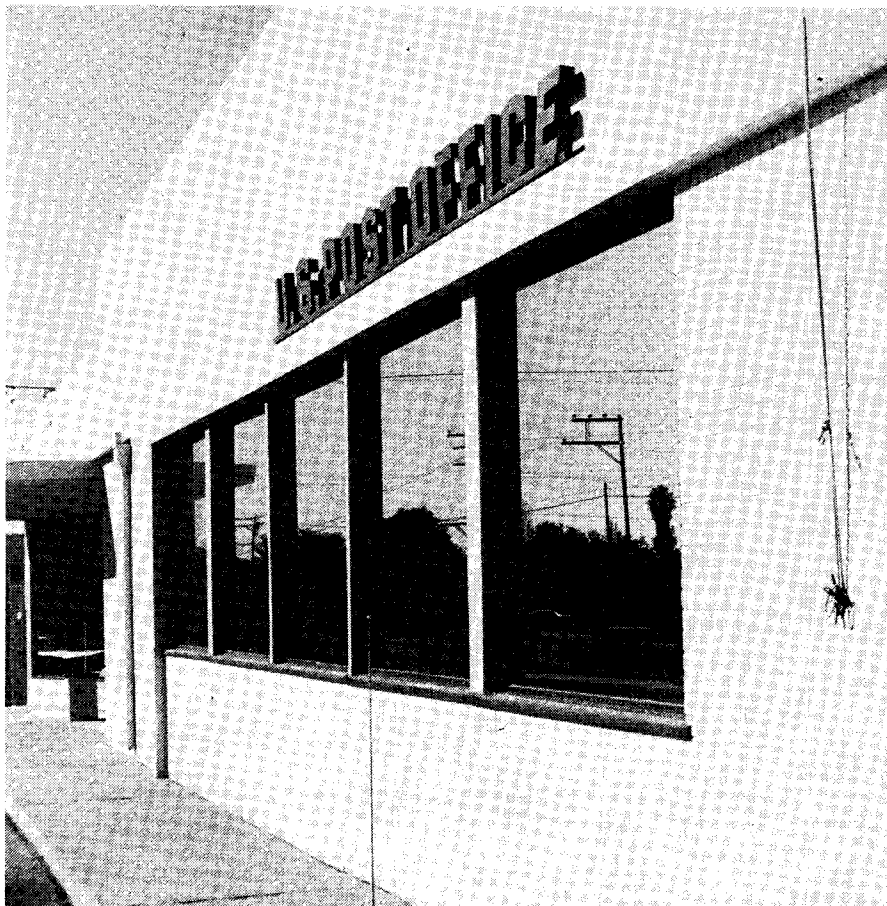
Sergeant Ferguson ran his finger across the the kitchen counter and found it spotless. Shreve had been a very neat housekeeper.

Moving through the kitchen, he spotted two wine glasses that had been rinsed out and put in the sink. The significance of the glasses was learned when detectives discovered an empty wine bottle next to the couch in the living room.

The two glasses and empty bottle indicated Shreve had been entertaining before he had been gunned down. And judging from the spotless appearance of the mobile home, the entertaining was likely done the same day and perhaps just hours before the shooting.

Finished with the inside of the house, detectives interviewed Shreve's neighbors. A middle-aged woman who lived across John Court from Shreve described the portly postal worker as a pleasant man who always said hello when they met. She was shocked to learned he had been murdered. "Jerry didn't seem like the type to hurt anyone," she said.

"When did you see him last?" Ferguson asked.



The people with whom Shreve worked at this post office were worried when he failed to show up for work. He was known as a nice guy to all his fellow postal employees.

"Friday morning," she replied. "I saw him driving from the house."

"Did you see anyone go into the mobile home after that?" the detective asked.

The woman shook her head. "But I did see his car," she said. "It was parked in the car port about 7:30 Friday evening." The car was gone later that evening when she went to walk her dog.

She said she heard no sound of a struggle or saw anything unusual. The first indication of trouble was when she saw the sheriff's cruiser screech to a halt in front of Shreve's home.

"He was a very happy sort," she explained. "You couldn't want a better neighbor."

Ferguson scribbled the comments into

the beige spiral ring notepad he pulled from his top pocket. It was one of a dozen such notebooks he would fill out before the case was over.

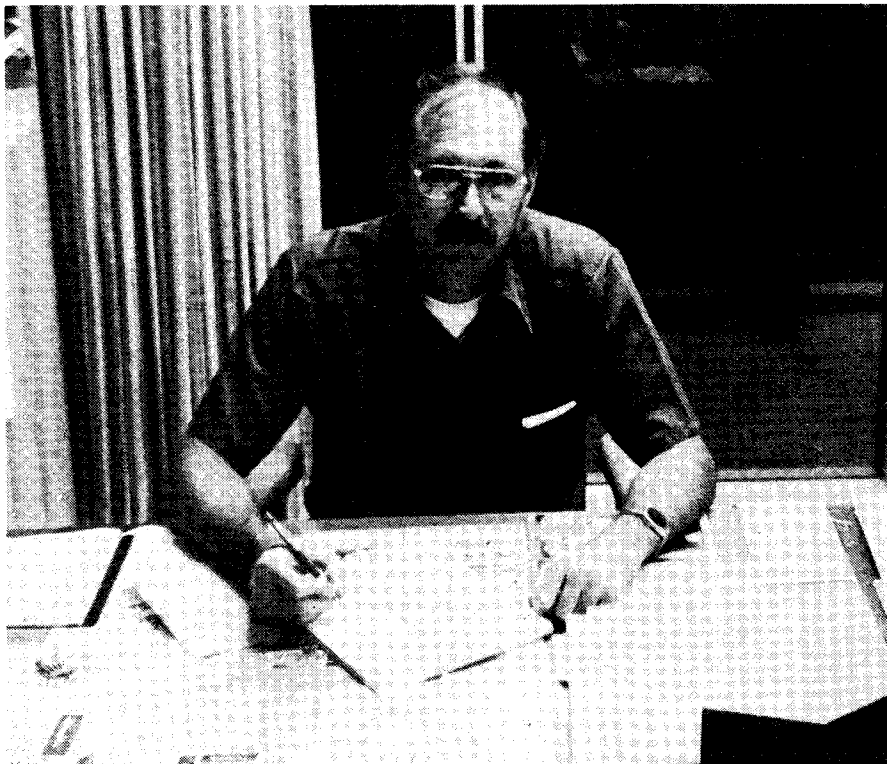
After they finished with the canvass, investigators went to the post office in Cypress, where Shreve had worked since leaving his native Ohio.

Cypress is a sleepy community in neighboring Orange County, about 40 minutes by freeway from Homestead. Word of the murder had leaked back to the post office and the postal workers were in a state of shock when the detectives arrived.

"I worried about Jerry when he didn't show up for work," one employee said. "I thought he might be sick, or was in a car accident. But this makes no sense."

**The good-natured postal worker was discovered naked in his mobile home, and although cops were without a motive, they did have one clue which was on the deceased's buttocks...and this helped narrow their focus...**





Sergeant William Ferguson led the investigation into the baffling murder of the mailman. It took several extremely unlikely "breaks" to solve the bizarre mystery.

The supervisor told sleuths that Shreve did not show up for his Saturday shift. He called Shreve's home repeatedly but no one answered. When Shreve did not return phone calls on Monday, the supervisor called the mobile home manager and asked him to go investigate.

"This is such a shock," he said. "Jerry was such a non-violent guy."

Investigators questioned the employees. The last person to see Jerry was a mail carrier who saw Shreve leave the post office at 4:30 Friday afternoon. He remembered Shreve was headed towards the employee's parking lot that was in back of the post office.

"Was he headed home?" Detective Hearn asked.

"I don't know," the witness ventured. "Sometimes he stopped off for a drink before heading home."

Shreve was alone when he left the post office; and he said nothing about meeting anyone.

Investigators learned Shreve often ate lunch at a delicatessen that was across the street from the post office. A lead developed when a counterman suggested police try the Firehouse bar, one of Shreve's favorite watering holes. The detectives went to the bar and showed Shreve's photo to the bartender.

"I know the guy," the bartender said. "But he wasn't in Friday." He suggested they try a bar in Anaheim.

The Anaheim tavern looked like an ordinary neighborhood place with a jukebox and plastic booths and formica tables that faced an imposing wood bar that ran the length of the small, smoky room. The detectives went to the bar and told the two bartenders who they were and what they

were doing there. Detective Borden produced a mugshot photo of Shreve and asked the two if they had seen him.

The two examined the photo as if it were a rare document that might disappear if their eyes left it for a second. Returning the photo, one of the bartenders said: "I know he has been in here."

"Was he here Friday night?" Ferguson asked.

"I don't know for sure," one bartender replied. "If he was, I didn't see him."

The detectives showed the photo to the bar flies who were busy lapping up the Happy Hour priced drinks. One remembered Shreve and suggested they try a gay bar on Katella Avenue.

The bar decor was interchangeable with the two they had been in; so was the clientele. This time the bartender didn't recognize Shreve and was unable to direct detectives to another bar.

The sleuths returned to the Riverside sheriff's station. Before calling it a night, Ferguson obtained the description and license number of Shreve's missing blue Chrysler from the state Department of Motor Vehicles and issued an alert, with the advisement the vehicle was wanted in an ongoing murder case and the driver and occupants were to be held for questioning.

On Wednesday, the Chrysler was found parked and abandoned in a quiet neighborhood two miles from Shreve's

*(Continued on page 77)*



Police confiscated three handguns when Bogovich was arrested in Red Bluff. A check on the guns showed they had been stolen, along with a missing fourth one.

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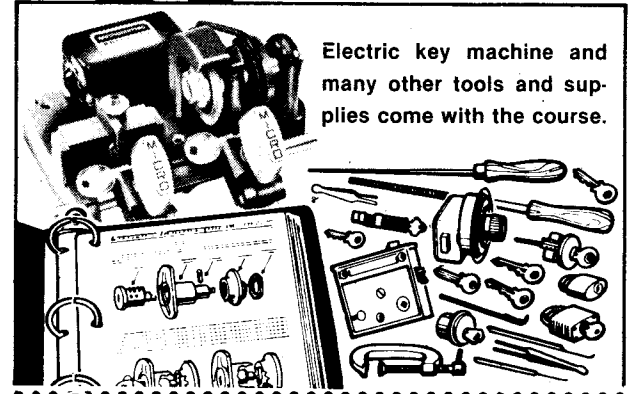
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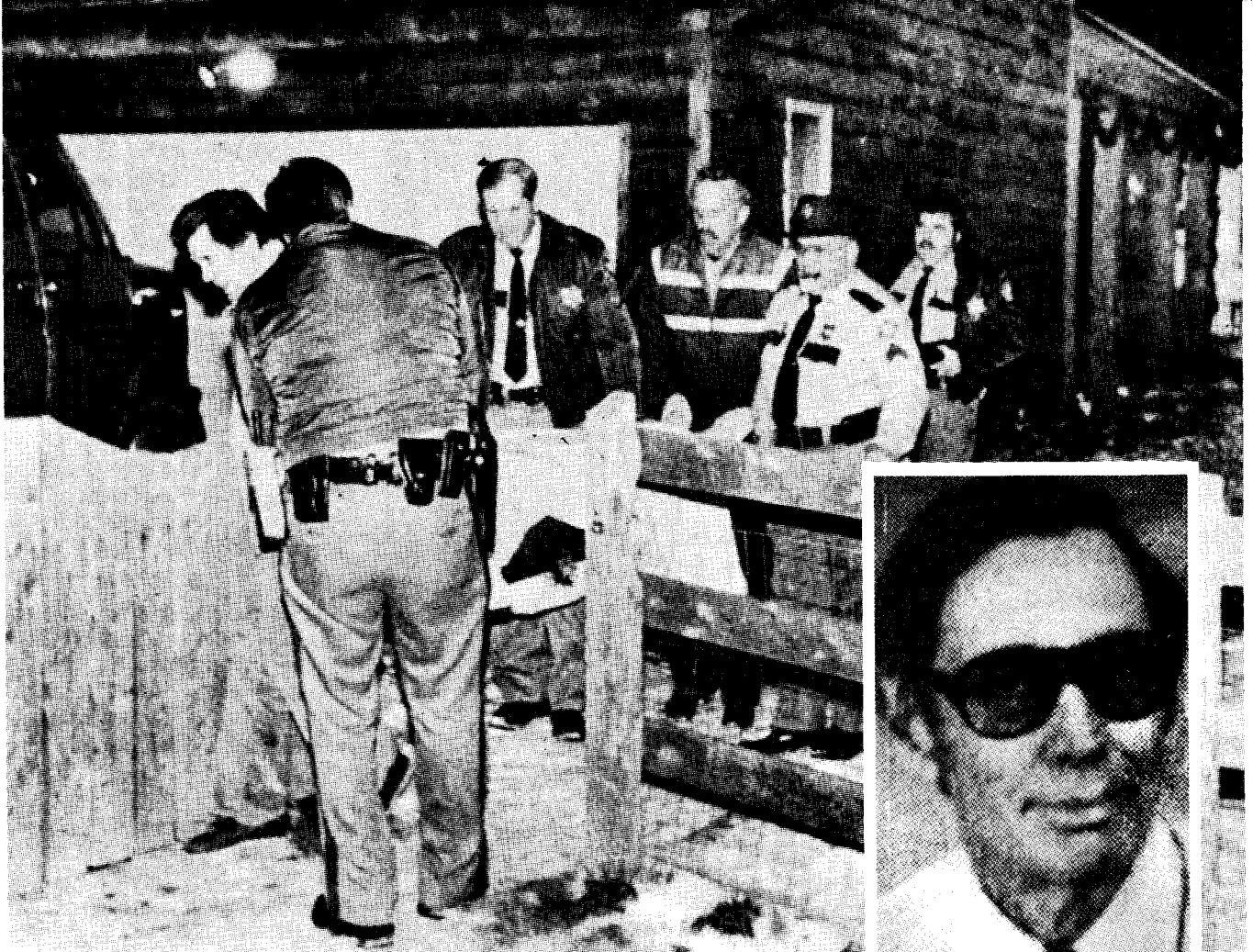
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Sheriff's deputies remove body of schoolteacher Richard Schwendeman from house. His friend Ronald Thompson (inset), also a schoolteacher, was found in the pool. Their murders were discovered when a robbery suspect was apprehended with their jewelry box.

# TRIO TOASTED THEIR SLASHED VICTIMS!

by JACK G. HEISE

## HOUSE SPRINGS, MO. DECEMBER 11, 1985

If asked, residents in House Springs, a suburb of St. Louis, Missouri, would most likely have described Richard Schwendeman and Ronald Thompson as gentlemen and scholars. It would have been a trite, but most accurate description of their neighbors.

Both men were elementary schoolteachers in St. Louis. And at even a hint of the need of assistance, both were

quick to respond. Among their charities was to buy clothing and food for needy students.

It might seem strange that the 53-year-old Schwendeman, who taught sixth grade, and 55-year-old Thompson, who taught fourth grade, could live in such opulence on the salaries paid by the school district.

Swendeman drove a late model Mercury Marquis and Thompson a late model Lincoln Continental. They lived in a luxurious, large house on 20 acres in a secluded area at the end of Sycamore Lane, complete with swimming pool and formal gardens.

Persons fortunate to have been invited to some of the lavish dinner parties given by the pair for friends, scholastic associates and students, described the house as a virtual museum.

Walls were lined with rare books, paintings, sculptures and artifacts that had been carefully selected over the years.

The bachelors were gourmet cooks and the table they set was resplendent with Spode china, Waterford crystal and gleaming silver services.

The fact was that the men had made prudent investments. They had no real need for their school salaries, but contin-



# Illinois Woman Receives LOURDES MEDAL— Wins \$20,000.00. Gets Lourdes Medal for Daughter— Daughter Wins \$3,000.00!

My name is Jean Connell.

And believe me... I wasn't born yesterday.

I'm a housewife blessed with a lovely family. This year I'll be celebrating my 35th Wedding Anniversary.

That's me in the snapshot, with my daughter. *Do I look like the kind of person who sends away for "lucky charms"? I'm not, I assure you.*

(What I'm holding in the picture is a \$20,000 winners check! But I'm jumping ahead of my story.)

I've always been skeptical of Good Luck Pieces...

Until I read an announcement about the miraculous LOURDES MEDAL.

This LOURDES MEDAL has genuine Holy Water straight from Lourdes—the Miracle Site in France.

I checked—and I learned that this is the famed Sacred Holy Water that has brought Good Luck to thousands upon thousands of people.

I also checked the part about "miracles." *Do you know that four million miracle-seekers go to Lourdes EVERY YEAR to be next to this Holy Water? That the blind come here to regain their sight? The deaf to hear again? The crippled to walk once more?*

I also found out that scientists and religious leaders say that the holy Lourdes water create amazing miracles which defy reasoning. *And that not a single pilgrim has reported disappointment with the Lourdes water.*

I thought to myself: could scientists and religious leaders be wrong? Could four million miracle-seekers be wrong?

I decided to send for my own LOURDES MEDAL.

How could I lose? The price was amazingly low—only \$10.00. And even that small amount would be returned if I didn't find all the Good Luck I expected.

Was I glad I made the decision to send for the LOURDES MEDAL!

Here's what happened: *The day I received my Medal I won \$400.00 in the lottery and shortly afterwards won \$20,000.00. Thrilled as I could be, I bought another LOURDES MEDAL for my daughter. Guess what? She immediately won \$3,000.00!*

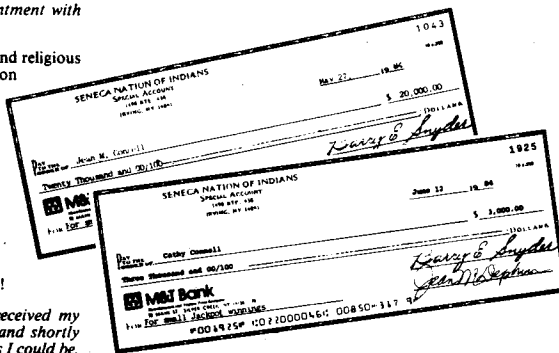
How about you? Do you need Good Luck also? Then don't miss this chance to get a LOURDES MEDAL for yourself. You can look forward to Good Luck also.

God bless you.

*Jean Connell*



Here's Jean Connell with her daughter after she sent in \$10 for each of their Lourdes Medals.



**UPDATE:**  
SINCE FEB. '85 (WHEN JEAN CONNELL'S LETTER WAS WRITTEN) HERE'S WHAT HAS HAPPENED...

- Mar. 15—played Bingo, won \$500.00.
- Apr. 12—played Lottery, won \$920.00.
- Apr. 16—played Lotto, won \$254.00.
- Apr. 28—played Bingo, won \$210.00.
- Apr. 29—played Lottery, won \$130.00.
- May 4—played Lottery, won \$200.00.

Are YOU winning at Bingo? At the Lottery? Do you have the Lourdes Medal? If not, send for it at once.



We certify that this Medal has been specially created for you in Lourdes, France and contains water drawn from the Miraculous Spring of OUR LADY Apparitions Grotto in LOURDES, France.

## Reports from around U.S. of Winners, Winners, Winners:

Grateful holders of Lourdes Good Luck Water Can't believe "cash miracles" happening to them:

**Sends for Lourdes Water** — wins \$2,040.00! "I have won over \$2,040.00 — and I have been having all kinds of luck."  
N.W., Odessa, Texas

**Never won anything. Receives Lourdes Water** and wins \$1,000.00! "I've won about \$1,000.00 in Bingo in three weeks."  
C.N., New York, New York

**Receives Lourdes Cross** — husband & wife win over \$8,000.00! "Around Christmas the Miracle Lourdes Cross worked for both of us, my wife and I. She won \$4,000.00 playing bingo and on December 15th I won \$2,154.90 on 649 lottery."  
W.R., Prince Rupert, BC Canada

**Yes to Lourdes Water** — collects THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS at the track! "Since I received my Lourdes Water, I've had a lot of Miracles happen to me. I go to the Dog Track and I win just about every time I go — from \$100.00 and up to \$700.00. I also win at Bingo. Before I received the Water, I wasn't winning at anything."  
A.H., Orville, Alabama

**Gets Lourdes Cross, wears it to Bingo that night** — wins \$1,000.00! "I wore it when I went to Bingo — and I won \$1,000.00."  
E.G., Salida, Colorado

**Sends for Lourdes Medal** — wins \$4000.00! "The week I sent for the medal I won \$4000.00 in the Illinois Lottery. My first check was to my church for \$400, the rest to bills. I give God working through Lourdes the credit. I am a Lutheran. God Bless."  
M.B., St. Peters, Mo.

**Obtains Lourdes Water** — receives check for \$1,957.33! "I received Lourdes Water on Tuesday, August 30. The very same day I was given a check for \$1,957.33 to have my book published!"  
J.C.R., Daytona Beach, Florida

**Mails "coupon" for Lourdes Water** — wins over \$2,000.00! "Since I sent for my first Miracle Lourdes Water Medal, I have won over \$2,000 in Bingo. I want to order three more of these Lourdes Water Medals to give my children."  
L.M., Shirley, Massachusetts

**Credits winnings of \$2100.00 at Bingo to Lourdes Water!** "I must tell you of the immediate change in my life since I wrote to you for the Lourdes Water. I won at Bingo six times for \$600.00 and then I talked my husband into going to Bingo with me and we won \$1500.00!"  
J.G., Everett, Washington

**Receives Lourdes Cross** — wins \$1,350.00 at Bingo! "I received a miracle blessing of \$1,350.00 when I wore it to Bingo... My home has been filled with joy, and I've ordered one for my husband."  
A.H., New Orleans, Louisiana

**Accepts Lourdes Water** — receives checks for \$800.00 plus salary hike! "I am 66 years old and was lonely and unhappy. Then I sent for the Lourdes Water. The next day I got two checks for \$800.00. And since then my salary has been raised. I am so happy now."  
O.E., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

**Goes for Lourdes Water** — receives check for \$3,400.00! "I sent for Lourdes Water... I received an insurance check for \$3,400.00. Thank you. May God bless you."  
S.F., Jackson, Tennessee

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HAVE YOUR CREDIT CARD HANDY (VISA OR MASTERCARD) SO WE CAN PUSH YOUR ORDER RIGHT OUT. (Or, mail off the coupon below today.)

**Wears Lourdes Cross** — receives car, then wins \$5,000.00! "I received Lourdes Water. A month later a Ford Granada was given to me... and the same month I won \$5,000.00!"  
M.R., Indio, California

**HOUSE OF MIRACLES** TWT-ODG-2  
P.O. Box 9058, Paramus, New Jersey 07652

Yes, rush me the famed Lourdes Medal, for which I enclose a small amount of only \$10 (plus \$1 postage and special handling). I look forward to money miracles that will change my life. If I am not completely satisfied with my Lourdes Medal I may return it for a full refund.

Please send me  
Lourdes Medal(s) for only \$10 each plus \$1 postage and handling. \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Check here to receive a special 18" cable/curb chain plated with pure gold and created by master artisans in Lourdes, France. Price is only \$2. \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Charge to my:  MasterCard  Visa  Discover  American Express  Other \_\_\_\_\_ Grand Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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Canadians may remit \$15 for delivery to Canada.

**Even for killers, it was a new low, lawmen agreed.  
Never had executioners shown so much callousness.  
They not only shot two scholars, they filled  
their glasses with champagne and toasted their deed.**



**David Morgan was arrested for a dental office robbery, but he had much more to offer police when he was questioned.**

ued to teach because they had dedicated their lives to their profession.

Schwendeman and Thompson, neither of whom had any siblings, had lived together since their college days at the University of Missouri and the Harris-Stowe State College.

At 11:30 Sunday morning, January 13, 1985, an incident took place in St. Louis County that at the time appeared to have no relevance to House Springs in Jefferson County.

St. Louis County Sheriff's Officer Nathan Wild was on a routine patrol along Interstate 55 in the southern section of the county when he spotted a car parked on the road shoulder with three men changing a flat tire.

What caught Wild's attention was the car, a blue 1976 Chevrolet Malibu. A week previously, on Monday, there had been a report of a robbery of a dental office on the Lemay Ferry Road with a description of a similar car in which the bandits had fled.

Following routine procedure, Wild radioed in the license of the car and requested a computer check to see if there were any outstanding warrants for it. He walked back to where the young men were changing the tire.

"How's it going, fellows?" he asked. "No problem, officer," one of the men responded. "We've just about got it fixed."

Officer Wild looked into the car and noticed a pair of dark sunglasses on the dashboard. The dental office robbers were about the same ages as these men and had been wearing dark sunglasses.

Looking into the rear of the car, he spotted a small brown wood jewelry box on the backseat.

"What's in the box?" Wild asked.

One of the men volunteered that it belonged to his family. He said his family had financial difficulties and had given him the box with some jewelry in it to pawn.

"Do you mind opening it?" Wild requested.

The box was opened. There were several watches, rings and other pieces of jewelry that all appeared to be those of a man. The man who had volunteered that the box belonged to his family gave indications of being extremely nervous.

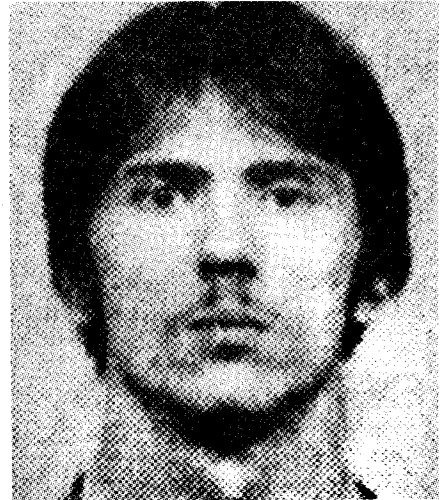
Wild returned to his car and radioed a request for a backup unit. He then returned to the car where the men had completed changing the tire and informed them, "Fellows, we're going to take a little trip to headquarters and have a little talk about things."

The trio were taken to the Fourth precinct, where Wild requested a computer check to determine if there were any reports on a burglary or robbery in which a jewelry box and a considerable amount of men's jewelry had been taken as loot.

The report came back negative.

Wild contacted headquarters in St. Louis, with the information that the three young men were being held temporarily in custody on the suspicion that they might be involved in the dental office robbery, and asked for instructions. He was told to book the trio on open charges and that detectives with the robbery division would be contacted. They would round up possible witnesses to view the suspects.

A short time after the trio were put in a



**Eric Schneider didn't like being preached to. He reacted in the only way that he knew—through sheer, unbridled violence.**

holding cell at the precinct station, one of them sent word that he wanted to talk to Wild.

The 21-year-old man who identified himself as David Lee Morgan informed Wild that if he was taken somewhere other than the precinct station and away from the men he was with, he would have some information that Wild might like to hear.

"About that robbery of the dental office?" Wild asked.

"That and something else," Morgan responded.

Wild said that it could be arranged. He took Morgan to the sheriff's Lemay precinct where Detectives Dave Barrow and Anthony Griemel were called in to hear what Morgan had to say.

"You want to confess to the robbery of the dental office?" Barrow asked. "We'll have witnesses who can make you, so you may as well get it off your chest."

Morgan nodded.

"Those two I picked up with you were in on the robbery?" Wild asked.

Morgan nodded again.

