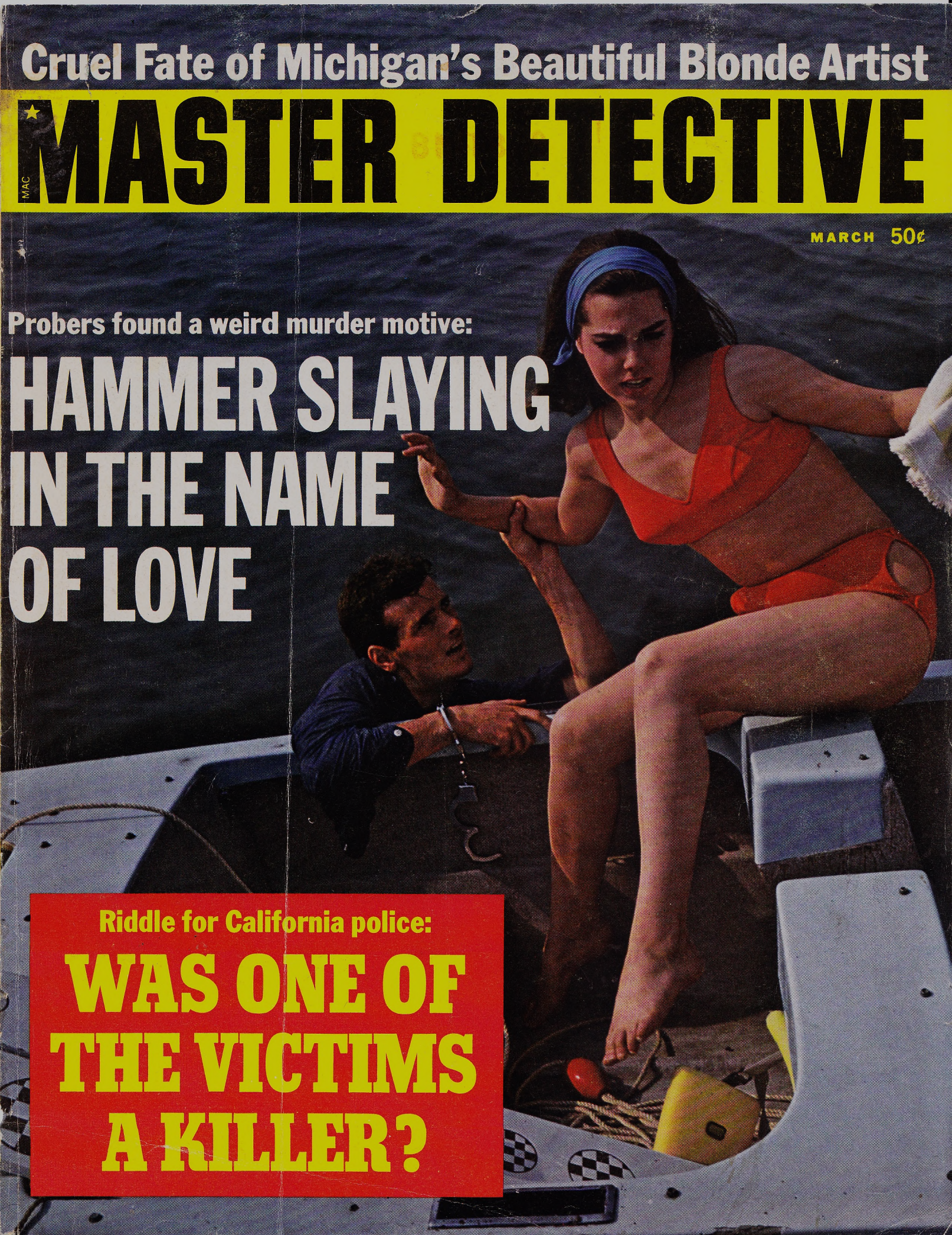
Cruel Fate of Michigan's Beautiful Blonde Artist

# MASTER DETECTIVE

MAC

MARCH 50¢



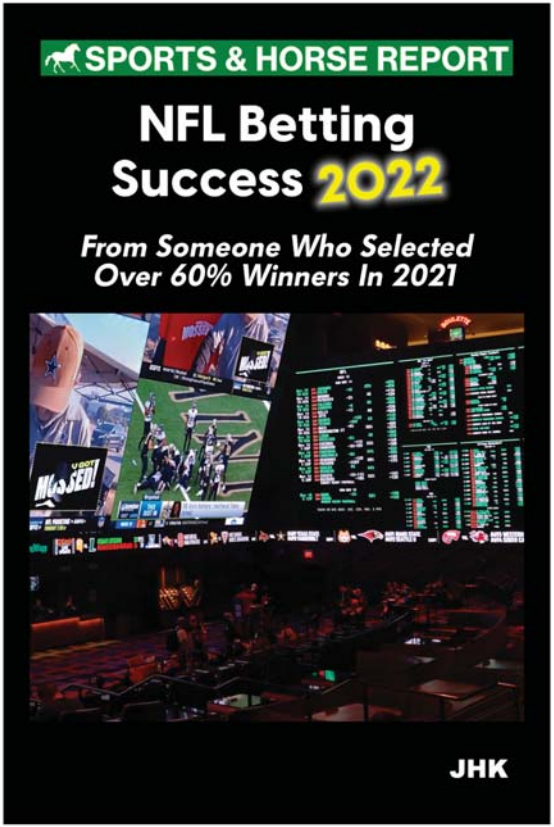
Probers found a weird murder motive:

## HAMMER SLAYING IN THE NAME OF LOVE

Riddle for California police:

## WAS ONE OF THE VICTIMS A KILLER?

# FOOTBALL IS BACK!

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# Your Own Ranchette Just $349—Only $6 a Month!

**(*See Below)**

Do you know people who wake up to sunshine 355 days out of each year . . . people who don't know what it is to be oppressed by humid heat in the summer or by the cold clutch of winter damp? Do you know people who can say that in their State the rate of cancer and heart disease is half of what the Nation as a whole faces? Do you know people to whom a suntan is a year 'round commonplace? We know such people. They live in New Mexico.

There isn't a place on earth where the air is purer, where body health is more lavishly bestowed. No place where the words at the top of this page — live longer and better — fit more than they do in New Mexico.

And in all New Mexico itself it would be difficult to match the climate and beauty of the region surrounding Deming. As spectacular as the northern portion, but without the cold of winter. As dry and pure as Arizona, but not as hot in the summer. And, as actively vigorous and prosperous as the city you now live in, yet without the fever, without the tension.

To live anywhere in New Mexico is to live better. The superb climate, naturally air-conditioned in the summer and brilliantly sunny in the winter — the breathtaking beauty of a lavish Nature — the young vigor of a state that is causing a business and investment boom — these are the reasons that tens of thousands of Americans already have come here to live.

Consider then: Here in the center of this miraculous climate and beauty are towns which have grown amazingly in the last few years. Las Cruces, for example: In 1950 it had 12,000 people. By 1960, 37,000 . . . **a rise of 300% in 10 years** — and still growing. Like Tucson and Phoenix, this area has the same desert allure, where pure air, pure drinking water permit lovely towns to flourish. Statistics show the same 85% of possible sunshine, summer and winter, of Phoenix and Tucson.

Beginning 3½ miles from the flavorful city of Deming (population **8,500**) are 24,000 acres of former ranches whose farthest boundary is 28 miles from town. Spectacularly set off by the breathtaking Florida Mountains, this land is so typical of the romance of the southwest that it has been photographed for the covers of many magazines. In this lovely basin every DEMING RANCHETTE fronts graded earth roads already dedicated to Luna County in widths of 50 and 80 feet. Every Ranchette has direct access to avenues leading to three major highways—U.S. Highways 80, 70 and brand new Interstate 10.

DEMING is blessed with water which is called "America's finest drinking water, 99.99% pure." There are homes already built on DEMING RANCHETTES and they all have electricity. When you are ready to build your new home, electricity will be made available to you. Schools, hospitals, churches, shops, movies, golf course, tennis courts — are all located in the growing city of Deming. Fertile soil is yours for the planting. Almost everything will grow here when watered — fruits, vegetables, flowers, trees.

Deming's friendliness captivates the fancy of people from every state in the Union. To visit us is like going back to the warmth of one's own family. Here are the practical benefits of living anywhere near Deming.

**GOLF** — The Rio Mimbres Country Club Golf Course is right in Deming itself. It is a beautiful course with the Florida Mountains towering in the background. You play 12 months a year and green fees are very reasonable.

**HUNTING AND FISHING** — What are you after? Deer, antelope, wild turkey? Or maybe bear, mountain lion? Well, you can get deer, quail and big jackrabbits right in your own backyard, in the Floridas. For really big game, and great fishing, try the Gila National Forest 60 miles directly north. Almost 2,000,000 acres set aside for camping, hunting and fishing. Just 65 miles away is the Caballo Dam-Elephant Butte Reservoir, the second largest man-made lake in the United States where you can rent a boat, fish, swim or go water skiing.

**HORSEBACK RIDING** — You'll find the Florida Mountains enthralling. Bring along a treasure pouch and join other rockhounds seeking amethyst, agate and opal.

**INVESTMENT** — More than 18,000 people have bought Ranchettes through the mail and on site.

The new U.S. Interstate 10 is now being built with interchanges right in the heart of Deming. Consider other developments such as the new Retirement Home and the new road being built from Palomas, Mexico (33 miles south of Deming) into the interior of Mexico and you will agree with us that Deming has a tremendous future.

And the price of your Ranchette? Just $349 total cash price for a full half-acre. You may purchase on terms of $6 down and $6 a month for 67 months with a final payment of $2.95. This includes all interest at the **annual percentage rate** of **6%**, making a total of payments of $404.95, or a deferred payment price of $410.95 which includes a **finance charge** of **$61.95.** Deming Ranchettes is not an enormous development and land such as this goes fast so send for your FREE COLOR KIT now.

**SELECT WESTERN LANDS INC.** Dept. DR 672-F
108 No. Platinum,
Deming, New Mexico 88030

Gentlemen:

Please send me full information on Deming Ranchettes, including a four color brochure with UNRETOUCHED photos of Deming Ranchettes. I understand no salesman will visit me, and that I am under no obligation.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

"A statement and offering statement has been filed with the Department of State of the State of New York. The filing does not constitute approval of the sale or lease or offer for sale or lease by the Department of State or any officer thereof or that the Department of State has in any way passed upon the merits of such offering. A copy of the offering statement is available, upon request from the subdivider.

NYA1040-3 AD70LB802D


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| Transistor Radio | $1.50 | Singing Bird Cage | $3.75 |
| Fishing Rod | .50 | Golf Balls | .09 |
| Movie Title Kit | 1.00 | Badminton Set | .60 |
| Water Pistol | .05 | Beer Stein | .28 |
| Swords | 3.00 | 20 pc. Dinnerware | 1.25 |
| Spinning Reel | .96 | Leather Ball Glove | 1.25 |
| Cardigan Sweater | 2.00 | AM FM SW Radio | 10.50 |
| Walkie Talkie | 2.50 | Rifle Scope | 1.85 |
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| Model Boat Kit | .65 | Electric Shoe Shiner | 1.50 |

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Address _____

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State _____ Zip _____

*Save 3 Days... Give Zip No. For Fastest Reply*

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M
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**MARCH, 1971** Volume 81, No. 6, 42nd Year of Publication

# MASTER DETECTIVE

## MD Headline Stories



## MD Features



## National Police Officer of the Month



## MD Departments



April MASTER DETECTIVE On Sale March 18th



**MASTER DETECTIVE**

**PUBLISHED MONTHLY** by TD Publishing Corporation, New York, N. Y.

**EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES** at 206 East 43rd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES,** $5.00 one year, $9.00 two years, $13.00 three years, U. S. and Possessions, Canada, one year, $5.50, two years, $10.00, three years, $14.50. All other countries, $7.00 per year.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** 8 weeks' notice essential. When possible please forward stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if you send us your old as well as new address. Write to MASTER DETECTIVE, 206 East 43rd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017.

**MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS and PHOTOGRAPHS** should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage and will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or injury.

**FOREIGN EDITIONS** handled through International Division of Macfadden-Bartell Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. Reentered as second class matter September 8, 1953, at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and other post offices. Authorized as second-class matter by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.  Printed by the Fawcett Printing Corporation at Lincolnwood, Illinois, U.S.A. Not for export to the United Kingdom or Eire.

**Member of Macfadden's Men's Group**

# the case of the missing coupon

I was cleaning out the attic when I saw the magazine. It was on top of a pile of old papers stacked in a corner. The cover was wrinkled and faded with age.

For some reason it caught my attention and I started thumbing through the pages. Most of the articles seemed vaguely familiar.

I was ready to toss the magazine aside when it fell open to a page that was torn. The bottom half was missing. In a moment I knew I had stumbled on the answer to a three-year-old mystery:

Then I had been just another guy with a job. Married. Two children. Not much chance of getting ahead because I didn't have any special skills or training.

One payday I came home feeling more discouraged than usual. There was talk of a layoff at the plant. I was sure my name would be on the list.

My wife tried to cheer me up by saying everything was bound to change soon. I didn't believe her. But then a few days later an unexpected package came in the mail.

It was from International Correspondence Schools. Inside was their famous Career Kit with 3 booklets that were written especially for people like me. The booklets explained how I.C.S. had helped thousands of others get ahead on their present jobs—or even find new careers. How they were able to earn higher pay and provide real security for their families.

I never stopped to figure out how the Career Kit happened to be sent to me. Instead I just went ahead and enrolled for a course. And after that, things started moving so fast I simply forgot about it.

When my supervisor at the plant heard I was taking an I.C.S. course he was so impressed he moved me off the line. Then two years—and three raises—later I was promoted to assistant foreman. My job future was assured.

Now, looking at the torn page in the magazine, I suddenly realized what had happened. My wife had seen the I.C.S. ad in the magazine. The missing half of the page was the coupon she had mailed in with my name on it.

Still holding the old magazine, I went downstairs and showed it to her. She just smiled and said, "I knew all you needed was a chance."

Maybe so. But still I thank my lucky stars she mailed in that coupon.

Why don't you mark and mail the one below today?

**ICS® International Correspondence Schools**
**Division of Intext**

**ICS, Scranton, Pa. 18515**
Canadian residents:
Send coupon to Scranton.
Our affiliate in Canada
will reply.

**Take your first step . . . mail this coupon today . . . ICS, Scranton, Pa. 18515.**
I'm interested in a program of independent study. Send me your free 3-booklet Success Kit: (1) "How to Succeed," 30 pages of valuable job tips, (2) Sample text demonstrating famous ICS method, (3) Catalog for subject checked below . . .

Miss
Mrs.
Mr. (Please print) _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Occupation _____ Employed by _____ Working Hours _____ A.M. to _____ P.M.

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☐ Accounting (U.S. or Can.)
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☐ Plumbing & Heating
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☐ Chemical Analyst
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☐ Civil Engineering
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☐ Sewer Plant Operator
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**COLLEGE COURSES**
☐ American History
☐ Calculus ☐ Economics

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☐ Mechanical
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☐ Preparatory Course for H.S. Equivalency Test

**MACH. SHOP PRACTICE**
☐ Machine Shop Practice
☐ Maintenance Mechanic
☐ Reading Shop Prints
☐ Tool & Die Maker
☐ Welding, Gas & Elec.

**MECHANICAL**
☐ Mechanical Engineering
☐ Aircraft Mechanic
☐ Hydraulic, Pneumatic Power
☐ Industrial Engineering
☐ Industrial Instrumentation
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☐ Power Plant Engineering
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**ICS has over 266 career-related courses**

W7013A

6'3" 6'3"

# MD LINE-UP

## watch for these fugitives

6' 6'

5'9" 5'9"

5'6" 5'6"

5'3" 5'3"

**JOHN OLEN GOODALL.** ***Charge: Assault, Robbery, etc.*** **MD** ***Reward:*** **$100. Age, 26; height, 6′ to 6′1″; weight, 185-190; hair, blond; eyes, blue; build, medium.** ***If located, notify J. E. Hoover, FBI, Washington, D.C. 20535***

A CONVICTED BURGLAR is being sought by special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation for unlawful flight to avoid prosecution for assault and robbery, attempted assault and robbery, assault with intent to kill, and kidnaping.

On February 7, 1970, John Olen Goodall allegedly attempted to rob a Portland, Oregon store, and in the ensuing scuffle, the manager was shot in the chest.

An off-duty deputy sheriff gave chase to the robber and was reportedly forced by him into a getaway car. The deputy was shot three times at close range before being dumped from the getaway car.

A federal warrant for Goodall's arrest was issued on February 20, 1970, at Portland.

Goodall has also been known to call himself Edward N. Bland, John Stover and Oliver Woodrow Wilson.

This fugitive, who, as stated, has been convicted of burglary, has been employed in the past as a carpenter, welder and factory worker.

Goodall has the following distinguishing marks: scars on forehead, right arm and abdomen, and a tattoo of a horseshoe with "GOOD LUCK" on his right arm. He writes with his left hand. Social Security number: 538-38-1027.

Consider this man armed and dangerous.

**MICHAEL JOHN WRIGHT.** ***Charge: Murder.*** **MD** ***Reward:*** **$100. Age, 24; height, 5′8″; weight, 150; hair, brown; eyes, hazel; complexion, medium; build, medium.** ***If located, notify J. E. Hoover, FBI, Washington, D.C. 20535***

SPECIAL AGENTS of the Federal Bureau of Investigation are looking for Michael John Wright on a charge of unlawful flight to avoid prosecution for murder.

On April 28, 1968, in Portland, Oregon, Wright allegedly murdered a former crime partner by reportedly shooting him five times in the back of the head with a .25 caliber pistol and then fleeing, leaving the victim's body in a stolen automobile.

The shooting reportedly resulted from a quarrel between Wright and the victim a week before.

A federal warrant for Wright's arrest was issued on August 7, 1969, at Portland.

Michael John Wright has used a variety of assumed names in the past, including: Bob Culp, Michael J. Culp, Mike Culp, Robert Culp, Bobby Wright and Mike J. Wright. Social Security numbers used: 541-56-3232, and 541-41-3236. Birthplace: San Francisco, California.

This fugitive has held down a few legitimate jobs in the past, including those of bartender, bellhop, drapery installer, TV repairman and typesetter.

Wright has a scar on the right side of his forehead.

This fugitive has been known to carry a .45 caliber automatic pistol in the beltline at the small of his back. He should be considered dangerous.

(*Continued on page* 6)

# Glamour WIGS, FALLS & CURLS

**ANY STYLE only $4.95** Worth Much More

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Wig Style 109

Wig Style 121

Wig Style 115

Wig Style 125

Wig Style 124

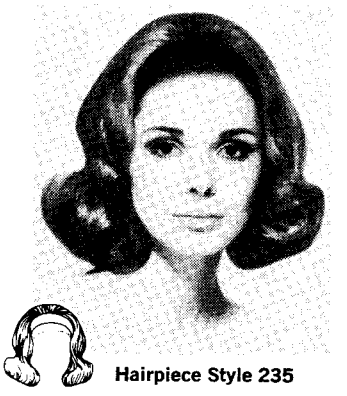
Wig Style 101

Wig Style 119

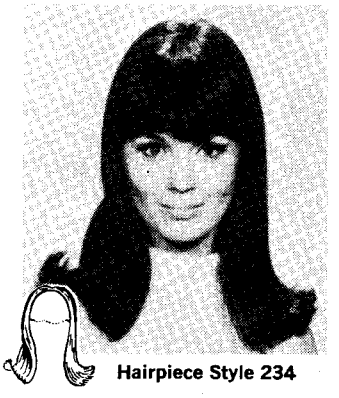
Wig Style 122

Hairpiece Style 221

Hairpiece Style 225



Hairpiece Style 235



Hairpiece Style 234

Hairpiece Style 236

Hairpiece Style 227

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**Franklin Fashions Corp., Dept. EH-563**
**378 S. Franklin St., Hempstead, N.Y. 11550**

Rush my Glamour Wig or Hairpiece checked below. I will pay postman on delivery $4.95 plus postage. I must be absolutely satisfied or I can return my order within 10 days trial and my money will be refunded.

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Check Box of Style Number Desired

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☐ 121 ☐ 101
☐ 125 ☐ 119
☐ 115 ☐ 122

Check Box of Color Desired

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☐ Off Black ☐ Light Blonde
☐ Light Brown ☐ Auburn
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Platinum
☐ Dark Brown ☐ Mixed Grey

**HAIRPIECES**

Check Box of Style Number Desired and Enclose a Sample of Your Hair for Expert Matching

☐ 235 ☐ 236 ☐ 234
☐ 221 ☐ 225 ☐ 227

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

☐ Check here if you wish to save postage by sending only $4.95 with coupon. Same Money Back Guarantee!

**SILAS TRIM BISSELL and wife Judith.** ***Charge: Conspiracy.*** **MD** ***Reward:*** **$100 each. Bissell's age, 28; hair, brown; eyes, green; height, 5′10″; weight, 130-135.** ***If located, notify Federal Bureau of Investigation, Washington, D.C. 20535***

SILAS TRIM BISSELL is being sought by the FBI for conspiracy to destroy government property and possession of a destructive device not registered according to the National Firearms Act.

On January 18, 1970, Bissell and his wife, Judith Emily Bissell, who is also sought, were reportedly arrested by campus security guards at a university in Seattle, Washington, after allegedly placing an explosive device under the school's Air Force ROTC building.

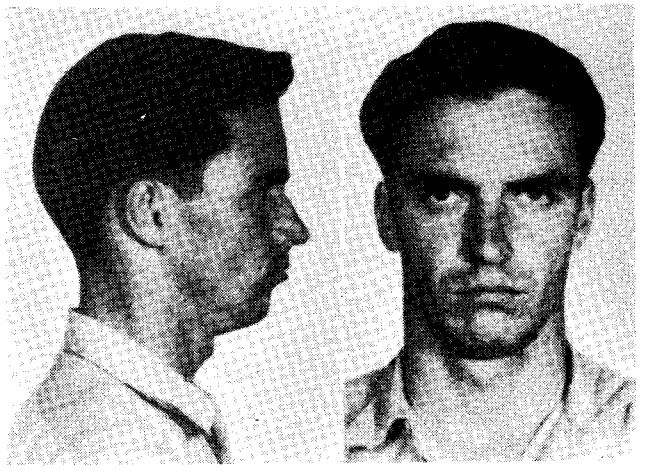
On April 27, 1970, after failing to appear for their scheduled court trial, the Bissells each forfeited $25,000 cash bail. A federal warrant for their arrest was issued in June at Seattle.

The Bissells have reportedly been active in the violent Weatherman faction of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) and have, allegedly engaged in numerous attacks and demonstrations against the ROTC in Seattle.

Bissell, also known as "Trim," has an appendectomy scar and may wear sideburns and a beard.

Bissell and his wife reportedly have been associated with persons who advocate the use of explosives and may have acquired firearms.

In view of this, and the nature of the charges against them, consider them dangerous.



**GARY VAUGHN SIZEMORE.** ***Charge: Conspiracy, etc.*** **MD** ***Reward:*** **$100. Age, 30; height, 5′11″ to 6′; weight, 150-160; hair, black; eyes, hazel; build, slender.** ***If located, notify J. E. Hoover, FBI, Washington, D.C. 20535***

GARY VAUGHN SIZEMORE, a convicted mail truck robber, is being sought by the FBI for receiving, concealing and disposing of stolen property having been transported in foreign commerce, and conspiracy.

Sizemore allegedly participated in the $209,000 armed robbery of the Royal Bank of Canada in the Bahamas in September of 1969. In August, 1970, a federal grand jury at Miami, Florida charged him with transporting in foreign commerce from the Bahamas to Miami and elsewhere in the U.S., property stolen from the bank.

Sizemore was additionally charged with receiving, concealing and disposing of stolen property having traveled in foreign commerce and with conspiracy to transport stolen property in foreign commerce.

This fugitive, who is said to have a preference for country and western music, reportedly plays the guitar and banjo and has a private pilot's license. He is sometimes known as "Skip" Sizemore, or Gary Whitehouse.

He has been employed as a construction worker, laborer and mechanic. He has a scar on his left arm.

Sizemore has been convicted of discharging a firearm from a moving vehicle off highway and, as stated above, mail truck robbery. He reportedly carries handguns and should be considered very dangerous.

## $400 REWARDS IN THIS ISSUE—378 CAPTURES TO DATE

### $37,800 Rewards Paid By TD Publishing Corporation—$20,770 Paid By Authorities
### Total Rewards Paid To Readers—$58,570

LINE-UP is a free public service. All law enforcement agencies are invited to make use of it. Readers of MASTER DETECTIVE possessing authentic information concerning any fugitive pictured in LINE-UP are urgently requested to: FIRST—Communicate with their local police, or police in the city where the fugitive may be located. SECOND—Advise us *immediately* upon identification of the fugitive through LINE-UP. Where authorities are notified by letter or wire, send copy of same to LINE-UP Editor. *Application for reward must be postmarked within 24 hours after the hour fugitive has been positively identified through* LINE-UP. *(Police officers who effect the capture of fugitives wanted by their own department are not eligible for* LINE-UP *rewards.)*

MASTER DETECTIVE reward offers are in effect up to six months after the publication of photo and the reward is payable to the person who first identifies the fugitive, prior to his arrest, from the photograph of the wanted subject appearing in LINE-UP and gives the tip that leads to his capture.

MASTER DETECTIVE reserves the right of final decision in determining whether or not the evidence submitted by the claimant to the reward is sufficiently clear and conclusive.

If you have any information on the whereabouts of the fugitives listed in this month's LINE-UP, send it in a letter addressed to A. P. Govoni, Editor, MASTER DETECTIVE, 206 E. 43 St., New York, N.Y. 10017.

**Identity of Readers Who Furnish Information Leading to Capture Will be Held Confidential Upon Request**

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# Master Mailbag

## WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

### CHOICE OF MURDERS

A friend gave me the June, 1970 issue of MASTER DETECTIVE to read and I noticed that on page 52 there was a place for comment called Reader's Verdict. I have four suggestions:

1.) The two stories I liked best were, "Lethal Love of the Attic Romeo," and "In a Poison Murder, She Pleaded Self Defense."

2.) I do not like foreign murder cases. I much prefer murder stories that happen in Canada and the United States.

3.) Cases of the past are much more interesting than the current ones. Usually, in the famous cases of the past, the murderer receives the death penalty. It spoils the whole story for me if a brutal killer only gets 10 to 20 years, and who is a potential threat to society should he escape from prison.

4.) I am going to start reading MASTER DETECTIVE regularly. How about including some of the unusual and famous Canadian murder stories?

Robert H. McCluskin Jr.
Galt, Ontario, Canada

### ANOTHER CHOICE

I realize that you get many requests and complaints about the type of story you give us in your exciting magazine. I have read some of the letters addressed to Mailbag, and there is quite a variety of opinion.

Whereas I am hooked on murder stories (the true ones, not those ridiculous fictional whodunnit things!) and will read about murder no matter where it occurs, I cast one loud vote for foreign murders.

To narrow it down still further, I vote for murder stories out of France, with an occasional one from somewhere in middle Europe.

It is fascinating, since I have traveled widely in Europe, to suddenly come upon a murder story placed in some city or village I have stayed at, and even to sometimes recognize the street on which the victim or the killer lived!

You ran a story in the January, 1971 issue that took place in Offenbach, Germany. I was THERE last summer! It was written by a man named Dunn or something [A GI Lover, A Vicious Dog —And Murder by John Dunning]

The story was wonderful! Print more like that!

Mary Frances Cardin
Chicago, Illinois

*Ed.—We face this problem with almost every issue. Judging by the letters we receive, our readers are about evenly divided between those who like foreign stories, and those who would like all the stories to be based in this country—or Canada. Our measure of a case is just this: will it make good reading, and is the detective work good?*

### POLICE FATALITIES

The number of police officers being killed in the line of duty seems to be growing in leaps and bounds.

I wonder, outside of publications such as yours, if enough of the communications media are giving this condition the space it merits.

The put-down of the police officer seems to be one of the games people play. And with so many brave policemen laying down their lives to save YOURS and MINE, it is time that newspapers and magazines praised our law enforcement officers instead of looking for the bad ones.

Let's cheer the good ones, and mourn the dead.

Mrs. Alice Martello
New Orleans, Louisiana

### AMERICA'S CON MEN

The stories you have been printing from time to time about the amazing swindlers, and suberbly written by Alan Hynd, are fascinating.

What gets me about these fabulous tales is, how do otherwise intelligent men get taken by what seem to be obvious con games?

In every case there are hints of chicanery long before the suckers get to know they are being taken, but they never see them until too late.

Anyway, the stories are wonderful. They are a welcome respite from blood and gore.

John R. Dutton
San Francisco, California

*Ed.—The answer to Mr. Dutton's question as to how the suckers are taken so easily when a reader can spot the con must be, in one word, greed. In their haste to make a fast buck, they are easily convinced they can't lose. There IS, apparently, a bit of larceny in all men.*

### CAROLE ADELE

After I finished reading the last story in the December issue of MASTER DETECTIVE, I had to go back and reread the one, "Who Raped and Stabbed Carole Adele?" It was good—and scary.

I hope they solve that one. That pretty girl being slain is terrible, and the vicious fiend who did it deserves to die in the chair or however they execute killers in the state of Washington (hanging, Ed.)

If I hear of a single bit of information I will certainly call the police department in Renton, Washington and report it.

I have a feeling the police are going to get to the bottom of that case, and bring Carole Adele's killer to justice. I hope so.

Mrs. George Batten
New York, New York

### MISSOURI TEACHER

The best story in the January issue of MASTER DETECTIVE was the one that started on page 14. It was called "The Missouri Teacher Was Shot Lying Down."

That was a great story. The police who worked on the case deserve a lot of credit for the amount of work they did.

I just hope they have the right solution. Anyway the story was a fine one. It held my interest all the way.

Doris Thompson
Orlando, Florida

**READER'S VERDICT**

In March, 1971 issue of MASTER DETECTIVE I liked these features best:

1 .....

2 .....

3 .....

4 .....

I prefer outstanding current cases .....

I prefer great cases of the past .....

I have read MD for ..... Months

..... years

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Age ..... Occupation .....

## THIS IS A TRUE STORY*

**All details in our file #3789. Only the name of the Universal graduate has been changed to respect his desire for privacy . . . Ed.**

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*—Donald Doris of Illinois.*

**"My income averages $1,200 to $2,000 a month."**
*—Ed Crouch of California.*

**"A raise every three months for the next two years, plus new car and expense account."**
*—Oscar Singletary of Georgia.*

**"My salary has increased by 63%."**
*—Marcel Roy, Canada.*

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MD 9

# To Our Readers:

# YOU CAN MAKE AN EASY $100 For Being A Good Citizen

Over the years, the publishers of this magazine have handed out nearly $40,000 to our readers. Various law enforcement agencies have added another $20,000 to that.

The publishers' portion of this cash bonanza has been in the form of $100 rewards paid to persons who have spotted "WANTED" fugitives in our LINE-UP feature (see contents page).

As of right now, a total of 377 fugitives from justice have been apprehended as a direct result of information furnished to authorities by our sharp-eyed readers!

For example, three captures were effected within a two-week period—two in Canada, one in Louisiana—and one fugitive had been on the FBI's "10 MOST WANTED FUGITIVES" list for almost a year. Commenting on the latter capture, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover wrote to the editor: ". . . This is an outstanding illustration of the excellent manner in which your magazine has assisted this Bureau over the years by publicizing individuals whom we are seeking."

So check LINE-UP every month. Check it right now—carefully.

One of the fugitives there could be someone you've been seeing every day—where you work, on the bus, at the corner gas station, or maybe at a restaurant you patronize.

If you spot a fugitive, notify the proper authorities at once, tell them you saw his mug shot in LINE-UP, then notify the editor. If you want it that way, your identity will be kept secret.

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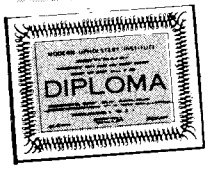


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M D 11

**When homicide men finally unraveled the tangled lives of an unemployed Paris architect, his sculptress wife and his sexy brunette mistress, they wrapped up the**

# hammer slaying in the name of love

Edith Berger-Laurent survived Nazi concentration camp only to die a violent death in her own studio

by **JOHN DUNNING**

IT WAS 4:30 on the morning of October 5, 1970 and a slight, handsome man with a black beard and mustache was pedaling a bicycle frantically downward through the tangle of narrow, steep, twisting streets below the Sacré Coeur crowning the peak of Montmartre in Paris, France. It was a Monday and below him all Paris lay dark and sleeping. The trees in the Place Tertre had long since lost their leaves and there was the chill of autumn in the air, but the man on the bicycle was perspiring heavily. It was the cold, clammy sweat of fear.

The bicycle wheels sped over the pavement with only the faintest whisper of sound, but swiftly as they revolved, the thought and images within his confused and apprehensive mind turned faster. Robert Laurent, self-styled architect and, at 37 years of age, a failure at all he had set out to do, was belatedly lending his attention to the problems and decisions that should have been dealt with years earlier. Now, he was terrified that it was too late.

"If she only hasn't harmed the child!" he muttered, bending over the handlebars. It did not occur to him that he should be tired. He had only gone to bed at 1:30 that morning and during the course of the preceding evening, he had consumed a very considerable quantity of wine.

It had been the wine, no doubt, that had caused him to sleep so heavily. Trudi must have gotten up during the night, but he had noticed nothing. It was only a half hour ago when he had felt her hand on his shoulder, shaking him violently, and heard her voice saying, "Robert! Wake up! You must go at ônce to the studio in the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois. Something terrible has happened!"

She had been fully dressed and, as he slowly struggled out of his sleep and began to grope for his clothing in the little apartment in the Rue Paul-Albert, she had turned and gone out the door without another word. He had called after her, but there had been no reply.

Filled with a sudden sense of impending disaster, he had stumbled down the stairs to find his bicycle out in the street and not in the entryway where he had left it. There was no sign of Trudi and he had immediately got onto the bicycle and ridden off in the direction of the studio in the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois. It was a long ride.

"What did she mean by something

terrible?" he thought. "If something terrible has happened, it's my fault. I should have made a choice once and for all years ago."

It had, indeed, been years ago when Robert Laurent had been faced with the choice between the two women in his life. It had not been an easy choice. Edith Berger had been five years older than himself, but she was a fascinating woman and an extremely successful artist. Her sculptures were shown in the best galleries in Paris and the critics had been warm in their praise.

Edith was not French. She had been born in Czechoslovakia and, being of Jewish ancestry, she had been taken by the Nazis following their invasion of her country and placed in a concentration camp. Few of her countrymen and fellow prisoners had survived the gas chambers, but Edith Berger had.

Like so many survivors of the death camp, the experience had marked her for life. Many of her sculptures depicted agonized groups of German concentration camp victims. On the other hand, others of her works showed happy couples locked in a loving embrace. The concentration camp had marked her, but it had not broken her spirit. In 1948, she had gone as a volunteer to Israel to fight bravely on the front in Israel's war of independence.

In contrast to Edith, Waltraud Milbacher or Trudi, as her friends called her, had seemed little more than a child. Robert had met her at an art exhibition shortly after her arrival in Paris. Trudi was 22 years old, an art student, fresh from the academy in Innsbruck, Austria, her home, and a virgin. The tall, slender, beautiful girl with the coal-black hair and black, fiery eyes was completely penniless, but she was filled with delight at being in Paris where so many artists before her had lived and where so many now made their headquarters. She had rented an old, dilapidated studio with rotting floors and peeling leprous walls in the Rue Cour-des-Noues, just off Place Gambetta.

Robert Laurent had told her that he was an architect, although he was not actually working nor had he worked in some time, and that he was deelpy interested in art and painting. "I have many connections with the galleries," he said. "If you would like to show me your paintings, perhaps I will be able to help you."

Trudi had been delighted. She had taken him to the studio in the Rue Courdes-Noues and it was not long thereafter that they became lovers. She did not paint badly. Critics were later to describe her work as a combination of the erotic and demonic. She was not, however, the artist that Edith Berger was or would she ever be.

Shortly thereafter Robert Laurent married Edith Berger. He did not, however, tell Trudi about it nor did he stop seeing her. Vacillating and indecisive as always, he had not chosen one or the other. He had chosen both.

Under different circumstances, this might have worked out well. Laurent was by no means the only man in France to have a wife and a mistress. After all, both of the women involved were artists and could be expected to be somewhat unconventional in their outlook in marital relations.

Unfortunately, this was not the case. Trudi Milbacher, the penniless, Bohemian artist was actually a girl who had been brought up in a home with extremely strict moral principles. From the time when she was a little girl she had dreamed of the day when she would meet the one right man in her life. They would be

Edith is shown with her best-known sculpture, "Treblinka," depicting dead victims at the infamous concentration camp

Edith's grief-sticken husband, Robert Laurent, found her body and that of infant son, Francois

married and remain faithful for the rest of their lives. Trudi was determinedly monogamous and fiercely possessive.

Edith was perhaps less conventional in such respects than Trudi, but no woman in her early forties enjoys sharing her husband with a rival a good 15 years her junior and a very beautiful rival at that. A child, which might have bound Robert more closely to her, seemed out of the question. Edith was already too old.

Obviously, the arrangement could not remain secret forever. Trudi continued to press Robert to fix a date for the wedding and, although Robert spent most of his time with her and introduced her everywhere as his fiancée, it was only a matter of time until someone said to Trudi, "What do you mean, fiancée? Don't you know that he's already married?"

There had been a terrible scene. Waltraud Milbacher had gone to see Edith Laurent and demand that she release her husband so that she could marry him. She was prepared to fight like a tigress for what she considered her man, but she found herself facing a woman as determined and strong-willed as herself. Edith Berger had not survived the German concentration camps and the war in Israel to be pushed around by a little Austrian art student.

Robert was less steadfast. In the end, his wife and mistress made things so hot for him that he moved out of the studio in the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois and rented the little apartment in the Rue Paul-Albert. Edith remained alone in the huge old studio and Waltraud moved in with Robert. He assured her that he had no intention of ever seeing Edith again and that he would press for a divorce at the earliest possible moment.

Waltraud was, for the time being, appeased, for she believed him. She should not have. Robert had continued to see Edith and, late in 1969, the miracle which neither had expected, took place. Edith Laurent was pregnant.

Francois Laurent was born in April of 1970. He was a fine boy and he lived with his mother in the big studio in the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois. His father often came to see him and he carried pictures of his son in his wallet.

It was the pictures which had led directly to the catastrophe. One of them had fallen out of Robert's wallet in the apartment in the Rue Paul-Albert and had come into the hands of Trudi. There was no necessity to question Robert concerning the identity of the child. The name and birth date were written plainly on the back of the photograph.

Once again, there had been a scene, but it had not been like the first one. Fighter that she was, Waltraud Milbacher realized that she had lost. Her rival had, against all expectations, produced a son by her lover. It was a bond that she could not hope to break.

Even after this disclosure, Robert Laurent still had not made a clear-cut decision. He had continued to live in the apartment in the Rue Paul-Albert with Trudi and he had continued to protest his intention of obtaining a divorce from Edith. Trudi had not had much to say to this, and he had come to the conclusion that she believed him. Robert was pleased. He was a man who believed firmly in polygamy and he had always hoped to be able to reconcile his wife and mistress to the point where all three could live together as one big happy family. For the first time, the outlook seemed promising. The night before, however, had been unpleasant. He and Trudi had gone to visit mutual friends who, inexplicably, had seen fit to begin a long involved discussion in which the merits and drawbacks of the Austrians and Czechoslovakians had been thoroughly explored, much to the detriment of the Austrians. The friends had known very well that Waltraud was an Austrian and that Edith Berger, her lover's wife, was a Czechoslovak. To Robert, it seemed that the whole discussion was carried out in the spirit of malice. Both he and Trudi had been depressed and silent when they returned to the apartment at 1:30 that morning. He had immediately fallen into bed, and perhaps as a result of the wine, had sunk into a profound sleep.

Trudi had gotten into bed with him too, but it now appeared that she had not been sleeping. She had said that something terrible had happened in the studio at the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois and, if she knew that, then she must have been there. He could not imagine what it was that had happened, but, knowing Trudi, he was certain that if she described it as terrible, then it was very, very terrible indeed.

He had now reached the building in the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois and ran up the stairs after dropping the bicycle at the curb. It was a speedy ascent to the second floor studio. The door was locked and he searched in his pocket for the key, but it was not there. He could not recall whether he had left it in the apartment in the Rue Paul-Albert or whether he had somehow managed to lose it in his wild bicycle ride down the slopes of Montmartre.

