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# ★ Master Detective

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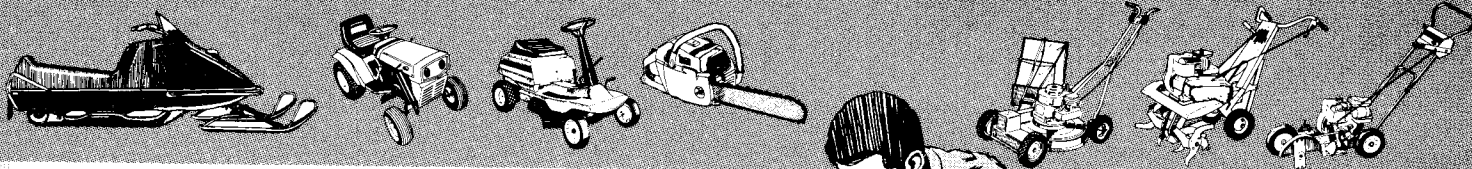
MARCH, 1981 • 95¢

In California

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WERE  
BATTERED  
WITH A  
CLAW  
HAMMER!**

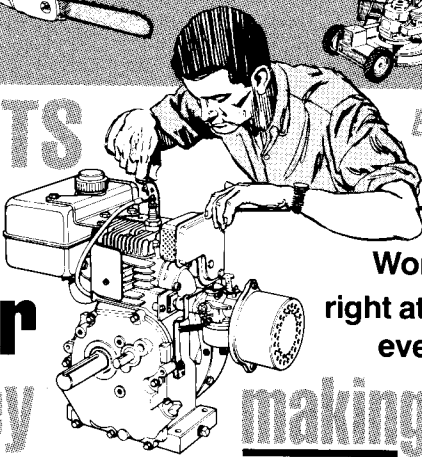
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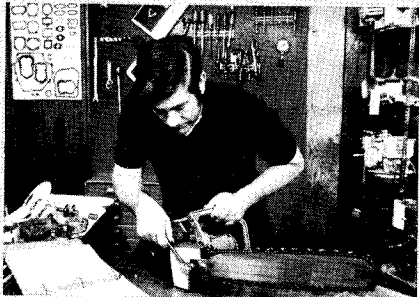
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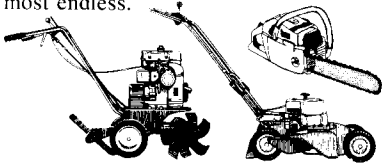
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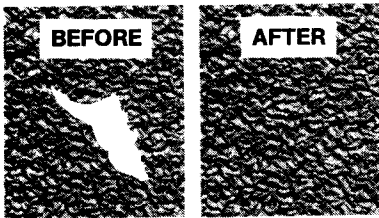
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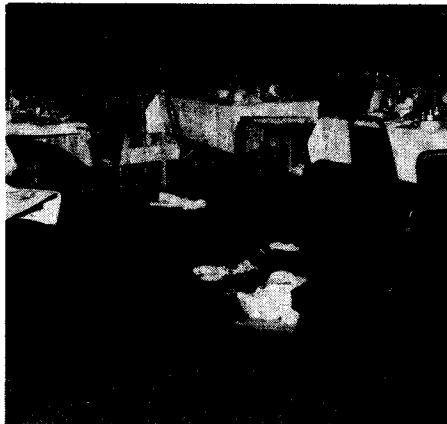
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# SIZZLING SAGA OF THE FREE-LOVE MURDER CASE

The macho sex machine's slaying brought out all the lurid details of unbridled passion among his fun-loving chums. The inspector's job: Find the one who saw no loss in killing the stud obsessed with lust



Marie-Therese Salvador, wife of the victim, told sleuths that she spent a good part of the evening her husband was slain searching for him in the bars and taverns he'd frequented

**T**HERE WAS a time not too long ago when the only part of the French Mediterranean coast that counted was the Cote d'Azur. Anything west of Marseille was little more than a mosquito-ridden swamp.

Those days are now past, for, over the past ten years, the French government has poured billions into subsidies along the coast stretching from the famous, ancient town of Aigues-Mortes to the Spanish border. The mosquitoes have been all but wiped out, enormous marinas have been carved out of the coast line and buildings have shot up like mushrooms. Today, the coast of the Languedoc overshadows its older and, perhaps, more famous competitor to the east.

Of all the new developments along this coast, none is more spectacular or better known than the giant, pyramid shaped apartment buildings forming La Grande Motte. Extremely controversial, damned by some as a shameless outrage against the natural beauty of the coast line and approved by others as a brilliant, modern architectural design, La Grand Motte lies roughly half-way between Palavas-les-Flots and the town of Aigues-Mortes. To the north is the great, saltwater lake of Etang de Mauguin and to the south is the Golfe d'Aigues Mortes and the Mediterranean.

The highway runs along this narrow strip of land and, on the morning of

by JOHN DUNNING

Sunday, December 16, 1979, a small and not very new motorcycle was chugging down this highway in the direction of Aigues-Mortes.

The riders of the motorcycle were 20-year-old Francois Mallet and 19-year-old Denise Serrault, both students and both natives of Paris. Neither ever having been in the southwest corner of France, they had taken two weeks off from their studies and were making an extremely economical tour of the region.

They had spent the preceding night in a youth hostel at Montpellier, a university city of some 170,000 persons, six miles to the north of Palavas-les-Flots and were now planning to have their breakfast on the sand dunes fac-

ing the sea. Roughly halfway between the vacation village of Carnon and La Grande Motte, whose towering pyramids could be easily seen in the distance, Mallet pulled the motorcycle off the highway and onto the beach at a point which, although he did not know it, was known as Grand Travers.

Although it was a sunny and even comparatively warm day, there was not a soul in sight and scarcely any traffic along the highway. The middle of December is very much off-season for the Mediterranean coast and the vacation villages that in July and August would house literally millions of visitors now stood empty, watched over only by caretakers and the few local residents.

Carrying their camping stove and a plastic sack containing their provisions, the young people left the motorcycle parked beside the highway and trudged on to the top of the low sand dunes separating the highway from the ocean. They had barely started down the other side when both simultaneously spotted the body lying half-submerged at the edge of the water.

The weather was calm and there were only very small waves breaking along the very gradually shelving beach so that, although the body was lying in the water up to the hips, the head and shoulders were completely dry.

Assuming that they were in the pre-

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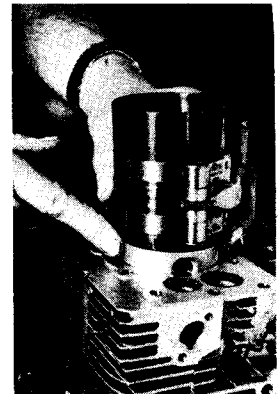
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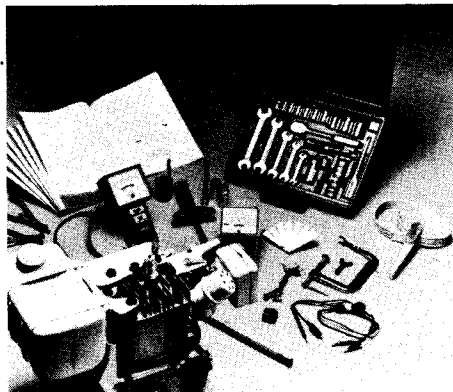


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**Jack-Yvan Salvador, an unemployed salesman, used his free time to make love to any woman who would say yes to him and urged his wife to partake of the pleasures of free love, as well**

sence of a drowning victim, the two young people ran forward, dropping their stove and sack, and attempted to pull the body further up on the beach.

This proved to be difficult. The corpse, that of a tall, strongly built young man with a handsome face and a small, black mustache, was heavy and the legs and feet were partially embedded in the sand.

He lay on his back and, although there was no doubt at all but that he was dead and had been dead for some time, as the body was cold and rigid, neither of the students suspected that his death had been the result of anything but drowning. He was dressed simply in dark trousers, a check shirt and a light blue windbreaker.

As Denise did not feel comfortable about remaining alone with the body and as both agreed that it would not do to simply go off and leave it while they went to report the discovery, Francois remained and Denise took the motorcycle and rode into Carnon where she found nothing open except one cafe and there she reported to the owner what she and Francois had found.

The owner responded by telephoning

the police in Montpellier, the largest town in the area and the one responsible for police services throughout the district, to whom he passed on the report.

Denise then returned to where Francois was waiting and some 20 minutes later, a patrol car from the Montpellier police arrived.

The patrolmen began by pulling the body up out of the water and onto the beach and were about to check the pockets for possible identification when, in turning the corpse over, one of the officers caught a glimpse of the back of the neck and exclaimed in a startled voice, "This fellow's been shot!"

It was true. The drowning victim had been shot in the nape of the neck with what appeared to be a heavy-caliber weapon and at such close range that hair had been singed away and there were powder marks on the skin.

Minutes later, the officer on duty in the communications center at police headquarters in Montpellier learned that there had been a homicide at Grand Travers and that the patrolmen were guarding the corpse.

He immediately sent two more patrol cars to help them and turned out the on-call investigations officer, Inspector Jean Dubois.

The inspector, a somewhat plump man with an olive complexion and very dark brown eyes, listened to a firsthand report over the radio-telephone by the patrolmen at the scene, asked a few questions about the nature and location of the wound and then told the communications officer to call in his assistant, the coroner, a squad from the police laboratory and to notify the on-call detectives from the department that they were to hold themselves available until he knew whether he would need them or not.

Although he had no notion of the identity of the victim or even where the murder had taken place, from the description of the bullet wound in the nape of the neck, he assumed that he was dealing with a professional type murder and that the dead man would probably prove to be a member of the underworld. Marseille has a great deal of organized crime and the gangsters sometimes bring their victims further along the coast for liquidation.

Dr. Louis Boitier, the elderly, white-haired and white-mustached Montpellier coroner, was inclined to agree.

"Typical execution shot," he said. "Heavy caliber. Nine millimeter I would think. The muzzle was practically touching the skin when the shot was fired. It's astonishing that they didn't take him out and dump him off a boat somewhere and it's even more astonishing that they left anything in the pockets at all."

Contrary to the inspector's expectations, something had been found in the pockets of the victim, a tube of prescription tranquilizers with the name of the druggist on it. It was a druggist in Montpellier and Detective Sergeant Pierre Marechal, the inspector's young, blond, cheerful assistant, was now in Montpellier seeking out the druggist to see if he had a record of the name of the man for whom he had filled the prescription.

Remaining at the scene with the inspector and the coroner were two members of the department of criminal investigations, a squad of four technicians from the police laboratory and the six officers from the three patrol cars. Francois Mallet and Denise Serreault had had their identification papers checked and had been sent on their way. It was obvious that they had nothing to do with the murder.

Despite the size of the police contingent at the scene, nothing of any interest was found and the body was eventually loaded into a police ambulance and taken to the morgue in Montpellier where Dr. Boitier hoped to recover the fatal bullet intact during the course of the autopsy.

The inspector was anticipating that, if the victim was identified at all, he would prove to be someone from Marseille, probably with a criminal record, and it was even possible that the gun which had killed him would be known to the police. He was still working on the assumption that this was a gang killing.

The first disappointment was the bullet which, although extracted from the victim's brain by Dr. Boitier in one piece, was so badly battered from having passed through the bones at the base of the skull that it was useless for ballistics purposes. All the doctor was able to determine was that the man had been killed instantly at approximately 11 o'clock on the preceding evening. He had been almost falling down drunk at the time.

The second disappointment came a few hours later when Sergeant Marechal returned with information that the victim was not from Marseille at all, but a local resident of Montpellier. He had, as a matter of fact, been born there. His name was Jack-Yvan Salvador, he was 30 years old, married, but without children and, at the time of his death, unemployed.

The druggist had not only had a record of the tranquilizer prescription, but he also knew Salvador personally. His drugstore was not far from the Font del Rey apartment house in the Montpellier suburb of Paillade where Salvador and his 29-year-old wife, Marie-Therese, occupied a first-floor apartment. The Salvadors had both been regular customers with him.

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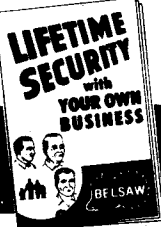
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**Charlie Lledo, the maintenance man for victim's building, was good chum of the victim, but his misunderstanding of one small phrase led to murder**

The sergeant had spoken with the widow who had said that her husband had disappeared sometime during the afternoon of Saturday and that she had spent a good part of the evening hunting him in all the bars and taverns which he normally frequented. This was not an unusual way for her to spend a Saturday evening as her husband had been very fond of alcoholic beverages. Under a little prodding, she admitted that he had also been very fond of other men's wives and she thought that this might possibly be the motive for his murder.

She did not actually know the names of any women that he was going with at the moment, but she was able to identify his two best friends. They were 26-year-old Francis Perez, a carpenter who lived on the third floor of the same building, and Charlie Lledo, the 35-year-old maintenance man for the building who lived nearby.

The sergeant had been able to contact both the men who readily agreed that they had been Salvador's best friends and who were badly shaken by the news of his death. Although they would, normally, have been drinking

with him on a Saturday night, they had not seen him either since late afternoon and they had joined Marie-Therese in her search. Like her, they thought that the murderer might be an outraged mate of one of Jack-Yvan's married girlfriends. Unlike her, they were able to provide names and details. The sergeant had returned with a list of no less than 14 names of women, ten of them married, with whom Jack-Yvan had, reportedly, been intimate.

"Very unfortunate," said the inspector. "A gang murder would have been simpler. With this fellow tomcatting around like that, we're going to have too many suspects. Well, there's nothing urgent about it anymore so you can start checking them out tomorrow morning. If one of them does clear out, so much the better. We probably won't have too much trouble finding him and it will be practically an admission of guilt."

It was not going to be that easy, however, for, in the weeks that followed, none of the known suspects cleared out or gave any indication whatsoever that they had had anything to do with the murder of Jack-Yvan Salvador, although a number of them expressed satisfaction at his death.

Worse yet, the original list had by now nearly doubled in length and was still growing. Salvador had apparently had a sex life which would have been possible only to an unemployed person; anyone holding a job would not have found the time.

Utterly indiscriminating, he had had affairs with housewives, unmarried women, young girls, respectable matrons, hookers, bar girls, and almost anyone that he could persuade. He had been able to persuade a great many. Big, handsome and charming and enjoying the advantage of having the reputation of being a Don Juan, he had found few who resisted his approaches.

His wife, a lovely red-haired girl from the town of Montauban some hundred miles to the west of Montpellier, said that she knew what her husband had been doing even if she had not known precisely with whom.

They had married in 1972 and had, at first, lived in Montauban where Mrs. Salvador had inherited a small house from her father. Salvador had worked there as a salesman in an electrical goods store and, according to his wife, had begun his infidelities very shortly after the wedding. He had had ample opportunity because Marie-Therese was working at the time as a nursing assistant and was often on night duty.

She had reproached her husband for his numerous affairs and he had replied that he was in favor of free love and, that if she wanted to take a lover or several herself, he had no objection. Marie-Therese had not found the idea

appealing, but she had tolerated her husband's affairs.

"After all," she told the inspector, "this is an enlightened age and, according to everything that you read in the newspaper or magazines, free love is a natural way of handling such things. Jack-Yvan was more modern and liberal about such things. I guess I'm just too old-fashioned."

The inspector, who was in his middle fifties, did not think so, but he was aware that there had been a substantial relaxation of morals in France, although possibly less there than elsewhere.

He was also aware that, for a person as active as Jack-Yvan Salvador had been in his sex life, boredom eventually set in. When it did, there were possibilities for different and stronger forms of stimulation and these not infrequently led to the *Partouze*, which is the French term for a sex orgy.

In France, as in other countries, there are modern, liberal minded persons who go in for group sex and in France, as in other countries, the participants not frequently discover that they are not quite as liberal minded as they thought. It is not uncommon that some person participating in a sex orgy finds all of his or her emotions yielding to a jealousy which is not, theoretically, supposed to exist. A fair percentage of such cases end in murder or attempted murder.

A very substantial number of persons on the inspector's list of suspects had, by now, been eliminated because it had been possible to show that they were elsewhere on the evening of the murder. Others, although not completely eliminated, were considered unlikely as their wives were known to have had affairs with a large number of men—there was no particular reason why the husband should have objected to Jack-Yvan Salvador any more than the others. The inspector was in need of fresh material and he found it in the form of the Eros telephone society. This was an organization which provided sexual contacts between its members in the form of anonymous lists of telephone numbers. The subscribers, almost all of whom were married, were supposed to call each other up and engage in obscene conversation while masturbating. Although the names were, theoretically, kept secret, there was nothing to prevent the callers from exchanging their true names and addresses if they so chose. A good many apparently did.

Jack-Yvan Salvador had been an enthusiastic subscriber to this society and the inspector, having confiscated the society's records, put his men to tracing out what contacts Salvador might have had. A number of the Eros telephone

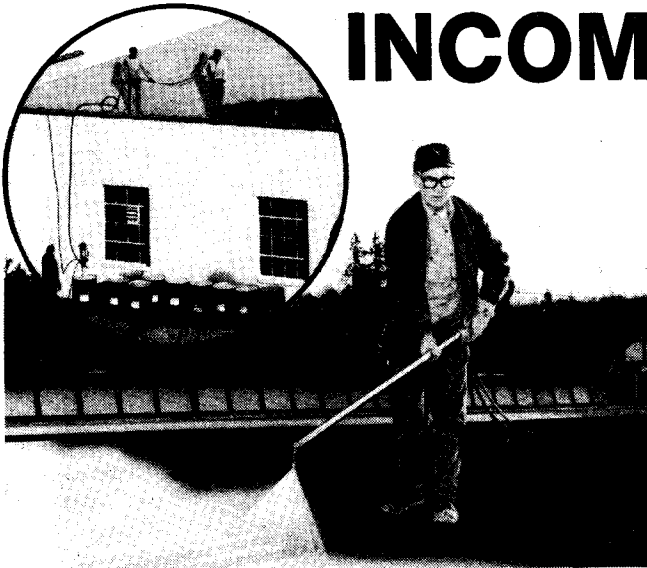
*(Continued on page 34)*

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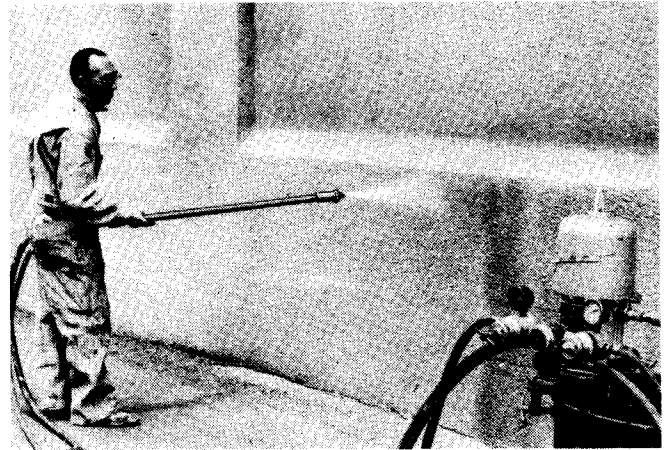
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**T**HE DECISION was whether he would live or die. Beyond that, Christopher Boone had no choice in the matter. Either the boy who had leveled the rifle at him would pull the trigger and the patrolman would be killed, or Boone would shoot first. There was no time for thought, reflection or philosophy. A moment of hesitation could end the short life of the 27-year-old Sacramento County deputy sheriff. He squeezed the trigger of the .38 caliber service revolver and watched the gout of blood appear on the 15-year-old's chest. The intent, hate-filled young eyes became glassy. Nerveless fingers dropped the weapon which had threatened the deputy's life. The boy crumpled like a flag in a dying wind. He was dead by the time he hit the floor.

The memory of that dying boy would linger in the memory of Chris Boone five long years. He would live and re-live those agonizing moments again and again, always wondering if there had been another way, never able to find one.

The recollection had a partner in torment; for four years Boone was faced with a constant reminder of that fateful day in 1974. The boy's parents filed suit for depriving the youngster of his civil rights and Boone waited impatiently for the trial. With that shooting he had enough of California's capital city. Life in the inland metropolis was too dangerous, Boone told his wife, too harsh and hard. Together they made plans to end his career as a Sacramento county deputy and move to Montana, where life would be more quiet and peaceful and their two children could grow up without contact with the rowdy element with which Chris, as a deputy, had become too familiar.



Sheriff's Det. Gritzmacher was part of investigative team probing murder of officer in obscene-caller stakeout

by **WALT HECOX**

Five years later, in October of 1979, when Linda Martin began getting the telephone calls, Christopher Boone's status had changed in the Sacramento County sheriff's office, but his plans were the same. As soon as the lawsuit was settled, he and his family would move to Montana. He could forget that he had been transferred to the Metro division of the Detective Bureau, that his career was on the rise and that he had a promising future as a detective in the sheriff's office. When the lawsuit

was settled, he would leave for Montana, no matter what the cost to his career.

For Linda Martin, slender, petite, attractive brunette stenographer in the Sheriff's Office Robbery Detail, life off duty had become a nightmare. Days she typed the endless reports which came into the detail, tales of violence and crime which might well have shocked a less fragile personality than that of the 90-pound young woman. Linda was a quiet person, private and self contained, almost introverted, with deeply ingrained, almost Puritan morals. She was fragile and elegant, the type of woman for whom men still opened doors and held chairs, forgetting the new morality and women's liberation movement. She lived alone with her two children and valued her privacy, or she had done so until The Voice entered her quiet world.

Early in October of 1979, The Voice moved into Linda's life, the slimy, lewd, often obscene, whispering, hissing Voice, a bad dream emanating from the vibrating diaphragm of her telephone receiver. Linda could not pinpoint when she received the first call, but she remembered it well, the telephone's harsh jangling at midnight and then the words, the awful suggestions, the threats and the promise to, eventually, do more than talk. There was not a single call on any night. The Voice appeared to have no regard for time. The telephone rang through the small hours, threatening, suggesting, making obscene promises in the filthiest possible language.