"I'll tell you about it, if you keep me someplace away from them," Morgan

*(Continued on page 70)*

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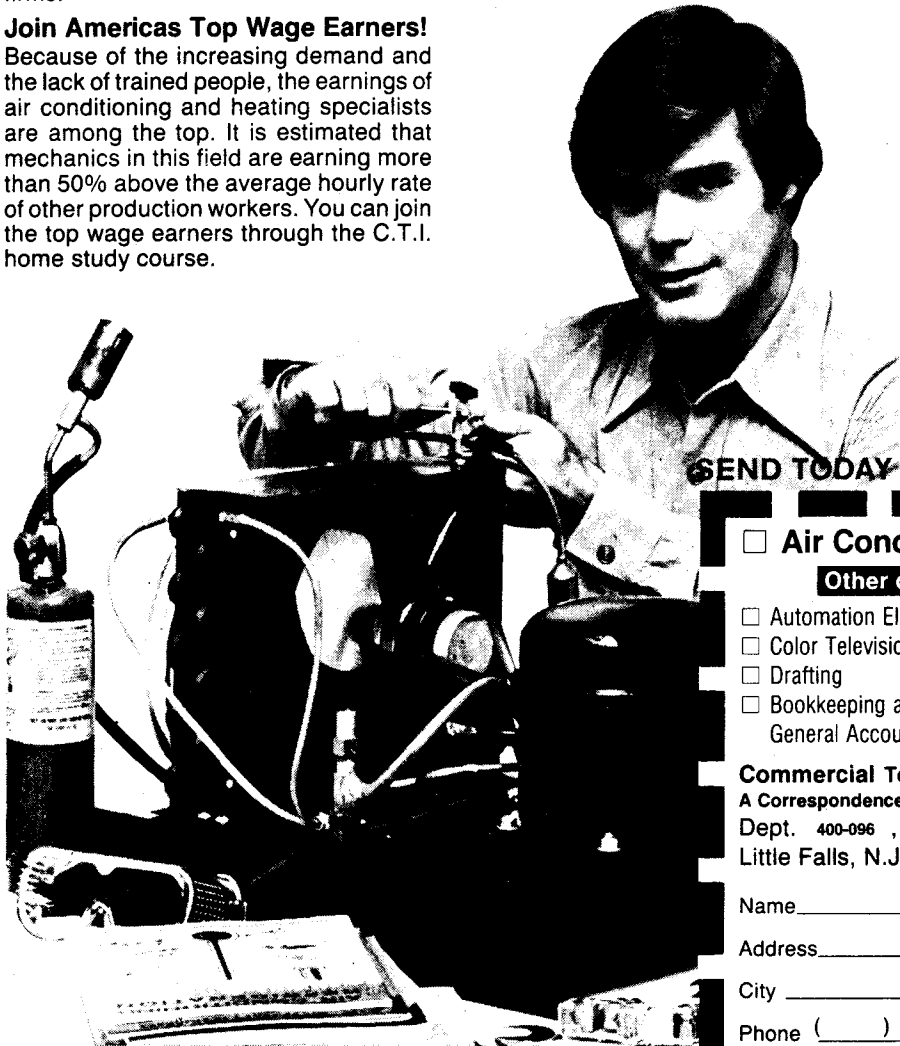
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by D.V. LANE



Victim Ricky Friesz was found here by a relative. He had been shot to death. Heroin was found inside the house, which led detectives to believe the murder was drug-related.

**AUBURN, WASH.  
NOVEMBER 13, 1984**

The man staggered out of the Auburn, Washington, house in shock. On January 13, 1984, he'd gone to the small wood-frame home to pay a courtesy call on Richard Friesz, 28, of Auburn. The last thing he'd expected to find were two corpses. He could have called police from inside the home, but he'd wanted to get out of the death house as quickly as possible. He staggered to the neighbors, and they helped him call paramedics who, in turn, notified the police. There wasn't a thing they could do for the two young men lying dead in the home.

Several officers responded to the scene. Richard J. Friesz was the homeowner. He was the one dead in the kitchen, the man who had discovered the bodies told Officer Jerry Christin, one of the first lawmen to arrive. The discoverers didn't know the identity of the second man.

Christin and fellow Auburn policemen James Detrick, Willard Lathrop and Robert Deeds secured the crime scene and waited for detectives and crime lab experts. The officers noticed that there were fresh tire and shoe tracks in the mud in the parking area at the back of small house. They protected these as well as the murder scene itself.

Sergeants Robert Lee and John Baker at Auburn police headquarters were notified of the situation. Lee contacted Donald Phillips of the Washington State Crime Laboratory. It was decided that Sergeant Baker and Officer Michael

It was one for the record:

# How A Coughing Baby Cracked The Double Murder!



Corkin would be the primary investigators of the double homicide. They waited at headquarters until Phillips arrived, and the three went to the murder scene located on Southeast 13th in one of the poorer districts of Auburn.

"There are two victims inside," Officer Christin told the three crime scene investigators upon their arrival. "I got here shortly after 17:25 hours when the department got the call. It was obvious that it was a double murder. After confirming they were dead, I exited and haven't been back inside.

"I asked the guy who found the bodies if he'd disturbed anything. He said he found the telephone off the cradle, and he replaced it. He called us from the neighbors."

"Any reason to suspect the guy?" Baker asked Christin.

"He's a relative. Says he came here to visit one of the victims, a Ricky Friesz. I didn't try to identify the second victim by disturbing the body. The guy seems to be pretty shaken. His story rings true. I have no reason to doubt him."

"Fine. I'll want to talk to him later, but if it doesn't appear that he's involved, it can wait," Baker said.

As the four officers stood guard, crime expert Phillips, with Baker and Corkin in tow, started their scene analysis.

"It is now 19:45 hours, approximately two hours and ten minutes after the police department received its initial call," crime expert Phillips spoke into tape recorder. "A low cyclone fence fronts the residence. Entry through the cyclone fence is by way of a similar wire gate and a narrow dirt walkway. The small, frame construction, three-room dwelling with an attached bath is set back toward the rear of the small lot. The rear of the lot consists of a parking area for vehicles. A 1972 Chevrolet pickup truck, model LUV, is parked at the rear of the residence."

Sergeant Baker noticed that the amber parking lights of the pickup were still on. The doors of the pickup were unlocked, and the parking area west of it revealed an assortment of tire tread impressions in shallow soil. One usable shoe print impression also could be seen. Photographs and plaster molds of these impressions



Timothy Schager was in the house when the killer arrived. Schager tried to run but was shot in the head. When that didn't kill him, the gunman put another slug in his eye.

were made for police use.

Being careful not to disturb any fingerprints that might be in the truck, the investigators checked to see if it would start. It did. This indicated that the truck hadn't been there long enough for the lights to have run down the battery.

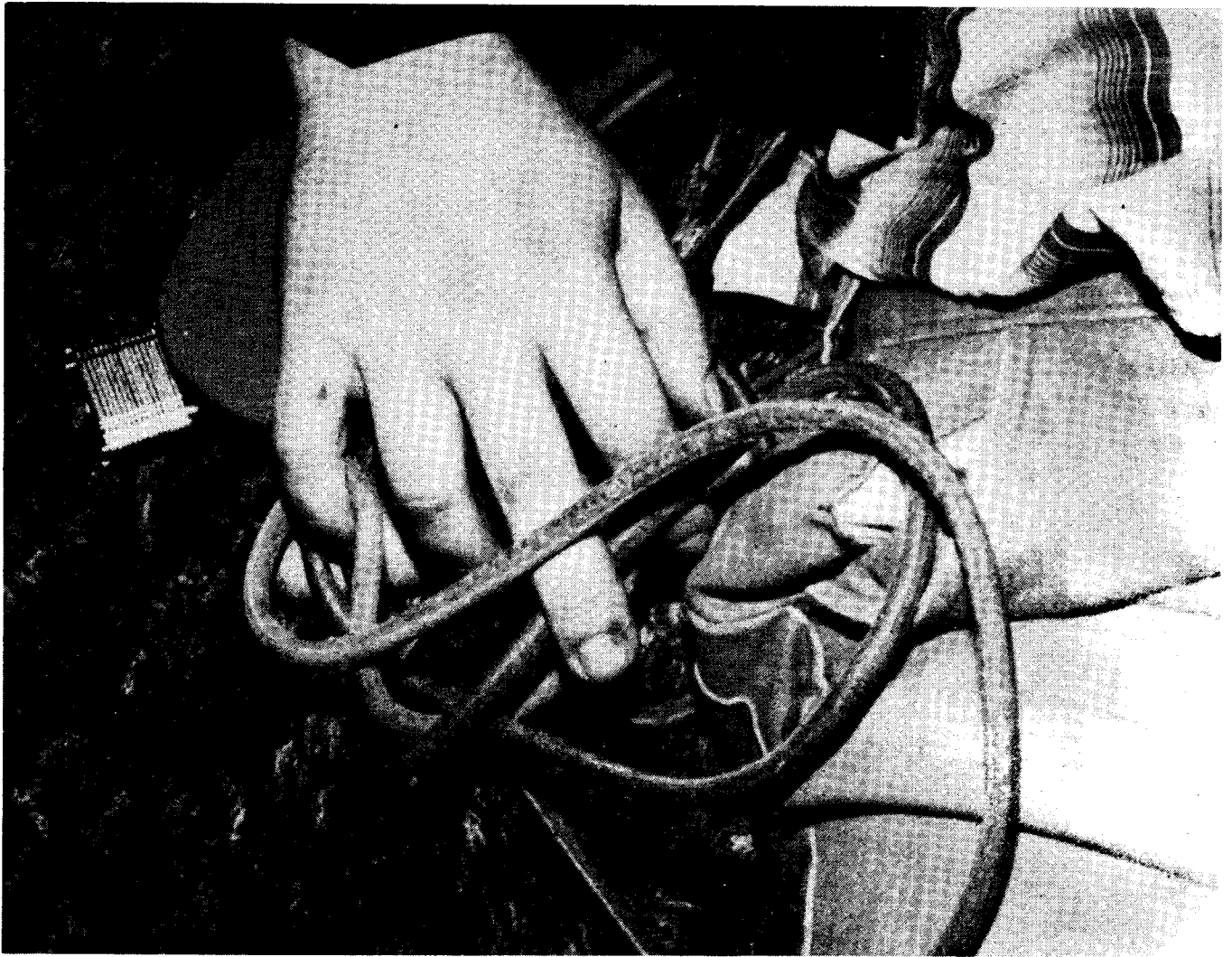
Dr. Harry Bonnell, an assistant medical examiner for King County, arrived at the scene, and he, along with the other criminalists, entered the building via the open door to the kitchen.

The entry door of wood and glass con-

struction was intact. "No recent forced entry," Criminalist Phillips commented. "The inside door casing near the striker plate has been splintered at one time, but it's not recent."

The house was so small that, immediately upon entering the kitchen, one had to close the back door before making a sharp left to open the bathroom door. Before entering the premises Phillips looked for shoe prints on the kitchen and bathroom floors. There were none. He told Baker and Corkin and Bonnell that it

**The case smacked of a double-cross by a pusher who had followed the victims to the house and blew them away before they got a chance to use the drugs.**



Among various items found under Schager's hand was the name of a drug pusher. Was this a lucky break or a red herring?

was okay to enter. They did so cautiously.

"Visible from the entryway was the body of a white male lying on his back with the head and shoulder surrounded by a pool of blood.

"The blood is starting to coagulate and also separate from its serum," pathologist Bonnell noted along with Phillips.

"This is Rick Friesz," Sergeant Baker told Phillips.

"Henceforth identified as victim number one," Phillips spoke into his recorder.

"Victim number one lays in a north to south direction. His clothing consists of relatively new jeans, a denim jacket, a blue shirt with a red neck liner, a silver-plated neck chain bearing a symbol, and beige-colored western-style boots. The denim jacket is open in front and is pulled up toward the shoulders in back.

"The position of the rear of the jacket indicates that the body has been moved after the subject came to rest on his back," Phillips stated. "The right side



Entrance used by relative to enter the death house. There was no indication of the horror that lurked just inside.

of the denim jacket is tucked under the axillary area of the right arm, further indicating that the body has been moved by pulling the body south toward the kitchen sink. The thin blue shirt, with a red-colored neck liner, is out of the trouser's waist on the left side. Dried bloodstains, in the form of drops, stain the front of the blue shirt. The left and right breast pockets of the denim jacket reveal open flaps and seem to have been searched."

"Searched?" Baker echoed. That was very significant, he realized.

Criminalist Phillips went on to describe the positions of Friesz's arms and legs, and he noted that Friesz's wristwatch was still working.

At that point Phillips had been in the residence for a little more than 70 minutes. He noted that the outside atmospheric temperature was 36 degrees Fahrenheit and the inside temperature 52. He then turned his attention to the victim's head.

"The head of victim number one is turned toward the right side, the mouth is

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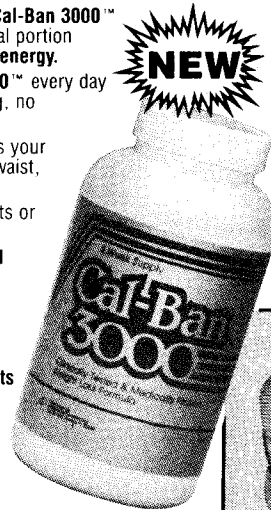
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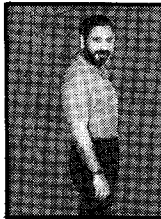


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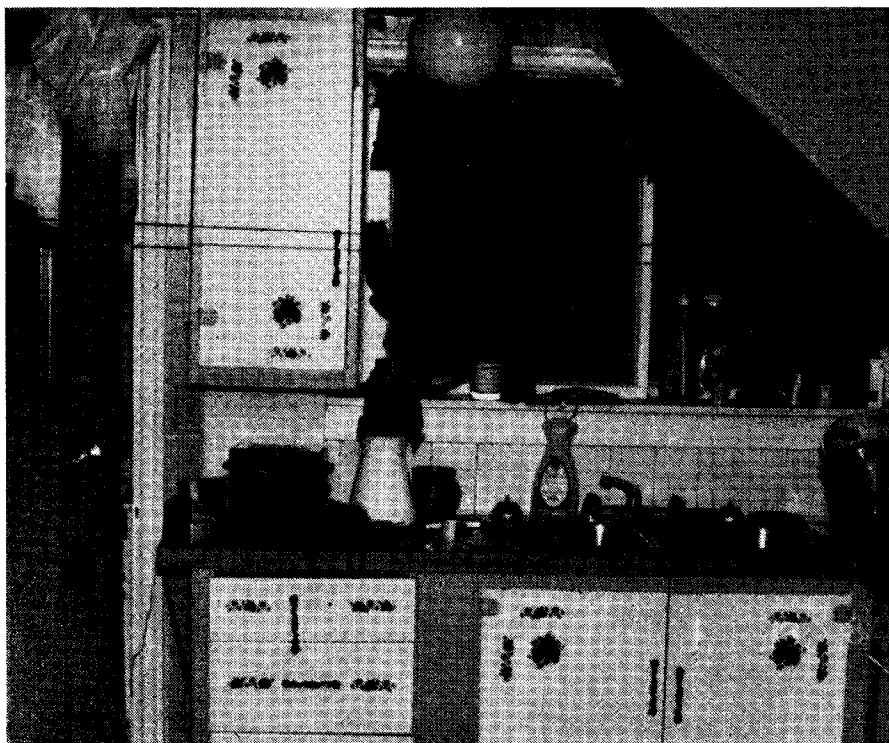
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Criminalist determined that the assailant gunned down Friesz in the kitchen (l.) while standing at the bathroom threshold (r.)

partly open and blood spattering and streaks of bloodstains are on the victim's chin, left jaw, right jaw, left neck and left ear. A small hole is noted in the left temporal area at approximately the hairline. This hole appears to be a bullet entry wound. Close examination of the skin area around the apparent bullet entry wound reveals minute particles of unburned yellowish and gray-colored gunpowder. The unburned and partially-burned gunpowder has caused a stippling pattern to be present on the left side of the victim's head. The stippling effect seems to be concentrated on the left side of the face."

Next to Friesz's left hand was a cut orange balloon. Under his right boot was some white powder, and some white hard material was found on his pant leg.

"It looks like this may be drug-related," Phillips told Sergeant Baker and Officer Corkin. "There's traces of a brownish-colored material inside the balloon," he commented as he carefully bagged the various items after photographing them all.

The knotted portion of an orange-colored balloon with a cut end was found on the counter to the left of the stainless steel sink and next to a bread cutting board. Another cut open yellow balloon was found on the floor. The knotted upper section of the yellow balloon was near the victim's right hand.

Dried bloodstains, round in shape, were located on the floor. Some of them were streaked which suggested that the

killer may have stepped in the blood and thus would have transferred the blood to his or her shoe sole. There were no usable prints on the floor.

Bread crumbs, some white powder, an unfrozen loaf of frozen bread and a jelly-stained knife were found on the kitchen counter. The knife was bagged for later fingerprint analysis.

Phillips saw no bloodstains on the ceiling, but noticed a small hole in the ceiling. He probed this, retrieved a small, copper-jacketed bullet, and established a trajectory. He could find no evidence indicating that this bullet had struck the victim before it entered the ceiling.

On the kitchen counter, left of the top surface of the electric range, Phillips found a metal cooking pot and its lid, and a white cloth towel with an orange-colored print design. The towel was functioning to allow an iron skillet, foil pan and glass jar to drip dry. In front of the towel lay a rolled up paper towel which appeared to have been handled many times. Inside the paper towel were three hypodermic syringes with orange-colored needle covers. Behind the paper towel was a silver-plated teaspoon, the bowl of which revealed an area of charring.

It seemed pretty apparent that somebody had been melting heroin into liquid form so it could be injected with the syringes.

The doorknobs and other items in the bathroom and kitchen were dusted for fingerprints, but no usable latent prints

were developed on any of the knobs. But prints were developed on the toilet seat.

After processing the kitchen and bathroom, the experts next turned their attention to the living room, entered via the kitchen. Shag carpet covered the living room floor. As they entered the cramped living room, a refrigerator was on the left. Continuing around the room in a clockwise fashion were a stairway leading to a single second floor bedroom, a stereo speaker box, a stereo receiver on a short stand, a second speaker box, and a wood stand upon which sat a lamp in the corner.

In front of the stereo system stand was a weight lifting bench surrounded by several red-and-blue weight lifting accessories. There was one window on the north wall. Along that wall was a dark brown sofa upon which were miscellaneous papers. Weight lifting metal bars were under the front edge of the sofa. The northeast corner of the room harbored a plant in a black container on a tall wooden box. To its right was a low end table upon which sat a lamp.

A second dark brown sofa was on the east wall of the room. Upon this sofa sat the telephone. A writing tablet was on the end of the sofa. Next to the sofa was a dining table.

"The deceased body of victim number two is lying face up," Phillips recorded "This victim appears to have received a bullet wound or wounds that impacted his left eye. The victim's shoulders rest on a metal weight lifting accessory with

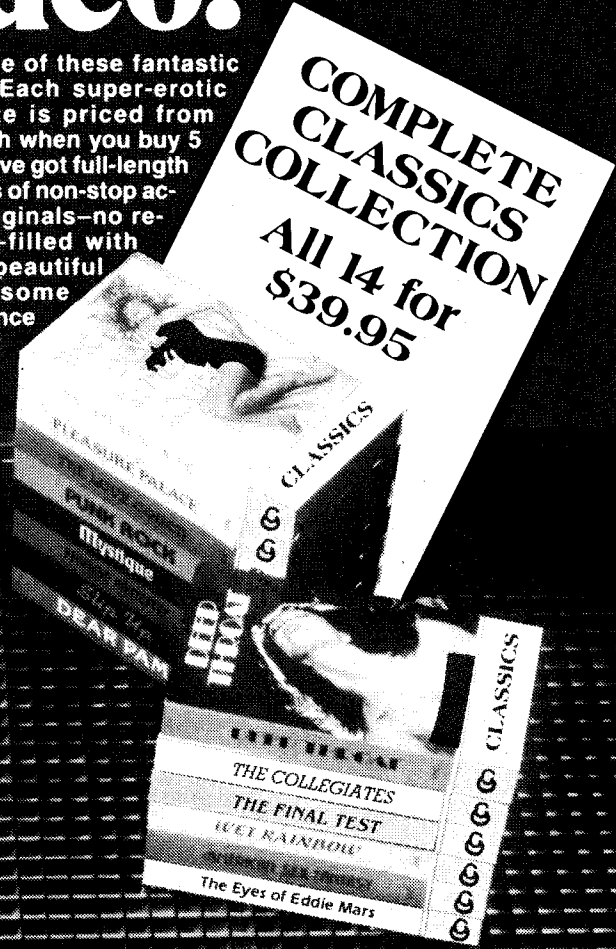




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black weights on its ends. The victim's head is below the weight lifter's bench, and the back of his head reclines on two rather large disc-shaped red-colored weights. Victim number two lies in a west-east direction.

"The way his shoulders are resting against the bar and his head on the discs suggests he was propped up like that," Phillips told the detectives.

The second victim was identified from the contents of his wallet as Timothy R. Schager, 31, of nearby Federal Way, another community in King County.

His clothing consisted of a light brown, light-weight jacket, maroon and white shirt, jeans and track shoes. The shirt had three buttons buttoned but was loose at the neck and pulled out at the trousers. Its collar was up high on his neck. The jacket pocket was inside-out. His jeans were low on his waist. The second belt loop stitches were stretched. It appeared that the killer had used the victim's belt to pull him over onto his back.

Intertwined in the fingers of his left hand was an exercising jumping rope with wooden handles. Under his left hand lay a small padlock.

But the probers' most significant find was a small scrap of paper found near his right hand. It contained the name of Wilson Ollander and a telephone number.

Other evidence collected at the scene

was an assortment of hair of varying length and color, paint chips, fibers and bloodstains.

After Schager's body was removed, Phillips found a portion of a lead bullet on the carpet. A second bullet portion was found near the sofa.

A pellet gun was discovered as well as several live rounds of .22-caliber ammunition elsewhere in the room.

At the southwest corner of the room were the steps leading upstairs. Men's and women's clothing were found in the bedroom. But there apparently was nothing connected with the homicide. Nor were any drugs or weapons found upstairs.

Criminalist Phillips, Sergeant Baker and Investigator Corkin spent the remainder of January 13th and a good portion of January 14th processing the crime scene. Corkin had made a meticulous inventory of things found as Phillips conducted the search and took the photographs. The evidence was turned over to Sergeant Baker.

While that was going on, other officers had been canvassing the neighborhood in quest of anybody who might know something about the double murder. They struck out.

Back at police headquarters, Baker and Officer Corkin reviewed their notes. Several things were of significance. The powdery substances found at various

spots in the kitchen and also some traces in the bathroom; the fact that they found live rounds of .22-caliber ammunition but no weapon; and the name and phone number of a man named Wilson Ollander on a scrap of paper next to one of the murder victim's hands.

The long process of questioning relatives and friends of the victims began. Nobody knew anything, they told the sleuths. The detectives learned from the telephone company that the number found on the scrap of paper with Wilson Ollander's name was for a public telephone booth in Auburn.

Meanwhile, Phillips completed his analysis of the brown and white powders found at the murder scene and confirmed that it was heroin.

"It all fits with being a drug rip-off," Officer Corkin said to his partner on the case, Sgt. Baker. "Whoever killed them went through their pockets. And the fact that this Ollander character works out of a public telephone booth is pretty typical of a pusher."

The detectives reviewed what they knew about the case. Although it apparently was a heroin-related killing, the autopsy had shown that no drugs had been found in either victim's system and that there were no needle tracks on their arms or other parts of their bodies.

*(Continued on page 74)*



Killer's car tire tracks (indicated by arrow) were considered key clues because they were made from various tire brands.

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For centuries, these Witchcraft secrets were hushed up, so that those in power could stay in power! Feudal lords kept their bondsmen as slaves. Factory owners kept their employees in dreaded sweatshops, because these masters knew they must not allow their workers to realize that they need not labor their lives away. Witchcraft was suppressed because it works! Not because of any "evil" in it. If it hadn't worked, no one would have worried about it. If you want to gain power, all you need is this amazing Witch Book!

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• **THE WITCH'S BLACK MIRROR!**—Just as your TV set has been called your "window on the world," so the Black Mirror is your "window on the psychic world"—the world of the unknown. Making your own personal Black Mirror takes only a few moments and can open the way to unguessable visions. All you need is a bowl of water, some ink, and the chant on page 23. Suddenly you will see scenes from other places and times, or any scene you wish to see!

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- How to Always Win with Luck Spells!
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miracles happen in their daily lives!

You'll see how Vern, a man who likes to give a lot of expensive parties, was always short of cash until he discovered the amazing WITCH'S MONEY JAR—now all he has to do is dip in, for it brings him an endless flow of cash! Evelyn, a waitress, was always lending money to friends, and was always broke. Finally, she placed her last dollar on the table, and worked the MONEY MAGNET SPELL over it. All at once, dozens of people who had borrowed money from her, rushed to pay her back!

Hank was perpetually broke. One night he got together with some friends, and they decided to cast the MONEY SPELL. The very next day, Hank received in the mail a check for some \$250 worth of insurance. (He had never heard of the company that sent the check, he was not insured with them, and had never even made a claim—but he accepted the money.) Another member of the group that used the spell, a 40-year-old secretary, received an automobile as a gift! All the other members of the group received amazing windfalls of money, as well! You'll see how Dexter, a retiree, lives RENT FREE and receives \$200 a week at the age of 78, with a secret you'll find in this Witch Book! You'll see how Claudine, a secretary, was able to wear the finest, most expensive furs—FREE—and spend weekends at an expensive ski lodge in the mountains, where she met a wonderful man! How Ruth L., a widow—with nothing but a small pension, and a little savings—received her dream house, by using a simple 5-minute ritual on page 38 of this book!

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Feeling sick today? Plagued by a lot of troublesome illnesses? Perhaps some relative is sick and constantly demanding your attention! Or perhaps it is a pet that needs help? With the MAGIC POWER OF WITCHCRAFT, you can cure anything, say authors Gavin and Yvonne Frost: "In our experience... we have not found a single incurable disease!"

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In the same way, say Gavin and Yvonne Frost, almost all illness can be prevented. You are actually employing an ancient Witchcraft method to remove diseased tissue! Even if you do not have any belief in the results, the power will work for you!

One woman, who had been in a wheelchair for 26 years, due to polio and arthritis, used the Witchcraft healing method, and reported that she had no pain and could walk and garden again! A man reported that his son's deep 3rd degree burns miraculously healed overnight!

• **SO SIMPLE A CHILD USES IT!**—A 4-year-old girl asked if she could try to heal a man who was limping—due to a torn ligament—with this simple Witchcraft healing method. In a matter of moments, she started her chant, laying her hands on the weak ankle. The man was miraculously cured! To skeptics, this should be convincing PROOF that anyone can use it!

### AMAZING POWER CAN BE YOURS!

Whether you want infinite wealth, or just a comfortable new home, financial security, fine possessions, love, companionship, new health and vigor, power to control others, secret knowledge, protection from evil, or anything else, the magic power of Witchcraft can bring it to you quickly, easily and automatically! It's the easiest thing in the world!

• **HOW TO SEE INTO THE FUTURE!**—Would you like to be able to see the future? You CAN with the magic Black Mirror you'll see how to make on page 23. All you need is some ink and a bowl of water. Then use the chant on this page, and you will be able to see many things. One man uses it to read tomorrow's newspaper. YOU can use it to check the stock market or that important horse race!

• **MAKE TIME RUN BACKWARD OR FORWARD!**—A



### MEET THE AUTHORS

**GAVIN FROST, B.Sc., Ph.D., D.D.**, is Archbishop of the Church of Wicca, New Bern, North Carolina with national headquarters in Salem, Missouri, branches in several states and worldwide membership. He is Marshal of the Gold Star of England, with the right to wear the Saffron Robe and one of the very few Witches in the Western Hemisphere privileged to wear the authentic mark of initiation on his wrist. Although descended from a long line of mystics and scholars, and formerly a Vice-President and Director of International Operations for major aerospace companies, he prefers to be thought of as a humble teacher.

**Mrs. YVONNE FROST, A.A., D.D.**, with her husband Gavin Frost, devotes her time to giving private instruction and publishing *Survival*, the newsletter of the Church of Wicca, of which she is a Bishop.

Articles by or about Gavin and Yvonne Frost have appeared in such national publications as *Midnight* and the *National Enquirer*.