Robert Laurent beat violently on the door of the studio. "Edith!" he called. His voice echoed in the empty stairwell, but there was no reply from the studio. "Edith!" he shouted, his voice breaking in a near scream.

There was still no reply from the apartment. Robert Laurent threw himself violently against the door. It did not give in the slightest. Suddenly, he bent down, slipped off his shoe, and standing on tiptoe, began to beat out the glass of the fanlight over the door. Shards of glass fell in a shower

around him, but he paid no attention to them. The mullions between the glass panes were thin and fragile and he smashed them away with the heel of his shoe. Without stopping to put the shoe back on, he reached up and caught the edge of the frame cutting his fingers on the sharp glass splinters. With a strength he had not known he possessed, he pulled himself up and forced his body through the semi-circular opening, falling to the floor inside with such a heavy impact that he lay there for a moment stunned and half dazed.

It was dark in the studio and he pulled himself up by the door frame, his fingers feeling for the light switch. As the light flooded the room, his eyes fell upon Edith's grimmest and best known sculpture, "Treblinka," the bloodiest concentration camp of them all. A group of agonized, emaciated, bronze figures stood, the flesh melting from their bones and their skinny arms raised in supplication and anguish to the sky. Robert had seen the sculpture before, but even now, it sent a shudder of horror down his back.

The vast, sparsely furnished studio was empty and he ran across it, limping slightly with one shoe and one stockinged foot to the door at the back which opened into Edith's bedroom. This time, the door was unlocked. Robert pushed it open, his fingers going to the light switch and his wife's name passing as little more than a whisper between his parted lips. "Edith?"

The sudden blaze of light from the ceiling fixture was cruel. No kindly shadows masked the scene of horror before his popping eyes. Edith Laurent lay like some grotesque, broken doll, on the broad expense of what had once been white sheets. They were white no longer. Bloody trails and splotches criss-crossed them in a monstrous pattern, still wet and scarlet. Sprawled in the midst of this murderous pattern, like a fly caught in the scarlet web of some unearthly spider, the frail limbs of Edith Laurent, exposed by the short nightgown, crumpled up above her waist, had taken on a hideous resemblance to her own sculptures. The thin arms were spread as if in supplication and the head with its short cropped hair was little more than a knob, rendered featureless by the coat of drying blood which covered it.

"Edith!" muttered Robert Laurent, the word tearing at his vocal cords so that it came out hoarsely and unnaturally deep. He was not aware of moving, but he must have taken several steps forward for he found himself standing at the side of the bed and looking down into his dead wife's face.

If there had been any doubt that she was dead, there was none now. clearly the strips of torn bedsheet knotted around the neck with such force that the cloth had cut into the flesh, raising a welt on either side which nearly concealed it.

For a moment, he stood staring, his mouth dropping open in unconscious horror. Suddenly, he gave an almost comical little leap into the air. It had occurred to him that Edith had not been alone. Had anything happened to Francois?

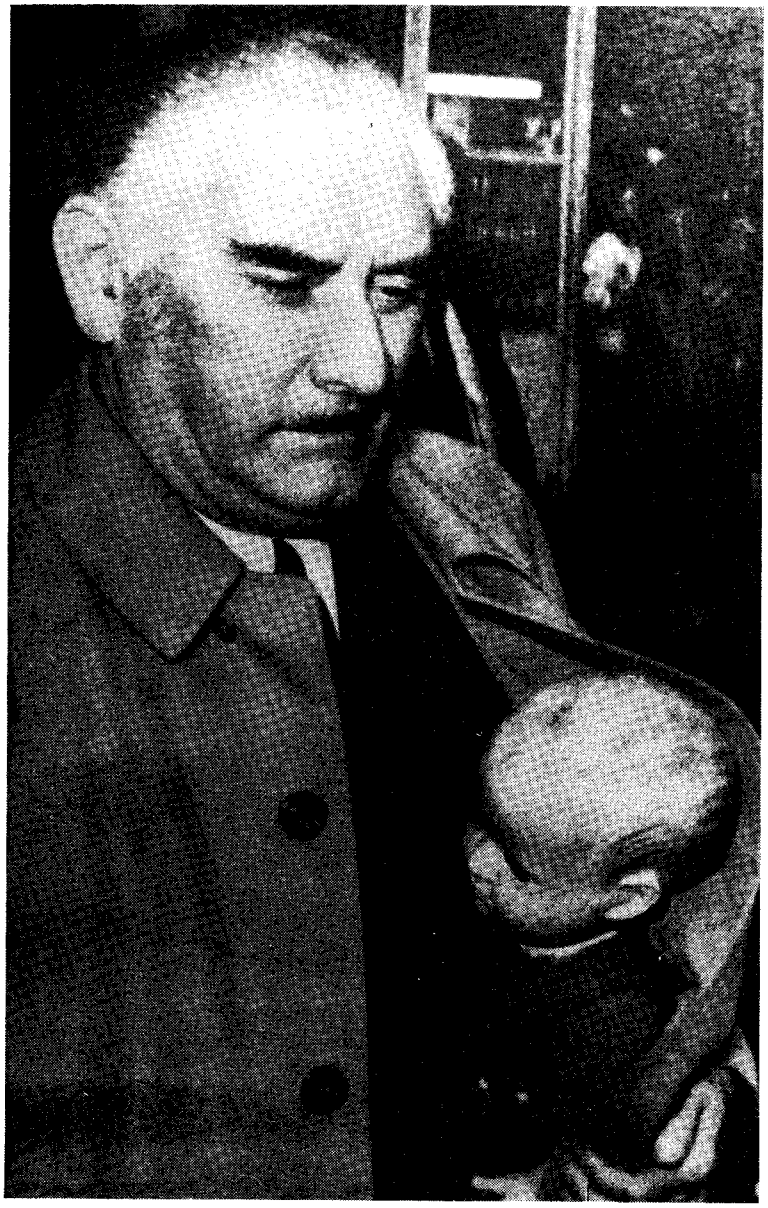
The crib stood against the opposite wall and he covered the three steps in a stumbling sort of leap. There were the marks of bloody hands on the crib and on the fluffy baby blanket. The top of the silky-haired head peeping out of the covers was, however, unbloodied and, for an instant, he felt a surge of hope.

Then, his hands stripped back the blanket and all hope died. The baby's face was a grayish, slate blue and the eyes protruded horribly from the head. The mouth was open and the tongue hung out, blue and swollen. Around the neck, the bloody strips of torn sheet had sunk so deeply into the flesh that he could only see the ends protruding, but there was no doubt as to what had taken place. Francois had been strangled.

Robert Laurent put his hands over his face and staggered back from the crib. His hip came into contact with the night table beside his wife's bed and he put down a hand to steady himself. There was a piece of paper lying on the night-table and he picked it up, holding it uncertainly before his tear-blurred eyes, to read the message traced with a pen in long, distorted, spidery letters. It read:

"I too am a woman. I too can have babies."

Clutching the crumpled paper in



Paris Police Commissioner Poiblanc used doll in crime reenactment

his hand, Robert Laurent sank slowly down beside the bloody bed of his dead wife. He was still sitting there two hours later, when Commissioner Jean Poiblanc of the Paris homicide squad arrived from the Quai des Orfevres.

The commissioner was not at all pleased by what he found in the studio in the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois but he was not surprised. He had been forewarned and he had brought along a squad of technicians attached to his department. He had been made aware of the murders some 40 minutes earlier when a tall, slender, beautiful dark-haired girl had been ushered into his office where he was carrying out his duties as in charge of the night shift and had promptly announced that she had killed a woman and a child.

"Why?" asked the commissioner, who received a great many strange and not always truthful reports in his office.

"The woman was preventing me from marrying the man I love," said the girl calmly. "Her child was a bond between them. It had to be eliminated."

"Call Doctor Lebeau," said the commissioner signaling to Inspector Paul Lucas at the desk opposite. He was under the impression that there was something very seriously wrong with this young lady. Even in Paris, there are not too many young girls who calmly confess to double murders with a pleased smile on their lips.

Doctor Claude Lebeau was summoned to the office where the commissioner requested him to examine the girl and determine if she was under the influence of drugs. "There are so many people taking drugs today," he said, "that we get all sorts of reports of things that never happened except in their imaginations. The girl doesn't look right to me."

Doctor Lebeau made a hurried examination and then reported that the girl was, apparently, not under the influence of drugs as far as he could tell, nor was she drunk. "I agree with you, however," he said. "There's definitely something strange about her manner. It is possible that she has been hypnotized."

"Were you able to gain any impression as to whether her story may be true or not?" asked the commissioner.

"I'm very much afraid that it may be," said the doctor. "There are what appear to be traces of blood on her hands and clothing. Of course I do not know if she's killed anyone, but I think that you should definitely send someone to the address given and have the circumstances checked."

Bohemian artist Trudi Milbacher *(above)* covered face when brought in for questioning *(l.)* in probe of double-slaying

"I'll go myself," said the commissioner, getting to his feet. "Lucas! Get a squad from the laboratory and follow me. Perhaps the girl is crazy. Perhaps not. In any case, I will question her after we return. There is no point in questioning her now until we know what has actually happened."

It was only a short time later that the commissioner and his men arrived to find Robert Laurent sitting beside the bed of his dead wife. He was so silent and motionless that the commissioner thought, at first, that he too had been murdered.

"No, he's alive," said Inspector Lucas, bending over the man and taking his pulse. "He doesn't appear to be injured. Shall I take him to the office?"

"If you're certain that he's not injured, yes," said the commissioner. "You others get busy and start going over this room. The girl was right in one respect at least. There has been a murder here. Whether she committed it or not, is another question."

Inspector Lucas, who was a stocky man with a square, hard face and wearing a pork-pie hat, led his unresisting prisoner down to the police car outside. Laruent had not opened his mouth to say a word and seemed to be stumbling along in a sort of daze.

The commissioner took a quick look around the studio, examined the two bodies and then returned to the office himself, leaving the technicians to go over the premises for any possible clues as to what had taken place. At police headquarters he found that Inspector Lucas had already begun questioning the man found at the scene of the crime.

"He says that his name is Robert Laurent," said Lucas to the commissioner. "The dead woman was his wife and the child is his son. He denies having killed them, but he hasn't offered any explanation as to what he was doing in the room or how the murders took place. He was holding this in his hand when we arrived at headquarters."

The inspector held out the badly crumpled sheet of paper which Robert Laurent had taken from the night table beside his wife's bed. The commissioner took it and read, "I too am a woman. I too can have babies."

"Perhaps I had better talk to the girl now," said the commissioner. "She said that she killed them, so perhaps she did. We shall have to begin by trying to find out who these people are and what their relationships to each other were. They seem to be very strange people."

The girl was brought back to the commissioner's office where she now gave her name as Waltraud Milbacher. Calmly and dispassionately, she recounted the story of her association with Robert Laurent to the commissioner.

"I love Robert," she said. "I could not share him with another woman, but now that Edith had had his child, I realized that I would sooner or later lose him. The child was too strong a bond between them for me to break and I came to the conclusion that it would have to be eliminated."

"When did you come to this conclusion?" said the commissioner.

"This morning," said Waltraud Millbacher. "After Robert and I returned home at approximately half past one, we went to bed and Robert immediately fell asleep, but I did not. I had the feeling that I must now do something or it would be too late. I got up from the bed, dressed and took the key to Edith's studio from Robert's trousers. Then I took a heavy hammer and an old pistol of Robert's from the apartment and went down to the entry where Robert kept his bicycle. I got on the bicycle and rode across town to the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois.

"I unlocked the door to the studio and went in. The studio was empty, but I knew where the bedroom was because I had been there before. On that occasion I had come to ask Edith to release Robert so that we could be married. She had refused.

"I went into the bedroom, but I did not turn on the light. I had brought a small flashlight with me and when I shined it on the bed, Edith woke up and must have recognized me.

"She sat up in the bed and began to call out my name. She was very frightened. She said, "Don't kill me! Don't kill me! I'll do whatever you want. You can have Robert. I'll give him the divorce."

"I did not believe her and, in any case, it was too late. I raised the hammer and hit her on the top of the head. She fell down on the bed and began to flop around. I do not know whether it was the pain or whether she was trying to get away. I continued to hit her over the head with the hammer. It made a soft sound as if you were to strike a melon with your fist. Sometimes I could feel the bones cracking under the hammer.

"After a time, she stopped moving, but to make cetrain that she was dead, I tore up part of the sheet and made it into a cord. I tied the cord around her neck and pulled it as tight as I could and then tied it with many knots. There was a lot of blood and I got some of it on my hands.

"After I had finished with Edith, I went over to the crib where the child was sleeping. It had not awakened and

(*Continued on page* 78)

After Trudi smilingly told a tale which shocked police, they theorized she may have been under hypnotic spell

Fred Senff was dragged safely out of blazing home, his head bloody, but others in family were not so lucky, and perished

**An entire family was almost wiped out in a blaze of highly suspicious origin, and then investigators found reason to believe two adults and one child had been deliberately murdered. At that point, California probers were confronted with a bizarre question:**

# WAS ONE OF THE VICTIMS A KILLER?

**by CHRIS EDWARDS**

IT WAS 5:50 a.m. and a few early risers were stirring in the Los Angeles suburban community of San Gabriel, California on the morning of July 8, 1970. The morning sky gave every indication of another hot and smoggy summer day.

Officer Lawrence McNeen of the San Gabriel Police Department was alone in his radio car on routine patrol when he noticed smoke rising up from what seemed to be a couple of blocks away. Seconds later the morning stillness was pierced by the blast of air horns and sirens as fire engines raced toward the rising column of smoke. McNeen hit his red light and siren and headed in the same direction.

As he rounded the corner on West Hovey Avenue, the police officer spotted smoke and flames roaring from the small modest home at 116 W. Hovey Ave. He said later, "I saw smoke and flames both inside and outside the building." He braked his patrol car to a stop and ran to the front door. It was locked. The officer sprinted to the back door and found it also locked.

Using his nightstick, he smashed a window at the rear of the house, but when he started to climb inside he was driven back by the intense heat and smoke. As firemen moved up to the house with their hose lines, McNeen kicked in the rear door and again tried to get inside, but again the intense smoke and flames drove him back.

To add to the confusion, neighbors ran out of their homes and screamed that there were small children in the house, that a large family lived there.

While firemen clad in heavy turnout coats donned oxygen tanks and masks and moved in on the blazing house with hoses and axes, Patrolman McNeen went to the one-car garage that was adjacent but not connected to the house. As he opened the door he got a strong smell of gasoline. And he was puzzled by what he found.

The family car was in the garage. The cap was off the gas tank and had been carefully placed on a table a few feet away. A spill that appeared to be gasoline was visible under the car's gas tank. A short length of green plastic hose lay on the garage floor and on the table beside the gas cap were two books of matches.

Meanwhile, Ben Mathews Jr., a fireman with the San Gabriel Fire Department, was hooking up water lines to the pumper truck when he was ordered by his commander to don his breathing apparatus and go to the rear of the house; he was told, along with other firemen, to make a room-to-room search of the blazing home for occupants.

Mathews said the smoke was down almost to the floor, and he had to advance through the smoke-filled darkness on all fours to make any headway at all, at the same time flashing the beam of his flashlight as he went from room to room. The fireman said he went slowly, trying to remember the floor layout to keep his bearings so he would not become trapped in the blazing building.

As he entered one of the bedrooms he heard, above the roar of the fire, what he thought to be someone snoring. On second thought, he assumed that another fireman and approached him in the room and the sound he

Kim, 10 and Jenny, 6, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Senff *(r.)* were snatched from the blaze by courageous firemen, but Kim and his mother died of their burns

San Gabriel Police Lieutenant Wayne Coleman, sifting the charred rubble in the Senff living room, found evidence of arson

heard was from the other fireman's breathing apparatus.

Still probing his way through the rooms, Mathews suddenly bumped into a bed and the sound of the breathing became clearer. He searched the bed with his hands and suddenly touched someone lying face upward there. Grabbing the bed clothes, he stripped the bed, grabbed the occupant by the arm and leg, and carried her from the room. He said he pulled all the bedclothes off the bed to make certain he didn't leave anyone else behind in that bed.

He managed to get the woman outside the house and was puzzled by what he saw in a brief glance. He said, "I could see the person was injured and bleeding. Blood was all over her chest—just an awful lot of blood all over."

Mathews adjusted his breathing apparatus and plunged back into the house. In one of the rooms he found a man clad in a shirt and Bermuda shorts. The fireman moved in, grabbed the man and started carrying him to the nearest exit. But as he moved him, he found a strange thing. Half under the man's body, concealed by his body, was a claw hammer that appeared to be matted with blood and hair.

The fireman didn't touch it, but when he got the man outside, he mentioned the fact to one of the police officers and then plunged back into the house looking for other survivors.

Meanwhile, other firemen were prowling through the house. One of them was Captain James Caufield, whose flashlight beam picked up the form of a child with long blonde hair lying on a bed. The flashlight beam picked up something else, too. The pillow was saturated with blood.

Captain Caufield carried the child to the nearest window—the glass had already been smashed out by other firemen—and handed her out to Fireman James P. Fransel.

Fransel said later that when he saw the child he noticed that she appeared to have severe lacerations on her forehead. He carried her to a waiting ambulance, which rushed her to San Gabriel Community Hospital with the other fire victims.

Fransel ran into the house after he heard the captain call out that he needed help in removing another survivor. The victim appeared to be an elderly woman and her body was wedged into a corner of the bathroom and difficult to remove. She was lying face down in a wide pool of blood and the walls of the room were spattered with blood.

After he helped remove the woman, Fransel again went through the house and in one of the bedrooms he found the charred body of a small boy. But despite extreme burns, the youngster was alive. The fireman said he used the fog nozzle on his hose to gently spray the boy and when he did so the youngster turned over and moaned.

Fransel called out for help. Then, with the aid of other firemen, he wrapped the pitifully burned boy in a sheet, placed him on a stretcher and carried him to a waiting ambulance. By this time, most of the fire in the house had been knocked down and a thorough search failed to turn up any other occupants of the small home.

Because of the blood, the hammer and the suspicious circumstance of the gasoline, hose and open gas tank in the garage, arson investigators from the Los Angeles County Sheriff's office and detectives from the San Gabriel Police Department were called to the scene.

The victims were identified as Fred Senff, 38, a maker of orthopedic braces; his wife, Gloria, 33; their children, Jenny Senff, 6, and Kim,

10; and the maternal grandmother of the children, Mrs. W. E. Chapman, 55.

The boy was dead on arrival at the hospital. The other members of the family were placed in the intensive care unit of the hospital and a neurosurgeon was called from home to attend them. An examination by doctors revealed that there was no hope for Mrs. Chapman. Her case was listed as terminal; that it was just a matter of time before she would die, so massive were her head injuries. Sixteen hours later she died without gaining consciousness.

The next most seriously injured was Mrs. Senff. Doctors concluded that only Fred Senff and his daughter had any chance of surviving the terrible beating which had been inflicted on them, apparently with the claw hammer found in the burning house.

All five of the victims had been brutally clubbed about the head and suffered first, second and third degree burns in the fire that all but destroyed the small home. It also appeared that Mrs. Chapman had been slashed on the throat, but police concluded that that might have been inflicted with broken glass.

Doctors who examined the family estimated that Fred Senff had suffered between 40 and 50 blows on the head. His daughter had several compound skull fractures, multiple scalp lacerations and had suffered at least a dozen vicious blows on the head.

The body of young Kim Senff had been so badly charred that it was almost impossible to determine the extent of his injuries. But a medical examiner at the Los Angeles County morgue reported that the youngster's death had been caused by the skull fractures he had received although he had third-degree burns over most of his body.

Both Mrs. Senff and her mother also had suffered numerous skull fractures.

After one doctor examined little Jenny Senff, he reported that in 22 years of practice he had never seen a scalp more severely damaged than that of the blonde-haired child. The right temple bone had been exposed, portions of the forehead were missing, and other areas of the brain were exposed.

The doctor cancelled all his routine surgery that morning and bent every effort to save the life of the child. Despite the numerous injuries to his skull, Fred Senff appeared to be in fair condition although he was still on the critical list and in the intensive care unit with his dying wife.

With Jenny and Mrs. Senff it was touch and go, and despite every effort by the doctors they were unable to save the life of Mrs. Senff who died a week later without regaining consciousness.

The Senff neighbors were stunned at the ferocity of the attack on the family, which had a reputation in the neighborhood for being quietly friendly, happy and closely knit. One neighbor, said she was awakened about 5:30 a.m. by the sound of a little girl crying.

The woman said, "I heard her crying, but I thought she was getting a spanking or something." She described the family as "nice neighborly people who kept to themselves."

The neighbors disclosed that Senff was German-born and his wife and mother-in-law were Canadians who had moved to San Gabriel from Toronto six years ago. Mrs. Senff had attended California State College, where she was working toward an elementary school teaching credential.

Doctors and detectives were curious about kind of head wounds Senff suffered

The children attended nearby McKinley Elementary School, where the principal described little Jenny as "one of the school's most gifted students who makes straight A's."

Police were puzzled about the savage attack on the family and the fact that the killer had set fire to the house in an awesome mass crime? The family had little to steal and, so far as police could determine at the beginning of their investigation, the fam-

(*Continued on page* 50)

**For over two years, determined homicide men have patiently worked on the slaying of the lovely Georgia blonde, vainly following up every lead. It is just possible some alert reader, without realizing it, may be able to point a finger at**

# THE RAPIST WHO KILLED PRETTY PATRICIA MERRITT

"WELL, it's a new year now. It's the year of '68. I hope it turns out OK."

For 17-year-old Patricia Merritt, unburdening herself to her diary, each January should have held that promise that only the young ever fully experience, a promise that in the retrospect of December might be unfulfilled, but which nonetheless was reborn with each new year.

Things hadn't been like that for the teenager with the flashing brown eyes, though. Life had dealt her some hard blows, and even in the excitement surrounding a new year she was wary of too much exuberance. . . . Fate might be stalking right behind her, ready once more to drive her to her knees.

Pat Merritt probably never had the chance to find out just how right she was to be pessimistic, because for her, 1968 would not turn out OK. Instead, it would find her just one more of the scores of missing persons who are reported to police in the metropolitan Atlanta, Georgia, area each year.

And 1969 would be 18 days old before the case of Pat Merritt, the wary teenager who had been finally groping her way toward that happiness which other youngsters take as a matter of course, was removed from the missing persons file—into that reserved for unsolved homicides. . . .

A pair of 16-year-old boys crunched noisily through the winter overlay of leaves and twigs which covered the ground in the woods southwest of Marietta, Georgia. The two teenagers had gone for a tramp in the woods right after lunch; their excuse had been to get in a little hunting, and Ron actually had a .22 rifle cradled under one arm. Neither, however, really expected to find anything, except perhaps a crow—the rifle was more to lend the outing the respectable appearance of a hunting expedition than anything else. Like other boys who have just entered their teens, they found it difficult to admit that they simply liked to walk in the solitude and speckled sunlight of Cobb County's forests.

Suddenly, one of them stopped, and said over his shoulder to his companion, "Hey! Look here. Looks like a bear died."

His companion hurried up and glanced down at what held his friend's interest. Heaped on the ground was a pile of bones. The younger of the two lads stared for a moment, kicked at the bones with his foot, then swept the surrounding area with his eyes.

"Wait a minute," he said, a note of awe creeping into his voice, "that's not a bear. Look"

Eight feet away from the heaped bones, in the direction the boys trembling finger was pointing, lay a skull which was obviously human. The two youngsters wasted no more time at


Teenage victim vanished while on dinner break from her job behind snack bar at this movie theater

**by HOWARD E. NELSON**

the site of their grisly find; hastily they beat a retreat and ran home to inform their parents.

Detective Elmore H. "Buddy" Brown was on duty in the Cobb County detective division when the call came in about the skeleton. At 43, the lanky, salt-and-pepper-haired Brown was one of those fortunate men who finally are able to find the job which fits them like the proverbial glove. Brown was 37 when he joined the Cobb County Police Department as a patrolman after years of working with the state government of Georgia. At 40 he was tapped for the detective division. His only regret at being chosen for the detective force was that he hadn't entered police work 20 years sooner. Brown liked police work; it gave him the sense of accomplishment which had been missing for so many years.

The site where the skeleton had been found was about seven miles southwest of Marietta, the bustling county seat of Cobb County, one of the five counties which make up the metropolitan Atlanta area. Marietta is the birthplace of the huge C5A Galaxy, the world's largest airplane, which was developed at the Marietta plant of Lockheed-Georgia.

Brown drove down John Ward Road, then slowed as he came to the almost invisible entrance to a heavily rutted logging road. The lawman knew the area as a local Lovers

Police learned that Patricia had been meeting a certain youth at the movie house despite her foster parents' disapproval which, in turn, reportedly angered him

Lane, a spot where the younger set would park in the evenings for a bit of smooching before going home. About 400 yards down the road he was met by a little group composed of the two teenage boys and a couple of adults. The boys excitedly led the detective toward the spot where they had found the dismembered skeleton.

After years of investigating the results of human brutality, Buddy Brown could inspect a sterile skeleton with clinical professionalism. Carefully, he walked over the area, after first asking the civilians to stand back and not disturb the find. The skull, he noticed, was about eight feet from the other remains, probably as a result of animal depredations. The position of the rib cage and other bones indicated that the body originally had lain face down. A pink floral dress covered some of the remains. The detective, after summoning the departmental photographer, carefully removed the clothing for future study.

Scattered about the area were a panty girdle, panties, a bra and two earrings. All were carefully gathered up and preserved in an evidence file.

Meanwhile, Brown had called in additional uniformed officers to begin a thorough search of the area. Also he had asked that the homicide division of the Atlanta Police Department be contacted, and someone who was conversant with the facts of the Mary Shotwell Little case be sent out.

Mrs. Little's disappearance in 1965 remained among the foremost of Georgia's unsolved mysteries. The pretty bank clerk had failed to return home from a shopping expedition one day; later her bloodstained car had been found at the shopping center. No trace had ever been found of her body, nor had the killer ever been identified.

The chance shot Brown had taken that the remains might be those of Mrs. Little, however, proved to be fruitless. The clothing found at the scene in no way resembled that worn by the missing bank clerk on the day she disappeared.

An exhaustive search through the surrounding area turned up nothing else of any consequence. The body lay about 75 feet from the logging road, midway between the road and a sluggish, meandering stream called, appropriately, Mud Creek. Beyond the creek a marshy area stretched for several acres. Any evidence in the form of tire tracks or footprints, of course, had long ago been obliterated.

Back in the office, Brown began going through the missing persons reports. He stopped when he came to one dated July 13, 1968.

The report, turned in at 12:30 a.m. on that date, was on Patricia Merritt, a Smyrna girl described as 17 years old, five feet tall, 105 pounds, and with brown hair and brown eyes. The report noted that the teenager was "carefree and happy-go-lucky." It also noted that when last seen, the day before, she had been wearing a pink floral dress. Brown placed a call to the home of the girl's foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gladden Baxter, and asked the father to come to the station to view the clothing. Within minutes, Baxter was at the police headquarters and sorrowfully had identified the clothing as that of his foster daughter.

Later the Georgia State Crime Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. Larry Howard, confirmed the identification via dental X-rays of the missing teenager compared with teeth in the skull.

In the following week, the laboratory added more information. Patricia Merritt, the pathologists disclosed, had been struck a powerful blow on the right side of the head, breaking her jaw and knocking out at least one tooth. She had been dead for six months to a year. No conclusive cause of death could be identified, but the blow to the head had had enough force behind it to kill.

An examination of the clothing found at the scene pointed to rape. The panty girdle the victim had worn had been cut diagonally downward from the waistband, on the right, to the legband. The panties had been either ripped or cut. The elements had deteriorated the flimsy underclothing so badly that the lab technicians could not determine which.

With that meager information, Detective Brown and his colleagues, assisted by the Georgia Bureau of Investigation—the state's crack team of criminal sleuths—began piecing together a picture of Pat Merritt, the person who had killed her, and the manner in which she had met her death.

Patricia was a troubled girl, Brown learned, a teenager who was having difficulties in determining just where she fitted into life. Vivacious and

After close study of victim's diary and exhaustive questioning of her friends and associates, Detective Brown reviewed case as follows: "He (the killer) knew Patricia; he was left-handed, strong—and with a violent temper. One of these days he'll slip up—and I'll find him . . ."

pretty, with long brown hair and neatly trimmed bangs, Pat gave one the impression she had not a care in the world. That was far from being the case, however.

Two years before, she had been a repeated runaway from home, and finally had been sent to the Youth Development Center. The center was not a detention home; on the contrary, it was designed to give counseling and guidance to troubled youngsters, to prepare them to return either to the bosom of their own families or, if that was not feasible, to be placed in foster homes.

After many months at the center, Pat had been placed in a foster home, but that hadn't worked out. The couple were in their 60s and to the lively teenager, that was ancient. Conflicts had arisen because she felt her foster parents were too strict, and ultimately she had gone back to the youth center for further counseling and another search for a foster home. The supervisor there indicated she was well-liked by both her contemporaries and the staff.

The feeling, except for those moody periods every teenager experiences, was returned by Pat. She proudly recorded, in the diary she faithfully kept each day, a "peacemaking" conversation with a supervisor after an argument with the staff member:

"The one thing I'll never forget that she said was that, if she had a little girl, she wanted her to grow up like me."

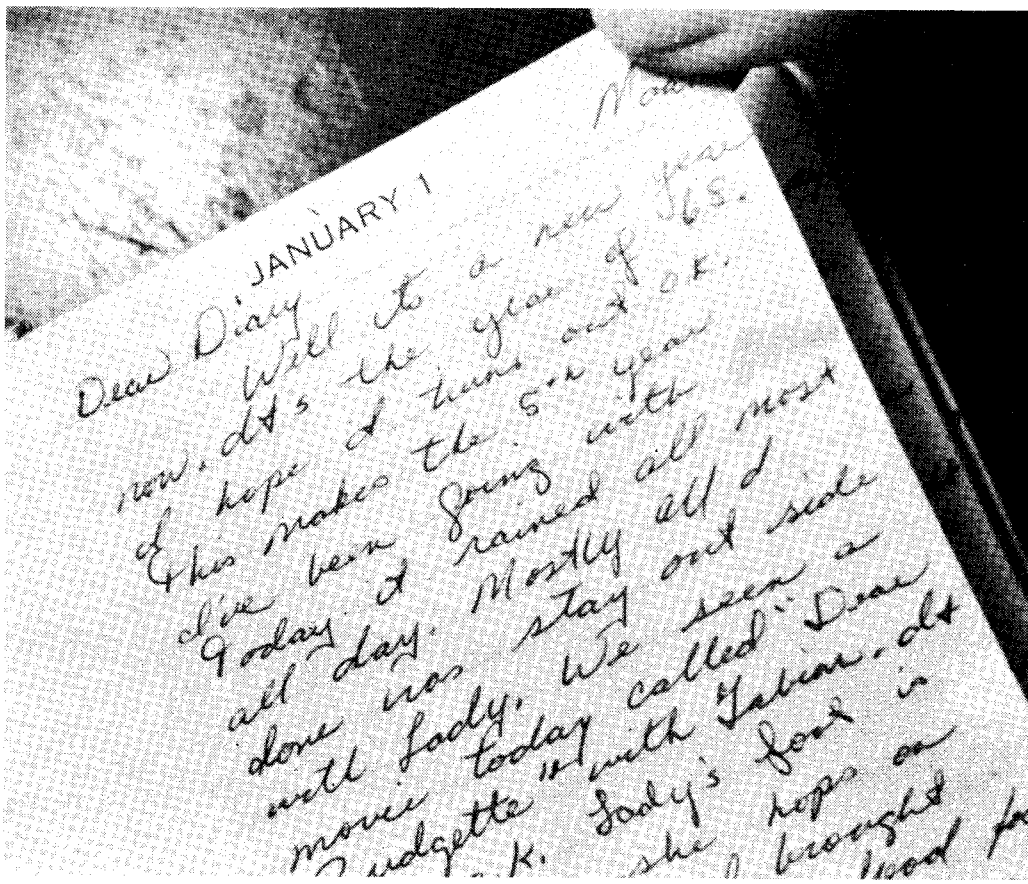
In February, the staff of the center decided that the teenager was ready to try life once more in a foster home. They discussed her with Mr. and Mrs. Gladden Baxter. In line with Pat's wishes, the Baxters were young—he was only 27, she was 26. Pat looked forward to meeting her parents-to-be with a great deal of anticipation, cautiously blended with her usual pessimism that something would go wrong.

"It might not be too much longer till I meet them," she told her diary. "I don't think so; everything is going too smooth. My luck is gonna run out soon."

Pat's luck had not run out yet, though, and on April 8, 1968, she had left to make her home with the Baxters. She enrolled in Campbell High School in Smyrna, the Cobb County suburb of Atlanta where her foster parents lived, and her interesting brown eyes immediately caught the attention of the teenage boys. For a girl who for over a year and a half had had only the company of other girls, Campbell High was like a spring rain on a parched flower.

For the remainder of the school year, Pat's life revolved around the new boys she was meeting daily; her new parents and three-year-old foster sister, and her cocker spaniel puppy, Freckles, which had been given to her by the staff at the Youth Development

(*Continued on page* 76)




"Hope '68 turns out OK" Pat wrote in diary—not knowing death awaited her

Teeth in victim's skull, found in woods, proved vital in identifying her

# NATIONAL POLICE OFFICER OF THE MONTH

**JOSEPH S. GAGLIANO JR.**

**Chief of Detectives, Police Department, Memphis, Tennessee**

by **MALLEY J. BYRD**



As a top police officer, Det. Chief Gagliano is all business, but he has humor, too, and was able to appreciate friendly ribbing which was behind this 'copter gift from associates

IT WAS 11:50 p.m. when the night watchman fired his pistol twice on South Main Street in Memphis, Tennessee. Minutes later, two squad car patrolmen were there asking questions.

"There's somebody inside Purnell's Clothing Store," reported the watchman. "I just shot in the air to get your attention."

Radios chattered. Squad cars converged. Soon the area was swarming with police officers, including Detective Lieutenant Joseph S. Gagliano Jr. and Patrolman J. W. Slaughter.

For an hour they searched every nook and corner of the clothing store. The intruder, who apparently entered via a 60-foot rope hanging from a skylight, could not be found. Then an officer on the roof discovered a second story window into an adjoining furniture store open. The search moved next door.

In the front of the store, where numerous lamps on display lighted the store like a stage, the search was easy, but in the basement the officers had to search and grope through semi-darkness among hundreds of crates and boxes.

Cautiously, Lieutenant Gagliano lifted the lid of a large packing crate. Inside the box, half squatting with knees bent, stood a young man with an upraised pistol in each hand. The detective dropped the crate lid and jumped backward.

"He's in the box," he yelled to Slaughter. Then the lid flew off and crashed to the floor as the gunman inside stood up, levelled his weapons at the detective. Both guns barked as he fired point blank. Miraculously, though, he missed his mark.

By then both officers had their guns drawn, began pouring cross fire into the crate. Gagliano fired twice, Slaughter once. They heard the gunman scrambling around inside the crate. He began to yell:

"Don't shoot! Don't Shoot! I'm coming out!"

"Come out with your hands up," ordered Gagliano.

The intruder climbed out, holding his guns aloft. Smoke curled from both pistol barrels. He dropped the guns and they clattered to the floor. While Slaughter retrieved the guns, Gagliano hustled the gunman into a well-lighted area where other officers helped search him.

As they examined the slight flesh wound in his left thigh under a bright light, they realized their "captive gunman" was only a gangling, tousled-haired 17-year-old from Shawnee, Oklahoma. He was, as one officer observed, "only a young punk, not mature enough to really know what he was doing." The youth was later committed to a mental institution.

But the deadly slugs that whistled past Gagliano's head on that March day in 1946 weren't off target because they were considerate of the gunman's age. They could just as easily have caught the detective between the eyes. Gagliano was philosophical about the whole affair.

"I guess it just wasn't time for me to go," he said. "And maybe I'll be a better man tomorrow, because it scared hell out of me."

It wasn't the first time hot lead had been thrown at Joe Gagliano. A few years earlier he had several close calls while flying as a bombardier on a B-17 Flying Fortress of the Eighth Air Force.

Once, over Wilhelmshaven, Germany, his plane, affectionately dubbed "Sleepytime Gal" by her crew, made a pass over the target area and flew into a solid cloud of flak. It was as if all the antiaircraft guns in the area had zeroed in on the lead plane.

Literally riddled by shrapnel, the "Sleepytime Gal" was knocked 500 feet higher in the air, but she kept flying, and bombardier Gagliano delivered his bomb load right on target.

On another flight, his first mission in fact, Gagliano's plane, the "Wee Willie," was hit by flak and one engine conked out. The barrage of ground fire punctured a fuel line and gasoline streamed from the plane as it limped back across the English Channel.

There was no question of reaching home base. It was just a matter of trying to land somewhere—anywhere—right side up. And they made it. After touching down on a Royal Air Force landing strip, they drained the fuel tank and found 15 gallons left.

"Never before had a piece of earth looked as good as that runway," Gagliano says.

On his last flight aboard the "Sleepytime Gal," Gagliano unloaded six 1,000-pound bombs on six buildings at Avard, France, where the Nazis were building radio-controlled torpedos. For that extraordinary feat he received the Distinguished Flying Cross.

After completing 30 bombing missions over the European continent, the young bombardier returned to his Memphis home on leave sporting the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal with three oak leaf clusters.

While on leave, he remarked to a newspaper reporter that the League of Nations should click so well as

**"I want to congratulate Master Detective Magazine for citing Joseph S. Gagliano Jr. as National Police Officer of the Month.**

**"I consider him one of the most outstanding law enforcement officers of the nation, honest, loyal, intelligent and courageous. He is a good family man, a good church man, and in every respect worthy of this outstanding award.**

**"I have strong feelings that we have the best police department in the country in Memphis, and it is dedicated men like Joe Gagliano who have made the department what it is."**

**Henry Loeb, Mayor, City of Memphis**

Joe Gagliano was motorcade driver for the late President Kennedy during Memphis visit. Other passengers: President's sister, Mrs. Shriver, and Mayor Henry Loeb

his flight crew made up of people with varied ethnic backgrounds, that if it had clicked so well there might not have been a war.

"That ole Sleepytime Gal, what a crew she had," he said. "There was a Pole, a Jew, a German, two Englishmen, two Irishmen and one Italian. The cooperation between them would have put the Geneva bigwigs to shame."

The Italian he was referring to was himself, meaning his ethnic origin, not his nationality. Born March 11, 1921 in a Memphis ghetto to immigrant parents from Sicily, Joe Gagliano is a lifelong Memphian. But he is as proud of his Italian heritage as he is of being an American, and he is almost fierce in his patriotism.

For years he encouraged his parents to go through the naturalization process, but they hesitated for fear they could not pass required tests on American history.

All one summer and fall—it was 1959—Joe poured over history books with them. When examination time came they passed with outstanding grades. His father's naturalization was delayed by immigration technicalities, but his mother took the oath of allegiance a week before Christmas while her policeman son stood by smiling from ear to ear.

After graduating from Memphis' Christian Brothers High School in 1940, where he was a four letter man in sports, Joe enrolled at Christian Brothers College as a freshman. Then, in January 1941, he seized an opportunity to join the Memphis police force as a clerk in the identification bureau.

For the next 19 months he concentrated on becoming a fingerprint technician. But war clouds continued to gather and in August, 1943, the young police clerk became an Army Air Corps cadet.

In June, 1943, he graduated from bombardier's school in Deming, New Mexico, and was transferred to England for duty. Discharged from military service on August 11, 1945, he returned to the Memphis police force two days later as a probationary detective.

Three months later, he was promoted to detective lieutenant and he was off and running toward his goal, that of becoming a top cop in Memphis. Today he is chief of detectives.

On the day he became chief of detectives—December 10, 1968—Gagliano recalled that part of his ambition to become a policeman grew out of admiration for an officer who walked a beat near his home when he was a small boy.

That officer's name was W. P. Huston, longtime chief of detectives in Memphis, and it was on his retirement that Gagliano was promoted to the post.

His has been an unusual career, in a sense, because he was a lawman for 19 years before he even donned a police uniform.

He worked as a clerk-technician and plainclothes detective until 1960 when he was transferred to the uniformed division as commanding officer of a duty shift. During those early years he helped apprehend a variety of miscreants, including swindlers, forgers, burglars, bunco artists, muggers and holdup men. Much of his work involved forgery and embezzlement cases.