For a while Linda tried to live with The Voice, passing it off as a crank caller who would eventually give up, but The Voice persisted, growing bolder as time passed, talking about anticipated

**The weirdo made demands on the phone that no woman should have to listen to. Yet that was only the horrendous beginning in the case of**  
**THE OBSCENE CALLER**  
**TURNUED COP-KILLER**

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Lieutenant Biondi played leading role in investigation into stakeout which resulted in death of Det. Chris Boone

trysts and then, with frightening accuracy, telling her where she kept her birth control pills and describing, perfectly, the nightgown he wanted her to wear when he came visiting. Horror blended with fear then. The threats, the suggestions, the promises of what was to come were bad enough. The Voice was suddenly more than a sound in the telephone. It was a burglar who had invaded her house, her bedroom, and inventoried her possessions there. If he had entered her home while she was gone, what was to stop him from doing the same thing in the dead of the night when she and her two children were alone and helpless? That night she slept very little and restlessly. The strain showed in her face the next morning when she took her troubles to Captain Denny Hanks of the civil division, to which she had recently been transferred.

"Crank phone calls are a tough one," he told her. "You had better talk to Dick Leeper if you really think the guy has been in your house."

Inspector (now Lieutenant) Richard Leeper, middle-aged, bespectacled and pleasant faced, would more readily be taken for a tough-talking automobile salesman than head of the Sacramento County Sheriff's Office Metro Division, the catch-all department of the organization, a starting point for young detectives which handled petty thefts, assaults, "all of the crap" in Leeper's words, including obscene and anonymous telephone calls, and provided other details with a manpower pool.

Friendly and easygoing, Leeper ushered the young woman into his office and listened with tolerant patience

to what was to him an old story.

"I've got a problem to talk to you about," she started, and then told him about the calls.

Leeper had heard it all before, too many times. The Metro division handled many such calls. Usually the trail led nowhere. The different aspect was the suspected entry.

"You really think he has been in your house?" Leeper asked.

"How else could he know where I keep my birth control pills?" she asked.

"He couldn't," Inspector Leeper said. "This could be bad."

The inspector started the investigation on a low key, suggesting that the stenographer keep a log on the dates and times the telephone calls were made, keep a close watch on the neighborhood and check on cars that drove by in the hopes of finding a possible suspect. Linda followed the instructions, but the Voice persisted and she drew no closer to his identity. On October 19th he became increasingly obscene and persistent.

"I'm coming over," he said. "When I call I'll give you instructions. I want you to wear that pink nightgown and I'll tell you right where to wait for me. Remember, you had better not get on the wrong side of me if you don't want something to happen to those two little girls of yours."

Linda reviewed the incident from the beginning. As nearly as she could remember, the first telephone call had come on October 3rd. She waited almost two weeks until she took her problems to Inspector Leeper. Since then the problem, instead of easing, had become worse. The caller was forcing her to repeat vulgarities, threatening her children if she did not answer, telling her what he was going to do and forcing her to say she would cooperate and, in his words, "do it good."

That Thursday when she arrived home from work she discovered that a pair of silk panties, part of a shortie nightgown set, were missing. So were a pair of security sticks she kept in the stained glass windows that fronted the living room, preventing them from being opened from the outside. She turned the house upside down looking for them, but without success. Later The Voice called and told her he had the panties. He then made broader and bolder suggestions and told her he would be visiting soon.

Linda spent the weekend with her mother, who lived nearby. Monday she reported the new developments to Inspector Leeper. She was "frightened out of her wits." He frowned. These were no longer run-of-the-mill obscene telephone calls; The Voice had obviously entered the Winters residence in their absence at least twice.

"I'll get a stakeout there," he said.

"We'll put a recording device on your phone and try to trace the call. Meanwhile, you follow his instructions to the letter. Be careful not to suggest anything. If you make any suggestion that lures him to your place while I have men there it will amount to entrapment and our case will be blown. We might catch this guy if we do this right."

Leeper checked his list of available men and summoned Detective Boone to his office. He introduced him to Linda and outlined the problem.

"With luck, we might get him," he said. "This guy sounds dangerous, but these calls last a long time. We might be able to trace them."

The inspector checked his list of available detectives and discovered no partner would be available that Monday night. It was October 22, 1979. He sent Detective Boone to the Linda Martin residence with instructions to install a recording device on the telephone.

"I'll have someone out there tomorrow night," Inspector Leeper told Linda. "Maybe you had better spend tonight with your mother."

Instead, Linda arranged to have a male friend of hers stand guard through the night. She hoped that, with the recording device on the telephone, she might be able to lead the police to the caller, whether there was a stakeout present or not.

Leeper contacted the Bell Telephone Company headquarters in San Francisco and arranged to have all incoming calls to the Martin residence traced. He discovered the task would not be easy. There are, he learned, several central telephone company offices in the Sacramento area. Each office handles two to five prefixes. To get a trace the company first had to pinpoint the prefix. Once that was done, through a process of elimination, they could trace the calls to their origin.

Unfortunately, when The Voice called that night, he scattered his efforts all over town, placing them in several different prefix areas under the jurisdiction of more than one central office.

Late that evening, The Voice appeared ready to get down to business. He called Linda and gave her specific instructions on what to wear, to leave the sliding glass door in front of her house ajar and screen door in the rear open. He even told her where to lie down and in which direction her head should be pointing.

Linda and her friend waited perhaps 15 agonizing minutes. The dog began barking, focusing his attention on the back yard. Nancy and her friend tiptoed toward the kitchen. There was a sound of rustling bushes and, for a tense instant they thought they saw a shadow. The dog stopped barking. A

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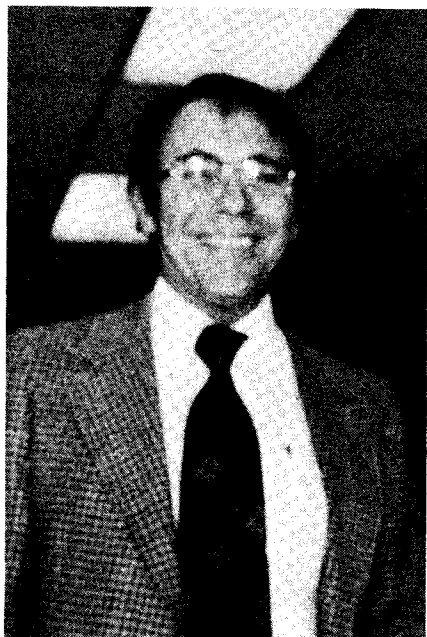
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Master Detective 15





**Insp. Leeper learned that Det. Boone was wantonly shot down when obscene caller appeared at home of his victim**

few moments later the telephone rang.

"You didn't follow my instructions," The Voice said. "If you want your little girls to be healthy you had better do it this time. If you don't believe I was over there, check the screen door."

They checked and found the door half-open. The sliding door beyond it had been left locked up by Linda. The caller gave new instructions. He told Miss Martin to unlock the sliding glass door in front of the apartment and leave it slightly ajar. He then told her where to wait and in what position.

Linda waited, sitting on the living room couch while her friend was lying on the floor in front of the stained glass windows. He would, they hoped, grab the intruder when he entered the door. A few moments later The Voice, who had become The Shadow by this time, arrived. Linda saw his figure outlined against the drawn shades and heard him try the door. She remembered then she had not unlocked it. The door rattled. The Shadow paused, then disappeared. Once again the telephone rang.

"You bitch, you're going to get yours now!" The Voice said. "Now you're going to have to really be nice to me if you don't want anything to happen to those two little girls." He continued his verbal harassment for about ten minutes, then hung up.

No trace was achieved on the telephone calls. Through the evening The Voice had called from several areas. "I don't know if he had the information about the prefixes or if it was just luck," Inspector Leeper said later. "I suspect he just called from wherever he happened to be."

On October 23, 1979, at 2:30 p.m.,

Detectives Chris Boone and Craig Trimble reported for work. Leeper briefed them on their assignment, warning them to be careful. "This guy sounds like a real nut," he observed. "He might do anything, so don't take any chances."

Later Trimble would wish they had followed his instructions a little more closely.

Chris Boone, despite his disillusionment with Sacramento, was still a gung-ho policeman. He liked his work, believed he was performing a public service and he was good. His future with the sheriff's office could be unlimited, if he chose to stay in California's capital city. Despite that, his plans to move to Montana once his civil case was settled were unchanged. Meanwhile, he was thoroughly wrapped up in his work.

"I'd like to get this guy," he told Trimble as they rode toward the Martin residence. "This nut is really making that poor woman's life miserable. He's got her half scared out of her mind. She's not up to that kind of treatment."

The detectives arrived at the Martin home at 4:30 p.m. and were set up for action when Linda arrived home at 7:30. Inspector Leeper, meanwhile, had notified the Patrol Division Commander, Sergeant Dean Johnson, and the communications supervisor, of the stakeout. The two young detectives carried a portable radio with them and had parked their unmarked vehicle some distance from the house to avoid attracting undue attention.

At 10:05 p.m., The Voice called and forced Miss Martin to repeat obscenities and indecent promises to him while Boone and Trimble listened and recorded the conversation. The call lasted five minutes.

The Voice called again at 10:26 p.m. The second call was even more vile than the first and lasted 13 minutes. Neither time did The Voice suggest he would visit that night. The detectives ended the stakeout at 2:30 p.m. and took Linda to her mother's house, where her children were waiting.

On October 24, 1979, at 4:30 p.m., Detectives Boone and Trimble resumed their stakeout. Nancy arrived home at 6:15 p.m. The detectives were already set up. The recorder was functioning, communications and the patrol division had been alerted and the security division of the telephone company was still striving to find a trace.

At 7:30 p.m., Linda left the house and drove to a nearby market where she purchased some Chinese food and a six-pack of beer. She had a glass of beer with her food, which she shared with the officers. The three of them sat and held a nervous conversation through the evening, watching a silent telephone and the television. Their atten-

tion was not on the tube. What they really saw was the silent telephone. Linda went to bed at 10:30 p.m., sitting up, reading and drinking a couple of glasses of wine to help her get to sleep.

At 12:30 p.m. the telephone was still silent. Boone and Trimble discussed ending the stakeout. Detective Trimble reminded his partner that the car which had been assigned to them would be needed at 5 a.m. by an inspector in the Robbery Detail who had to use it for transportation to San Francisco. He was also unpleasantly aware that he had to rise early the next day. He was scheduled to pick up his son and take him to an early dentist appointment.

Boone was reluctant to end the stakeout. He reminded Trimble that many of the telephone calls had come in the early morning hours. The detective was edgy and, as Trimble told Leeper later, pumped up about catching the caller.

"I'll stay alone," he said to Trimble. "You go on in. I can handle it."

Trimble was reluctant to leave. "You shouldn't be here alone," he protested.

"I'll stay tonight and you take the late shift tomorrow night," Boone suggested.

Eventually Detective Trimble agreed to leave Detective Boone at the stakeout alone. Boone handed him the radio. "You had better take this in with the car," he said.

Trimble took the radio. "I don't know why," he told Inspector Leeper later. "Chris was the senior officer on the case. He handed me the radio and I just took it."

Before Detective Trimble left, Linda arose, joined the discussion and suggested she call her mother.

"She's expecting me to come over when the stakeout ends," she said. "She'll be worried if I don't tell her I'm not coming over."

Linda made the call and during the following discussion Mrs. Martin pointed out that if she and Detective Boone were seen by The Voice leaving the house together the stakeout might be rendered useless.

"That's easy," Detective Boone said. "We'll just leave a little later than usual. Then the odds are he won't see us."

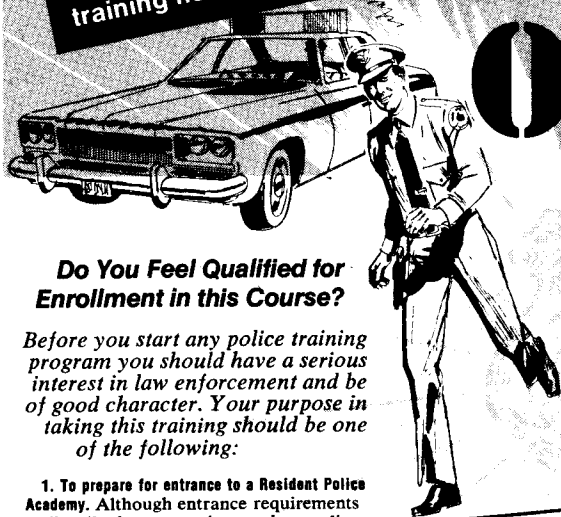
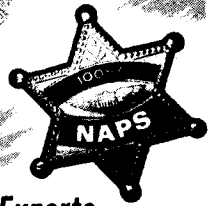
Chris did know it but he had made a decision which would have a profound effect on what happened during the next few hours. Oblivious to what was ahead, his face radiated excitement and anticipation when he handed the patrol car keys to his partner.

"Don't forget to have that car serviced and gassed so it's ready to go at five a.m.," he told Trimble. "You had also better leave a note for Inspector Leeper telling him I'll be in about nine a.m. And here's my home telephone

*(Continued on page 40)*

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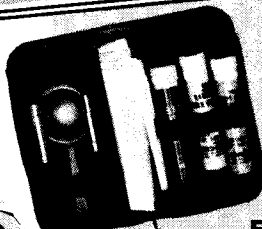
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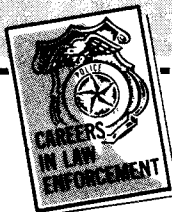


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Denise Cohen (above) and Rose Castro were both slain within a two-month period. The body of Mrs. Cohen, a 41-year-old attorney, was found in motel room. She had been strangled to death

**D**ENISE COHEN and Rose Castro were about as different as any two women could be in ethnic origin, education, character, morality, lifestyle, and family structure. Yet violent death would eventually give them something in common. Denise Cohen was born in Ironwood, Michigan, in 1939, and was graduated with a bachelor's degree in economics from the University of Michigan in 1960.

It's not certain where Rose Castro was born, but the records show her education was minimal and that she had had a difficult life. She had married and given birth to children; the number isn't known, nor have we been told what happened to the marriage that brought forth those youngsters to this

woman who herself was born in 1924.

We're more readily able to discuss Denise Cohen's background after she left college because that information was made available to us by her family. A year after graduation, in 1961, she married Dr. David Frank Cohen, a 1957 graduate of Toronto University Medical School.

Life for Denise and David Cohen was filled with good fortune, success, and happiness. By the summer of 1980, the couple could look back on the 19 years of their marriage and count its abundant blessings. However, stark tragedy would soon crush every ounce of joy from this idyllic union.

They had three children, and the parents were still floating on a cloud since the eldest had been accepted at Vassar and was looking forward to her freshman year in the fall with as much, if not more, excitement than her parents shared over her laudable academic achievement.

Dr. Cohen and his wife also had much to be grateful for—and to take pride in—their own accomplishments. He had made notable advances in his field of medicine. In this year of 1980, Dr. Cohen was a neurosurgeon at Brookdale Hospital in the most populous of New York City's five boroughs, Brooklyn, where the family also made its home on south Portland Avenue. He also served on the staff of Fort Hamil-

ton Veterans Administration Hospital in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Cohen's achievements were also extraordinary. In 1970, she entered Brooklyn Law School, attained a standing of first in her class, and was also a member of The Brooklyn Law Review. She then transferred to New York University Law School and received her degree in 1973, after which she was admitted to the bar.

She then became an associate in the Park Avenue corporate law firm of Baer, Marks & Upham. Her specialty was corporate and securities law, and most recently she had assisted Ted Turner in setting up his national around-the-clock all-news cable television network in Atlanta. Additionally, when she was engaged in legal activity or watching over her family at their brownstone dwelling in Brooklyn's Fort Greene section, Denise Cohen was active in public service. She was known for her kindnesses to aspiring young artists and entertainers, whom she frequently clothed, fed, and even housed when they needed such assistance.

None of Denise Cohen's attainments in her 41 years of life were even remotely reached by Rose Castro when she was in the fourth decade of her existence. By then, she lived on 212th place in the Queens Village section of Brooklyn's neighboring borough of Queens.

*(Continued on page 46)*

# DID THE PAROLED KILLER KILL AGAIN?

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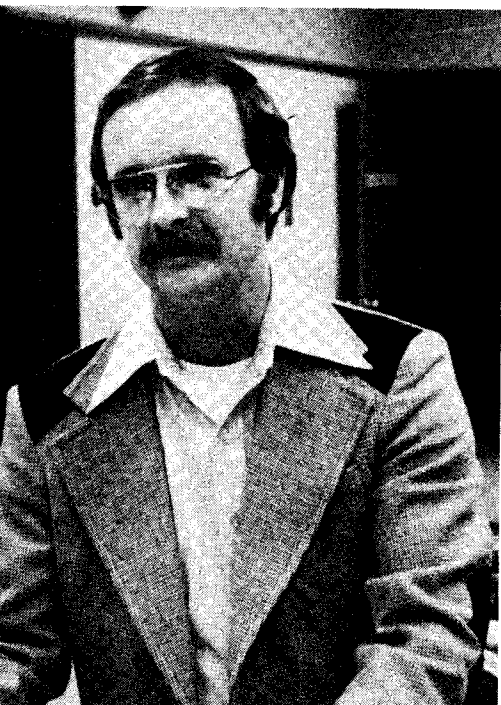
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# Only one vital clue turned up in both TWO GAYS WERE BATTERED

by BRUCE GIBNEY



First investigators to arrive at the murder scene were Dets. Korbacher and Wood (below), who found phone numbers of several bars catering to gays



**I**T WAS NOVEMBER 16, 1979 and Helen Graham was on her way to the municipal pier in Oceanside, a small southern California beach town in the extreme north corner of San Diego County, when she noticed the front door to Henry Kuizenga's bungalow was open.

The 52-year-old widow lived next door to Kuizenga, and the open door immediately caught her eye. The row of identical orange-colored bungalows on the 700 block of North Strand Way had a high turnover rate and attracted a mixed bag of tenants. People came and went, and burglaries were not uncommon.

She had met the 65-year-old Henry Kuizenga when he moved into the bungalow just a few days earlier. He was a Presbyterian minister who had recently retired as a professor at Claremont Theological Seminary in Claremont, California. The two had chatted while the white-haired minister unloaded his car. He said he had lived in LaVerne, a residential suburb in the San Gabriel Valley, while teaching, but had decided to move to the Coast for a while so he could write a book on his favorite subject, Biblical parables.

Mrs. Graham didn't blame him for moving to the coast. She had lived in Claremont for ten years prior to moving to Oceanside and she never regretted it. Claremont had once been a farming town in the lush San Gabriel Valley, it had become just one more suburban housing tract with unbearable smog. No one in his right mind would live there now, and apparently Reverend Kuizenga felt the same way, he couldn't stop talking about how wonderful it was to live next to the ocean.

Well she knew he was right. But if he was going to live by the beach he'd better learn to lock his door. There was a lot of riffraff in north beach, and it wouldn't be so wonderful to come back and find everything you owned ripped off.

For a moment she thought of closing his door. But that would be foolish, she

thought. He might not have a key and would be locked out. She looked down the beach—nearly deserted in November—then looked down north Strand. She didn't see him. But then, she reasoned, he might be next door, or even asleep inside. It was, after all, only 9 a.m.

Silly to get worried, she thought. It was warm out, already in the mid-70s and perhaps he just wanted the sea breeze. She continued on to the municipal pier which was several blocks away, but make it a point to return along north Strand way, to see if the reverend was around, or the front door closed.

It was still open when she returned, and stirred by curiosity she went to the cabin door and knocked. Through the thick screen she could see most of the inside of the one room summer bungalow. In front of the window overlooking the ocean was the desk, and the outline of his typewriter. The minister apparently looked up from his writing to get inspiration from the sapphire-blue ocean just 100 yards from his doorstep.

She then glanced around the room, noticing the clothes thrown on the floor. With her nose stuck against the screen door, she could see the bed on the right of the cabin. It took a second before she realized she was staring at a pair of feet sticking out from under the covers. Something worried her about those feet. The bed covers were pulled up the head of the bed, and smoothed out. It was obvious someone had made the bed. But why would someone make the bed with a person still in it? She yelled at Reverend Kuizenga, but he didn't move. And the more she stared at those feet and legs sticking out from under the cover, the more certain she was that something was wrong. Terribly wrong.

Mrs. Graham hobbled back to her house and called the police. A few minutes later an Oceanside patrol car screeched to a halt in front of the north Strand bungalows and a patrolman

# brutal slayings . . . but it was enough. WITH A CLAW HAMMER!

went inside and pulled back the covers.

The gray-thatched, middle-aged theologian lay on his back, nude, his blood-smeared corpse beyond the help of the patrol officer or the county's paramedic team. The patrol officer retreated from the bungalow back to his parked cruiser and reported his findings to the dispatcher.

Detectives Jim Wood and Ralph Korbacher were the next persons to arrive at the bungalow. A small crowd, mostly kids, were milling around along the beachside sidewalk, wondering what the cops were up to this time.

Wood and Korbacher ignored the crowd and, after questioning the patrol officer, pushed their way inside the bungalow.

Henry Kuizenga never had a chance. He had been lying down, perhaps asleep, when the beating occurred—a beating so quick and so brutal that he had not had time to move out of the way or to defend himself. He had been hit in the chest, neck and face with what appeared to be a hammer. There were neat quarter-size wounds all over the front of his body.

There was no obvious signs of a robbery. The cabin was undisturbed and the only apparent item taken was a television set. The car keys and the victim's blue Toyota sedan were also missing and apparently stolen.

A "missing—homicide—hold" bulletin was put out on the Toyota. The lawmen also contacted the owners of the bungalow, a Los Angeles couple named Bradford, and asked if they knew the make and model of the television. Mrs. Bradford said it was a Quasar color TV and that she still had the warranty. She said she would locate the warranty and would be down to Oceanside the next day to talk with the detectives.

There was one other lead that had been followed up. On the floor the investigators found a scrap of paper with two scribbled telephone numbers. They were the business numbers of the Capri and Denny's, two bars that catered to the gay crowd.

In a way the lawmen were not surprised. "I thought this might be a homosexual killing," Det. Wood said.