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by RICHARD SHROUT



A man came staggering out into the night through this door, beginning a mystery for police in Miami's "Little Haiti." Who shot who, and why? were the riddles.

# BUNGLING BURGLARS BOTCHED A BREAK-IN

**MIAMI, FLA.  
FEBRUARY 21, 1985**

Officer Michael Columbo answered a call to investigate a domestic disturbance in "Little Haiti" at 8:00 p.m. on Saturday, June 30, 1984. The Miami neighborhood is where most of Dade County's Haitian refugees live.

Miami's Haitians are for the most part gentle, law-abiding people who, due to decades of the authoritarian regimes of Papa Doc and Baby Doc in their island homeland, have a healthy respect for the police which borders on fear. Although the heavily-accented person who phoned had been excited, Officer Columbo didn't expect the call to be anything too serious.

A large crowd of Haitian neighbors were congregated around the house on N.W. 65th Street when he arrived. Everyone was jabbering in Creole, and at first he had a hard time making sense out of it. He soon got the gist of what had happened from Limone Rupert, who spoke a fair amount of English.

Limone Rupert, his wife, and two friends had been watching TV in the living room when a man with a semi-automatic weapon forced his way in and demanded money. A scuffle had ensued and shots were fired. Then the man escaped and was driven away by an accomplice in a small red car. Limone Rupert got part of its license number.

Officer Columbo noticed a trail of blood on the sidewalk. He cordoned off the scene, called robbery detectives, and put out a BOLO on the vehicle. It looked like the would-be robber had been wounded in the abortive attempt. Local hospitals would have to be notified.

**In the case that had more questions than answers, Miami sleuths were faced with a bullet-riddled house, an aborted robbery, an untraceable getaway car and an unidentified dead man in the morgue. Then, to compound the problem, lawmen learned that the victim had two names. No one knew which was true—or if both were false.**



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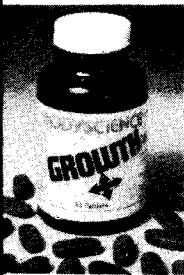
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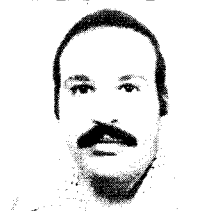
*"Since I started using it, several girls have approached me and asked me for a date. Potent-8 has definitely improved my love life!"*

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Albuquerque, N.M.



*"Since I used Potent-8, all the pretty girls say there is something irresistible about me. They are curious about my secret, but I don't tell them that my secret is my new cologne, Potent-8!"*

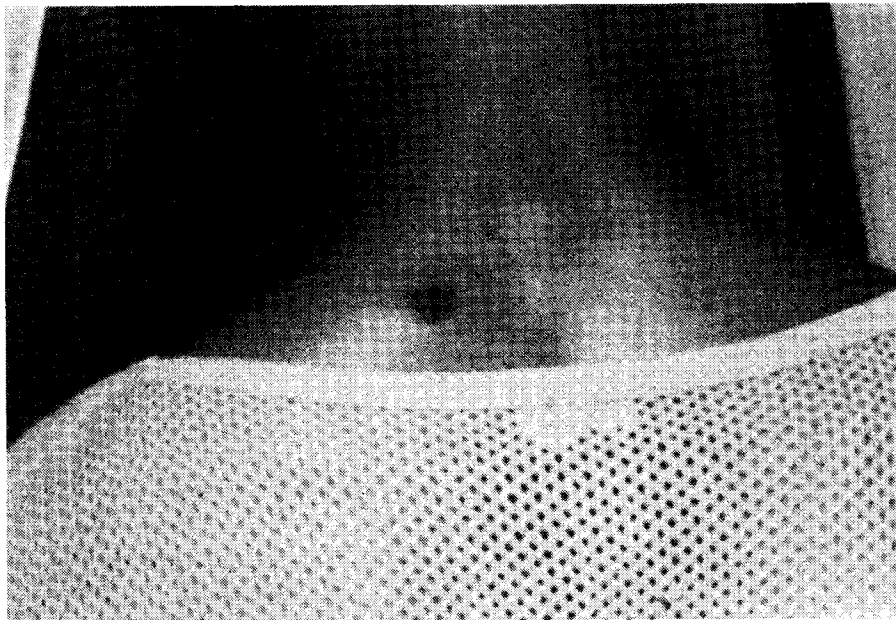
A. M. El Shakouhy,  
S.F., Calif.



*"I tried my Potent-8 and went to the club. The girls couldn't keep their eyes off me. I was successful with them all!"*

Jimmie Jones,  
Clearwater, S.C.

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**Dark mark on neck shows where bullet grazed innocent bystander, touching off a violent confrontation during an apparent bank hold-up by a Haitian immigrant.**

At about 8:00 p.m., a small red car pulled into the circular driveway in front of the emergency room at Jackson Memorial Hospital. The driver, a black man with a Haitian accent, said he had a friend in the car who had been shot. A volunteer worker went to see if the man could walk. He found him sprawled over the backseat. A nurse helped him get the wounded man on a stretcher and he was taken inside.

The county hospital is one of the largest in the South. It is associated with the University of Miami Medical School, and world-famous for its Eye Clinic, Cancer Center, Burn Unit, Trauma Center, and AIDS research. The emergency room is especially packed on Saturday nights with drug-overdosed teenagers, car accident victims, and people knifed in drunken brawls. From the waiting area, patients are taken either to the left for surgical procedures, or to the right for medical problems such as heart attacks.

At the "triage" desk, a term borrowed from military usage, patients are assigned to three groups for allocated treatment in order to ensure the maximum number of survivors. Decisions are instantly made, classifying incoming patients as in critical life-threatening situations, serious but reasonably stable, or stable enough to wait longer. The gunshot victim, his vital signs barely discernable, was attended to immediately.

"As far as the shot was concerned," said the volunteer aide, "he may have been shot in the shoulder. He wasn't bleeding at all. It was a very small bullet wound. It didn't go all the way through. It didn't seem to be the kind of gunshot

wound that would kill anybody. I rushed him back to the surgical emergency area and then I left. After that point, I don't know what happened to him."

What happened was that the gunshot victim unexpectedly died at 8:05. When hospital workers sought the man who had brought him, they found that he and the red car had vanished. Police were immediately notified.

Miami Police Sergeant Ivan Fernandez took the call. "I got called from Jackson Memorial at about 8:21 p.m. that someone had dropped off a black male with a gunshot wound and he had expired," recalled Fernandez. "About the same time I received information that there had been

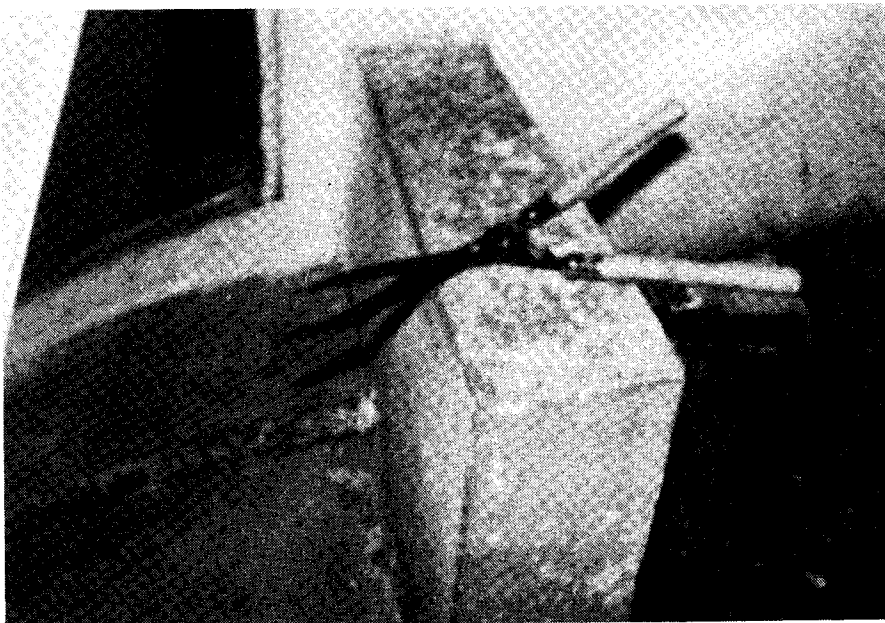
a robbery and shooting on 65th Street, but no one was hurt and the offenders had fled the scene. I sent Detectives Nelson Andreu and Gary Jackson there and I went to the hospital at 9:43 p.m., but the body was gone. It had been taken to the medical examiner's office, and I went there and took Polaroid pictures. I got to the scene of the robbery attempt at 10:30, took more photos and showed the pictures to three people separately."

Limone Rupert identified the man in the photo immediately as the assailant, but one occupant of the house said he didn't think it was the same man, and another occupant couldn't decide.

"We had an extreme language difficulty with these guys," Fernandez remembered, "and even later when we got to the station and tried to use an interpreter, he didn't speak the right dialect for the one they spoke."

Homicide Detective Nelson Andreu conferred with the robbery detectives about what happened at the house on 65th Street. At 7:45, the man with the semi-automatic had entered and shouted, "Give me all your money!" A shot had been fired which grazed the back of the neck of one of the occupants, and Limone Rupert had then grappled with the assailant for the gun and more shots were fired, ricocheting around the living room. One of the other occupants grabbed a pair of hedge clippers nearby and started pounding the gunman on the head, stunning him. The three fought their way to the front door and the gunman shouted, "Kill them!" He then dropped his weapon.

*(Continued on page 58)*



**These hedge clippers were used to hit one of the would-be robbers over the head hard enough to stun him in the melee which ensued after the robbery was bungled.**

*Black Magic  
Tantra*



Jack Ellis

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A torn bra and sweater were the only clues in the

# CASE OF THE VIOLATED COED!

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by L.J. ROI

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**AUBURN, NEW YORK**  
**MARCH 13, 1986**

For lovely, dark-haired Julie Marie Monson, a freshman at Cayuga Community College in upstate Auburn, New York, the final night of her short life began with a party whose guest list included her oldest and dearest friends. Because it was a Saturday night, the good times did not end when the party did. The next stop for the 18-year-old coed was a popular nightspot on Gates Avenue, on the northern fringes of Auburn.

It was a couple of hours after midnight when Julie Monson bid her friends good-night and slipped behind the wheel of her red Chevrolet Chevette. But although the pretty teenager's home was just a few minutes away, she didn't return there that morning. When her family got up several hours later, it was to find Julie gone and her bed still made and unslept in. Julie was an unusually reliable and conscientious teenager, hardly the type to stay out all night without so much as a phone call to let them know where she was. They sensed at once that something serious was the matter. At precisely 10:39 on that warm Sunday morning of September 28, 1981, when there was still no word from the girl, Julie Monson's frantic parents reported her missing to Auburn police.



After attending a party of friends, Julie Monson drove off in her car and headed home. She never made it there.

The missing person report which went out under the young woman's name mentioned that she was wearing blue jeans, a striped sweater and green corduroy jacket when she left home on Saturday night. In her hands was a large clutch purse.

The investigation into Julie Monson's troubling disappearance began with a lucky break. Detectives located no fewer than three Auburn residents who recalled that at about 2:30 that morning they had spotted the good-looking coed on Prospect Street.

"What was she doing there?" one prober asked.

"It seemed to me that she was having car trouble," one of the witnesses said. "She was down on her hands and knees, looking under a red car like something was wrong with it. There was a fellow with her, a young fellow about her age, and after a while they quit looking at her car and she went with him to his car and that's the last I saw."

"What did this young fellow look like?"

"Well-built," the witness answered. "With sort of longish hair."

Over the next several hours, Auburn police officers flocked to the Prospect Street area. One of them found the keys to Julie Monson's red 1981 Chevette on a Brister Avenue lawn around the corner from where the girl had last been seen. By that time, the missing coed's car had been discovered locked and neatly parked on Prospect Street. Towed to the police garage, it was found to be in perfect running order.

"Which makes you wonder why she'd leave it there and go off with the boy the witnesses saw," one investigator said.

"I have a theory about where she might be," another prober said, "and I hope to heaven I'm right about it."

"What's that?"

"There's a big rock concert in the Buffalo area this weekend and it wouldn't surprise me if the girl decided she just had to see it. From what we've been told she's hardly the type to just



## Despite a generous reward offer, the break in the case didn't come until two years after Julie vanished. And when the break did come it wasn't good. It came in the form of a grisly discovery—a human leg in some weeds.

take off without notifying her folks, but the truth is, she wouldn't be the first teenage girl to pull a stunt like that."

But the notion that Julie Monson had gone to Buffalo for a concert evaporated when nothing was heard from the girl on Sunday night, or when classes resumed at Cayuga Community College on Monday morning.

Over the next several days, no fewer than 200 civilian volunteers joined Auburn police in an intensive hunt for the attractive coed. The volunteers searched all around Auburn and the rolling farmland surrounding the community of 35,000 as police took to the skies in a helicopter. But despite their best efforts, not a clue was found to the young woman's whereabouts.

It was not until April 20, 1982, more than six months after Julie Monson was reported missing, that investigators got their next major lead. It came from a truck driver who was delivering manhole casings to a Seneca Falls town sewer project when he found the missing teenager's wallet and identification papers on Lower Lake Road in the Bridgeport area of Seneca Falls. Just two days later, the girl's corduroy jacket was found in a ditch along the same road, close to the intersection of Route 89 and Noble Road.

Desperate for additional information about the missing coed, Julie Monson's loved ones contacted a New Jersey psychic with an impressive record for accuracy in such cases. The woman told them that the teenager was dead and that her remains would be found in a swampy area less than 15 miles from where her wallet was found. After consulting maps of the area, Julie's friends decided to call a search of the Montezuma Wildlife Refuge at the northern end of Cayuga Lake about five miles from the site where the wallet and jacket were found. But a May 2nd hunt by some 50 people turned up nothing.

That same month, alert Auburn investigators began fielding rumors that a Baker Avenue auto mechanic was bragging to friends that he had raped, kid-



**Defendant Thomas Bianco is escorted from court after his murder trial. D.A. Paul Carbonaro (inset) talks with newsmen after the jury's verdict was announced.**

napped and then murdered Julie Monson. Confronted by police, the 19-year-old youth—who had dated Julie Monson for a two-week period when both were freshmen at Auburn High School—denied any involvement in her death. On May 23rd, Auburn police obtained a search warrant for the young man's 1972 Buick Skylark. Although a comprehensive examination turned up a bloodstained bag, the sample was too small to be typed or linked to the missing Julie Monson.

On October 20, 1982, with Julie Monson gone for more than a year, her family announced that it was offering a reward for information leading to the whereabouts of Julie Monson and the identification, apprehension and conviction of

any person criminally responsible for her disappearance. The girl's family offered individual rewards of \$3200 for information relating to each of five questions about the girl's disappearance:

How her car keys came to be found on the Brister Avenue lawn.

How her wallet came to be found on Lower Lake Road.

How her jacket came to be found on Noble Road.

Clues to the recovery of the large clutch bag she was carrying the night she vanished.

Leads to the identity of the driver of the car or to the car itself which she was seen entering on Prospect Street.

Despite the generous reward offer, the next major break in the case would not come until shortly after noon on April 7, 1983, when a coed collecting soil samples for a conservation course near a dirt road about 75 feet south of the New York State Thruway in the Montezuma Wildlife refuge noticed "some kind of clothing" amid the weeds and cat tails growing out of the half-frozen ground.

"I went over to the clothing and noticed it was blue jeans," she would remember. "I only lifted (the pants leg) up six to seven inches and set it right down. I knew it was a human leg because there was a bone in it."

Stunned by what she had seen, the coed hurried along the dirt road to headquarters, where she spoke with the director of the refuge. It was he who telephoned the state police.

Among 15 New York troopers who raced to the out-of-the-way scene was Investigator Richard McOmer, who took more than 200 photographs of the skeletal remains and of the surrounding area. When he was done, the troopers prepared to remove the fragile remains by digging a trench around them and then using state highway department equipment to lift them intact along with several inches of dirt underneath. The body was rushed to the Onondaga County Medical Examiner's Office in Syracuse where—because of the greatly advanced

*(Continued on page 54)*



Roland Gasser loved his sister-in-law to death. He could not bear her love for his brother so he raped her and ripped out her heart.

**Police were aghast  
when they realized the**

# **PSYCHO RIPPED OUT THE BLONDE'S HEART!**

The horror that lay on the blood-smeared floor bore little resemblance to the lovely, young mother. Her features were contorted in a pitiful grimace of agony. Most obscene of all was the gaping cut which literally split the corpse down the middle, laying bare the victim's stomach, lungs, intestines and other organs.

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by **KURT BROCKER**

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## **TRATTEN, AUSTRIA OCTOBER 4, 1985**

Even before he reached the front door of the house, twenty-seven-year-old Eckhart Koestlinger could hear his daughter crying. Stephanie was barely a year old, but she had a powerful set of lungs.

The sound frightened him. It was less than a quarter of an hour to midnight on that Friday evening of September 14, 1984 and there was no reason in the

world why his wife Monika, the same age as himself, should not be home looking after the baby.

In the first place, Monika was a very conscientious wife and mother and, secondly, there was scarcely any place that she could go in the little, isolated village of Tratten, buried in the high alps of the Austrian Steiermark. Klagenfurt, the nearest community of any size was close to forty miles away.

The only possibility was some kind of a household accident and Koestlinger bounded quickly up the three steps of the little house that he had built with his own hands and pushed open the door.

It was not locked and he would have been astounded to find it so. Nobody in Tratten locked their doors. There was no crime. No police force. Not even a village constable. The last illegality of any kind had taken place nearly twenty years earlier and had consisted of a very drunken road worker stealing a cow and trying to ride it to the Yugoslavian border fifty miles to the south. The cow had been recovered, winded but intact, and the road worker had been fined the equivalent of nine dollars for lost milk production. Since then, nothing had happened in Tratten.

Inside, the house was dark and he

could hear Stephanie crying louder than ever. She sounded more angry than hurt and, as he hurriedly switched on the light in the entrance hall, he saw that her carriage was standing at the end of it.

He could not imagine what the child was doing in the hall at that hour and he began calling out his wife's name at the top of his lungs.

Suddenly, his voice broke off in mid-syllable. His eyes, temporarily out of focus through the abrupt transition from the darkness outside to the brightly lit hall, had adjusted and he had seen the ominous trail of thick, dark, reddish-brown spots leading from the closed living room door to the entrance.

Eckhart Koestlinger was a countryman. He knew blood when he saw it.

"Monika!" he screamed, plunging through the living room door.

For what seemed an eternity, he was fumbling for the switch and then light flooded the room.

What he did or said then, he would never remember. His first conscious recollection was of being outside, staggering down the street in the direction of the nearest house, nearly a quarter mile away, with Stephanie in his arms. He did not remember taking the child out of the carriage nor of leaving the house.

What he did remember, and so clearly that every detail was burned permanently into his mind, was the scene in the living room.

Monika Koestlinger, born Lackner, had been a very beautiful woman. Her long, blonde hair was like silk and her huge, soft brown eyes were like those of some shy, forest animal. Eckhart had been the envy of every man within miles of Tratten when her choice had fallen to him, for Monika wasn't only beautiful, but a faithful, devoted wife and a loving, diligent mother. He had hardly dared to believe his own good fortune.

The horror that lay on the blood-smearred living room floor bore little resemblance to a lovely, young mother. The soft, blonde hair was stiff with dried blood. The features were contorted in a pitiful grimace of terror and agony. And the slender, beautifully formed body lay obscenely exposed amidst the torn shreds of her house dress. Most obscene of all was the great, gaping cut which literally split the corpse down the middle, laying bare lungs, stomach, intestines and other internal organs.

But not the heart.

"He tore it out and took it with him!" choked Dr. Peter Bornfeld.

It takes a great deal to make a police medical expert cry, but the sight of



**Eckhart and Monika Koestlinger, 27, lived with his family, so he did not worry about her while he was away working all week.**

Monika Koestlinger's mutilated body had broken the professional reserve of the doctor, a man in his late forties with a short, neatly-trimmed, brown beard and mustache who had come up from Klagenfurt with the police party responding to the mayor of Tratten's frantic call.

He too had been crying for he had been to view the corpse and he had known Monika all her life from the time she was a baby and he was a young man.

In fact, nearly everyone in Tratten was crying, although only Koestlinger, his neighbor and the mayor had seen the body. It was the worst disaster that had ever befallen the little community and the news of it had spread through it in a



**Young Stephanie Koestlinger was a witness to her mother's brutal slaying. She was found unharmed in the house.**

matter of minutes.

As a result, when the Klagenfurt Police party arrived at nearly three in the morning, most of the inhabitants of the village were assembled in a vigil around the death house.

Conspicuously absent were Eckhart Koestlinger, his fifty-one-year-old widowed mother, Helga, and his half-brother, twenty-year-old Roland Gasser. They were all at Mrs. Koestlinger's house where she was looking after Stephanie and Roland was comforting his older half-brother with massive applications of neat brandy. Eckhart was nearly unconscious from alcohol, but still suffering so keenly that he was not entirely in his right mind.

"Just tell me one thing, Peter," said Inspector Julius Bauer, badly shaken himself despite his over twenty years of experience in criminal investigation work. "Was she raped? I have to start the investigation at once and I need to know. You can give me the rest when you perform the autopsy."

"No, it's all right," said the doctor. "I'll complete the preliminary examination now. It was just the sheer savagery that got to me. You don't feel proud of belonging to the human race when you see something like this."

"Fortunately, we don't very often," said Detective Sergeant Franz Schmitthenner, a muscular, blond giant of a man.

"You would if you were on the homicide squad in one of the larger cities," said the inspector grimly. He was not a large man, but he had wide, square shoulders, a massive head with a broad, high forehead and a good deal of wavy, dark-brown hair so that he looked larger than he actually was.

"Then, let's hope that Klagenfurt remains under a hundred thousand," muttered the sergeant.

It was probably a vain hope. The town had been growing steadily and, if it had not already reached the hundred thousand mark, it was not far away from it.

The doctor having regained control of his emotions proceeded efficiently and expertly with the examination of the corpse, reporting that the victim had been subjected to intercourse, probably against her will and under threat of the knife, that there were traces of semen at the entrance of the vagina, that the immediate cause of death had been multiple stab wounds with a large, sharp, single edged knife having a strong, rigid blade and that she had been already dead when her body was slit open and the heart torn

*(Continued on page 66)*

## Look-Alike Killer (from page 20)

22nd she had moved off the premises. Furthermore, a witness could positively identify Salazar as being the man who helped her move that night, Taylor learned. The witness was a policeman who regularly patrolled the area.

The investigation continued for several days without Detective Taylor being able to produce the woman or any physical evidence to link Salazar to the crime. The detective knew that the best thing he had going was the fact that Salazar was confident he'd gotten away with murder and, therefore, was willing to cooperate with the police. So four days later, Taylor paid Francisco Salazar another visit.

They had a lengthy conversation, and finally Salazar admitted that he had been in the company of a woman on March 22nd and that he'd helped her move. This admission only came after Taylor informed Salazar that a policeman on the beat had seen Salazar helping the woman move out of her hotel room. But Salazar still insisted that he'd gotten home before the murder ever occurred.

While at Salazar's home, Taylor noticed clothing hanging on a hook on the back of one of the doors in the house. He continued talking to Salazar about the suspect's actions after arriving home. He learned that Salazar had washed his face and hands, but since the evening of March 22nd he hadn't washed his clothes. He let the detective take the jacket that was hanging on the back of

the door. It was the same jacket that a witness had described as being worn by the killer.

The sleeves of the jacket were tested and crime laboratory experts found traces of gunpowder on one of them. Detective Taylor couldn't find any .22-caliber long-barrel handgun, but when Salazar's car had been taken into custody by police after Salazar claimed it was stolen, a warrant had been granted to search the vehicle, and police had found ammunition of various calibers.

Taylor presented his findings to the county district attorney. They had two eyewitnesses to the murder—one an illegal alien who originally had been pegged as being the killer. They also had several witnesses who could testify that Salazar had been in the company of a woman and that he allegedly mistreated her, which prompted several men, including the murder victim, to confront Salazar. They had evidence that Salazar had worn the jacket and that he'd recently fired a gun because the jacket's sleeve had powder residue on it. They had the suspect's car, found right across the street from the murder scene. They had a picture of his swollen lip, evidence that he'd been hit by someone. And finally they had the variety of ammunition found in his car, some of which was .22 caliber.

The district attorney determined there was enough information to charge Francisco Salazar with the murder.

The trial of Francisco Salazar began on July 9, 1984. Deputy District Attorney Kathleen E. Payne-Pruitt handled the prosecution for the state.

In her opening statement, she summarized the manner in which police solved the case and then concluded her remarks by saying:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the witnesses—after you hear all the testimony in this case—are all important to the case. And as you consider in the back of your minds, always, did Francisco Salazar intentionally kill Rudy Garcia, you must carefully evaluate all the witnesses in this case, what everyone says, because they are all important. After you carefully do that and consider the evidence, the onerous burden will be yours, and that is to find the defendant guilty as charged."

The trial lasted four days, and on July 12th Francisco Salazar was found guilty of murder.

On January 28, 1985, the five-foot, ten-inch, 165-pound Salazar was sentenced to "a term of imprisonment for an indeterminate period, the maximum not to exceed life," by Circuit Court Judge Lee Johnson.

Perhaps more important than the apprehension of the killer is the fact that an innocent man with no money was not railroaded into prison, even though he was initially identified by an eyewitness as the killer. The thoroughness of the officers and detectives of the central precinct of the Portland Police Bureau proved, at least to one man, that although our system of justice may at times have its shortcomings, it is still the best in the world.



Empty detective car sits in front of murder scene while the investigators canvass the area for leads.