If he were so inclined, he could probably write a book on the dodges and gimmicks that "paper hangers" used to pass cold checks. The most audacious one he remembers was publicized in Ripley's syndicated "Believe it or Not" column, and it was pulled in June, 1951.

It involved use of one of the old-style counter checks where the writer fills in the name of his bank. In this case, the artist made it out for $87.52.

"This joker made out the check on the East Bank of The Misssissippi at Natchez. He listed his address as River Street, and signed Laurence Willoby," Gagliano remembers. "And the merchant cashed it."

"What's more, he never smelled anything fishy until he tried to deposit the check in his own bank and it wouldn't float. No wonder! The east bank of the Mississippi is a mud bar, even if it does have a few willows growing on it."

Joe cites this case as an illustration of his observation that sheer gall is one of the successful swindler's most frequently-used tools. Another brazen swindle he helped end in 1948 was pulled by a phony real estate salesman.

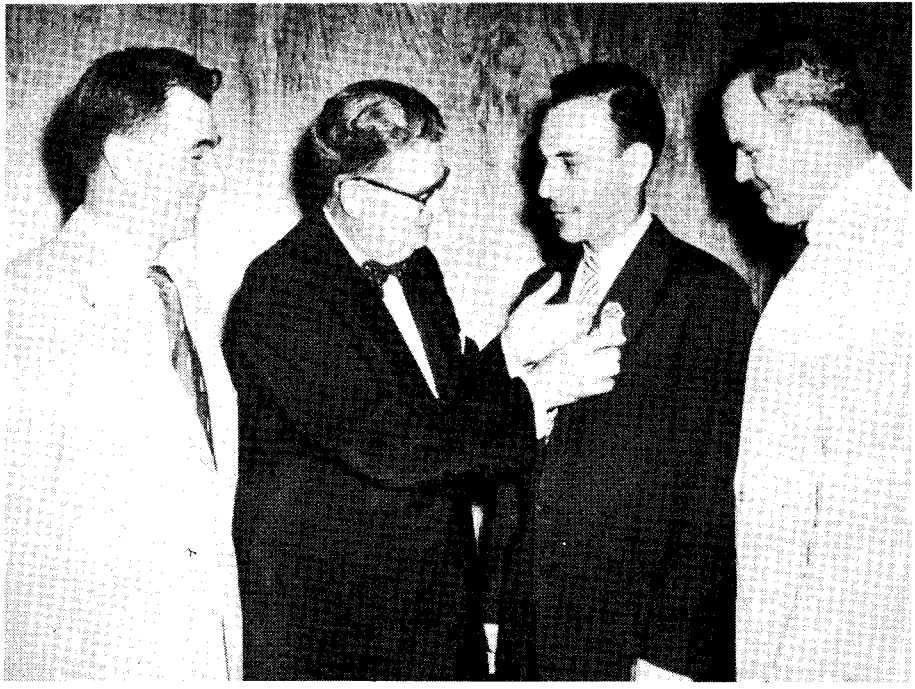
The swindler, whose method was as simple as it was bold, took advantage of the housing shortage to sell two houses he didn't own—and he sold them several times each.

The houses, which were vacant, were being renovated. After spotting them, the phony salesman advertised them for sale in the classified section of a daily newspaper.

After showing one of the houses to a prospect on appointment, he would accept an "earnest money" down payment and promise possession in "a few weeks." By the time Gagliano and his partner, Inspector E. L. Hutchinson, got on the case, the two houses had been sold eight times for down payments ranging from $294 to $400.

Jailed for obtaining money under false pretenses, the imposter was questioned about his operation. Gagliano and Hutchinson could only shake their heads in wonder when the sharpie calmly explained, "I was only robbing Peter to pay Paul."

He wound up paying the state of Tennessee several years of his life, and he deposited them in the state penitentiary.



Former Det. Chief Hinds pinned badge on Gagliano when he was made captain

Another ingenious forger captured by Gagliano and Hutchinson was the 49-year-old bookkeeper they remember as "The Eradicator."

He worked for a trucking firm whose manager realized something was wrong with the company bank account, but couldn't figure out what. Just possibly, he said, there was something wrong at the bank, or the shipping clerk was accepting cash payment and neglecting to bill the shipper.

The officers considered the possibility of stolen payroll checks being forged and passed. But no such checks were missing or coming back canceled from the bank. The money leakage was elsewhere.

Gradually their suspicions centered on the bookkeeper. They checked with several firms doing business with the trucking firm. Then, with the managers' consent, they took several checks—some canceled and some uncashed—from the bookkeeping department.

To the naked eye the checks appeared perfect. Then Gagliano examined them under ultra-violet light and told his partner, "let's go pick up that bookkeeper."

The bookkeeper's modus operandi, they explained to his boss, was not really complicated. It consisted of making out legitimate checks payable to firms the company owed money. When the manager signed the checks, the bookkeeper used ink eradicator and penmanship to make them payable to himself. After cashing the check, he would destroy it when it came back from the bank. Later, when the original payee sent a second statement, he would issue a duplicate check for the amount due and the manager would sign that without question.

In effect, the trucking firm was paying bills twice, but by the time the legitimate creditor collected, the bookkeeper had siphoned off the first payment and destroyed the evidence.

It was impossible to determine the exact amount he had taken, but it was estimated at running into five figures. After the bookkeeper confessed, Gagliano asked what he did with the money.

"I spent it on good times, on food and clothes and furniture," he replied.

Over and over, Gagliano has heard that same refrain with minor variations. He recalls a few forgers who said they were hungry. He remembers many more who were out for kicks or for money to finance the high life.

One was the coal company cashier who embezzled $28,000 and used it to maintain separate households for two wives—one in Memphis and the other in California. He commuted between the widely-separated love nests by air.

Arrested by Gagliano and Hutchinson, the free wheeling embezzler admitted he had been financing two city league basketball teams, taking the players on trips and buying them trophies when they won.

Neither of the flying Romeo's wives knew about the other until he was jailed. At that time he had $1,130 in his pocket. The rest had been spent on romance, travel and sports.

Running close to a craving for sumptuous living as a motivation for swindlers, forgers and embezzlers, Gagliano has observed, is a weakness for games of chance.

"Back several years ago, when the gambling joints were operating near Memphis in Arkansas and Mississippi, they helped keep our jail occupied," he remembers. "Guys with a gambling compulsion would get in over their heads, then pull some kind of swindle for money to try and play catch up, only they'd get in deeper and wind up behind bars."

The most professional "paper hanger" Gagliano ever arrested was Hugh Weller Hopkins, a dignified,

Captain Irby Finch *(left)* and Lieutenant Dave Smith *(extreme right)* helped Gagliano entertain Jack Dempsey when onetime heavyweight king came to town

well-dressed individual of 72 from Minneapolis, Minnesota. He was jailed in Memphis in 1952 for passing two cold checks for a total of $900 a few years earlier.

He estimated that during his lifetime he had cashed almost a million dollars worth of forged checks, and admitted convictions had cost him 17 years of his life behind bars.

"I'm not given to boasting," he boasted, "but I have passed a few checks that kept me in spending money since 1917. I'm in retirement now because my hands are so cramped I can hardly sign my own name, let alone forge another.

Hopkins, disdainfully referring to other convicted forgers he met behind bars, said, "I never met a real forger in prison, just some chaps who thought they were good, but they were only punks."

Gagliano reminded the suave old swindler that, punk or professional, all the people he met in prison were there for getting caught. Hopkins nodded agreeably and continued to outline his modus operandi as if proud of it.

He would go into a bank, he explained, and select a prosperous looking victim. He would watch a deposit slip being filled out and if the customer used a blotter, he would pick it up later.

He would place the blotter in front of a mirror, copy the signature until it looked right, then affix it to a check payable to himself and present it at the same window where the victim made his deposit.

The bank clerk's natural reaction, if he checked the signature at all, would be to compare it with the one on the deposit slip just received. Usually, within a few minutes the debonair forger was on his way several hundred dollars richer. If the clerk left the window before cashing the check, he simply walked out of the bank.

Although born and reared in Memphis, Gagliano is fairly fluent at speaking Italian. This comes from hearing his parents and their old country friends use the mother tongue when he was growing up. On one occasion, this linguistic ability helped him capture two visiting burglars.

Gagliano and his partner, then lieutenant but now Inspector H. R. Ray, were working the pawn shop detail on historic Beale Street when they noticed two men in a car with Missouri plates that kept circling the block.

"The car stopped at a pawnshop and a man got out lugging a bed sheet full of stuff," Gagliano remembers. "The other fellow started circling again, looking for a parking place."

"We went into the pawnshop and this fellow with the sheet had a lot of silver and jewelry he was trying to sell or pawn," says Gagliano.

He asked the man his name. The man with the sheet replied, "Peroni, Giovanni Peroni." That was definitely an Italian name. So, Gagliano dropped immediately into the Italian vernacular with several remarks about the nice batch of silver. The man stood with a blank look on his face.

"Only a person of Italian descent would be named Peroni, and that turkey didn't understand a word I said," recalls Gagliano. "I said to myself, 'Italian, my eye,' and that's when we put the bite on him."

As it turned out the man with the sheet and his chauffeur were ex-convicts from Missouri. The silverware and jewelry was loot from a St. Louis millionaire's home burglarized three nights before, and it was worth more than $5,000.

Like most police officers of long experience, Gagliano figures he did favors for some of the people he arrested by taking them into custody. Some of these were only beginners getting their feet wet in crime. They still had time to reform. Others were case hardened professionals who lived longer because he helped put them behind bars.

One such arrest was made in November, 1951, when two drug-crazed

Chief values such trained associates as Lieutenant Jack Ammons, here conferring with him on a robbery case

Chief's family boasts bevy of pretty feminine faces, including that of his wife Mary, alongside Marine son Joe, and daughters *(l. to r.)* Cathy, Gina, Mary Joe

World War II bombardier Gagliano *(front, r.)* regales flight crew with a joke

gunmen and their female consorts robbed a drug store in North Memphis and made off with a box of pharmaceuticals and some currency.

Gagliano was riding with Lieutenant Otis Johnson when the holdup alert was broadcast. They were only a few blocks from the drug store and were on the scene in minutes. Other squad cars were pulling up as they arrived.

They didn't know it at the moment, but a plucky woman customer had slipped out of the store and telephoned the dispatcher while the robbery was underway. One of the holdup men was still in the store.

While other officers disarmed and captured him, Gagliano and Johnson trailed his companion to a house three blocks away. They found the suspect hiding in a closet. Ordered to toss out his gun, he did and emerged with his hands up.

The two robbers, Charles Ringo, 23, and Hubert Ringo, 24, brothers from Louisville, Kentucky, both had long criminal records, as did the two women found waiting for them in an automobile parked nearby. Both were taken to police headquarters and placed in a lineup.

The pharmacist robbery victim pointed them out and told Gagliano, "the first thing they demanded was narcotics. They ordered me back to the prescription department where the narcotics are stored."

Gagliano showed the druggist a small, tin box recovered from an alley beside the store. It had obviously been thrown away in haste, and it contained a quantity of tablets.

"Is this something they took from you?" asked Gagliano.

The druggist nodded. Then he explained why Gagliano and associates did the robbers such a favor by closing in so quickly. It was not narcotics the box contained. It was nitroglycerin and strychnine tablets.

Another holdup man Gagaliano remembers helping capture was Russell Aimes Drendel, the so-called "gentleman bandit" who was courtly in manner but dangerous as a rattlesnake when cornered.

Gagliano was working with Inspector Bruns McCarroll on the robbery squad when they received information Drendel was holed up in a tourist cabin in South Memphis. They surrounded the place and called for the fugitive to come out.

Drendel's response was to shove his buxom, scantily-clad female companion out the door and slam it shut. Then he yelled, "Come and get me." The woman told the officers he was well-armed.

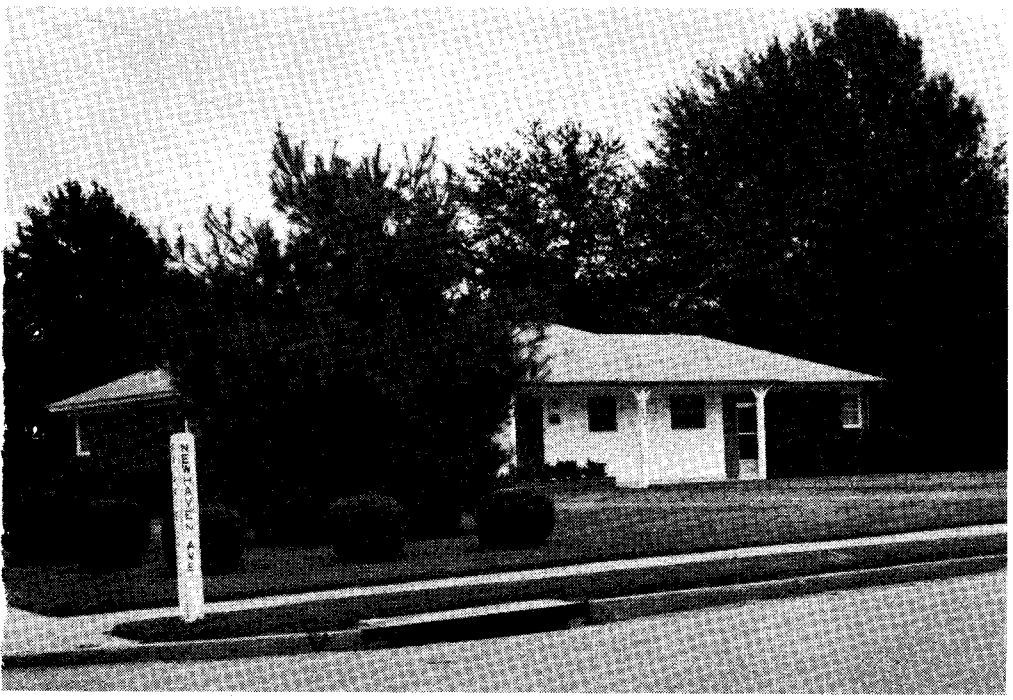
McCarroll knew that Drendel had only one lung, the other having been removed by surgeons in a tuberculosis hospital. He and Gagliano yelled back to Drendel that tear gas could be more deadly than gunfire to a man in his condition, and a lot more painful.

The warning had the desired effect. Minutes later, Drendel walked out into a flood of squad car headlights, his arms held high, urging the officers to take it easy. He wasn't afraid of bullets, but tear gas terrified him. Returned to prison on robbery charges, he died there of the lung ailment which had plagued him for years.

Before leaving the Memphis jail, Drendel repeated to Gagliano and J. F. Nolen, then a lieutenant and now a captain, a familiar explanation for his life of crime. He needed the proceeds of his one-man robbery wave," he said, "to pay for good times and big timing."

Being a conservative, religious family man, Joe Gagliano doesn't fully comprehend why "good timing" is so impotrant to many of the malefactors he has encountered. But, he says, he has heard that some excuse

(*Continued on page* 66)



Well-groomed grounds of Gagliano home reflect chief's concern for neatness, order

## A Michigan homicide puzzle...

# CRUEL FATE OF THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDE ARTIST

Artist's impression of talented, attractive Sally Wright, well known sculptor

**In a shocking crime fraught with irony, a lovely, talented young matron dedicated to helping in the rehabilitation of criminals, herself became a fatal victim of a merciless, lustful assault . . .**

by W. T. BRANNON

MRS. SALLY ENGEL WRIGHT, 31 was reported missing to the police of Flint, Michigan, about 7 p.m. on Monday September 28, 1970 and Flint police immediately began a search for her.

In addition to being a very attractive blonde, Mrs. Wright was well known both in Flint and Detroit. She was a brilliant young woman and had first made a name for herself at Northern High School in Flint, where she was born. In high school, her brilliance had manifested itself both in her art class and her other studies. When she was graduated, she was the valedictorian of her class.

She was particularly interested in art and the following semester after her high school graduation, she enrolled at Flint Junior College, where she majored in art. During the years she attended the junior college, she began painting and much of her work was exhibited at the Flint Institute of Fine Arts. Even though she was only a beginner, it was generally agreed that her work was professional. At the Flint Institute, she began to win awards for her paintings. She became interested in sculpture and studied that along with her painting. She also exhibited her work at the Left Bank Gallery in Flint.

She worked for a time as staff artist for a Flint television station. This added to her renown in Flint.

But the junior college offers only two years of college study and in order to get her degree, she had to go to a four-year institution. She chose Wayne State in Detroit, which is not too far from Flint and gave her the opportunity to return home to visit her parents on weekends.

She continued to paint while she studied at Wayne State and the Flint Institute, as well as the Left Bank Gallery, continued to exhibit her work

She won many awards. Some of her work was considered so outstanding that it was exhibited at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C.

After she had been awarded her Bachelor of Fine Arts degree at Wayne State, she decided to return to the University for work on her master's degree.

She won acclaim from her associates and her instructors at Wayne State. She grew into a beautiful young woman and she became acquainted with a man named B. James Wright while she was still Miss Sally Engel.

James Wright is an unusual man, much more selfless than the average. He had dedicated his life to one career—the rehabilitation of young criminals. He held strong convictions on the subject.

It was his belief that if first offenders could be given the proper counsel and a helping hand from someone who cared, they could be turned away from a life of crime. At least, he was convinced that a large percentage of young first offenders could be steered in the direction of useful and worthwhile lives.

After some years in this work, the results seemed to bear out his beliefs, which were shared by a number of other concerned citizens of Flint and Genesee County. He became Director of the Genesee County Citizens Probation Department.

This is an agency that deals only with young first offenders and its purpose is to help them and to keep them from repeating the offense. Mr. Wright became a familiar figure around the Genesee County courthouse in Flint. He was not only well known, but was well liked by many young men who had been helped by Mr. Wright or the men of his department.

The course of their lives had been changed substantially. Some were school dropouts who had reentered school to finish their public school education. Others who had finished in the public schools had obtained jobs and many were well on their way to becoming respected young members of the community.

Of course, there had been backsliders. Mr. Wright and the members of his organization realized from the start that this was inevitable. But they felt the program was successful because more young first offenders had stayed out of trouble than had tangled again with the law.

If there was a second offense by any young individual, the case was handled by another agency. After a second offense, the chances of rehabilitation were not as promising.

Meanwhile, the romance between James Wright and Sally Engel blossomed. She became his bride and after that, she too sometimes was seen at the courthouse. She was the attractive type of young woman who always drew a second glance from any normal male. After a few visits, she became very popular at the courthouse. It was said that she thoroughly endorsed the work with young offenders to which her husband was so dedicated.

In 1967, Sally won her degree as a Master of Fine Arts from Wayne State University. She had taken an increasing interest in sculpture and devoted more time to it.

She was invited to become an instructor in sculpture at Wayne State and accepted the post, beginning late in 1967. During the summers and in her spare time, she always was busy, devoting her time to a number of projects in Flint.

Sally Wright made a bust of Charles Stewart Mott, a prominent Flint resident and philanthropist and it is now on display at the Flint Goodwill Industries, an organization which helps the handicapped to become independent and earn their own living.

Det. Sgt. Christensen and other technicians used this mobile crime lab *(below)* to check clues found in the victim's car

Mr. Mott had set up a program to teach sculpture and drawing and from January to June, 1968, Mrs. Wright had been a teacher for the program.

Perhaps Sally had thoughts of winning a doctorate in fine arts. It was known that she wanted to learn more about art history and archeology, two subjects that might help if she chose to try for a doctor's degree.

After the close of the spring semester at Wayne State, she went to Italy where she spent 10 weeks studying art history and archeology. She had returned in time for the opening of the fall semester at Wayne State University. Her first classes were scheduled for Thursday, October 1st.

Meanwhile, her husband had continued his dedicated attempts to help young first offenders. In some instances, his success had been spectacular, in others, indifferent, and as he knew there would be, there had been some failures.

A case in point was that of Mandric V. Strodder, who first had come to the attention of the Citizens Probation Department when he was 16 years old. That was on Friday afternoon, July 5, 1968.

An attractive 40-year-old teacher had been at the Pierson School in Flint, teaching a group of young children in the Head Start program. Shortly before five o'clock, police were summoned to the school, which is located on East Mott Avenue.

The teacher had been sexually assaulted and police took her to the Hurley Hospital, where doctors confirmed that she had been attacked and treated her for shock.

As soon as she had recovered from the first effects of the traumatic experience, she was questioned by the police. She said that she had been looking for the janitor of the school

(*Continued on page* 68)

**Working feverishly around the clock, sheriff's posses, city police and the FBI slowly closed in on the**

# MURDER TRAIL OF THE TEXAS JAILBREAKERS

Sheriff Blanton examines makeshift rope jailbreakers used in full view of town's main street

by **BILL G. COX**

THE CROWDED Grayson County jail at Sherman, Texas was a time bomb running out of time in August, 1970. There were three explosive ingredients: The jail, built in 1932, was old and outdated; it was jammed with capital-case prisoners—16 of them—who faced the maximum penalty of death in the electric chair if convicted of the offenses with which they were charged; and it was badly undermanned because of a personnel shortage in the sheriff's department.

Time was ticking away, and detonation was approaching rapidly.

The jail's roster of Old Sparky prospects read like the contents from a Pandora's box from Hell: There were accused cop-killers, child-killers stickup-killers and bank robbers. Some of these had already gone to trial and had been assigned a future seat in the little Green Room at Huntsville prison, pending the usual appeals and a long awaited decision from the U.S. Supreme Court regarding capital punishement in America. Some were soon to go to trial, but already they felt close kinship to the inmates living "in the shadow of the valley."

Time was ticking toward detonation.

A crime wave had washed over Grayson County, Texas—and its prin-

cipal cities of Sherman and nearby Denison—in 1969 and 1970. Murder was the demonic surfer riding the wave's crest. Two small schoolgirls died at the hands of a single killer, their brutal deaths similar but several months apart. A veteran Sherman policeman and a service station attendant were gunned down ruthlessly at a Sherman service station on the same cold winter night.

These appalling murders had been solved by hard-working Grayson County law enforcement officers, the killers indicted and lodged in the county jail on the fourth and uppermost floor of the Grayson County courthouse.

Residents fervently hoped the tide of violence was ebbing.

Then came Monday, May 25, 1970.

It was almost midnight on that Monday when Kenneth Reeves and his wife were preparing for bed in their home at Denison, Texas. The couple heard someone talking outside, which wasn't too unusual. Located across the street from the Reeves home was the Fred Wright Grocery at 2300 South Mirick, and the Reeves knew the store operator usually closed about this time every night.

But as Kenneth Reeves climbed into bed, two loud reports shattered the night's settling stillness and a man's voice exclaimed urgently: "Oh, no! Oh Lord, no!"

"That sounded like shots! There's some kind of trouble!" Reeves cried. Both he and his wife had jumped out of bed. As his wife peered out a window, Reeves rushed outside and ran across the street to the Wright grocery store, whence the sound of the commotion had come.

He saw Fred Wright staggering at the front door of the grocery store. As Reeves rushed forward to help Wright, the groceryman collapsed on the sidewalk in front of the store.

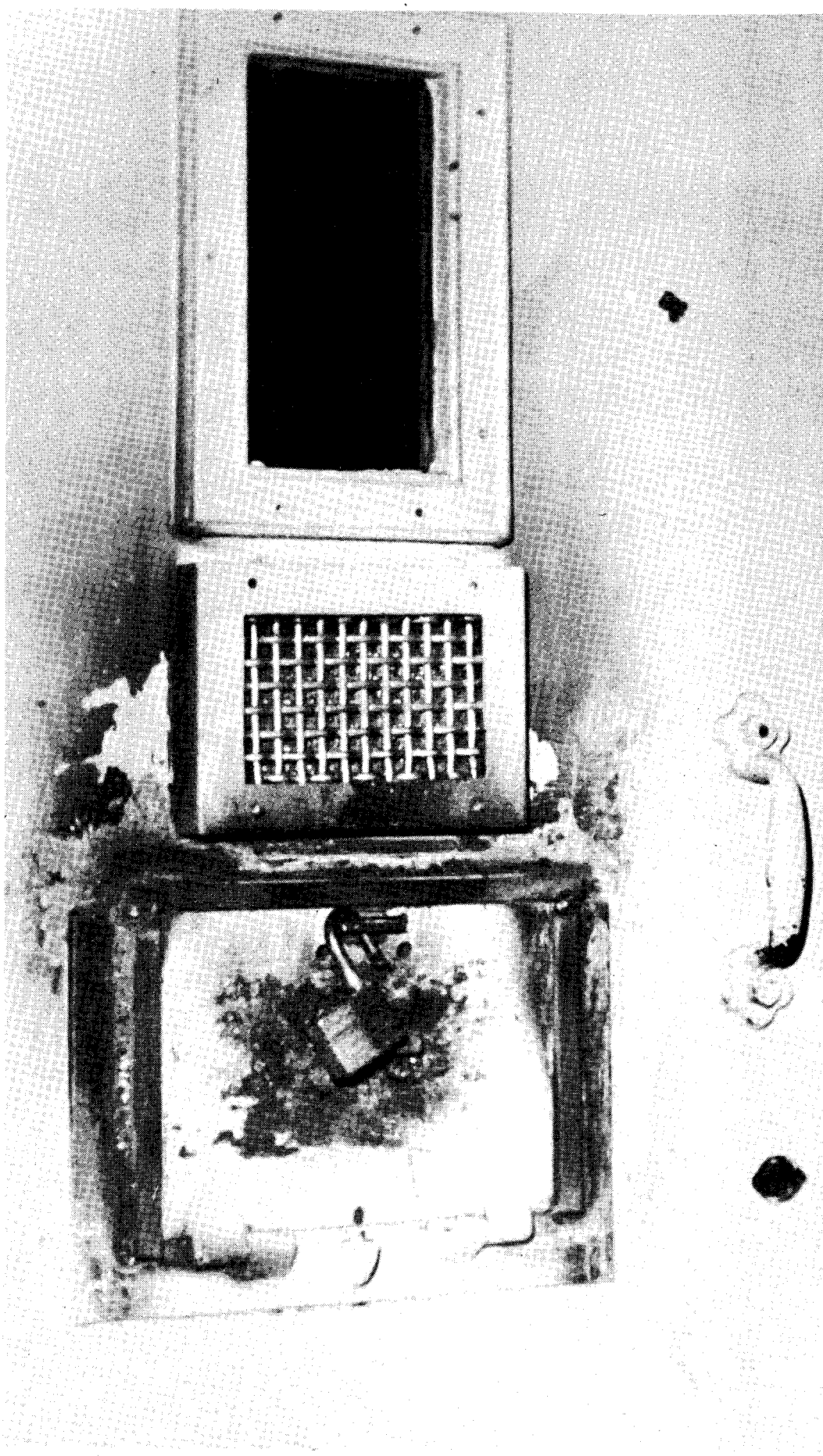
As he knelt to give what assistance he could, Reeves heard the grocer gasp, "They shot me!"

"Do you know who did it?" Reeves asked.

"Never—saw them before . . . " the badly wounded groceryman mumbled. The rest of his words trailed off incoherently. Blood was spreading onto the walk from his gunshot wounds. From somewhere nearby, Reeves heard an automobile speeding away, even as Wright lapsed into unconsciousness.

Within minutes, police and an ambulance, summoned either by Mrs. Reeves or other neighbors aroused by either the shots and loud voices, arrived at the scene. Fred Wright was alive, but just barely, as he was loaded into the ambulance and rushed to a Denison hospital. He was pronounced dead on arrival at the hospital.

Officers at the store noticed that a pickup truck was parked out front. Neighbors who had gathered quickly said the vehicle was one driven by the slain grocer. A set of keys was



Prisoners passed hacksaw blades from cell to cell through cracks in cell doors. After jailbreak these cracks were sealed by welders to prevent further escapes

Sheriff Blanton found saw blades in cell hidden in a cracker box. But not all the blades were found; 4 prisoners escaped

still hanging from the front door of the store. Quickly arriving at the store after being notified by authorities was Bob Wright, a brother of the slaying victim. After a quick inspection, the brother told the police that the store's receipts, believed to be about $800, were missing. Shocked by the tragic events, Bob Wright told officers that he had left Fred counting money in the back of the store about 9:35 p.m.

The Wright family owned two other grocery stores in Denison, and Bob Wright had left to check on the other stores, he told the lawmen. The wife of the 44-year-old slaying victim also had been working at one of the other stores.

"Fred probably walked out and put the money sack containing the night receipts in his pickup and went back to lock the front door," Bob Wright theorized. "Someone must have jumped him then." The money had been taken from the pickup, or from Fred Wright, after the shooting, it was surmised.

"I don't know why they shot him—he wouldn't have resisted," the distraught brother said. "He always told all of our store personnel never to resist a holdup."

One neighbor woman present at the shooting scene told the investigators she had been in the Wright grocery about 11:30 p.m. to buy milk and a newspaper. She said Fred Wright acted normally at that time, and there was no one else in the store. She related that a few minutes after she returned to her home nearby, she heard what sounded like shots; she ran outside and saw activity in front of the store. She heard a car motor gunned into action and saw the vehicle roaring down the alley beside the store, "bouncing a lot and going real fast."

She said she had followed the car's progress by its tail lights.

Other witnesses who had glimpsed the speeding car thought it had been a dark blue or green sedan with large tail lights, but they could not be sure because of the darkness, they told investigators.

Leading the investigation at the shooting scene was Detective Clyde Nave of the Denison police department. He picked up two empty shells from the sidewalk where the groceryman had fallen. They appeared to be from small caliber bullets, probably .25 caliber, the officer noted.

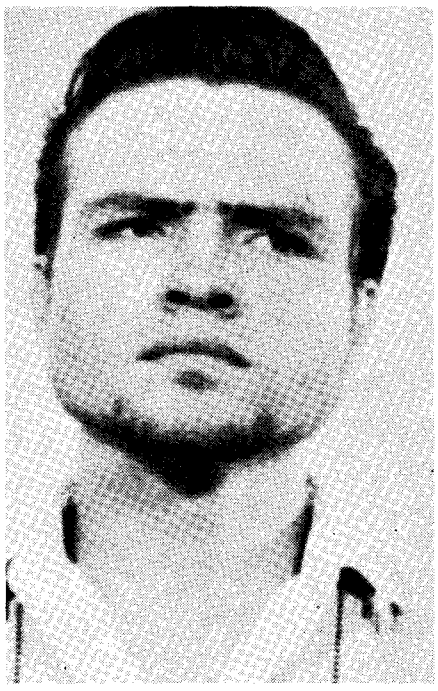
There was no sign of a weapon or any other clues to be found, although the investigators made a search of the night-shrouded area.

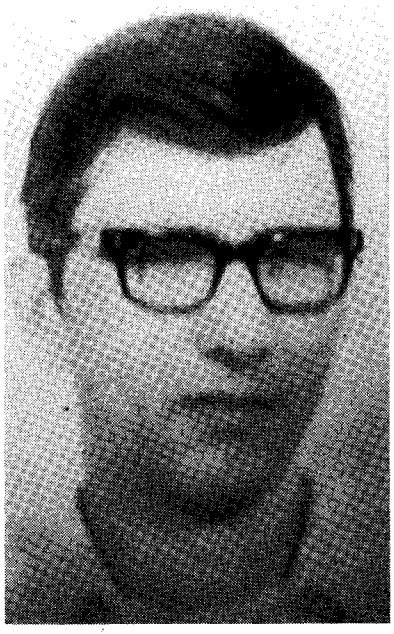
Detective Nave talked to Kenneth Reeves, who repeated the story he had told the first uniform officers to arrive at the scene.

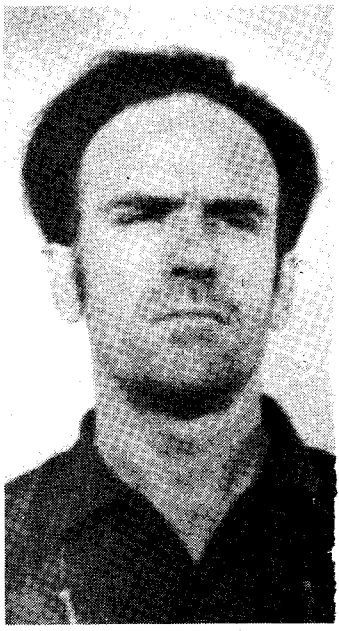
"He didn't say too much," Reeves related to the detective. "I asked him if he knew who did it and all he could say was he had never seen them before. He was about dead then, and I couldn't understand anything else."

Next, Detective Nave drove to the funeral home, where the slain grocer was taken after being pronounced dead at the hospital.

He was joined there by Grayson County Justice of the Peace Leon Hayes, who, after examining the body as acting coroner, ordered an autopsy. The justice of the peace observed that Wright appeared to have been shot twice in one side.







Police theorize that Jewell *(far left)* was left behind by Dennie, Christian, Sprague and Farris *(l. to r.)* when they found the bars of his cell too strong to saw through

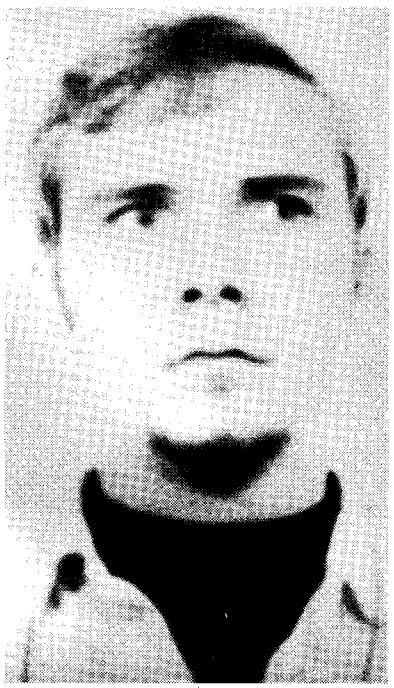
In another part of the funeral home, Detective Nave talked to the slain grocer's widow after she had regained her composure somewhat. The grief-stricken wife reiterated the statement made earlier by Bob Wright, the victim's brother, that her husband would not have resisted a holdup attempt. Dabbing her eyes with a handkerchief, Mrs. Wright said, "He always told the store employes to give up the money. He told them to even carry it to the car for them if they want." She said she had seen her husband about 3 p.m. and not again until she saw him at the funeral home.

Fred Wright was known to the officers as one of Denison's outstanding citizens. He owned three food stores in Denison and was a member of the American Legion. He had observed his 44th birthday only the week before the fatal shooting. He had lived in Denison most of his life, having been born there on May 18, 1926.

Denison police issued an all-points bulletin for two suspects, descriptions unknown, believed to be riding in a dark blue or green automobile.

Roadblocks were manned by both Texas and Oklahoma officers in counties adjoining the Oklahoma-Texas line in the Lake Texoma area. Patrolling units checked nightspots still open, and motels and cabins in the vicinity of big Lake Texoma for signs of automobiles that might fit the general description of the bandit-killers' car. Authorities in Dallas, the nearby Texas metropolis, also were alerted to watch out for possible suspects in the holdup-slaying.

As officers checked out roadside spots where the gunmen might have pulled off to try to elude detection, word of the brutal shooting of the Denison groceryman spread fast.



An alert woman nightclub operator, who had heard of the search for the slayers, noticed an incident in her club that prompted her to call it to the attention of some of the customers. What had drawn the attention of the alert lady was the departure of two men from her club, located at Colbert, Oklahoma—just across the state line northeast of Denison.

When the two men left shortly after 2:30 a.m. on Tuesday, one of them was holding a small gun in his right hand as he opened the door with his left. Other witnesses noticed that the pair ran from the club after the unusual "gun in hand" exit.

Several of the customers, who had heard only a short time earlier of the slaying of the Denison groceryman, followed the men to a nearby motel close to Lake Texoma. The amateur detectives felt the motors of cars parked at the motel, but could find none that was hot, which would mean it had been used recently.

However, the unusual actions of the pair who exited the nightspot prompted a call from a tipster to Denison Detective Clyde Nave. Detective Nave, after thanking the informant, placed a call to the Bryan county sheriff's office at Durant, Oklahoma. Colbert is located in Bryan County. The sheriff's office also had received a call on the fleeing pair, one holding a gun.

Nave, recalling the tipster's descriptions of the pair, told a Durant deputy, "That could have been Jewell and Farris."

"It sure sounds like them," the county officer agreed.

One of the men, Michael Allen Jewell, was well-known to the Denison police department, which had handled him on several arrests in the past. But what had brought the most recent attention from Denison police had been a call from authorities in La Grange, Kentucky. Kentucky officials notified Denison police that Jewell, and another inmate, James Roger Farris, had escaped from the state penitentiary at La Grange, where both had been serving five-year sentences for burglary.

Kentucky authorities had alerted Denison police because it was known Jewell had relatives there, and it was thought the two might head in that direction. Descriptions of the escapees, both in their 20's, had been relayed to all law enforcement agencies along the Texas-Oklahoma border by the Denison department.

Detective Nave immediately noted that descriptions of the two men seen at the Oklahoma nightclub matched those of the Kentucky fugitives.

Federal warrants for the escapees had been issued in Kentucky, so the Denison officers had reason to hold the two men while they investigated their possible connection with the shooting at the grocery store.

Detective Nave informed the Durant deputy that he and a partner would be in Bryan County as quickly as possible.

The Texas and Oklahoma officers now moved fast on the lakeside motel where the pair—one with a gun—had been followed by the nightclub patrons. Armed with the federal warrants and search warrants, the officers descended on one of the cabins. They nabbed the two young male occupants without resistance. The arrests came only a few hours after the gunning down of Fred Wright.

The two suspects immediately were identified as the Kentucky prison escapees, Jewell and Farris. In the cabin, officers spotted a hole which had been knocked in the sheet rock ceiling. Standing on a chair and peering into the small opening with a flashlight, one officer found a small gun. Examination disclosed it was a .25 caliber pistol. Continuing their search of the room, the investigators located another weapon, also a .25 caliber pistol, underneath a dresser.

The two suspects were taken to the Bryan County jail in Durant, where a search of their clothing turned up $98 on Farris. The first search of Jewell revealed no money, but a second, more thorough shakedown disclosed $70 concealed in the fugitive's socks.

Working together on the probe were Denison Detectives Nave and Bob Sossaman and Bryan County Deputies Joe Brimage and Elmo Mason.

Meanwhile, the suspects, who had been given a complete warning on their rights, denied any knowledge of the Wright gun death.

From the manager of the motel where the pair had been nabbed, officers learned that Farris and Jewell had checked into the motel on May 24th—only one day before the Denison slaying. The manager said the two were driven to the motel by a third man, who did not remain.

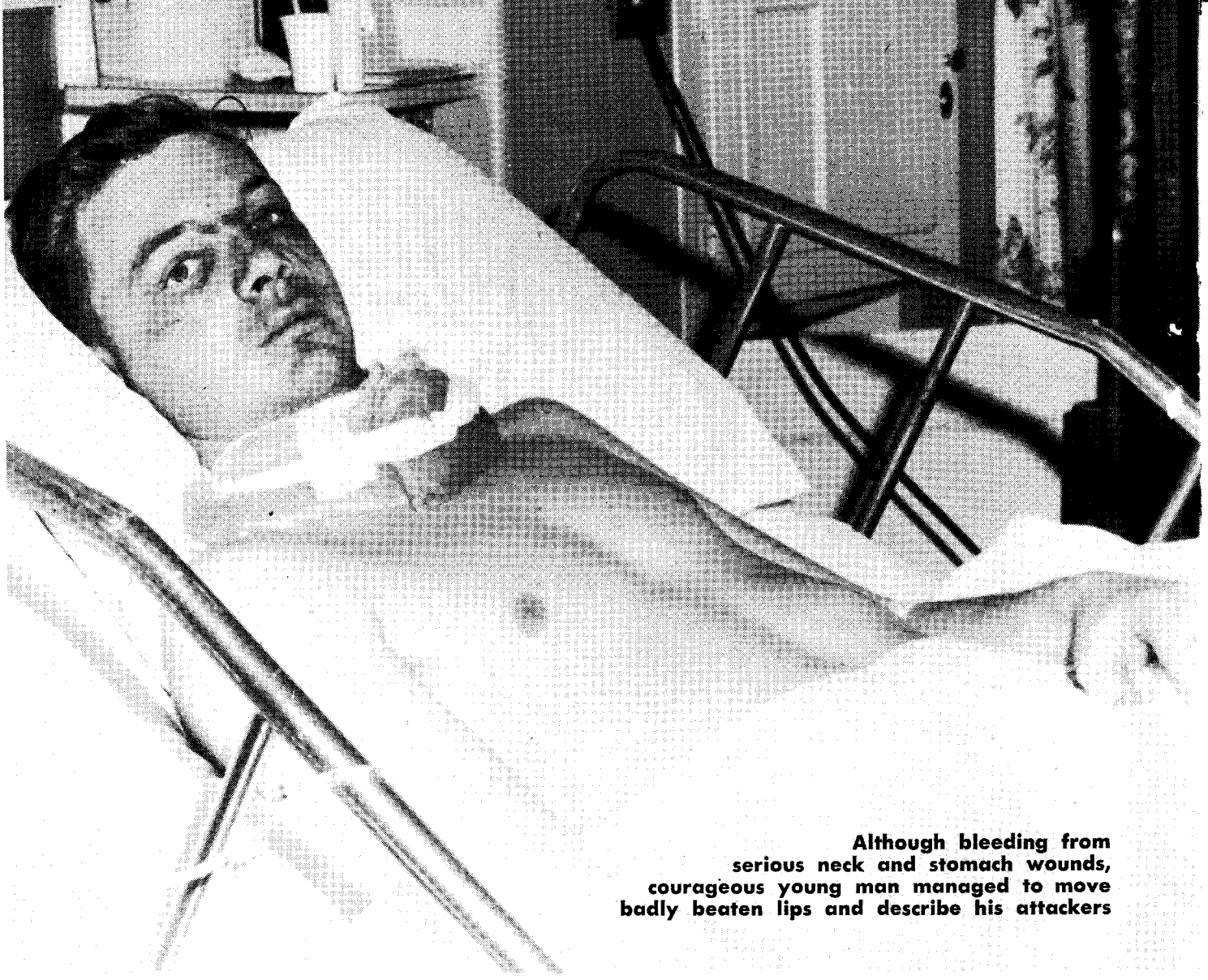
The motel operator said one of the men, Jewell, pawned a watch to him for a $5 loan, saying he would retrieve the watch the next day. The manager said Jewell did pick up the watch the next day.