One phone number was that of Capri Cocktail Lounge, where probes learned that one of the two gay murder victims had been seen leaving with man named "Shawn"

"The lack of robbery motive and the fact that a single middle-aged man was found savagely beaten to death pointed that way."

Homosexual murders were not uncommon, even in this macho-military oriented town. Just ten days earlier San Diego investigators had contacted Oceanside about Brent Bailey, a 22-year-old Los Angeles antique dealer, whose nude body was found lying inside his car parked in downtown San Diego. San Diego lawmen had traced Bailey back to an Oceanside gay bar, where the antique dealer had placed a call to his brother. There were few leads in the case, but lawmen believed Bailey had been murdered in Oceanside and later driven to San Diego.

The Capri was the closer of the two located on North Tremont, which was within walking distance from Kuizenga's rented bungalow. North Tremont is located in the rundown downtown area of Oceanside. Sex shops advertising a variety of rubber sex

goods and theaters boasting of X-rated movies are now the main attractions in this once thriving business district. Considering the surroundings, the Capri looked clean and modern. The owners had invested in some stylish awnings and a new paint job, but inside, it was the same old bar, with the same clientele. The two lawmen went onto the bar, only half-filled on Saturday afternoon, and showed a black and white photo to the bartender, a heavysset, mustached man in his late 20s, who took the photo and studied it like it was the map to a lost gold mine.

"Yup, last night," he said. "Nice guy, kinda formal. He left with Shawn at closing time."

Who was Shawn?

"Comes in here all the time," the bartender said. "Dark bushy hair, star-earring in one ear, black vinyl jacket. The guy is a regular."

"You sure Shawn left with this man?"

*(Continued on page 61)*

**Phillip R. Wilson,  
Sheriff's Deputy  
Laramie County, Wyoming**

# **NATIONAL POLICE OFFICER OF THE MONTH**



**Phil Wilson is an asset to my department. His dedication to a career in law enforcement coupled with a zeal for the attainment of a continuing program to insure the highest degree of professionalism is commendable. Master Detective does a great service to those who maintain law and order in presenting this article in recognition of outstanding lawmen like Officer Wilson.**

**Dennis S. Flynn  
Sheriff, Laramie County, Wyoming**

**C**HEYENNE, WYOMING, still retains a pronounced Western atmosphere in spite of the heavy influx of people from the East Coast and other parts of the United States who, after having visited the town, decided to pull up stakes and relocate. The state's capital has enjoyed a lurid and colorful past which began in 1876 when Fort D. A. Russell was constructed to billet members of the U.S. Cavalry whose assigned mission was to protect the Union Pacific Railroad

whose ties and rails were stretching westward towards the mighty Pacific.

The rough, brawling troopers, the muscular, brawny cowboys and ranchers, interspersed with sheepherders, gandy dancers, card sharks, whores and members of the Shey-an-nah Indian tribe whence originated the name, Cheyenne, all lent their aggressive spirit to create one hell of a tough cowtown. Today, the city is a focal point as the transportation hub of the Rocky Mountain locale and an area still in-

involved with cattle, sheep and horses.

Three interstate highways and three major railroads intersect in this distinctively unique city located in the extreme southeastern corner of both Laramie County and the state of Wyoming. To the west tower the craggy Rockies, their snow-capped peaks clearly visible in the sun, which shines an average of 320 days each year. Sagebrush and buffalo grass carpet the prairies that surround Cheyenne and blanket a great deal of

the area in Laramie County.

Phillip R. Wilson, a member of the Laramie County Sheriff's Department headed up by Sheriff Dennis Flynn, has played an integral role in law enforcement and the investigation of some of Laramie County's more recent felonious crimes. He prefers to be called "Phil" and that's the name we'll use here.

Phil Wilson is a classic example of a truly professional and dedicated police officer. His boss, Sheriff Flynn, says with pride, "Absolutely, that's why I hired the man." The sheriff runs a tight department and he exercises considerable discrimination in the selection of members of his staff regardless of their sex, creed, etc. His only criterion is that the applicant be qualified.

Phil is basically congenial and affable man. These characteristics are invaluable to a lawman. Intelligent and articulate, he can easily establish rapport with not only the law school graduates and other members of the professional elite, but with the most callous, case-hardened criminals ever to set foot inside Laramie County. Perseverance and absolute tenacity are the other key traits which serve to complement this police officer's other attributes.

During the last week of September, 1979, a heavily-tattooed man named John Edward James crossed over the Wyoming state line into Laramie County. James was tough, a hardened, career criminal. His rap sheet ran to five pages and it consisted only of those crimes for which he'd been arrested. No one who'd encountered James doubted for a minute that he'd gotten away with far more than he'd been caught at.

Just days prior to his arrival in Laramie County, James had staged a one-man crashout from a maximum security federal prison in the south. Among other things, he was an accomplished escape artist. In his last escape caper, he'd spent considerable time plotting his approach. Then, he had simply backed off from the high, barbed wire-topped chain link fence and charged it full tilt. Up and over, scratched and bleeding, he'd rushed the secondary perimeter fence which he also successfully scaled.

With sirens screaming in the background, he had fled deep into the surrounding swamps, blood pouring profusely from a dozen cuts and gashes.

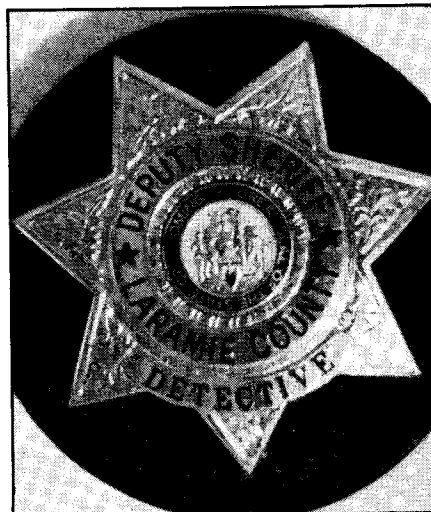
He didn't stop running until he could no longer hear the sirens. Then he'd slumped down in the muck and smeared foul-smelling mud into his wounds to staunch the flow of blood. James lay in hiding for days before venturing forth. He stole an Orkin insect spraying truck, donning an Orkin uniform he found inside the vehicle. In this disguise, he managed to slip the dragnet after which he ditched the truck and stole a car.

He had a marked penchant for Camaros. He claimed they were the fastest rod on the road. He preferred to steal his fast cars from used car lots.

## by CHANNING CORBIN



Deputy Phillip R. Wilson



When he spotted a car which struck his fancy, he would simply wait until closing time. Then, he'd drive onto the lot in the stolen car he happened to be driving at the time and ask the salesman if he could drive his newest choice. He'd take the car out to make sure it had zip. When he returned he would palm the keys to the car he'd test driven, giving the salesman the keys to the stolen car he had driven onto the car lot. After the place closed, he would unlock the dealer's car and drive it off, leaving the one he'd tired of behind.

James was cunning and shrewd. After years in prison, he had availed himself of the opportunity to obtain a sort of master's degree in crime—it was his profession, his avocation. By his own admissions later made to Phil Wilson, he was a killer who enjoyed "piping" blacks. He was also an accomplished burglar and hot-prowl artist, sometime heist man not at all adverse to an occasional armed robbery.

James was also adept in numerous other criminal areas. And he was a womanizer who lived fast and furious during those brief interludes of freedom which he availed himself of by crashing out when the going got rough.

James presented himself at the Antelope service station located 30 miles east of Cheyenne, where he applied for work under an alias. He was hired to pump gas. Several days later he busted into the adjoining cafe and lounge where he burgled the cash drawer of nearly \$27,000, about ten grand in cash and the rest in negotiable checks.

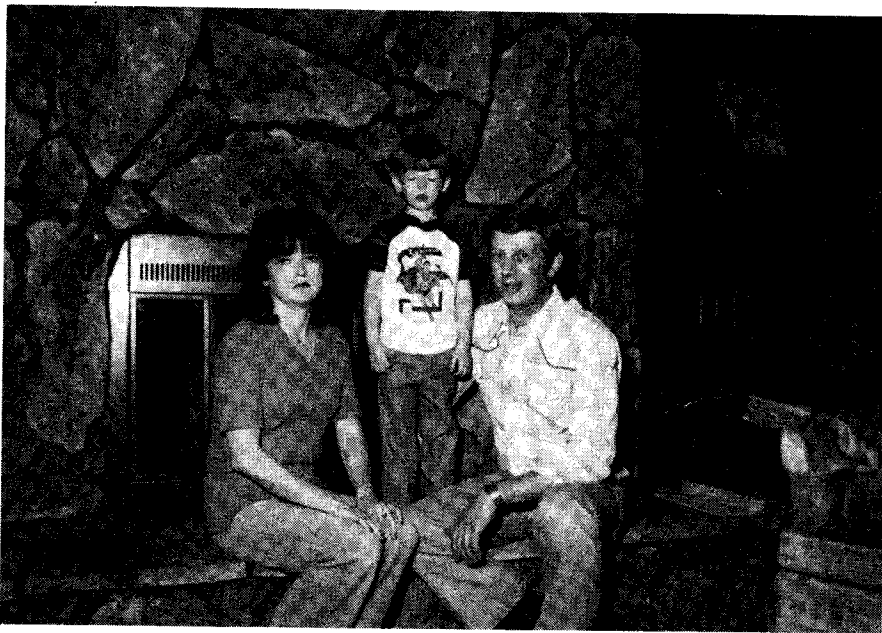
He hauled a young hitchhiker in off the highway and gave him a \$50 bill to watch the station, telling him: "I've got a gal that needs some fast lovin'" Then he vanished into the night.

Investigator Wilson was assigned to find the man who had so smoothly victimized the elderly, trusting western couple who ran the Antelope Station. Wilson's involvement proved to be James' downfall.

Phil Wilson, in recalling his role in this investigation, strongly stresses the fact that he did not work alone. As he describes it, "Good law enforcement is the epitome of team work."

With the able assistance of his colleagues, Wilson tracked down the girl whom James was romancing while he was in Laramie County. Witnesses at the Antelope Station had described a young woman who'd driven out from





Deputy Wilson is shown here at home with wife Diana and son "Rocky"

Cheyenne on several occasions to visit the suspect during those few days prior to the big heist.

Located finally after intensive investigation, the woman told Wilson that James had given her about \$800 in cash after the crime. Then he'd fled the state. She'd been suspicious and claimed that she'd thrown the money away. She didn't know where the wanted man was but promised to cooperate with the police. A tap was placed on her telephone. James called once afterward but hadn't talked long enough for the call to be traced. More waiting. He called again. This time the call was traced to a small town in Colorado.

By this time Wilson had compiled a good description of the suspect, whose most outstanding marks of identification were a profusion of tattoos on his body including the word "Boo!" etched on the shank of his penis. A call was made to the town in Colorado and the alert flashed to local police. As luck would have it, the chief of police was sitting within a few feet of a heavily tattooed man astride a powerful motorcycle on a filling station ramp when he copied the "armed and dangerous" bulletin on his two-way radio. The chief radioed for help just as the man on the cycle blasted off in a cloud of dust and burned rubber. It was a fast and furious chase but James was quickly cornered and placed under arrest. He was armed at the time.

The suspect was returned to Laramie County and lodged in jail in Cheyenne. Wilson questioned him frequently. In time, the two came to know and respect one another as professionals, one on the right side of law and order and the other an adept and accomplished

career criminal. James had a set of morals. When he told Wilson he only victimized big business and chain store operations, the detective quickly informed him that the Antelope Station was strictly a "mom and pop" enterprise.

James was remorseful. So much so that he signed the title on the motorcycle he'd bought with part of the loot so that the bike could be converted to cash to be returned to his victims. The Antelope Station caper was described by the news media as being the largest grand larceny to have occurred within Laramie County in recent years. James also aided in the recovery of most of the checks he'd stolen, thereby further minimizing the loss. He fired his lawyer appointed to defend him and copped a plea.

James was given a sentence in the Wyoming state pen. He told Wilson, who had established a solid rapport with the felon, that he'd always managed to earn good money behind bars. He claimed he'd supported an ex-wife and a family on what he'd made in the protection rackets, alcohol, easy work details and other scams used inside the walls for profit. He told Wilson, "I'll take the racket over at Rawlins," (site of the state prison).

He did try. But there was already a "con boss" in power. A man named Connors. James "piped" the man to death inside his cell using a bar bell set component as the murder weapon. He was caught and tried for murder. Found guilty and sentenced to a life term, James applied for a transfer to an out of state facility. The application was approved and James was taken to the county jail in Rawlins to await the

completion of final measures. While there he staged yet another daring break-out. He lured an unsuspecting turnkey into his cell on a pretext, stuck something in the jailer's back that felt like a knife and forced him into an elevator. After reaching the ground floor, James crashed through a glass door and made good his escape.

Phil Wilson, upon learning of the escape, contacted prison and county authorities to brief them on James' personality and his proclivity in various fields of crime. A deputy sheriff later captured the escapee after a brief gun battle as James was driving a stolen vehicle off a used car lot in the town of Rawlins. James was critically wounded and on the brink of death. He survived and is now back in the Wyoming State Prison where Phil Wilson sent him for the Antelope Station job originally.

Wilson, who is 35 years old, recalls that he always had a yen for investigative work. Before going into police work he did skip-tracing for GMAC to locate customers who stopped making their car payments. In 1975 he accepted a position as an investigator with the Boone County D.A.'s office in Lebanon, Ind. Next he took a job as town marshal in Whitestown, Ind. He moved up to another position with the Speedway Metro P.D. in the Indianapolis area. By this time his zeal and prowess as a staunch lawman had caught the attention of the local criminal element. His family commenced to receive threatening telephone calls, many of them death threats. One night he inadvertently walked into an ambush in a bar & lounge.

One of the gang of thugs who attacked struck him on the head from behind with a bottle. He then used the jagged, broken bottle bottom, trying for Wilson's eyes. Taken by surprise, Wilson felt his service revolver being wrested from his holster. Stunned and outnumbered, he fought to regain control of the gun. A shot was fired. He recovered the weapon. His assailants scattered.

No existing pay scale is remotely adequate to compensate for the knowledge a lawman has that his wife and family are being terrorized and that his own life is in constant danger. It doesn't help either to know that usually whenever a lawman shoots a criminal, regardless of the circumstances, there exists an element prone to agitate and to label it but yet another case of police brutality.

Phil Wilson talked it over with his wife Diana. They have an infant son named Rocky. They decided it would be best for all if they got out of the jungle. Phil had visited Wyoming on several occasions. He liked the western philosophy and the fact that crime was not nearly so rampant due in large

measure to the conservative creed of the average Westerner. The family relocated to Thermopolis, Wyo., where Phil accepted a job with the police department. He learned later that Sheriff Flynn had an opening for a qualified officer. He applied for the position and was accepted. The Antelope Station caper was one of his first major criminal investigations as a member of the Laramie County Sheriff's Department.

Wilson has an impressive array of credentials which include a diploma from the Indiana Law Enforcement Academy. He is a certified police officer in that state as well as in Wyoming. He is also a certified police chemical test operator having completed a course sponsored by the Indiana University of Medicine. He is also an accredited police photographer and a graduate of the Northern Wyoming/Southern Colorado Homicide Course sponsored by the Wyoming Detective's Association. His attendance at the latter investigative seminar proved to have its enigmatic connotations, as we shall learn later. Phil is the elected secretary of the Wyoming Detective's Association. He has also attended a variety of courses and seminars, many of them held at the Laramie County Community College in Cheyenne.

On the 30th day of May, 1980, and shortly after Phil Wilson graduated from the homicide seminar, a Laramie County rancher discovered a human skeleton lying half buried in an old irrigation ditch. Phil was among the first on the scene and later he was designated to be the lead investigator in what turned out to be a bizarre homicide.

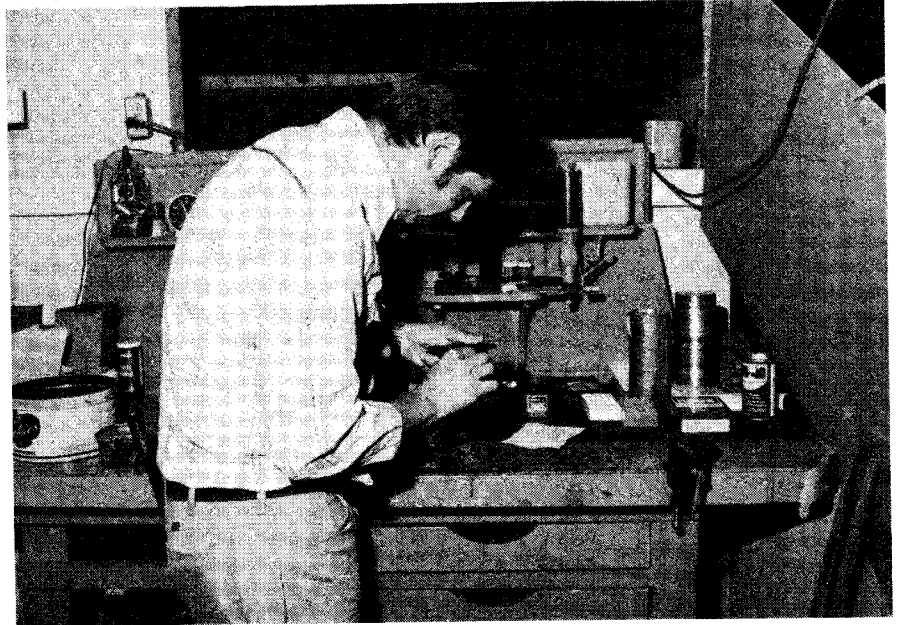
Wilson remained somewhat in awe of the things he'd been taught at the seminar. Things which were useful and advantageous in solving crimes of murder. The case of the skeleton in the dried ditch amounted to a real-life test of his skills in homicide investigative procedures. The scene was photographed, after which the remains were exhumed. The skeleton was actually in three parts due to the ravages of Wyoming's harsh, frigid winters, high winds, hot sun in the summer and rodents and scavengers.

Wilson arranged to have the remains transported to Laramie to a hospital there where it was X-rayed by a powerful, sophisticated instrument. A projectile was found in the lower part of the torso. It was excised and turned over to ballistics at the Wyoming State Crime Laboratory in Cheyenne.

The forensic specialists who complement the field investigators in the unceasing fight against crime hadn't had too much to work with at the outset. It was established that the remains had lain where they were found for at least two years. This meant that the



**Wilson and lab specialist Ron Sargent are shown examining skull of skeleton found in field. Wilson used lab data to nab murder suspect. In photo below, Wilson is busy in workshop at hobby of crafting service revolver hand grips**



person who'd fired the bullet into the victim had that much of a head start. Two whole years. By now he could be dead himself, in jail or almost anywhere. He even could have made a name-change, started a new life.

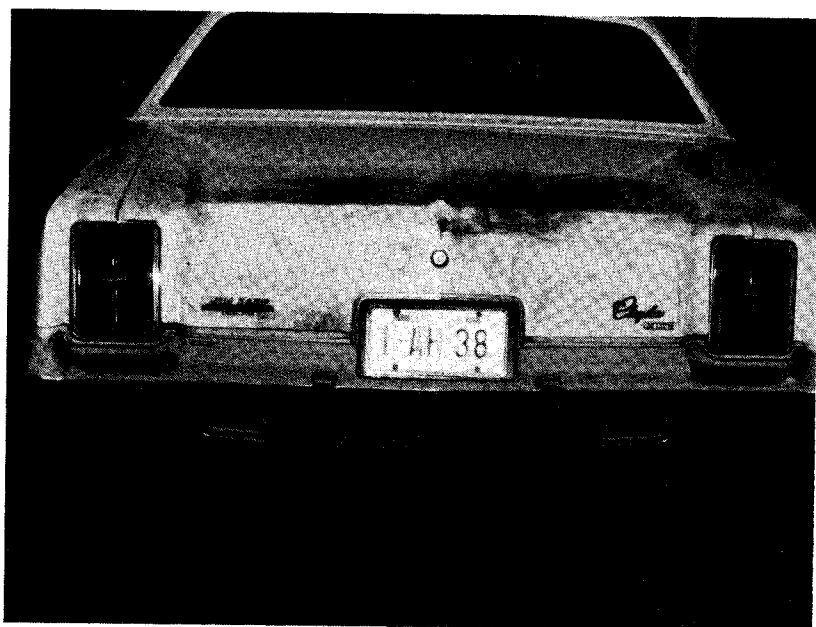
Phil Wilson and his fellow police officers remained undaunted. They approached the investigation with a positive attitude. A check of all missing person reports on file in Cheyenne was conducted with negative results. The men from ballistics reported that the slug found in the maggoty recesses of the pelvic region was a .32 caliber.

A reserve deputy on the Laramie County Sheriff's Department contacted Wilson to describe a search for a body with which he'd been involved in sev-

eral years before. The focal point of this body hunt was in the same general area where the skeleton turned up. Phil checked the files and found a report made by a Cheyenne woman who'd told police that a man had told her he'd shot a man to death the night before. He mentioned that the incident had occurred out west of Cheyenne on the Happy Jack Road.

A two-day search failed to turn up a body. A car was also mentioned by the talkative man who'd inferred that the vehicle belonged to the victim. Sheriff's officers had dredged every body of water in that sector of the county in search of an abandoned car. None was found. There appeared to be no sub-

*(Continued on page 36)*



Shotgun was found in suspect's apartment when detectives traced getaway car in night club shooting after a witness gave them the license numeral "1" and letter "H." Photos on opposite page show bloody death scene. Police Capt. Dennis Lipari (inset) was seated at table in left foreground when an unidentified man suddenly opened fire with shotgun, killing Lipari, wounding his wife and 24 other patrons. "Grudge" proved to be motive for deadly attack

# SHOTGUN TERROR IN

by **BILL BILLOTTE**

**T**HE DRUMS rolled and the lights dimmed on that Saturday night of November 26, 1977, at the crowded Nightclub 89 in Omaha, Nebraska, as the master of ceremonies stepped to the microphone and said: "We have something different for you tonight."

Suddenly, there were two sharp reports from the front of the club and some in the audience, liberally sprinkled with children because there was to be a puppet show, laughed and settled back in their chairs thinking the sounds were part of the show.