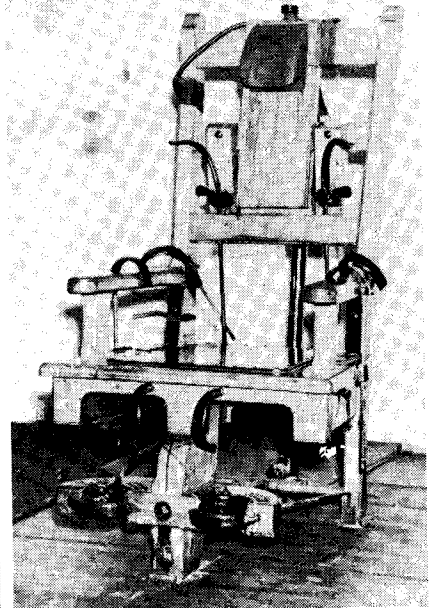
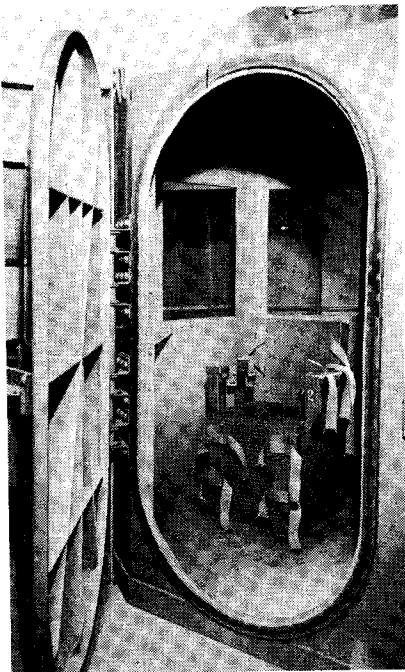


# CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

*Here's a state-by-state survey of what our nation used to do and is doing now to make evildoers pay for capital crimes. Where does your state stand?*

STATE AND PRESENT METHODS	PREVIOUS METHODS
Alabama: Electrocution (1927).....	Hanging.
Alaska: No death penalty .....	Hanging.
Arizona: Gas chamber (1934).....	Hanging.
Arkansas: Lethal injection (or choice of electrocution for those sentenced before 3/4/83).....	Electrocution (1913) and hanging prior to then.
California: Gas Chamber (1938) .....	Hanging. (Under Spanish rule, firing squad used.)
Connecticut: Electrocution.....	Hanging
Delaware: Hanging as of 10/1/85 .....	Hanging.
Florida: Electrocution (1924).....	Hanging.
Georgia: Electrocution (1924).....	Hanging. (Used burning occasionally in early years.)
Hawaii: No death penalty .....	Hanging.
Idaho: Lethal Injection or Firing Squad .....	Hanging.
Illinois: Lethal injection .....	Electrocution (1928)
Indiana: Electrocution (1914) .....	Hanging.
Iowa: No death penalty .....	Hanging.
Kansas: No death penalty .....	Hanging.
Kentucky: Electrocution (1911) .....	Hanging.
Louisiana: Electrocution (1941; Note: Used portable electric chair from 1941-1957 when they began executing at State Prison) .....	Hanging. (During colonial period under French and Spanish many barbaric forms of execution used.)
Maine: No death penalty .....	Hanging.
Maryland: Gas Chamber (1959) .....	Hanging. (during colonial period, different barbaric forms also used.)
Massachusetts: No death penalty. ....	Electrocution (1901); hanging before that and in colonial period barbaric forms.
Michigan: No death penalty .....	Hanging
Minnesota: No death penalty.....	Hanging
Mississippi: Gas Chamber or Lethal Injection. (1955, Gas Chamber).....	Portable electric chair (1940-1955); hanging prior to then.
Missouri: Gas chamber (1938) .....	Hanging
Montana: Hanging or lethal injection .....	Hanging.
Nebraska: Electrocution (1920).....	Hanging.
Nevada: Lethal injection .....	Gas Chamber (1924).
New Hampshire: Hanging .....	Hanging.
New Jersey; Lethal Injection .....	Electrocution (1907); hanging prior to then with some burnings earlier.
New Mexico: Lethal Injection .....	Gas Chamber (1960); Electrocution (1933); Hanging prior to then.
New York: No death penalty .....	Electrocution (1890); hanging prior to then with barbaric means frequently used during the colonial period.
North Carolina: Gas chamber or Lethal Injection: Gas Chamber (1936) & Lethal Injection .....	Electrocution (1910); hanging prior to then with some burnings during colonial period.
North Dakota: No death penalty .....	Hanging.
Ohio: Electrocution (1897) .....	Hanging.
Oklahoma: Lethal Injection, Firing Squad or Hanging.....	Electrocution (1915); hanging prior to then: shooting in cases of Indian tribal executions.

# IN THE UNITED STATES



## STATE AND PRESENT METHODS

Oregon: Has death penalty statute recently enacted, but no persons on death row as of 10/1/85.

New statute provides for Lethal Injection.....

Pennsylvania: Electrocution (1915) .....

Rhode Island: No death penalty .....

South Carolina: Electrocution (1912) .....

South Dakota: Electrocution.....

Tennessee: Electrocution (1916) .....

Texas: Lethal Injection .....

Utah: Firing Squad or Lethal Injection.....

Vermont: Electrocution (1919).....

Virginia: Electrocution (1908) .....

Washington: Hanging or Lethal Injection .....

West Virginia: No death penalty .....

Wisconsin: No death penalty.....

Wyoming: Lethal Injection.....

District of Columbia: No death penalty .....

Federal: No death penalty .....

## PREVIOUS METHODS

Gas chamber (1939); hanging prior to then.

Hanging (one or two burnings during colonial era)

Hanging

Hanging (with barbaric means being used earlier)

Hanging.

Hanging (1 burning in early years.)

Electrocution (1924) Hanging prior to then.

Firing Squad or hanging; at one time condemned also given choice of these two or decapitation but no one chose it and it was finally deleted.

Hanging.

Hanging; burning and other barbaric means practiced in colonial period.

Hanging.

Electrocution (1951); hanging prior to then.

Hanging (only one person executed in history of state.)

Gas chamber (1937); hanging prior to then.

Electrocution (1928); hanging prior to then.

According to method used in jurisdiction where convicted (1938); Hanging prior to then. (When Anthony Chebatoris was executed under Federal sentence of death in Michigan, over protests of Governor and other State officials, in 1938, hanging was selected as means because that had been last provided for by State.)

★★★

## Lured Into Frenzy (from page 10)

had not been good friends at school.

"Mickey really didn't have many friends at school," the girl said. "Except maybe for some boys. She was, well, sort of loose, if you know what I mean, and Mary Kay wasn't that type at all."

After a week of checking and still no word from Mary Kay, the missing persons officers took the information to detectives in the homicide bureau.

"It's pretty much a cinch that something happened to her, but the whole thing just doesn't add up," one of the officers said. "She was tricked into going to a supposed class reunion party, but how do you figure two girls talking her into going?"

"You haven't been able to locate the girl Mickey?" a homicide detective asked.

"All we know is that he went to Chicago," the officer replied. "No one has heard from her and we haven't been able to locate anyone who has seen her since she returned here."

"She's your answer to the whole thing," the detective said. "We'll try to locate her."

Relatives of Mary Kay hired a private detective to search for the missing young woman. He, however, had no more luck in learning what had happened to her or in locating Mickey than the police were having.

Working on the assumption that she had been abducted and most likely slain, the sheriff's office became involved in the case. Any organized search, however, was impossible because it wasn't known where she might have been taken.

It was nearly two months after the disappearance of Mary Kay that the sheriff's office received a call from a relative of Mickey.

The relative said Mickey had called from Davenport to say she was out of money and wanted bus fare to return home. The money had been wired to her and she was expected to arrive later in the day.

Detectives were waiting for her when she came off the bus. She was immediately asked about Mary Kay and the class reunion party.

Mickey insisted that she didn't know what they were talking about. She said she hadn't called Mary Kay nor had she gone to the apartment to pick her up.

"Suppose you come with us and talk to Mary Kay's roommate," a detective said. "She remembers seeing you

and a blonde girl who was with you."

Mickey began to cry. "If I tell you anything, they will kill me," she sobbed.

"Who will kill you?" she was asked.

Without answering the question, Mickey claimed that she had not known that Mary Kay was missing until informed by the detectives, but had suspected that something might have happened to her.

"Let's go to headquarters and get to the bottom of this," a detective suggested.

At headquarters, after Mickey became more composed, she was asked to tell why she had called Mary Kay to invite her to a non-existent class reunion party.

"Just start at the beginning," a sleuth said. "Let's find out what this is all about."

Mickey told the investigators that after she had graduated from high school she had gone to Chicago where she found a job as a cocktail waitress. The place where she worked was frequented by bikers who were members of a gang.

She said that one of the bikers, Fungus, had claimed her as his woman. She said that the bikers were into drugs and prostitution. The head honcho of the group was Thomas "Big Red" Nesbitt.

Big Red and Fungus heard that the police in Chicago were going to pick them up to be questioned about some drug deals, so they left town taking her and Big Red's woman with them and they came to Omaha.

Mickey said they rented two small houses just outside of town. Big Red and his old lady lived in one of them and she and Fungus lived in the other. Big Red and Fungus made contacts and began dealing in drugs.

Mickey said that she hadn't contacted her relatives when she returned to Omaha because she knew that they would not approve of her life-style.

"Let's get to Mary Kay and the party," a detective suggested.

Mickey said that among her possessions was her high school yearbook. Big Red and Fungus looked at it with the photos of the girls in the graduation class.

"Big Red said he wanted some fresh meat," Mickey said. "He told me and his woman to look up some of the girls in the yearbook and invite them to the house."

Mickey said she told him that she didn't know most of the girls that well

and didn't think any of them would come to the house.

She said it was Big Red's idea that she could tell them that it was to be a class reunion.

"Big Red and Fungus picked out several of the girls from the pictures in the book and told me to call them," she said.

Mickey said she called several of the girls, but they had all turned down an invitation to a class reunion party.

She said that Big Red became abusive and threatened to beat her if he didn't get some of the girls to come to the house. She said that she and Big Red's woman had gone to Mary Kay's apartment, after Mary Kay had first turned down the invitation, and coaxed her to come with them.

"You actually went out and got a girl for those two gorillas to sexually abuse?" a detective asked.

Emotionally, Mickey said. "You don't know what it is like to be a biker's bitch. They threatened to cut off my tits, skin them out and use them for saddle bags, and I've seen what some of them have done to their women."

"So, you coaxed Mary Kay to come with you," a detective said. "And you took her to the house?"

Mickey claimed that when they arrived at the house, Big Red took Mary Kay into one of the houses while she went with Big Red's woman and Fungus went into the other house.

She said it was several hours later when Big Red came to the house where they were and told them that he was through with the woman they had brought him.

"Fungus said that he wanted a turn with her, but Big Red told him that she was a mess, so he had taken her out and told her to get lost," Mickey said.

Two days later, Mickey related Big Red and Fungus decided to return to Chicago. She said that at the time she thought it was because they were in some kind of trouble over a narcotics deal and had not connected it with the assault upon Mary Kay.

She said she had left Fungus to return to Omaha after she heard Big Red and Fungus talking about a woman in Omaha and that the cops would never find her or know what happened to her.

She said they actually had not used the name of Mary Kay, but she felt certain they were talking about her and was fearful that they knew she had overheard them and that she might be killed to silence her.

"You don't know what Big Red did with the body?" a detective asked.

Mickey shook her head. She said all that she heard was Big Red bragging that the cops would never find the woman in Omaha.

"Where are Big Red and Fungus now?" she was asked.

Mickey explained that when she left they were living in Homewood, a small town south of Chicago.

"Will you testify in court to what you have told us about?" a detective asked.

"If I live that long," Mickey replied. "I know that if Fungus or Big Red find out that I've talked to the police, they will kill me."

The investigators took the information they had gathered and the statement from Mickey to the district attorney with a request for an arrest warrant charging Thomas "Big Red" Nesbitt with the murder of Mary Kay Harmer.

"I think you're jumping the gun," the D.A. told them. "I can probably get a warrant, but it won't hold up. You've got a missing woman and a statement from a witness who can't actually testify to a rape or murder charge because she did not actually see anything, and kidnapping is out because the victim apparently went willingly to the house."

"Suppose we can get Big Red's woman to talk?" a detective asked.

"Then, you'll have another witness who can testify to the same thing you have from the witness you've got," the D.A. responded. "I'd suggest that you get a search warrant and check out the houses where Big Red and Fungus were living and check around that area for any place a body could be concealed."

The search warrants were issued. Investigators went to the house that had been occupied after Big Red and Fungus left with their women.

Lab technicians went over the houses thoroughly. They were unable to come up with any physical evidence to indicate a murder might have taken place.

Several weeks were spent checking out the entire area for a possible grave or where ever a body might be hidden without any results.

One of the detectives said, "I've got a hunch about what happened."

"Yes?" he was asked.

The detective reasoned that Big Red had most likely killed Mary Kay and that was why Fungus had not taken his turn to assault the victim. But, most likely, he had not disposed of the body right away. He could have concealed it someplace and taken it almost anywhere later.

"That's why he's so cocky that she will never be found," the detective said.

The investigators returned to the dis-

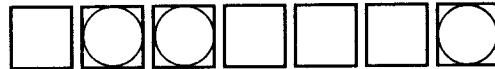
# DETECTIVE SCRAMBLE

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

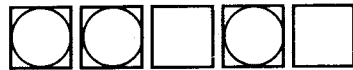
**DOVIA**



**HORNTEA**



**GOALN**



**MEEDIP**



Here's some physical evidence:

Formed at the turn of the century, this gang consisted of Italian mobsters who wanted a piece of the lucrative extortion and protection money.



(Solution to SCRAMBLE on page 81)



strict attorney's office. They wanted to know if it would be possible to prosecute Big Red Nesbitt on a charge of murder without producing a body.

The D.A. told them that while in rare cases murders have been successfully prosecuted and convictions obtained without the state producing a corpse, they needed more than the evidence and testimony they had.

"Suppose I go to trial with Nesbitt," the D.A. said. "I'll tell you exactly what the defense will be. Mary Kay came to the house voluntarily. Maybe she had sex with Big Red. She left and he hasn't seen her since. Now, how am I going to prove that he killed her?"

"I hate like hell to see that lousy biker get away with murder," a detective said.

"Take him to court right now and that's what you will do," the D.A. said. "If we lose him, he's gone for good. Under the law of double jeopardy, you can't try him twice. I'd rather wait and nail him than to let him walk out thumbing his nose at us."

On the chance that they might uncover some additional evidence, detectives went to Homewood where they located Big Red and Fungus. Big Red was using the name of James Clark and Fungus had also assumed another last name.

When the detectives attempted to question Big Red about the disappearance of Mary Kay, he laughed at them.

"If you guys really had anything, you'd have come here with a warrant," he told them. "I don't have to tell you the time of day."

Disappointed, the sleuths however left Big Red with a thought. One of them told him, "If anything should ever happen to Mickey, I'll have a warrant."

Big Red laughed again. "I don't know what she's told you, but I can tell you that it isn't bothering me."

The detectives attempted to question Fungus. They got no further with him than they had with Big Red.

"I kicked her out because I got myself a new old lady," Fungus told them. "If she's told you some cockamammy story, it's probably something she dreamed up to get even."

"Why don't you buy yourself some insurance," one of the detectives suggested. "We know you didn't kill Mary Kay, but you know what Big Red did with her body. We could get you immunity from prosecution."

Fungus shook his head. "I ain't saying I know anything."

The detectives returned to Omaha. They were more certain than ever that Big Red Nesbitt had killed Mary Kay

Harmer and hidden her body somewhere. The big hope was that at some time someone might stumble upon the remains.

The investigation remained open. Detectives kept a check on the movements of Big Red Nesbitt. He left Chicago and went to Florida for awhile, then on to California.

Sleuths learned that Big Red and Fungus had parted company and Big Red had taken another old lady instead of the one that had been with him in Omaha. Detectives located her and questioned her about the statement they had received from Mickey.

She was unable to tell them anything more than what they had already learned from Mickey. She admitted that she had been with Mickey when they went to the apartment to pick up Mary Kay, but had not seen her after they arrived at the house. And like Mickey, she held an impression that Big Red had killed the girl, but had no idea what he could have done with the body.

After the skull and bones found in the sewer had been positively identified as those of the missing Mary Kay Harmer, authorities in Douglas County, Nebraska, and Pottawattamie County, Iowa, met to discuss how they would proceed with the case.

The investigators agreed that while the remains had been found in Iowa, the murder had taken place in Nebraska. The Pottawattamie County attorney said he would let Douglas County District Attorney Donald Knowles and his assistant Sam Cooper file the charges against Nesbitt and prosecute the case.

"We're in the exact reverse position from when this thing started," Knowles said. "Before we had a suspect and no body. Now, we've got a body but where is the suspect?"

"We'll locate him," Dempsey said. "The last we heard about him, he was in California. He's a biker and a dope peddler so he'll surface sooner or later."

"There's another thing," Cooper said. "We'll need to locate the witnesses. After more than eight years, it's hard to tell where they may have gone."

Dempsey again promised that every effort would be made to locate Fungus, Big Red's former girlfriend and Mickey.

Knowles filed charges of aggravated rape and first-degree murder against Nesbitt. After the charges were filed, he asked the federal authorities to issue a warrant charging Nesbitt with flight to avoid prosecution so that the FBI could become involved in the search.

A description of the burly biker with

long, bushy red hair and a full beard was given to the National Crime Information Center to be relayed to all police agencies in the country.

The investigators were able to locate Mickey, Fungus and Big Red's former girlfriend. They agreed to be available and said they would testify at a trial in exchange for immunity from prosecution.

But, they had bad news concerning Big Red.

Authorities in California checking out biker groups learned that Big Red had taken on a new old lady. She was a young woman from Brazil and spoke very little English. The informants the officers were able to locate said that Big Red had learned to speak Spanish and had gone to South America where he planned to get into the wholesaling and drug smuggling business.

"If he's in South America, we could have trouble locating him and extraditing him," Cooper said. "It's a darn shame after all this length of time if we should lose him because we can't locate him."

"I'll locate him," Dempsey said determinedly. "I don't care if he's in South America or on the dark side of the moon, he's going to pay for the miserable, rotten thing he did to that girl."

Captain Dempsey said he felt certain that Nesbitt was into illegal drugs. He said he had contacted the National Drug Enforcement Agency and asked their cooperation to locate Nesbitt.

"He's the kind of guy who can't fade into the background," Dempsey said. "He's a biker. He's big. He's mean and he has red hair. If he's into narcotics someone will spot him somewhere and maybe look for a deal to finger him."

The search for Nesbitt continued with special effort in the Florida area. Persons taken into custody for drug violations were asked if they knew someone by the name of "Big Red" who was a biker.

Cooper carefully prepared the case he would present whenever Nesbitt might be located and brought to trial. Investigators kept a close check on the witnesses so that they would be available.

In October of 1984, one month shy of nine years after Mary Kay Harmer had been reported missing, federal drug enforcement agents in Chicago received a tip that someone had purchased the equipment and ingredients necessary to operate an illegal amphetamine lab.

Working on the tip, the agents were able to trace the person making the purchases to the small town of New Carlisle, Indiana, a few miles west of South Bend.

They put a house occupied by a man

and young woman under surveillance. On October 23rd, they staged a raid on the house, seized a quantity of amphetamines and took into custody Michael Stern and the young woman who was living with him. Charges of drug conspiracy were placed against the pair.

While Stern's girlfriend was a Brazilian and had difficulty speaking English, the agents in Indiana were unaware of the report from California that Nesbitt was known to have a Brazilian girlfriend, and there was little resemblance between Stern, with short hair and a neatly-trimmed red beard and mustache with the burly biker Nesbitt who was sought on a murder warrant.

Stern appeared to be extremely nervous while being held by the federal authorities in the St. Joseph County Jail in South Bend. He tried desperately to have a bond set so that he could be freed pending trial.

As routine procedure, U.S. Marshall Steven Carlson filed a report on the arrest and sent fingerprints of the suspects to the NCIC.

A computer check revealed that the man being held under the name of Michael Stern was actually Thomas "Big Red" Nesbitt wanted on a murder warrant issued in Nebraska and a federal warrant charging him with being a fugitive.

The information that Nesbitt had been located and was being held in custody in Indiana was received with jubilation back in Omaha.

"I knew it," Dempsey said excitedly. "I knew he'd be in the drug racket and we'd nail him sooner or later."

The arrest, however, posed a problem for D.A. Knowles and Cooper. Nesbitt was in federal custody and could be prosecuted first on the federal charge. If that happened, it would further, delay his trial on the murder charge.

"I suppose after we've waited this long we can wait awhile longer," Knowles said.

"Not if I can help it," his assistant, Cooper, said. "Something could happen to our witnesses. I want to go to court as soon as we can get him back here."

Cooper contacted U.S. Attorney Lawrence Steele in South Bend. He requested that the federal charge against Nesbitt be dismissed so that extradition proceedings could be started to have him brought to Omaha and stand trial on the murder charge.

"If we get a conviction on the murder charge, it won't make much difference as to what he may get on the drug charge,"

Cooper said, thinking aloud.

"Do you think you can get a conviction?" Steele questioned.

"Nobody can guarantee what a jury will do," Cooper replied. "But that creep killed a young girl and left her body to rot in a sewer for eight-and-a-half years. We're sure going to give it our best shot."

Steele agreed to have the federal narcotics charge against Nesbitt dismissed.

With the narcotics charge withdrawn, Nesbitt remained in the St. Joseph County Jail in South Bend on the federal warrant charging him with being a fugitive while Knowles prepared extradition pa-

pers to get things rolling.

Nesbitt refused to waive extradition proceedings. He hired an attorney and a hearing was held. The court ruled that he should be extradited to Omaha, but it wasn't until January 12, 1985, that Nesbitt was finally brought to Omaha and placed in custody in the Douglas County Jail.

At a preliminary hearing, Nesbitt announced that he had discharged the attorney he had hired in Indiana and requested the court to appoint a public defender for him.

The court appointed Chief Deputy Public Defender Thomas Riley to repre-



Closeup shot of manhole, where officials search for additional evidence in the case.

sent Nesbitt. It was the start of a lengthy legal skirmish to get Nesbitt to trial.

Much of the contention in frequent court appearances was over the private investigator the relative of Mary Kay Harmer had hired to search for her. The defense claimed that the private investigator had harrassed and intimidated witnesses and that would have been illegal if it had taken place by law enforcement officers.

It wasn't until February 18, 1986, that the case went to trial in the court of Judge Lawrence Corrigan.

Few persons would have recognized the defendant, clean-shaven with close-cropped hair and dressed in a conservative three-piece suit, as being the burly, bushy-haired and bushy-bearded biker Big Red Nesbitt who roared around Chicago on his Harley hog with other bikers.

After a panel of nine women and three men had been selected to hear the evidence, the state's case took a setback.

Riley asked the court to dismiss the charge of aggravated rape against Nesbitt on the grounds that the state had no witnesses to any sexual activity between Nesbitt and the victim, either voluntary or involuntary, and there was no medical evidence from the bones that had been recovered to show that the victim had been raped.

Pros. Cooper argued that the sole purpose of taking Mary Kay to the house was for a sexual assault upon her by Nesbitt and that his witnesses would testify to that, and further the rape had been the motive for the murder so that she could not report having been assaulted and identify Nesbitt as the man who raped her.

Judge Bennett ruled for the defense. He said that without witnesses or physical evidence to show that a rape had taken place, the charge would not be valid. He did rule, however, that the trial should continue on the murder charge.

Cooper first outlined the case he would present to show that Mary Kay Harmer had been misled into going to the house occupied by Nesbitt by a former schoolmate who told her that it was to be a class reunion party.

Detectives who had investigated the case related how a search had been made for the missing young woman and how the first clue as to what might have happened to her had been given to them by Mickey, the former girlfriend of Fungus, who was a fellow biker with Nesbitt at the time.

Forensic pathologists and dental experts testified that the skull and bones found in the sewer had been identified as

those of Mary Kay Harmer.

Following the testimony by Mickey and Nesbitt's former girlfriend in which they related how they had gone to Mary Kay's apartment and coaxed her to come to the house, Cooper called upon Fungus.

He was the key to the state's case, the only person who could testify that Nesbitt had killed the girl and placed her body in the sewer.

Fungus confirmed the earlier testimony that he and Nesbitt had looked at Mickey's high school yearbook and then told their girlfriends to call up some of those in the book and invite them to a party.

He testified that after Mary Kay arrived, Nesbitt took her to his house and that he was unaware that she had been killed until the following morning. He recalled that Nesbitt had taken him to the garage alongside his house and had shown him the girl's body with her throat cut.

"Her throat was cut?" Cooper asked to emphasize the point.

"It looked that way to me," Fungus responded. "There was blood all over her clothes."

"She had her clothes on at the time?" Cooper questioned.

Fungus said the body was nude at the time he saw it. Her clothes were in a pile in the garage.

"What happened to the clothes?" Cooper asked.

Fungus explained that later on Nesbitt had burned them, along with a purse the victim had been carrying with identification papers in it. He claimed Nesbitt had told him that he wanted to get rid of any possible identification in the event the police should question that she had been at the house.

"What did he do with the body?" Cooper asked.

Fungus related that late that evening Nesbitt had taken the corpse out of the garage and took it someplace. He said he hadn't known where Nesbitt had put the body until much later when Nesbitt had been questioned by the police and he had bragged that they would never find the girl.

Asked why he hadn't told the authorities what had happened when he had been questioned by detectives, Fungus responded he was fearful that he would be charged with complicity in the crime, especially because he had been a biker at the time. He said he was also afraid of retribution from Nesbitt or other members of the outlaw motorcycle group.

"When you're a biker and you talk to

the cops, you're a dead man," Fungus said.

Defense Attorney Riley attempted to discredit the testimony by claiming that Fungus had not seen the girl's throat cut and that it had been planted in Fungus' mind by the police in exchange for the promise that he would receive immunity from prosecution.

Fungus, however, stood up well under the challenge to his testimony.

When asked if he was still fearful of retribution from other members of the outlaw motorcycle group, Fungus said he was, but he had no choice except to tell what he knew.

It took Pros. Cooper 16 days to present all of the evidence and testimony from 44 witnesses. It was then the defense's turn to present their case.

Thomas Nesbitt was called to the witness stand to testify in his own defense. He appeared to be calm and confident as Riley took him through three hours of questioning. He briefly covered his life as a biker and then recalled the details of the night that Mary Kay had come to his house.

He claimed that no ruse had been used to get the girl to come to a party, unless it was something his former girlfriend and Mickey had made up without telling him about it.

Nesbitt testified that he had been high on drugs at the time and took the girl to his house so that she could get high.

"You had drugs at your house?" he was asked.

Nesbitt shrugged and said, "Anybody who knew me knew that I always had a bit of about everything."

Nesbitt claimed that he and Mary Kay had inhaled ether and amylnitrate, an inhalant used by cardiac patients.

"She got sick and went to the bathroom," Nesbitt related. "She was gone for quite awhile so I went in to check on her. She had passed out on the floor and vomited all over herself."

Nesbitt explained that it wasn't until he attempted to clean her up that he realized she was dead.

"You didn't kill her?" he was asked.

"Hell, no," Nesbitt replied. "She passed out and died from an overdose."

Nesbitt related that he had taken the body to the garage and then cleaned up the bathroom. He said he had not burned the girl's clothes because there was blood on them, but because they were soaked with vomit and smelled.

He admitted he had taken the nude corpse across the river to Council Bluffs and drove way out of town and then pushed the corpse down a manhole into

the isolated sewer pipe.

"Why didn't you just leave the body somewhere where it could have been found and a medical examination would have determined she died from an overdose and had not been killed?" he was asked.

"Look, I was a biker at the time," Nesbitt answered. "If the cops found out she had been at my place, they wouldn't have believed one damn thing I told them, just as they don't believe it now."

Cooper waited eagerly for the witness to complete his direct testimony so that he could cross-examine him.

As soon as Nesbitt completed his testimony, Pros. Cooper was on his feet and came up to where he could look Nesbitt squarely in the eye.

"You put a young girl's body in the sewer and let her relatives agonize over what had happened to her for eight-and-a-half years, not to mention thousands of hours spent by police officers looking for her," Cooper accused the witness.

Nesbitt shrugged. "I suppose you could say that is true. What is true is that I did not kill her."

"Do you know that Mary Kay Harmer did not use drugs?" Cooper questioned. "And that I will present a number of witnesses who will testify that she was averse to drugs and anyone who used them."

"That may be true," Nesbitt replied. "She didn't seem to know much about them and that's why she overdosed. If I hadn't been high, I'd have warned her not to take so much."

"If it is true that she died from an overdose, you could have left the body where it could have been found and saved her relatives and friends those agonizing years of searching for her," Cooper said.

"I did what I thought was best for me," Nesbitt said. "They'd have put me in the slammer for giving her the drugs."

Pros. Cooper turned to the jurors and then back to Nesbitt and in angry tones said, "But you couldn't leave a body just anywhere with the throat cut."

Nesbitt did not respond to the challenge.

With the testimony completed, the attorneys addressed the panel with their closing arguments.

Urging the jurors to return with a verdict finding Thomas Nesbitt guilty of first-degree murder, Pros. Cooper implored them to see that Nesbitt should finally pay his decade-old debt for taking the life of a young girl just to sate his own lust.

Referring to the defense's case, Coop-

er said that it was "kind of a pony express defense. If the first horse doesn't ride good, you get another one."

He listed the statements Nesbitt had given to the authorities over the years that included first saying that he did not know what had happened to Mary Kay and then making the statement about the drug overdose.

He said the defense was not credible because Mary Kay's clothes had been burned and because Nesbitt moved away and used a variety of fictitious names

**"The state's case is like a fine wine... It keeps getting better as time goes by."**

after the young woman had been reported missing.

"Is that conduct consistent with someone who's not committed a crime?" Cooper asked.