The manager said both Jewell and Farris also had been tenants of the motel on one previous occasion, having checked in on May 12th and remaining for a week.

Based on evidence gathered by the Texas and Oklahoma officers, charges of murder with malice and armed robbery were lodged against Farris and Jewell before Justice of the Peace A. L. McGuire of Sherman, seat of Grayson County, in which Denison is located. They later were placed in the Grayson County jail, and subsequently indicted for murder and armed robbery.

And the Grayson County jail time bomb situation was set in motion, ticking toward detonation on an early, hot August morning.

(*Continued on page 73*)



Although bleeding from serious neck and stomach wounds, courageous young man managed to move badly beaten lips and describe his attackers

Police of Iowa, Nebraska and South Dakota, closed in on three desperate kidnapers when a brave young hostage, his jugular vein severed, survived to finger the suspects in the

# MIDWEST'S CASE OF THE BOTCHED THROAT-CUTTING

by **BILL BILLOTTE**

RONALD HATCHER, the affable 26-year-old Skelly Service Station night operator at Modale, Iowa, was having a hard time keeping his mind on his work on the night of April 23, 1970, as he serviced the cars that came in for gasoline. He was acquainted with most of the drivers; he had gone to school with some, and he lived in a modest apartment with his wife and three children in Missouri Valley, just a couple of miles west.

Missouri Valley is about 25 miles east of Omaha across the Missouri River, which separates Nebraska from the rich farmlands that every year yield record corn crops unless the land is parched by lack of rain.

Hatcher, usually ready to horse around with many of the young people who drove out of their way to patronize the station because he worked there, had something on his mind as he failed to respond in his usual manner.

Although he said nothing about it, Hatcher, the father of three children, was worried about a problem that had nothing to do with the changing of oil or filling a tank with gas.

His wife, Marilyn, just a year younger than he, was due to report to the hospital in Missouri Valley for the birth of their fourth child. What worried Hatcher was that the attending doctor told him that the birth could only be a Caesarean. Like countless fathers before him, Hatcher was worried about the operation.

Business slacked off sharply after 9:30 p.m. and Hatcher drove his 1963 black Pontiac into the repair section of the spacious station which receives extensive patronage from farmers in the surrounding area.

Hatcher looked down the wide apron of concrete a short time later when a small white refrigerator truck with Omaha license plates pulled over and parked some distance from the station. Three men, he noticed, climbed out and seemed to be looking at the engine. Figuring they would come into the station if they required help, Hatcher turned back to his own car.

A few minutes later a young friend of Hatcher's came to the station and was standing there talking to him when one of the men who had been in the truck came into the repair section and asked to borrow a pocketknife. He explained he wanted the knife to cut back some insulation wires in the truck.

Hatcher's friend left the station about 11:30 p.m., waving good-by. The white truck was still on the concrete apron of the service station.

A second man from the truck approached Hatcher to borrow a small flashlight, then returned to his friends. Except for the three men, the truck, and Hatcher working on his car, the station was now deserted.

A few minutes later, as Hatcher leaned in under the hood of his car, he heard the voice of one of the men behind him asking, "can you help us start that truck."

As he turned toward the speaker, one of the men lunged at him and Hatcher felt the sharp edge of his own pocketknife ripping across his stomach. As he instinctively bent forward, shocked at the sudden attack, the young filling station attendant felt the knife slice into the cords of his neck. Then he was grabbed by the shoulders.

"We mean business—we want the money—come on!" one of the men snarled.

They half dragged Hatcher, who was bleeding profusely from both wounds, into the office where the cash register was and tried to open it. When they failed, they demanded that Hatcher open it for them. He indicated they could use a key that was attached to a cord which was tied around his waist.

They found $51 in currency and change in the register. One of the men scooped it out and jammed it into his pocket and another took a billfold containing a few dollars from Hatcher, who offered no resistance.

As Hatcher sagged against the counter, getting faint from the loss of blood, the three men argued about whether to drive the truck in which they had arrived at the station or the filling station attendant's car.

A short time later they forced Hatcher into the rear seat of his own automobile and, with two of the men riding in front, the other still holding the knife on Hatcher pushed him down on the rear floorboards. Then the car sped out of the station.

The driver first headed toward Council Bluffs, to the west, with the man holding the knife on Hatcher warning him to "keep quiet and we will drop you off at the hospital in the Bluffs."

But a short time later the half-conscious victim felt the car make a complete turn on the interstate highway and he knew the bandits were headed north.

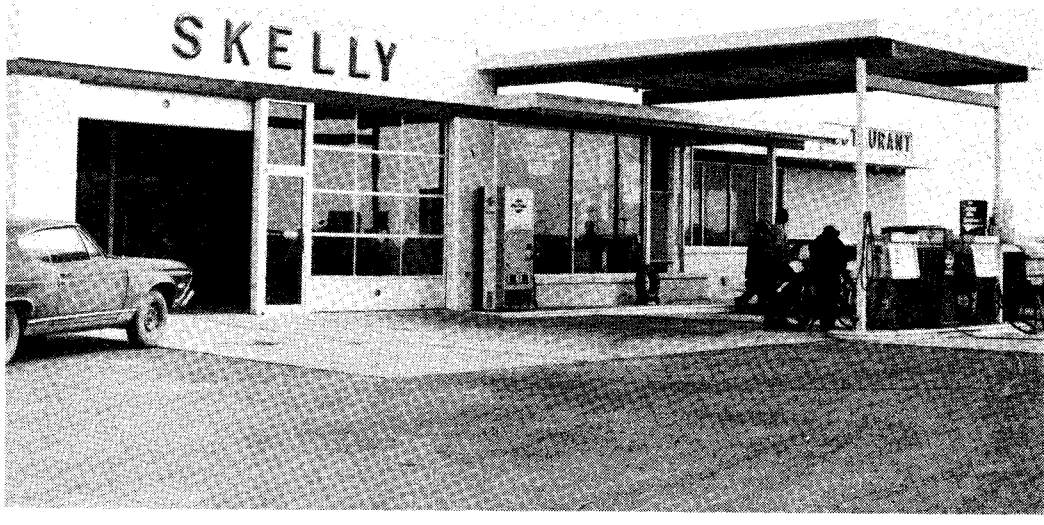
Ronald Hatcher's nine hours of terror had started.

At 1:45 a.m. Albert Loftis, a chef at a Missouri Valley cafe and a longtime friend of Hatcher who often drove out in the early morning hours to talk, stopped at the filling station at the interchange of Interstate 29. Even before he parked his car and walked toward the office of the station, he sensed there was something wrong. Despite the bright lights that illuminated the premises, there was an eerie sense of loneliness about the place. Loftis noted that his friend's black Pontiac, which Ron always kept in top condition, was missing.

The only vehicle on the place, he noted, was a white truck far down the concrete apron. Loftis walked hurriedly toward the office of the Skelly station, wondering if his friend had received a hurry-up call from home about the condition of his wife. He figured that was the only possible reason that Hatcher would leave the station unattended.

But this theory evaporated when he entered the station—the cash register was open and, near it on the floor, was a pool of blood.

Loftis immediately telephoned the town marshal at Modale who then contacted Harrison County Sheriff




Ron Hatcher was working in the repair section of this garage when he was attacked with his own penknife, which he had helpfully loaned 3 young men

Louie E. Allstot, who went to the scene and took charge of the investigation.

Careful not to disturb the physical evidence at the station, Sheriff Allstot, who has worked with Omaha police and other law enforcement agents in his own state, lost no time in putting out an alarm on the robbery of the filling station and the apparent kidnaping of the young station attendant.

The sheriff was well acquainted with Ron Hatcher, having known him since he was a boy, as Hatcher had been born and raised in Missouri Valley.

While relaying all available information to the police in Omaha, Allstot told them of the white truck found on the concrete apron of the filling station bearing a Douglas County license plate, the county in which Omaha is located.

Running an immediate check on the truck, the Omaha police told Allstot the truck had been reported stolen some time after 5:30 p.m. the previous night from the rear of Shukert Meats, 1018 Farnam Street. That address is close to the banks of the Missouri River, which separates Omaha, Nebraska, from Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Usually, when a serious crime is committed in the area those responsible generally flee east toward Chicago or west toward the West Coast. The authorities reasoned the robber-kidnapers probably would not hesitate to double back toward Omaha after having deserted the stolen truck for a different vehicle.

Sheriff Allstot put out a description and the license number of the Hatcher car, but he fully realized the desperate bandits might already have abandoned the Pontiac for another stolen car. He also feared that Hatcher might be seriously wounded and in need of immediate medical attention.

All concerned dreaded the effect the news might have on Hatcher's pretty wife, ready to enter the Missouri Valley Hospital the next day to have her child.

As the sheriff worked through the early morning hours, he located the young man who had visited Hatcher, who told him of leaving the station at about 11:30 p.m. while Hatcher was working on his car. It was determined that he probably was the last person to see Hatcher before he was abducted.

Newsmen hurried to the scene early Thursday morning to find agents of the crack Iowa Bureau of Criminal Investigation exercizing a tight security over the areas of the station which might contain vital clues.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hatcher's brother, who also operates a Skelly station closer to Missouri Valley, had the sad duty of trying to console the worried mother-to-be. Present also were the Hatcher children—a 6-year-old boy, and two girls, 5 and 4—all of whom were worried because their father had not come home at his accustomed time.

The investigation at the filling station proceeded with all speed, the investigating officers fearing the young man might be dead before they could apprehend his abductors.

The fears of those pressing the search were well justified.

As they checked out every possible lead, Ron Hatcher, still bleeding from the savage, senseless wounds inflicted on him, lay on the floor boards in the back of his own car, dimly sensing that he could not long survive.

As the car sped north in the early morning hours with one of the windows of the car open, the chill air of April blew into the car and made Hatcher shiver with cold. He asked the man sitting on the seat above him with the knife in his hand to put him off somewhere so he could be given medical attention.

Strangely enough, the man who was guarding him as the car continued up Interstate 29 at top speed, told him:

"Don't worry about it, buddy, I won't let them kill you—I'll see that you get taken care of."

Weak from loss of blood and not wanting to further antagonize his seemingly crazed abductors, Hatcher put up with his ordeal. When the bandits stopped at a filling station, Hatcher was forced to sit up in the back seat, with the knife pressed against his already lacerated stomach. He kept quiet as gas was pumped into his car which was taking him farther and farther away from his home and his wife and family.

At Sioux City, Iowa, which is on the northeast border of the state, the car paused long enough for one of the three kidnapers to pick up a case of beer. Then, drinking as they continued the wild ride, they headed into South Dakota, cuffing and kicking their captive at intervals.

When Hatcher again asked to be put out of the car at some place where he could seek medical attention, he was told by one man, who seemed to be the leader of the trio, to "shut up."

Listening to snatches of the men's conversation, the filling station attendant learned they intended to end their journey somewhere in Montana. But Hatcher had the uneasy feeling that he wasn't going to be around to find out the exact location.

The car was now speeding up Highway Interstate 90 and Hatcher, with his car performing flawlessly, had reason to regret that he always had kept its engine in top working condition. They were traveling almost due west as they saw the first streaks of dawn in the sky and the weather seemed to be getting even colder.

Suddenly, after a quiet conversation with the man sitting beside him, the driver wheeled the car into an exit off Interstate 90 and drove down a country road. After driving several miles west, the car stopped on the shoulder and the driver turned in his seat to tell Hatcher, "This is as far as you go."

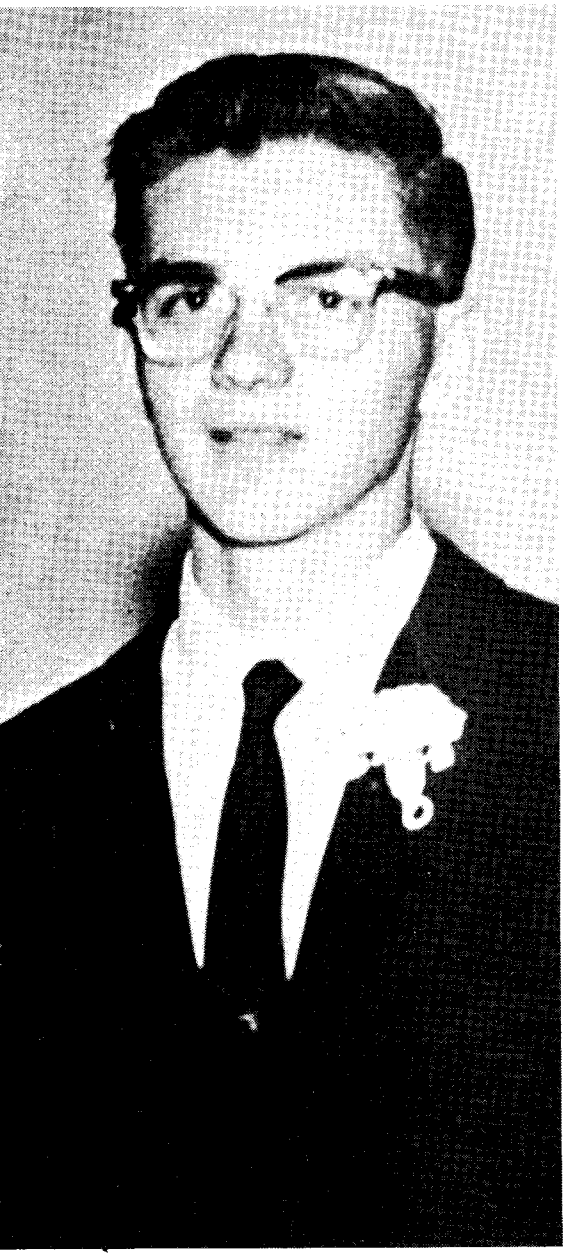
Sensing that the men did not intend to leave him alive as a witness to what they had done, the young father turned to the man beside him who had assured him he would not permit his companions to kill him.

"Please help me," he pleaded, clutching at the man's jacket sleeve.

The man looked at him coldly and said just four words:

"Get out of the car."

Hatcher resisted weakly but was roughly forced out of the back seat



A surgeon, helping to patch the almost lifeless body of Ron Hatcher *(above)*, called him, "the indestructible man"

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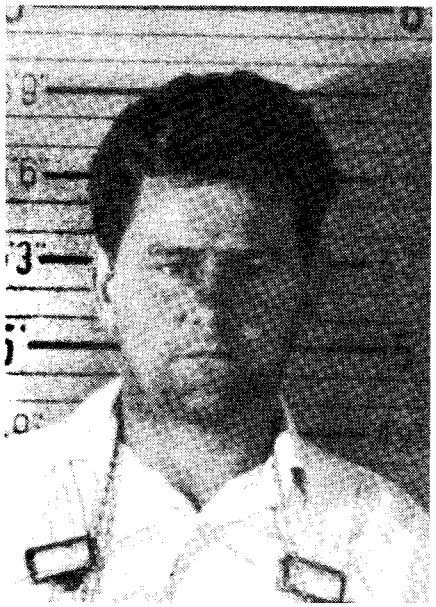


Investigation led to the questioning of Donald Fountain, two other young men

by the man who betrayed him. One of the other men took the knife from the man who had been guarding Hatcher and menacingly advanced on the near helpless filling station attendant, who threw up his arms across his face in a hopeless gesture of defense.

He then again felt the tearing edge of the knife across his throat, which started the blood spurting anew from a severed vein. Hatcher could feel himself falling and then, a moment later, the thud of kicks against his body.

Cursing, one of the men moved in on the half-conscious Hatcher and stomped the side of his face. Then his body was tossed into the roadside ditch.

With a roar of the motor, the car started and sped down the county road as the blood bubbled from the vicious gashes in the grievously wounded man's throat. It stained the snow in the ditch and the tortured man's breathing created white vapor in the 35-degree temperature.

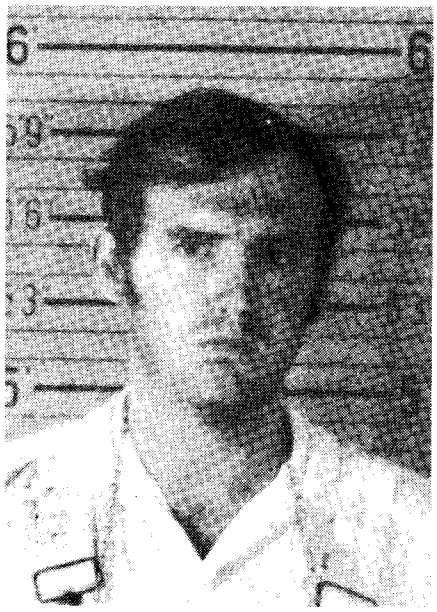
Incredibly, however, Hatcher, regaining consciousness only at intervals, was still fighting for his life with nothing but the stamina of a young man who had led an active physical life going for him. Realizing that there was only one possibility he might be found by a passing motorist on the not too-well-traveled county road, Hatcher concentrated on inching his way up the slope out of the ditch to reach the shoulder of the road.

He knew he was risking the chance of being run over by a car, but he also knew it was a chance he had to take. Dimly he could see in the distance what appeared to be the lights of a farm house. He realized he could not reach it under his own power.

Apparently the near-freezing temperature, while it was numbing his body to add to his agony, did slow down the bleeding from the deep wounds in Hatcher's neck and stomach.

After what must have seemed to be an eternity, after he had blacked out several times, Hatcher reached the shoulder of the road and collapsed, his inert body standing out against the stark white of the snow.

A Pennington County roadgrader operator was about to prove that the courageous young man had reasoned well when he decided to expend his last energy to crawl to where he could be seen.



With 2 friends Ronald Brooks stopped at Skelly garage to repair their truck . . .

Clarence Jacobson, at 7:40 on that morning of April 24th, did not realize that by performing his often prosaic job of servicing the shoulders of a county road in South Dakota he was about to become the last hope of a brutally abused man who was close to death.

Jacobson pulled his grader to an abrupt stop as he noticed the motionless object ahead of him. When he dismounted and reached it, he was horrified to find that he had found an apparently lifeless body. But he quickly ascertained the man was breathing. Believing that he had found the victim of a hit-run traffic accident, he carefully carried the bloodstained man to his tractor and headed toward the farm lights which Hatcher watched hopelessly in his occasional rational moments during the early morning hours.

The farm home belonged to George Bills, and like all people who live in country where you learn to accept emergencies without hopelessly wringing your hands, Bills and Jacobson immediately took constructive steps.

Giving Hatcher immediate emergency first aid, and covering him with blankets to keep him warm, a telephone call was put through to Marshal John Symonski of New Underwood, South Dakota, a few miles away.

He summoned an ambulance from Rapid City, not far from his town, and he and a local nurse, Evelyn Schumaker, drove to the Bills' farm house.

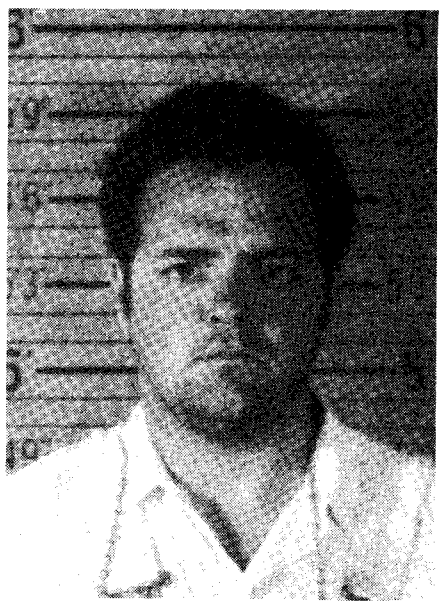
Again Hatcher showed his courage. In a voice that seldom rose above a whisper, he told Marshal Szymonski and Nurse Schumaker what had happened to him since he first loaned his pocketknife to a stranger at the filling station near Modale, Iowa.

He gave a complete description of his car, described the three men who had cut and beat him and driven him more than 500 miles from home.

Hatcher also whispered his Iowa license plate number—67-5112—the condition of his wife, and his concern over how what had happened to him might worry her.

Only then did he lapse into a coma and he was completely unaware when the ambulance arrived at 8:45

(*Continued on page* 71)



Victim told police how he had begged Langford *(above)*, "Please help me . . ."

# AMERICA'S GREATEST CON MEN

by ALAN HYND
America's Greatest Authority on Swindles and Con Games

# THE MAN WHO SOLD A GIANT

**Perhaps the greatest hoax of all time was pulled off by a mild, plump little man, when he convinced scientists and other skeptics that he had dug up a prehistoric man twelve feet tall, and he made a fortune charging eager people a dollar a look**

MY INTEREST in the hoax of the Cardiff Giant—one of the longest-running con games in the history of fraudulent American enterprise—was first aroused at the Great Danbury Fair in Connecticut in the fall of 1950. It was looking over the relics in the Phineas T. Barnum Museum when I came upon the replica of the Cardiff Giant—a figure made of gypsum, 10 feet four and a half inches in height, measuring 21 inches from the chin to the top of the head, 37 inches around the neck, with feet 21 inches long.

The *real* Cardiff Giant had come to the end of the road when I saw Barnum's replica of it at the Danbury Fair. But the real one, through the decades, had made quite a bundle for the gyp artist who had thought it up, for the three highly respectable citizens who had bought into the fraud, and for P. T. Barnum who, unable to buy the real Cardiff Giant, had cleaned up a bundle with the fake one. It was when Barnum—who had said there is a sucker born every minute—counted the people paying a dollar a look to gander a piece of common mineral being palmed off as a Biblical man, that realized he had been guilty of the only understatement in his life.

The con man who dreamed up the Cardiff Giant was a big, bluff well-nourished character in the middle years named George Hull. He lived in Binghamton, New York, was married, had a family and was lucratively engaged in the manufacture of cheap cigars.

Hull was a thoughtful man and it had long been his thought that most people would, under the proper conditions, believe damned near anything. Our hero usually moved in a cloud of smoke from his own product and he would periodically emerge to look upon the inviting panorama of human credulity and speculate how to put it on a paying basis. It might be said that George Hull got a late start in the con field but it can also be said that when he did get going he made up for lost time.

Our hero was out in Ackley, Iowa, visiting a sister, when the lightning struck. One summer night he attended a meeting of religious revivalists in a tent near Fort Dodge and listened to an evangelist named Turk —a fundamentalist who took the miracles of the Bible literally. Hull, with a fair-to-middling knowledge of the Good Book, had always wondered how the fundamentalists could take literally such Biblical accounts as how the Red Sea had been parted. Thus he was ready for action when evangelist Turk began quoting from the fourth verse of the sixth chapter of Genesis:

"There were giants in the earth in those days . . . and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men . . ."

Hull, who always had at least one-quarter of a full load on when he went to a revivalist meeting, got to his feet the moment Turk was through quoting Genesis and waved the evangelist to a stop. "How *big* were those giants?" Hull asked the preacher.

The Reverend Turk, tall and lean, lost no time in answering.

"The giants were probably about twelve feet tall," Turk said, and continued with his sermon. But our man didn't sit down. Instead, he waved the preacher to another stop. "Just where in the Bible," he wanted to know, "does it say the giants were twelve feet tall?"

The evangelist, knowing of course that the height of the giants was not mentioned anywhere in the Good Book, replied that he just *knew* that the giants were 12 feet tall.

When Hull attempted to continue his heckling he was shouted down by the congregation, white-faced with anger that anybody should question the preacher about the Good Book.

Next day, pondering the previous evening, Hull got the hot flash. If the people of the era really believed that giants walked the earth in Biblical times why not put that belief on a paying basis? Why not indeed!

So the con man, springing into action, visited the stone quarries around Fort Dodge and, posing as a government agent seeking mineral specimens, bought a piece of gypsum about 12 feet long, four feet wide and two feet thick. He had it shipped to Chicago and deposited in the barn of an old friend named Cartwright. "Make believe you don't know what's going on," Hull said to Cartwright, "and one of these days you'll be getting some money for your silence."

Now the con man hired an artist and a stonecutter to whom his instructions were simple: "Make me a naked giant."

The artist and the stonecutter began work on a bald-headed male giant with Caucasian features. The giant was complete with eyes, nose, mouth, fingers, toes, nails and more personal equipment in proportion to his jumbo size. As the work progressed, with Hull carefully overseeing it, Hull instructed the artist and the stonecutter: "Make him look as if he died in great agony." So the entire figure was twisted to the right. The left foot was somewhat turned up; the right arm lay across the abdomen, the left arm was drawn up under the back and the leg muscles were slightly contracted.

The artist and the stonecutter, being paid handsomely for their services, were also sworn to secrecy with Hull's promise to be cut in on whatever it was he had in mind with the gypsum giant. The boys were at it for almost four months and the 2,990-pound result was genuinely impressive.

The effect of skin pores was achieved with needle-pointed mallets applied to the entire surface. The gypsum itself bore dark streaks that looked like human veins. Sulphuric acid finally turned the trick of endowing the giant with great age; it imparted a dingy brown that just could have come from many centuries in the earth. The con man ordered two small grooves cut in the underside of the fake figure, these to be palmed off as having been made by the action of water in the ground through the ages.

Traveling East in a copper-coopered box under the alias of a piece of machinery, the fake ancient man landed at the railroad freight station of Union, near Binghamton, New York. Then, when nobody was looking, it was drawn on a four-horse wagon to a farm outside of the hamlet of Cardiff, in the Onondaga Valley, 13 miles from Syracuse. There, in the dead of the night, it was buried on the farm of a cousin of the con man's, William Newell, by the two cousins, a son of Newell's and a neighbor of Newell's. Cousin Newell and his son and the neighbor of the Newells, were, like the three men in Chicago, promised little pieces of the cake once it was ready for cutting.

It was now the month of October, some five months since the night our man had heard the evangelist talking about the giants who had walked the earth. Hull went back to his cigar-making work for the winter, not wishing to rush things.

It was in the spring of the next year that Hull was to emerge as a character truly festooned with horseshoes. What fell his way but the discovery by a farmer living less than a mile from him of some strange big bones dug up by the plow. Scientists at Cornell University at Ithaca, hearing of the discovery, rushed to Cardiff to get a look at the bones. When the scientists pronounced the bones genuine fossil bones—those of an animal of a former geological age—George Hull, with his fake giant lying in the ground not too far away, was practically drooling as he contemplated the loot he would be sure to take in once the Cardiff giant was "discovered."

Hull, like any con man, wanted events to appear to have come about naturally. It would never do for Cousin Newell to just sort of stumble across the giant. So Hull whipped up a part for Newell to play—a part that would seem to people living in the region to naturally lead to the discovery of the giant.

Newell's part was to be that of a farmer who was going around the countryside bellyaching because his well had begun to run dry and he couldn't afford the expense of a new one. Newell bellyached all through the good weather and into October—little more than a year since the gypsum man had been planted.

Thus it came to pass that Newell, a short, pot-bellied man known to friends as Stubby, appeared to find himself in such dire need of a well that he called in a couple of well diggers. The diggers followed Newell as he zigzagged over his property holding a dowser's two-pronged hazel stick, waiting for the prongs to suddenly point downward—indication as to where a new source of water would be found.

Newell zigged and zagged and zigged and zagged, but the dowser's stick refused to point downward. Then, suddenly it dipped down with a vengeance. And guess where!

"Start diggin' in the mornin'," Newell said to the diggers because it was too late in the day now to start operations.

Newell, following the script written by the con man, was away in Syracuse on business the next morning when the well diggers got there. He didn't return until the middle of the afternoon. It was a Saturday and there seemed to be quite a crowd on his property as he approached it.

Knowing damned well why the crowd was there, and what the well diggers had discovered, Newell, still following the con man's script, feigned alarm. "What's the matter!" he cried out as he ran toward the crowd on his acreage. "Is somebody hurt!"

The well diggers had, early that Saturday morning, come upon something hard three feet down. As they had unearthed more of the object, they thought they had come upon the remains of an Indian—not a bad thought since a reservation of the Onondaga tribe was but two miles distant. But by noon when they had uncovered the complete surface of the gypsum creation and saw how big it was, they ran from the Newell property yelling the news throughout the region: "We've found a giant! We've found a giant!"

Stubby Newell, easing himself into the crowd staring down to get a look at what was soon to be known as the Cardiff Giant, pretended to be as surprised as a polar bear staring, for the

(*Continued on page* 56)

**Ohio homicide detectives were reminded of an old saying in their business . . . "Take your clues where you find 'em!"**

# WHY WOULD ANYONE CARRY A .32 IN A BROWN PAPER SACK?

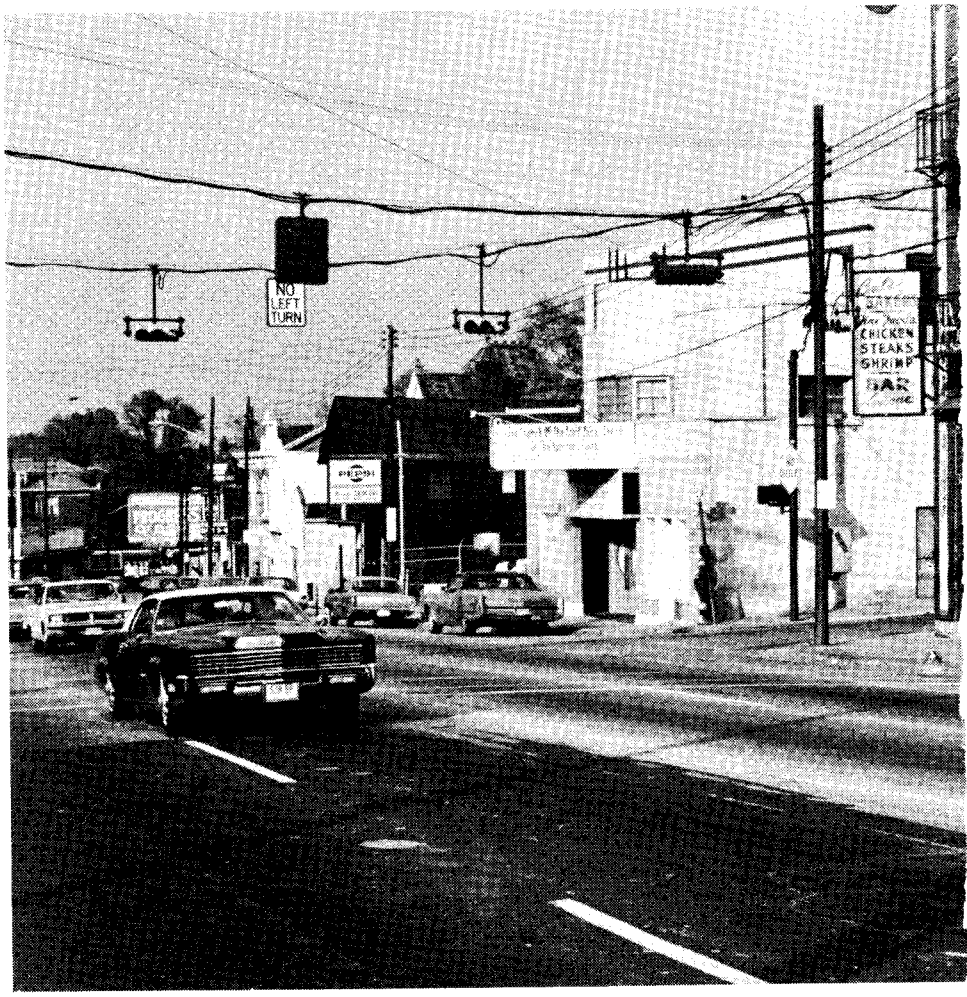
**by BILL ORMSBY**

IT WAS nearing four o'clock on the Saturday morning of February 28, 1970, when a driver for the Walnut Cab Company swung onto Reading Road and headed south toward the business district of Cincinnati, Ohio. He'd had a good night, the last of the tipsy tavern patrons had been hauled home and the tired hackie was eager to check his cab in and call it a day.

Despite the mid-winter season, the night was almost balmy and the cabbie rolled down his window and sucked the spring-like air into his lungs. The wail of an approaching siren cut through the open cab window. The cab driver slowed and pulled into the outer lane when he caught a glimpse of flashing red lights in his rear-vision mirror. After a sleek ambulance screamed past, the hack driver pulled away from the curb and picked up his normal speed.

But within a few blocks the driver was forced to slow down again by the horde of police cars clustered at the northwest corner of Reading Road and Union Street. Presuming there had been an auto accident at the intersection, the hackie started to make a left turn to avoid the congestion when he noticed a flurry of police activity around a Walnut Cab, which was surrounded by squad cars. In the midst of the vehicles was the ambulance which had sped past only seconds before.

Cabbie Jim Shelton was robbed, then wantonly shot dead at this intersection



The hackie stopped at the curb and lifted the two-way radio microphone out of its cradle.

"What's all the excitement about at Reading Road and Union Street?" the cabbie asked his office dispatcher.

"I don't know. Why?" a sleepy-sounding voice replied.

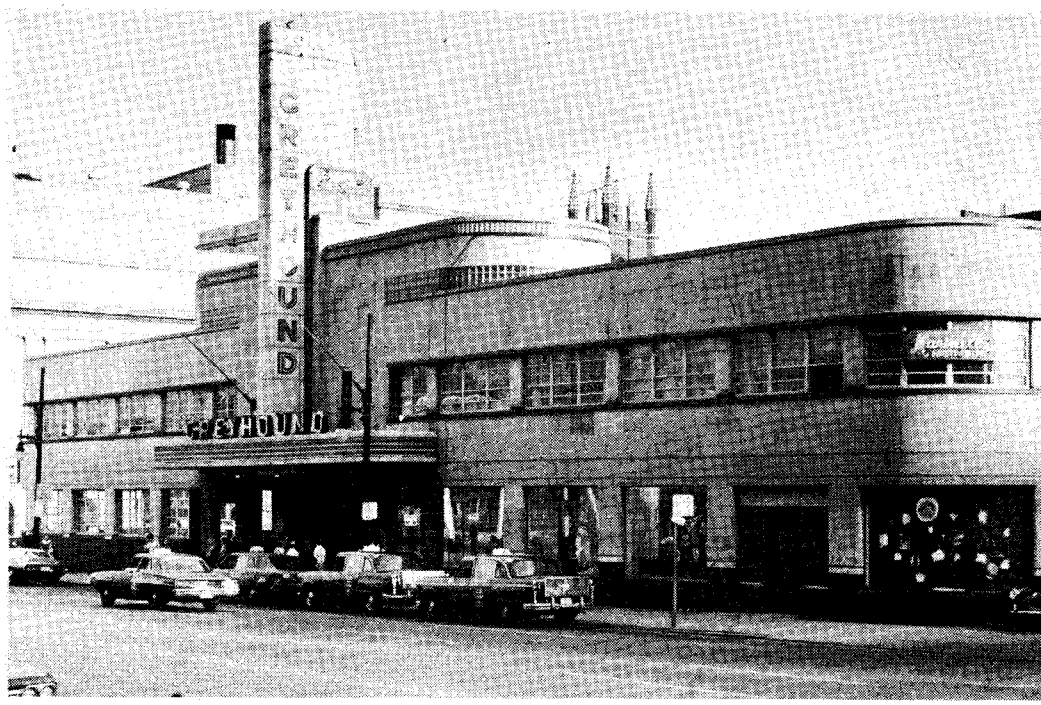
"Looks like something's wrong with No. 42. There's an ambulance and a helluva bunch of cops out here," the cab driver said.

"Forty-two? That's Jim Shelton," the dispatcher replied. "See what you can find out and call me back—I haven't heard anything."

The cabbie parked his hack out of the line of traffic and hurried toward the activity on the corner. He was stopped by a ring of blue coats which surrounded the scene but was allowed through when he identified himself as an employe of the Walnut Cab Company.

A chill ran through him when he noticed that the cab apparently had not been involved in an accident and the ambulance attendants were just standing idly by, talking in hushed tones.

Approaching a tight knot of plain-clothes detectives, the alarmed cab driver said, "What's wrong?"




Suspected murder weapon was turned in at bus depot's lost and found department


An investigator glanced at the man's silver-braided cap and said, "You with Walnut?"

"Yes, I'm a friend of this driver. Is he hurt or something?"

"He's dead," the cop said, motioning with his head toward a cluster of men kneeling at a prostrate form sprawled near the curb.

"Jim dead?" the cab driver gasped. "Christ, what happened?"

"We're not sure yet, except he's been shot. Robbed, I suppose," the homicide detective replied.

The cab driver shook his head in despair as he glanced momentarily at his dead friend. With tears of sorrow and anger welling in his eyes, the chauffeur said, "We ain't got a chance, Officer. Not a goddam chance all alone in these cabs! The dirty bastards know it, and they're knocking us off left and right. What in the hell are we going to do?"

The homicide detective didn't give the man an answer. He didn't have one. Nor did he have one for the other dozen or so cab drivers who in recent weeks had been stuck up, pistol-whipped, shot, knifed and beaten by two-bit bandits who specialized in cowardly attacks on hack drivers whose backs are at the mercy of the criminal.

The shaken cab driver told police that the 48-year-old victim was a family man and that he lived in Avondale, a Cincinnati suburb.

"Had you been in contact with him in the past hour or so?" the driver was asked by the detectives.

"No. I'd have coffee with Jim every once in a while on slow nights when we'd run across each other, but I haven't seen him all night. Our radios are just two-way between the cabs and the office, so we don't have any way of contacting each other," the chauffeur said.

Following routine questioning, the driver was excused to report the incident to his office.

"Who's the manager there?" a homicide officer asked.

"Mr. Brown . . . Julian Brown," the driver said.

The detective requested the chauffeur to have the dispatcher contact Brown. "And if your radio man is getting ready to leave, tell him to hang around there a while. We'll have a man down there to talk to him," the cop said.

When the cab driver left, the officer got into an unmarked police car nearby where other detectives were questioning a motorist who had arrived on the scene shortly after Shelton was shot. The man said he was driving north on Reading Road and had slowed for the traffic light when he saw the victim stumble from his taxi and collapse.

"Then some guy jumped out of the back seat and ran in between those buildings," the witness said, pointing at the string of stores along Reading Road.

"What did he look like?" the witness was asked.

"He was dark-complexioned, and

not very big. I'd say five-five or six at the most," the taxi driver said.

"How was he dressed?" an officer asked.

The witness strained momentarily to recall what he'd seen in a time of excitement and emergency. Finally he said, "Well, he was bareheaded. I'm sure of that. And his clothing was dark."

"How about a coat? Was it long, short . . ."

"Short," the witness said. "Now that you mention it, it didn't look like a coat at all. It was more like a jacket or button-up sweater, and I believe it was kinda bluish. I just saw him for a minute under the street light, but I think it was blue."

The eyewitness said he was unable to talk to Shelton when he reached the dying man. "He was holding his side in pain and he was groaning," the man said. "Then all of a sudden he just relaxed and I went to call police."

Police later located two pedestrians who said they were close enough to Shelton to hear him holler, "I've been shot!"