But, hat check attendant Dorene Gray was the first to find out those sounds were not a part of the show. While she stood in the cloakroom she saw a tall, immaculately dressed black man enter the club with a shotgun under his arm.

Without warning he started to shoot. Miss Gray went down on her knees and the second blast struck her in the arm

and chest as the man moved from the main entrance area into the dining room. She could hear people screaming and children crying as more shots were fired.

Patricia Allison, a public school teacher who was four months pregnant, was seated at a table with relatives when the uproar began. Her father had left the table to take his coat to the cloakroom and she heard shots. Concerned about her father's safety, she was not immediately aware that she had been wounded when she looked down and saw her right hand was dangling from the end of her arm with the ends of the bones exposed.

Her father was also shot before he could return to the table, suffering an arm wound.

Club hostess Shirley Hobson was standing near Miss Gray when the man shot her and for a moment she found herself staring straight into his eyes. Then he fired at her with the pellets striking the wall next to her. Thinking Miss Gray was dead, she crawled into the cloakroom and hid among the coats as the intruder with the shotgun now

moved on into the club's dining room.

Panic struck as men, pulling their wives and children with them, dived under tables as the staccato sound of the shotgun blasts punctuated the screams and shouts of the terrified people. And over it all was the acrid smell of the gun smoke that floated over the dimly lit room like a pall.

Seated at a table on the south side of the center aisle in the dining room about half way between the stage and the lobby was Captain Dennis Lipari, his wife, Ruth Ann, and two other deputies of the Douglas County Sheriff's office and their wives. They were off duty and celebrating the wedding anniversary of one of the couples.

Suddenly, a man appeared running down the aisle shouting: "There's a holdup and the man is shooting!" A tall figure was running behind the fleeing figure and as the group at the table turned toward him he fired the shotgun. The blast shattered the glasses on the table and Captain Lipari and his wife were hit in the face by most of the shotgun pellets while the other four received less serious wounds. Lipari, his



# THE OMAHA NIGHTCLUB

face a bloody mask, slipped to the floor while his wife remained conscious.

One of the deputies tried to fire the small caliber pistol he carried while off duty at the tall figure with the shotgun but it jammed.

On the stage the man who had been scheduled to put on the puppet show had grabbed the microphone and was urging the night club patrons not to panic but to seek shelter under the tables to avoid the shots of the rampaging gunman.

And suddenly it was over after six shots had been fired with the gunman fleeing the building into the parking lot leaving behind more than 200 terrified people, 26 of whom had suffered shotgun wounds of varying degrees of gravity.

Police Detective Robert Brisby was in a car five blocks away from the club which is located at 4315 South Eighty-Ninth Street when he fielded a call on his radio that a holdup was in progress at the 89 Club and that

there had been some shooting.

Brisby sped to the scene and as he arrived he saw a tall man running in the driveway. He called for the man to halt who answered by firing a shotgun at him. Someone came out of the club and shouted "There's another one inside."

Figuring that the man inside was still a menace to the night club patrons, Brisby decided to go to their aid rather than pursue the man who had shot at him. *(Continued on page 52)*

**When this case was finally all wrapped up, it was clear that the police had done their job, but many Nebraskans are wondering if their criminal justice system was equipped to do its job . . .**

# A SILK GARROTE FOR THE LOVELY GOOD-TIME GIRL

## MD DOUBLE LENGTH FEATURE

by HENRY HANEY

**T**HE DEATH by murder of Terese Boulanger was the final irony in a life which had been filled with ironies. One woman friend who had known her since childhood said that "for poor Terese, life had been one thing after another," and what she meant was that it had been one crisis, one disappointment, one failure.

The dossier on the slaying victim compiled by Belgian investigators seemed to confirm her friend's assessment. Terese Boulanger had been a confirmed romantic for whom romance always fell short of her fantasies. She had been a gentle, trusting soul who seemed cursed with a talent for trust-

ing the wrong people. She was a beauty for whom, when she was a young girl, everyone predicted all the great, lovely desirable things that life can provide, but she never came close to realizing that potential.

In short, it seemed that everything that happened to Terese fell far short of her expectations. Some of the people who had known her the longest speculated that Terese might have liked the excitement that surrounded her death, the publicity, the notoriety even. For in the early stages of the investigation, the press accounts hinted at mystery that was somewhat like situations in the romantic novels Terese loved to read, mystery touched with a note of the bizarre.

The manner in which her body was found was a case in point. It happened in the small Belgian city of Jumet, which lies some 40 miles south of Brussels. It was a Thursday afternoon, July 12, 1979, and there were people abroad in the streets as a man stood idly on the bridge that spanned the one-track rail line between Chatelineau and Luttre. It was sunny and hot, but not so hot as to be uncomfortable. From his vantage point on the bridge, the man could see a stretch of railroad tracks reaching away from him for a bit more than 150 yards, at which point the rails curved

and disappeared between two low hills. Everyone in Jumet knew that there was very little rail traffic on the line—one train southbound in the morning, one train northbound in the evening.

For that reason the presence of children playing along the railroad right of way did not excite alarm. The kids knew when the trains came as well as their elders, and they usually got out of the way without being told to. The grown-up people of the town rarely bothered them.

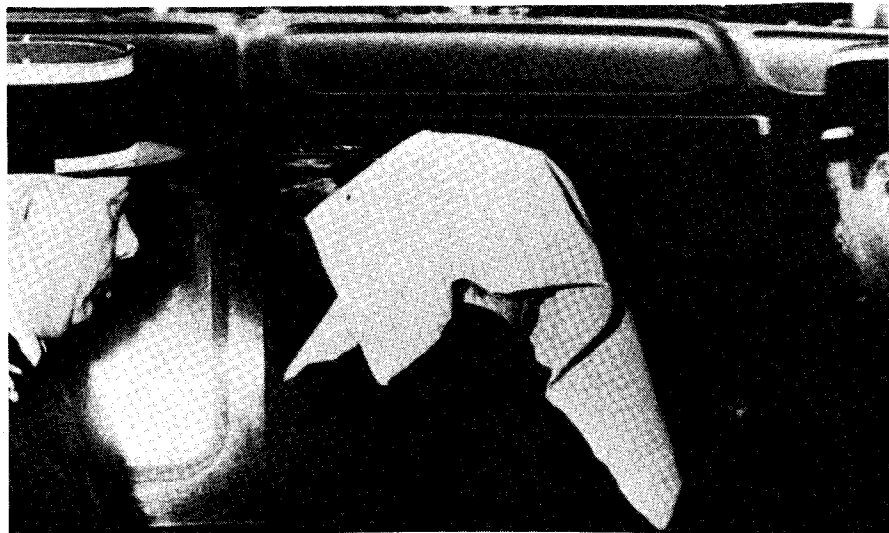
On that particular Thursday afternoon, however, some of the youngsters became aware that a man standing near the center of the bridge overhead was trying to get their attention. He kept gesturing to the kids below, waving his arms in a manner that suggested he wanted them to run farther down the tracks, toward the point where the tracks curved between the low hills.

Finally one of the children, a boy who looked about 11 or 12 years old, walked directly to spot below where the man was standing and called up to him.

"What is it you wish, monsieur?" he called out politely.

"There is something red lying beside the tracks over there," the man said, pointing toward the curve. "Go see what it is."

**Probers knew that somewhere out there Terese's killer was laughing at them. He'd committed the perfect crime. Or had he? To find out for sure, the homicide team returned to square one—and discovered the flaw that closed the case**



With a towel over his head to conceal his identity from photographers, police informant is taken into headquarters for questioning in the death of Terese Boulanger (l.), who sought happy ending but ended her life as a murder victim

The children, as children will, made a game out of it, and a whole cluster of them trotted off down the tracks in the direction the man had indicated. They soon approached the red object, and the boys began to run as they came close to it.

The red turned out to be a woman's light summer coat, and something more. There was a woman in the coat. Young as they were, the children realized immediately that there was

something unusual about this woman. They told police later that they first thought she was either sleeping, although it was a funny place for anyone to sleep, or that she was drunk, because the coat lapels were pulled up so that they covered her face.

To one of the boys it seemed like a fun thing to snatch the coat and pull it open; that would probably wake up the woman with a start and she would yell at them and they would yell back.

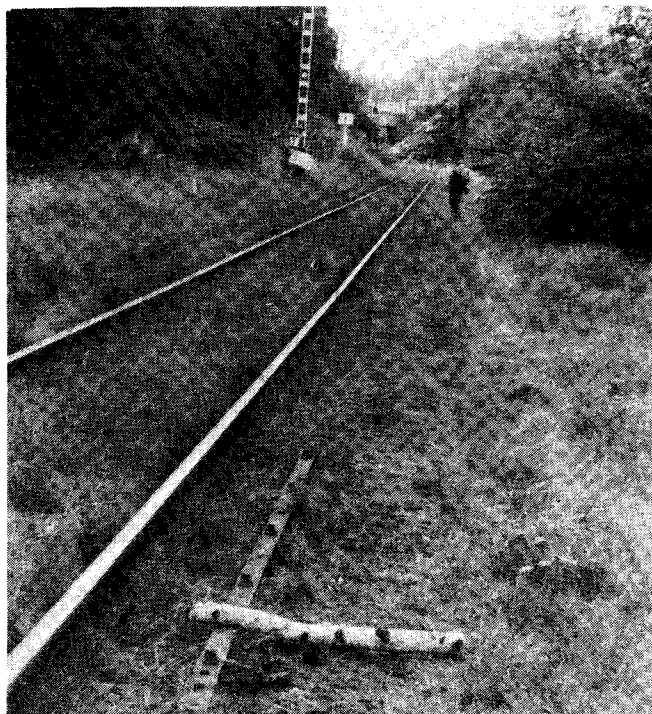
That was not what happened, though, and it was the boys who were surprised, not the woman on the ground. For under the red coat, the woman was totally nude!

She also was dead, a fact which was readily apparent even to the immature youngsters.

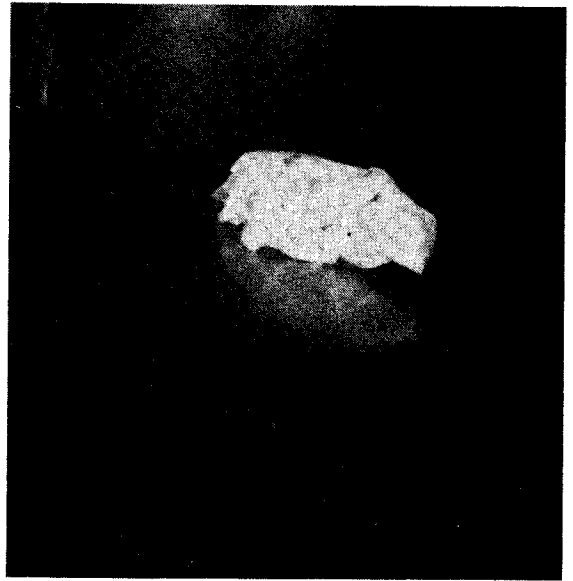
The woman lay on her back in a relaxed posture, her arms by her side, her legs parted slightly and bent at the

*(Continued on page 64)*

Body of slain woman was found at spot marked by birch log. Jean Chimay (r.) sent playing children to investigate a red object he had spotted from railroad bridge. It turned out to be a coat covering nude body of one of his ex-lovers



# BLOCKBUSTER OF THE MONTH



This knife was used in murder of restaurant owner Betty Campbell. Victim also suffered a merciless bludgeoning

By SAM ROEN



Widespread murder probe began in Volusia County, Fla., under the direction of Sheriff Ed Duff II, an ex-FBI man

**B**ETTY CAMPBELL was busy in the kitchen of her pizza restaurant when the phone rang. It was almost 7 o'clock, Monday evening, March 1, 1976. When she answered, the slightly familiar voice warned, "There's a bomb in your pizza."

The friendly, personable, 51-year-old Betty, uncertain whether the call was a joke or a prank, but sure it was not serious, answered, "If you don't have any of it, don't worry about it."

But the voice she thought somewhat

familiar shot back an unveiled threat, "That's it. I'm coming down there and beat your ass!"

The call seemed ridiculous to Betty, yet caused her some concern since the little pizza place that she and her husband ran sat in a spot primarily isolated and entirely vulnerable along U.S. Highway #1 in Volusia County, Florida between the cities of Oak Hill and New Smyrna Beach, a few miles south of Daytona Beach.

The building that housed this small business was a one-story block construction single purpose unit. It was as conspicuous as a lone camel on a desert. It sat on the apron of the super highway with its wide gravel parking area and no trees, shrubbery or fencing to screen or camouflage it. The structure was simply wide open to everything and everybody. And that's what bothered Betty.

The call that had invaded the tranquility of her establishment didn't really frighten her, but it made her uneasy and she thought her husband ought to know about it. She called him at their trailer home where he had gone earlier to care for their nine-year-old son and told him she thought that she knew who the caller was, "but I can't say for certain."

In their phone conversation the Campbells recalled that one of their customers on the previous Friday night had been a little "out of line," and they had asked him to leave. There was no great rumpus or outburst, but Betty thought that if this were indeed the man who had called, he had undoubtedly been seething over the weekend following the Friday night incident. The Campbells agreed to notify the Volusia County Sheriff's Department

as a precaution and to be on record.

Betty's husband drove back to the restaurant, bringing a .22 caliber handgun with him which he gave to her for her safety. This was the second piece she now had. Betty normally carried a .25 caliber gun in her purse for protection in her lonely establishment.

When a deputy arrived in answer to Betty's call, both the Campbells talked to him and made a formal complaint in anticipation of possible further telephone harassment or some kind of physical action.

After the deputy departed, Mr. Campbell returned to their small child and Betty resumed her restaurant chores.

Later, approaching 10 p.m., Campbell called the pizza restaurant to check with Betty to see if everything was all right. There was no answer. Campbell became apprehensive. But he waited; unflinchingly, Betty was home between 10:05 and 10:10, never later. When the clock moved around to 11 minutes after ten he got into his car and sped back to the restaurant. Her failure to arrive home this particular night struck Campbell as ominous.

Arriving at the restaurant he braked and skidded his car to a stop, raising a funnel of gravel dust behind that floated over everything including his car as he bounded out and thrust through the kitchen door.

"Oh, my God!" he cried out as he discovered his wife, lying on the floor, battered and beaten. Her face and head had been bludgeoned almost beyond recognition. Campbell slammed the door he had entered and shut out the view of his loved one in an attempt to cancel the reality of the scene. But it was real; it would not be canceled with

# Here are the behind-the-scenes details on how Florida cops nabbed the man **WANTED IN NINE STATES FOR MAYHEM AND MURDER**

a closed door, nor would it go away.

Immediately he called the Edgewater Police Department and reported the horror he had discovered.

This was obviously a crime under the jurisdiction of the sheriff's department. The Edgewater Police Department notified them and Sergeant Bob Baker responded to the call, arriving at Betty's Pizza at approximately 10:44 p.m. Deputies Anessi, Lockwood and Arment also rushed to the scene as did Police Officer Ramuda of the Edgewater (Township) Police Department. Baker made a cursory study of the crime scene and ordered the property cordoned off and had it marked, "Restricted."

In the meantime, Mr. Campbell had departed for his trailer home, so Baker headed for the Campbell residence, where he hoped to interrogate the victim's husband. As he drove south on Route 1, Baker was advised via radio that Campbell had returned to the restaurant.

Sergeant Baker, executing a 180 degree turnaround, observed a suspicious appearing hitchhiker standing on the apron of the highway. Baker stopped his patrol vehicle and interrogated the man, then, still suspicious, asked the hitchhiker to accompany him to the pizza restaurant.

By this time Mrs. Campbell had been pronounced dead by the county medical examiner.

The man Baker had picked up seemed to falter in his answers to the stream of questions put to him. Finally Baker told the man that he wanted him to accompany to headquarters "when I finish up here."

Sergeant Baker proceeded to interrogate the husband of the deceased woman. For the record, he also examined Campbell's extended hands, the front of his shirt, his trousers and



Murder victim was found lying in her own blood in restaurant kitchen



shoes. The officer found no reason to suspect the husband.

Baker then prodded Campbell for more information on the crank or threatening phone call Betty had received earlier in the evening. The investigator wanted to know if his wife had identified the caller. And the husband finally admitted that Betty thought that the man who called was an irritated customer of the previous Friday night.

While Baker continued, Deputy J.R. Deemer dusted the restaurant's interior, doors and other obvious places where he might pick up latent prints. Photographs were made of the interior of the restaurant and the exterior as well as the surrounding area and approaches.

A second hitchhiker who had wandered into the proximity of the restaurant was detained along with the first one. Both were ultimately taken to headquarters, printed, interrogated and checked through the computerized National Crime Information Center. Both men were clean and subsequently released.

For the next several hours the investigation was intensified. Sergeant Art Dees joined the other investigating officers as they combed through the surrounding wooded area and interrogated the few residents whose homes were scattered around the restaurant. The entire search was fruitless.

By daylight of Tuesday, March 2nd, the investigation had produced several possible suspects who happened to be in this part of Florida without any real plausible stories to support their presence, but one by one they all filtered

through to release and freedom.

That morning Sergeant Dees interrogated the husband of the deceased. Dees, a master investigator with many long years of experience, pressured Campbell for everything relating to this mysterious killing of his wife.

By this time it was revealed that Betty Campbell not only had been viciously beaten on the head and face, she was also stabbed 5 times in the back. A 13" knife with an 8" blade was found in the restaurant and taken as evidence. The .22 caliber handgun Campbell had delivered to his wife Monday evening was found on the shelf in the kitchen of the restaurant but the .25 caliber gun that she normally carried in her purse was missing. So was the purse.

Mr. Campbell told Sgt. Dees that his wife's killer might be the disgruntled customer, who might also have threatened Betty on the phone.

Later than evening (Tuesday) a group of 30 or more Campbell family members and friends had gathered in the vicinity of the slain woman's trailer and were spoiling to go after the man who had called Betty on the phone.

In response to this developing embroilment, Deputy D.R. Anderson, Jr., Investigator Deemer and Deputy Lockwood cautioned the crowd and reasoned with them about mob action. They finally were able to calm the group with the assurance that the sheriff's department would thoroughly investigate the man who now was so hotly under suspicion.

Following through on this, the suspect was interrogated and found to be innocent. There was no way to put him at the scene of the crime at the time of

its occurrence, Monday between 9 p.m. and 10 p.m.

In the continuing investigation, Deputy Deemer, who along with Deputy Anderson had returned to the crime scene to take more photographs and search the surrounding grounds again, learned that a motorist had found a purse on Route #1 in the area of Sleepy Hollow, which is north of the New Smyrna Beach City Limits.

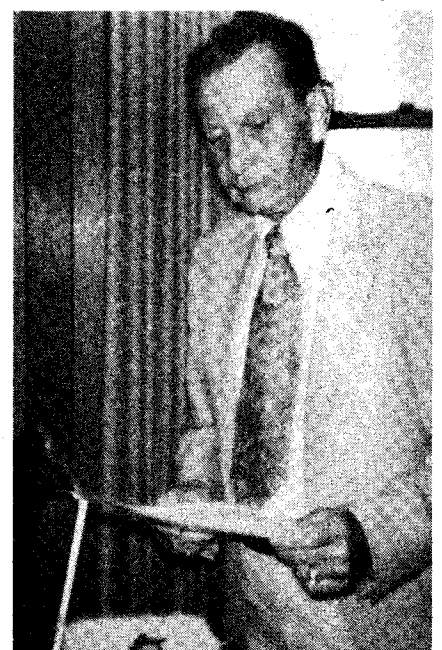
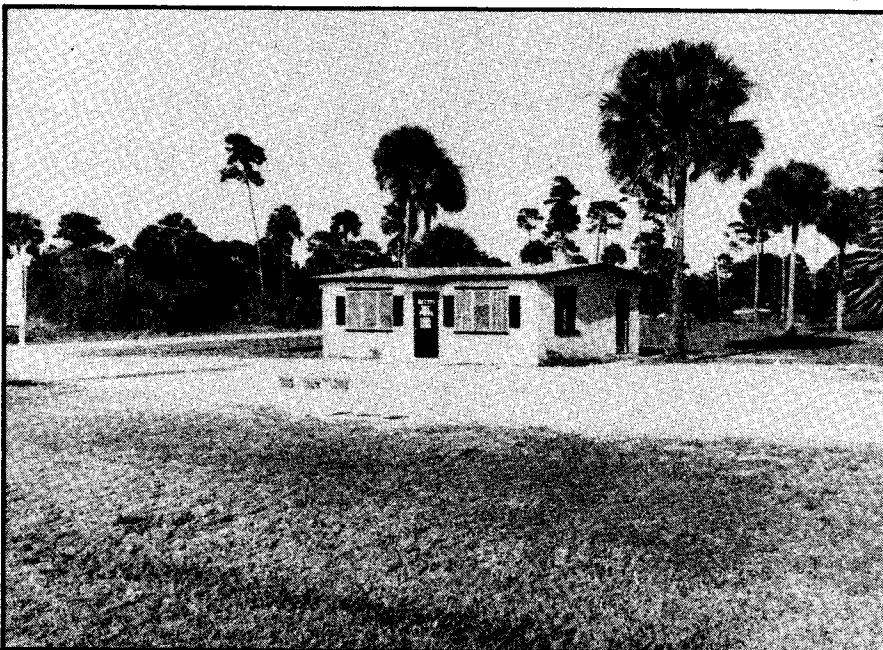
Deputy Mellon, who had received the purse from the motorist, turned it over to Deemer, who established that it had belonged to the victim.

Missing from the purse was the .25 caliber automatic pistol, also an unemployment check drawn in favor of Betty Campbell. A contact with the local unemployment office brought forth the information that Betty Campbell had recently received a check for \$213. Mr. Campbell also advised that Betty had not cashed the check. Immediately all the local banks were notified regarding the check and a BOLO (Be on Lookout) was sent out by the sheriff's department on the check.

For days the investigators pursued all leads hoping to develop the chain of events that would lead to the apprehension of the killer of Betty Campbell.