Admitting that it was absolutely impossible to determine how Mary Kay Harmer had died, Cooper contended that Nesbitt's statement about the drug overdose "simply doesn't hold together," in view of the testimony from relatives and friends that the victim had never used drugs and had frequently expressed her aversion to anyone who did use them.

"Mary Kay Harmer was lured to the house unaware that there were bikers and drugs there," Cooper said. "She was the target for a sexual assault. And because of her position, she became the target for murder."

Cooper concluded his plea by telling the panel to put aside emotions and look at the facts of the case in their deliberations. "Mary Kay had all the sympathy she's ever going to have," he said.

"You are here to represent justice.

"Your job in this case is not to represent Mary Kay Harmer and not to represent the defendant. You represent society."

Defense Attorney Riley's plea to the panel was that the prosecution had presented a case of "fill-in-the-blanks" in which they had presented circumstantial evidence, but no proof that a murder had been committed.

"What the prosecutor wants you to say, when you cut through it, is Bikers. Girl. Sex. Drugs. Murder. And you fill in the blanks."

Referring to the testimony given by Fungus, Riley said, "After 10 years they want him and they'll do what they have to get him, including perjury. You see, that's okay because they're the good guys. The hint of perjury permeates this courtroom."

Then, alluding to the fact that Nesbitt had remained silent for the years the body had been in the sewer, Riley said, "Ask yourself why he doesn't trust cops. I think this trial shows why a biker would not trust a cop."

As to the testimony given by former Nesbitt associates, Riley said, "The state's case is like a fine wine. It keeps getting better for them as the time goes by. I expect, if we waited longer, some of them would come in and say they were looking in the window and saw Tom Nesbitt slitting the girl's throat."

He concluded his plea with, "What I am asking you to do is not easy. If you vote not guilty there's not going to be a brass band waiting for you outside to congratulate you. Your friends are going to be asking, 'How did you let that guy off?' Well, your friends were not here. They did not hear the evidence."

After three-and-one-half weeks of listening to the testimony, Judge Corrigan gave the panel instructions as to what they should consider in reaching a verdict. He informed them that they had three options, either to find the defendant guilty of first-degree murder, second-degree murder, or not guilty.

He stated that the panel would be sequestered during the deliberations, but they could meet in the courtroom because the jury room was too small, with no windows and too confining.

The courtroom on the fifth floor of the Hall of Justice was cleared and armed guards were stationed at the doors.

Courtroom observers were about evenly divided as to whether the panel would return with a verdict of acquittal or guilty. It would depend much upon their acceptance or rejection of the testimony



of Fungus. Whether or not he had perjured himself, as the defense claimed, in claiming he had seen the victim's throat cut, and the girl had died from an overdose of drugs as the defendant claimed.

The panel was unable to reach a unanimous agreement on the first day of their deliberations, and had not reached a verdict after the second day.

Speculation was that there was a holdout on the panel. The question was whether it was a holdout for an acquittal or a guilty finding.

Cooper was confident, despite the time it was taking. He reasoned that they were carefully considering the weeks of testimony they had heard and might possibly be delayed in determining the degree.

Riley was equally confident that the longer the deliberations took, the better the chance was that they would find for a not guilty verdict.

Late in the afternoon on the third day of deliberations, Friday, March 8, 1986, the jury foreman notified a bailiff that the panel had reached a unanimous decision.

The court was called into session with Nesbitt brought in from his jail cell. The room was packed with friends and relatives of Mary Kay Harmer. There was a hushed silence as Judge Corrigan entered

and asked the panel foreman for the verdict.

"We, the jury, have found that Thomas Nesbitt is guilty of the charge of first-degree murder," the foreman responded.

Because the charge of aggravated rape had been dismissed at the beginning of the trial, under Nebraska law which requires special circumstances to impose the death penalty, the maximum sentence for first-degree murder is life in prison.

Nesbitt, who had exhibited little outward sign of emotion during the trial, did not change expression as the verdict was announced.

Riley, however, immediately stated that he would appeal the case to the Nebraska Supreme Court. When asked by reporters upon what grounds he would base the appeal, Riley declined to comment, but hinted that it would be for perjury by some of the state's witnesses, as he had claimed during the trial.

Pros. Cooper said he was pleased with the verdict and that it was "long overdue." He had high praise for the Douglas County detectives who had worked so long and hard on the case. He said he felt confident that the trial had been conducted without errors and that an appeal

would not be granted by the high court.

Jury members, questioned by the news media, were asked if there was any particular piece of evidence or testimony that influenced them to reach a guilty verdict. Several on the panel said that there had not been any standout evidence and that it was the complete case presented by the prosecution that brought them to their decision.

One member said it had taken them so long to come to a decision because they checked and re-checked all of the evidence to be absolutely certain of a correct verdict.

One of the friends of Mary Kay, who had attended the trial daily, told reporters, "We are pleased that the jury has found him guilty. It won't bring Mary Kay back, but it will give him the rest of his life to think about how he killed her and then put her body in the sewer to rot." ●

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*Mickey and Fungus are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Fictitious names have been used because there is no reason for public interest in the identities of these persons.*

## Violated Coed (from page 42)

state of decomposition—it was slated for inspection by a pathologist, anthropologist and botanist.

Back at the refuge, meanwhile, Investigator McOmber was joining the other probers in a shoulder-to-shoulder search for physical evidence. Among items discovered by the lawmen were two pieces of a brassiere whose tattered fabric was rent by holes which appeared to have been made with a knife-like instrument. Similar holes were found on the sweater still wrapped around the rib cage of the weathered corpse.

Word of the grim find was followed by speculation that the remains were those of the long-missing Julie Monson. However, investigators refused to confirm that the clothing found with the body matched the description of garments worn by the Cayuga Community College student on the night she disappeared.

"We really, at this point, don't have a whole lot," said State Police Captain R.R. Brooks. "We really don't know who it is." Brooks went on to say that it appeared the body had been there for "an

extended period of time."

That night, state police at the Waterloo barracks issued a statement that the race and sex of the deceased remained unknown.

Commented the Cayuga County district attorney, Ross Tisci, "We don't have a positive identification, and that's all I can say."

On Friday, April 8th, through the use of dental records as well as the clothing and jewelry found with the body, the remains were positively identified as those of the long-missing Julie Monson. The body was being housed at the Onondaga County morgue where a team of investigators was slated to have a look at it on Saturday.

District Attorney Tisci, in a brief talk with newsmen, noted that scientific evaluation was essential to the ongoing investigation.

"We've got to handle this in an orderly fashion," he said. "The success of any criminal prosecution depends on that. This case is still very much in the investigative stage."

The prosecutor went on to say that

speculation about a possible arrest would be inappropriate until investigators "have gone as far as they can."

On Saturday, State Police Investigator Donald Brandstetter, while noting that an arrest was not imminent, pointed out that a number of suspects had been developed by probers.

"There are always suspects," he said. "As far as a prime suspect is concerned, there are differences of opinions between agencies. And it depends on what you mean by a prime suspect."

"Certainly, she did meet death by someone else's hands," the veteran prober said. "It's obvious that she met with foul play."

"Interviews with people we've already talked to and with new people will continue. There's still a lot of work that has to be done."

Assistant Auburn Police Chief Carmen Bertonica told reporters that his missing person investigation had ended Friday with the identification of the skeletal remains as those of Julie Monson.

"At this point in time," he said, "it's a state police case."

Investigators, Bertonica pointed out, still were in the dark about the ownership of the car the young woman was seen entering on the night she vanished. Nor

did they know the identity of the long-haired man witnesses had seen behind the steering wheel.

"We are still trying to ascertain who she got into the car with," he said.

Also speaking with newsmen was Federal Bureau of Investigation Agent Gerald Gallagher, who noted that he had visited the site where the body was found because the wildlife refuge was federal land.

On Monday, April 11th, Auburn Police Chief John Costello told reporters that "Everything is on hold. We're waiting."

Waiting, he might have pointed out, for a team of forensic scientists to complete their examination of the remains at the Onondaga County morgue, a process expected to take two or three days. While they waited, explained Investigator Brandstetter, probers would continue to review old clues and look for new ones in the year-and-a-half old case.

To start with, all eight full-time employees of the Montezuma Wildlife Refuge were interrogated by state police and plans were made to speak with part-timers later on Monday. Also scheduled to come under scrutiny were trappers, hunters, bird-watchers and nature lovers who were frequent visitors to the refuge.

"We're going to get together in the morning and start reviewing some of the things we have and some of the things we should pursue," Brandstetter told reporters.

Assistant Police Chief Bertonica added that with the assistance of Officer Allan Wilson he was reinterviewing witnesses from the earliest stages of the probe as well as reaching out to new ones.

"I'm trying to ascertain only the point of whose car she got into," Bertonica explained. "I still have got to find out who she got into the car with, because there may have been a crime at that point."

Pending the official ruling on the cause of death, investigators noted, they were still not calling the case a homicide. Nevertheless, that was the way the probe was being pursued.

On Wednesday, sleuths revealed that because of the advanced state of decomposition, no autopsy could be performed on the remains. Instead, they were being weighed, measured and X-rayed in the hope of turning up some clue to the cause of Julie Monson's death. At the same time, samples of the girl's bone fragments and clothing were enroute to the FBI lab in Washington, D.C.

On Thursday, April 14th, Investigator

Brandstetter noted that probers were keeping an active eye on a number of Julie Monson's former boyfriends and dates and that an arrest could be expected.

"The early investigation," he explained, "would indicate that she was familiar with the person she got into the car with."

Several days later, on Tuesday, April 19th, Assistant Police Chief Bertonica told reporters that he believed enough evidence had been collected to warrant an arrest.

"I feel I know who did it," he said. "I'm going to pursue a warrant of arrest. I'm just waiting for the state police to conclude their investigation."

"My investigation is concluded in this city," he went on to say. "I mean, I've been on this since day two. I expect an arrest will be imminent."

Despite Bertonica's high hopes, no arrest was made that spring, or summer. In September, sounding as though he was still awaiting the big break needed to crack the case, Investigator Brandstetter said, "There are one or more people unknown to us who do, in fact, have very pertinent information about the case, but for whatever reason, refuse to come forward. These people who have called are very close" to the person who killed Julie Monson.

More than a year later, on October 5, 1984, with Julie Monson's slayer still free, Paul Carbonaro, the new district attorney for Cayuga county, announced that he would call a grand jury to look into the case and to attempt to turn up additional evidence by subpoenaing reluctant witnesses.

The investigative panel would remain in session for ten months, the longest grand jury probe in county history. Although details were not made public, it was revealed that on June 14, 1985, Phillip Silvera, a friend of the Baker Street auto mechanic once considered a suspect in the case, had been charged with perjury and contempt for allegedly withholding information. On July 2nd, however, after having second thoughts about maintaining his silence, charges were dropped against him and he offered his story to the panel.

Just three days later, on July 5th, the Cayuga County grand jury concluded its marathon session by returning a five-count indictment against 22-year-old Thomas G. Bianco of Baker Street, Auburn, on charges of abduction, sexual assault and murder. Bianco pleaded innocent to the charges and, on August 3rd, Bianco was freed from custody on

a high bail of \$100,000.

Three months later, on November 15th, Bianco's attorney announced that he would not employ a "mental disease of defect" defense. It was noted that the attorney had ordered a psychiatric examination for his client, but had decided not to turn the report over to prosecutors.

On December 7th, Judge Donald J. Wisner threw out charges of rape and attempted sodomy against Bianco because of insufficient evidence. The jurist also ruled that evidence obtained from Bianco's car was inadmissible at the trial because the search warrant was defective.

At Thomas Bianco's murder trial, which got underway in the Cayuga County courtroom of Judge D. Bruce Crew III in Auburn in February, 1986, District Attorney Carbonaro told the jury that the defendant had hit Julie Monson with his car after she spurned his sexual advances.

"The defendant ran her down with his automobile, breaking her leg," the prosecutor said. "When she crawled away, he jumped on top of her and repeatedly stabbed her in the chest."

Defense counsel maintained that the state's scenario was incorrect and that authorities had pressured a number of witnesses to "conjure up" testimony against his client. Although acknowledging that Bianco had made "certain remarks" about the Monson case to friends, he insisted that Bianco was a man suffering from emotional problems at the time.

"He was mumbling, he was incoherent," the attorney said of his client. "A lot of what he said didn't jibe."

Phillip Silvera, he went on, falsely accused his friend because Silvera was afraid that he might be blamed for the killing and because he was trying to wriggle out from under contempt and perjury charges.

"So what happens?" the attorney asked. "Silvera's charges are dismissed. Predictable."

Among the state's lead-off witnesses on Thursday, February 20th, was a girl who identified herself as a friend of both Julie Monson and Thomas Bianco. It was about 2:30 on the morning of September 28, 1981, she recalled, that she left Julie in the parking lot of an Auburn nightspot.

On Monday, February 24th, a 24-year-old Auburn man told the jury that in May of 1982, Bianco had told him and his girlfriend that he thought he had killed Julie Monson.

"He said... 'I think I killed her,' " the witness recalled. He was kind of crazy.

He wasn't acting right."

"How was he acting?" asked Assistant District Attorney Dennis P. Sedor.

"Like he wasn't all there."

The witness girlfriend, who also identified herself as a friend of the defendant, related that she was at her boyfriend's house on the evening of May 8, 1982, when Bianco arrived and then invited her outside into his van. There, he began talking about Julie Monson.

"He kept hitting the steering wheel and saying, 'I'm the reason Julie is missing,'" the witness recalled.

Later, Bianco and the young couple drove to Bianco's place, where they talked for about four hours. The next morning, the 24-year-old man returned to talk with Bianco some more.

The defendant, he testified, was speaking in half sentences and staring blankly when he said that he had been drinking at the Gates Avenue nightspot on the morning of September 28, 1981, and had followed Julie Monson and a second car of teenage girls out of the lot. Although the other car continued on, Bianco reportedly said that he and Julie Monson stopped on Prospect Street.

Bianco reportedly told his friend that Julie Monson ran screaming from him and pounded on a door on Prospect Street. Later, though, he changed his story to say that it was on Mary Street where he finally persuaded the young woman to stop running and get inside his car.

"That's when he tried to have oral sex with her," the witness said. "She refused and got hysterical and he may have hit her a couple of times."

Bianco allegedly told the witness that Julie Monson ran from his car and that he threw her to the ground and she possibly struck her head. However, Bianco claimed that he turned the girl over to an unidentified man who had stopped his own car to watch the argument.

Later, however, Bianco changed his story again, telling his friend that, "I think I killed her."

After May 9, 1982, the witness added, he never discussed details of the case with Bianco.

Also testifying on Monday was State Police Investigator Peter Lawatsch, who told the court that faded tire tracks found near the victim's body in April, 1983, measured 60 inches apart. The distance between the tracks of Thomas Bianco's 1972 Buick Skylark was 59 and 1/8 inches. The witness attributed the difference to erosion caused by the weather.

On Tuesday, a former girlfriend of Bianco told the court that the defendant told her in May, 1982, that he was partly

responsible for Julie Monson's disappearance. In lengthy and often incoherent talks, she testified, Bianco said that he had stopped Julie Monson's car on Prospect Street by flashing his headlights, but then turned the girl over to an unidentified man when she became upset over his sexual advances.

"He said (to the man) 'Play a joke on (Julie Monson) and take her to Cayuga Lake State Park and make her walk home,'" the witness said. She added that Bianco claimed he never saw Julie after that.

On Thursday, February 27th, two more friends of Bianco's testified that they heard him admit, in April of 1983, that he had raped Julie Monson and then killed her, but had discounted the remarks as an example of the defendant's "sick humor."

One of the youths told the court, "He said that he had information that Julie Monson was raped before she was killed. He made a statement very jokingly (that) at least he wasn't stupid; he raped her before he killed her."

Because he was slightly intoxicated at the time, the witness added, no one took the remark seriously.

Also on Thursday, FBI Special Agent Ronald Rawalt told the court that microscopic analysis had turned up an amount of "fine, sandy soil" in Julie's sweater where it had come in contact with bodily fluids during decomposition. The soil, he noted, was unlike the silty, medium fine soil at the site where her remains were found.

"The conclusion was (that) the soil on the sweater did not originate from the soil on which the body was found," he said.

Dr. Janice E. Ross, the Cayuga County pathologist, said that her examination turned up a slight separation of two neck vertebrae which probably occurred when the remains were "moved after the deterioration of the soft tissue."

Although prosecutors did not point out the spot where the body may have been placed before it was transported to the wildlife refuge, Assistant District Attorney Sedor said that it could have been moved several days, or even weeks after Julie Monson's death.

Dr. Ross said evidence indicated that Julie's leg had been fractured by a blow which probably was inflicted while she

was standing upright.

"The fracture was there at the time of death, if not before—very shortly before."

However, Dr. Ross noted, the autopsy did not determine the cause of the teenager's death.

Although prosecutors believed the young woman had been stabbed and beaten, the witness added, medical examiners found no sign of "foul play" in the areas of the skull, ribs or pelvis.

In his final argument to the jury on Monday, March 10th, defense counsel pointed out that the state had presented no fingerprints, hairs, blood samples, clothing fibers or other physical evidence to link his client to Julie Monson's death.

"You can bet your bottom dollar if (the prosecution) had blood or fingerprints hooking Thomas Bianco, they would have produced them."

District Attorney Carbonaro countered by pointing out that the knife cuts in Julie Monson's bra made it apparent that she had been stabbed to death, even though the autopsy could not prove it.

It was the prosecution's contention that Bianco had followed Julie from the Gates Avenue nightspot in his car and flagged her down on Prospect Street by flashing his headlights. After Bianco convinced her that he had seen sparks coming out from under her Chevette, she had gotten into his car.

"She had nothing to fear from Tom Bianco," Carbonaro said. "They were friends. She trusted his judgment. She got into the car—and look where it got her..."

Inside the car, Carbonaro went on, Bianco slapped Julie and then raped her when she refused to perform oral sex. When she attempted to flee, he ran her down with his car, then stabbed her in the chest as she attempted to crawl away.

At precisely 3:10 on Wednesday afternoon, March 12th, after 19 hours of deliberation over three days, the jury announced that it had found 23-year-old Thomas G. Bianco guilty of kidnapping and murdering Julie Marie Monson. Judge Crew revoked Bianco's bail and ordered him to the Cayuga County Jail to await sentencing. Under New York law, Bianco faces a term of from 25 years to life in prison on his murder conviction. ●

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*Phillip Silvera is not the real name of the person so named in the foregoing story. A fictitious name has been used because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of this person.*



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# ON THE RECORD

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## DEATH FOR ALL THE CONVICTED?

In one of your letters, a reader wrote that all people convicted of murder should be put to death. I think this is very judgmental. My boyfriend was convicted of murder in 1967. He was 18. There were also two other 18-year-olds in the car. He did not kill the man, but he was there, so the charge was murder.

Maybe that writer should try and look at each case instead of lumping them all together. It's ignorance in a person who judges with no facts.

For the record, the D.A. who tried these boys' cases tried to give them all the death penalty, but the judge was more humane. He gave them all life sentences, and two of them got out after 16 years.

Don't you think that after half of these boys' lives have been given to the system, they have paid their debt to society (neither pulled the trigger)?

Every case is different, and I hope that other readers out there are more objective in their opinions.

Anonymous  
Topeka, Kansas

## KEEP ON SLEUTHING

As a steady reader of detective books for many years, I would like to say thank you for *INSIDE DETECTIVE's* great stories. I look forward to receiving the magazine every month.

The ways that police use to trap the criminals are truly ingenious, and I like reading the sentencing at the end of the story.

Also, I think the writing of *INSIDE*

*DETECTIVE* is as good as any magazine, and this can not always be said of detective books. Please keep up the good work bringing us these true stories. They are better than anything that's made for TV.

A Reader  
New York, N.Y.

## OPINION FROM INSIDE

I am serving a five-year sentence for breaking into two people's houses. I know I deserve what I got, but here I am, the first time ever being locked up. I get five years, and men that beat little babies to death serve only a year. I read it in one of your stories. The other guy got 12 which is still too little.

The judges and the court look at me as a man that needs to be put away for the rest of his life, while a man or woman can go out, beat, rape and kill little helpless babies, and what do they get? The kind of time a shoplifter or drunk gets. They should be put to death.

There's another man here in prison for raping his own baby girl, and all he got was a three-year sentence "because he's afraid to go behind the walls."

I also read the part in your book "On The Record". People write asking, where is justice, letting people out so soon when they need to be put to death.

Some of the letters like, "A Moving Story", "Blind Justice", "Fed Up" and "Pen Pal Warning" all add up to one thing. When in the hell are the judges and courts going to start looking down on those assholes and look at the victims as if they were their own children.

What in the hell is this world coming to? I'm sorry and hurt deep down in my heart for the children and little babies that are victims of crime and abuse. They can't fight back like adults. They are so defenseless.

I'm a prisoner, sure, but I'm also a

father of a beautiful little girl, and I don't want her to be the next victim.

I hope and wish and pray to God that he will once again let babies and children walk and play on this earth the way it should be.

Steven Chance  
Nashville, Tennessee

## THOUGHTS FROM AN OLD READER

In my February issue of *INSIDE DETECTIVE*, there was a letter about missing kids from a lady who signed as a "new reader."

If she is going to join the club and be a constant reader of the detective magazines, there are a few things she should get straight from the start. I have read these magazines for 45 years and am still with it, in fact I wouldn't miss one.

These stories are the facts—and facts are what the people want when they read detective magazines. But she seems to want them tied up in pink ribbons and everything "hunky dory."

I agree about putting the missing children's photos on the cover of the magazine, but if the gore and sex she doesn't like were not on there, too, your copies wouldn't sell—and I for one wouldn't buy them.

I want to know the facts of the whole story, about those policemen that are on the scene before the inspectors and their teams arrive. Those policemen have that gore to clean up and all of the evidence and articles they find have to fit in the case before getting the D.A. in so he can have his case ready for prosecution.

If the officers don't do their job, then the murderer goes free to kill and mutilate other children and women.

That lady sure must have some crazy sense of humor. For the sake of your magazines, keep them coming as they are. Write the facts. That's what the readers want, and I'm one of them. A little gore or sex in magazines is not going to hurt anyone. Look at all the TV programs, which are full of sex. You name one thing where sex is not mentioned a thousand or more times a day. I like your titles and also the photos, only sometimes I wish you could add more photos. I know you only have space for so many stories in your magazine, but how about adding more pages to your magazine? Just a thought for today. Keep them coming. I will always be a reader.

Peggi Ring  
Portland, Oregon



## Bungling Burglars (from page 40)

As Limone Rupert and his friend tried to retrieve the gun, another man appeared in the front yard and fired several shots at them. He retrieved the dropped gun, helped his dazed partner into the car, and fled. Limone Rupert ran to the sidewalk as the car sped away and got part of the license number, then ran across the street and used a neighbor's phone to notify the police.

"We had a partial tag number of the vehicle that was seen leaving the scene," recalled Sergeant Fernandez. "We had a partial of 23 FKF, and we started doing combinations of that tag and came up with a 23F AKF which came back as a tag from a robbery in Lakeland, Florida."

It seemed like a good lead. "So I called Lakeland," Fernandez continued, "and asked them to contact that address for the tag number and it came back for an '82 Ford two-door."

It didn't sound like the small red compact car they were seeking, but it was all they had to go on. By the time investigators were able to return to the hospital, shifts had changed and they couldn't locate anyone who had seen the victim admitted.

"I finally got a call back from Lakeland," Fernandez said wearily. "They found the car and it was in the driveway of that address." Lakeland is hundreds of miles from Miami. The lucky break had fizzled.

Then Limone Rupert remembered the car's tag was one of those paper temporary tags, and he felt certain it was from Texas. The lawmen were faced with a bullet-ridden house, an untraceable getaway car, and an unidentified victim dead in the morgue.

When a body is taken to the morgue on a Saturday night, it is measured and weighed, a toe tag with an assigned number is attached, and fingerprints and a photo are taken. Sometime before dawn it is X-rayed. The autopsy of the unidentified attempted robbery suspect was scheduled for Sunday morning at 10:00.

Paul McReary, an investigator for the medical examiner's office, started to identify the body. There was some identification in the victim's pockets naming him as Lisma Delva, with an address in Galveston, Texas. A call to the police department there revealed the address was non-existent. McReary sent the fingerprints to the FBI.

Although it would be August 6th be-

fore they sent a written report, the FBI notified him that the prints submitted under the name of Lisma Delva were identified as belonging to a Jocelyn Derus, black male, arrested on March 29, 1982, for petty theft in Jacksonville, Florida. He had given a Fort Lauderdale address to the Jacksonville Sheriff's Office at that time.

Now there were two names for the victim, and no one knew which was true, or if both were false.

"On July 2nd, I contacted the Cuban Refugee Task Force," recalled McReary, "and found out Mr. Delva had entered the country on July 6, 1981 and was processed on July 16, 1981. He listed the name of a sponsor." The sponsor could not be located.

"On July 8, 1984, two Haitian males came to the office indicating they had received a call from a friend in Texas who asked them to see if Lisma Delva was dead. They did not identify themselves," said McReary. "When they left, I followed them to where their vehicle was. They entered an Olds Cutlass with a current Florida tag. I ran the tag and it was registered to a man in Fort Lauderdale. I gave the information to the Miami Police Department.

When Miami detectives interviewed the man in Fort Lauderdale, they discovered he was the victim's brother. He had a puzzling story. "My brother came from Texas on vacation here with Lisma Delva. When I heard about the death, I thought it was Lisma Delva who died," he said. His cousins in Texas called him and asked him to check to see if he knew the Lisma Delva who died. It was then he learned it was his 24-year-old brother who had been killed. Matters were complicated because for some unexplained reason, the brothers had different names and it was never ascertained why Derus assumed the identity of Delva or whether there really was anyone named Delva.

Dr. Roger Mittleman reported his autopsy findings on Delva or Derus, or whoever the victim was: "The bullet entered in the upper left chest-shoulder area to the side of the collar-bone. It proceeded downward in the body, went through the lung, grazed two ribs, went through the left lobe of the liver, nicked the pancreas, went all the way through the adrenal gland, and finally rested in muscle tissue."

What first appeared to the hospital aide as a minor shoulder wound from a single

bullet had turned out to be unimaginably lethal.

"There was a considerable amount of blood in the chest cavities, in fact in the left side there was 1,700 milliliters, which is very commonly seen in dead bodies of people having gunshot wounds," reported Mittleman.

He recovered a medium caliber projectile which was mildly deformed from striking two ribs. He also noted that although there was no skull fracture, there were a number of lacerations on the head that easily could have knocked out a man. One was L-shaped, consistent with a hedge clipper.

"The brain was slightly swollen, which is common at the end stage of life," said the doctor. "It comes from running out of blood, which is essentially why this man died."

Blood, ocular fluid, and urine were tested to screen for alcohol or the usual drugs of abuse. All tests were negative.

When police asked if the entry wound might indicate the shooter was standing and the decedent was bending over, the doctor replied: "Yes, that would be consistent."

Crime scene technicians had found no blood in the house where the attempted robbery occurred, but the blood samples taken from the sidewalk outside matched the victim's. At least four projectiles were found in the house. The one which grazed an occupant's neck had gone through a curtain and entered a window-sill. Another had bounced off a wall and was found imbedded in the carpet. Two had impacted the outside of the house, one through the exterior window frame to a wall and fell on the carpet, and the other had ricocheted off the door frame.

On July 3rd, Detective Andreu submitted one spent .32-caliber projectile with one fired .32-caliber cartridge casing, and two spent .38-caliber projectiles to the crime lab. Firearms examiner Ray Freeman determined that the rifling marks on all of the .32-caliber projectiles had six lands and grooves, with a left-hand twist. "The weapons we most frequently encounter in a high percentage of cases firing that particular projectile is the Colt pistol, but it could also be from an Astra pistol," said Freeman. The .38-caliber projectiles had eight lands and grooves, with a right-hand twist, and could have come from a .38 SPL, Charter Arms, or other types of revolvers.