Although their description of the gunman coincided with that of the motorist, there was a discrepancy about which buildings the killer fled between. Police chalked up the difference of opinions to the excitement of the moment and did not consider either of the witnesses a suspect.

Uniformed patrolmen and a team of homicide investigators searched between all the buildings in the area and upset dozens of trash and garbage cans in hopes of finding the death weapon or Shelton's missing wallet. But all they found was trash and garbage—and a number of sizable rats and scavenger cats.

In the mentime, Jim Shelton's body was removed to the city morgue for an autopsy and his cab was towed to police headquarters, where laboratory technicians would process it for fingerprints and other clues which might lead police to the slayer. In order to expedite the murder investigation, police requested the pathologist to immediately remove the slugs from Shelton's body so they would know what type of weapon they were looking for. When the detectives left the morgue they were in possession of two .32 caliber slugs, which were probed out of the victim's right side.

Meanwhile, the Walnut Cab Company dispatcher was questioned and his log book was examined in order to trace Shelton's movements during the night. The company entries were checked against the dead cabbie's trip book. One set of notes told police about as much as the other—practically nothing helpful. The last entry on each record was at 12:37 a.m., nearly three hours before the chauffeur was gunned to death.

"He wasn't very busy for a Friday night, was he?" a detective asked.

"Not after midnight," the dispatcher replied. "Some of the boys were pretty busy right up till the taverns closed, but Jim wasn't working the saloon area and it makes a lot of difference."

"What about this last trip at 12:37? What do you know about it?" police wanted to know.

"About as much as I know about any of them," the dispatcher said with a shrug. "The caller was a woman, and she just ordered a cab for the address in the log—208 Mitchell Avenue. According to Jim's trip book, he took a fare from there to 3940 Warwick Avenue."

The dispatcher said he had no way of knowing whether the fare was male or female, since people often

During questioning, this suspect was revealed to have an interesting history

call cabs for other persons. The cab company employe also told police that he had no way of knowing how many fares Shelton might have picked up at the Mitchell Avenue address.

Both the dispatcher and the taxi company manager told police that Jim Shelton was well liked and had no known enemies. He was not a hard drinker, they said, nor was he known to hustle broads, steer addicts, bootleg, or involve himself in any similar action which increases the danger odds against a hackie, who is already in one of the most precarious professions a person can enter.

"Jim worked for us ten years," the cab company manager said, "and he was a swell fellow. He was quiet-like, minded his own business and never got in any trouble. And he was a dependable, steady worker. If they was all like Jim, this business would be a breeze. We just lost a helluva good man, that's all I can say."

"This last fare Shelton had," a detective said, "did he radio you that he had picked him up? I'm talking about the man who shot him."

"No, sir," the dispatcher answered. "Like I said before, the last radio contact I had with Jim was when I sent him out on Mitchell Avenue. After delivering a fare, the drivers seldom tell me when they're done or anything, unless it's a false alarm or the call's been canceled or something."

"Then it's not unusual that he'd pick somebody up and not notify you. Is that right?" the cop said.

"He probably would have after the fare got in and he got the destination and all," the dispatcher said. "I'd guess Jim was flagged down at Reading and Union and was shot before he had a chance to move away from the curb."

After the homicide cops finished talking to the dispatcher and the company manager, their next stop was at the Mitchell Avenue address, where Shelton had picked up a fare at 12:37 a.m. but when they arrived they learned it was the location of an exclusive wig shop.

The owner's name and address was obtained from the city directory and the business woman was roused from bed at five in the morning. But it was hardly worth the trouble, for either her or the detectives, since she was unable to shed any light on the murder probe.

She said she had worked late that night, styling wigs which were to go out Saturday, and that she ordered a cab "sometime around twelve-thirty." The woman said the cab arrived at her shop in a short time and she was driven straight home in it.

"Was anyone with the driver when he picked you up?" a detective asked.

"No, he was alone," the woman replied.

"And you were alone?"

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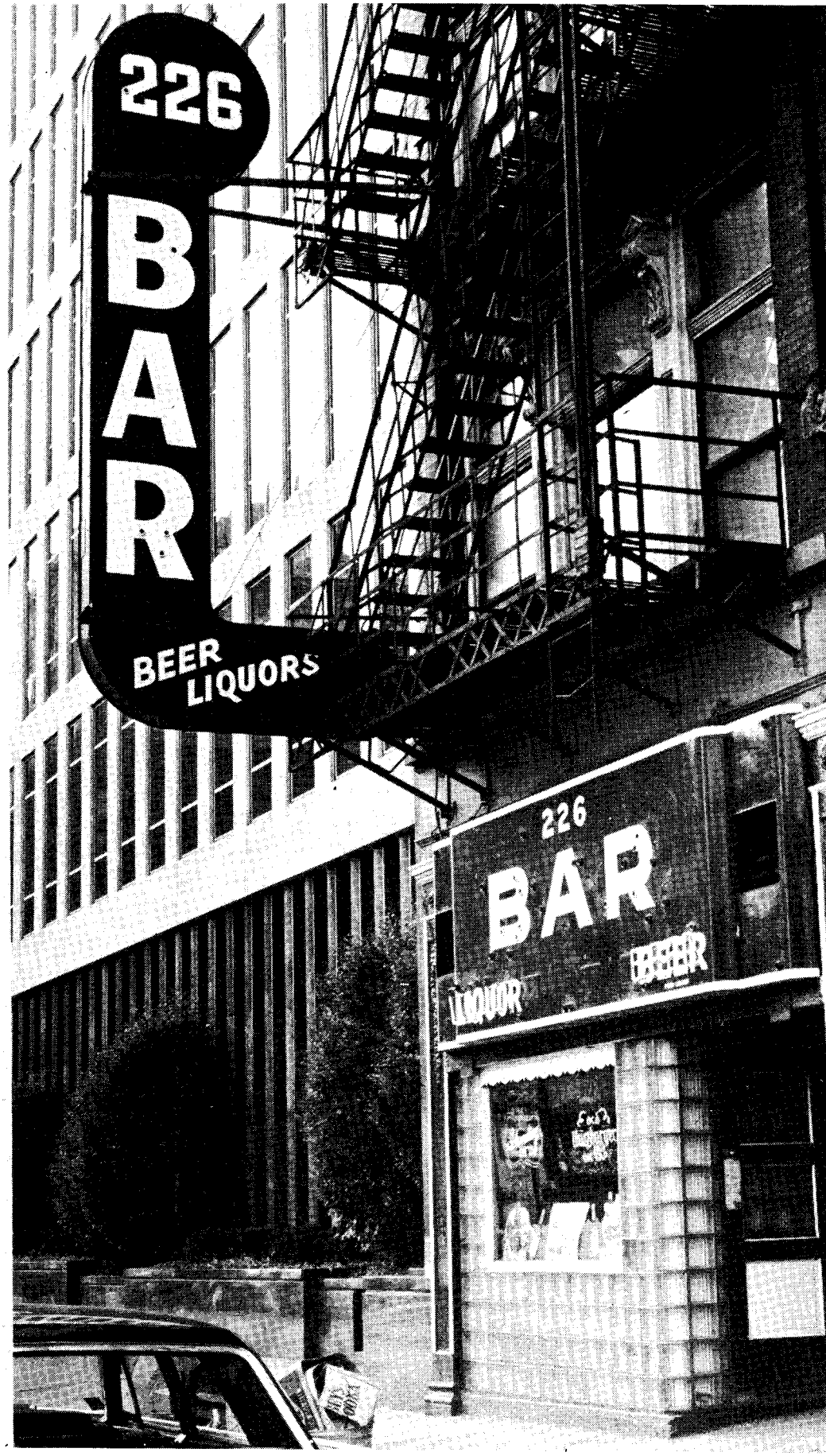


Alert young cop trailed a prime suspect to this tavern, nabbed him in restroom

## MD Double-Length Feature

by R. B. McDONALD

Juanita Bailey was going to be married, so went house-hunting—never returned

**The body found on the banks of Turtle Creek in Kentucky was properly laid out for burial, and a mourning survivor thought he recognized the corpse, but before detectives caught up with a killer, there was a**

# FUNERAL FOR A MURDERED GIRL WHO WASN'T DEAD

FROM the very beginning, it was one of those exasperating cases ringed about with confusion, and the confusion was compounded with each new development. For despite one of the most diligent and aggressive homocide investigations in the history of Kentucky law enforcement, progress in the case seemed to be in reverse. New leads were discovered. So were new clues, and witnesses, or people with new information, but when all the new things were carefully analyzed and evaluated, one after another they proved to be about as conclusive as punching holes in the wind.

"We all got the feeling right from that first day," said one of the investigators who worked indefatigably on the probe. "We left in our bones it was going to be one of those cases where you run around in circles and never get anywhere—cnless yoc suddenly got awful lucky."

Events proved he was right, but in fairness to him and all the other hard-worikng officers who refused to give up on the case, the eventual resolution resulted from something considerably more than just luck. If, indeed, it was luck, the luck was largely of their own making, the natural outcome of making all the right moves, touching all the investigative bases, so to speak, and knowing how to take advantage of any break that arises out of all that work.

Police, FBI men sought this man for over two years—caught up with him too late

But there was no way of foretelling the problems that lay ahead when the case opened, officially, on the warm, humid Tuesday afternoon of May 10th with the word that a body had been discovered "in a creek."

That first report, incidentally, was the first of the many things which happened that eventually led the probers to say, "You can't believe anything in this damn case." It was a minor discrepancy, to be sure, but it was there, an omen of things to come.

The body was not *in* the creek. It was on the bank of the creek. And to add to the confusion, someone, for no reason that could ever be explained, reported the discovery first to the county coroner, not the sheriff. Someone called the office of Carl Bach, the official coroner of Bracken County, Kentucky, and said he should get out to Turtle Creek because a body had just been found there.

The message was given to Bach and he proceeded to the scene forthwith, only to discover that he was the only official there. When he inquired about the sheriff or one of his deputies, he got only blank looks from the small assembly of curious citizens who had gathered there. So before proceeding further, the coroner himself had to send word to the sheriff's office in Brooksville, the small county seat some 10 miles to the south of the death scene.

Turtle Creek, an isolated, undistinguished body of water, lay on the outer perimeter of a farm owned by Meade Daviess, a longtime resident of the region. The coroner's message had advised him to go to the Daviess farmhouse where someone would meet him and guide him to where the body was. After sending word to the sheriff's office, Coroner Bach decided to wait for the deputies there. Contacted by radio, three deputies patrolling in the general vicinity arrived within six minutes.

Farmer Daviess, still excited by the remarkable events of that warm May afternoon in 1951, told them to follow him, and set off at a half-trot that quickly had him winded and panting.

"Slow down, Mr. Daviess," Deputy Bob Kelsch told him. "The body's not going anywhere. And by the way, who found this body?"

"My wife," Daviess answered after a pause to get his breath. "I was out plowing. She was down by the creek —looking for wild flowers, I think— when she saw the body laying there. First I knew about it was when she came running across the fields, screaming."

The farmer led the way over the freshly turned earth of his fields, then through a tangle of bushes and weeds which had almost completely overgrown a virtually indiscernible path along the creek. Finally they came to the spot where the body lay at the bottom of a steep bank.

The coroner and the deputies could see at once that the corpse was that of a young woman who obviously had been dead for some time. She wore no coat, but she was fully clothed in a stylish, beige-colored wool dress that looked expensive. A rhinestone necklace glittered at her throat. Her hair, shoulder-length, had become entangled among tree roots and shoots that protruded from the creekbank.

If anyone had entertained the unlikely thought that her death had been natural, or even accidental, it was quickly dispelled by the sight of two heavy pieces of rusted iron which had been used to weigh the body down. There was a railroad tieplate at her neck and a large, heavy angle iron on her left leg. Both had been attached to the body with lengths of barbed wire, also well rusted.

"She's a complete stranger to us," the farmer said. "Beats me how she got here. Nobody ever comes to this place. You can't get within a quarter of a mile of it with a car."

Coroner Bach asked Mr. Daviess to fetch some stout planking. A couple of his neighbors went back to his barn with the farmer and when they returned, Bach and Deputy Kelsch removed the weights from the corpse and lifted it onto the planks. A couple of volunteers carried it out to a clearing where the coroner had more room to make his examination of the dead girl.

"She was in the creek between one and two weeks altogether," Bach said after a few moments. "She must have been put in there before the water level went down, 'cause she was high and dry where we found her.

"I don't see any wounds, and I won't be able to say how she died till we get an autopsy performed. But it's certainly murder."

Deputy Kelsch now examined the girl's clothing. All labels which might have been an aid to identification had been ripped from it. From the cut and quality of her fashionable dress and dainty nylon lingerie, however, he guessed her to be a person from a substantial background and in comfortable financial circumstances.

A search of the creek bank failed to turn up any sign of a handbag, or, in fact, anything resembling a clue to the mystery of the slain girl's presence there. Farmer Daviess said he had plowed the nearest field to the scene within the last week. The plowing, of course, would have obliterated any clues to the murder which might have been left there.

"The man who killed her couldn't have been from around here," Daviess commented. "He took a lot of trouble to weigh down the body so it would stay under water. But if he'd been a local man, he'd have known that Turtle Creek dries up fast along about this time of the year. He'd have known that body was sure to come up where anybody could see it."

There was little more the investigators could do at the scene. A message had been sent earlier and now, as a hearse arrived, the body was loaded into it and removed to a mortuary in Augusta. Augusta, with a population of some 1,500 souls, is the largest city in Bracken County. Brooksville, the county seat, boasts a population of only about 600.

Leaving behind two deputies to continue a search for any possible evidence which might have been overlooked, Deputy Kelsch and the coroner drove to Augusta and reported by telephone to High Sheriff Hamer K. Jett. Sheriff Jett immediately drove over to join them from his office in Brooksville.

After a brief conference with Kelsch and Coroner Bach, they de-

(*Continued on page* 60)

# One of the Victims

(*Continued from page 21*)

ily was just not the type to make many friends, much less enemies so vicious as to murder them in their sleep.

San Gabriel police did point out, however, that they were looking into a connection between the Senff crime and a claw hammer attack on an 83-year-old man in his home in nearby Rosemead two days before the Senff attack. The man had been brutally beaten and the claw hammer was found beside him in much the same way the bloody claw hammer was found beside Fred Senff.

And as in the Senff case, no motive or suspect was found.

Even before the fire at the Senff house cooled, Sergeant Robert Schneider and Detective William W. Stovie of the San Gabriel Police Department and Sheriff's Sergeant John Spiller of the arson detail were at the scene. Stovie was to be there until nearly dark that evening going over every detail he could find.

Detective Sergeant Spiller, a veteran of seven years on the arson squad and with a background of investigating more than 3,000 fires, said he found that a number of fires had been started in the house. In each case, some inflammable liquid—probably gasoline—had been touched off with a match and numerous matches had been found in the gutted structure.

The investigator determined that two fires had been started in the kitchen, one in a broom closet, outside the bathroom, two in the den and a number of others in the other bedrooms. Spiller reviewed his findings and ruled out all probable accidental causes because of the fire's numerous points of origin. He concluded that the man who set those fires had made every effort to burn down that house and kill every member of the Senff family.

The stuff in the garage indicated that the killer had siphoned the gas used to set the fires from the family car. The detectives concluded that whoever was responsible for the crimes had spent a good deal of time around the Senff home that fatal night—time enough to hammer a family into unconsciousness, siphon gasoline from their car, set a number of fires in the house and flee without being seen.

An examination of the Senff house revealed that the electric clock in the living room had stopped at 5:31 when the fire burned through the wiring. Fingerprint experts went over the house and garage hoping to find a telltale print that might lead them to the brutal killer.

Meanwhile, at San Gabriel Community Hospital, detectives kept a vigil with tape recorders at the bedsides of Mr. and Mrs. Senff and little Jenny in the hope that when they regained consciousness or said anything it might give the police some clue to the killer. A round-the-clock police guard was also posted at the intensive care unit.

Mr. Senff had been in a semi-conscious state, awakened briefly the morning after the crime and muttered, "The dog was barking. The dog was barking." Police said Senff also muttered a name but they refused to reveal what it was.

The father and daughter remained on the critical list at the hospital, but the condition of Mrs. Gloria Senff worsened and doctors gave her little hope to survive.

Meanwhile, San Gabriel police and Sheriff's detectives sought a link in the bludgeoning of the Senff family and the attack on the old man in nearby Rosemead. The connection was ruled out when it was learned that the old man's home had been thoroughly ransacked by his attacker. So far as officers could determine, the Senff home had not been burglarized.

On July 12th, four days after the crimes, the Los Angeles papers carried stories to the effect that Fred Senff and his daughter had been removed from the intensive care unit at the hospital and there was a possibility that they would be questioned for the first time. But Mrs. Gloria Senff had not regained consciousness and her condition became more critical with each passing hour.

On the same day, the officers revealed that they had a set of fingerprints taken from the gas can and a length of garden hose used to siphon the gas into the can from the tank of the car. A table knife was found in the drainpipe of the kitchen sink in the home and police indicated it appeared to have been stained with rust—or blood. It was turned over to the crime lab for further examination.

But what the newspapers didn't report, because of the tight veil of secrecy in which the Senff case had been cloaked, was the tense drama that was being played out in the intensive care unit of San Gabriel Community Hospital.

A doctor reported that when he examined Mr. Senff he concluded that the patient was withdrawn and uncommunicative, which was understandable in the case of a man who had been brutally beaten and had seen most of his family wiped out. The doctor said Senff might also have been comatose from the numerous blows he had received on the head. It was hard to believe that something serious did not result from at least one of the blows.

At 8:30 a.m. on July 11th, the doctor was making his rounds at the hospital and dropped in to see Senff, his wife and their daughter. The doctor related later that he was alone with Senff for a few minutes. He said he had written some orders for the patient's care, was just about to leave and, in parting, told Senff that his daughter had been moved out of intensive care and was doing well and reassured him that the police were keeping a close watch on Jenny as well as on himself and on his wife, in case the attacker returned.

According to the doctor, Senff told him, "Doctor, you make too much work." The doctor said he didn't understand what Senff meant and asked him to repeat it. He said Senff repeated, "Doctor, you make too much work for yourself. You do too much work for nothing."

The doctor still did not understand, but when Senff spoke again the doctor was stunned. He quoted Senff as saying, "You make too much work for yourself. There was no outsider. I did it."

The doctor said he went closer to the patient in the intensive care unit cubicle and said, "Fred, do you realize what you are saying?" and the patient reportedly replied, "Yes, I did it."

The doctor said he told Senff, "Fred, frankly I'm very surprised. I would not think you had done this or do this many blows to your head. Why?"

He said Senff replied, "I always have had an inferiority complex." And when the doctor told him that it still was not a satisfactory explanation, he said Senff told him that he had an inferiority complex as a child and when he went to Canada from Germany after World War II.

Said the doctor, "He stated further—there was a sentence he had given me about his wife—that it wasn't money troubles—and that his wife apparently had gone back to work. About this time his voice got so low that I don't know how these words came out or what he meant by them."

The doctor said he asked Senff, "Fred, why with a hammer?" and the father replied that he had made up his mind to commit suicide but that he felt it would be a coward's way out to do it himself and he decided the only way to do it was to take his family with him.

Again when the doctor asked him why he did it with a hammer, he said Senff replied, "You know you read in the papers about people doing these things. If it was with a gun they would know and this way I didn't think they would know."

He did not explain by this whether he meant that if he shot his family, the first shot would have awakened the others or whether if he clubbed his family into unconsciousness and set fire to the house, the flames would destroy the evidence of the beatings.

Finally Senff reportedly told the doctor, "I have made a mess of this. I should have bought a gun." The doctor concluded, "These may not have been his exact words but it is as close as I can come."

The doctor said he asked Senff if it would make him feel better to repeat the story to Police Sergeant Rucker but Senff told him, "No, no, no, I don't want to." And that put the doctor in a spot. Here Fred had confessed to murder and violence but since it was a privileged communication between doctor and patient, he could not pass it along to the police.

But he did take other precautions.

When he left Senff's bedside, he went to the nursing station and changed two of the orders he had written for Senff: He was not to be permitted to shave himself and he should be carefully observed for suicidal tendencies. Then the doctor finished his rounds.

In a few minutes, the doctor had become the keeper of the terrible secret of a man who had admittedly tried to murder his family with a hammer and then destroy them and himself in a common funeral pyre.

But the doctor's lips were sealed. He could not tell the police what he knew. Only Senff could do that. It seemed impossible for Senff to have hit himself on the head with a hammer 40 or 50 times and then sit in the flaming house surrounded by the battered bodies of his loved ones waiting for death.

It was almost beyond comprehension.

After he finished his rounds, the doctor returned to Senff's cubicle in the intensive care ward. Just a few feet away, Mrs. Senff lay dying. The doctor asked the injured man if he had thought things over and would permit him to call in the police. The doctor asked, "Wouldn't you feel better making a statement to Sergeant Rucker?" Senff thought it over for a few minutes and then nodded his head and said, "Yes. I will talk to him." But he didn't say when.

The doctor went into the hallway and told Sergeant Kilborn Rucker, "Fred and I had a conversation. I am not free to divulge what he said but I think you ought to keep a close eye on him."

But it was not until July 13, five

(*Continued on page 52*)

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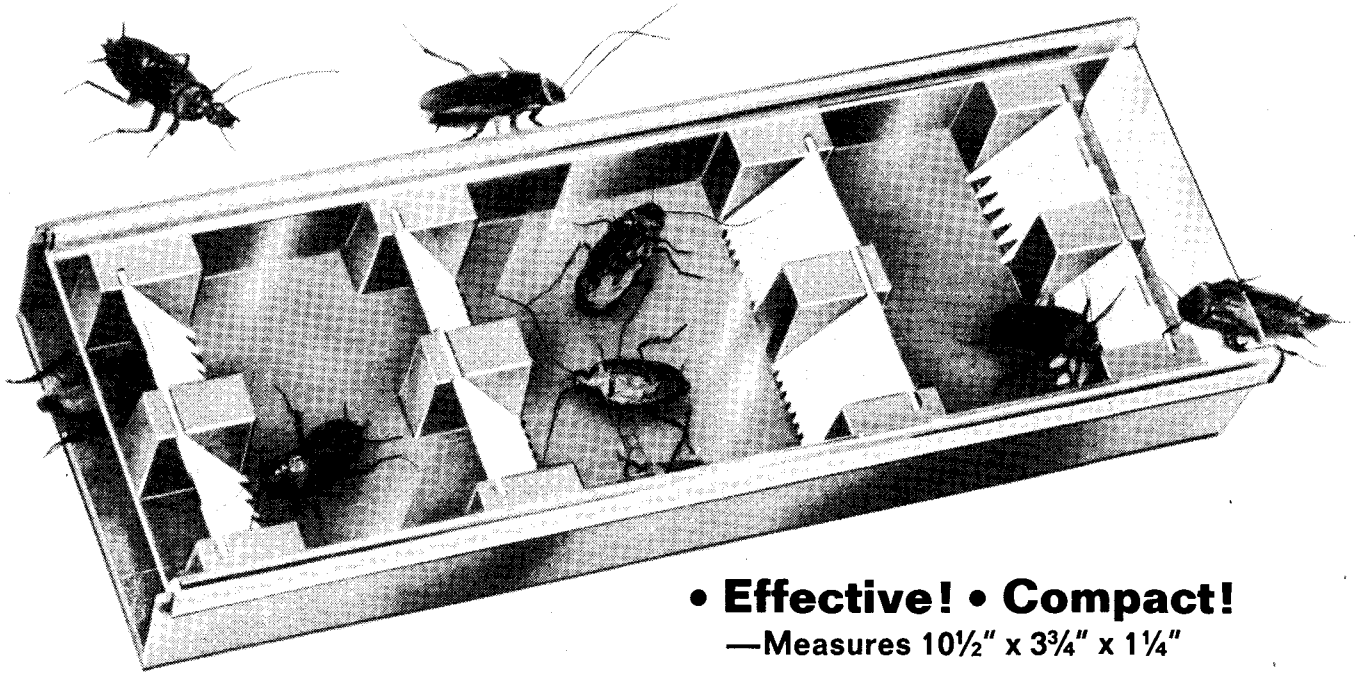

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(*Continued from page 50*)
days after the attack, that Senff indicated that he was willing to talk to Rucker. The sergeant advised the man of his constitutional rights. Senff indicated that he understood them. Rucker asked, "Fred, do you wish to make a statement to me?"

When Senff said that he did, Rucker told him that it was his privilege to have an attorney present. Senff indicated that he knew that.

Sergeant Rucker later told a preliminary hearing, "I asked him if he had used a weapon in doing these things (the assault on his family) and he said he had used a hammer. He said he had also brought some gasoline into the house and used it to start the fires and he said he did this after he had inflicted the injuries on his family and himself."

Then Rucker said he asked him, "Did you hear any screams or did you notice any resistance?"

Senff replied, "Don't ask such questions, Sergeant." He also denied that he had stabbed his mother-in-law and insisted the only weapon he had used was the hammer."

Rucker said the story Senff had told him was essentially the same as the man had told the doctor and said Senff told him, "I thought I would be too much of a coward to just attempt suicide myself. I didn't want to let the rest of my people remain, so that is why I tried to do them in—all of us together. I just didn't see any way out. I have an inferiority complex that seems to be unbearable at times and I just didn't see another way out."

At this point Lieutenant Wayne Coleman of the San Gabriel Police department placed Senff under arrest.

The police department announced to the press that Senff was under arrest but declined to give any details surrounding the events that led up to the arrest. Senff was transferred to the prison ward at the County Hospital, where he was booked on two counts of murder, two counts of attempted murder and one count of arson.

Lieutenant Coleman announced, "We have every reason to believe Senff's wounds occurred before the fire started and it's my personal opinion that there's no chance that the wounds came from members of the family trying to fend him off.

"We realized from the beginning that they could have been self-inflicted. They were glancing wounds rather than solid direct blows as used against other members of the family."

Lieutenant Coleman declined to say whether little Jenny had told him anything that led to her father's arrest, but the officer did say that she liked her father and wanted to see him.

On July 15th, a week after the terrible beating she had suffered, Mrs. Gloria Senff died. The time was 6 a.m. Two hours and 35 minutes later, in the county hospital prison ward, her husband was arraigned on three counts of murder, one count of attempted murder and one of arson.

Senff spoke only once when he addressed the judge and asked, "Your Honor, can I have a trial without a public defender? It is not necessary at all that I have an attorney." Then he added, "I haven't got many savings left and I want to keep as much of it as I can for my little girl."

When the judge explained that the public defender would be assigned at no cost to him, Senff agreed to retain the lawyer.

At the arraignment, Municipal Judge Peter S. Smith imposed a gag rule which forbid attorneys, police and other persons from discussing the case with anyone, so that Senff's trial would not be jeopardized by publicity.

Meanwhile, the bodies of Mrs. Chapman, her daughter, Mrs. Senff, and little Kim remained unclaimed at the county morgue. Police said they had been unsuccessful in trying to trace relatives of the family, either in Canada or in Germany.

On July 23rd, at a bedside hearing in General Hospital, Judge Smith approved a delay in Senff's preliminary hearing. The hearing gave the defendant an opportunity to tell the judge that he wanted a speedy trial.

Senff said, "I have reason to believe that my defenders are going to drag this thing out. I don't want to seek any loopholes in the law."

Seated on the side of his bed with bandages around his head, with burns on his feet, ankles, waist and back, the 34-year-old man displayed no emotion during the hearing. Judge Smith assured Senff that he would get the speedy trial he had asked and added, "And you won't have to worry about loopholes. We are seeing what we can do to avoid that."

At San Gabriel Community Hospital, little Jenny continued to improve. She chatted with the nurses and even wrote simple thank you notes to people who sent her cards and presents. A spokesman at the hospital said, "She hasn't said anything about what happened. If she knows anything she doesn't show it."

Senff's preliminary hearing was held on August 13, 1970 in the Alhambra municipal court before Judge Smith. Among the witnesses called were the doctor to whom Senff first talked, the fireman who found the victims and the blood in the burning house, the police officers and the arson investigator. The only emotion displayed by Senff came when Deputy District Attorneys George Trammel and Coleman Swart said the court would have to recess to the hospital and there question little Jenny.

Senff blurted out, "I don't think so. You cannot do that. She is only seven years old. She did not know what was going on. You cannot do that." He said that because he was guilty, there was no need to question her. He sobbed, "She was asleep when I hit her. And she was unconscious afterwards. She didn't see anything."

The judge warned Senff that if he made any outbursts at the hospital he would be bound and gagged, and told him, "For the sake of your daughter—and I think you are really and truly interested in her—it would not be pleasant for her to see you bound and gagged. I think you ought to appear relaxed."

When Senff asked permission to speak, the judge nodded and Senff said, "She was asleep and she was unconscious right after that so she had no way of knowing that I did it. I am going to plead first degree murder."

And so over the objections of Senff, a portion of the preliminary hearing was conducted at the little girl's bedside. The prosecutor explained to her the seriousness of lying and she indicated that she had gone to Sunday school every week and understood.

In response to questions from the prosecutors, the little girl told how she watched television with her brother on that terrible night and went to bed at 9 p.m. Sometime during the night, she said, she heard her mother scream and a short time later saw her father standing by her bed.

Q. Did you see anything in his hand?

A. A hammer.

Q. Did he do anything with the hammer, honey?

A. He must have hit me with it.

Q. Do you remember him hitting you just before you lost consciousness?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you remember anything after that?

A. No.

But on cross-examination, the girl admitted that she did not exactly see her father's face and only assumed it was her father because he was the only man in the house when she went to bed.

And she was finally asked, "Do you honestly know who it was who hit you." The child replied, quietly, "No." At this point the little girl began crying and questioning was stopped and the witness dismissed.

Senff was furious over the confrontation with his daughter and later he told Deputy District Attorney Swart, "If I get out of jail I'm going to do you in. I have a long memory."

As he left the hospital in handcuffs, Senff told reporters, "If they give me first degree murder that is all I want."

At the conclusion of the preliminary hearing, Senff was ordered bound over for trial on the charges that had been filed against him. His arraignment was set for September 1st in Pasadena Superior Court.

After the arraignment, three court-appointed psychiatrists ruled that Senff was presently sane and capable of standing trial for the murders and assaults on his family. Senff had pleaded innocent and innocent by reason of insanity, pleas that were entered for him by his attorney.

Fred Senff, must be presumed innocent until he is proved guilty by a jury of his peers.

Jenny at this writing, is a ward of the County of Los Angeles. She has recovered sufficiently to be placed in a foster home and, as yet, no relatives have been found. ♦♦♦

# Why Carry a .32 In a Paper Sack?

(*Continued from page 47*)

"Yes."

"Did you have any conversation with the driver, outside of telling him where you wanted to go?" the police asked.

"No, that is, not until he pulled up in front of the house," the wig shop owner said. "When I paid him I made mention that I was tired and glad to be home. Then he said, 'Yeah, I know what you mean. I'll be glad when I get home too.' That was all that was said."

"Did he get any calls over his radio while you were in the cab?" the witness was asked. She replied that he hadn't. The woman said that Shelton indicated to her that he intended to go home right after he dropped her off, and he made no mention of stopping any place on the way.

After leaving the salon operator's house, police spent the next couple of hours attempting to retrace the slain driver's activities and movements between about 12:55, when he dropped the woman off, and 3:45, the hour he was seen stumbling out of his cab. Working

(*Continued on page 54*)

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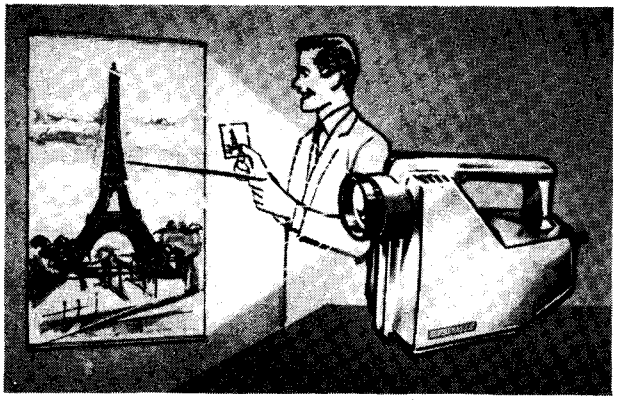

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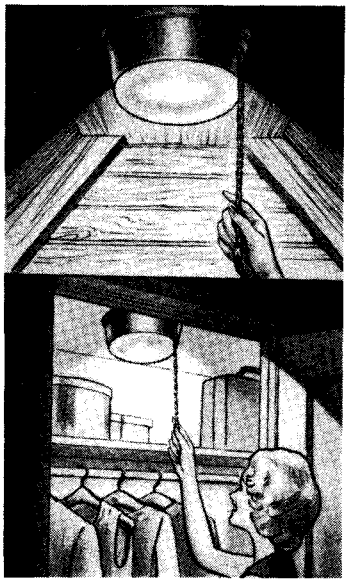

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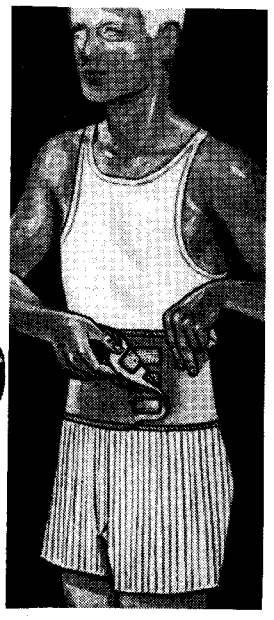

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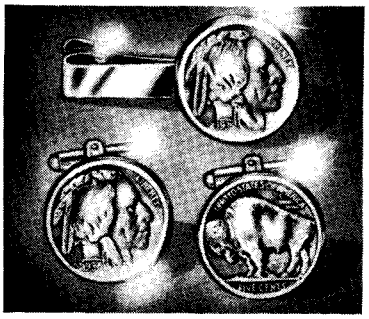

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(*Continued from page 52*)
from the dead taxi driver's trip book, which showed the general area in which a short time later saw her father stand-Shelton worked that night, teams of detectives hounded all the service stations, truck stops, cafes and all-night drugstores in the area to learn if he had been seen. Police were particularly interested in locating somebody who had seen Shelton in the company of a suspect.

But when daylight hit the Queen City, detectives under the command of Homicide Chief Russell Jackson were as much in the dark as they had been several hours earlier when the murder probe started. Police didn't know where cab driver Jim Shelton had been between the time he took the woman shopkeeper home and the hour of his death; they didn't know where the killer fled to when he ran between the stores on Reading Road, and they were running out of leads to get the answer to either puzzle. Also going sour were the attempts of three eyewitnesses to identify the murderer through the police department's photo files.

The only encouragement following on the heels of the rising sun was the welcome illumination it cast in the alleyways where the slayer fled on foot after pumping two .32 caliber slugs into Jim Shelton's torso. Although the city sanitation department did not make trash and garbage pickups on Saturdays, police nevertheless posted uniformed officers in the alleys around the crime scene to prevent private scavengers from removing debris which might possibly contain a murder weapon and the dead taxi driver's missing wallet.

Detectives told newsmen that while they held little hope of finding the .32 caliber pistol, the chances of locating Shelton's discarded wallet were about 50-50, since bandits don't relish the idea of being apprehended with a victim's personal belongings in their possession. They usually get rid of such things in a hurry.

While detectives and uniformed officers combed the alleys for evidence and went through the refuse which searchers had dumped out during the initial hours of the murder probe, the investigation suddenly shifted to the Fifth Street Greyhound Bus Station in downtown Cincinnati. This happened after an agent reported that a paper sack containing a pistol had been turned in at the ticket counter.

Within minutes after the report was received at headquarters, a team of plainclothes men under orders to be as inconspicuous as possible—was at the depot. While several officers scattered out through the station in hopes of spotting the suspect, the bus station dispatcher met in a private office with police to examine the contents of the "lost" paper bag.

Investigators were heartened—to say the least—when the items were dumped out on a desk. The sack not only contained a .32 caliber pistol similar to the one thought to have killed Jim Shelton, but also a blue sweater-jacket, similar to the one described by the witness who had seen the gunman jump from the back seat of the taxi and flee on foot.

"Who turned this stuff in?" police asked the Greyhound employe.

"Some man," the dispatcher replied. "I didn't ask him his name, I just thanked him and told him I'd hold it till it was claimed."

"Can you describe him?" police wanted to know.

"Well, I didn't pay that much attention," the dispatcher replied. "The guy was sort of average, and he was white. Said he found the bag in the rest room and because nobody was around he figured somebody left it there by mistake and would be calling for it at the office. It happens all the time."

The dispatcher said he was pretty sure he'd recognize the man who had found the evidence if he saw him again. He agreed to wander through the huge bus station to see if he was still in the building.

In the meantime, police impounded the gun and sweater, and several other personal items, and refilled the paper sack with towels. The bus station employe was advised to leave the sack sitting out in view of the public and to notify police immediately if anyone called for it.

Detectives spent more than an hour questioning depot employes and customers about the ownership of the paper sack before concluding that the murder suspect was not in the building. The dispatcher and ticket agent were also questioned intensely about the descriptions and destinations of all dark-complexioned ticket buyers they could recall in the past 24 hours.

It was only minutes afer detectives had finished talking to the dispatcher when a small, slightly-built dark-complexioned man appeared at the ticket counter and inquired about some personal belongings he said he had misplaced in the station. The dispatcher was almost beside himself in a vain attempt to catch the eye of a detective in the building without tipping his hand to the claimant. While attempting to stall the man, the dispatcher let out a sigh of relief when he spotted a young uniformed policeman walking toward the counter.

But the suspect saw the officer almost simultaneously and suddenly melted into a crowd of passengers who had just disembarked from a bus. The depot employe shouted for the officer, Patrolman Roger Miller, and advised him of what had happened.

"Which way did he go?" the young cop asked.

"I imagine he went out the Fifth Street door, it's the closest," the excited dispatcher said.

Patrolman Miller hurried out the door and looked up and down the street. Unable to locate anybody fleeing down the sidewalk or in the nearby alley, the policeman started to return to the bus station to get a better description of the man.

But he changed his mind when he noticed a tavern directly across the street from the bus depot. Following a hunch, Patrolman Miller entered the saloon and asked the bartender if a little dark guy had been in the place in the last few minutes.

"Yeah," the barkeep answered, "but he went out the back way the minute you stepped inside."

Officer Miller rushed toward the rear of the building, but on his way to the door he spotted the men's room. Apparently feeling that good hunches may come in bunches, the young cop drew his service revolver and shoved the swinging door open with his foot.

Shrinking in a corner near a waste receptacle stood an obviously scared, dark-complexioned man who appeared to be in his late twenties.

"Hold it, pal!" the officer commanded. "Get those hands up and turn around."

The cop ordered the suspect to lean against the wall while he frisked him. Finding him clean, Patrolman Miller handcuffed his prisoner and led him outside. The officer requested the bartender to call the police station for a car and advised him that the men's toilet was off limits until detectives said otherwise.

Within a couple of minutes, one of the district squad cars was on the scene to pick up the suspect. It was followed shortly by a pair of homicide detectives who were directed to the rest room by Patrolman Miller who, so far, was batting .1000 in the hunch department. And he still was, after a detective reached into the restroom waste basket and pulled out a paper sack containing 10 rounds of live .32 caliber ammunition.

At police headquarters, where Homicide Bureau Chief Russell Jackson commended Patrolman Miller for "some damn good police work," the slaying suspect was identified as 28-year-old Edward "Junior" Boykin, who said he lived in New Orleans, Louisiana.

But during the course of interrogation and continuing investigation over the next eight hours, police learned that Boykin was also a former "resident" of Alabama—namely the state prison and also the county jail in Mobile, from which he was reported to be an escapee.

According to Homicide Bureau Sergeant Gene Moore, Boykin's police record included five armed robbery convictions, for which he had received four separate life sentences, and a murder conviction, for which he had been sentenced to die.

In announcing Boykin's arrest to newsmen, Sergeant Moore said a check with the FBI and Alabama authorities showed that Boykin's first-degree murder conviction had recently been set aside and that he was awaiting a new trial when he broke out of jail in Mobile on February 20th and escaped.

Before the day was out, Boykin allegedly was identified as the suspect who was seen jumping out of Jim Shelton's cab and as the man who attempted to retrieve a paper sack containing a blue sweater-jacket and a .32 caliber pistol at the Greyhound Bus Depot. Following another 24 hours of investigation, including a ballistics test on the suspect, Junior Boykin was charged with first-degree murder on Sunday, March 1, 1970.