Sheriff Ed Duff II, a former FBI agent and one of Florida's most respected police officers, held strategy meetings with his investigators. "We're going to dig this one out," he told his men. He was aware that there was not much to grab on to, "but that missing check and that missing automatic are our best bets." He ordered his men to "follow the scent of those

Exterior view shows Betty's Pizza Restaurant, where 51-year-old owner met her violent death. The murder probe went on for four years before suspect was nabbed. Volusia County Investigator Art Dees (r.) was on top of the case all the way



leads wherever they might take you."

Sergeant Dees had made this case a personal challenge. On March 8th, Dees and Deemer, following a lead that a man wearing bloodied clothes had been arrested for car break-ins, drove to Ft. Pierce and signed the bloodied clothes out. The clothes were shipped to the Sanford, Florida Crime Lab in an effort to establish a link with evidence found at Betty's Pizza.

On March 16th, Investigator Dees learned that the missing unemployment check that had been taken from Betty Campbell's purse had surfaced in Florence, South Carolina.

"Sheriff," Dees said, bursting into Ed Duff's office, "we got a big break today . . . just as you predicted." Dees explained that the check had been cashed in a Sears store in Florence. "There's a dental center up there that makes false teeth at discount rates but they only accept cash, so Sears cashes checks for a lot of their customers and apparently the person who had the Campbell check flowed through Sears with a crowd."

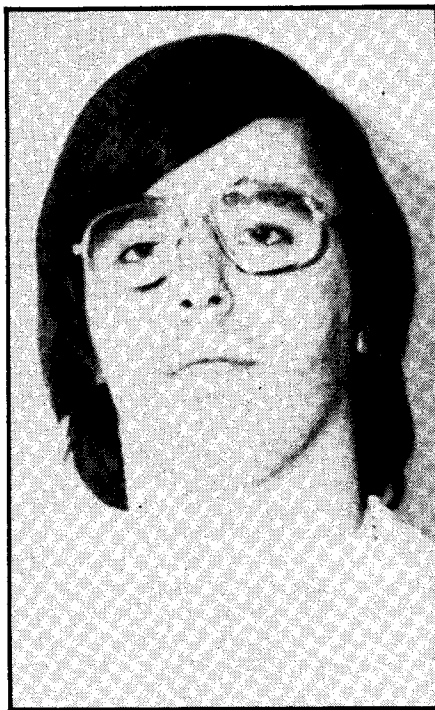
On the 17th of March, Dees and Deemer traveled to Florence where, from witnesses' descriptions, they developed a composite picture of the woman who had cashed the Betty Campbell check in the Sears store. The Florida officers also learned that the person who cashed the check had used Betty's credit cards for identification.

Meanwhile back in Florida, Flagler County authorities and the Volusia County Sheriff's Department investigators compared a robbery murder that had occurred on February 23rd, in a convenience store on Flagler Beach. The owners, Mr. and Mrs. Abrams, were both shot during the holdup of their store. Despite taking four .22 slugs in his head, Abrams survived but his 60-year-old wife died.

When Dees, Deemer and Sheriff Ed Duff got into the developing aspects of the Campbell case, the sheriff asked the men, "Do you think that we've got something a lot bigger than we bargained for?"

Sergeant Dees studied the others and threw out, "We've already made a tie with Florence; Flagler sure looks like our guy, or guys, get around. I don't know what we're in for, but I think there is a whale of a lot more for us to uncover."

Unknown at this time to the Florida authorities, on Friday evening, March 12th, Trooper E. W. Lambert, an alert officer of the Virginia State Police, noticed with particular interest an out-of-state white Thunderbird with large luggage racks on top. The racks were disproportionate to the sports car, causing the officer to notice the vehicle which was parked in front of a small grocery store located in Buckingham



**Investigation of other crimes led cops to Jeff Daugherty, 21, who became key suspect in the murder of Betty Campbell**

County, Virginia near Route 60.

Later, the same officer saw the same car headed west on Route 60. Simultaneously, State Police Radio out of Appomattox reported an armed robbery at the grocery store.

In cross communications, Special Agent B. M. Eye and Trooper E. W. Lambert set their strategy to track the white Thunderbird. Lambert reached for his riot gun stored under his seat and Agent Eye stood by at Bent Creek.

In approximately five minutes the car appeared as reported by Agent Eye. "I allowed the car to go midway out on the bridge spanning the James River before pulling out, spacing myself about 100 yards behind."

Also coming on to join the pursuit was Trooper L. K. Webber, racing across Route 26. Near the intersection of Route 657, Webber pulled up alongside the Thunderbird with his red light flashing the car to a halt. Agent Eye closed in from the rear. Webber covered the driver while Eye covered the passenger.

Agent Eye reported that the passenger, a woman, got out, carrying a coat concealing her hands.

The officer ordered her repeatedly to drop the coat but she did not respond. At the same time Webber had the driver spreadeagled against the car and "thoroughly under control." Webber moved over to the passenger side and took the coat away from the woman. There was no concealed weapon under the coat. Investigator Eye then performed a quick pat-down

for a weapon with negative results.

At this point Trooper Webber read both suspects their constitutional rights. Eye examined the driver, patted him for weapons and asked him where his gun was. The man, in his early twenties, responded sneeringly, "What gun?"

With the riot gun backing him up, the investigator reached under the driver's seat and retrieved a hunting knife and a set of num-chucks, a weapon used in martial arts. Eye also opened the floor console and discovered a Colt .25 automatic, serial number OD60612. The gun was cocked, had a live round in the chamber, and the safety had been pushed off.

Webber, picking up a purse that was open and bursting with money, began a hasty count of the cash.

The young man turned to Webber and spat out, "All that money didn't come from the robbery. We had some of it already . . . \$100 of it is ours."

By this time several other officers had arrived: Trooper H.L. Newman, deputies from Amherst County, Appomattox County and Sheriff Garnette Shumaker of Buckingham County.

A cursory check was made of the contents of the automobile. It was immediately obvious that there was a great deal more to the Thunderbird and its contents that what had transpired at the grocery store. The woman, who was considerably older than her traveling companion, responded to Trooper Webber's question that they had come from Michigan.

The man and woman, under arrest, were taken to the Buckingham County area office of the sheriff where they were processed.

In a side remark, the woman confided to Trooper Webber, "I didn't know he (her companion) had robbed the place until he gave me the money."

Immediately the serial number and registration number of the car and the serial number of the automatic were run through the NCIC (National Crime Information Center).

The only productive information returned indicated that the male subject, Jeffrey Joseph Daugherty, 21, was wanted in Tampa, Florida on charges of receiving stolen property.

Subsequently, on Friday, March 19th, the Virginia police received a message to contact Lieutenant Raymond J. Mitarnowski of Pennsylvania State Police in Holidaysburg, Pennsylvania. Through the interchange of information on Jeffrey Daugherty, Mitarnowski was eager to make a tie-in with the .25 caliber automatic taken from Daugherty.

When Trooper Webber talked with Mitarnowski he told the officer that there was no way to get the vital ballis-

*(Continued on page 58)*

## Free-Love Murder Case

(Continued from page 10)

members had apparently been getting together for group sex orgies and he thought that Salvador's activities at one of them might have been the motive for his murder.

To his astonishment, it turned out that, insofar as could be determined, Salvador had made only a single contact in the Eros telephone society which had, it seemed, been so overwhelming that he had not got around to anyone else.

The only identification of the lady in the records was her code name of Amber, but the police had her telephone number and, from that, it was possible to trace her true identity and address.

She was Solange Berlingeat, an extremely beautiful, extremely well-built girl of 22 who had an excellent motive for belonging to the Eros telephone society. She was an unregistered prostitute.

Brought to police headquarters for questioning, Miss Berlingeat admitted freely that she had known Jack-Yvan Salvador and that she had been intimate with him. She added that he had died owing her over \$200 and she considered him a poor credit risk. She wanted to know if the inspector thought that it would be possible for her to file a claim for her services against Salvador's widow.

The inspector declined to give any advice on this subject and asked her to give the names of any persons with whom she and Salvador had engaged in group sex.

Solange, a remarkably frank if somewhat simple-minded girl, replied that the only time that she had had sex with Salvador in the presence of others was in his own apartment and the other persons had been his wife and his friends, Francis Perez and Charlie Lledo.

The startled inspector, who had heard nothing of this incident from either Marie-Therese or the two friends, inquired if what she was saying meant that there had been a group sex encounter involving herself, Salvador, his two friends and his wife.

Solange said that the only sex at that time had been between her and Salvador. The friends had watched, but Marie-Therese had refused and had appeared sulky. Jack-Yvan had complained that she was throwing a wet blanket over the activities and that he could not perform with her sulking there. He had suggested that she go upstairs with Perez to his apartment and have sex with him there while he,

Lledo and Solange remained in their apartment. Marie-Therese, she said, had eventually gone with Perez.

This put a somewhat different complexion on the matter and the inspector was not inclined to doubt the accuracy of Solange Berlingeat's statements. In his opinion, she was simply too stupid and simple-minded to have made up such a thing. Moreover, there would have been no advantage to her in it.

The original tape recordings of the statements made immediately after the murder by Marie-Therese Salvador and by Francis Perez and Charlie Lledo were brought out and an effort was made to check what they had been doing on the evening of the crime.

As all had said that they were scouring the bars and taverns for the missing Jack-Yvan Salvador, it should be possible, at least, to pinpoint the whereabouts of Lledo and Perez at various times during the evening. As they were regular customers of the same bars and taverns, they would be known to the owners and to the personnel.

In the case of Marie-Therese, she was not a regular patron of the establishments, but she was a very handsome woman and a flaming redhead. Even if the people did not know her, they would probably remember such a striking woman making inquiries about Salvador on the night when now almost everyone in Montpellier knew he had been murdered.

The attempt to trace the whereabouts of the three on the night in question turned out to be a complete failure. Every bar that Salvador was known to have frequented was checked and not one of the waitresses or owners could recall having seen Perez, Lledo or Marie-Therese Salvador during the evening in question.

Considerable time had, of course, passed, but, even so, the inspector did not think that this could be entirely due to faulty memories. The widow and the two friends of the deceased were lying and if they were lying it was because they had a reason to.

That reason could only be because they had murdered Salvador themselves, but it would require more evidence than the simple fact that they had lied about their search of the taverns and bars to obtain indictments to say nothing of convictions.

Even the statement by Solange Berlingeat concerning the sexual activities following a dinner at the Salvador apartment which she said had taken place on the first of December, 1979, was unsupported. If the other three denied it, as he had no doubt that they would, no judge would be prepared to admit the girl's statement in evidence.

The inspector, however, believed it and he was beginning to think that the motive of the murder had been a desire by Francis Perez and Marie-Therese to marry. They had not been able to do so because Marie-Therese was already married to Salvador and he had, perhaps, refused a divorce. The case then assumed the form of the love triangle so common in France as a cause of murder.

The only problem was that he had no means of proving any of this. Although Perez and Lledo were fond of a drink and spent a good deal of their time in bars, they were both known as hard workers and had good reputations with the persons who knew them. Neither was obsessed with sex in the way that Salvador had been and there was nothing in their backgrounds that could lead to a belief that they were even capable of murder. As for Marie-Therese, there was no reason to believe that her problems with her husband had been any greater in December of 1979 than they had been at any time over the seven years she had been married to him.

The inspector attempted to establish evidence that there had actually been an affair between Marie-Therese and Francis Perez as Solange Berlingeat had said and got nowhere. He was able to find witnesses among the persons living in the building who had seen her going up to Perez' apartment with Perez and there was substantial reason to believe that she had, on various occasions, spent the night there, but there was no proof. Furthermore, there was no evidence of what had gone on inside the apartment after she got there. Although he was single, Perez had a two bedroom apartment. The mere fact that Marie-Therese had spent the night there did not automatically guarantee that she'd spent it in the same bed with Perez. Whatever the inspector might personally believe, he had to look at the evidence from the point of view of a defense attorney.

In the end, he was forced to give up. There was simply no evidence whatsoever that Marie-Therese and Francis Perez had been having an affair and even less that they had conspired, presumably with the knowledge or even assistance of Charlie Lledo to murder Jack-Yvan Salvador.

There was nothing left to do other than bring in the suspects, subject them to as intense interrogation as was possible and hope that one or the other would break. If all three stuck to their original story, there would be nothing left to do except release them and send the case to the unsolved files.

As he was convinced that they were, indeed, the murderers of Salvador, he could see no point in pursuing the investigation further elsewhere.

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At first, it did not appear that this final effort was going to have much success, either. All three suspects clung to their original stories about having spent the evening of December 15th searching the bars for Jack-Yvan Salvador. They did, however, present different versions from their original statements concerning the exact order in which they had visited the taverns and tended to become confused when confronted with statements by bar owners or waiters that they had not been in the establishment on the night when they were supposed to have been.

Nonetheless, no one broke and, finally, the inspector was forced to play his final trump. He had Marie-Therese Salvador listen to a tape recording of a statement by Solange Berlingeate and then confronted her with the girl herself.

Badly shaken and thrown off balance by the confrontation with the unregistered prostitute, Marie-Therese first admitted to the details of the events in the Salvador apartment on the evening of December 1st, and then, subsequently, acknowledged that she had gone up to Perez' apartment with him. After a short period of resistance during which she denied that she had had relations with Perez there, she gave way and admitted that too.

The recording of her statement was played immediately to Francis Perez and in such a manner that he had no way of knowing how much more she might have said. Perez then admitted to the relationship, but said that it had been forced upon him and Marie-Therese by Jack-Yvan.

"He said he wished to be alone with the other girl," Perez stated. "He said he believed in free love—he had no objection if Marie-Therese and I went upstairs and did it. Then, when we did, he went crazy with jealousy. I don't know what was the matter with him. He was making it with every woman that he met and he was always urging Marie-Therese to do the same. When she finally did, he threatened to kill both of us."

"So you killed him first," said the inspector.

"Charlie pulled the trigger," said Perez. "All I did was drive the car and help get him down to the water."

Confronted with this partial confession, both Marie-Therese Salvador and Charlie Lledo broke down and admitted to their parts in the murder. By the time they had finished and the statements had been cross-checked, it became apparent that Jack-Yvan Salvador had been murdered more through a misunderstanding of an expression than anything else.

On the evening in question, Perez and Lledo had come to the Salvador apartment as they often did and had

found Salvador and his wife in the midst of a savage quarrel. Salvador nearly out of his mind with jealousy, was reproaching Marie-Therese for the affair with Perez which he had initiated. He had been drinking heavily all afternoon and was scarcely able to stand on his feet.

Marie-Therese, in a spasm of disgust, had cried out to them that they should take Salvador away and get rid of him.

Her choice of language had been unfortunate. They had more or less carried Salvador out to Perez' car and Lledo had then gone home to get his nine millimeter automatic pistol.

The time had been about ten o'clock and they had driven off in the direction of the beach, telling Salvador that they were all going for a walk. At the water's edge, Lledo had drawn the pistol, placed the muzzle at the nape of Salvador's neck and pulled the trigger.

## Police Officer Of the Month

(Continued from page 25)

stance to the complainant's story. She'd heard it in a downtown Cheyenne bar. It could have been whiskey talk. The case was closed.

At least it was until Wilson and his fellow investigators decided that the previously unfounded report merited further attention. All stops were pulled and numerous avenues in the multi-pronged probe were vigorously explored. As the case coordinator, Wilson arranged to have the remains, specifically the teeth and jaw bones, placed in the hands of anthropologists at the University of Wyoming. Long bones and other specimens were also placed at their disposal. They were requested to see what they could develop in the way of a usable physical description.

A search was launched for the woman who'd made the complaint involving a man who admitted he'd murdered another man some two years previously. It was learned that this witness, a habitue of some of Cheyenne's sleazier bars, had left town. Wilson wanted her found. Numerous interviews were initiated to determine her current whereabouts.

The crime lab technicians culled several items of interest from the moldy soil: maggot hulls and disintegrated flesh which they'd examined. Forty-five cents in coin, several pocket combs, a rotted, leather wallet void of currency or ID and three faded, tattered cigarette packages were found amid the debris. The victim was evidently fully clothed when he'd been killed. The clothing was badly deteriorated. In some instances, it crumbled at the

They had then returned to tell Marie-Therese of what they had done and, although horrified at first, she had later decided that the best thing they could do would be to conceal the evidence of their involvement in the crime. They had then made up their simple alibis between them.

All three are now awaiting trial on charges of murder, conspiring to murder and acting as an accessory to murder. ♦♦♦

### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*Solange Berlingeate, Jean Dubois, Pierre Marechal, Louis Boittier, Francois Mallet and Denise Serrault are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Fictitious names have been used in order to comply with French police regulations.*

slightest touch. But the men in the crime lab had managed to raise what appeared to be a portion of a name inside the waist band of a pair of trousers.

The clinical report which Wilson received advised that a tax stamp on one of the tattered cigarette packs was from California. The name they'd found inside the trousers was set forth as follows: T- -N-N-O. These four letters as well as the second one, which was indecipherable, appeared to have been inked into the fabric with a felt-tipped pen. Wilson had no earthly way of knowing if it was part of a person's name, an institute, a nickname, or what. To his way of thinking, though, it was a clue and he meant to work it for all it was worth.

As Phil Wilson had worked his way into the investigation, he'd been amazed at the many things he'd learned at the recent homicide seminar which were proving now to be an invaluable asset. It was almost as if the skeleton, which had been temporarily dubbed "Crystal Lake Clyde" pending possible future identification, had lain on the prairies for two years, patiently awaiting Wilson's graduation from the homicide school to trigger the catalyst which would hopefully lead to not only the victim's identification but to the apprehension of the person guilty of his murder.

Wilson locked himself in an office at the Laramie County S.O. and sat down with those cryptic four letters; T, blank, N, N and O. What was that missing second letter? It had to be a vowel, an a, e, i, o or a u, perhaps. The tenacious investigator tried them all. For some strange inexplicable reason, a "u" sounded best—Tunno. Wilson had his choice. Everything possible had been done to bring out that second letter to no avail. This and the cigarette

tax stamp were all he had to work with. The compelling intuition grew stronger as if a voice from within kept clamoring—"it's the u!" Some police officers call it a "gut hunch." Veteran investigators encourage, even urge, that deference be given the "gut hunch."

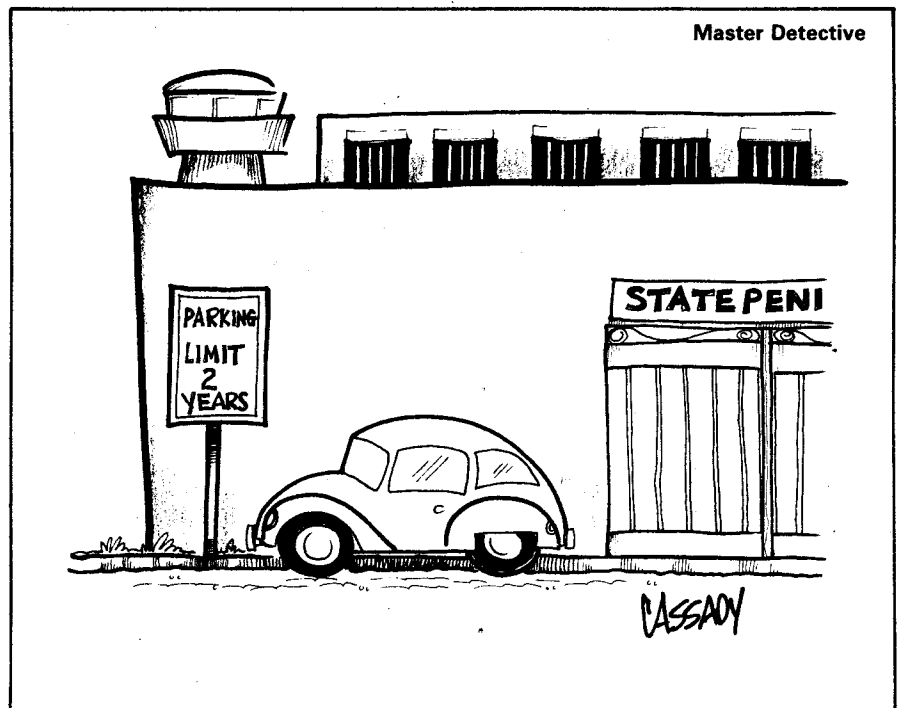
Wilson decided to string along with his hunch. He drafted a teletype message to be disseminated to all parts of the U.S. requesting information on individuals whose first or last name was Tunno. At about this same stage of the investigation valuable information was received from a second alert police officer, a man with a highly retentive memory assigned to the Cheyenne City Police Department.

Detective Mel Fleharty called Wilson to discuss the strange case involving "Crystal Lake Clyde," so named because his bones were found not too distant from a lake of that name. When Wilson commented that it was established that the victim was shot with a .32 caliber weapon, Detective Fleharty had lapsed into a silence which lasted for several long seconds. A .32, while not exactly rare, is not altogether common, either. Fleharty said, "Let's get together on this. A couple of years back I investigated a local shooting incident involving a .32 cal. automatic handgun."

Detective Wilson was elated to learn that the subject of the Cheyenne investigator's case was the same man named in the complaint made by the woman who stated that she had heard a confession of murder in a Cheyenne taproom. Officer Fleharty dug up the official complaint on the shooting incident which took place two years ago at a local southside residence. The incident described a shooting spree at a residence wherein numerous bullets were fired into the walls and ceiling of the living room. Thus, within about 10 days, the name of a viable suspect was beginning to evolve, actually even before "Crystal Lake Clyde" was even identified.

Byron Rookstool, Cheyenne Chief of Police, assigned Detective Fleharty to work on a fulltime basis with Wilson on this facet of the rapidly expanding investigation. Both officers visited the southside residence to interrogate the people who lived there. As it turned out, they were closely related to the man who'd shot up their house during a family dispute. They cooperated fully with Wilson and Fleharty and agreed to allow portions of the ceiling to be removed from their home. Wilson was in hopes that he would find some .32 caliber slugs in the material.