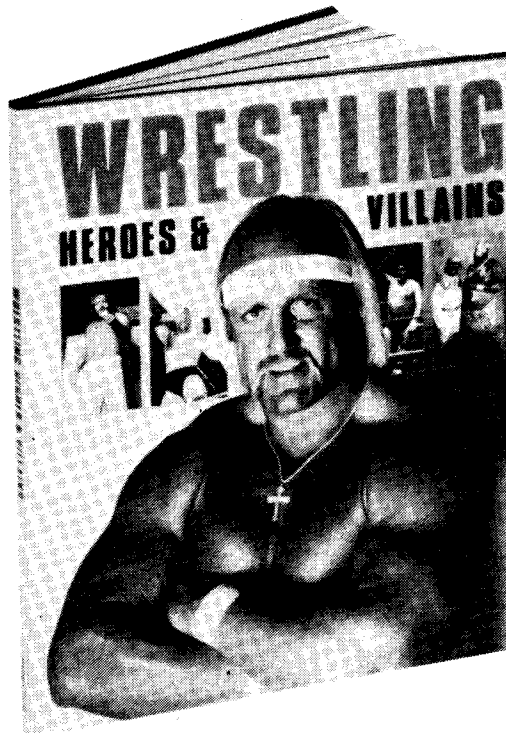
It was abundantly clear that shots had been fired from inside the house and at the house from the outside, and two guns were involved. Everything matched the statements of the witnesses. Investiga-

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tion now centered on the dead man's accomplice who had fired at the two occupants struggling with the one who entered the house. It was clear he had inadvertently shot and killed his partner.

What wasn't clear was why two armed men would try to rob a very modest Haitian home. Nothing had been found in the house to incriminate any of the occupants in criminal activities. Miami's Haitians are not sophisticated drug dealers or big-time crooks. Background checks of the occupants of the house revealed no arrest records or suspicious associates. They were about as poor as people could be. There had been no money, jewelry, drugs, or weapons there to steal. Yet the intruder had demanded, "All the money you have." It made no sense unless it had been a bizarre mistake.

The sleuths questioned the hospital workers and tried to get a description of the man who had driven the victim to the emergency room. He had been seen only by a nurse and the volunteer aide. The nurse's attention had naturally centered on the needs of the victim and she had barely glanced at the driver. On the other hand, the volunteer had a brief face-to-face conversation with the man.

He described the driver as, "Taller than me, about six-foot, very muscular, like an athlete. The main thing I remember were the muscles on his neck."

Little Haiti is an unusual place, as unusual as its remarkable inhabitants. Whereas many people in Miami need a road map even to find Belle Glade in the middle of the peninsula, a penniless Haitian can arrive legally or illegally in the Little Haiti area and within 48 hours he can mysteriously locate his brother in a remote migrant labor camp up in Belle Glade.

The reason is that the Haitians are individually resourceful and closely-knit in neighborhoods where everyone seems to literally know everyone else and what they are doing. Initially fearful of American authorities, they soon learn that policemen here, unlike in Haiti, respect their rights and try to protect them.

Therefore, patrol cars are not an unwelcome sight to the vast majority of Haitians, and their relationship with officers is good. The major problem Haitian refugees face is the language barrier. Major human service organizations now have both Creole and Spanish interpreters to assist them, and the Miami police force has several Haitian officers.

Detective Emanuel John Nelson is one of those valued lawmen. He was born in Haiti, his wife is Haitian, and he is con-

spicuous in the Little Haiti community by playing soccer on their team. He is well-liked by Haitians who are law-abiding and feared by those who aren't. He has innumerable street contacts.

Three weeks before the homicide, he heard of Eddie Piquion while investigating an unrelated robbery. "When I asked the people," recalled Det. Nelson, "they say he isn't here. He's gone to Texas. They tell me he was driving a little red car with a Texas tag." He persisted in asking around.

"I, as any police officer would, deal with confidential informants," he said. "I have a couple who live in the Little Haiti community who knew we were looking for Mr. Piquion on another case. A CI (confidential informant) told me Piquion was living near 54th Street and NE First Avenue. When I got there and Piquion saw me, he took off. We tried to chase him down but we couldn't find him. There was a federal warrant for transportation of a stolen vehicle or something, and I contacted the FBI and they were also aware of Piquion having a warrant for something. Then the CI told me he was staying at a Holiday Inn. We went there but he was already gone."

The elusive Mr. Piquion had a habit of changing addresses frequently. He came from a once wealthy family in Haiti that had provided him with a good education and money to start life in style, but he had chosen a different path. Police learned he would go up to a fellow Haitian, pull up his shirt to show a gun in his belt, and demand all of the poor fellow's money so he could spend the night in a hotel. It was rumored he and a partner robbed houses. It was alleged he took drugs. He had a bad reputation.

"Eddie Piquion is the first Haitian criminal in the United States," one informant told police. Whether he meant it literally or that Piquion was the number one Haitian crook in Miami was unimportant. Neither was accurate, but it indicated the general estimate of Piquion's character among the crowded inhabitants of Little Haiti.

Piquion was a tall and muscular six-footer at 190 pounds, which made him stand out from most Haitians in Miami. It also fit the description of the driver of the compact red car given at the hospital, and Piquion was known to drive a red Toyota with a temporary Texas tag.

It wasn't long until the almost telepathic information network in Little Haiti fingered Eddie Piquion for the attempted robbery and shooting on 65th Street.

"Well, this is a very small community and everybody knows everything that

happens on the street," explained Detective Emanuel John Nelson. "There were many, many people on the street who were aware of what happened on 65th Street somewhere, and they were talking about it. And word was out that Piquion was involved in it, so I passed my information to Detective Nelson Andreu."

Shortly after the shooting, Limone Rupert had moved, but he conscientiously notified the police about it.

Limone Rupert had also heard the rumors, and he spoke with detectives. "Any time a crime is committed by a Haitian, in our language they are talking about it, and then we know who that person is and where that person stays," he explained proudly. "People were saying that the guy who got killed was a good friend of Eddie Piquion. They said this guy and Eddie Piquion were the ones doing all the robberies in this area. Everybody was talking about Eddie Piquion as a burglar. Everybody knows Eddie Piquion. Every Haitian knows Eddie Piquion."

When asked if he could identify Piquion as the man outside who fired shots at him, Limone Rupert explained it was hard to get a good look at somebody shooting at you. "It is a very fearful thing," he stated. "I don't like weapons. My only weapon is Jesus. That's it."

The search for Piquion intensified on the streets of Little Haiti. One informant said he had run into Piquion one night a week after the shooting. "He told me he had a partner and they went to this place to rob it, and he told me when he was getting out, he got out first and his partner was left behind, and they was beating his partner inside. He had hidden behind a bush, and when his partner was coming out, he thought it was the other guy coming out. So then he started shooting, and then he took his partner to the hospital."

The police looked in vain for Eddie Piquion until on August 29th, he pulled one robbery too many. This is what happened, told by the informant who fingered him:

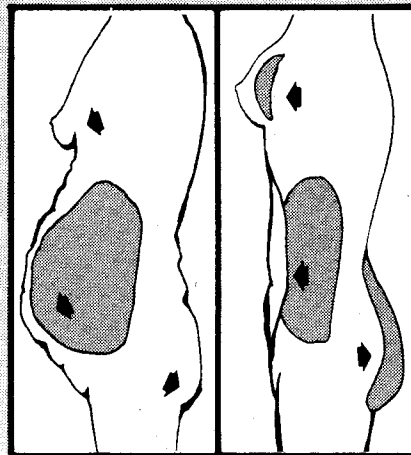
"You have to understand that Eddie was my friend. We grew up in the same place since we was two, three years old. He came to me after the guy died. A group of us were sitting by a big tree on 63rd Street where everybody comes after work. They sit and talk, you know, just jive talk, passing the time. He took me aside and said he got a problem. He told me: 'My friend died. I kill him by mistake.' He told me they went someplace to try and rob some people. His family got him money, a good education, everything, and now he was stealing, freebas-

# LOSE FAT and FLAB...

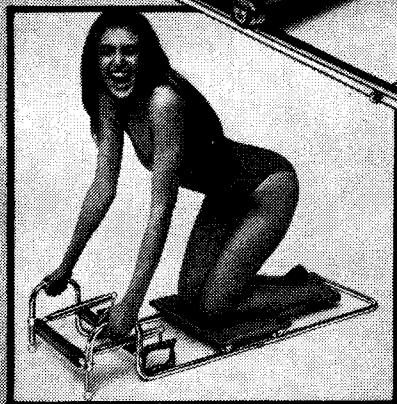
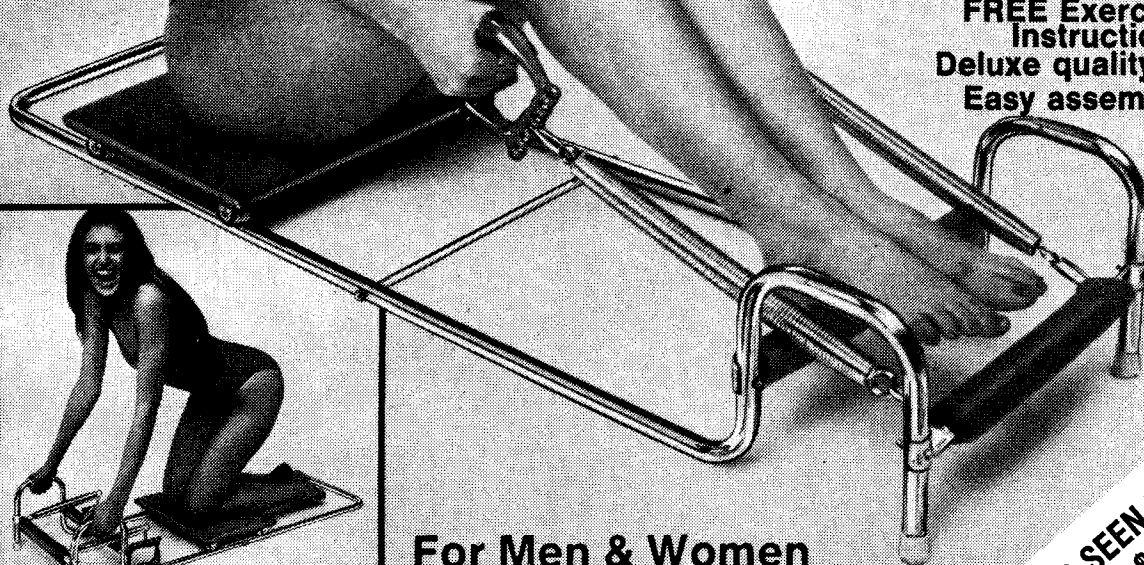
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# MISSING

This Child Could Be Yours

## Clark Toshiro Handa



AGE: 3½  
HEIGHT: 3' 2"  
WEIGHT: 30-40 pounds  
HAIR: Black  
EYES: Brown  
LAST SEEN: In his bed,  
Wednesday evening,  
August 22, 1984  
in Fairfield CA.

**If you have seen him call the  
FAIRFIELD POLICE DEPARTMENT (707)426-5505**

**or the  
KEVIN COLLINS FOUNDATION  
800/272-0012**

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### REWARD



ing, everything. After his partner died, he changed the tag on his car.

"On August 29th, I was way across the street and I say like, 'Eddie, how you doing?' I said, 'Eddie, what you doing, you moving from over there?' and he pull a gun on me. I ducked down behind a car and he drove off. Then there was a big noise in the apartment upstairs and the man came out and say, 'Look, Eddie beat me so bad I almost died.'

"You have to understand that if he was doing bad things like that he could do bad things to anybody. He might kill anyone just like that. Because if he could beat up the man in the apartment like that, who was going to look out after me? Say, like if you know me and you let me sleep in your house, give me food, give me a place to sleep, give me money, and let me stay there for about six months and then three months later I come by your house and I beat you up and everything, are you not going to be afraid? I called the police because I was just so scared at that time, and I have to let the police know because of that."

Incensed at the beating and robbery of his friend on 63rd Street, the informant called the police. "We gave the police Eddie's name, and the police say, 'Oh,

that is the guy we've been looking for in a murder case.' He call some more police. They ask where his girlfriend lives. Then the police take us there and we go by the house and when we get there we saw the car leaving there. The police follow him, and when he saw the police follow him, he try to hide from the police, and then he got into an accident."

Attempting to flee the police cruisers, Eddie Piquion ignored the sirens and was knocked unconscious as his red Toyota jumped a red light in the wrong lane and collided with a white Datsun at the busy intersection of 36th Street and Biscayne Boulevard, two blocks from the FBI office.

Both cars spun wildly from the impact. The Datsun was knocked onto the sidewalk and its rear end punched through the front windows of a computer store. A secretary whose desk was by the window told reporters: "I heard a crash, looked out the window and thought 'That car isn't stopping. I got up and ran.'" She and other employees escaped injury. The plastic windows of the store fell in panels but did not shatter like glass.

An FBI agent who happened to witness the collision from his car said: "The driver of the red Toyota was hanging out

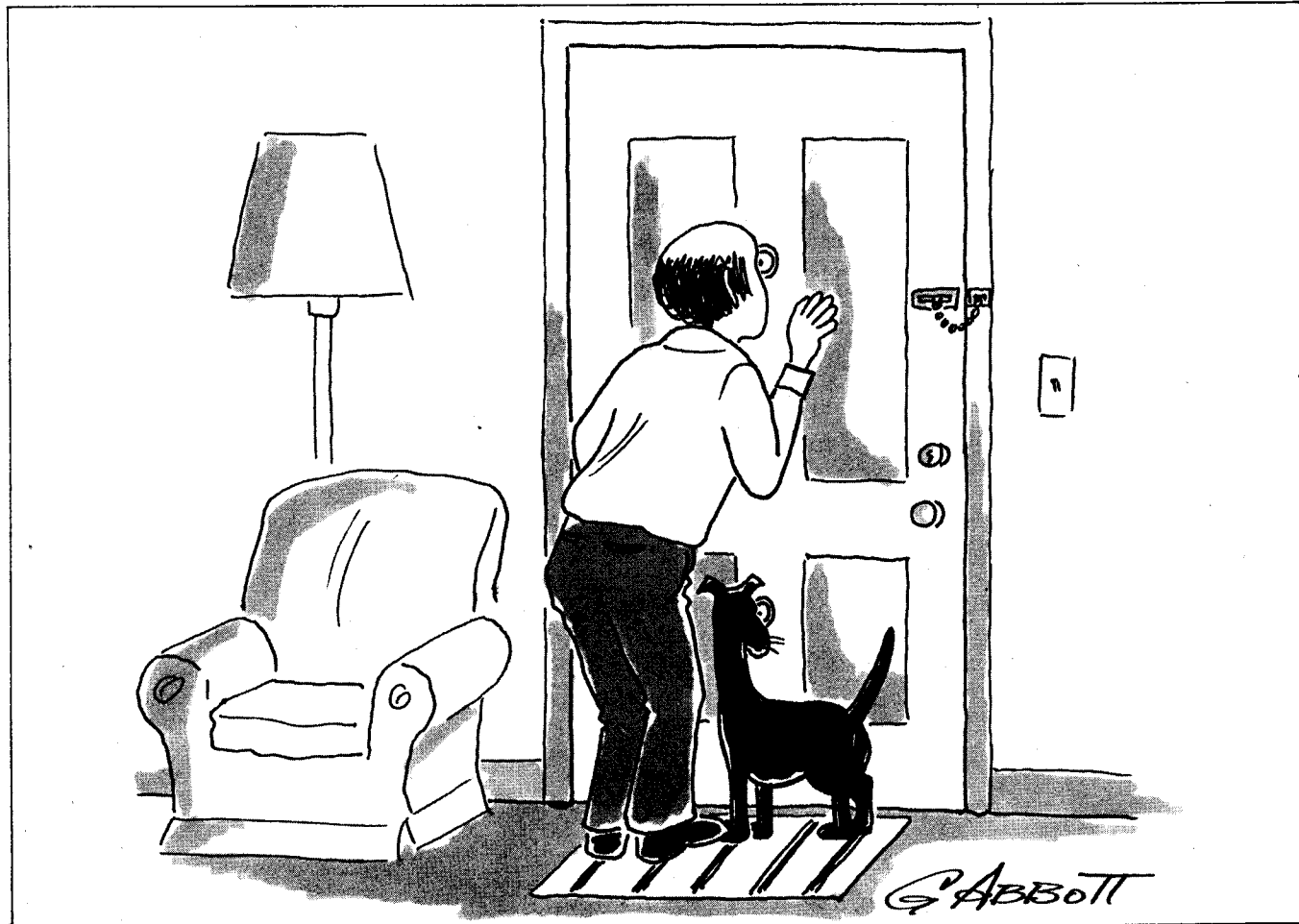
of his window since the impact and as the car was spinning around."

Paramedics responded to the scene. The two young people in the Datsun suffered only minor scratches. The unconscious Piquion had a self-inflicted gunshot wound in his thigh. Police speculated he must have shot himself either during the chase or at the moment of the crash.

Under the driver's seat, officers found a Smith & Wesson .357 Magnum revolver and a Colt .32-caliber semi-automatic pistol. When Piquion came to, they arrested him and read him his rights.

This is the story Piquion told police at headquarters: "I went to Fort Lauderdale with my friend. I came back to my lady friend and she told me this guy was looking to borrow a gun and she never gave it to him. She gave me the address and I went to see what they were doing. Then I heard two shots from the automatic weapon. I got out of my car and saw the boy coming out with blood all over. He fell right in front of my feet. I picked him up and took him to the hospital."

He claimed that was the extent of his involvement. He gave the nicknames of the two men who, according to him, had gone to the address to rob what they

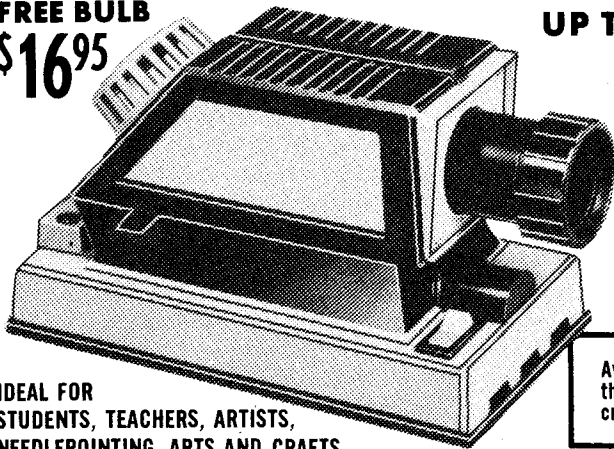


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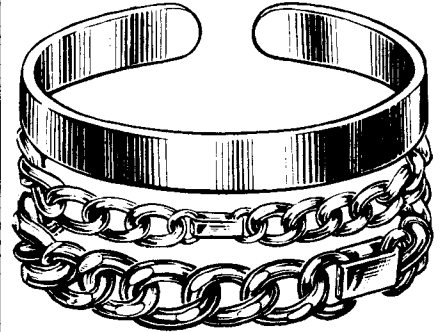
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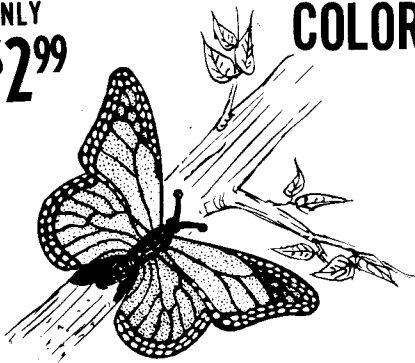


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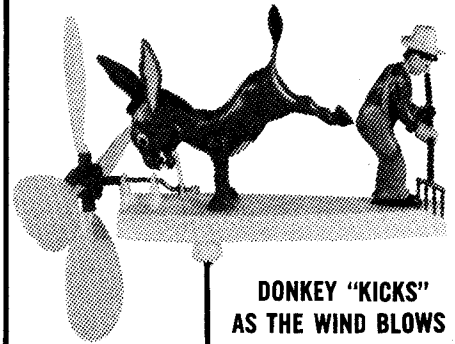


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thought was a Bolita bank of the numbers racket. He denied shooting at anyone.

Asked for his present address, Piquion responded: "Would you believe it? It's the same house on 65th Street." He was now living in the house Limone Rupert had vacated!

When detectives questioned Piquion's girlfriend, they found her testimony evasive and self-serving. They tried diligently to identify the two men Piquion had named, but after exhausting all their street informants they decided there were no such people involved in the attempted robbery and shooting.

At least now sleuths knew the motive for the attempted robbery: the humble house of a poor Haitian couple had been mistaken for a Bolita bank.

Eddie Emanuel Rauol Piquion, also known as Boniface Regis, Emanuel Boniface, and Ranald Innocent, was charged with first-degree felony murder, attempted armed robbery, armed burglary of an occupied dwelling with a dangerous weapon, shooting into an occupied dwelling, and attempted first-degree murder with a firearm.

The defense attorney filed a motion to suppress the evidence of the guns found

in Piquion's crashed car on the grounds they were seized without a warrant while the defendant was unconscious. It didn't work.

Metro firearms expert Criminalist Jess Galen testified about the guns. Officer Galen is a member of the Association of Firearms and Tool Mark Examiners. He authored a book published in 1979 titled, "Pocket Guide for Crime Scene Investigators," and has authored over 200 articles in 22 publications in the U.S. and England.

He explained the difference between class characteristics and individual characteristics of weapons: "Class characteristics are those imparted to the projectile by the gun and are placed in the gun by the manufacturer. They are the same thing as caliber, number and widths of lands and grooves, and the direction of the twist and pitch of the rifling.

"Individual characteristics are acquired by the weapon during the tooling, such as burrs which may be present on the tools when the barrels are manufactured, and also characteristics which are acquired during the use of the weapon, the frequency of use, the ammunition fired, and the cleaning or lack of cleaning."

He testified at Piquion's trial that microscopic analysis revealed that the projectiles fired from the semi-automatic weapon found in Piquion's car matched those recovered from the house, and the other gun had not been used in that robbery attempt. However, the bullets were fired from the semi-automatic weapon "to the exclusion of all others."

Investigators learned after Piquion's arrest that he told someone he had sold the .38 that shot his partner to a person in a county to the north, but police could not locate it.

On February 21, 1985, Eddie Piquion was found guilty on all charges and sentenced to life in prison on count one of the indictment, and to additional years on the other charges.

The humble residents of Miami's Little Haiti breathed a sigh of relief. ●

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#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*Limone Rupert is not the real name of the person so named in the foregoing story. A fictitious name has been used because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of this person.*

---

## Ripped Out Heart (from page 44)

mercilessly from her chest.

The inspector and the sergeant stood silently watching, not because they wanted to, but in order to lend moral support to the doctor.

"You're sure she was dead when he tore her heart out?" said the inspector.

The doctor turned his head away and did not reply.

There were four technicians from the police laboratory in the room going over the furniture and wood work methodically and tape lifting any latent fingerprints found and they now came over in response to the doctor's announcement that he was finished with his examination. Spreading a plastic sheet on the floor, they lifted the body carefully onto it and began going over the floor where it had lain.

"Found anything so far?" asked the inspector. "Lots of prints?"

"A normal number for a single-family house," said one of the technicians. "No indication that any of them have anything to do with the murder. They'll probably turn out to be mainly from the occupants."

He was quite right. All of the finger-

prints in the house, with the exception of two, stemmed from members of the family. These two were apparently from strangers, but there was no indication that either belonged to the murderer and neither was on record with the police.

The inspector responded to this information by having the entire male population of the village fingerprinted, not a very extensive operation as there were not more than two dozen adult males.

He did not expect to find anything of significance. In the opinion of Dr. Bornfeld and in his own opinion, the murder of Monika Koestlinger was the work of a person so seriously deranged that it would have been impossible for him to live in a community as small as Tratten without everyone knowing it.

As anticipated, the fingerprint operation produced nothing. The two unidentified prints found in the Koestlinger house remained unidentified. They belonged to no one in the village.

There was no certainty as to whether the prints were a clue or not. At the time that Koestlinger had built the house two years earlier, he had had some of the technical work in heating and electrical

installation done by professionals. It was quite possible that the fingerprints were from them.

Efforts were made to determine who the technicians had been and, in the meantime, the investigators concentrated on finding witnesses who might have seen a stranger in the village on that Friday.

This turned out to be more difficult than had been expected. It was true that Tratten was somewhat isolated, but it was on a road and there was some through traffic of persons who lived in other small communities in the area. On a Friday afternoon, numbers of men who worked considerable distances away from their homes were coming back for the weekend. The problem was not that there were no sightings of strangers; there were sightings of too many.

Eckhart Koestlinger himself has been one of the workers whose job was so distant that he was able to come home only on the weekends.

The job had, in fact, not even been in the country, but in Munich, West Germany, nearly four hundred miles away. It was more than a six hour trip by train and when Koestlinger had discovered his wife's body, he had just got out of the train after having left his place of work at a little before five o'clock.

It was not an unusual arrangement. Many of the other men in the district held jobs as far or farther away. There was little work in and around Tratten and Koestlinger had been anxious to pay off the mortgage on his new house and to provide his little family with as many comforts as possible.

However, had he been working closer to home, it was possible that Monika would not have been murdered for the results of the autopsy showed that she had died at approximately six-fifteen in the evening of Friday. On a normal job, Eckhart would have been home by this time.

The autopsy had not shown a great deal else other than what Dr. Bornfeld had reported at the scene. The murder weapon was tentatively identified as a hunting knife, something common enough in a rural district such as Tratten. Monika had known that she was in danger for there were strong traces of adrenaline in her blood. She had, however, not attempted to defend herself. There were no bruises and no defense cuts on the hands or forearms.

There were no bruises on the insides of the thighs either, indicating that she had not resisted penetration. On the other

hand, there were no indications that she had been sexually stimulated and the doctor was of the opinion that she had not resisted the rape in the hope of saving her life.

The fact that she had failed indicated to him that the murderer was a deviate who obtained part or all of his sexual satisfaction through the murder and mutilation itself.

"There could hardly be any other motive," agreed the inspector. "We know that it wasn't anyone from the village and, as she'd scarcely been out of it in her life, she surely didn't know him. He didn't kill her to avoid exposure. He killed her because he wanted to."

"And don't forget the business about tearing her heart out and taking it with him," said the sergeant. "It would seem to me that anybody capable of such a thing would be too crazy to be at liberty."

"It seems that way to me too," said the inspector, "but we've checked with the central registry and there's no record of anyone tearing out somebody's heart for the past ten years."

"Maybe because he was in jail and couldn't," said the sergeant.

The inspector looked startled. "That's a possibility I hadn't thought of," he

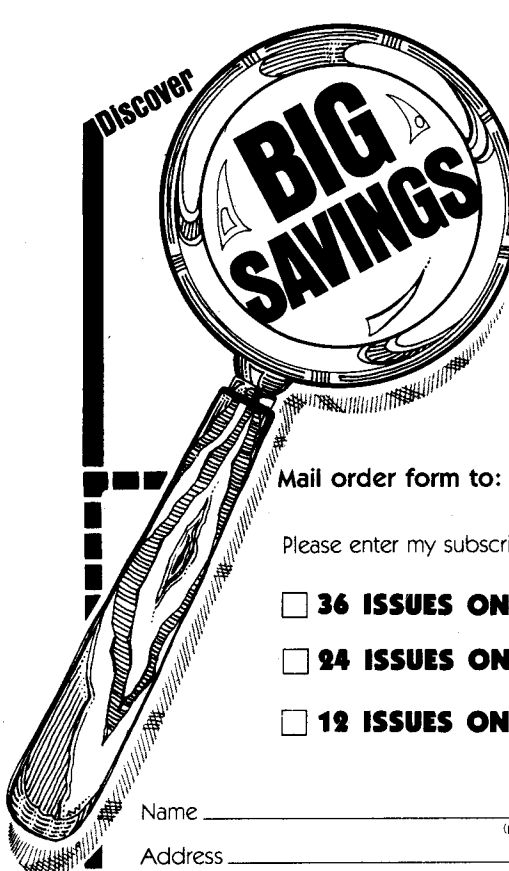
said. "We'll have to see if there is some one who did something like this more than ten years back and who has been released or has escaped recently."