When authorities in Alabama were advised of the evidence which Cincinnati police alleged they had against the escapee, they agreed that they would not interfere with Ohio's murder investigation until Boykin's fate was known. On March 2nd, Hamilton County Criminal Court Judge Robert Kraft bound the murder suspect over to the grand jury and ordered that he be held without bond.

On May 22nd, the jury panel indicted Boykin for first-degree murder in the death of taxi driver James Shelton. At this writing, the accused man was waiting for his trial date to be set. Police indicated that regardless of the trial's outcome, the suspect is subject to extradition to Alabama, where he is scheduled to be re-tried for another slaying, which, allegedly, also was committed during the perpetration of armed robbery.

Meanwhile, until such time as a jury of his peers has rendered a decision regarding his guilt or innocence of the charges against him, the accused must be presumed to be innocent. ♦♦♦

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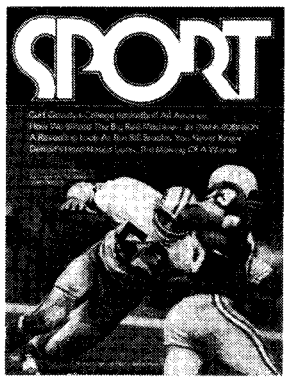


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# The Man Who Sold a Giant

(*Continued from page 43*)

first time, into a roaring furnace. When he found words with which to express the surprise he was feigning, all he could say was: "Well, I'll be a son of a bitch!"

Putting his son who was in on the plot in charge of things, the first orders being to get the crowd off the farm, Newell went into the general store in Cardiff and bought a big white canvas tent. He pitched the tent over the open grave of the giant. On Sunday morning, which was brisk and crystal clear, a crowd gathered. Stubby was there, collecting half a dollar from everybody who wanted a look at the giant.

All day Sunday the people shelled out 50 cents a look as they formed in a line to walk into the tent and have a peek at the fake man. The word had spread fast and the 50-centers were coming from far and wide. By nightfall, when he closed operations for the day, Newell had taken in several hundred dollars—quite a bundle in those days.

Next day, Monday, Newell put a ticket booth up at the entrance of the tent. Workmen had cut a trench around the giant and the long lines of viewers, larger Monday than on the Sunday, spoke in whispers as they stepped through the canvas portals. Reporters from Syracuse and Binghampton, the first of the press to view the giant, never raised the question: was the giant a petrified man or an ancient statue?

It was during the first week that the piece of gypsum, continuing to attract viewers, drew a quartet of ministers who remained inside the tent for more than two hours, studying the gypsum. At the end of their study the quartet of clergy came out and made a statement to the effect that the remains in the grave were unquestionably a genuine human being going back to Biblical days. Thus that thing in the grave, the ministers said, was, at long last, irrefutable proof that the Bible was literally true.

When the statement by the four ministers was picked up by the press things really got going. Thus on the second Sunday that the tent was up the lines at the tent were long and steady and George Hull, distant in Binghampton, getting reports of how things were going, made his first visit to the piece of gypsum since it had been "discovered." After staring in what appeared to be unbelieving wonder into the grave, the con man made a count of the house and drew his brother-in-law aside. "Take down that sign that says fifty cents," he said, "and put up one saying a dollar."

By the time the Cardiff Giant, as it was now being referred to in the press, began its third week of showing, its renown was really building. Both the ignorant and the intelligentsia were equally fascinated. Four-horse stages began to make trips from Syracuse and other New York cities and the railroads started excursions from as far away as New York City, hours to the south.

Seeing the Cardiff Giant carried a certain snob appeal and city hostesses sought guests who had made the pilgrimage to Cardiff. Three different only-and-authentic pamphlets, each purporting to reveal the inside story of the Cardiff Giant, came off the presses and a couple of roach traps in the region, which had been losing loot for years, began to clean up after renaming themselves the Giant Saloon and the Goliath House.

Meantime, Stubby Newell, after a second meeting with his con-man cousin, had climbed out of his overalls and into a pair of rented striped pants, a cutaway and a boiled shirt, topped by a silk hat. Stubby was delivering to the sheller-outers a little lecture, ghost-written by Hull, about how the Giant had been discovered. At first Newell's tale was simple—how he had accidentally come upon it while seeking for new well water. Then, as Newell began to warm up to the job, and like it more and more, his tale began to take on flourishes. Thus, it wasn't long, as the November weather began to grow colder and colder, until Stubby Newell, looking as solemn underneath his rented silk hat, began to tell the suckers that the hand of God had guided him to the Biblical man.

The con game, by this time in the third week of operations, was admitting an average of 30 suckers an hour for a 10-hour day beginning at seven in the morning, with the aid of the lights of big lanterns, and ending at five in the afternoon the same way. All of which broke down to a take of about two grand a week—terrific money in those days or any other period.

Stubby Newell's deal with his con-man cousin was 10 per cent of the take, clean, with the 90 per cent balance to the creator of the Cardiff Giant. The money was paid to George Hull in person, either by Newell or by the son of his who was in on the caper, and Hull deposited it in his bank account in Binghamton.

Each week Hull took another 10 per cent off the gross—$200 for the five people who, aside from Stubby Newell, were in on the caper—Newell's son and Newell's neighbor and his friend Cartwright, the artist and the stonecutter in the Windy City. All of which left the con man with a nice bundle.

It was when the November snows came and travel to the Newell farm was extremely difficult that the giant was disinterred by an elaborate system of cables, pullys and scaffolding and moved to an exhibition hall in Syracuse. It was now—now that the Cardiff Giant had gotten all sort of publicity since its discovery weeks previously—that it had become a magnet for practically every scientific double-dome in the East. The think boys were all coming to look, to ponder and to make solemn statements to the press.

The cerebral experts fell into two classes—those who thought the giant was a true fossil and those who thought it was simply a statue going back to ancient times. The fossil boys were headed by a team of Yale professors—Othniel G. Marsh, a renowned authority on fossils and Benjamin Silliman, a celebrated chemist. The experts who held that the Cardiff Giant was an ancient statue were spearheaded by Professor James H. Drator of the New York State Museum, who was considered by many to be the most distinguished paleontologist in the whole wide world.

Since all con men laugh loudly up their sleeves at the gullibility of their victims, our friend George Hull was practically screaming with mirth, he was one day to publicly admit, when he read in the papers about what the experts thought. Their only disagreement was whether the Giant was real or a piece of art. There wasn't a single voice that posed the question: Is this thing a planted fake?

Weeks passed and the loot continued to roll in as the Cardiff Giant broke all records for attendance at the exhibition hall in Syracuse. Stubby Newell had

gone along with the Giant and, by now talking like some sort of a machine, was really pouring it on. The gyp artist behind it all, who lived 60-odd miles to the south of Syracuse, popped up week ends to keep in touch with things and to count the gross.

It was during the first week of December—not a full two months yet since the Cardiff Giant had been "discovered"—that things began to happen fast. Phineas Taylor Barnum, always on the prowl for something to feed the suckers, had been, from the very first, fascinated by newspaper accounts of the Cardiff Giant. Barnum, although 60 years of age, was not to start the Barnum Circus for a couple of years yet; at the moment he was running a museum and menagerie on New York's Broadway. It was when Barnum read an item in one of the New York newspapers to the effect that the Cardiff Giant was sometimes taking in viewers who were paying a buck a look at the rate of four a minute that he decided to hop up to Syracuse and take a gander himself.

It just so happened that Barnum went up to Syracuse on a Saturday and that Saturday was Connie Hull's day for showing up to count the take and to keep an eye on things in general. And, who did Hull see buying a dollar ticket to look at the Giant but Barnum.

Signalling to Newell to come into a corner for a secret talk the moment Barnum went into the area where the giant was on display in a horizontal position, face up, Hull asked: "Do you know who that is you just sold a ticket to?"

"No," replied Newell. "Who?"

"That was P. T. Barnum."

"No!"

"Yes! I've seen his pictures in the papers a hundred times."

"What do you suppose he's up here for?" asked Newell.

"He probably wants to make an offer."

"No!"

"Yes—and he'll make the offer to you or try to find out from you who owns the Giant."

"And what am I to say to him?"

"Just say you can't talk."

"No matter what he asks me?"

"No matter what."

Sure enough, the great showman—ruddy face, twinkling eyes, pot belly and all—headed straight for Stubby Newell after looking at the Cardiff Giant for several minutes.

"Who owns the Giant?" Barnum wanted to know, as Hull loitered close enough to hear.

"I can't talk," answered Newell.

Now Barnum went into a long series of questions—everything imaginable about the origin of the Cardiff Giant—and Newell continued, between selling tickets, with that three-word reply, "I can't talk."

P. T. Barnum finally gave up trying to milk the slightest bit of information from Stubby and stalked from the hall. Hull, he was one day to say, just stood there watching the departure of the noted showman, with a big question unanswered in his own mind: Had Barnum come perhaps to make some kind of an offer?

We were never to learn whether Barnum had an offer in mind. But we do know what happened as a result of the showman's trek to Syracuse that Saturday in December. Barnum didn't return directly to New York. Instead, he went to the home of a Syracuse sculptor named Fox—a man he had come to know and give a certain amount of work to through the years.

*"I want you,"* Barnum instructed the sculptor, *"to make me, as fast as you can, a replica of the Cardiff Giant."*

After the Barnum visit, Hull figured he was sitting pretty. Barnum was a big name throughout New York State and Hull instructed Stubby to start tossing it around. And what happened? This happened:

About a week after Barnum's appearance in Syracuse three very well-heeled citizens of the region turned up at the exhibition hall. One of them was Dr. Amos Westcott, a dentist whose son, Edward, was one day to write the American classic, *David Harum,* and another was David Hannum, a sharp-nosed small-town banker who was later to become the David Harum in the book by Dr. Westcott's son.

They didn't horse around this day at the exhibition hall, Dr. Westcott, Hannum and the third man. They had been there before and they knew what they wanted. They wanted a piece of the Cardiff Giant—not some of the gypsum with which the Giant was fashioned but a fiscal chunk of the big boy—in short, a piece of the action.

"I've looked into you," the banker Hannum said to Newell, "and you seem to be passing a lot of the money you take in to a man named Hull in Binghamton. Who owns the Giant—you or Hull?"

"I can't talk," said Stubby, over and over and over again.

This was a Saturday—the day Hull usually showed up for his bite of the cake. Hanging around, the banker Hannum and his two partners saw Hull check into the exhibition hall, which was really jumping, and head straight for Stubby Newell. Then, before Newell really had a chance to spill the news to Hull, the banker and his two associates hove into the scene.

"We want to buy some of the Giant,"

the banker said to Hull. Hull didn't answer immediately. While he was thinking, Hannum divulged that he knew, through his banking channels, that he was getting a large piece of the take for the Giant each week. So there they were, Hull and Stubby, caught, so to speak, with their assets showing.

Hull was, like any confidence man, equal to any emergency—and this surer than hell was an emergency. If the banker started talking and squawking and the word got out that Hull owned the Giant the newspapers might get to work and the whole fraud would be exposed. Not that the banker and his two well-heeled partners weren't really welcome; the trouble was that the banker's knowledge of Hull's part in the plot might give the group the upper hand in hard bargaining.

Hannum, Dr. Westcott and the third man and Hull bargained for several hours. Not a word was said about the Giant's authenticity so Hull didn't know what they knew or suspected. The result was that by the end of the day he had sold out three-quarters of his share in the Giant for $37,500 in red hot cash—a fortune in those days, with a one-quarter share of the Giant earnings still to come in to him.

Moving quickly, the new owners of the Cardiff Giant hustled it to New York and put it on display in a museum on Broadway the week before Christmas in time to catch the holiday shopping crowds. The banker Hannum was now in charge of things but Stubby Newell was taken along to continue his spiel about how God had led him to the Giant.

George Hull, in a cloud of his own cigar smoke, went along to Gotham for the ride—and to keep an eye on the box office. A curious man, it was Hull who thought to do something that none of the other stockholders in the Cardiff Syndicate, as it was called, had thought to do. And that was to drop in at Barnum's Museum, just two blocks down the street from where the Giant, at a dollar a look, had begun to pack 'em in from the start.

There seemed to be a lot of activity in one particular section of the Barnum museum. When Hull got close enough to see what it was he almost swallowed one of his own cigars. What he saw, just being put on view for the suckers, was an exact duplicate of the Cardiff Giant—the one that Barnum, after getting nowhere with his questions to Newell in the Syracuse exhibition hall, had ordered the sculptor Fox to whip up with all possible speed.

While Hull was in the Museum, Barnum, supervising the exhibition of the duplicate Giant personally, had this to say in a big sign nailed up out in front of the Barnum Museum:

THE CARDIFF GIANT
The One
The Only
The Original
ONLY 50 CENTS
Do Not Pay Double
To See a Fake

Having seen the Barnum Giant, and now getting a gander at the sign that had not been up when he went in, Hull rushed two blocks up the street and imparted the dreadful tidings. The real-life counterpart of David Harum hustled down for a look. He was followed by his two other partners.

Now, to protect itself, the Syndicate put up a sign outside of where Hull's fake was showing, proclaiming it the one, the only, the original.

Now a bad straw blew with the winter wind in the form of Erastus Dow Palmer, New York's most famous sculptor. Palmer had gone up to Syracuse when the Giant was showing there and, when nobody was looking, managed to chip off a piece of the old boy's rear. Taking this asset back to his studio, Palmer examined it and examined it and examined it. Now, in the month January, when both the original fake and the fake fake were packing 'em in at both showplaces, Palmer came out with his blast.

"The Cardiff Giant," he said, "is neither a fossil nor an ancient statue. It is a fake—an outright and deliberate fake!"

Since Palmer was speaking of the Giant that George Hull had cooked up, Barnum naturally leaped on the statement. Of course the other Giant was a fake, Barnum announced to the press. It *had* to be a fake, because Barnum was showing the one, the only, the original Cardiff Giant.

And what did this cry of "Fake!" from a respected source do to business? It lengthened the lines at both the Syndicate's box office, where the price was still a buck, and at Barnum's where the draw was so good that the great showman raised his price to a buck, too. Each draw was hitting anywhere from 1,000 to 1,500 viewers a day. It had become a sort of a game with some New Yorkers to look at both giants and decide which one was real and which one was the fake.

Barnum himself was doing most of the spieling for his fake fake—answering all questions from both the peasants and the sophisticates—and all the while really pouring it on against the original Giant only two blocks up the street. In the minds of thinking people there was no question that the Syndicates Giant was the one, the only, the original, because its journey from the time of its discovery to the exhibition hall in Syracuse and then down to Broadway had been covered in the press. But there was as large a proportion of gullible people with cash then as there is today and when dull viewers looked at Barnum's fake fake and listened to him telling them why it was real they left his museum believing every word he'd told them.



Things began to slacken off a little late in January, just a month after the original Giant had hit Broadway and it was George Hull who thought up a business booster—filing for a court injunction against Barnum for exhibiting a fake Giant and hurting his business. The judge before whom the plea for the injunction was taken had apparently cottoned to the cry of "Fraud!" raised by the sculptor Palmer because he denied the injunction. So the original fake and the fake fake continued on, business hopped up some by the court proceedings.

By February, though, the bloom was off the rose and the original Giant moved up to an exhibition hall in Boston while Barnum, now cutting his price to half a buck again, continued in Manhattan.

The authentic Cardiff Giant got a fresh start in Boston. The double-domes in the seat of the nation's culture disagreed as to whether it was a petrified human being or an old statue but not a single voice was raised in the cry of "Fake!" Ralph Waldo Emerson, the famed essayist, examined the thing that Hull the con man had had fashioned out of a piece of gypsum, pronounced it astonishing and concluded: "It is undoubtedly a bona fide, petrified human being."

Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes, the celebrated anatomist, bored a hole in the giant's dome, behind its left ear. Finding the interior of the head quite solid, Holmes said that was an indication of the absence of a fossilized brain. But the giant was, Holmes announced, a statue, "probably of great antiquity."

Stubby Newell was still traveling with the Giant, spieling that pitch about how God had led him to it, and Hull, the creator of the whole business, was regularly checking in to keep an eye on the take. He was still shelling out that little percentage of what he was getting each week to the five unknowns—the two in Cardiff and the three in Chicago. The price to see the Giant in Boston was half a buck—and it was drawing several hundred suckers a day.

After the stand in Boston, David Hannum, Hull and Newell hit the road with the Giant and checked into various cities and towns in Massachusetts, New York, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Pennsylvania. At each stand, the regional double-domes would gravely cerebrate on the gypsum man and hand down their opinions. By now, nobody who pretended to know about such matters thought the Giant was a fossil but few dared to call it a fraud. By the spring of the year following its "discovery," the general opinion about the Cardiff Giant was that it was a statue of great antiquity.

Meantime, though, the good old Fourth Estate, in the form of the New York Tribune, had been getting editorial indigestion every time it thought twice about the Cardiff Giant. The original Giant was coming in for a spring rest—back to Cardiff—preparatory to hitting the road again but Barnum's fake fake was still drawing the suckers on Broadway. So the Trib shot a team of reporters out to get to the bottom of the whole damned mystery.

First thing the scribes learned was about Stubby Newell's need for a new well. Although for months Stubby had been loud and clear about the need of a new well he had never had one dug after the diggers had by accident come upon the Giant three feet under.

When the reporters questioned Stubby about this, he hemmed and hawed and just didn't have an answer. There had never been anything wrong with the old well, it now turned out.

Checking with banks, with the power of the Tribune behind them, the scribes learned that when the Giant had first gone on display at Newell's farm that most of the take each week had been transferred to the bank of George Hull in Binghamton.

Talking to Hull, friendly when he emerged from a cloud of smoke to answer a question, the reporters were told that Stubby Newell had owed Hull a large sum of money and had simply been paying it back after the Cardiff Giant turned up on his farm. The scribes simply couldn't buy this so they began to backtrack on George Hull.

Learning from Hull's mailman that Hull had been away from home two summers previously, and that he had been writing to his wife in letters postmarked from Ackley, Iowa, the scribes shot out to Ackley. There they learned from Hull's sister, who wasn't too bright, that her brother had spent a good deal

(*Continued on page* 60)

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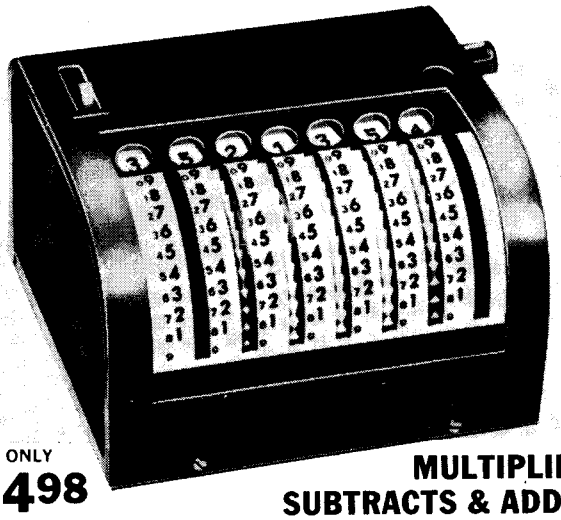

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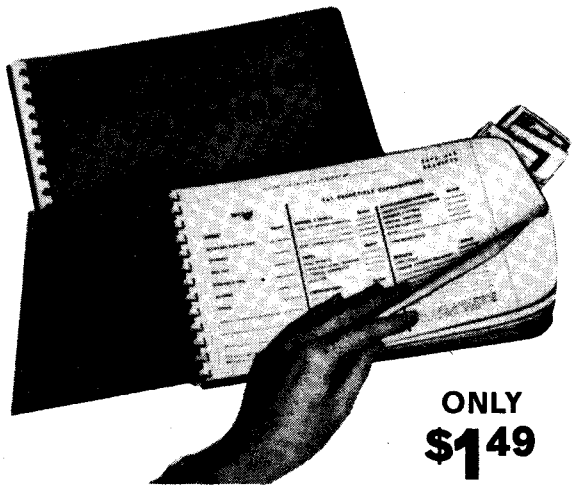

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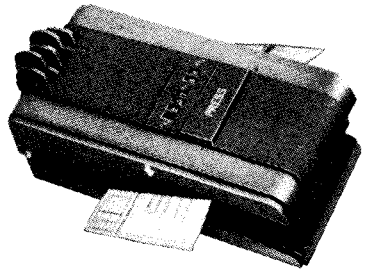

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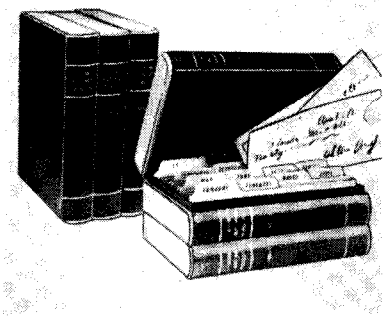

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(*Continued from page* 58)
of time at the stone quarries in Fort Dodge.

It was in Fort Dodge that the reporters found the quarry where the con man had bought the chunk of gypsum big enough to have a giant cut from. Next, checking drayage records, they traced the piece of stone to the Chicago address of Hull's old friend Cartwright.

It was Cartwright who broke down and spilled the whole story. He named the stonecutter and the artist and they told their tales, too.

Shooting back to Binghamton, the two Tribune men confronted Hull with the facts they had unearthed. Hull thought fast, like any good con man does. He had no choice but to confess. But a confession wouldn't necessarily ruin the Giant. There would always be suckers who would like to see what had fooled so many people. Anyway, he had made quite a bundle—well over a hundred grand—so why whip a dead horse?

So Hull told the whole tale and not only the Tribune, but practically every paper in the country, came out with it. Papers in Europe picked up the tale, too. Papers were now calling the piece of gypsum not the Cardiff Giant but Old Hoaxey.

The truth about the piece of gypsum that had been planted and then dug up in Cardiff almost ruined Barnum's giant. Very few people wanted to look at something that was now obviously a fake fake. But the suckers still wanted to have a look at the *real* fake. It toured at fairs and carnivals, Stubby Newell sometimes going along to do the pitching.

All four stockholders in the Cardiff Syndicate, which in the end was to mop up more than half a million dollars, continued to enjoy the take. The so-called honorable men who had gone into the thing with con man Hull didn't seem to object continuing to collect money on something they now knew was fraudulent. The really unlucky ones were Stubby Newell's son and neighbor in Cardiff and the three takees in Chicago who now no longer collected anything from Hull because they no longer had a secret to keep.

The years passed and, after having been more or less in seclusion for quite a while, Old Hoaxey emerged for an appearance in 1901 at the Pan American Exposition in Buffalo, where President McKinley was assassinated. Then he went back into storage. The original four owners had by now died off and title to Old Hoaxey fell into dispute. Finally worth only a few hundred bucks, he was sold for storage charges.

Now the Giant passed into several hands. He appeared in 1934 at the New York State Fair in Syracuse. Then he came into possession of Gardner Cowles Jr. of the Iowa publishing family and Cowles lent him to the Iowa State Fair in 1935.

The New York State Educational Department became insterested in Old Hoaxey in 1939 and it put markers up in the vicinity of Cardiff pointing the way to the scene of the Giant's first appearance 70 years before. Then the New York State Historical Association acquired Old Hoaxey from Cowles in 1948 and placed him on view in the Farmers' Museum. That's where he lies today, in an open grave, just the way he was "discovered."

But it was Barnum's fake that outlasted the real fake. After I saw it in Danbury in 1950 it continued to appear, now and then, here and there, for several years. Then it was stashed away by Barnum people—nobody seems to know exactly where.

One thing is to be remembered: In the decades that have dropped from the calendar since George Hull dreamed up the Cardiff Giant, no con man has ever gone up a similar road to easy money.

♦♦♦

# Murdered Girl Who Wasn't Dead

(*Continued from page* 49)

cided that because of the body's partial decomposition, it would be wise to have the autopsy performed by an expert pathologist. The coroner made the arrangements by telephone and the body was then sent at once to Dr. Frank Dutrea, in Cincinnati, Ohio, which is less than 40 miles away. Dr. Dutrea promised to do the post mortem examination at once.

Sheriff Jett and Deputy Kelsch then drove out to the Daviess farm, accompanied by three more deputies. The sheriff personally directed a new and intensified search of the area. He sent for shovels and a large sieve, and a large portion of the creek bank and nearest part of the plowed field was sifted. It was a careful, back-breaking effort, but completely unproductive. No clues were found.

The sheriff and Kelsch got a break in the matter of a canvass; they were able to do it without traveling more than a couple hundred yards, for every neighbor, and just about all of their children, residing within a radius of six miles had converged on the scene. Thus, the canvass was facilitated, but it was not notably helpful.

The neighboring farmers and their families shook their heads in response to the questions put to them by the sheriff and his deputy. No one could recall seeing a suspicious car or even noticing anything in the least out of the ordinary during the period in which the murder was believed to have been committed.

It would have been quite a job for a man to carry a dead body a quarter of a mile from the road," Deputy Kelsch observed in a discussion with the sheriff. "And the ground was too soft to drive a car over it."

"The girl and her killer must have walked there from a car together," Sheriff Jett said pensively.

"You're probably right," Kelsch agreed. "But that would mean they must have been on good terms with each other."

Jett nodded. "Yes. The lack of clues to her identity indicates that, too. The killer knew he'd be suspected when we learned who she was, and he hoped to make it impossible for us to find that



out. We'll just have to bring the body back to Augusta after the autopsy, give it a lot of publicity, run a check on missing persons files in southern Ohio and Kentucky, and let people with missing relatives have a look."

Returning to Augusta, Sheriff Jett telephoned State Police headquarters and asked for their cooperation. The sheriff then assigned Kelsch and another deputy to the task of checking the victim's description against the files of missing persons bureaus of Kentucky and neighboring states.

Early the following morning, Coroner Bach entered Sheriff Jett's office. "I just had a telephone call from Dr. Dutrea in Cincinnati," he said. "He spent most of the night on the autopsy. He'll mail us an official report, but he gave me a quick fill-in on his findings.

"Dutrea says the girl has been dead at least two weeks—maybe a few days more. She was strangled, both manually and by means of a wire. He could find no evidence of criminal sexual assault. But—she was four months pregnant when she died."

Sheriff Jett looked up sharply and said, "The fact that she was pregnant may have been the motive. If she was unmarried, she may have been complicating some man's life and he decided to get rid of her."

Coroner Bach, shaking his head, said: "I think it might be more a question of *whom* she was married to, because it seems pretty certain she either was, or had been married."

"That so?" the sheriff said quizzically. "How do you figure that?"

"Well, Dr. Dutrea reports that she had been a mother. He found stretch marks on the abdomen which come from pregnancy. Also, he said there was a pressure ridge—or indentation—around her ring finger on the left hand, as though she had worn a wedding ring there for a long time."

"We didn't find any ring," Sheriff Jett mused, "so the killer probably took it—like he did the labels from her clothing—to keep us from tracing her. Tell me, was Dr. Dutrea able to take the fingerprints? The tips looked pretty bad to me when I inspected the body."

Nodding affirmatively, the coroner replied, "Yes, he got a good set after softening the tips with an oil solution. The ridges hadn't yet been affected by decomposition. He's already sent the victim's prints to Washington, with instructions for the FBI to report to you. If the prints aren't on file, the next best hope of identifying her will be through her teeth. All her back teeth have been extracted, he said, leaving only sixteen at the front of the mouth."

The body was returned to Augusta that afternoon and taken to a mortuary for cold storage, pending identification. Sheriff Jett hoped this would happen soon, by means of the FBI's massive file of fingerprints in Washington. But that hope was doomed to be shattered, for within 24 hours word came from the FBI that the slain girl's prints were not among those in their files.

By this time, however, a detailed description of the girl had been published in newspapers throughout Kentucky and nearby states, and scores of persons with missing loved ones began arriving to view the body.

But the actual identification process

in this instance was difficult, due to the poor condition of the corpse. For one thing, considerable deterioration had taken place in the facial features, blackening the skin and causing the muscles to sag after bloating had subsided.

One local man spent a half hour examining the corpse, and he confessed he was still unsure when he left as to whether the murdered girl was his missing fiancee.

A woman from nearby Maysville, in adjoining Mason County, was certain the body was that of her missing sister, but when the victim's fingerprints were compared with those of the sister, taken when she had once applied for a government job, the prints did not match. And there were several other "almost" identifications, in which persons were "almost certain, but not absolutely sure." Meanwhile, two days passed, and still the slain girl lay unidentified on the cold mortuary slab.

Then Walter Brady, a quiet-mannered, soft-spoken Hoosier businessman, came to the mortuary to view the girl whose description he had read about in an Indianapolis newspaper.

"I think she's my wife," he told Sheriff Jett. "Isobel left home about a month ago one night after we had a quarrel. She was three months pregnant. I haven't heard a word from her since and I've reported her missing. She was a girl who liked a good time, and sometimes she'd go and stay in Cincinnati by herself for several days at a time.

"But she never stayed away this long. We have three children and she loved them. If she's alive, I'm certain she'd get in touch with them."

At the mortuary, the sheet was removed from the victim's face and shoulders and Brady gazed at her for a long time. "I—I think she's Isobel," he said then. "May I see the whole body?"

The sheet was removed. Doubt clouded Brady's eyes. "The build is similar. Still, this woman doesn't look quite like Isobel," he murmured uncertainly. He examined the victim's teeth. "Isobel had lost a number of back teeth," he said, "but I don't think she had that many missing."

Shown the clothing of the victim, he said his wife had had a similar dress, but he didn't recognize the necklace. "But she could have bought it after she left home," he added.

Attempts to make a dental identification ran into a snag when Isobel Brady's dentist said the only work he had done on her mouth was to make several extractions, for which he never kept charts. He agreed to come to Augusta to examine the body, however, and when he had done so, he said he didn't think the dead girl was Isobel Brady. For the anxious husband, that settled the matter. He went back to Indiana, convinced that the murder victim was not his wife.

Weeks passed, and still the victim lay unidentified. State police, meanwhile, had picked up a number of men on suspicion and Sheriff Jett had questioned them at length. All were released eventually.

Because of the type of iron weights used to sink the body, the sheriff also investigated the possibility that the killer was a railroad worker. Employes of a railroad which ran near the Daviess farm were questioned and their alibis checked. Nothing came of it. During the remainder of May and throughout June, hundreds of persons filed through the mortuary and viewed the body. By July 1st, no progress had been made.

After the passage of another two weeks, Sheriff Jett was surprised by another visit from Walter Brady. His face showing strain, Brady began, "Sheriff, more than three months have passed, and I've still heard nothing from my wife. I'd like to look at that corpse again."

Enroute to the mortuary, the Hoosier businessman explained that while brooding over his wife's disappearance, he suddenly remembered that shortly before she left she had complained of a toothache. Possibly, therefore, she had gone to a dentist in some other city and he might have extracted more of her back teeth.

"And there's something else," the man went on. "I remember now that one of the toes on her left foot tended to curl under. She told me once that when she was a little girl she'd worn shoes that were too small for her. That foot wasn't too different from normal, but I'm sure I'd recognize her from it. I've been driven nearly crazy lately, thinking maybe that girl is Isobel after all."

After viewing the corpse again, and studying the left foot, Brady suddenly began to sob. "Yes, it's Louise," he said brokenly. "I should have known all along."

After signing the necessary papers, the body was released to the heartbroken husband. Next, representatives of an insurance company which had written a policy for $2,500 on Mrs. Brady's life called on the sheriff. They were satisfied with Jett's account of the identification and said they would pay the claim.

With the body identified, the sheriff now concentrated on solving the murder mystery. Jett, who had run some discreet checks on the man earlier, had no reason to suspect Walter Brady of killing his wife, but he thought the Indiana businessman might unknowingly hold

the key to the killer's identity. So the day after the funeral, Jett drove to Indiana to question the businessman at his home. To begin with, he asked Brady to tell him about his wife.

The sorrowing widower was completely candid. He said he and Isobel had been very happy when they were first married, but she was a restless, emotional girl. She began to miss the good times they'd had before they were married, the parties and the men friends. At home she was a good wife. She took excellent care of the children and the house. But she had a girl friend in Cincinnati whom she liked to visit. Sometimes she'd stay there a week at a time. Her friend's name was Betty Conklin. She lived in a riverfront section of town, in a furnished apartment, but he didn't know the address.

Asked if his wife drank, Brady admitted that "once she got started, Isobel drank quite a bit." Did she play around with other men? Brady was hesitant, then said, "I never had any proof of it. But I noticed a change in her attitude toward me, maybe about six months before she disappeared. In a way, she was nicer to me, and we didn't argue so much. But she was sort of cold-like, too. We weren't the way we used to be."

Questioned about the pregnancy, Brady declared he was certain he was the father of his wife's unborn child. "She told me herself she was pregnant. Isobel may have had her weak points, but she wouldn't pull a trick like that on me—try to pass off another man's child as mine." Nor did Brady have any idea of the identity of any rival for his wife's affections, if indeed there had been a rival.

Returning to his Kentucky headquarters, Sheriff Jett pondered what he had learned for a couple of days and reached a couple of conclusions. Although the murder apparently occurred in his bailiwick, it seemed certain the homicide had stemmed from the victim's life in Cincinnati. That's where the answers would lie.

Hamer K. Jett, a well-built, heavy set man in early middle age, had been in law enforcement most of his life and thoroughly enjoyed it. The Bracken County sheriff's office already had spent a good deal of time and money on the case and there were no funds to conduct an elaborate two-state investigation. So Jett, a man of independent means, decided to continue the probe himself and pay for it out of his own pocket. The place to begin, obviously, was Cincinnati, and the first person to talk to was Betty Conklin, Isobel Brady's friend in that city across the Ohio River. Jett was familiar with the fading section of Cincinnati where Betty Conklin lived, and he knew he'd make little progress with its denizens unless he resorted to subterfuge.

A modest, unassuming man, Sheriff Jett later was loath to go into details about his Cincinnati undercover investigation, but from other sources some of those details emerged. For openers, he let his beard grow and wore old clothes like those of a truckman or laborer before he began to frequent the ginmills and nightspots of the area in which he was concentrating his search for Betty Conklin. After circulating through the district for several days and making himself a familiar figure to bartenders and hangers-on, he began to make casual inquiries about Betty Conklin, whom he had been told to "look up by a friend of hers" who said she was a "regular gal." He was not immediately

successful, but at length one barkeep told him to stick around, that Betty usually showed up around 9 o'clock in the evening.

The tip was accurate. Betty was easy to talk to, as long as a guy was buying her drinks. They became friendly and in a couple of nights, her newfound friend casually inquired if she'd ever met another friend of his who used to hang around the district, Isobel Brady.

Betty admitted she had known Isobel, but the girl was dead, and she didn't want to talk about her. Jett didn't press the point. He let a couple more days pass, during which he bought Betty countless more drinks, took her to dinner a couple times, and also to the race track. By that time she had come to trust the big man and didn't mind talking when he casually asked what kind of a crowd Isobel Brady was running with.

"Bad eggs," Betty replied sadly. "If we'd stayed away from those characters, Isobel would have been alive today." Now she seemed almost anxious to unburden herself and the whole story came tumbling out.

She named three men from Bracken County, Kentucky, Sheriff Jett's own county, who had come to Cincinnati looking for girls and a good time. She, Isobel and another girl had gone riding with them, stopping frequently at roadhouses for more drinks. They all went back to Betty's place, where Isobel was staying with her. The next day, Betty found that Isobel had packed up and departed, leaving a note thanking her. That was all. The next news Betty had of Isobel was that she had been identified as the girl found murdered by a creek in Kentucky, in the county from which their three boyfriends had come.

Only then did Sheriff Jett reveal his true identity to Betty Conklin. Frightened, she agreed to cooperate. She led him to the third girl who had been on the party with the Bracken men. They returned to Augusta with him and identified the three local men when Jett had them picked up and brought in.

Questioned separately, the three men told identical stories, and admitted having been with the girls, but insisted they had delivered them safely to Betty's place and denied any implication in Isobel Brady's death. None of them, however, had anything like an adequate alibi that put them definitely beyond suspicion. They were held until a week later when, after a preliminary hearing, in Brooksville, County Judge J. E. Wood released them on bond.

Two months later, in early November, Sheriff Jett's case collapsed. Walter Brady walked into his office and handed him a letter postmarked from McAlester, Oklahoma.

It read: "Honey, mother is still alive and I do love you all very much. I've been staying with a man and his wife. I'll be home by Christmas. I am sorry for everything." It was signed, "Isobel." Brady said it looked like his wife's handwriting.

The envelope bore a return address, and the sheriff quickly got the McAlester police on the phone. Within a half hour they called back and said the woman had papers identifying her as Isobel Brady. "She hadn't heard of the finding of a body in Kentucky and had no idea she was believed to be dead. She's with us now. Is her husband there?"

Brady got on the wire and in a moment his face broke into a smile. "It's Isobel, all right," he said when he hung up. "She says she left Cincinnati because she hated the life she'd been leading there. She went out to Oklahoma and got a job as a waitress. She promises to come home very soon."

That night, the sheriff discussed the case with Deputy Bob Kelsch, who had been working closely with him on the marathon investigation. "Well," Kelsch said, "we're right back where we started six months ago. An unidentified girl killed by an unknown man for no apparent motive."

The sheriff agreed, but he was not ready to give up. "This story about the murdered girl being buried in another woman's grave for nearly four months is bound to be picked up by newspapers from coast to coast. I have a hunch," he said thoughtfully, "it may do us some good."

Sheriff Jett was right, but it took almost a month for it to happen, a month in which they were deluged with phone calls and visits from worried people with missing loved ones from as far away as Vancouver, Canada, and San Diego, California, with several more from such distant places as New Hampshire and Florida.

On the morning of December 6, 1951, Sheriff Jett had three visitors, a worried middle-aged couple accompanied by Detective Gobel S. Waddell of Akron, Ohio. After introductions, the man with Detective Waddell said:

"My daughter, Mrs. Juanita Bailey, disappeared from Akron on April 22nd. The family has heard nothing from her and we've been frantic. We're afraid she's dead. I've been going around from morgue to morgue trying to find some trace of her. I know there isn't much hope, but may I see the clothing of the girl who was found dead here?"

Sheriff Jett placed the clothing on a table. The man took a piece of beige wool fabric from his pocket and compared it with the beige dress. They

seemed to be identical.

"This is Juanita's dress—I'm certain of it," the man exclaimed huskily. "Her mother shortened it for her and this is the left-over piece. Let me see the girl's description."

Jett handed him a transcript taken from the coroner's report, as well as a photograph of the corpse. The man studied them both, then said, "Yes, it's Juanita."

Any lingering doubts were dispelled when he produced a dental chart from Juanita Bailey's dentist. It was identical with the chart prepared by Dr. Dutrea, the Cincinnati pathologist who had performed the autopsy on the Bracken County murder victim.

Sheriff Jett sent a deputy with the victim's relatives to take care of necessary formalities with the coroner. Meanwhile, Detective Waddell, who had brought them from Akron, briefed the sheriff on the background of Juanita Bailey's disappearance. He said that Mrs. Bailey, recently divorced, had been living with her daughter at the home of her parents in Akron. Her ex-husband was working in the Southwest.

Since the divorce, she had fallen in love with a young Akron man, George Krendich, and they had announced their intentions to get married. They had been spending evenings driving around the Akron area looking for a suitable house in which to live. Juanita was already buying furnishings for the house.

Krendich, a handsome, six-foot tall bomber pilot in World War II, made good money as a turret lathe operator in an Akron factory. A former student at Ohio State University, he also had spent some time in the Superstition Mountains of Arizona, trying to locate the fabulous "Lost Dutchman" mine. He had spoken of wanting to make another such attempt.

"Juanita Bailey was last seen on April 22nd of this year," Detective Waddell continued. "She and her fiance started out house hunting in his car that evening. She told her parents she'd be back early. She didn't come home at all that night.

"The following morning, her mother telephoned Krendich's family. They said George hadn't returned home, either. The two families thought maybe the couple had eloped. They'd had no luck finding a house they could afford, and everyone knew Krendich was restless in his job. They thought maybe he had persuaded Juanita to set out for the west on a prospecting trip.

"But on April 27th, when the couple had been missing five days, Krendich's family received a letter from him from Chicago. He said he and Juanita had broken up and that she had gone to Arizona to try to patch things up with her former husband. Krendich said he intended going on a prospecting trip and had sold his car to get money for expenses.

"A check with Juanita's former husband drew a blank. He knew nothing about her coming down there. Krendich's story didn't ring true to Juanita's family, because she was completely devoted to her six-year-old daughter, and they couldn't believe she would have taken off without a word and left the child behind. They notified the police, and we listed both Krendich and Juanita as missing persons."

Waddell said the case had been referred to Akron Detective Captain John Struzenski, who had notified law enforcement agencies in the western states to be on the lookout for the couple. He assigned the task of tracing the missing couple to Lieutenant Carroll Cutwright.