His hopes were realized when two slugs were found of that caliber, one in pristine condition. The other was in good condition. Both were later



matched by ballistics with the bullet found in the skeleton proving that the same gun fired all three bullets. The lab technician later told Wilson that the slug taken from the skeletal remains was in borderline condition. Had the victim not been found when it was, body acids would have completely obliterated all striations and other marks of identifiable comparison.

Phil Wilson kept up the pressure. Information was beginning to come in from all over the U.S. relating to his request for information on people named Tunno. Nine persons of this last name were located in Oregon, one was found in the state of Washington and five named Tunno were listed as registered drivers in the state of California.

Again, playing a hunch, Wilson decided to concentrate on California. There was the California tax stamp on the cigarette pack. ID specialists had also later discovered a California clothing store label in a garment worn by the victim. Wilson was again prompted to recall his attendance at the homicide seminar. He'd made a lot of close friends while there. One was a man named Kirk Mellecker with the LAPD.

Wilson was determined to sustain the momentum attained thus far. Some five days had passed since the discovery of the skeleton in the irrigation ditch in the meadow about 14 miles due west of Cheyenne. Already about 500 man-hours had been expended in the investigation. Phil Wilson and his fellow officers worked long, arduous hours without respite. Phil picked up the telephone and placed a person-to-person call to his former classmate.

During the conversation, the Laramie County sleuth carefully outlined his dilemma. Detective Mellecker

in Los Angeles took notes and assured Wilson that he would take the necessary steps to contact each Californian by the name of Tunno and report back ASAP with his findings.

Not content to wait, Wilson continued to press the aspect of the investigation which had Cheyenne connections. He and his co-workers worked the downtown area in Cheyenne talking to waitresses, bartenders, hookers and others attuned to the local street talk. In this manner they were able to interview people who'd seen the suspect with a classic .32 caliber pearl-handled automatic pistol. They located a woman who'd shackled up with the suspect in a downtown hotel. She had seen a weapon of this description under the mattress in their room. She'd shown it to a girl friend.

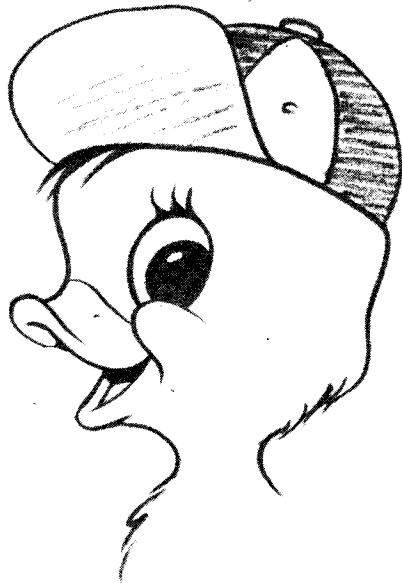
Better still was the fact that witnesses were located who told Wilson that the suspect claimed to have murdered a man west of Cheyenne in May, 1978. About a week after Wilson's talk with the LAPD detective whose acquaintance he'd made while attending the homicide seminar, his telephone rang in his office at the Laramie County sheriff's office. It was Detective Mellecker and he had some good news.

Said the cooperative California investigator: "Phil, I think we've identified your victim."

Wilson tensed and reached for his pen and a piece of note paper, "Good. Let's have it."

"We've developed information on a missing Vietnam veteran named David Harold Tunno," Mellecker stated. "We've talked to his folks who tell us that their son was known to have been in Wyoming back in 1978. They haven't heard from him since."

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This lead swiftly led to the positive identification of "Crystal Lake Clyde" and the decedent was now assured of a respectable burial. His parents were grief-stricken but relieved to know that the awful agony of not knowing was at an end.

Detective Wilson within days arrested a suspect named Edward W. McDaniel, who was charged with first degree murder and lodged in the Laramie County Jail without bond to await trial. Wilson had taken statements from witnesses who'd seen the suspect and Tunno together at various times in different Cheyenne bars and coffee shops. Wilson and his associates attempted to trace down the pearl-handled .32 automatic. They checked its history through dozens of individuals who'd owned it over the years after it had first been sold from the collection of a well known rodeo star down in Colorado in the 1930's.

McDaniel had purportedly told at least one witness that after learning that the police had taken the ceiling board from his relative's house, he'd "hid the gun where they'd (the police) never find it."

It was a tough nut to crack. But thanks to perseverance plus a few lucky breaks, Wilson succeeded in identifying a victim dead for two years and to arrest a suspect, all within 26 days after the rancher had stumbled across his bones. Ironically, the cattleman told police that he planned to discontinue cleaning the old, unused irrigation ditch just a few feet beyond where he'd first noted the glaring whiteness of bleached bones partially buried in the earth. Detective Wilson contends that he'll always feel that somehow, the fine hand of destiny was involved in this case and that for some unfathomable reason, he was delegated to play a role in unraveling what was at first a totally baffling mystery.

It is easy to understand how difficult it is for a police officer who is also a husband and a father to avoid taking his work home with him, as it were. But Diana, a vivacious woman, knows of her husband's devotion to his work and her husband acknowledges that an understanding wife is one of his greatest assets in law enforcement. "I practically lived with the Tunno case for months on end," he says. "It's not the kind of a thing you can walk off and leave at the office. It's on your mind every waking minute of the day."

In mid-July, 1980, while the last of the detailed investigative work was being done to wrap up the Tunno homicide case, Laramie County experienced yet another atrocious murder case. Late on the evening of 13 July, a motorist westbound on Interstate I-80 about seven miles out of Cheyenne spotted what appeared to be the body of

a man sprawled alongside an old Buick sedan parked in the emergency lane.

A call was placed to the Laramie County sheriff's office and a deputy was dispatched to investigate. The officer found a man dead beneath a yellow blanket which had been thrown over the body. Bullet wounds were visible as well as a copious amount of blood. Phil Wilson had been appointed to head up the Investigative Department. Detective Ron Herring, a crackerjack sleuth, was on call.

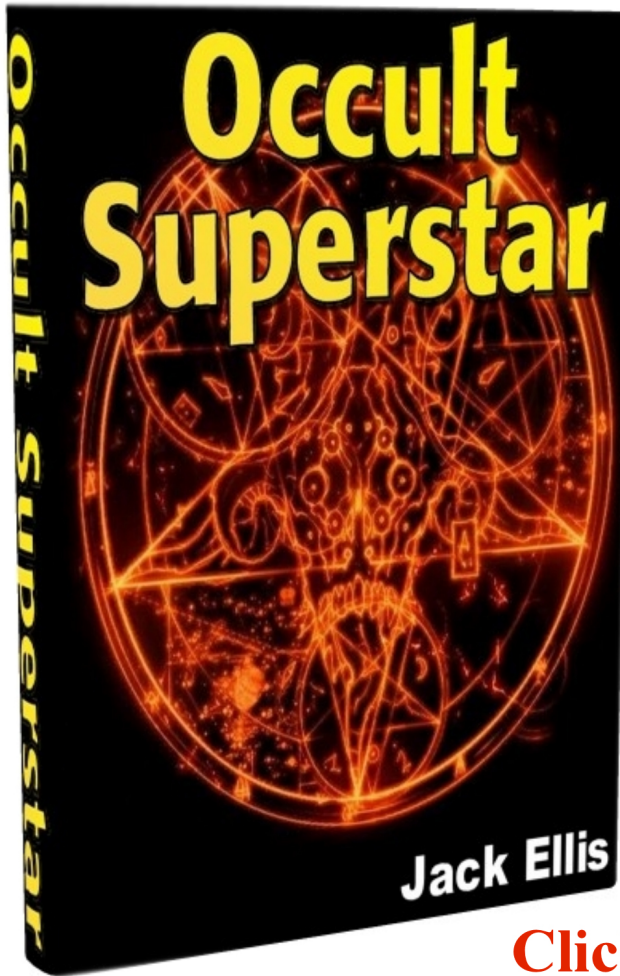
Officer Herring was among the first to arrive on the scene subsequent to the uniformed deputy's arrival. Steps were taken to freeze the crime scene intact. Wilson was alerted and he arrived shortly afterward to assume command of the processing procedures. Once again, his experience coupled with a broad background of academic training proved to be an invaluable asset. The tools first applied were cameras, which Wilson used to preserve every single aspect of the crime scene on film, both in color as well as in black and white.

The Buick sedan was sealed with evidence tape and dispatched to the crime lab in Cheyenne. Just prior to the removal of the body to the morgue, a check was made for ID documents. The victim's wallet was missing. Nothing was found to indicate the identity of the decedent. The abandoned car was found to be without license plates. Another real puzzler.

Phil Wilson designated Detective Herring to head up the investigation. Herring was to be assisted by another very able detective named Larry Gienapp. Sheriff Flynn was also on the scene. He later directed that three more off duty investigators be summoned in for investigative assignments. Publicity accorded the case by the Cheyenne area news media resulted in the identification of the man who'd been found shot to death within days. His name was Sam Frank, age 23.

The real shocker was that Frank had left North Platte, Nebraska on July 13th, driving a 1977 Chevrolet Blazer and accompanied by his 18-year-old wife, Doris. The couple had two dogs and a litter of puppies in their vehicle when last seen. The crime scene search conducted west of Cheyenne resulted in the finding of a dead dog. The animal had been killed with a .22 caliber weapon. So had Sam Frank.

The major question now in the minds of Phil Wilson and his team of investigators was: Where was Doris Frank and the 1977 Blazer? A second dog was later found running wounded in the general area where Sam Frank's body had lain. Another perplexing aspect of the investigation was: Who owned the old 1962 Buick found abandoned by the victim's body, a large puddle of fresh oil



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There has existed for many years an exclusive association, a secret society... consisting of some of the world's most famous and powerful people.

These include renowned actors and musicians, leading scientists and intellectuals, self-made entrepreneurs and artists, millionaires, professional gamblers, Casanovas, statesmen.

Many of these people you would instantly recognize.

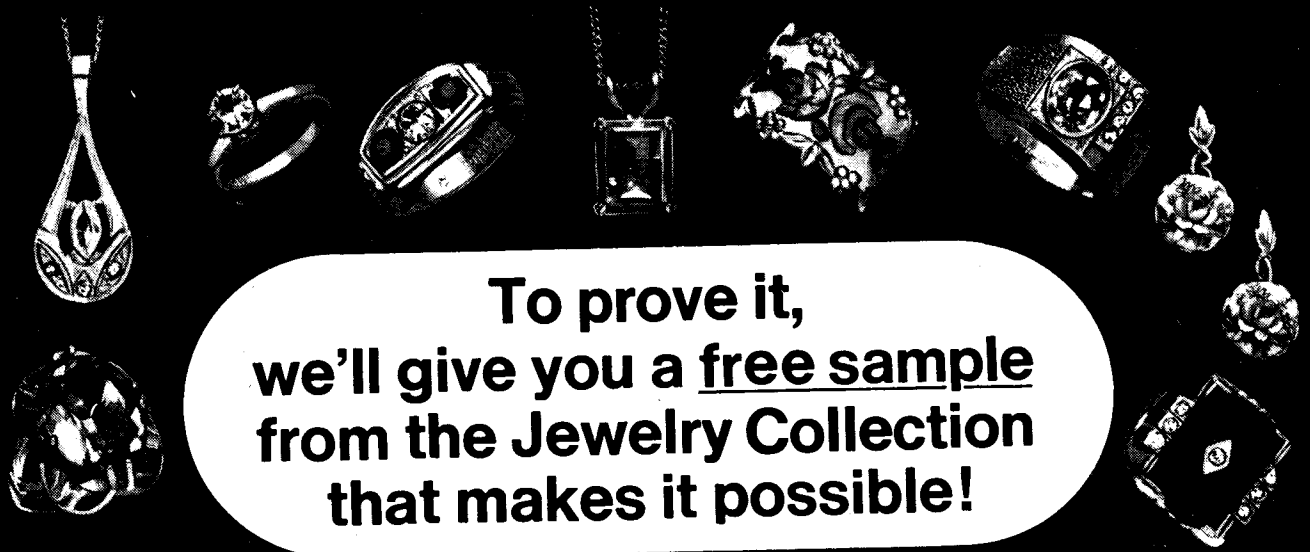
This association has hoarded some shockingly powerful secrets... and they share these secrets only amongst themselves.

In fact, these secrets are the reason these well-known individuals have achieved great prosperity.

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# Here's an opportunity to make money without risking a penny of your own!



To prove it,  
we'll give you a free sample  
from the Jewelry Collection  
that makes it possible!

**I**NTERESTED IN MAKING MONEY? Then picture this—Imagine a business you can go into without any special training or experience . . . a business that doesn't require you to risk a penny of your own money . . . a business that involves only the simplest kind of selling . . . a business so compact that you can literally carry it in your pocket or purse — BUT a business that our better Dealers report has paid them PROFITS as high as \$25.00 to \$100.00 for a single hour of easy spare-time "work"!

Sounds impossible, doesn't it? Well, it *isn't*. In fact, if you just mail the coupon below to us, we'll start you in this business one week from today . . . and we'll throw in a free sample to boot!

## OVER 250 FAST-SELLING STYLES OF MEN'S AND WOMEN'S JEWELRY!

Merlite Industries, a famous name in Direct Selling for 30 years, has assembled an incomparable collection of the world's most beautiful jewelry: rings, watches, earrings, pendants, crosses, fashion accessories, gift items . . . all priced to sell and sell FAST.

There are dozens of styles featuring the fabulous Merlite DIA-SIM®, the man-made simulated diamond that's so brilliant, so hard, so blazingly beautiful that only a trained jeweler can be sure it's *not* a real diamond. Diamonds cost as much as \$1,500.00 per carat . . . but YOU can offer your friends the amazing DIA-SIM for as little as \$21.00 per carat, hand-set in a magnificent mounting!

In addition to the DIA-SIM, the Merlite Collection includes nearly every popular gemstone you can name, in either natural or high-fidelity simulated form: emeralds, rubies, opals, jade, tur-

quoise and dozens of others. These exquisite stones are mounted in luxurious, designer-crafted settings of 10K gold fill, 18K heavy gold electroplate, and solid sterling silver. And even though Merlite Jewelry *looks* very, very expensive, retail prices start at just \$6.00 . . . and most Merlite styles sell for \$30.00 or less!

## JUST SHOW . . . AND SELL!

If you're interested in making money — and we mean *real* money — here's your chance! Just *show* Merlite Jewelry to people in your area — friends, neighbors, fellow-workers — and we'll give you a 200% — yes, TWO HUNDRED PERCENT — profit on every Merlite item they order from you!

*Think of it!* When someone orders a \$15.00 Merlite Ring from you, YOU keep \$10.00 for yourself! When someone orders a \$24.00 Merlite Pendant, YOU keep \$16.00! Just show our jewelry, write up the orders, and put your profits in your pocket!

And by the way, that word "show" is important. Don't even *try* to sell Merlite Jewelry — because it isn't necessary! These lovely creations really do sell themselves — on sight — wherever you show them. Your only "problem" may be

convincing your customers that you're not kidding when you tell them that such expensive-looking jewelry costs so little!

## SEND FOR COMPLETE MONEY-MAKING OUTFIT . . . FREE!

The easiest profits of your life are waiting for you as a part-time Merlite Jewelry Dealer. And all it takes to start cashing in on them is a moment to fill out and mail the coupon below.

When we receive it, we'll rush you your complete Merlite "Show and Sell" Profit Outfit. It contains everything you need to write up your first orders — and enjoy your first 200% profits — the day it arrives: big, full-color Customer Presentation Catalogue . . . detailed Profit Manual . . . handy pocket Ring Sizer . . . Wholesale Price List and Order Forms . . . full details of our FREE SAMPLE offer . . . and much, much more!

What does all this cost you? *Not one penny — it's FREE!* What's more, sending for it places you under no obligation whatsoever, nor will you be asked to return this valuable material if you decide *not* to become a Merlite Dealer.

Let us *prove* to you just how much money your spare time can be worth! MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!



SEND TO: MERLITE INDUSTRIES, INC. Dept. 313-A  
114 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011

YES! By return mail rush me my Merlite "Show and Sell" Profit Outfit — absolutely FREE and without any obligation on my part!

MR.

MRS.

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ADDRESS

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In Canada: MOPA CO., LTD., 371 Dowd St., Montreal 128, Quebec

pooled on the macadam beneath it?

Due in large measure to the intensive investigation conducted under the direction of Phil Wilson and Larry Gienapp, the answers to these and other questions were swiftly developed. Ron Sargent, an identification technician with the Wyoming State Crime Laboratory, literally took the old Buick apart in an effort to locate viable clues. In the process he discovered a dental appointment slip in the rear seat. The slip had been made out by a dentist with an office in Casper, Wyoming, 182 miles north of Cheyenne. A quick telephone call to Casper established the patient's name.

It was learned too that sometime during the early morning hours of July 14th, a 1963 white Chevrolet sedan was stolen in the town of Pine Bluffs, Wyoming, located about 43 miles east of Cheyenne near the Nebraska state line. An APB was aired for the stolen car which also gave the plate numbers for it as well as those issued for the 1962 Buick. By this time, police had established ownership of the Buick after following up the lead provided by the dental slip. Ground and air searches were launched in an effort to locate Doris Frank. Wilson and those working with him now believed the woman was abducted by the individuals who'd shot and killed her husband. The Franks' four-wheel drive recreational vehicle was found near Pine Bluffs.

Within 72 hours the male victim was identified and the identity of three suspects, all Casper area residents, was developed. Their physical descriptions were combined with that of the stolen white Chevy sedan which they were believed to be driving. Doris Frank remained among the missing. Wilson and those working with him hoped that the young woman was still alive, a captive of the trio now suspected of having gunned down her husband in cold blood.

Witnesses were located who'd seen three youths standing by an old Buick west of Cheyenne waving a pair of battery jumper cables in the air at passing motorists. One had even stopped to render aid but had been waved on.

Sheriff Flynn and Detective Wilson with Investigators Gienapp and Her-ring were working around the clock to sustain the accelerated tempo of the all out manhunt and the solution to what might well be a diabolical double homicide. On the night of July 16th the wanted trio were spotted by an alert police officer in Provo, Utah. Minutes later all three were in custody.

Several hours later, investigators from the Laramie County sheriff's office were winging their way back to Cheyenne from Utah with the three suspects. All waived extradition pro-

ceedings. During the flight over Wyoming one suspect described how they'd drawn straws to see who would ambush and kill a motorist for his car. The one who'd drawn the shortest straw had lost his nerve after the first unsuspecting traveler stopped. When the Frank couple stopped to offer help, Sam Frank was shot down and the .22 rifle turned on Doris who sat in the front of the Blazer. The two dogs were shot also, one fatally. Then the trio drove east, through Cheyenne and to Pine Bluffs.

Within hours after their plane touched down at the Cheyenne airport, Wilson and his colleagues were enroute out of Cheyenne east towards the Nebraska line. They were shown where to find the decomposing body of Doris Frank which lay in a culvert in Kimball County, Nebraska, a short distance east of the Wyoming state line. A cardboard box with several whimpering pups was found at the opposite end of the culvert. Detectives were also shown the location of the death weapon by a suspect. The .22 rifle was one of several weapons in the possession of the trio when they'd left Casper shortly before their old car broke down in

Laramie County.

As is the case with all investigations in which Detective Phil Wilson has played a key role in resolving, he is emphatic in stressing the fact that no police officer can succeed without the full backing of his superiors, the unstinting assistance of his brother officers and the cooperation and respect of the general public. "No one enters upon a career in law enforcement in search of fame and fortune," he says. "If they did, they would find instead nothing but sheer disappointment. It's like many other things in life. To do it well, you have to believe in it one hundred percent."

Phillip R. Wilson is a classic example of an exceptional and outstanding police officer as exemplified by this narrative which has highlighted some of the more sensational aspects of his career in law enforcement. Society is extremely fortunate that there are thousands of men like him who are willing to work long hours under the most adverse conditions to insure that our way of life is not destroyed by the predatory criminals, many of whom are recidivists. ◆◆◆

## The Obscene Caller Turned Cop-Killer

(Continued from page 16)

number. I don't want to use this phone for obvious reasons, so I'd appreciate it if you call my wife and tell her I'm staying with the stakeout until morning."

Thoroughly awake by the time Trimble left, Linda sat with Boone between 12:30 and 1:30 a.m. and watched television. She retired again at 1:30 to read and try to get some sleep. Boone, convinced for some unexplainable reason that The Voice would make a move soon, was wide awake and still watching television. An hour and a half later, Linda awakened.

She could hear the television set still making noise. Puzzled, Linda rose, took a blanket into the living room and found the detective still wide awake and intent on the program. She left the folded blanket on an arm of the couch where he sat, then returned to bed and troubled slumber.

Boone was up at 7:30 a.m. when Linda awoke. Entering the living room she found him sitting, wide-eyed, on the couch. The blanket was folded and sitting on a box next to the garage door. She made coffee and prepared to go to work. The telephone had not rung all night and the stakeout, for the moment at least, appeared to have been futile.

The detective and Linda were almost ready to leave the house at nine a.m. when the jarring jangling of the tele-

phone bell stopped them. Boone switched on the tape recorder while Linda took the call. Familiar fear gripped her when she heard The Voice.

"I'm coming over," he said. "Now you be nice to me because if you aren't, something is going to happen to you and your daughters. Something very unpleasant. Now you put on that long dress, go to the front door, open it a couple of inches, put the dog in the garage and make sure all the curtains are closed. Then you go back into the bedroom and lie on the floor."

The telephone call took about five minutes while The Voice painted an obscene picture of what he and Linda would do when he arrived. She promise to do anything he ordered.

Boone called Inspector Leeper and told him what was happening. "He's going to make his move."

"Great," Leeper replied. "How are you guys going to handle it?"

"Craig isn't here. He had to get the car back by five a.m. and he had some personal business to take care of," Detective Boone replied.

Startled, Inspector Leeper bristled. "What in hell are you doing there all by yourself?"

"I just wanted to stay," Detective Boone answered. "I had a hunch the guy was going to do something."

Inspector Leeper sighed. "I'll get someone out there right away. Meanwhile, you be careful. Get on the air and let me know about anything that breaks. I'll get the patrol division to back us up."