There was! Eleven years earlier, a man named Waldo Sassenacker who was, at the time, twenty-four years old, had literally cut the heart out of a thirty-year-old housewife before or while raping her. He had been sent to a top-security psychiatric institution for an indefinite period.

Sassenacker, who had a long record of mental disorders and offenses against females, had made considerable progress in the institution, so much so, in fact, that he had been granted a conditional release under close supervision on June 4, 1984.

The close supervision had not worked out very well as Sassenacker had disappeared immediately following his release and had not been heard from since.

Curiously, he was not listed as a fugitive nor was he being actively sought due to a failure of the bureaucratic process. Having been judged mentally incompetent to stand trial, he had never been convicted of anything and, as he had not escaped from the institution, but had been released, the only offense of which he was guilty was failing to report to a doctor. Legally, he could not be arrested



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for this, but only informed that he should report.

Sassenacker came from the capital of Vienna, far to the east, and had never, to the knowledge of the police, been in the Klagenfurt-Tratten area. On the other hand, no one had any way of knowing where he was or what he was liable to do. One thing was, however, certain. There was no record of any other person tearing or cutting out a human heart within the past fifty years.

"Well, we have a suspect, sort of," said the inspector doubtfully, "but, as we don't know where he is or have any evidence tying him to our case, I can't see that we're a great deal better off."

Copies of Sassenacker's fingerprints had been sent from Vienna and had been compared with the two unidentified prints from the Koestlinger house. They did not match.

"We're still trying to trace the technicians who worked on the house," said the sergeant, "but, unless one of them has a record of mental illness, I'm afraid that won't help us much either."

"That's practically the only thing we know for sure about the murderer," observed the inspector. "It's impossible that he wouldn't have a medical record of mental illness, even if not a police record."

"We could run a check on the people in the village for psychiatric treatment," suggested the sergeant. "Nobody has admitted to anything like that and there isn't even a village idiot in Tratten, but, I suppose, anybody who had had treatment wouldn't be anxious to let everybody know about it."

"Particularly not now," agreed the inspector. "Well, check it out. God knows, we don't have anything else to try at the moment. I don't have much hope though. Whoever killed Mrs. Koestlinger, it wasn't somebody with a minor mental problem. It was a raving lunatic."

There was, of course, no psychiatrist in Tratten itself and anyone there requiring treatment would have normally gone to Klagenfurt. It was, therefore, among the Klagenfurt psychiatrists that the sergeant conducted his search.

He found, to his surprise, that no less than seven persons from Tratten had, at one time or another, consulted a psychiatrist!

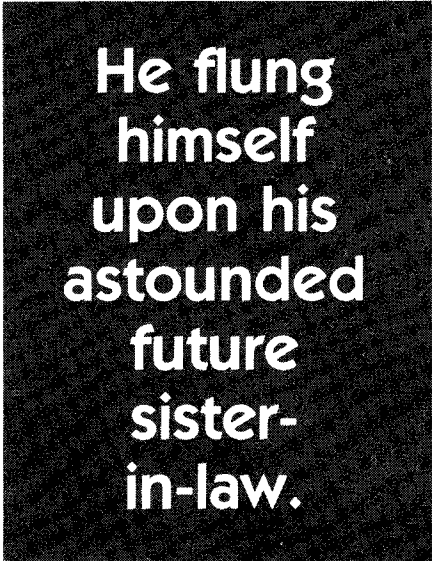
"There may be even more," he told the inspector. "Some may have gone up to Salzburg, even though it's further away."

"You're checking there as well?" said the inspector.

The sergeant shook his head. "Not at the moment," he said. "We've got too good a possibility from the Klagenfurt cases. We'll only check Salzburg if that doesn't pan out."

The inspector shot him a surprised look. "You mean you have a potential suspect right in Tratten?"

"Right in the family," said the sergeant grimly. "Mrs. Koestlinger brought her son down to a psychiatrist here in Klagenfurt in the middle of June of 1982."



He flung  
himself  
upon his  
astounded  
future  
sister-  
in-law.

"Koestlinger isn't a suspect," said the inspector disappointed. "You know yourself that we checked with the company in Munich. He was on the job that day and he was on the train at the time his wife was killed. There's no way that he could have got to Tratten in time to murder her."

"Mrs. Koestlinger has two sons," said the sergeant. "It was Roland Gasser that she brought down to Klagenfurt."

"He's not a much better suspect than his brother," said the inspector. "All right. So he had some kind of a mental problem. That's a long way from ripping the heart out of his sister-in-law."

"He was taken to see the psychiatrist because he tried to rape his sister-in-law," said the sergeant.

"Holy Cats!" said the inspector. "Are you sure about this?"

The sergeant was sure. He had brought back the entire case history which the psychiatrist had reluctantly handed over when the sergeant threatened to charge him with withholding information in connection with the investigation of a felony.

It was not a long case history, but, for the investigators, it was a fascinating

one to reflect on.

On June 6, 1984, Roland Gasser, who was eighteen years old at the time, had been at home in his mother's house with Monika. It was Sunday and Mrs. Koestlinger had gone to visit relatives. Eckhart was away in Germany, looking for work, and Stephanie was not yet born.

As a matter of fact, Monika and Eckhart were not yet married, but they were planning to and Monika was living in the Koestlinger house while Eckhart was trying to get their home built. Being off a great deal looking for work, he was making slow progress.

After lunch, Monika had gone to take a bath. She had not locked the door to the bathroom because no one else was in the house other than Roland and he was her fiance's half-brother. As she later told Helga Koestlinger, she had not looked upon Roland as a man, but as a boy and a relative.

Roland had had a substantially different attitude toward her. As he admitted to the psychiatrist, he had been madly in love with Monika from as far back as he could remember and her intimacy with his half-brother was almost unbearable for him.

His devotion had not been purely romantic. Roland had been attracted to Monika, above all, sexually and he had taken every opportunity to observe her when she was undressed or making love with Eckhart.

On the day in question, he had watched her take her bath through the bathroom door keyhole which was old-fashioned and large and, by the time she was finished and drying herself in front of the tub, he had been unable to control himself any longer and had burst through the door to fling himself upon his astounded future sister-in-law.

There had been a very violent struggle with Roland endeavoring to pin the girl to the bathroom floor so that he could rape her and Monika fighting like a tiger to prevent him.

In the end, she had managed to tear herself loose and had run out of the house naked.

Roland had not followed her. He was a rather slight youth and he had apparently come to the conclusion that he would not be able to gain his ends by force. Moreover, he had, in a sense, already gained them for he told the psychiatrist that he had been in such a state of excitement from wrestling with the naked object of his affections that he had ejaculated spontaneously.

Monika had been afraid to go back into

the house and she had not wanted to go to her own family or to the neighbors. Fortunately, there had been nearly dry laundry hanging on the line outside and she had managed to get herself decently dressed.

Roland had later apologized, but Monika had told his mother what had happened and Mrs. Koestlinger, coming to the conclusion that there was something seriously wrong with her son's head, had brought him to the psychiatrist in Klagenfurt.

The psychiatrist had not regarded the matter as seriously as had the mother. Roland, he said, was in the throes and under the stress of a retarded puberty and he would soon grow out of his tendency to take from his sister-in-law by violence what he could not obtain by consent. It was merely one of the problems connected with growing up.

Roland had made four visits to the psychiatrist and had then been declared cured. The following year, Monika and Eckhart were married and moved into their new house. Eckhart had never known of the incident with Roland.

"There are certainly grounds of suspicion there," remarked the inspector when he had finished reading the case history, "but I don't think there are grounds enough to obtain an indictment, let alone a conviction. As a matter of fact, I'm not convinced of the boy's guilt either. There's a lot of difference between watching your sister-in-law take a bath through the key hole and getting so worked up you try to rape her and tearing her heart out."

"You want to drop it then?" said the sergeant.

"Good Heavens, no!" said the inspector. "It's the best possibility we've had so far. Put every available man on it and search the whole village thoroughly."

"Looking for what?" said the sergeant.

"A human heart," said the inspector. "He took it with him. Unless he fed it to a dog or something, it's still there."

A human heart is a small object and there are any number of ways that it can be disposed of. Moreover, the weather was still warm and, being biodegradable, a heart would dispose of itself in time. It was, therefore, important that it be found quickly before it had completely rotted.

On the other hand, rotting flesh has a very distinct and noticeable odor and the heart, if it was still in Tratten and not passing through the digestive organs of some animal, would have to be buried or

otherwise concealed in such a manner that no one would notice the smell.

On the off-chance that it was not, detectives walked around the village, sniffing in what some of the residents took to be an insulting manner. They were, of course, not aware of the object of the investigations. No one in Tratten, other than the murderer, knew that Monika's heart had been torn out and taken away.

Three persons in Tratten had seen the corpse, Eckhart Koestlinger, the neighbor to whom he had gone for help and the mayor, but none had actually examined the body and had only seen that it was cut open and that the internal organs were exposed.

The investigation was further complicated by the sudden appearance of Waldo Sassenacker just as the search for the heart was beginning. The man had turned himself in to the police in the city of Graz, saying that he was afraid of what he might do if he remained at liberty.

Graz was much closer to Klagenfurt than was Vienna and, as Sassenacker could not account for his time or whereabouts completely since his disappearance in Vienna, there was a possibility that he was not so much afraid of what he might do as afraid of what he had already done.

In the end, he was cleared of suspicion in the Monika Koestlinger murder by his blood group. Enough of the murderer's semen had been recovered from Monika's body at the time of the autopsy to determine his blood group and it was not the same as that of Waldo Sassenacker. Apparently endowed with a stronger sense of civic responsibility than the persons who had effected his release, Sassenacker, it seemed, really was anxious to be shut up before he committed some other violent act. His wish was respected.

In the meantime, the sniffing detectives had been replaced in Tratten by a sniffing dog, specially trained to follow a cold blood trail and brought over from Munich for the purpose.

The dog had no trouble at all in locating Monika's heart. Allowed to sniff the traces of blood leading from the living room of the Koestlinger home, through the entrance hall and out the front door, the German Shepherd, whose name, by coincidence, was also Waldo, continued across the front yard, made a sharp turn in front of the house, passed around to the back and began digging near a fence less than a hundred yards from the house itself.

The organ was, by now, in an ad-

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vanced state of decomposition, but it was still recognizable as a human heart and it was wrapped in a T-shirt belonging to Roland Gasser.

Roland Gasser was taken into custody an hour later and brought to police headquarters in Klagenfurt. There, he at first denied having committed the murder, but confronted with the heart wrapped in his T-shirt, his record of attempted rape of his sister-in-law, and the fact that his blood group matched the samples of semen taken from Monika's body, he broke down and confessed to the police the awful crime he had committed.

He had, he said, never stopped loving Monika and could not get over his broth-

er's marriage to her. He had finally been unable to control himself any longer and had gone to the house, knowing that Eckhart was in Germany. He had asked Monika to make love with him and, when she had refused, had threatened to stab Stephanie with his hunting knife. Monika had then yielded. Following the act, he had felt depressed and, although Monika had assured him that she would not tell Eckhart, he feared that she would and he had stabbed her to death despite her pleas for mercy. He was, he said, sorry, but he had loved Monika too much.

The court, obviously impressed by a love so great that it ended with cutting out

the heart of the beloved, found extenuating circumstances for his act and, on October 4, 1985, sentenced him to the modest term of twenty years. With good conduct and the usual early release for reinsertion into society, he should serve something less than half of this. ●

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*Waldo Sassenacker, Julius Bauer, Franz Schmitthenner and Peter Bornfeld are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Fictitious names have been used in order to comply with Austrian police regulations.*

## Trio Toasted Victims (from page 28)

said. "I know what they'll do to me if they figured I squealed."

"That can be arranged," Griemel told him.

Morgan dictated a tape-recorded confession to the dental office robbery in which he named the two men who had been taken into custody with him as having participated in the robbery.

When the confession had been completed, Wild asked, "Now, how about that jewelry box that was in your car. You didn't get that at the dental office robbery?"

"That was the other thing I was going to tell you about," Morgan said.

He related that on Tuesday, January 3rd, he and two other men had driven a van to a home in O'Fallon, Charles County, that one of the men knew about. They backed the van into the garage, where no one was at home, and loaded it with about \$8,000 worth of household goods they had stripped from the house.

"The same two guys who were in with you on the dental office robbery?" Barrow asked.

Morgan shook his head.

"We'll need names," Barrow informed him.

"You'll keep me away from them, too?" Morgan asked.

"We'll keep you in solitary," Barrow promised. "And if you cooperate, there's a chance you can strike a deal with the district attorney. You won't go free, but he can possibly get you a lighter sentence and you can serve it someplace where they aren't."

Morgan agreed to the conditions. He named Eric Adam Schneider and Charles L. Palmer as the men he had been with on

the burglary in O'Fallon. He said Schneider was the person who had masterminded the burglary, and they took most of the loot. He and Palmer had only gone along to help.

While Morgan was dictating his second confession, this time to the burglary, Barrow called the police chief in O'Fallon to tell him that they had one suspect who had confessed to the burglary and would get warrants to pick up the other two persons involved in it.

Barrow returned to the room where Morgan had completed his tape recorded statement concerning the burglary. He told Morgan, "It looks like we may have a little trouble. You didn't get that jewelry box and jewelry from the burglary in O'Fallon."

Morgan began to sweat.

"Want to tell us about it?" Barrow asked. "You've dug yourself a pretty deep hole with a robbery and burglary. Going a little deeper won't hurt you much."

Morgan began to shake, but gave no response.

Barrow called Griemel and Wild to one side. He informed them that he had made a computer check and there was no report of a robbery or burglary in which the jewelry box and jewelry had been listed as loot.

"I don't know where he got it or why he's holding out," Barrow said. "But I've got a hunch it may be big since he's been willing to unload on the other jobs."

They returned to questioning Morgan.

Morgan suddenly blurted out, "Two men were killed. I didn't know it was going to happen that way. You've got to

believe me."

"Tell us about it and we'll see what we can believe," Barrow said.

Detective Sergeant Fred Foan with the homicide bureau was called in as Morgan gave the officers a statement.

Morgan claimed that on the previous Saturday night he had been with Schneider and Palmer. Schneider told them that he knew about two men who were loaded. He said they could rob them.

"It's going to be a piece of cake," Morgan quoted Schneider as saying. "If I stick baby up their noses, they'll faint."

Morgan said that Schneider carried a .22-caliber sawed-off Marlin rifle that he called "Baby."

He said they had driven up Highway 30 to some point in Jefferson County and then down a road to a large house with no nearby neighbors. They went up to the door and Schneider kicked it in. They went inside and there were two older men in the house.

The occupants were herded down to the basement. They found a length of light chain that was used to wrap around one of the victim's neck and fastened to his arms behind his back. They used some Christmas tree light cords to bind his feet. A piece of rope, used as a lariat, was put around the second man's throat and telephone cord was used to bind his hands and feet.

He said neither of the victims offered any resistance.

"Then, one of them began preaching at us," Morgan said.

He explained that the man asked them if they knew what they were doing and if they were caught their lives would be ruined and they would be sent to prison.

He urged them to consider changing their ways and offered to give them money, if they really needed it, and said if they would leave, he wouldn't report to



the police what had happened.

"Shut up, you crazy old bastard," Morgan quoted Schneider as saying.

The man continued to plead with them to think of the consequences of what they were doing. He said they had their whole lives ahead of them and it would be fruitless if they spent them in prison.

Morgan related that Schneider swore at the man again and told him to stop running off at the mouth. He said Schneider walked over to the man, put the barrel of his gun against the man's head and pulled the trigger twice.

He claimed that Schneider then ordered Palmer, who was carrying a knife, to cut the other man's throat.

"I didn't know there was going to be killings," Morgan said. "I couldn't watch as Palmer used his knife on the other man."

As the recital of the events continued, Sgt. Foan left the room.

Morgan said they began to ransack the house. They piled what they thought was valuable into the van they were driving. There was more loot than the van would hold, so they packed things into a Mercury Marquis that was parked in the driveway.

Morgan was unsure of what exactly was taken, but recalled there were radios, a microwave oven, jewelry, including watches and rings taken from the victims, and even some clothing.

He said that while they were loading the loot into the cars, Schneider had looked into the basement and saw that the man Palmer had stabbed was not there. Somehow, the man had managed to free himself and had climbed out a window in the basement.

"Eric swore at Charley for bungling the job of cutting the man's throat," Morgan said. "Then he ran outside and he found the guy near the swimming pool."

Morgan said he saw Schneider repeatedly stab the man with a switchblade knife he carried and then he had picked up the body and threw it into the swimming pool, which was covered with a thin coating of ice.

After the two vehicles had been loaded with all the loot they could hold, Morgan related, they went back to the basement, where the man Schneider had shot was lying dead on the floor. He said among the loot they had found was a considerable amount of liquor.

Schneider had saved one bottle of champagne. He opened it in the basement and they all toasted "a job well done" before leaving the house.

Morgan said that he and Palmer left in the van and Schneider drove the Mercury

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Marquis. They went to where Schneider was living and unloaded the loot.

They used a crowbar, he said, to peel open the door of the safe. There was \$1,100 in cash inside.

"Eric pulled the money out of the safe and threw it up in the air," Morgan said. "He yelled, 'We've got it made now!'" Morgan reported.

Morgan said they sat around most of the night dividing up the loot that had been taken. Schneider took the lion's share, because he had planned the job, and Morgan said he received only \$300 of the cash in the safe and the box with the jewelry in it.

Foan returned as Morgan was completing his statement. He called Barrow, Griemel and Wild to one side.

"Is that guy high on dope or something?" Foan questioned them. "And what about the story he's telling about killing two persons?"

"He's scared, but he seems okay," Barrow replied. "And what he's told us so far has checked out."

Foan explained that he had just called the Jefferson County Sheriff's Office and the state police. "Neither had a report on any murders having been committed that involved two men as the victims.

"He said it happened Saturday night and this is only Sunday evening," Barrow said. "Maybe they haven't found them yet."

The officers questioned Morgan again about the location of the house where the murders had taken place.

Morgan said he could only recall that they had driven out Highway 30, turned off on a road and driven all the way to the end of it, to where the house was located.

"Let's go out and see if we can find it," Foan suggested.

Morgan was placed in a car with the officers and they drove out to Highway 30. As they were cruising along slowly, so that Morgan could spot something that would remind him where he and his accomplices had turned off, Morgan said he recalled something.

He remembered that as he and Palmer were driving back, they noticed a number of large homes along the road. Palmer had said if they needed cash again, it would be a good place to come out to get it. He said he had looked at a road sign and it had the name of a tree, but he couldn't remember what kind of a tree it was.

Morgan and the lawmen came to Sycamore Lane. Morgan said he thought that was the name of the tree. They drove down the road to the end. There was a

large house with a front porch still festooned with holiday garlands and red bows.

"That's it!" Morgan called out. "I remember all that stuff on the porch when we came up to the front door."

The officers got out of the car and walked around the house.

A corpse, face up, was encased in a thin layer of ice that had been stained pink by blood.

"It's a Jefferson County case," Foan said to Barrow. "Call them and we'll leave everything just as it is until they get here."

**At Calvary Cemetery, the two men were interred side-by-side, much as they had lived their entire lives.**

Jefferson County homicide detectives arrived at the house shortly thereafter.

They found the body in the basement, later identified as Richard Schwendeman. Photos and diagrams were made, and the body of Ronald Thompson was brought out of the pool.

The interior of the big house was in shambles. The killers had smashed things they had considered not to be of value, but had actually overlooked the most valuable pieces in the rare books, paintings and artifacts.

As the investigation continued at the house, Morgan gave the officers the address where Eric Schneider lived in St. Louis.

Schneider was not there when the investigators arrived. They located some witnesses who said Schneider had left in the late afternoon.

The witnesses explained that Schneider had called up a number of persons he knew on Sunday morning and told them that he was holding a big garage sale because he and his girlfriend were going on a vacation to California.

The witnesses said that when they came to the apartment, it was filled with loot, including a microwave oven, radios, silverware and other things that Schneider had offered to them at ridiculously low prices.

One of the witnesses said that he was aware the articles must have come from a burglary. Schneider told them not to worry about it because the stuff had been taken 30 miles away and the cops wouldn't be able to trace it.

One witness related that he had told Schneider, "You really made a killing on this haul." He said Schneider had laughed and corrected him by saying, "Not a killing. Two killings."

Meanwhile, Charles Palmer was located and taken into custody. After being informed of his legal rights, he was told that David Morgan had given a statement concerning the murders of Richard Schwendeman and Ronald Thompson. Palmer chose to remain silent and be represented by counsel.

Jefferson County District Attorney Dennis T. Kehm filed murder charges against Morgan, Palmer and Schneider. A fugitive warrant was issued for Schneider with the information that it was possible he was driving the Mercury Marquis stolen from the house and was headed for California with his girlfriend.

The investigation at the victims' house was completed.

A postmortem examination by forensic pathologists revealed that Schwendeman had been shot twice in the forehead with a .22-caliber weapon and stabbed in the back. Thompson had died from 10 stab wounds in his neck, chest and back.

Funeral services were held for Schwendeman and Thompson at Our Lady Of Providence Catholic Church. The eulogy characterized the men as "persons who really cared. They were dedicated to their work and the students they had taught."

The funeral cortege took the coffins to Calvary Cemetery, where they were interred side-by-side, much as they had lived their entire lives.

Two weeks after the murders, on January 28th, officers in Stockton, California, spotted Schwendeman's Mercury Marquis parked at a motel. Schneider and his girlfriend were taken into custody.

Schneider was extradited to St. Louis for the murder charges he faced. He

chose to exercise his legal right to remain silent and be represented by an attorney.

In a plea bargain, Morgan agreed to enter a plea of guilty to two counts of second-degree murder with the conditions that he would testify against Schneider and Palmer and receive two concurrent sentences of 30 years. He would serve them in a prison out of state and under an assumed identity.

Eric Schneider was brought to trial first, with the state's case being prosecuted by Assistant District Attorney Stephen Bouchard.

A panel of eight women and four men were selected to hear the evidence in the court of Judge John L. Anderson. Bouchard announced in his opening statement that he would seek the death penalty for the defendant.

The evidence presented by the prosecution included testimony from ballistic experts that the shell casings found at the murder scene had been fired from a rifle owned by Schneider. A guilty verdict seemed assured. The only question was whether the jurors would impose the death penalty.

After hearing the cases presented by the prosecution and defense, the panel was sent out to deliberate a verdict on Wednesday, October 30, 1985. They returned within an hour, finding Schneider guilty of all the charges that had been placed against him.

Judge Anderson announced that the panel would hear arguments immediately to determine if the defendant should be sentenced to life in prison or execution by poison gas.

Bouchard made an impassioned plea to the panel to return with a finding for the death penalty.

"The killing of these two individuals was not just a killing," he told the jurors. "It was an out-and-out execution."

Defense counsel pleaded for the life of his client. He reminded them that one of the trio who had been involved in the murders and whom they had heard testify had made a deal in which he would serve only 30 years in prison.

"There is no doubt that Eric Adam Schneider will die in the penitentiary," the attorney said. "The only decision you have to make is how soon."

The panel returned with a verdict that Schneider should be executed.

Judge Anderson imposed two death penalties and three life sentences plus 30 years against Schneider. He did not set a date for the execution, because under the law all death penalties are automatically appealed.

Throughout the hearing and when the

death sentence was announced, Schneider gave no outward display of emotion. His only comment recorded by reporters was that if he was going to die, he'd like to see Morgan sniffing some poison gas along with him.

The trial for Charles Palmer was scheduled to be heard in Columbus because of the publicity on the case in St. Louis and in Hillsboro, where Schneider had been tried.

The trial for Palmer opened on November 20th, with Bouchard again representing the state. After a panel had been selected, Bouchard announced that he would seek the death penalty for the defendant.

The testimony was almost a replay of what had been heard in the case against Schneider, with law enforcement officers and technicians relating the evidence that had been collected.

On the fourth day of the trial, just prior to having Morgan called as a witness, the defense and prosecuting attorneys approached the bench with the jurors out of the courtroom.

The attorneys informed the court that they had reached an agreement that Palmer would withdraw his plea of not guilty and enter a plea of guilty to two counts of second-degree murder, which would eliminate the death penalty but impose two life sentences.

The court accepted the agreement and the jurors were dismissed.

There was an immediate reaction to the agreement that spared Palmer's life and would make him eligible for parole in 36 years.

D.A. Bouchard was questioned by reporters as to why he had accepted the guilty plea after his announcement that he would seek the death penalty for Palmer.

He explained that in the trial for Schneider, evidence had been presented to show that Schneider had shot Schwendeman and had stabbed Thompson to death, after Thompson managed to escape through a window from the basement. He said that it would have been difficult to prove that Palmer had actually killed Thompson, since he had been alive after Palmer stabbed him.

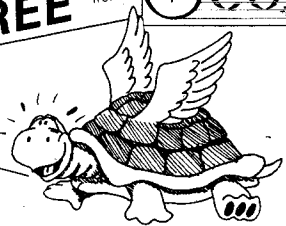
"I don't think the jurors would have given us the death penalty," D.A. Bouchard was quoted as saying. "It just saved us a lot of time and money to accept the guilty pleas and the imposition of the life sentences."

The appeal of the death penalty for Schneider is ongoing and may take a number of years before a final decision is reached.

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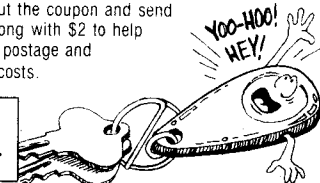
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## Coughing Baby Cracked (from page 36)

The blood spatters in the kitchen had indicated that Friesz had been standing somewhere near the stove when he was shot. He collapsed to the floor and, for some reason, the killer had dragged him a short distance.

After shooting the first victim and before going through his pockets, the killer had gone after the second victim, Tim Schager.

Schager was shot once in the back of the head and once at very close range in the left eye. The evidence at the scene indicated he'd been shot in the back of the head first and fell face down on the floor. The killer then grabbed hold of Schager's belt to turn him over. Realizing he was still alive, the killer found it necessary to shoot him a second time. The bullet, fired directly into his eye, tore through his brain and was the fatal shot, the autopsy revealed.

"That'll pretty much discount any defense claim of self-defense," Sgt. Baker commented to his partner.

"If the thing ever gets that far," Corkin said. The detectives had been more

than a week into the case with no apparent progress other than knowing the murders were drug-related and had taken place shortly after Friesz and Schager had arrived at the house. They knew that because Friesz's pickup truck parking lights were still on and the drugs had not been injected into their bodies.

There was nothing to indicate that either man was a drug pusher, so the detectives could only conclude that they'd purchased the heroin for their own use.

Criminalist Phillips contacted the detectives with more results of laboratory tests. Most of the latent fingerprints found in the house had belonged to Ricky Friesz; some to the second victim, Tim Schager. Some others couldn't be identified, but were not bloody prints and there was nothing to indicate they might be the killer's.

"The best prints we've got are the tire track prints that were found in the parking area," Criminalist Phillips told the detectives. "They don't go to Friesz's pickup. And here's the bonus. Of the tracks left by what we're surmising is the

killer's car, only two are of the same brand name. The other two were manufactured by different companies. There's a total of three different brands on the killer's car. Not too many like that, I would think."

"Any identifying marks on the individual tires?" Officer Corkin asked Phillips.

"I'm sorry to say there isn't. All of the treads were worn evenly and there are no distinctive cuts in them."

The information wouldn't help find the killer, but it would certainly help in eliminating suspects that were being considered by the detectives.