Cutwright's inquiries among Krendich's friends brought only praise for the ex-Air Force lieutenant. "He's lived around here for twenty years," a friend said of Krendich. "He gave Christmas parties for the neighborhood youngsters. He was crazy about his little nephew."

Juanita had worked in the sewing machine department of a large Akron department store, and Lieutenant Cutwright questioned her boss. He referred the officer to his wife, with whom Juanita was quite friendly. Cutwright found the man's wife at home.

"Juanita was a lovely girl, sweet and trusting," the woman told Cutwright. "I don't know whether I ought to tell you this, but I was worried about her for several months before she disappeared. Her whole attitude and frame of mind seemed to change. She didn't seem to care any more. Finally she asked for a day off to visit a doctor in Cleveland. When she came back she told us she probably would have to have an operation."

Although they had not been certain, the informant said, she and her husband suspected that Juanita had learned she was pregnant.

This put a whole new complexion on the strange disappearance. Cutwright conferred with Captain Struzenski and they speculated that Krendich, known to have been yearning to return to his earlier prospecting days, had been told by his fiancee that she was pregnant. She might have pleaded for an early marriage. Then, faced with the prospect of tying himself down to the support of a wife and two children, he had killed her in a fit of anger, disposed of the body, and fled.

"If we can trace his car, we may find valuable clues," Captain Struzenski had said. "In his letter to his mother he said he'd sold it in Chicago. Check recent auto transfers in all nearby states."

By the following day, Cutwright had learned that Krendich had sold his car to a dealer in Cincinnati on April 25th, three days after the disappearance. By dint of further digging, Cutwright learned it was a Pontiac sedan, and it had been sold to a Cincinnati businessman who bought it for the family's second car. Working with Cincinnati detectives Thomas Faragher and Walter Hart, Cutwright also learned that when he sold his car to the dealer in that city, Krendich had seemed in a hurry and accepted their first offer of $950.

The detectives now looked up the purchaser, who permitted them to examine the Pontiac. They found that the car had been fitted with a new set of seat covers. Removing these, they detected a number of dark spots on the back seat cushion, and under it several hairpins. When the splotches were analyzed, they were found to be human blood, Type A, which was Juanita Bailey's blood type.

The Akron investigators were now convinced that the girl had been murdered by her fiance, George Krendich. They had the FBI issue a federal warrant charging Krendich with interstate flight to avoid prosecution for murder. The FBI alerted its agents throughout the country to be on the watch for the ex-Air Force pilot. But up to the time of the positive identification of Juanita Bailey's body, no trace had been found of Krendich.

Now a conference was held at Akron police headquarters at which Chief of Detectives Struzenski, Sheriff Jett and FBI agents discussed the case. The matter of where the girl had met her death

was still undetermined. Sheriff Jett believed she had been killed in Bracken County. His position was strengthened when it was learned that Krendich had an old Army buddy who lived in the county not far from the Daviess farm. Krendich might have been somewhat familiar with Turtle Creek. He might have persuaded the girl to walk from the parked car to the spot where she was slain.

But Chief Struzenski believed it was more likely that the ex-flyer had slain the girl in a fit of anger while they were still hunting houses in Cincinnati, and then had driven with the body to the isolated spot near the Daviess farm. He argued that the six-foot, 175-pound Krendich might have carried the girl's body from the car to the creek under cover of darkness with little fear of being seen in that isolated region. He could even have set down his grisly burden several times and stopped to rest.

What's more, he got an unexpected break when the plowing soon afterwards obliterated any tracks he might have made in his grim journey to and from the creek.

It was decided to keep a round-the-clock watch on the homes of friends and relatives of the suspect in the Akron area. Chicago police were asked to try to check on the fugitive's movements in that city. Airlines throughout the west, as well as in South America, were checked on the theory that, as an experienced pilot, Krendich might have sought employment with one of them.

All these efforts brought no results, and eventually Akron police appealed to TRUE DETECTIVE and requested that Krendich's picture be published in the magazine's "Line-Up" feature, which has been responsible for the capture of hundreds of fugitives from justice on information supplied by the publication's keen-eyed readers.

Publication of the photo and description of Krendich in the September, 1952 issue of TRUE DETECTIVE brought in tips throughout the country. A woman telephoned to say she was certain she had seen Krendich in a Duluth, Minnesota bus station. Another said she had seen him in a gambling casino in Reno, Nevada. A mine operator in the same state wrote that he was sure he had talked with a man of Krendich's description.

Each of these tips was carefully followed up, but none produced positive results. The year 1952 passed without a single verifiable lead to Krendich's whereabouts.

Early in July, 1953, the FBI added Krendich's name to the list of their "Ten Most Wanted Fugitives." Giving a complete description of the fugitive, they spoke of his crime as vicious and hideous," and warned that he "should be considered dangerous and a brutal murderer."

Suddenly there came a frantic call from the clubhouse of an Akron country club. A patron said that Krendich was there on the course, playing golf. Krendich was known to be an enthusiastic golfer, and police rushed to the scene. The man was surrounded.

He turned out to be a respectable Akron citizen who bore a striking resemblance to the murder fugitive.

But late in July of 1953, the vast amount of work which had been done on the Juanita Bailey murder investigation began to yield dividends. FBI agents in Texas discovered that a license for a yellow jeep had been issued to a man giving the name of George Krendich.

Soon after that, it was learned that a

George Krendich had been employed by an oil company, installing pipe lines. He had left his job only weeks earlier, and there was reason to believe that he might be working on a farm in Nebraska presently.

Agents who traced him to this farm, discovered that he had quit suddenly, without explanation, and left for parts unknown.

Now FBI agents went back to the oil line company for another check, only to learn that they had just missed Krendich once again. They were informed that he had returned only that morning, hoping to get his old job back. But he took off fast when he stopped to chat with a friend, who had warned him: "George, you're wanted for murder back east."

"There's some mistake," Krendich was reported to have said. "I'll go back and straighten that out." He had driven away.

Shortly after midnight on October 11, 1953, detectives on night duty at headquarters in Akron received a telephone call from M. A. Olson, Coroner of Dunn County, North Dakota. The hamlet of Manning, with a population of less than 100, is the county seat.

The North Dakota coroner reported: "A couple of Indians out rabbit hunting found a man dead in a car in the scrublands about forty miles from Dunn Center. It looks as though he's been dead around two or three weeks. According to papers in his pocket, he's an Akron man. Will you get in touch with his relatives?"

It was a routine request, and the detective sergeant reached for the proper form to fill out. Casually, he asked for the dead man's name.

"According to his auto registration," came the reply, "he's George Krendich. We found him in a yellow jeep with an undischarged .22 rifle at his side."

"What!" exclaimed the Akron sergeant. "Why he's one of the nation's Ten Most Wanted Fugitives."

Coroner Olson said there hadn't been time yet to check the victim against lists of wanted men. The autopsy had not been completed, and cause of death was still unknown.

By morning, more details were received in Akron. Coroner Olson announced that Krendich had died in his sleeping bag in his jeep. Death had resulted from asphyxiation brought about by carbon monoxide fumes. A hose had been run from the exhaust pipe of the jeep into the car.

No doubt realizing that the net of justice was closing inexorably around him, George Krendich had apparently committed suicide.

For a time, the possibility was considered that the body, which was badly decomposed, was not Krendich's. It was argued that Krendich might have killed again, choosing as his victim someone who resembled him in general physical appearance, and then planted his own papers on the victim in an effort to throw police off his trail.

Accordingly, the dead man's fingertips were amputated and forwarded to the FBI in Washington. On October 14, 1953, the FBI reported that a check of the prints from the corpse against Krendich's fingerprints from Air Force records definitely established that the dead man found by rabbit-hunting Indians in North Dakota was George Krendich.

The man sought in the investigation of the heartless slaying of his pretty fiancee had finally come to the end of the road.

With the receipt of the FBI report, Sheriff Jett and Captain Struzenski wrote off the case as officially closed.

♦ ♦ ♦

EDITOR'S NOTE:

*Meade Daviess, Betty Conklin, Walter and Isobel Brady 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 identity of these persons.*

# National Police Officer of Month

(*Continued from page* 31)

used to justify a variety of depredations again and again.

Colleagues of the ex-bombardier say he has a phenomenal memory for names, dates, places and faces. His one-time partner, Inspector Ray, tells an illustrative story.

He and Gagliano were strolling down Main Street and noticed two men walk into an alley. Ray remarked that one looked familiar.

"Joe said, 'He's wanted, let's stop him,'" Ray says. "He ran, but we caught him, and sure enough his picture was on a wanted poster as a forgery fugitive."

Gagliano, however, insists top honors for a good memory belong to an ex-convict once known as the "midnight burglar" that he arrested back in 1954.

The footpad's method was to use a mop handle with a hook on the end to fish clothing and other valuables through the open windows of his sleeping victims. He always operated late at night. After looting the stolen garment or purse he discarded it and moved on.

Occasionally he entered a dwelling and took whatever pleased his fancy. During one such raid the woman occupant woke up and the "midnight burglar" knocked her cold with an iron skillet.

Finally, after plaguing Memphians for two years, he slipped up by trying to pawn a $2,000 diamond ring for small change and Gagliano got on his trail. Apprehended, he admitted the skillet attack.

Then he confessed to almost 100 burglaries. He also gave the dates, addresses and a description of loot taken in each burglary, even detailing some that hadn't been reported to police. He was convicted and sent to prison.

Fifteen years later, in July 1969, Mrs. Roy K. Dumas, victim of the skillet assault, was found murdered. Immediately, Gagliano, by then chief of detectives, recalled the "midnight burglar" and put out a want for him.

The search for the "midnight burglar" exhonerated him as a suspect in the Dumas slaying, but did produce clues that incriminated another suspect who was eventually captured and at this writing awaits trial.

During that two-month investigation, which grew in scope until it encompassed five murders—all related by a common modus operandi—Gagliano was literally all over Memphis pushing the probe. He left the details to his homicide crew, but kept showing up wherever the action was to ask, "What's new?"

When the investigation ended with the capture of the accused killer, Gagliano congratulated the homicide crew and headed for St. Louis Catholic Church, where he and his family are communicants, to attend mass. But there was nothing really unusual about that. He manages to attend mass almost every day.

He also finds time to participate in the affairs of the Memphis Italian Society, his local civic club, and Memphis Post Number One of the American Legion, where he has served as adjutant. He is a 1955 graduate of the FBI National Academy.

Athletic ability seems to run in the Gagliano family. Joe's brother, Tony, is coach of the Memphis American Legion baseball team, an almost perennial contender in the Little World Series.

Two of his nephews, sons of brother Ralph, are big league baseball players, Ralph Jr. with the Cleveland Indians and Phillip with the Chicago Cubs.

Joe's oldest offspring, Joseph S. "Bubba" Gagliano III, 23, has recently been involved in a more dangerous form of athletics. He is now completing a four-year hitch in the Marine Corps, a large chunk of which was spent in Viet Nam. Joe's three daughters, Cathy, 19, Mary Joe, 13, and Gina, 10, still live at home with Joe and his attractive wife of 25 years, the former Miss Mary Godwin.

On the wall of their den, Joe has a collection of mementoes that mark special events in his life. It includes his Air Corps commendations and pictures of some of the celebrities he has guarded, entertained or rubbed elbows with.

There are pictures of sports figures, religious leaders and public officials. Among them are autographed photos or letters from Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon. Joe served as an armed escort to all four on their visits to Memphis at various times.

One of the qualities Joe's contemporaries like about him is his sense of humor. Even when the joke's on him, he can laugh. One instance where he had to, occurred in connection with his son's homecoming party last summer.

The younger Gagliano had just returned from duty in Viet Nam, and the family was celebrating with a twilight lawn party at a cousin's home. At Joe's request, a police helicopter pilot flew low over the party, lighted the area with his floodlight, and used his public address system to broadcast homecoming greetings to Bubba Gagliano.

"I realized I had made a mistake when that 'copter swooped down," Joe says. "But it was too late to correct it then."

Doors flew open all over the neighborhood. Residents ran out and looked up at the chopper. Minutes later the police department switchboard lit up like a Christmas tree.

What the hell was going on? Was a desperado being tracked? Had there been a disaster? What was wrong?

The dispatcher quickly contacted the pilot by radio and ordered him back upstairs. The neighborhood quieted. But, naturally, there were some repercussions. In characteristic fashion, Joe Gagliano took full responsibility, absolved the pilot of all blame, and went about trying to mollify the upset neighbors.

After that teapot tempest blew over, Joe's associates decided to pull his leg about the incident. Their method was to buy a toy helicopter, paint "Joe's

'Copter Service" on the side, and leave it on his desk. The little red, white and blue toy is still there.

As chief of detectives, Joe has acquired a departmental reputation for being able to study a sheaf of crime reports and discover a common thread running through them all.

One example was the case of the bank casing bandits. Not that they were robbing banks. They were not that ambitious. Their MO was to watch for a businessman who made regular bank visits, then follow him when he left.

After figuring out whether he was taking money to or from the bank they would stop and rob him. In each robbery the procedure followed was similar.

After Joe studied the handful of robbery reports at length he deduced what was going on. By then, unfortunately, a supermarket manager named Robert Arwood had been killed during one of the robberies.

Two robbery squad detectives, Lieutenants James T. Morgan and James F. Pugh, followed through on Chief Gagliano's modus operandi theory and ran down the gunman, James Jiles Fields, 22, who is now awaiting trial along with several associates charged with being accomplices.

Since becoming chief of detectives, Joe has occasionally locked horns with elected officials about matters over which he has strong feelings. One wrangle occurred when a judge released a man with a long criminal record on a very low bond.

Joe criticized the action. The judge retaliated with some bitter remarks. But Joe more or less won the exchange three days later. That was how long it took the accused individual to get caught burglarizing another establishment.

One of Joe's convictions that has been displeasing to those social philosophers who worry about the rights of everybody but law-abiding people is his strong advocacy of a "stop and frisk" law.

It's not the controversial gun control law he advocates, mind you, just a strong measure to curb the carrying of concealed weapons.

"There are just too many people walking around on our streets with pistols and knives in their pockets," he says. "And the only way to put a stop to it is for police to be able to stop and frisk suspicious persons.

"This is no infringement on a person's rights. Nobody has a right to carry a concealed weapon, and if the police find no weapon, the individual is not arrested and no harm is done. No intelligent, law-abiding person should resent this when the purpose is to stop crime and bloodshed."

Regarding people who object to "stop and frisk" laws, Joe simply says, "consider the source, they're the same people who consider it police brutality to arrest a man while frowning."

At this writing, Joe Gagliano is in his 30th year of service (Air Corps time included) and could retire any day. But he still hasn't passed his 50th birthday and plans to stay on active duty a while longer.

Recently he told this reporter, "Some days I get weary and think about retiring and taking a long rest, but I'm not ready to start gathering moss, so I'll go on policing until something crops up that really appeals to me."

When that day comes it will be Memphis' loss, be it in the next year or the next decade. ♦♦♦

# Cruel Fate of The Blonde Artist

(*Continued from page* 33)

and about 4:30 p.m., she had walked into the boys' locker room. Even though it was the boys' room, nobody was supposed to be there at that time of the day, especially on a day in July when there were no regular sessions at the school.

She said that she didn't find the janitor in the locker room, but a tall teenager was there. Before she could get out of the room, he grabbed her and struck her on the head with some sort of a blunt object that stunned her. Even though she was almost unconscious, she resisted him, but he succeeded in wrestling her to the floor.

After he had sexual assaulted her, he fled from the room and, presumably, from the school. Her screams brought the janitor for whom she had been looking. He summoned the police and she was taken to the hospital.

The police later questioned the janitor and he told of seeing a 16-year-old boy hanging around the school. The janitor ordered the boy to leave and thought he had. Apparently, though, he had run out of sight of the janitor, doubled back, and entered the boys' locker room. It was assumed also that he had hung around the school waiting for the children to leave and planning an assault on the teacher when she was alone. He apparently knew that she waited until all the youngsters were off the school property before she left.

The janitor named the youth as Mandric V. Strodder, 16. The school had a record of young Strodder's address and he was picked up by juvenile officers. He was identified as the assailant by the teacher and the officers took him to the juvenile Division of Probate Court. His bail was fixed at $5,000 and when it was not posted immediately, he was locked up in the county jail. When the bond was provided on July 29th, he was released.

On August 7th, the teacher had recovered sufficiently to testify at a preliminary hearing. Other witnesses also testified.

"The evidence is sufficient," said then-Probate Judge Frank L. McAvinchey, "which if not contradicted, would lead the court to believe that Mandric (beyond a reasonable doubt) committed the crime of rape as alleged.

"It is the duty of the court to protect the public and if Mandric were to be permitted to go free in a matter of this type, he would be apt to commit the same crime again."

Judge McAvinchey then waived jurisdiction of the Probate Court and Strodder was bound over to the jurisdiction of Circuit Court to be tried as an adult.

A hearing for Strodder was scheduled in Flint District Court, but there were repeated continuances. The defendant remained free on bail.

But he was arrested again on February 6, 1969, and was charged with the attempted rape of an 18-year-old girl who was employed at an ice cream store. Finally, on March 6th, he had a hearing before Flint District Judge Basil Baker, who increased the amount of his bail to $10,000 and scheduled another hearing for March 11th.

On that date, the prosecution asked that Strodder be committed to the Center for Forensic Psychiatry for mental tests. The judge agreed and doctors at the institution exammined Strodder. After the tests were made, psychiatrists reported back to the court that Strodder was not competent to understand the proceedings at a trial. It was recommended that he be sent to the state hospital in Pontiac for treatment.

The prosecutor opposed this, however, charging that Strodder was too dangerous to mingle with patients at the Pontiac hospital. On April 11th, Strodder was committed to the state hospital for the criminally insane at Ionia, which is a maximum-security institution.

After he had been examined by several psychiatrists, they all filed written reports.

An excerpt from one read: "He complained of a strong sexual urge and said: 'I like to hit people on the head. I keep feeling that I will get out of jail and kill the person who got me into my present trouble. If I could get out, I'd kill the last girl I raped.'"

Another psychiatrist said that Strodder told him of having hallucinations and hearing the voice of some individual he called Bo. This doctor said that Strodder also told of the attempted rape of the girl in the ice cream store.

The psychiatrist said this in his report on Strodder: "He told me his original intention was to go in, rape the girl, throw gasoline on her and light a match so that she couldn't tell on him." The doctor added that Strodder justified his intention because it would keep the girl from telling on him.

In this report, the psychiatrist said that Strodder was "an extremely dangerous, impulsive, aggressive, sadistic person who needs constant care and supervision in a maximum-security institution.

"The prognosis in relation to recovery is extremely poor," the report concluded.

Still another doctor wrote: "He should be given psychiatric treatment immediately regardless of whether he is at present guilty of a crime or not."

As a result of these examinations, Strodder was kept at Ionia for more than a year and was given treatment as recommended.

When he first had been examined at the Forensic Center on March 14, 1969, it was reported that he suffered "severe conflicts and tension, intense feeling of hostility and sexual problems with females seen as highly threatening and the object of his anger."

However, the diagnosis had greatly changed after he had been at the Ionia hospital for more than a year. On June 15, 1970, Prosecutor Robert F. Leonard received a letter from Ionia advising him that Strodder now was competent to go to trial for the two offenses.

"He claimed after being in the hospital he learned a lot and found out where he was wrong," the letter said in part. "His adjustment has been satisfactory. It appears he gained insight. His judgment is good."

Strodder was returned to the Genesee County jail in Flint on July 2nd. Strodder's bail still was $10,000, the amount set after he had attempted to rape the girl in the ice cream store. However, it had to be posted again, since the original bond had been withdrawn when Strodder was sent to Ionia.

Strodder's attorney appeared before Judge Baker and asked him to reduce the amount of bail to $5,000.

An assistant probation officer in the Genesee County Adult Probation Depart-

ment protested that $10,000 was not enough and asked the judge to increase the bond.

The judge refused to decrease the bail, but allowed it to stand and ordered a pre-bail investigation. But before this was completed, a bail bondsman posted the $10,000 on September 1st and Strodder was released.

Then, on September 3rd, the report was submitted with a memo from the head of the probation department. While the assistant recommended that the judge increase the bail, the porbation head said in his memorandum that he disagreed with his assistant and recommended that the bond be lowered to $5,000. On September 8th, Judge Baker reduced it to the $5,000 figure.

However, by that time it was a moot question; Strodder already was free on the higher bond.

This was a case that originally would have been handled by B. James Wright, director of the Genesee County Citizens Probation Authority and husband of the missing sculptress. But when Strodder was arrested for the attempted rape of the girl in the ice cream store, he became a second offender and any further probation would be under the jurisdiction of the Adult Probation Department, which is a separate agency.

In the meantime, the attractive and talented wife of B. James Wright, who had dedicated his life to trying to keep first offenders from becoming criminals, was reported missing as of September 28, 1970.

This became apparent when her van, similar to a Volkswagen bus, was found abandoned on Stevens near East Kearney Street. It obviously had been parked hurriedly, in a haphazard manner quite uncharacteristic of Mrs. Wright.

In the small truck were her purse and some of her clothing. The State Police crime lab was notified, and technicians led by Detective Sergeant Kenard Christensen came to Flint to process the van for fingerprints and other evidence.

Mrs. Wright's mother told Detective Donald Carlson and others that she had last seen Sally about 11 a.m., when she had left in the van for downtown Flint, where she had some errands to do in preparation for a meeting of the faculty of Wayne State University which she planned to attend in Detroit.

The van had been left only a few blocks from the Left Bank Gallery, where her work sometimes was exhibited. But inquiry of employes of the Gallery revealed that she had not been there that day.

However, the detectives believed that the person who had parked her van near the Gallery was acquainted with her work and knew that she often exhibited at the Gallery. Leaving the van near there apparently was an attempt to mislead investigators when they began to look for the missing sculptress.

When detectives made a canvass of the area around where the van was found, they couldn't find any witnesses who had seen it when it was parked there.

News that the widely known sculptress was missing spread rapidly and information soon began to filter in to the police.

One informant said that a teenager had told a Flint woman that he thought he had killed a woman and that he had thrown her body into the Flint River. The informant indicated the place along the river where the teenager said he had thrown the body into the water.

Flint police immediately enlisted the aid of skindivers and they began probing the river at the point where the youth purportedly had said he threw the body. Working very carefully, the skindivers searched the river bottom almost an inch at a time. Their work went on, but they didn't find the body.

Meanwhile, other detectives canvassed the area where the informant said Mrs. Wright's body had been thrown in the river. They could find no witnesses to the incident, nor could they find anyone who recalled having seen Mrs. Wright in that vicinity at any time on Monday.

The detectives believed that even any person who was not acquainted with the artist-sculptress would remember her because of her striking blonde beauty. The detectives believed that anyone who had seen her driving the van would have remembered her.

The skindivers, who were volunteers, said they were willing to continue looking for the body through the night, if necessary, or as long as there was any hope of recovering it. The Engel and Wright families were grateful for this, but they still clung to the very slim hope that the information was not true and that Mrs. Wright would be found alive somewhere else.

But the fact that her purse had been left behind in the unlocked van cast an ominous cloud over this hope. Like most other women, Mrs. Wright seldom went anywhere without her purse.

The Flint River begins at a junction with the Saginaw River a few miles southeast of the city of Saginaw, takes a winding course southeast, and enters the city of Flint in the northwest section, continuing to flow southeast until it reaches the middle of the city. It makes an abrupt turn there, flows eastward for a short distance, then makes another sharp turn and flows northeast out of the city to continue a winding northeasterly course to Clifford. It is quite deep in some sections.

The crime lab technicians processed the van carefully and after they had eliminated Mrs. Wright's fingerprints, there were some left over. These were not immediately identified.

The search by the skindivers attracted numerous curiosity seekers, as well as many friends of the missing woman, to the river. Each of these told the detectives that they were sure that Mrs. Wright would not have stayed away from home without telling her husband or at least leaving word for him if she had plans to be away from home overnight.

Backtracking, the detectives questioned people she had called on when she had done the errands she had told her mother about. If she had planned anything unusual, however, she had not confided in them. She had mentioned to some only that she was to attend a meeting of the faculty of Wayne State University.

To rule out every possibility, detectives contacted officials at Wayne State University. They confirmed that there had been a faculty meeting, but they said that Mrs. Wright had not been there, although she had expressed her intention to attend.

Now it seemed certain that she had become the victim of foul play and it was considered increasingly probable that she had been thrown into the river, as the informant had stated. The detectives tried to find out where, when and under what circumstances the missing woman had encountered the teenager who was said by the informant to have told someone that he had killed a woman and thrown her into the river.

The detectives didn't come up with any concrete information on this, but they assumed that Mrs. Wright had become acquainted with the teenager on one of her visits to the Genesee County courthouse to see her husband.

The search of the river was pressed through the night and by daybreak, the skindivers had still found no body. They decided to continue the search for a few more hours.

Meanwhile, the police had re-questioned the informant, and he had given them the name and address of the woman who had said a teenager told her he thought he had killed a woman and thrown her into the river.

Detectives located and interrogated her and she named the youth as Mandric V. Strodder. The detectives found him at home and took him into custody, charging him with suspicion of murder.

He was held while the search went on. Then, at about 7:30 Tuesday morning, the persistent skindivers finally located the body of Mrs. Wright. It was in eight feet of water about 200 feet from where the informant reported the youth had said he threw the body into the river. The place is about a quarter of a mile northeast of North Dort Highway.

A preliminary examination showed that Sally Wright had been severely beaten. Apparently, she was unconscious when she was thrown into the river and drowned. However, it was possible that she had been beaten to death, and an autopsy was ordered to determine this.

It was believed that the victim had been sexually assaulted or that she had died fighting off an attempted sex attack.

Recalling that the head of the Adult Probation Department had recommended a reduction in Strodder's bond, newsmen questioned the official about it. He was quoted as saying that he made the recommendation after reading the report of one doctor, who said that he believed that Strodder, "with a job and without running into frustration and pressure would not be a risk in society."

Judge Baker said that it was largely on the basis of this report that he had agreed to reduce the bond to $5,000. He explained to newsmen that under Michigan law, bond must be set for any individual who has been judged competent to stand trial, with the exception of one charged with first-degree murder. That offense is not bondable.

Judge Baker said that a defendant's juvenile record may be considered in fixing the penalty if he is convicted, but that the Michigan Supreme Court had ruled that it could not be considered in determining the amount of bail. He said he could not use Strodder's record in setting his bail.

The judge added that this perhaps was one of the instances where the system didn't work.

Also, Judge Baker told newsmen, Michigan law did not allow a judge to set bail so high that the defendant would be forced to remain in jail. The purpose of bail, according to the law, was to assure that the defendant would show up for court hearings or a trial.

Prosecutor Leonard told newsmen that an assistant prosecutor had "opposed violently" any bond reduction at the hearing on August 24th. He said his office had not been consulted when the bail was reduced on September 8th.

"The position of the Prosecutor's office," said Prosecutor Leonard, "was that Strodder is dangerous and should not have been out on the streets."

On Tuesday, September 29th, Mandric V. Strodder was taken to District Court in Flint for a hearing on the first-degree murder charge. Officers revealed that the autopsy showed that although Mrs. Wright had been severely beaten, the actual cause of death was strangulation. The victim had been dead when she was thrown into the river. However, detectives did not disclose whether there had been a sex attack.

A preliminary examination was set for October 9th in Flint District Court and Strodder was ordered held without bond in the Genesee County jail.

But the appearance for the examination was held a day earlier. On Thursday, October 8th, Strodder, who was accompanied by his attorney, waived examination. The attorney said that Strodder wanted to be bound over to Circuit Court so that he could have a psychiatric examination as soon as possible. The psychiatric examination could not be ordered by District Court.

District Court Judge bound Strodder to Circuit Court and a hearing was scheduled that afternoon in Circuit Court. At the hearing, Ward Chapman, chief assistant trial attorney for the Prosecutor's office, said that the prosecution had no objection to the test.

Strodder was ordered sent to the psychiatric diagnostic center at the University of Michigan to determine his mental state at the time of the slaying with which he is charged. As this was written, no report on the outcome of the tests had been received, and further legal action against Strodder on the three crimes of which he has been accused was pending. In the meantime, he is presumed to be innocent.

On November 9th, Dr. Lawrence Razavi of Massachusetts General Hospital, addressing the National Biological Congress in Cobo Hall in Detroit, said that about 10 percent of the nation's sex criminals have the extra Y chromosome. He said that the extra Y chromosome occurs in about one of 500 people.

Dr. Razavi said that the extra Y chromosome had been discovered about eight years ago and after several years of study, the extra chromosome was associated with sex crimes. He said the normal XY male or female becomes an XYY male or female.

He said that while a majority of persons who have this extra Y chromosome are able to control their desires, there is an extreme group that is composed of sex criminals with a high tendency towards violence that is difficult to control, even in prison.

One problem is detecting these people, who can be identified only after chromosome tests. Researchers have discovered that many with the additional Y chromosome have fingerprint abnormalities. This can be a reason for a chromosome test of anyone who is fingerprinted. Unfortunately, however, many vicious criminals are never fingerprinted until after they have committed a crime.

Another clue shows up in an electrocardiogram, Dr. Razavi said. Certain persons who have an electrical heart problem also have been found to have the extra Y chromosome.

There is speculation that Mandric Strodder may have an extra Y chromosome. ♦♦♦

# Botched Throat-cutting

(*Continued from page 41*)

a.m. and took off at top speed for St. John's Hospital in Rapid City.

While the South Dakota law enforcement authorities were taking every precaution for the care of Hatcher, they were also busy putting out the information that might bring his assailants into custody.

Within minutes after Hatcher gave his whispered information, it was sent over the state law enforcement network and every sheriff, town marshal and state patrolmen was on the prowl.

South Dakota has become a state which has depended to some degree on its tourist trade and the men who wear badges up there do not push around the traveler coming through the state. But they move fast when they are informed that there are people on the road who are a menace to the tourists and natives alike.

While they were looking for the victim's assailant-kidnapers, the battered body of Hatcher was taken into surgery at St. John's and the highly competent emergency staff went to work.

One of the surgeons, when he emerged from the operation room, said that Hatcher has a good chance to survive. Reviewing what the young filling station man had gone through in the last nine hours, he said: "He has to be the indestructible man."

The news that Hatcher had been found alive was flashed to Iowa authorities and the activity on the highways in that state and Nebraska, which had been swarming with lawmen, abated.

Mrs. Hatcher was informed her husband was alive in Rapid City, South Dakota. The distraught young wife contacted her doctor and pleaded that her own entrance into the hospital be delayed while she rushed to the bedside of her husband.

After talking to Mrs. Hatcher, her doctor, apparently realizing that the woman would not be in any mental condition to enter the hospital at that time told her:

"For heaven's sake, go, but be careful, and I want other members of your family with you."

Hatcher's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Hatcher of Missouri Valley; his sister, who lives near Modale, and Mrs. Hatcher's brother, and his wife, all accompanied the worried wife to Rapid City.

But even the members of the family were allowed only brief visits with Hatcher.

Hatcher's sister talked to newsmen who pressed for information on the condition of her brother. She told them that one of the attending physicians at St. John's Hospital said that if one of the slashes in Hatcher's neck had gone any deeper he would not have survived.

"As it was," she said the doctor told her, "he practically had no signs of blood pressure when they brought him in."

As the battle to save the filling station attendant's life was fought at the hospital, a relentless search to bring his tormentors to book was being mounted.

Highway Patrol officers, sheriffs, police, town marshals—all the enforcement officers for miles around joined the search with the quick efficiency of lawmen who operate in sparsely settled states—men who know that on any given day they may need the help now being freely offered by fellow officers.

They also wanted to exploit the advantage the courageous wounded man had given them, the make and license of the car and the description of his assailants, knowing the wanted men probably would abandon Hatcher's car as soon as they had the opportunity to steal another.

But they also knew the brutal bandits had at least a two-hour head start before Hatcher had whispered the vital information and that New Underwood and Rapid City are both located on the eastern edge of the rugged, famed Black Hills.

There among the craggy peaks and towering pines the fleeing men might be hard to find, and even harder to take into custody. Despite the strenuous efforts of the searchers, they found no trace of Hatcher's car and the three men it contained as they drove carefully up every road in the vicinity.

They knew, however, that the clipboards of every law officer in South Dakota had the necessary information written on them; moreover, the searchers were well aware of the character of the men they were seeking.

One of the searchers was Police Chief Larry Hanson of Sturgis, South Dakota, a bustling city in the Black Hills, just a few miles from Deadwood. Many a desperado had come to a violent end in that town, including Wild Bill Hickock, who had been shot to death in a saloon holding a fistful of cards now known as the "dead man's hand," aces and eights.

Chief Hanson had heard the broadcast over the law officers' network about the wanted men and he was alertly looking over the cars that came into his line of vision as he slowly tooled his car along the downtown streets of Sturgis.

He saw nothing on the main streets and started to patrol the edges of the town. At a truck stop cafe just off Interstate 90, Chief Hanson spotted a car that merited a second look—a 1963 black Pontiac. But it wasn't until he spotted the Iowa license plate it bore that he felt his pulse quicken.

He took a quick look at his clipboard fastened to the dash on his car and then back at the parked Pontiac. Then Hanson knew he had hit pay dirt. Both numbers read 67-5112!

Chief Hanson made a fast decision. He decided that it would be dangerous to make an attempt to arrest the men in the cafe. Other cars outside indicated that several persons were eating at the truck stop and they might be injured if there was any shooting.

So the chief drove his car past the cafe and parked where he could keep the black Pontiac under observation. Then he started to talk quietly into the car radio, instructing those back at his office to notify the State Patrol to converge quietly on the area and set up roadblocks. He also summoned some of his own men to the scene.

Deputy Sheriff Merlin Ehlers, from the Meade County office, also brought in men. Despite the tenseness of the situation, Hanson grinned when he saw State Trooper Terry Mayes, a broad-shouldered, six-foot-four-inch law enforcement officer, arrive. Hanson knew that Mayes has only one mission in life—to bring in lawbreakers with a no-nonsense attitude while making the arrest.

When all avenues of escape were blocked, the lawmen sat in their cars and waited.

They were surprised when only two men walked out of the cafe and entered the car. The officers permitted the car to move back toward Interstate 90 to get it away from the area where some

innocent bystander might get hurt.

The car stopped when it came in sight of the roadblock and Chief Hanson and Trooper Mayes, who were close behind, stepped from their cars and ordered the two men in the front seat to get out with their hands behind their heads. The man on the passenger side complied, but the man behind the wheel reached toward the floorboards.

Mayes fired a blast from his riot gun over the top of the car. Pale-faced and shaken, the driver stepped out of the car. As he did so, the mystery of the missing third man was solved. He had been sleeping in the back seat, out of sight of the officers. He also was hustled out and all three were handcuffed.

Meade County Sheriff John Egger was given immediate custody of the three sullen prisoners to be held as fugitives from justice. The warrants had been issued when the FBI had been asked to enter the case as soon as it was determined the bandits had fled across a state line with their hostage.

The suspects were advised of their constitutional rights and, mindful of the new judicial methods of procedure that often seem to protect the rights of those on the wrong side of the law rather than those who have suffered the injury, they were taken before County Court Judge Richard Furze that afternoon.

When Sheriff Allstot telephoned Sheriff Egger, he was advised by the Meade County official that he did not know whether the men would waive extradition.

"If they don't," Sheriff Allstot said grimly, "it will take us a little longer to bring them back to Iowa, but we'll get it done."

Judge Furze had set bond on each of the three at $15,000. Questioning of the three suspects had revealed that they were Ronald Brooks, 25, King Lake, Nebraska; Gordon Langford, 24, South Gate, California, and Donald Fountain, 30, Santa Rosa, California.

But, as Sheriff Allstot and federal officials studied the case, it appeared there would be no delay necessary because of extradition proceedings. It became plain that the strongest charges that could be made against the trio would be kidnaping.

The next day, April 25th, the three fugitives who had brutally abused the young man who had done nothing but try to help them when they drove into the filling station, found themselves facing charges of kidnaping, auto theft and armed robbery.

They were remanded to the custody of U.S. Deputy Marshal Donald Herman of Rapid City and that afternoon they were taken before U.S. Commissioner George Opitz of Deadwood. Bond was set at $50,000 on each and attorneys were appointed to represent each of the three suspects.

Clinton Richards was appointed to represent Langford and Francis Parker was named to handle the defense of Fountain. Both lawyers practice in Deadwood. Gary Richards, Rapid City, was designated as the attorney for Brooks.

Many persons who do not have first-hand knowledge of the operation of the courts sometimes make unjustified criticism of the attorneys appointed to defend suspects in a particularly brutal crime.

It is written into the law that any man accused of a crime is entitled to an attorney regardless of his financial condition. And it is the duty of a lawyer to serve when he is assigned a case. Almost without exception, through pride and what their profession requires of them, they fight their cases down to the wire.

And those familiar with the judicial processes agree that this particular process is a sound one. Few of those who benefit from the rule are grateful if the decision goes against them. But it does insure their day in court and also serves to eliminate error in the proceedings that could lead to reversal on appeal.

With the decision that Langford, Brook and Fountain would face federal charges, agents of the FBI took an increasingly important role in the case.

Records revealed that all three had brushes with the law and at first they sullenly refused to discuss the case as FBI interrogators questioned them.

But, finally it was the two California men who gave complete statements about what had happened during the night which saw Hatcher come close to his death.

Langford and Fountain talked and in their statements they revealed that Brooks was the first to cut Hatcher at the station; Langford was the man who extended the phony promise to the victim that he would protect his life when the showdown came; and Fountain wielded the knife to wound Hatcher again when he was tossed into the roadside ditch and left to die.

Authorities learned the three men had worked together, picking up a day's pay in the warehouse district of Omaha, before they stole the white refrigerator truck and then went into Iowa to hold up the filling station attendant near Modale.

From the statements of Fountain and Langford, the authorities learned that Hatcher had given a remarkably accurate account of his ordeal despite the pressure he was under while he was in the car during the more than 500-mile ride.

Through the summer months both the prosecution and the defense prepared themselves for the trial that would take place in Deadwood, after the summer season of tourists seeking to recapture a sense of the Old West had long since returned to their homes.

On June 3rd Brooks had requested that he be given a psychiatric examination to determine whether he was mentally fit to defend himself in court. Federal District Judge Andrew Bogue, known throughout South Dakota as a tough but fair courtroom arbitrator, immediately granted the request.

The pscyhiatric examination resulted in a decision that Brooks, under the law, was mentally competent, and early in September the Nebraska man suddenly changed his innocent plea to guilty. Judge Bogue ordered a pre-sentence investigation and placed Brooks in the South Dakota State Penitentiary at Sioux Falls until it was completed.

The other two suspects, Langford and Fountain, continued to hang tough—demanding to see the legalistic hole card of the prosecution in a jury trial.

Brooks had pleaded guilty to kidnaping and transporting a stolen car across state lines. On Monday, October 12th, Judge Bogue sentenced Brooks to life in prison on the kidnaping and then gave him another five years on the car stealing charge.

He ordered announcement of the sentence to be withheld because the trial of Langford and Fountain was to begin later that day and he did not want the news of the sentence to influence the judgment of the jurors who were being selected.

The jury, with two alternates, was selected by noon and the prosecution started its presentation of the evidence in the historic old Deadwood courtroom which had been the scene of many colorful cases in the past.

There were light flurries of snow from an early storm when the prosecution called its first witness. He was Ronald Hatcher, pale and thin—plainly showing the effects of his brush with death several months before.

U.S. District Attorney William Clayton and an assistant, Tom Ranney, both of Rapid City, permitted Hatcher to tell his story with few interruptions.

The two defendants sat in their chairs as the man they had almost killed testified. They showed no emotion as he gave a matter-of-fact account of his harrowing ordeal.

Hatcher told how he had first loaned his pocketknife and then his flashlight to the men how he was stabbed in the neck and stomach at the station. He described the terror-filled ride across South Dakota when they failed to drop him off at a hospital for medical attention after they had fled in his car from the service station.

He told how Langford had promised to protect him from the other two if they tried to kill him, and how he had failed to keep that promise.

Without raising his voice, Hatcher recounted how he had been forced out of the car on the lonely county road outside New Underwood.

He said that Brooks was the chief assailant and that the last thing he remembered before he passed out on the ground was that they were kicking him and stomping on his face.

Hatcher testified that when he regained consciousness his eyes were swollen shut and he could scarcely see. He said he managed to crawl up to the shoulder of the road where he was found.