# How to make others secretly DO YOUR BIDDING with the astonishing power of **AUTOMATIC MIND COMMAND!**

Here's how to get started in just 3 minutes . . .

Dear Friend:

New power is about to leap into your life . . . an astonishing way to control the thoughts and actions of others without their knowing it . . . no matter how much they may not want to follow your instructions, they carry them out to a "T" every time!

With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—you alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

## CONTROL YOUR FRIENDS OR STRANGERS!

You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

For example: You go into a bank for a loan. The credit man smiles but says "Sorry. You don't qualify for a loan right now; however, if there's anything else I can do for you, I'd be glad to . . ." Then in a flash, his tune changes when you let loose your "Automatic Mind-Command." He continues, "In fact, we'll be glad to give you \$1,000 more than you asked for. And any time you want more, just see me personally! Thank you so much for coming by!"

Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, it's done! The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not why!

## FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

## NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . .

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . . . and automatically want to help you.

## INSTANTLY YOUR LIFE IS CHANGED!

At first, I couldn't believe it. And yet I know this to be true from my own personal experience . . . time after time. For example . . .

**A STRANGER HANDS HIM \$500**—Harry G., a low-paid factory worker, wanted to start a business of his own. All he needed was cash to get started, but no one would give him the money. Finally someone told him how to use "Automatic Mind-Command"—and Harry laughingly tried it. A short time later, a perfect stranger handed him \$500—saying he'd heard about Harry's plan, and was eager to help him get started!

Unusual? Not at all . . . things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

**RECEIVES NEEDED CASH QUICKLY!**—Mrs. Thelma J. reports, "I needed money badly." Her husband hadn't worked in months, and their savings were running out. Then she discovered "Automatic Mind-Command"—and turned on the power immediately! The next morning she received a package containing several hundred dollars from friends and well-wishers she never knew existed!

In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming . . . Now I say to you: Wish no more!

## HOW TO GET STARTED IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

**Minute #1**—Fill out the No-Risk Coupon and mail it to us.

**Minute #2**—When you receive a package in the mail from us, open it.

**Minute #3**—Lift the front cover, and let the secret feed itself in to your mind automatically.

After that, sit back, relax—and see how this power can work for you. It's as simple as that! It won't cost you one penny unless it works!

**IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME . . .** for money, love, healing, protection, and much more!

Imagine the thrill—after a lifetime of "scrimping" and "penny-pinching"—to see a tidal wave of riches rolling into your life from every direction—pay raises, bonuses, gifts, legacies . . . a rising tide of good fortune!

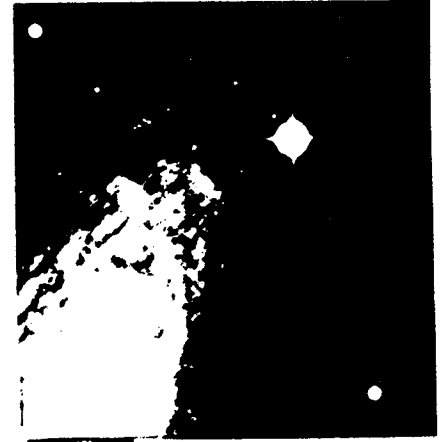
## MORE AMAZING CASE HISTORIES!

And it's all just minutes away!  
Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of

## SOME OUTSTANDING FEATURES THAT CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE!

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- Why this method must work for you
- Your "instant" fortune maker
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- "Instant" money can be yours
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- Help from the invisible world
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- How to dissolve all kinds of evil
- How to win the future of your choice

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contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!

Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

It's simple, easy, and automatic to apply!

## YOURS TO PROVE—AT OUR RISK!

So you see, life can be beautiful with "Automatic Mind-Command." To discover its amazing power let it put you on the road to a NEW LIFE . . . filled to the brim with riches, love, pleasure and all the wonderful luxuries of the world . . . and more! You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Sincerely yours,

*Scott Reed*

## MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of THE MIRACLE OF PSYCHO-COMMAND POWER by Scott Reed! I understand the book is mine for only \$10.95. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

Check here if you wish your order sent C.O.D. Enclose only \$1 good-will deposit now. Pay postman balance, plus C.O.D. postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee.

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"I don't have a radio," the detective replied. "Craig took it in with him."

Inspector Leeper paused, stifling a snarl. "You don't have a radio there?" he asked through clenched teeth.

"No, I told you. Craig took it in."

The inspector controlled his feelings. He was upset and a little frightened by what was happening. Boone's enthusiasm was laudable but he had broken two rules of procedure designed to protect police officers in just such a situation.

"I could follow this thought process," he said later. "The batteries get weak on those radios if they have been all night. They will receive, but won't broadcast worth a damn. Pieces of equipment like that are always on your mind. Anyway, the radio was already in. All I could do was talk to him about it later and do my best to cover all the bases at the moment."

He spoke as calmly as possible to Detective Boone. "All right, you just hang on. I'll have someone out there right away."

The inspector called Detective Jerry Bishop, gave him the address of the Martin residence. "Now you get your rear end out there right away," he ordered. "You sit on that house just in case this guy is going to pull something."

Detective Bishop took off. The inspector dashed down to the Patrol Division, found the watch commander, Sergeant Dean Johnson, and told him what was happening.

"Chris is sure the guy is going to make a move and he's out there alone. We need someone nearby to back him up."

Johnson ordered Communications to contact Officer Neil Watson, on duty in the area in Patrol Unit 4, to prepare to back up Boone. Watson's car was out of service while he responded to a traffic accident.

Inspector Leeper, satisfied that he had covered all the bases, returned to his office. He had barely sat down when the telephone rang. Officer Dale Bryan in communications was calling.

"Gunshots have been reported in the vicinity of Linda Martin's home," he said. It was 9:40 a.m.

Rain had come to Sacramento in the early morning hours of October 25th, a warm, early autumn rain which converted the streets of Sacramento into a paved skating rink and sent unwary motorists skidding helplessly into a series of fender bender accidents. Officer Watson was unraveling one of these at 9:15 a.m. when an officer tried to contact him from Communications. The rain, by then, had turned into a drenching downpour.

The same traffic that occupied Watson slowed Detective Bishop down as he drove through the crowded streets

toward the Martin home, some dozen miles from the sheriff's office. At 9:35 a.m. he was approaching Linda's home but still had a few blocks to go. Watson, at 9:30, completed his traffic investigation and returned to Patrol Unit 4. When he checked in with Communications he was instructed to drive directly to the Martin residence. He turned down a sidestreet, doubled back and drove through the downpour toward Linda's home.

Back at the Martin residence, a United Parcel Service truck pulled up in front of the apartment at 9:25 a.m. The driver approached the door, knocked and when Linda didn't answer he proceeded to the other section of the building and knocked again. When there was no answer, he left. Ten minutes later, The Voice called again.

"I'm coming over," he said to Linda. "Now you follow my instructions . . ."

The postman arrived, dropped some mail in Linda's box and proceeded up the street.

"Never mind the mailman," the suspect said. "I'm coming over anyway."

Linda and Detective Boone waited in tense anticipation. Chris glanced at his watch. At 9:35 a.m. Detective Bishop had not yet showed up.

**S**hortly after 9:35 a.m., Linda was standing in the bedroom near the place she had been told by The Voice to lie down. Detective Boone waited in a hallway leading from the living room to the garage door. Sheer terror tied her stomach in knots when she saw a figure wearing green pants, a plaid shirt and a ski mask approach the door. He passed when he saw Linda standing.

"Be nice to me, sweetlips," he said. "Do what I told you."

Linda got down on the floor of the bedroom, lying on her stomach as instructed. She looked over her shoulder and saw the man enter.

"He's coming in," she whispered to Detective Boone.

The officer stepped out from his hiding place, his nine millimeter Browning automatic leveled at the intruder. "Freeze!" he ordered. "I'm a police officer."

The Voice didn't freeze. By that time he was several steps inside the room. He turned and fled toward the door with Boone in pursuit.

"Freeze!" the detective repeated. "Police officer! Freeze!"

He shouted the warning several times while the intruder continued his flight. Boone caught him at the door. The masked man turned and grabbed at Boone's Browning. Still the officer did not shoot. Nervous sweat mixed with the perspiration of exertion while he and the intruder struggled for the gun. There was no sound in the room

other than the heavy breathing and occasional grunts from the struggling men. Linda rose from her place on the bedroom floor, then froze at its entrance while she watched them.

Still struggling for the Browning, the intruder pulled Boone with him toward the door. The masked man was medium-sized, but the detective could feel his wiry strength while he wrestled with him, was aware that the suspect's leverage on the short barrel of the little automatic was forcing his fingers back. The Voice unleashed a sudden burst of energy and pulled the policeman toward the door, twisting the barrel of the gun as he did so. The pressure and pain were unbearable for Boone. He released his grip on the handle, still unwilling to pull the trigger, while he stumbled across the threshold, tripped and fell to the floor of the little porch outside. As they tumbled through the door, Linda thought she saw the intruder get control of the gun. He was turning it toward the fallen officer as the two men tumbled outside.

On the porch, flat on his back, Boone looked up into the menacing barrel of his own automatic. The masked man stood above him, the pistol in both hands, the weapon aimed at the detective's head.

"Don't shoot!" Boone shouted. "Don't shoot!"

The intruder stepped back and while he did, Boone, from his prone position, aimed a kick at the masked man's groin. Linda saw him miss and hit The Voice's stomach instead. The masked man stumbled back a step or two and Boone rose, lunging forward in a desperate attempt to regain control of the weapon. While they struggled the two men moved back into the living room. Slowly, Boone felt himself regaining control. He forced the masked man, step by slow step, toward the couch and, as the intruder fell, felt himself lose his grip on the automatic.

Still frozen by fear, Linda watched a tableau which will always be timeless for her. The masked man, both hands on the weapon, looked up at Detective Boone. The pistol was pointed directly at the officer's chest and only inches away.

"I'm going to shoot you," he said.

Still struggling to get control of the automatic Boone answered. "It's not loaded."

"Here it comes," the masked man said. He pulled the trigger.

To Linda, the explosion was thunderous. Blood gushed from the detective's chest as the nine millimeter slug tore through bone and muscle and lodged in the ceiling. It poured over the intruder, spilling from the officer's mouth as he collapsed on top of the intruder. The young woman saw him slither out from under the wounded of-

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From the moment you first put on Bod-E-Trim, the process of trimming inches begins **IMMEDIATELY**, while its gentle holding action moves with you to do its job **AUTOMATICALLY**.

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While wearing your Bod-E-Trim its highest quality materials and design "holds you in" due to a mechanical compressing action that gives added support to side and back muscles while creating a "steam chamber" like effect through the aid of your body's own heat and oxidation mechanisms.

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Bod-E-Trim can work for you **QUICKLY, NATURALLY and AUTOMATICALLY**. There are **NO special attachments** or other equipment needed with Bod-E-Trim.

There are **NO special exercises** or diet programs with Bod-E-Trim. When you want to temporarily compress your waist to rid it of excess bulge, excess girth and unwanted inches... **Simply slip into your Bod-E-Trim and work, play, relax or even sleep...**

Bod-E-Trim will do its job for you. **Making you look slimmer, trimmer and thinner IN JUST MINUTES.**

### Bod-E-Trim has been tested

It has been used by professionals at health spas and weight loss clinics, by physical education instructors and nutritionists, by stars, entertainers and weight loss specialists.

Now you too can experience what hundreds of thousands of customers utilizing the Bod-E-Trim slimming belts have experienced. Judge for yourself why we **absolutely guarantee your satisfaction**.

You must now temporarily trim unwanted inches from your figure **EASIER THAN EVER BEFORE**—or return it to us for a full refund within 15 days of purchase with no questions asked. This **absolutely guarantees** that the only thing you risk is **unwanted inches**. To order your guaranteed Bod-E-Trim slimmer, simply fill in the coupon below and mail today.



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ficer and run toward the door. When he was out of the door, she took a step toward the telephone, then stopped. The fear which had been hers for days became terror when she realized she had witnessed what she was sure was murder and the suspect knew it. Trembling and panic-stricken she ran, sobbing, to the garage where she hid for several minutes.

Shortly after 9:35 a.m., Detective Jerry Bishop reached Paso Robles Drive and the Martin residence. The street seemed quiet. Detective Bishop drove past the place a couple of times so he could memorize the layout, then parked about five houses down to avoid suspicion. As he got out of the patrol car he saw a man wearing a green pair of pants and plaid shirt run from the general vicinity of the Martin house, pause in the middle of the street, then turn and go in the opposite direction, this time making it all the way across the street and into one of the houses there. From where he stood, Detective Bishop could not pinpoint the house.

From her hiding place in the garage Linda heard someone try the front door of her home, then apparently leave. She waited a few seconds later, then ran back into the house, picked up the telephone and called the only sheriff's office number she could remember, that of the Robbery Detail. Inspector Ron Carter answered the call.

"Chris has been shot," she sobbed. "I think he's dead."

Carter rushed into Inspector Leeper's office.

"Chris has gone down," he reported. "Linda thinks he's dead."

"After that," Leeper recalled later, "all hell broke loose."

The inspector informed Lieutenant Ray Biondi, head of the homicide detail, that Detective Boone had been shot. Detective Gary Gritzmacher was assigned to the case. The detective didn't wait for instructions. He piled into his car and headed for the scene through the driving rain, skidding dangerously on the way. Red light flashing and siren screaming, he covered the 12 miles to the Martin's residence in the same amount of minutes, his car clinging to the slippery streets with the help of skillful driving hands and Lady Luck. The vehicle skidded at one intersection, turned a complete loop, then straightened out.

By the time Detective Gritzmacher arrived at the scene, the place was crowded with patrolmen. Officer Watson had arrived on the heels of Detective Bishop and reported the shooting. Bishop also had called for help. Linda Martin was hysterical and almost incoherent and Bishop, who had burst into the house and discovered Detective Boone, lying face down on the sofa in a spreading pool of his own blood,

was in bad shape, blaming himself for not moving faster through the rain and heavy morning traffic and arriving in time to assist the dead officer. Other police units had responded and even the press and television reporters had arrived.

"There must have been some pretty fancy driving in Sacramento that morning," Gritzmacher observed. "It's a wonder they all got there that fast safely."

Detective Bishop told Gritzmacher about the man he had seen crossing the street. "If we can find him, we may have our killer," he said. "I can't be sure which house he went into."

"Or out the back door of," Gritzmacher added. "We had better close off this area." He contacted Sergeant Johnson, who ordered the block surrounded.

Gritzmacher ordered a house-to-house canvass of the neighborhood for witnesses. He struck pay dirt on the second floor of the building which included Linda's apartment. Three people, an off-duty security guard and

his wife, and their next door neighbor, had seen a man wearing green pants, a plaid shirt and a ski mask, run across the street.

"He tore off the ski mask while he was running," the security guard reported. "Then he ran back without the mask."

The three witnesses pointed out a building into which the suspect had fled. It was a duplex, but they could not tell which door he had entered. Johnson ordered the place surrounded. Officers Nick Sully and Walt Coozin, guns drawn, knocked on the door of each section of the duplex. There was no answer. Johnson ordered a loudspeaker brought to the scene and ordered the suspect, or anyone in the building, to come out. Still no answer. Detective Gritzmacher telephoned Dale Bryans in communications.

"Get a reverse directory and see if you can get anybody at that address on the phone," he ordered.

Officer Bryans tried both numbers. A man who identified himself as Robert answered. Bryans told him to go outside and surrender himself to the waiting officers.

"I wondered what was going on out there," Day replied. "What happened?"

"A police officer has been shot and we think you could have done it. Please go out and talk to the officers."

"What is this, some kind of a crank phone call?" Day replied. "You'd better hang up and get off the line or I'll call the police."

"This is the police and there are a lot of them outside," Bryans answered.

For a while, Day protested his innocence calmly, but as the conversation progressed, panic appeared to take over. Day apparently looked out the window and saw the heavily armed officers outside.

"Get them out of here," he said to Bryans. "Tell them to put their guns away. A guy could get hurt out there. I haven't done anything."

Bryans assured him he wouldn't be hurt if he followed instructions. He told Day he had nothing to fear if he was not guilty of anything. Outside, Day heard Sergeant Johnson preparing to attack the duplex with tear gas. He agreed to surrender.

"But tell them to put their guns away," he said. "I'm afraid I might get hurt and I haven't done anything."

Moments later Day appeared at the door of the duplex. He was wearing a pair of blue jeans, nothing else, not even shoes or socks. "You awakened me," he told Sully and Coozin as they put handcuffs on him. "What did I do? Would you tell me what I did?"

Still protesting his innocence, Day was taken to the sheriff's office headquarters. While Gritzmacher began his investigation at the Martin residence,

### Couldn't Cut Mustard In Naked Eden Trip

"We were high on sunshine and the holy spirit," Leslie Jones explained in a telephone interview from her Lansing, Michigan jail cell after she was arrested with her two sisters in a stolen truck, naked and smeared with mustard. "It was just a spur of the moment kind of thing," she further explained.

Police were summoned to the homes of Ms. Jones, 30, and her two sisters, Roxie, 27, and Donna, 25, on a report that the three naked women were running around outside in the sunshine. The officers said they found the nude trio in a delivery truck being chased by a uniformed truck driver.

Miss Jones said that mustard is in Chapter 13 of the Bible's Book of Matthew, which states: "The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed." The sisters claimed they were trying to get back to the Garden of Eden.

What about the delivery truck?

"It was just sitting there with the keys in it. We don't understand why we took the truck," Ms. Jones told the interviewer.

"We couldn't control our movements," she continued. "I don't know if it was the Devil or God—maybe a little bit of both trying to outdo the other."

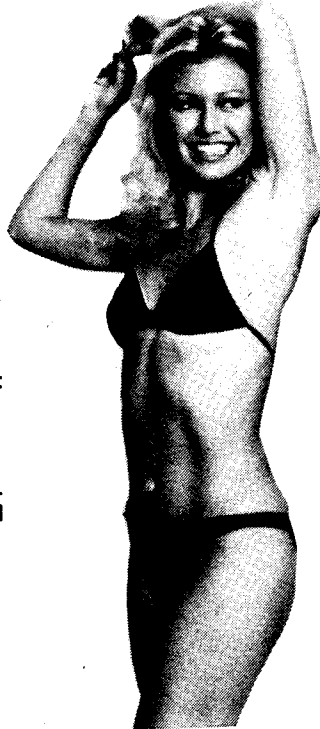
But the question is: Who won?

—C.C.

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Day was questioned and firmly stuck by his story that he had been sound asleep for hours when the police disturbed him.

In Linda Martin's apartment, Gritzmacher went over every detail. About a cupful of blood was scooped up from beneath the couch and forwarded to the crime laboratory for identification. A copper jacket from the bullet which killed Detective Boone was discovered where it had fallen clear after passing through the detective's chest and dropped to the floor. The lethal bullet was dug from its lodging place in the ceiling. Gritzmacher found a few strands of hair in the dead policeman's hands and sent it in for identification.

"We don't have much," Detective Gritzmacher told Lieutenant Biondi when he had finished. "The killer was wearing green pants. This guy was wearing blue ones. The suspect was wearing a ski mask when Linda saw him and none of the witnesses saw his face. We need a lot more."

Inspector Leeper secured a search warrant and Gritzmacher went to the duplex where Day had given himself up. Downstairs the place was clean.

"Let's look in the attic," Detective Gritzmacher suggested.

He found a crawl hole to the attic in a closet and lifted himself into it. His flashlight played between the gloomy space between ceiling and roof. The beam revealed a clip from an automatic pistol beside the crawl hole. He probed further and found a plaid shirt, a pair of blood soaked pants and eventually the Browning automatic pistol. A pair of blood-soaked socks and shoes were also discovered.

Detective Gritzmacher reported grimly to Lieutenant Biondi. "Now I think we've got him. He's the right guy, all right."

Laboratory examination proved the blood on the trousers and shoes in Day's attic was the same type as that of Detective Boone. Ballistics tests proved the Browning found in the attic had fired the bullet which killed Boone. Only a residue test on Day's hands proved inconclusive. Both antimony and barium should have been present and while the test showed antimony, there was not enough to be used as evidence. Because of that, the test for barium was never made.

"That's not unusual," Lieutenant Biondi explained later. "You don't get much of a powder mark from an automatic and Chris, struggling for the gun, may have protected Day's hands."

A check of Day's record revealed he had served a five year sentence for a rape committed in Phoenix, Arizona.

The suspect stubbornly maintained his innocence throughout the investigation and subsequent court action. He was found guilty of the first degree

murder of Detective Chris Boone in the court of Superior Judge Sheldon H. Grossfeld in September of 1980. He was also convicted of two counts of burglary, attempted rape, attempted sodomy and making obscene phone calls. A six-man and six-woman jury recommended he be sentenced to life in prison. Judge Grossfeld ordered him to spend the rest of his life in prison without possibility of parole and added eight years to that sentence for attempted rape and using firearms in the commission of a murder.

He is serving time in the custody of the California Adult Authority today.

Members of the Sheriff's staff have speculated ever since on why Boone never pulled the trigger. "A lot of things would have made him hesitate," Leeper said. The consensus was, however, that the 15-year-old the detective had to kill in 1974 may have cost him his life. ◆◆◆

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*Linda Martin is not the real name of the person so named in the foregoing story. A fictitious name has been used because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of this person.*

## Paroled Killer

*(Continued from page 18)*

Rose Castro was struggling to make a living, working as a waitress in Ralph's Luncheonette located on Jamaica Avenue in Queens, which wasn't far from a liquor store on Jamaica's main drag, nor too distant from the Colonial Hotel on 161st Street.

The luncheonette, the liquor store, and the hotel will figure strongly in this account of two women who are worlds apart, and yet are thrown together in this narrative under a single violent incident.

That circumstance was prescribed by a third person, a man whose own background, education, character, morality, lifestyle, and family structure bore little or no resemblance to either of these women.

But they are, all three of these people, now entered into the pages of our times, both past and present. And no man or woman any longer can alter that course which has linked them.

We now meet the man. He is Grant Joseph Minor and he was born in 1950. In addition to all the differences that Minor was to have with Denise Cohen and Rose Castro in the years ahead, he also would project a trait over which he had no control. He was black, they were white.