The sleuths were looking at many different known drug pushers in the area. They knew the victims had to have gotten the heroin from a pusher. And the whole thing smacked of a double-cross by a pusher who had followed them to the house and blown them away before they got a chance to use the drugs. That way the pusher got the money and still ended up with the drugs.

The detectives realized that if it was a pusher who had killed them, then the pusher was out of control and extremely dangerous. Pushers who start snuffing their own customers to feed their own



habits are even frowned upon by the honchos of organized crime. Because it is inevitably just such runny-nosed, out-of-control pushers who bring down the higher-ups in the drug business.

The detectives learned that Wilson Ollander, the man whose name was on the scrap of paper, had a partner in the business of heroin peddling. The detectives spent weeks looking for these men, and while doing so, eliminated others as suspects in the murder.

Finally, Officer Corkin learned that Ollander's partner spent a considerable amount of time at his girlfriend's apartment. Corkin learned the address and went to the apartment. She let him in and Corkin started asking her if she knew the whereabouts of her boyfriend or his partner, Wilson Ollander.

"My heart about hit my throat," said Officer Corkin, recalling to this writer his reaction when the bedroom door in the apartment opened and Ollander's partner walked out. If the guy had wanted to, he could have blown Corkin away if he'd been armed. But he told Corkin he was willing to cooperate in the investigation because he had nothing to hide. He and Ollander weren't involved in the double murder, he told Corkin.

"We have witnesses who've told us you knew Ricky Friesz and have been to the home," Corkin said.

"Sure, I've been to his home," the suspect said. "But I wasn't there that day." He even told Corkin he'd take a polygraph if he had to in order to prove his innocence.

It seemed unlikely to the officer that this man could be the killer. He'd willingly come out of the bedroom and talked, and was being most cooperative. He even told Corkin where Wilson Ollander could be found."

Ollander, to Corkin's dismay, had a pretty solid alibi for the day that the two men had been murdered.

"Scrap our two best suspects," Corkin told Sgt. Baker upon his return to headquarters. "Ollander has an alibi and I don't think his partner did it, even though he can't prove he wasn't there."

For two months the detectives spent hundreds of manhours working on the double murder.

"All we've done is find out who didn't do it," Corkin complained one day to his partner. "How many thousand pushers you think we have left to question?"

"Something's got to crack someday," an optimistic Baker said reassuringly. "It might not be this month, or this year. But if it's drug-related, somebody knows something. Eventually we'll find out."

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The sergeant's assessment of their plight was prophetic. The sleuths had cracked their share of cases over the years, but two months into the investigation, they would find out that this would be one for their scrap books, for they would owe its solution to a baby with a bad cough.

The parolee had no job, no money, a nagging wife and a baby who wouldn't stop coughing and which he couldn't afford to take to a doctor or clinic. He'd pulled off petty heists before and figured nobody in the big drug store would miss a bottle of cough syrup. As soon as he was out the door with a bottle tucked up his sleeve, a plainclothes, off-duty policeman working security for the store flashed his badge and informed the man he was under arrest for shoplifting.

As Officer Corkin and Sergeant Baker stepped into the interrogation room where the shoplifter sat, the man grinned at them and said, "Have I got a deal for you."

The shoplifter put his cards on the table. If he was busted for such a trifling offense, it would violate his parole and he'd be back in the slammer. In exchange for the cough syrup and his walking papers, he offered to give them the solution to the Ricky Friesz and Timothy Schager murders.

Was it a good deal for the police? "I should hope to shout," Officer Corkin enthused.

The man who had committed the murders had a girlfriend who'd been at the scene and witnessed everything. Not having the fortitude to keep such a haunting experience to herself, she shared it with her friend, who happened to be the shoplifter's wife. She, in turn, had told the shoplifter who was now spilling the story to police.

The shoplifter had kept his secret about the killings in the hope that eventually he'd be able to trade it for something more valuable than a bottle of cough syrup. But a man has to have priorities, and at that moment, his kid topped the list. He was willing to trade the killer for the shoplifting charge.

The detectives got the name of the killer's girlfriend and went to her Renton apartment. She did not seem surprised to see them and told the following story:

"I've known Pat a long time and met Ricky Friesz through him," she said. "In early January, Friesz showed up at the house where Pat and I were living. He had stereo equipment and a television that he wanted to sell. Pat gave him the money and took the equipment. Friesz ended up staying the night.

"On the morning of January 13th, Pat and I came home and found the stuff that he had purchased was gone. Pat immediately suspected Friesz, and so he and I drove up to Everett to borrow a gun."

They then drove back to Auburn and watched the Friesz home until Friesz drove up in his LUV pickup. Then the two others pulled up. Friesz, not suspecting that his benefactor was angry and armed, invited them into the house.

Once inside the house, she started talking with Friesz about the theft of the stereo and television. Her lover Pat was in the bathroom adjacent to the kitchen, in which she and Friesz were standing.

As they talked, the bathroom door opened and Pat put a bullet into Friesz's head. He fell to the floor dead.

Pat next went after Schager, who couldn't flee out the kitchen door, the only exit to the wood-frame home. He headed for the living room, but was gunned down before getting to the stairs.

Pat then attacked him physically by shaking and hitting him. He rolled Schager over, placed the gun at his face and put a bullet through his left eye.

Pat then took the heroin, went through the victims pockets for money and took Friesz's unloaded .22-caliber revolver which was on the table in the living room.

Pat returned his gun to the man from whom he'd borrowed it, but later thought better of it and bought it from him. Then he had his girlfriend throw the murder weapon as well as Friesz's .22-caliber revolver out the car window as they were driving.

The killer, given up by his lover, was Patrick Michael Culbertson, a street tough addict, she told police, totally dependent on street drugs and very dangerous but not a pusher.

A records check revealed that Culbertson was on active parole. On May 21, 1965, he had been sentenced to prison for 20 years for two counts of rape. He served a portion of that time and was convicted June 8, 1978, for second degree burglary, for which he got ten years, and second-degree possession of stolen property, for which he got five years, concurrently.

The white, five-foot four-inch, 140 pound, brown-haired, blue-eyed killer sported various tattoos—one woman's

head, and a slogan, "Don't Gamble With Love," on his left arm; a bulldog on his right arm, and the letters L-O-V-E on the four fingers of his hand. He drove a 280-Z Datsun and had been a resident of the county for 37 years.

Born July 11, 1946, Culbertson was an unemployed welder living with his girlfriend on Southeast 71st in Renton. With his girlfriend's permission, detectives waited at the apartment while she was whisked to safety. Upon returning to his home, Culbertson was arrested.

The tires on his 280-Z were of three different brand names and matched those tire prints found in the parking area at Friesz's home. None of Culbertson's fingerprints had been found by police in the home.

Realizing the state's case-in-chief relied on the testimony of his girlfriend who was abandoning him, Culbertson approached a jail mate with the proposition of hiring him to murder his girlfriend.

But when you hire somebody to commit murder, you must have more to offer than haughty talk. The jail mate could not see where Patrick Culbertson had anything to offer. Even if he got out of jail, his resources were limited. On the other hand, the cops and D.A. had something considerable to offer. The man Culbertson approached contacted the police and, in addition to the two first-degree murder charges already against Culbertson, a charge of solicitation to commit murder was filed.

In exchange for his testimony, the jailhouse snitch bought some time off his rap.

In November of 1984, Patrick Michael Culbertson, then 38, went on trial for the murders of Ricky J. Friesz and Timothy R. Schager, and for solicitation to commit murder. He was found guilty by a jury on all three counts.

On November 13, 1984, King County Superior Court Judge Stephen M. Reilly sentenced Culbertson to two consecutive life sentences on the two first-degree murder convictions and to 260 months on the solicitation verdict.

Culbertson currently is serving his first sentence. If and when he becomes eligible for parole and gets it on the first sentence, he will begin serving time on the second sentence. ●

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#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*Wilson Ollander is not the real name of the person so named in the foregoing story. A fictitious name has been used because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of this person.*

## Gay With Tattoo (from page 24)

apartment. Residents said the car had been there since Friday. No one knew who drove it there or who it belonged to.

The vehicle was towed to the sheriff's office. Latent prints taken from the door handle and wing window on the driver's side were found to belong to someone other than Shreve.

On Friday, one week after Shreve was last seen alive, police went to an apartment in Norco and questioned 42-year-old Dave Carson.

Detectives had learned Carson had been Shreve's roommate for almost six months. His name turned up during a search of Shreve's personal papers taken from the mobile home. Carson said he had been Shreve's roommate until he was asked to move just five days before Shreve was murdered.

He admitted the break up hadn't been pleasant and in fact had caused some hardship. Good apartments were hard and very expensive to find. He denied knowing anything about the murder. He claimed he was bar hopping with a buddy the Friday evening Shreve was slain.

Carson's friend confirmed the story; they had been at a cowboy bar in Norco. Carson was dropped from the short list of possible suspects.

With leads dwindling quickly, and not a suspect in sight, the detectives decided to go to the media.

On August 9th, Ferguson told a *Riverside Press Enterprise* reporter that his men were making progress but still did not have a solid motive or the murder weapon.

"He had a lot of friends and we're making contact with as many as we can," the sergeant said. "We are trying to learn as much about his habits as we possibly can so we can come up with a motive."

The day after the newspaper interview, detectives questioned a 39-year-old Riverside man who had been a dinner party guest at the Shreve home. His name was brought to the investigators' attention by a thank you note they discovered in Shreve's desk.

"I wrote the note," the man admitted. "Jerry had invited me to his home for dinner."

The dinner party was on Friday evening—two weeks before Shreve was murdered. The man said he had not seen Jerry since the dinner, though he had spoken to him several times. He had no idea who might have killed him.

A lie detector test confirmed he was telling the truth; the man was just another person sad at losing a friend. Another lead, and another dead end.

The news story generated a few leads, mostly from members of the gay community, who either bore a grudge or sincerely believed they had useful information.

More time passed, and sleuths still did not have their suspect.

The investigators were certain Shreve had been murdered by someone he knew. They based their hunch on the fact that the doors and windows to the mobile home had not been forced and the discovery of two glasses in the sink and the empty wine bottle on the floor.

Sleuths figured Shreve had invited a guest back to the house for a drink. Something happened, an argument or whatever, there was the briefest of struggles and then two gunshots. The gunman then ransacked the bedroom, jumped into Shreve's car and fled, abandoning the vehicle two miles from the mobile home.

"This guy has all the luck in the world," Ferguson admitted. "He pumps a couple of slugs into our victim, escapes in his car and no one hears or sees anything."

Meanwhile, police had alerted the bank and credit card companies to notify them immediately if withdrawals were made from Shreve's checking account or his credit cards were used.

But none had been used. Either the killer was content with the television, jewelry and cash he had taken from the mobile home, or he had not gotten around to using the checks and plastic money.

More time passed, and still nothing surfaced.

Detective Hearn searched through the mountain of bills and correspondence taken from Shreve's desk. Borden, meanwhile, went through Shreve's personal directory.

From interviews with persons whose names appeared in the directory, Borden learned that Shreve had been looking for a new roommate since breaking up with his old one. He had talked to several men, but for one reason or another, things had not worked out.

It was during talks with one of Shreve's friends that the name Charles Emmons came up.

"They knew each other," the witness said. "And Charlie was looking for a

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new place to live.”

Borden called Emmons' home but nobody answered. Detectives went to his apartment and found it locked. Mailers and bills stuffed into the mailbox made it appear Emmons had not been home for weeks.

The investigators went to the front office and questioned the apartment manager. He said he knew the man who lived in the apartment but not by the name of Emmons. He pulled out a copy of the rental agreement. The apartment was rented to 28 year-old Stephen Lee Bogovich.

The detectives went back to the sheriff's office curious why Bogovich used a fictitious name. A check of state crime reports showed why.

Bogovich had been arrested in 1981 after a man was hit by a car in front of his Los Angeles home. In that incident, the victim had told police he had thrown Bogovich out of his home after the two engaged in a heated argument.

"I thought that was the end of it," the man had said in his report. "Then I walk to my car and he tries to run me over." Bogovich admitted he hit his former boyfriend but said it was an accident. "I didn't see him," he claimed.

The victim called it attempted murder. Police agreed and threw Bogovich in the slammer.

With this information, detectives felt they were onto something. They reasoned that if Bogovich could run down a former lover, it was conceivable he could pump a couple of slugs into a man who invited him in for a drink.

Bogovich's violent outbursts weren't confined to California. An NCIC computer check showed he was wanted in Colorado for attempted murder in a case that was similar to the one in Los Angeles. In that case, the victim had told police he and Bogovich were homosexual lovers. He stated they were drinking at his apartment and got into an argument. According to the complaint, Bogovich smashed his friend in the face with a brick, then tried to drown him by slicing open the waterbed and sticking his head in it.

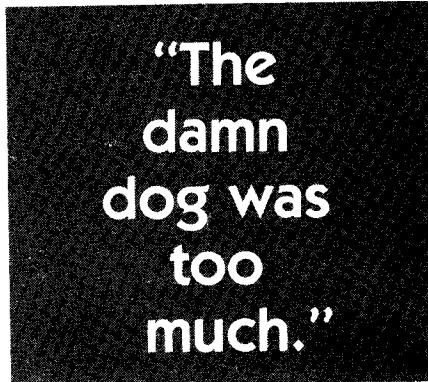
The victim survived the waterbed drowning and called police. A warrant was issued for Bogovich's arrest, but by then he had fled Colorado for Riverside.

Investigators issued a warrant for Stephen Bogovich's arrest. They figured he had left Riverside, since he had not been seen at his apartment or by his friends since the body was discovered. It was possible he had even left the state.

Then on Monday, August 21st the Riv-

erside detectives were notified that Bogovich had been arrested in Red Bluff, a logging town in the Sacramento Valley, 700 miles north of Riverside.

When arrested Bogovich was living with two other men who had picked him up hitchhiking. Bogovich had boasted how he was about to inherit a great deal of money, but in fact had no money and relied on their generosity.



"He stayed rent free and we paid for everything," one of the men said. "It was okay, but the damn dog was too much."

The men told probers Bogovich wanted a dog to keep him company during the day. Not a small dog, which would have been appropriate for the small house they shared in the city, but a Great Dane, nothing less.

"It was absurd, a big dog like that in this little house," one of the roommates said.

Bogovich couldn't shake the idea. On Friday August 19th Bogovich went to the animal shelter and claimed as his own a Great Dane which had been picked up running loose on the street. When the real owner appeared at the shelter and was told the dog had been released to someone else claiming to be the owner, she blew her top.

Red Bluff police were summoned.

It looked like a simple case of dognaping. Police realized it was more than that when a computer check of Bogovich's name, which he signed on a form at the animal shelter, showed the murder warrant out of Riverside.

Police went to the address written on the release form. A man matching Bogovich's description answered the door. Behind him was the Great Dane eating out of a dish.

"Yes," said Bogovich, peering through the screen door.

The dog was returned to the rightful owner and Bogovich was returned to Riverside where he was booked into the

county jail on charges related to the murder of Jerry Shreve.

Police confiscated jewelry and a stereo from the Red Bluff house that was identified as being stolen from Shreve's home. Bogovich admitted stealing the items but denied killing Shreve. He said he had gone to the mobile home to have a drink and found Shreve already dead. Bogovich claimed he stole the booty because he was broke and escaped in Shreve's car, which he later abandoned.

"It was wrong," he said. "But I didn't kill him."

Police, though, believed he did. So did Randall Tagami, the Riverside Deputy District Attorney assigned to prosecute the case.

Bogovich had already been linked to the attempted murders of two other men. And he had a history of violence when drinking.

The testimony of the two men would not be admitted as evidence during the guilty or innocent portion of the trial but only during the penalty phase.

Testimony about Bogovich's trigger-happy temper would also be restricted.

The case was further weakened by the fact Shreve had been dead several days before he was found and the exact time of his death could not be pinpointed but only guessed at. There were also no witnesses putting Bogovich in the mobile home or with Shreve the weekend of the murder.

It looked as if the 28 year-old suspected killer had rolled the dice and come up winners.

Then detectives got a little luck of their own.

Police confiscated three handguns when Bogovich was arrested in Red Bluff. The weapons were traced to a gun collector in the Woodland Hills section of Los Angeles, who reported them stolen in the burglary of his home in 1981.

Bogovich had stolen the weapons after befriending the collector's wife, a society art patron, who held art society meetings at her home. Bogovich had passed himself off as an accountant and art patron.

Ballistics tests showed none of the guns had fired the bullets that killed Jerry Shreve. But police learned a fourth gun had been taken in the burglary that had never been reported. It was a .38-caliber revolver, the same type of weapon used in the fatal shooting of Jerry Shreve.

Police, however, never found the weapon. They speculated Bogovich had probably ditched the weapon after the murder.

Nevertheless, police didn't come away empty handed. When stolen, the gun was loaded with ammunition that came from a box of shells the owner had bought at a firing range.

Though years had passed, the owner still had a few of the shells remaining from the box. The bullets were turned over to the University of California at Irvine. Experts determined the slug recovered from Shreve's body and the shells turned over by the Woodland Hills man had come from the same batch of lead. No smoking gun, but the next best thing.

In June 1984, Bogovich dropped his not guilty plea and agreed to plead guilty to second-degree murder. On Thursday, June 17, 1984 he was sentenced to a term of 17 years to life in state prison.

Outside the courtroom, Defense Attorney Stuart V. Sachs said he was happy with the plea bargain, describing it as "the strongest circumstantial evidence as I have seen."

Prosecutor Randall Tagami also had a few words for the press. "For a first degree murder conviction, we would have been forced to prove the victim was murdered during the course of a burglary, and that would have been hard to do."

He theorized that Bogovich met Shreve at the victim's home for dinner and drinks. Shreve was looking for a roommate and Bogovich was looking for a place to stay. They argued and Bogovich, who had been drinking, ended up shooting Shreve.

"That's all speculation," Tagami said. "The only thing Bogovich admitted to was going to the victim's house and finding him dead."

He said an empty wine bottle on the floor of the mobile home and Bogovich's history of becoming violent after drink, was potent evidence the murder was spur of the moment and not planned.

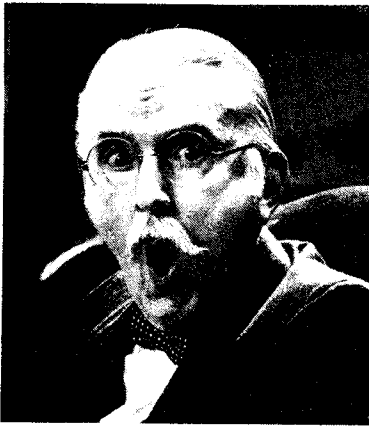
"We are not unhappy with the second-degree murder plea," Tagami added.

Stephen Bogovich is currently serving his term in the California prison system. By law, he must serve two thirds of his sentence before he is considered eligible for parole.

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*Charles Emmons and Dave Carson are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Fictitious names have been used because there is no reason for public interest in the identities of these persons.*

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## Lusting Brute (from page 12)

wasn't unusual for kids to play along the riverbanks in spite of warnings from their parents. But in this case the condition of 'the girl's torn clothing, not to mention the fact that certain articles were missing, told the cops that something else was amiss here. There was a strong chance the girl had been sexually assaulted.

There was no reason for anyone at the school to be suspicious because of Vatsana Boudavong's absence that day and, except for the mark in her teacher's attendance book, Vatsana's disappearance had gone unreported. It wasn't until classes had been dismissed for the day and Vatsana had failed to return home that her family contacted the school. When they were told that Vatsana had been absent that day, their hearts sank and panic, despair and terror set in. They immediately contacted the Eugene Police Department, and a short time later, the body found earlier that day in the river was positively identified as seven-year-old Vatsana Boudavong.

During the next several hours, Eugene police officers hit the streets in search of answers, stopping at virtually every house along the route that Vatsana normally took to school. As a result of their efforts, the investigators were eventually able to determine she had last been seen about 8:30 a.m., not far from the school. The detectives theorized that Vatsana had been abducted near the school, probably by someone familiar with the area who had been watching and waiting for the schoolchildren. Probers were unable, however, to uncover immediately any witnesses who had seen suspicious characters lurking in the area.

Meanwhile, Lane County Medical Examiner Dr. Ed Wilson and one of his deputies, Kenneth Champion, performed an autopsy on the girl's body. They concluded that she had in fact been sexually assaulted. The medical examiners said Vatsana had not drowned, as was earlier believed by the police, but had died as a result of asphyxiation, after which her body was tossed into the river. She had been dead long before she hit the water.

"It appeared that there was just a lot of pressure on her chest," said Champion. Dr. Wilson agreed, and added that the victim probably died when the weight of another person on top of her prevented her from breathing.

Vatsana's abduction, rape and subse-

quent murder shattered her relatives' dreams of America. Having fled Vientiane, Laos, a communist country, in 1979, Vatsana and her relatives eventually made it to the United States as refugees. In their search for a better life, the family moved to Eugene. There they found good jobs, friends and freedom in great abundance, an almost shocking contrast to the war-torn, oppressive country they left behind. Prior to Vatsana's death, they had planned their biggest, happiest and best Christmas since their arrival in this country.

"Last year we had Christmas," said one of Vatsana's relatives, "and this year I thought we would make it bigger and more beautiful, make a big Christmas tree, buy more presents. (But Vatsana is gone), so we don't make any Christmas."

"I don't have it in my heart," added another family member.

Relatives told detectives Vatsana was well-liked by her teachers and her classmates. According to those who knew her, Vatsana was an intelligent girl who preferred reading, writing and studying to watching television. One family friend said she was a "very sweet girl," and "a very good student."

"She really a smart girl," added another relative in a strong, Laotian accent. "(We) really proud of her. We work very hard for her because she want to learn," said the relative, who sat on the floor of the family's apartment and sobbed almost uncontrollably during an interview with a detective. The relative took out a gold-painted plaster mold of Vatsana's hand, made at school by the girl and intended as a simple surprise Christmas gift for her family, and showed it to the detective. It had been given to the family by the school, along with countless cards that had been made by Vatsana's friends and classmates, and the emotional display even brought tears to the detective's eyes.

"We've been here for four years, and we never make trouble or make people angry," said the relative, tears streaming. "I don't know why they kill (Vatsana). I never make people mad for my family or myself. I don't know why it happened to us. I don't know why."

"It's hard to tell you how I feel inside," commented another relative. "I cannot tell you." Although there was no Christmas tree inside the small apartment nor other signs of yuletide, Vatsana's

family insisted that they hadn't lost faith in America in spite of their great loss. Described as "one of God's gorgeous flowers" at her funeral, Vatsana Boudavong was buried along with the cards made for her by her classmates after she died.

"It was such a senseless killing," said a neighbor who requested anonymity. "Vatsana was such a happy-go-lucky child, well-mannered and friendly. Her murder has got all of us scared, especially for our children."

News of Vatsana's rape and slaying spread throughout Eugene and Lane County like wildfire, and most mothers refused to let their children out of their sight for fear that the killer would strike again. "We're all afraid that it is someone who lives in the neighborhood," said one area resident, "perhaps someone who even lives in the same apartment complex as Vatsana. Hell, it's possible that Vatsana even knew who raped and killed her. Otherwise, why hadn't she put up more of a struggle, screamed or done something to alert somebody?"

There were many theories and rumors that began circulating throughout the community, but they were of little substance. Leads were few, and there were no reports of any unusual vehicle driving through the area. The only substantial lead the detectives had was the name of the caller who had reported finding Vatsana's body, and they had acted quickly in interviewing him but had not placed him under arrest for lack of hard evidence. The sleuths knew they needed evidence that would stand up in court, and they equally wanted to make sure they had zeroed in on the right suspect before making an arrest.

Following a thorough background check of Douglas Ray Eidson, the 19-year-old man who reported finding Vatsana's body in the Willamette River and who subsequently provided police with the exact location, the detectives learned that he had been arrested in February, 1983, in Eugene on burglary and theft charges. Eidson, a Eugene resident, had pleaded guilty to the charges the following November and was placed on probation. Three years prior to that, the probers learned, Eidson had been charged with eluding police following a traffic violation. Eidson had also pleaded guilty to that charge, and had been placed on probation. More recently, Eidson's police record showed that he had been charged with two counts of unauthorized use of a motor vehicle.

Additional background details that surfaced about Eidson included the fact

that he had graduated in 1982 from the Santa Clara Christian School in Eugene. The detectives learned from school administrators that Eidson had been a good student and had, in fact, been on the honor roll. He was generally well-regarded by students and teachers alike, and had caused no serious problems while enrolled at the school.

The profile of Eidson admittedly wasn't that of a typical rapist-killer, the detectives noted. But they couldn't ignore the fact that he had been the one who discovered the girl's body and had first-hand knowledge about the crime. Although they weren't certain at this point that he was their man, the detectives nonetheless paid him another visit and asked that he accompany them to police headquarters for an additional interview. Eidson agreed, and went with them.

At police headquarters, Eidson was taken into an interrogation room, where his voluntary statement was tape-recorded by the detectives. During the interviews, Eidson again related how he'd found the girl's body on Monday afternoon, December 12th, after which he went to the shopping center nearby and called police. This time around, the detectives grilled him intensely, and afterwards they noted several inconsistencies in his present statements as well as in his earlier statements. He also appeared nervous, and something about his demeanor suggested to them that he wasn't being totally truthful.

Following the interrogation, the sleuths asked Eidson to take a polygraph test, and he agreed. Although the results of the test were not made public, Eidson was arrested and charged with aggravated murder, first-degree rape and kidnapping in connection with the death of Vatsana Boudavong. He was lodged in the Lane County Jail without bail.

Considering Eidson's prior charges and his history of pleading guilty to the crimes, the detectives decided to see if they could elicit a confession out of him in this case. And sure enough, after being reminded of his Miranda rights against self-incrimination, Douglas Eidson confessed to raping, killing and throwing the girl's body into the river. The confession was tape-recorded and would be used against him at his trial. Eidson was also charged with a third count of unauthorized use of a motor vehicle, this time in connection with the girl's death.

He was indicted by a Lane County grand jury and, at his arraignment, he pleaded innocent on the advice of his

court-appointed attorney.

Prior to his trial, Eidson's attorney, Andrew Bates, filed a motion to suppress statements Eidson had made to police before and after his arrest. Bates argued that Eidson had not been properly informed of his rights and was not told that he was a potential suspect in the case during police interviews. However, after finding that the statements were given "freely and voluntarily" by Eidson, Judge Roland Rodman rejected Bates' motion and ruled that the statements were admissible at his trial.

Following a week-long trial in Lane County Circuit Court, a jury, after hearing testimony from detectives, medical examiners and crime lab technicians, convicted Douglas Ray Eidson of aggravated murder, rape and kidnapping. Eidson was sentenced to life in prison.

Eidson appealed his conviction by claiming that Eugene police coerced and tricked him into confessing to the murder. However, the Appeals Court determined that police officers who interviewed Eidson did so properly and followed the guidelines set forth by the Miranda rule, and his conviction was upheld. Eidson is now serving his life sentence at Oregon State Penitentiary. ●

## SCRAMBLE ANSWER

(Solution to SCRAMBLE from page 51)

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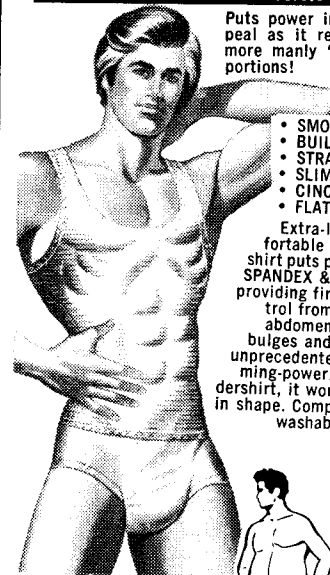
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Inside Detective 81

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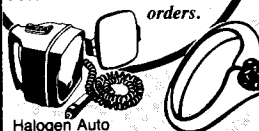
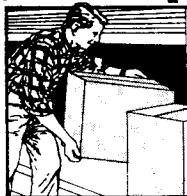


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