He also related details of his hospitalization in Rapid City and later surgery in Omaha which was necessary to relieve nerve paralysis in his arm.

The next day, Dr. Charles B. Gwinn, Rapid City, testified about the wounds he had treated for Hatcher. He said the Iowa man had suffered a severed jugular vein in the neck, a cut artery in the stomach and a fractured cheek bone.

After that there was a steady stream of prosecution witnesses—the FBI technicians who had analyzed the stains on the pocketknife, clothing and currency: the South Dakotans who had closed in on the suspects; the nurse, the tractor operator and the farmer in whose home Hatcher had whispered his first identification.

A brief defense was presented and final arguments to the jury and instructions by the court were completed by noon.

The jury went to lunch and came back to start its deliberation at 1:15. At 4:55 p.m. the jury returned its verdict, finding both men guilty of kidnaping and car stealing. The government had dropped the charge of robbery.

Judge Bogue then ordered a pre-sentence investigation. Fountain and Langford had not been sentenced when this story was written.

Early in November the two men again appeared before Judge Brogue. On November 19th Gordon Langford was sentenced to 30 years for kidnaping and five years for transporting Ron Hatcher's car across state lines. The following day Donald Fountain was sentenced to life imprisonment on the kidnaping charge and five years for transporting a car across state lines. ◆◆◆

# Murder Trail

(*Continued from page 37*)

Grayson County Sheriff Woody Blanton and Chief Deputy Oscar Lyons made the rounds of the jail, checking on prisoners, shortly after midnight on Tuesday, August 11, 1970. But all of the prisoners, including 16 capital case suspects, were accounted for. About a week earlier, Sheriff Blanton had got wind of a possible break; some hacksaw blades reportedly had been smuggled into the jail. Sheriff's officers conducted a shakedown of the jail and turned up three saw blades which had been concealed in a cracker box. Still, all seemed quiet enough when the post-midnight check was made Tuesday.

After the departure of Sheriff Blanton and Chief Deputy Lyons, the only man on duty at the sheriff's office and jail was Night Jailer-Radio Dispatcher Tommy Turner. Turner was kept busy during his 4 p.m. to 7 a.m. shift answering telephone calls, taking reports and operating the sheriff's department radio system.

It had seemed like a routine night to Turner until he checked the jail shortly after 6 a.m. He found an empty cell which had held four capital case prisoners. The felons had sawed their way to freedom!

Turner immediately called Chief Deputy Lyons at his home, and Sheriff Blanton was notified. Both officers and all available deputies were at the courthouse within a short time. An all-points alarm for the four escapees was broadcast immediately, with a warning that the fugitives should be considered dangerous.

The missing inmates were identified as 22-year-old James Roger Farris of Louisville, Kentucky, who was being held for the murder of Fred Wright; 23-year-old Carl W. Dennie, Jr., of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, charged with robbing a bank at Tom Bean, Texas; 25-year-old Henry Blake Christian of Sherman and Denison, being held for the armed robbery of a Sherman service station on December 11, 1969; and 40-year-old Leonard Francis Sprague of Arkansas Pass, Texas, who was awaiting trial for the slaying of a nine-year-old Paris, Texas boy. The alert noted that Farris, Dennie and Sprague were white males; Christian was a Negro male.

Examining the jail facilities, Sheriff Blanton saw that the prisoners had sawed through one bar in their cell to gain access to the south section of the jail. There, they sawed two more bars in an outside window and crawled out to the roof. The nervy jailbreakers then apparently walked a narrow ledge from the south side of the roof to the east side.

From the courthouse roof the prisoners slid down a makeshift rope consisting of blankets and mattress covers tied together, and dangled 60 feet down the east side of the courthouse; the rope stretched to within six feet of ground level. It was on the side of the building facing Travis Street, the main thoroughfare located in the center of town. The "human fly" escapees would have been in full view of anyone passing along the main street, but apparently no one had witnessed the daring break.

Sheriff Blanton learned, apparently from other prisoners, that the bustout occurred about 3 a.m. Tuesday, which meant the fugitives had a three-hour headstart by the time the break was discovered.

Officers began an intensive search in Sherman, but it was believed that the escapees probably already had gotten out of town. Officers in the area were advised to be especially alert for any vehicles reported stolen in the Sherman area. All law enforcement officers in the area were on standby to throw up roadblocks and organize posses at the first sighting of any of the jailbreakers, but the fugitives' direction of flight was a matter of conjecture.

Adding to the difficulties surrounding the hunt for the quartet, described as "Extremely dangerous," was the fact they wore regular clothing and nothing that would identify them as jail inmates.

Checking all cells later in the morning, Sheriff Blanton discovered saw marks on bars in the cell occupied by Michael Jewell, the other suspect charged in the Fred Wright killing, and a cellmate being held on a robbery charge. The sheriff theorized it was possible the wrong men had been freed in the breakout.

He believed the hacksaw blades had been passed cell-to-cell to the four men who had escaped after first efforts to cut through bars in Jewell's cell failed. The cell has steel bars harder than those in the other cell, the sheriff said.

Blanton believed the blades might have been slipped to the prisoners by visitors. He recalled that visitor traffic had been exceptionally heavy on Saturday, three days prior to the bustout.

Even as the search for the escapees continued, troubles at the seething, tense county jail were far from over. About 5 p.m.—14 hours after the jailbreak—a riot broke out in the fourth floor of the jail. The wild melee, involving 20 of the 45 prisoners still in the jail, erupted while deputies were searching cellblocks for more hacksaw blades.

The rioting inmates tore wash basins and commodes from their moorings and ripped blankets and mattresses into shreds.

Cell floors were flooded by water pouring from the broken pipes. The rioting raged as deputies attempted to open cells and remove the troublemakers. Prisoners jammed the mechanisms of cell locks and battled with the deputies when the doors were finally opened. The deputies fired tear gas into the cells to subdue the rampaging inmates. The riot ended a short time later when officers managed to get the rioting prisoners into undamaged cells.

The all-out hunt for the four "very dangerous" escapees wasn't helping much to alleviate the growing nervousness of Denison citizens, and even residents in surrounding counties. The background of the foursome made it clear they were men who wouldn't stop

at anything—including murder. It was all too possible—and even the authorities concurred—that the jailbreakers would leave a trail of violence and havoc before they were behind bars again. For it was indeed a Pandora's box of felons which had spewed from the Grayson County jail.

Farris, the earlier fugitive from a Kentucky prison and a suspect in the fatal gunning of grocer Fred Wright, was described in the all-points bulletin as 22 year old, 155 pounds, five feet, seven inches, blond hair and blue eyes, with tattoos on his chest and both arms.

Dennie was being held on a federal charge of robbing a bank in Tom Bean, Texas on January 16, 1970. Reports on the case showed that two men had abducted the bank president from his home and forced him to accompany them to the bank and unlock the vault, while a third bandit stayed at the house with the bank executive's wife. A whopping $33,000 had been taken in the bank heist. Dennie was described as 23-years-old, weighing 170 pounds, having brown hair and facial acne scars.

Christian, the only black escapee, who was being held on a charge of armed robbery of a service station in which the attendant was badly beaten, allegedly had a reputation for violence. Since 1966 he had been a prime suspect in two brutal robbery-slayings in the Sherman-Denison area, but no charges had been filed because of lack of evidence. The 25-year-old Christian was described as weighing 125 pounds, having black hair and brown eyes.

Sprague, a 40-year-old itinerant carnival worker, had been transferred to the Grayson County jail from Paris, Texas, on a change of venue in his trial for the alleged slaying of a nine-year-old boy, Jimmy Scott, in June, 1969, at Paris. The youngster disappeared while fishing; a small human skeleton was found several months later, but reportedly was not definitely identified as that of the missing Scott boy. Sprague, who allegedly had a record of child molestation offenses, was charged with the slaying after a lengthy probe.

Sprague was described as having the word "Mom" tattooed on his left forearm, and "Father" on his left wrist. He was said to have a high forehead, brushy hair and heavy eyebrows.

Meanwhile, it was learned that a pickup truck had been stolen from a Sherman lumber company sometime on Tuesday. The possibility that the vehicle might have been taken by the fleeing jail inmates was being checked, but Sheriff Blanton said he believed someone may have been waiting in a car for the escapees. "It was well-planned," he said of the jailbreak.

There was one other development in the escape probe on Wednesday, Sheriff Blanton revealed that charges of aiding and abetting the escape of prisoners were filed against two men from Denison; the suspects were believed to have slipped the hacksaw blades into the Grayson County jail while visiting a prisoner Saturday.

Workmen also were busy reinforcing the battered jail. Welders mended the sawed bars and added steel plates in some spots. The sheriff told newsmen he discovered that one door controlling the hallway of the jail could be unlocked and locked with a bent spoon.

With the search for the escaped prisoners spreading over the entire Southwest, Sheriff Blanton theorized that the desperate men probably had reached a large metropolitan area—like Houston or Dallas—and split up.

On Thursday, August 13, 1970, a sweltering day in Dallas, two men entered Downey's Cards & Gift Shop in the Oak Lawn section of the city and asked to look at birthday cards. On duty at the small gift store were 66-year-old Mrs. Ola M. Downey, the shop owner, and a clerk, Mrs. Edna McNatt. The pair were browsing through the cards when one man suddenly brandished a gun and demanded the money.

Mrs. Downey, a registered nurse since 1938, was spunky by nature. She resisted the brazen holdup, only to be choked to the floor and beaten in the head and face with a soft drink bottle. After grabbing up $25, the bandits fled from the store. The hysterical clerk summoned police and an ambulance.

Mrs. Downey was rushed to the Presbyterian Hospital, where it was found she had suffered a fractured skull and broken nose in the brutal beating administered by the two bandits.

The clerk gave police a description of the pair—a young Negro man and a white man. After hearing the descriptions, Dallas detectives thought the robbery suspects sounded like two of the escapees from the Grayson County jail—Harry Christian and Carl Dennie. Christian and Dennie reportedly were identified as the gift shop bandits from mug shots mixed with other photos. Dallas authorities filed robbery charges against them.

The search for the two suspects was intensified in Dallas.

Meanwhile, a tip that Sprague had been seen near Bonham, Texas set off a massive manhunt. The area along the Red River was one filled with cliffs and dotted with numerous caves. A thorough search of the region failed to locate any signs of the fugitive, however, and Sheriff Blanton called off the search on Friday.

The first break in the hunt for the escaped desperadoes came about midnight Friday, in Dallas. Alert FBI agents spotted Carl Dennie walking along a north Dallas street. He was taken into custody on the corner of Hall and Oak Lawn. He offered no resistance. His arrest was announced by Gordon Shanklin, FBI agent in charge of the Dallas area. He was remanded to the custody of a U.S. Marshal and placed in the federal section of the Dallas County jail.

It was believed that Harry Christian, who had been charged with Dennie in the robbery-beating of the Dallas gift shop owner, might still be in the Dallas area. On Friday, August 21st, six days after Dennie's arrest, this was confirmed.

The confirmation came in the form of more violence which nearly cost a Dallas man his life.

Franklin Rocquemore, 33, had a beer with a man he had met casually in south Dallas. His new-found buddy fired five shots into his body, robbed him of the cash and some credit cards and fled the scene in the robbery victim's 1966 Dodge.

Dallas investigators who questioned the shooting-robbery victim noted immediately that the description of the Dallas man's assailant matched that of Harry Christian. An all-points alert was issued for the stolen Dodge and the credit cards taken from Rocquemore.

Four days later this alert circulated throughout the Southwest paid off. Escapee Harry Christian was nabbed in Tulsa, Oklahoma, when he attempted to use one of the stolen credit cards. He also reportedly had driven a 1966 Dodge to Oklahoma, but the car wasn't found.

The suspect in custody denied that he was the wanted jail escapee. He gave officers another name. However, Tulsa police investigators who telephoned Sheriff Blanton said the man matched Christian's description.

"Let me talk to him," Blanton said.

The suspect came on the phone and the Texas sheriff recognized his voice instantly. It was Harry Christian. Blanton had talked to him too many times about too many things, and he wouldn't fail to recognize the voice.

Sheriff Blanton advised the Tulsa authorities he would be there as soon as possible to return the suspect to Texas; Christian agreed to waive extradition.

On this same day, Sheriff Blanton received more good news. Authorities in Frankfort, Kentucky, reported that James Farris had been arrested there. When Farris could be returned to the Lone Star State was not known at this time, officers said. Besides having the remainder of his five-year-burglary term to serve in Kentucky, the suspect also had three armed robbery charges against him there, authorities said. However, it was believed the murder charge in Texas might take precedence.

Meanwhile, a third man had been arrested and charged with helping the four inmates escape from the Grayson County jail. He was arrested in Arlington, Virginia, on a warrant from Grayson County. The suspect had been a prisoner in the county jail at the time of the break, held on a burglary charge which later was reduced to a misdemeanor. He had been released after paying a fine. His part in the break, the exact nature of which was not disclosed, was learned after his release, Sheriff Blanton said.

Now, only one of the escaped quartet remained free—Leonard Sprague, accused child-killer. Then came an incident in Kansas that pointed to Sprague's presence in that state.

On Friday, August 28th, two Hoisington, Kansas boys, 8 and 12 years of age, accepted the invitation of a man to go fishing at the Cheyenne Bottoms Wildlife Refuge, just southeast of Hoisington. What the youngsters thought would be a pleasant outing turned into a terror-filled ordeal. Reaching the recreational area, the man struck the older boy on the head with a gun and tried to lock him in a campground restroom. The man drove off with the younger boy in his pickup.

The older youth notified police and an intensive search was begun. Authorities feared the worst when they noticed that the description of the boys' assailant sounded like Sprague—the escaped Texas child-slaying suspect.

It wasn't until the following day that the fate of the kidnaped youngster was known. The badly-frightened lad was found walking on a country road near Lowell, Arkansas. Lowell is in the northwestern part of the state. The boy told officers that his abductor had released him after trying to choke him.

Sheriff Marion Weese of Great Bend, Kansas headed the investigation.

Meanwhile, the suspect in the case, Leonard Sprague, reached the end of his freedom trail on Wednesday, September 2nd.

The former carnival worker was nabbed at a truck stop on the western side of Shreveport, Louisiana by an alert FBI agent and a Shreveport policeman. He reportedly was enroute to a residence in that city when picked up. He offered no resistance.

The following day, after witnesses in Kansas reportedly had identified him from photographs, Sprague was charged by Kansas authorities with attempted

murder of the boy he had allegedly slugged with a gun and with kidnaping the younger boy. The FBI filed a federal kidnaping charge in the same case, since the boy had been taken across a state line. The suspect was held after he failed to raise the large amount of bail. He refused to waive extradition to either Texas or Kansas. However, he was returned to Texas about a month later, after losing his fight against extradition.

With the four escapees back in jail, charges began to mount against them.

On October 30th, Mrs. Ola Downey, victim of the vicious beating during the August 13th robbery of her Dallas gift shop, died of her injuries. The robbery charges against Harry Christian and Carl Dennie in this case were changed to murder by Dallas officials. Christian also was charged with assault with intent to murder and car theft in connection with the shooting of the Dallas man and taking of his car. Fortunately, the victim recovered from his wounds.

For Christian, these new charges were just a beginning. Following his return from Tulsa by Sheriff Blanton, Christian allegedly gave statements that implicated him in three unsolved murders in Grayson County and an assortment of other violations dating back to 1963 and including the kidnaping and rape of a Denison woman, burglary and theft. The murders with which Christian was charged and subsequently indicted were those of Mrs. Evelyn Austin of Bonham, found shot to death in her car in Denison on August 26, 1966; J. C. Edwards, a Sherman service station attendant severely beaten during a robbery on July 20, 1968 and who died of his injuries two months later; and Herbert Wastier, a Denison liquor store operator slain during an armed robbery on February 10, 1967.

Although back in jail, Christian wasn't through yet. On October 2nd while shaking down jail cells once again after another escape attempt by three prisoners, Sheriff Blanton was attacked by Christian. The inmate slashed at Blanton with two ice pick-shaped weapons which had been fashioned from steel reinforcement wire stripped from the concrete cellblock. The sheriff's shirt was ripped but he escaped injury when two deputies came to his aid. Christian was later indicted for assault with intent to murder in this case.

On November 20, 1970, Harry Christian appeared in 59th District Court at Sherman before Judge David H. Brown and pleaded guilty to six charges. He was given three life-imprisonment sentences for three murders; two, 99-year sentences for two armed robberies; and a 5-year sentence for jail escape. The six sentences were ordered to run concurrently. The three life terms were given Christian for the slayings of Edwards, Waster, and Mrs. Austin. Afterward, he was transferred to Dallas County to face the murder charge there and was being held in the Dallas County jail at this writing.

On August 26, 1970, Michael Wayne Jewell was found guilty of the murder of groceryman Fred Wright by a 59th District Court jury and sentenced to death. Jewell also pleaded guilty to the armed robbery of the Wright store on September 17, 1970, and received a 99-year prison sentence for that offense.

On September 23, 1970, James Roger Farris was found guilty of the murder of Fred Wright and was sentenced to death by a 59th District Court jury. Farris also received a 99-year prison term for the armed robbery of Wright on October 13, 1970, in the same court.

At this writing, Sprague and Dennie still were awaiting trial. ♦♦♦

# Rapist Who Killed Patricia Merritt

(*Continued from page 25*)

Center after an earlier pet has disappeared.

When summer came, Pat had enjoyed her newfound freedom for a few weeks, then had begun looking for a job. Ultimately she had gone to work behind the snack bar at the Strand Theater on the square in nearby Marietta. One week later, during her dinner break, the teenager with the lustrous brown hair had disappeared, to be heard from no more until her body was found in a deserted wooded area seven miles from the theater.

In the midst of Detective Brown's investigation into the victim's background, a new element was added to the probe.

Patricia Merritt's shoes and purse were found, about three-tenths of a mile from where her body had been discovered. The shoes were about 25 feet from John Ward Road, approximately 100 feet apart. The purse was found some 200 feet on farther down the road. The obvious conclusion was that they had been tossed from an automobile.

Although severely hampered in the investigation by the passage of time between the victim's disappearance and the discovery of her body, Brown began an intensive probe into her activities on the day she turned up missing. He questioned extensively every employe of the theater where Pat had worked. Ironically, it was only a few feet from the Cobb County Police Station. He also quizzed all her boy friends and all her acquaintances.

During the week at which she had worked at the Strand, the teenager had quickly developed the habit of strolling up to the Dunaway Drugstore nearby and eating dinner. There, too, she had found a confidante in the woman who operated the store. To the motherly proprietor she had poured out all her teenage trials and troubles.

On July 12, 1968, Pat had gotten off work at 5 p.m. for her hour-long dinner break. She had walked to the drugstore, eaten a sandwich then left and around 5:30 p.m., headed back toward the theater. Just a minute later, the proprietor had followed, she told Detective Brown, and had briefly noticed Pat swinging down the street. Another customer in the drugstore, a youthful taxi driver, told Brown he had walked out shortly after the two women and had seen Pat turn into Root Street, a small one-way artery between the drug store and the movie house.

That was the last time anyone admitted seeing 17-year-old Patricia Merritt alive.

At 6 p.m. Pat had not returned to work as scheduled, so around 6:30 the assistant manager phoned her home, only to learn that she wasn't there either. A check in the drug store and surrounding business places also proved fruitless, as did subsequent phone calls to her home.

Finally, at 9 p.m., Mr. Baxter had come to the theater and in the company of one of the employes, had begun looking for his foster daughter. A three-hour search had been unsuccessful, and Baxter reported the missing girl to police shortly after midnight. There the matter had stood, and until Pat's body had been found many months later on January 18, 1969, everyone figured that the pretty teenager had simply left home.

Employes at the theater recalled Pat as a lively girl who was always prompt, but who was somewhat preoccupied with her newfound freedom with boys. She was, in short, an incorrigible flirt—but no more than that. Her coquettishness had led to some problems at home, however, Brown learned.

One youth in particular caught his attention among those whom Pat had dated. The beau was several years older than Pat, and Mr. and Mrs. Baxter roundly disapproved of him. Undiscouraged, the boy had made a practice of going to the theater to see Pat. He would, according to the theater manager, buy a ticket and just hang around in the lobby talking with the girl. When Mr. Baxter found out about the youth's interest in his foster daughter, he had asked the manager not to permit him to hang around the movie house anymore.

When the manager told the boy not to come back to the theater, the youth had been angered and, according to the manager, had said he would take the matter up with someone higher in authority. Brown questioned the boy friend at length, and during the questioning the boy conceded that frequently he would wait outside the theater in his car and, during Pat's breaks, the two would sit in his car and chat. He vigorously denied any connection with her disappearance or death, however, and a polygraph examination confirmed that he was being truthful.



Exhaustive questioning of all the missing teenager's associates, along with polygraph tests in several instances, established no firm suspects.

When he learned that Pat had kept a diary, Detective Brown immediately asked her parents for permission to read it. The pages of the small white book, filled with neat, precise handwriting, gave the veteran detective even more insight into Patricia Merritt. It told, as only a teenager can, of the agony and ecstasy of finding that certain someone for the first time: "Hamilton Bowen—Ham was my first love, and still is! I first met him at church on a Saturday night. I didn't like him at first but when I got to know him I was crazy about him. But I had to try and not let him know about it. . . . I remember the first time he kissed me. I was on Cloud Nine and my head was going around. I didn't even hear what anyone said to me when they were talking. . . ." Hamilton Bowen, the detective learned, was in Viet Nam.

The diary ended on July 5th, just seven days before Pat had disappeared. There had been a dispute with her foster parents, Brown learned, over one of the youths she had been dating, and apparently she had stopped keeping the record she had begun months before.

One entry, on June 25th, immediately caught the detective's eye. That night, it appeared, the girl had been walking home from work after missing her bus, when she was stopped by a man who claimed to be a Cobb County detective. After flashing a badge, he ascertained that she was lost and offered a ride home, which Pat had accepted.

A check by Mr. Baxter the next day, however, disclosed that there was no detective on the Cobb County force by the name the man had given. Later that day the man had been apprehended when he showed up at the theater and proved to be an imposter. Brown immediately checked his whereabouts on the date that Pat had disappeared. The suspect, it was soon determined, had been out of town and was working at the time of the teenager's disappearance.

A call from the Toombs County jail also raised his hopes. The sheriff reported that one of the prisoners, arrested initially on a burglary charge, had confessed to a murder in Cobb County.

The prisoner claimed that he had been hitchhiking and had been picked up by a brown-haired stranger. The two had bought a bottle of whiskey, he said, and had driven down John Ward Road in Cobb County to drink it. While parked, the prisoner said, the man had gotten out of the car and he had shot him six times, robbed him, and then dumped his body in a well nearby.

He described the area perfectly, and it was the same area in which Pat Merritt's body had been found.

Detective Brown, recognizing the odd quirks which killers sometimes adopt in confessing their crimes, thought there might be some relation between the man's tale and the slaying of Pat Merritt. In the company of two other detectives, he went to Toombs County and interrogated the prisoner at length. Upon his return to Cobb County, he had the well pumped out. It yielded only the body of a dog. The prisoner later admitted he had fabricated the tale because he wanted to be taken to Marietta in hopes that he could escape en-route.

Months after the investigation began, Detective Brown encountered another hot suspect. The Atlanta area, including its suburbs, had been plagued for some time by a mysterious rapist. The man would accost teenaged girls at shopping centers and, displaying a badge, claim to be either a regular lawman or a store detective. On occasion he even wore a uniform.

After accusing the girl he accosted of shoplifting or some other minor crime, he would insist that she accompany him to police headquarters. The frightened, unsuspecting victims never made it to police headquarters; instead, they were invariably taken out on a lonely road and raped. The assailant then would bring them back to the shopping center and drop them off.

For months, the rapist was the scourge of Atlanta area shopping centers, until he was caught in DeKalb County. Immediately he became one of the prime suspects in the murder of Patricia Merritt. That lead, too, went nowhere. The suspect had been working the day of the victim's disappearance.

And there the case has remained. The killer of 17-year-old Pat Merritt is still at large, despite monumental efforts by Brown and his colleagues since the body was discovered a year ago. In that time, though, Detective Brown has developed some distinct theories about the crime—and the killer.

"After she turned the corner into Root Street, heading toward the theater from the drugstore," he said recently, "she either was going in there to see someone, or he followed her. Whoever it was probably parked in there, maybe sitting in the car; or possibly he was waiting out on Lawrence Street.

"As I see it, whoever was the killer

was waiting for her; he must have known she would be coming back along Lawrence, which is Park Square at that point. If he was waiting for her in Root Street, he called as she walked by. I figure she knew him, and either he called to her and she stopped to chat, or he followed her into Root Street and she stopped when she found him behind her. She knew him, all right, but unfortunately we don't, even though we've talked with scores of people—just about everyone she ever met in the three months she was in Smyrna, plus a lot she knew before she came here.

"She was pretty responsible about her job, so I don't think she would hop in a car with someone and drive off unless she planned to be back in time to go back to work after her break. The spot where her body was found is just seven miles from the theater; not too long a drive to hop out there and right back.

"Whoever was driving went straight across the square and right out John Ward Road; there wasn't any aimless driving around, because she wouldn't have had time to get back to work otherwise. If you accept the theory that she wasn't abducted, it couldn't be any other way. They went directly out there, and she was with someone she figured she could count on to get her back in time.

"Whoever was driving knew his way around here. He's local, because he never could have found that spot otherwise. He wanted some place where he figured they wouldn't be interrupted and wouldn't be seen. Remember, that was in the middle of July, and it doesn't get dark until late, real late, in the summer because of daylight saving time. It was broad daylight, and he wanted some place where nobody would see him with this girl.

"And I'll tell you something else I'm sure of: He was left-handed. Once they got there, he must have made a pass at her, and she resisted. He hit her, hard; whether he had something in his hand, I don't know, but I suspect he struck her with something like a Coke bottle. She was hit a blow on the right side of her head that was hard enough to break teeth and to unhinge her jawbone.

"Now think a minute. She was on the passenger side of the car, and they're struggling. If he had been right-handed, and hit her, he probably would have hit her head-on or on the right side, and even then, he wouldn't have had much room in the restricted confines of a car to put much force behind the blow—the seat would have gotten in the way. But if he was left-handed, he could have gotten virtually a full swing—and he would have hit her on the left side of the head.

"Dr. Howard, over at the Crime Lab, said the blow to the jaw was enough to kill her. But in my own mind I'm satisfied she was killed with a knife. Her panty girdle was cut on the right side, from the top down to the bottom—and that leads me to believe that the killer first dealt her a knock-out blow and then used the knife to kill her. It also reinforces my belief that the murderer was left-handed, because it's only logical that he would use his left hand to cut off her underclothing, while he held her with his right arm.

"I think she was killed right there in the car, but I'm not sure. The clothing we found had been exposed to the elements too long to determine whether there was any blood on it. Nor am I sure where she was raped, although the torn and cut underclothes leave me no doubt that she was sexually assaulted.

"Whoever the killer was dragged her out of the car, and carried her off into the woods. It obviously took a man to do that, and because of the probability of rape we've always assumed it was a man. Her shoes probably came off in the car, or right outside it, and of course her purse was left in the car when he dragged her out. Perhaps he took her off into the woods a little way, ravished her, then carried her farther into the woods so that her body wouldn't be found.

"There's a slight possibility that her shoes came off as he was carrying her body off, and he picked them up on his way back to the car, although I doubt it. A man who's just committed rape and murder doesn't stop to look around for things like that, but if they had, and he saw them, he probably wouldn't pick up incriminating evidence and take it back to the car.

"No, I think they were either right by the road, where they could easily be seen, and he picked them up for that reason and flung them in the car without thinking; or they were left in the car when he dragged her out. Assuming they were in the car when he got back in, he probably discovered them as he was driving out. He must have been going pretty fast in order to get away from there before he was spotted.

"He put the shoes on his lap, and as he was driving, threw them out, one right after the other. That's the reason they were 100 feet apart. And after he threw out the shoes, he reached over on the seat beside him, got the purse, and threw it out. Remember, the purse was 200 feet from the shoes; that's because the purse wasn't as readily available.

"And that last thing is the third reason I think the perpetrator was left-handed. It takes a lot of force to toss a purse 25 feet off the road from a moving car. This fellow could do it because he's left-handed, and he's used to using his left hand.

"So, what we've got, at least as I reconstruct it, is somebody this little girl knew well enough to go driving down a lonely country road with on her supper hour. It had to be somebody she trusted enough to depend upon them getting her back on time, because Pat apparently put a great deal of stock in her job, and she wouldn't want to get in dutch with the boss the first two weeks she'd been working there.

"Maybe it was somebody she went out there too smooch with for five minutes. Maybe it was a boy she knew who was having trouble with his own girl friend and said he wanted to talk with her, but didn't want to be seen where somebody might get the wrong idea. Maybe it was even a married man. I don't know.

"But I do know this. He was left-handed. He was strong. He had a temper violent enough to cause him to rear back and strike a 17-year-old girl hard enough to kill her. And he had a mind so twisted that he raped a girl who already had been delivered a mortal blow.

"One of these days I'll find him. He'll slip up; they always do. And when he does, it won't be just me that's waiting for him.

"It'll be the electric chair." ♦.♦.♦

EDITOR'S NOTE:

*Mr. and Mrs. Gladden Baxter and Hamilton Bowen 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 identity of these persons.*

# Hammer Slaying...

(*Continued from page 17*)

I did not want to hit it with the hammer. I love children very much.

"I went back to the bed and got some of the torn sheets that I had used to tie around Edith's neck and then I went back and tied them around the baby's neck. I pulled them very tight so that it would die quickly and not feel anything.

"Then I wrote a note so that Robert would know why I had done this thing and went out of the front door of the studio and locked it behind me. I got back onto the bicycle and rode back to the Rue Paul-Albert where I left the bicycle in the street. I did not immediately go back up to the apartment, but walked around in the district for some time. Then I went up to the apartment and woke Robert. I told him that something terrible had happened in the Rue des Francs-Bourgois and that he should go there immediately.

"I then went back downstairs and walked through Paris for a long time before I came to Quai des Orfevres. That is everything that happened."

"I want this woman taken to Doctor Lebeau immediately," said Commissioner Poiblanc to Inspector Lucas. "I cannot believe that a young woman like this could commit such a horrible deed and then calmly relate it to the police with every appearance of pleasure and satisfaction. Lebeau suggested that she may have been hypnotized. I want him to take all possible steps to determine volition or through the influence of some other person."

"You think Laurent?" asked the inspector.

"I don't know," said the commissioner, "but the girl was obviously very attached to him and he might have come to the conclusion that this was an easy way to solve all of his domestic problems at one time. There is such a thing as post-hypnotic suggestion where the person who has been hypnotized remembers nothing of the hypnosis nor the instructions given while in that state. It is also true, I believe, that a person under hypnosis cannot be forced to perform any act which is basically against their wishes, but it is not at all unlikely that this act coincided closely with Waltraud Milbacher's wishes even though she might not have been capable of carrying it out in a normal state."

While Waltraud Milbacher was taken to the police clinic for examination by Doctor Lebeau, Commissioner Poiblanc began the interrogation of Robert Laurent. Laurent still appeared to be stunned by the magnitude of his misfortunes, but he had regained enough of his composure to answer questions rationally and he had apparently begun to be aware of the danger of the situation in which he found himself.

"I did not want Trudi to do this thing!" he said to the commissioner. "I had no idea that she would or could harm Edith and Francois. If I had known it, I would have done everything in my power to prevent this terrible tragedy."

"Perhaps," said the commissioner dryly. "But you must have realized that you were placing these two women in an unbearable situation. You were married to the one and living with the other. Why didn't you make a decision?"

"I could not make a decision," said Robert Laurent. "I loved them both. What is wrong with that? How many men in France have a wife and a mistress? It was not me! It was this hypocritical society! I believe in polygamy. A man should be allowed to live with as many women as he wishes, providing that they wish to live with him. I was always hoping that I could reconcile Edith and Trudi so that we could live together as one, big, family. That would have been the ideal arrangement, but they were unreasonable."

Although Laurent had already made a statement concerning his discovery of the bodies, the commissioner insisted that he repeat it, questioning him in detail on each point and phrasing and rephrasing the question until Laurent himself scarcely knew what he had been saying or what had happened. Nonetheless, his story remained remarkably consistent.

"Were you able to get anything significant out of him?" asked Inspector Lucas. The commissioner had completed his personal interrogation of the man and had turned him over to a team of police interrogators. "Is there any evidence that he had foreknowledge of the crime or that he incited the girl to do it?"

The commissioner shook his head. "He's either very clever or he's telling the truth," he said. "His story is consistent and, so far, I haven't been able to detect any possible motive from his point of view. He was, apparently quite satisfied with the arrangement. We're going to have to check and see if there is any evidence that he knew anything about hypnosis, but, at the moment, I'm inclined to doubt it. Have our people come back from the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois yet? I'm interested in hearing what they found there."

"They just got back ten minutes ago," said the inspector. "They're preparing a report now and you should have it in another half hour or so. From what I could gather, their investigations corroborate exactly the story that Waltraud Milbacher told us."

Twenty minutes later, the police technicians' report was brought to the commissioner's office and proved to be a corroboration of Waltraud Milbacher's confession, and also the statement made by Robert Laurent. Checked against the tape recordings of the statements, the findings of the technicians corresponded in every detail.

The heavy hammer which Waltraud Milbacher reported bringing from the apartment in the Rue Paul-Albert and which she claimed had served as the murder weapon had been found lying beside the bed. It was coated with blood and hairs from the head of Edith Laurent. The old pistol belonging to Robert Laurent lay nearby. Laurent's shoe, with which he had beat out the fanlight over the door, had been found lying in the hall when the police arrived. The note which he had found on the night table beside his wife's bed, had been taken to the police laboraotry and checked against samples of Waltraud Milbacher's handwriting. There was no doubt that she had written the note.

"We seem to have a very unusual case here," remarked the commissioner. "Everyone is apparently telling the truth. Unless Doctor Lebeau finds some very good evidence that the girl was acting under the influence of hypnosis or drugs, I expect that we will have to accept that Laurent and Milbacher have given us a literal account of what happened. I would have been willing to accept that before, except that it seems

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incredible that such a young, attractive woman could be capable of two such cold-blooded murders. Added to this is the fact that she appears to be so relaxed, even relieved, and shows no indication of the slightest remorse. I asked her what she thought was going to happen now and she replied that she was going to marry Robert as soon as she got out of jail."

"But she could get the guillotine for this," said the inspector. "According to her confession, she deliberately planned and carried out the murders in the firm knowledge of what she was doing. The court will have no difficulty at all in establishing premeditation. She's certain to get the maximum sentence."

"Well, possibly not the guillotine," said the commissioner. "The present government is extremely reluctant to guillotine women, and no woman has been executed for some time now. She can, of course, plead extenuating circumstances and there's no doubt that she was under a considerable stress for a very long period of time. The thing that disturbs me is that Laurent is probably going to get off scotfree. I doubt that we'll be able to bring a charge against him, even though, to a very great degree, he is more responsible for the death of his wife and son than anyone else. In trying to live according to his crazy ideas concerning polygamy, he placed the girl in an impossible position. The only thing we can hope is that Doctor Lebeau will be able to find some evidence of influnce."

The hope was, however, in vain. "I've made a thorough examination of the girl," reported the doctor to Commissioner Poiblanc in his office, "and she was definitely not acting under the influence of drugs. She had apparently drunk a considerable amount of red wine on the evening preceding the murder, but not enough to impair her judgment or to serve as an excuse for her actions. In addition, there was a period of several hours between the time that she finished consuming the wine and the time when the murders took place."

"And what about post-hypnotic suggestion?" asked the commissioner. "We're investigating now to see if there's any evidence that Laurent had knowledge of hypnotic techniques. So far, we haven't been able to uncover anything."

Doctor Lebeau shook his head. "I don't believe that there are any possibilities in that direction," he said. "I admit that the girl acts rather strange, but, in my opinion, this is not due to any hypnotic influence but to the fact that she really is a rather strange person who has been subjected to considerable stress. Moreover, it is very questionable as to whether a person could be induced to carry out two murders under the influence of hypnosis, even if they were inclined to the murders before being hypnotized. A normal person, whether in a hypnotic state or not, would realize the personal risk involved whether they felt any compunction about the murders or not, and the sense of self-preservation would take over. Having committed the murders, the killer would normally make every effort to conceal his or her part in the crime and attempt to evade punishment for it."

"Exactly," said the inspector. "That is what disturbs me in this case. From my experience, murderers invariably do one of two things. They attempt to conceal their guilt and avoid punishment or they are overcome with remorse and confess in the hope of being punished and thus receiving absolution for their crimes. This girl has done neither. She admits freely to the killings but she shows no remorse and apparently hopes to escape punishment in some way or other."

"As I said," said the doctor, "Miss Milbacher is a very strange woman. The murders themselves apparently mean nothing to her. She seemed to me to be convinced that her actions were justified, logical and even inevitable. She seems resigned to the punishment, but the impression gained was that she believed that the court would give her no more than two or three years in prison. She would then be released, marry Robert and all of her problems would have been solved. She cannot realize that everyone does not understand and is not in sympathy with her situation. Edith Laurent and the child she apparently regarded as no more than two troublesome objects which had to be removed."

"But is she then sane enough to stand trial for the crimes?" asked the commissioner. "If she cannot grasp the enormity of her offense, can she be tried for it?"

The doctor shrugged. "That will be a question for the psychiatrists appointed by the court," he said, "but I would say yes. I think that she can be described as responsible for her own actions in a legal sense."

Waltraud Milbacher was brought before the examining judge, who in France serves in place of a grand jury, and was formally indicted for the murder of Edith Laurent and Francois Laurent. She repeated her confession to the examining judge and appeared pleased, relieved and in the best of spirits.

The questioning of Robert Laurent continued for 24 hours, at the end of which time he was released. There was no indication that his account of the discovery of the bodies of his wife and son was anything but the literal truth. There was no indication that he had known anything about hypnotic techniques nor had he sought in any way to influence Waltraud Milbacher to the commission of the crime. Indeed, as the shock of the murders began to wear off, it became apparent that Laurent was more sorely stricken by the tragedy than any other person concerned. His wife was dead. His son was dead. And his mistress faces the possibility of a very long time in jail. Robert Laurent, the self-styled architect who had failed in everything except his relationships with women, was left completely alone.

Although innocent of any wrongdoing in a legal sense, it also became obvious that Laurent was not going to receive much sympathy from the artistic circles in which he moved. The many artists in Paris who had known Edith Laurent and Waltraud Milbacher were inclined to hold him responsible for the tragedy. Waltraud herself is being held in detention awaiting her trial. She is still happy, serene, relieved and looking forward to the day when it is all over.

"As soon as I get out of prison," she says, "I shall marry Robert." ◆◆◆

EDITOR'S NOTE:

*In order to comply with French police regulations, the following names, as used in the foregoing story; are fictitious: Commissioner Jean Poiblanc. Inspector Paul Lucas and Dr. Claude Lebeau.*

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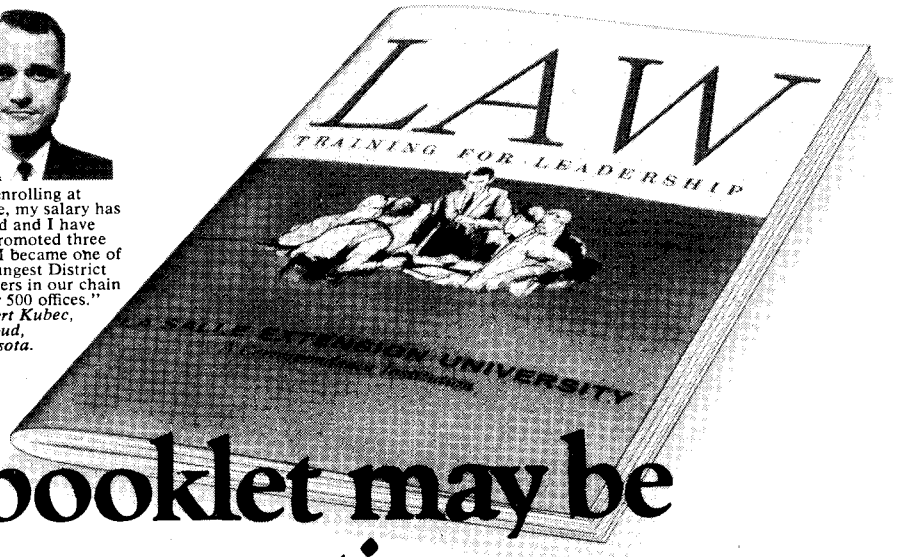


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