When Grant Joseph was a mere two

years old, his father, a dishwasher, deserted the family. The year was 1952. For the first month after he left, it appeared he would make good his word to furnish his wife with child support of \$15 a week. But then the payments stopped coming and no further word of Minor's whereabouts ever came.

At a much later time, the public record was to make a judgment about the conditions created in the Minor household after the father departed:

"The mother describes the father as irresponsible and a gambler. The relationship is described as one of abusiveness and overt rejection. She is incapable of coping with the problems and responsibilities involved in rearing her children in the absence of a father figure. She has no employment history whatsoever and is a recipient of public assistance."

Also at a later time, it will be learned, young Grant Joseph had an IQ of 90. So, in retrospect, it shouldn't be difficult to comprehend why he had a miserable academic track record from earliest times, ranging from elementary school through Chelsea Vocational High in Manhattan, where he scored poorly in his studies and established a record of trancies matched by few other pupils in that school.

In that same public record that cited conditions at home and the harshness of family life, an observation was made of Grant Joseph Minor's deportment at Chelsea Vocational:

"It has always been a strange coincidence that he has been in, near, around, or had recent access to premises where losses of wallets, costume jewelry, and cash have occurred after school hours.

"His conduct, record cards disappeared when he was in or about the office where he was assigned as a monitor. . ."

Education at the secondary school level did nothing for Minor's reading ability. Long after he left Chelsea Vocational, he was to be adjudged as having only the reading ability of a sixth-grader.

After high school days were a thing of the past, Grant Joseph Minor embarked in a sort of post-graduate course of the "strange coincidence" that surrounded him whenever he was "in, near around, or had recent access to premises" which had experienced theft of valuables.

On December 12, 1964, when he was barely 15 years old, Grant Joseph fell afoul of the law for the first time—officially.

He was charged with burglarizing Apartment 1-D at 46 St. Edward's Street in Fort Greene, a residence not far from his own domicile at 49 St. Edward's Street.

Because of his age, the case came up



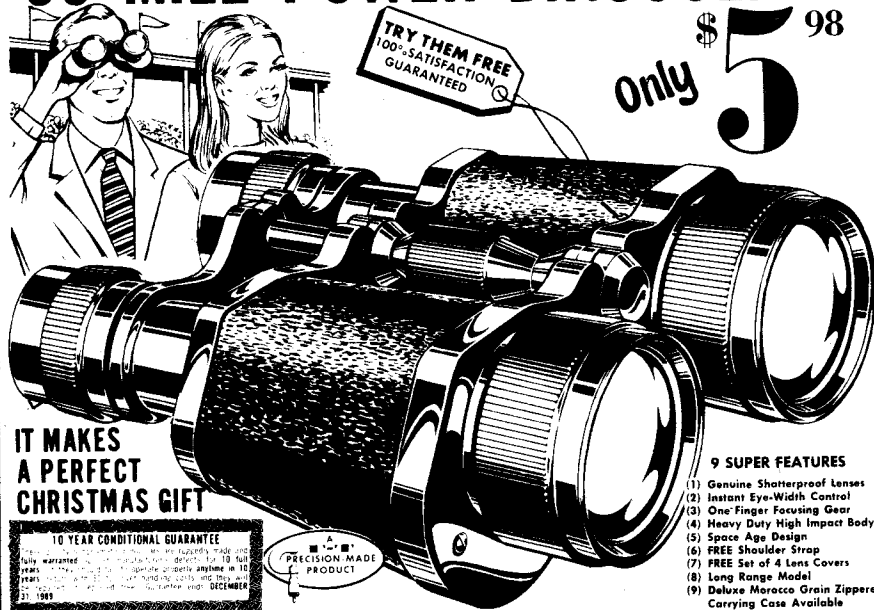
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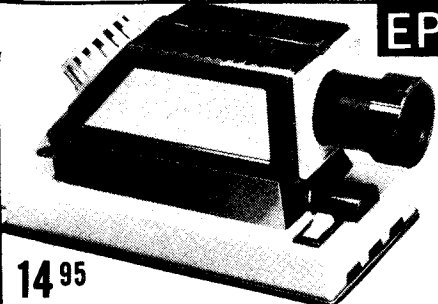
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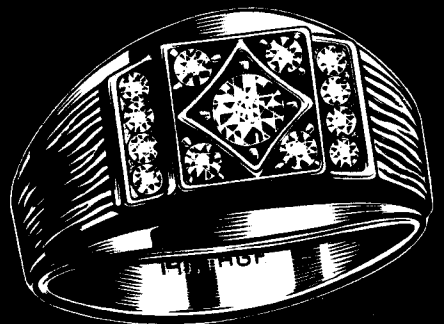
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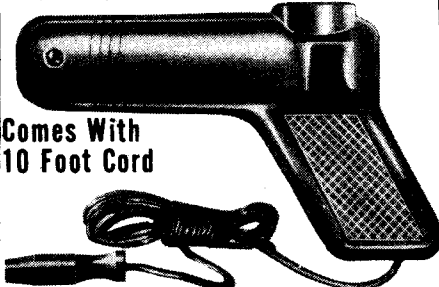
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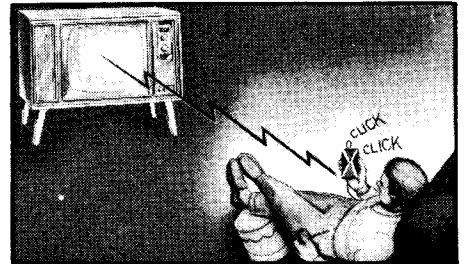
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in Family Court. The judge showed compassion, understanding, and all the other emotions that tend to ignore punitive actions but, instead, bestow forgiveness and freedom to the wrongdoer. And even perhaps signal that pardon as an invitation to repeat the offense in the name of recidivism.

Young Minor didn't pass up the opportunity to fit himself into the mold of the repeat offender. With virtually no delay, Grant Joseph pulled another burglary. But he had the ill fortune once again to have been off in his timing. And the forces of the law pounced on him a second time.

But again the leniency of the court turned Minor out to the street to ponder whether crime indeed doesn't pay. He learned, in no small measure for a change, that it doesn't. For when he tried his mettle as a second-story man yet a third time, he found to his dismay that the law cannot be tried too often.

Minor was whacked with a three-year jail term and was sent upstate to the Elmira Correctional Facility to serve his sentence. Of course he spent only a fraction of the time imposed by the court in the slammer and walked into the bright sunshine of freedom after a mere thirteen months behind the big wall.

On July 17, 1970, Grant Joseph Minor was 20 years old and finally and at last was making an effort at an honest living. His days behind bars and his commitment to the parole board to engage in legitimate employment led him to a job at the Ideal Toy Company on Jamaica Avenue, which happened to be directly across the street from Ralph's Luncheonette—where Rose Castro was working as a waitress.

Minor's job classification at Ideal Toy was that of janitor. His weekly salary was \$85—before taxes.

In the 1970 economy, the weekly paycheck Grant Joseph received wasn't prodigious. Yet it also wasn't exactly poverty row funds. He was able to allot a portion of it to his mother for rent and divert another part for extra-curricular activity and social-life pleasures.

In the latter aspect, Grant Joseph Minor found a willing partner for fun and games and whatever else in the person of a rather dowdy, concededly unattractive, yet nevertheless "desirable" older woman who worked across the street from Ideal Toy—Rose Castro, who at the age of 46 was 26 years older than the young man who sat at her lunch counter and made time with her.

Their romance, if it can be called that, flowered in January of 1970. It was marked by frequent encounters in various "love nests," but most often in Jamaica's Colonial Hotel, which wasn't far from the luncheonette and Ideal Toy's manufacturing plant.

It was now July 17, 1970, six months

into the affair that Rose Castro and Grant Joseph Minor were having. The fact that his mistress was almost old enough to be his grandmother had no known effect on Minor. If anything, their liaison was being generated increasingly by gifts and favors from Rose Castro.

For it's recorded that on the early evening of July 17th, Mrs. Castro walked into the liquor store near the luncheonette where she waitressed and plunked down a 20 dollar bill for a quart, a fifth, and a pint of J & B Scotch.

She then went off with her young lover to the Colonial Hotel. The manager remembered them well.

"They came in together, arm in arm. He was holding a brown paper bag. I don't know what was in the bag, but if I were to guess I'd say it held bottles. They registered. Certainly it wasn't the first time. How many times before? I'd only be guessing. Perhaps ten, possibly even as many as twenty. I don't have the records handy to check. But, then, who is to say if I got the records out and went through them that I'd come up with proof positive as to how many other times they stayed? Who's to say they didn't register under other, fictitious names?"

**E**ven on this occasion, on the early evening of July 17th in 1970, a Friday, the couple logged into the Colonial as "Mr. and Mrs. Sam Leggett." Certainly that identity didn't fit either of the two persons who rented room on the fourth floor for what they expected would be a long and pleasurable excursion into the acrobatics of sex.

Many hours after "Mr. and Mrs. Sam Leggett" had entered their room, a maid walked into Room 407 with all good intentions of changing the sheets on the bed. Knowing that guests will sometimes, perhaps oft-times, be in their beds when this formality takes place, the maid committed to the task of changing the sheets thrust a hand, almost blindly, onto the bed. She expected to pull the sheets away and thrust them into her laundry bin.

But what she felt under the sheet caused her to gasp. Because what the maid felt was a body. It was, as it would soon be found, the body of a mature woman. That of a woman who wouldn't be identified immediately since her name wasn't Mrs. Sam Leggett.

Yet the next day, in the city mortuary, she would be identified by a relative as Rose Castro, of 212th Place in Queens Village.

The cause of death was not determined until the next day when the autopsy at Dr. Milton E. Helpern's mortuary revealed the findings of the cause of death—manual strangulation.

But even before the body was re-

moved from the hotel room, even before the killing was too many hours old, detectives from the 103rd Precinct in Jamaica, just a stone's throw away, were at the Colonial Hotel investigating the murder.

"It's the lady I brought ice for yesterday," the maid told the sleuths. "I just reached in to pluck the sheets and felt the body. I'll never forget it."

The manager said he remembered the couple well. "Of course, I didn't expect a white woman and a black man to register here with a legitimate name. So the one I recorded in the register for July 17th—and for all the times before—was probably very phony."

It was only after Rose Castro's relative identified her body at the morgue that detectives set out in earnest to solve the murder. The relative had told detectives that Mrs. Castro worked at Ralph's Luncheonette.

The sleuths from the 103rd Squad went there and learned about the May-December liaison between the waitress and the customer from Ideal Toy who had wooed and won the attentions of Rose Castro from the opposite side of the eatery's counter.

After that everything else fell in place. The sleuths learned where Grant Joseph Minor and Rose Castro had their latest rendezvous. When the detectives reached the scene, they gathered the information that told them what they wanted to know.

"Yes, that's him," the hotel manager said when shown the suspect's photo. "No question about it." The photo was a mug shot from police files. It was taken when Minor was arrested for burglary.

The manager then told of Minor's encampment at the hotel with his mistress.

Now all that was left was taking Grant Joseph Minor in custody, questioning him, and if his answers didn't pass muster, book him for Rose Castro's murder.

The detectives picked up the suspect at his family's St. Edward's Street residence. He was taken to the police station and questioned. But the answers he gave about his last hotel tryst with Rose Castro weren't satisfactory. He was booked for her murder.

The stilted language of the public record in this case offers some clues of young Minor's temperament, personality, and stability:

Defendant advised he is basically a loner, has no close friends and spends his time with friends he meets when he plays pool and goes off roller-skating, which appear to be his main interests. He advised that he was intoxicated at the time of the offense and remembers little.

"He stated that he became angry and jealous and replied he would see her dead first. He advised that the next he

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remembered was that it was Monday morning and he was thinking he had to get in touch with Rose Castro to return her car . . ."

But he later admitted he killed the woman because she told him she was breaking off their relationship.

Barely a week after Minor was arrested and jailed for the killing, a grand jury handed up indictment No. 1470-70, charging Minor with the "manual strangulation" of Rose Castro.

Now, with a court-appointed attorney beside him, Minor was in position to make deals before the bench. As circumstances first dictated in this instance, a deal with the district attorney's office.

"My client will plead guilty," the lawyer told the DA's assistant prosecutor, "if the charge of murder is reduced to manslaughter."

Then the plea-bargaining decision was batted around Judge Bernard Dubin's chambers in Queens Criminal Court. The deal was finally hammered out and was carried into open court to be aired with a semblance of legitimacy and respectability.

"In its infinite wisdom," the words were spoken from the bench, "the court so moves" to accept the terms the district attorney and defense arrived at.

Time goes by. It was now April 8, 1971. It was Grant Joseph Minor's day for sentencing before Judge Dubin in Part Two of Queens Criminal Court. The judge imposed a sentence that the defendant couldn't refuse: zero-to-ten years.

Wait till you hear how harsh the punishment really was.

Eight days after the sentence was imposed, Minor was transferred to Sing Sing Correctional Facility in Ossining and processed as a newly-arrived prisoner. He was given 246 "jail day credits" for time served—the period he was incarcerated in the New York City lockup between his arrest and conviction after trial in Rose Caruso's murder.

Not long after, Minor was transferred to Green Haven Correctional Facility, a sort of country club compared to the rest of New York State's penitentiaries. He was assigned to work in the 141-A Knit Shop.

He went to work there. Then came a time when the prison's psychiatrist completed an examination of Grant Joseph Minor and filed a report that stated:

"Diagnosis without psychological disorder. Inadequate personality and alcohol dependence . . . Subject seems quite amused and flattered by the fact that he bears resemblance to the famous basketball player Oscar Robertson."

In prison, Minor did anything but to

ingratiate himself with the guards and officials.

On July 17, 1972, he was caught mending his own pants in the knit shop. He was deprived of commissary privileges for two days. Not much of a hurt. He survived the punishment.

Six months later, on January 1, 1973, he was nabbed for returning late from the television room. He was deprived of TV privileges for a week.

These deprivations, so far as Minor was concerned, were nothing compared to his other setbacks while doing time for the murder of Rose Castro. Twice in succession—on June 12, 1974, and again on April 2, 1976—Minor's applications for parole were denied.

"I only pleaded guilty because there was no way around it," Minor told the parole board in his arguments for release. His appeal, however, fell on deaf ears.

**O**n February 13, 1977, Minor qualified finally for release under the state's "good-time" law. He was given \$40 "gate money" and discharged.

Grant Joseph Minor had served five years, seven months and 27 days for killing Rose Castro.

"Social prognosis is guarded," read the final report on the prisoner who was set free.

That's the story as it relates to Grant Joseph Minor's relationship with Rose Castro and the murder that resulted at their last rendezvous. Now let's dwell on Minor's next—and most improbable—encounter with a woman named Denise Cohen.

It was about 10 o'clock Saturday morning, September 6, 1980, when Mrs. Cohen walked out of her sumptuous home on South Portland Avenue with an armful of garments that she took to the Eiffel Cleaners on Lafayette Street, about a block away.

Earlier that morning, her neurosurgeon husband left the house to perform 8 a.m. surgery at Brookdale Hospital.

After leaving the cleaners, the 5-foot-2, 100-pound brunette went to perform a chore for a friend who was the landlord of a 10-family apartment house at 34 South Portland Avenue, across the street from her own one-family brownstone at No. 49.

The landlord, a wealthy realtor, had asked Mrs. Cohen to collect rents and attend to repairs while he was away on vacation. Mrs. Cohen and her family had only recently returned from their own vacation in Florida.

That afternoon when Dr. Cohen came home, he found the children beside themselves. Their mother hadn't returned home and she hadn't phoned or sent word of where she might be or why she was delayed. Dr. Cohen didn't know what to make of the situation.

His wife had never failed to alert the family in the past if were to be detained.

Looking in the bedroom, he found no signs to suggest Mrs. Cohen might have decided on a prolonged departure. Her clothes, cosmetics, and favorite ring, whose value was estimated to be in the six-figure category, were all in place in the drawers and closets. Clearly, she hadn't taken anything with her except the soiled garments for dry cleaning.

After phoning several friends and making no headway in locating Denise, Dr. Cohen called the police. But he was told that under the law a missing persons report and search can't be undertaken until an adult has been missing twenty-four hours. That night and all the next morning, Dr. Cohen and the children were distressed beyond all bounds. It was a crisis as no other the family ever experienced.

In the afternoon, after the time factor now permitted it, Dr. Cohen again phoned the police and reported his wife missing.

The forces of the law were quickly mobilized now for a search. Among the NYPD's lawmen who were engaged in the investigation were Sergeant Robert Fullam and Officer Richard Armstrong of the 88th Detective Squad, from the Classon Avenue Precinct, and Detectives Mary McCarthy, Donald McCarthy, Louis Tomeo, and Walter Crosby of the Brooklyn North Detective Task Force.

The search in the waning hours of Sunday, September 7th, bore no clues whatsoever. The next day's yield was similarly unproductive.

The various city morgues were checked and hospitals were canvassed. These efforts didn't solve the mystery of Denise Cohen's disappearance.

On Tuesday afternoon, however, Detectives Mary McCarthy and Walter Crosby paid still another visit to the 10-family apartment house at 34 South Portland. It was a little past 3 p.m. and the superintendent was not surprised by the officers' presence, since he'd spoken with them and other investigators several times since Sunday when the search for Mrs. Cohen was undertaken.

"We want to be sure, that's why we're back," Detective McCarthy told the super. "Have you shown us all the dark corners of the house?"

The super shrugged. "Downstairs," he said resignedly. "There are some rooms. Let me show you."

He led the sleuths down a rickety wooden stairs to the basement. They had been there before, but now Crosby noticed a closed door in the back of the cellar.

"What's in there?" asked the detective.

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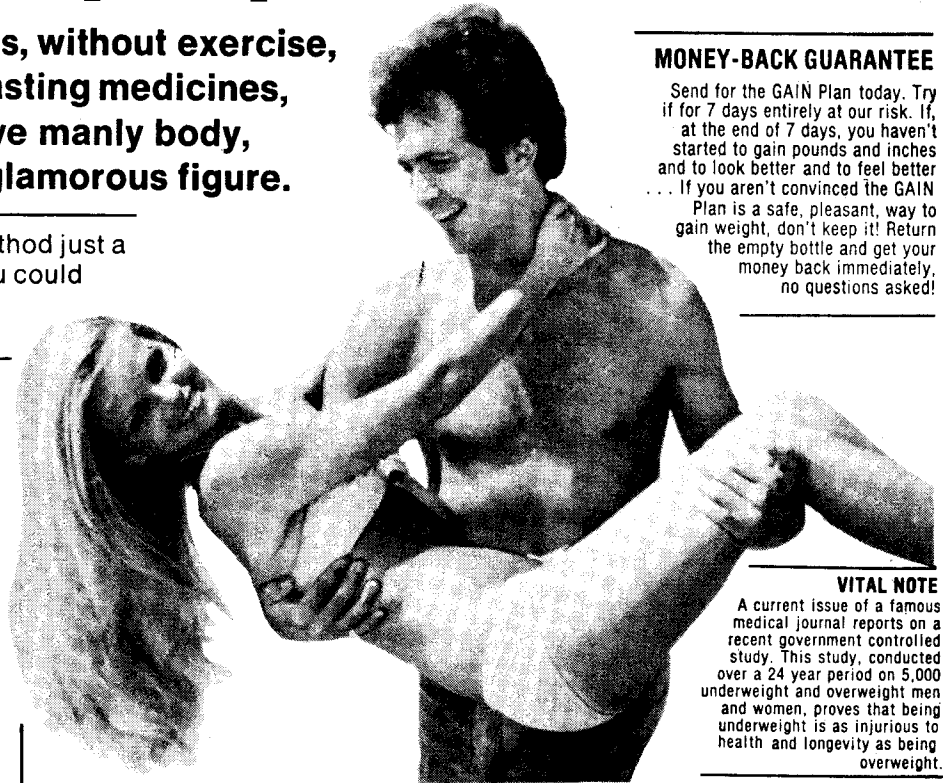
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"Nothing but an oil burner," the super replied.

"Can we have a look?" Crosby asked.

Crosby opened the door and peered into the room. It was pitch black. He tried the switch but the light didn't go on. The super unscrewed a bulb from one of the other receptacles and inserted it into the boiler room socket.

As the room lit up, the super gasped, then screamed. Sprawled over the top of the furnace was the nude body of a woman whose head and face were covered with dried blood. It was Denise Cohen!

The next day, Dr. Milton A. Wald, the deputy chief medical examiner for Brooklyn, determined at the autopsy that the killer inflicted cuts on the victim's scalp and face, probably with a pipe or such other hard object—because the skull was also fractured. But the cause of death was "manual strangulation."

Rose Castro had been found nude and she had been murdered by manual strangulation.

Now Denise Cohen had been found nude and murdered by manual strangulation.

And, just as after the murder of Rose Castro, the finger of suspicion pointed to Grant Joseph Minor, then 20 years old, so now after the murder of Denise Cohen the same finger of suspicion pointed to Minor, now 31 years old.

What clue or evidence led detectives to Minor when they were investigating Mrs. Cohen's murder?

It was a chat with one of the tenants in the building. A woman who was dating a man. A man with a short-cropped head of curly hair and a beard. A man named Grant Joseph Minor!

The girlfriend, who was 37 years old, told detectives that a couple of months back, Minor had given her a hard time. He had beaten her. The girlfriend complained about that treatment to Mrs. Cohen, who then phoned police and put Minor on report. But nothing developed out of that incident; the cops took no action against the woman's beau because, they said, the girlfriend did not want to swear out an arrest warrant in court.

The detectives who canvassed the apartment house during the investigation learned about Minor when they stopped at the girlfriend's flat to question her routinely about whether she could supply any information in the murder case. One word led to another and Grant Joseph's name came up. When the girlfriend spoke about the beating she received from him and about Denise Cohen's role in reporting the assault to police, the sleuths' curiosity about Minor was aroused.

They sought more data on Minor. When they did, they learned all they wanted to know about the short-

tempered, violent, neurotic killer. His police file told all.

They marked no time after that. They hurried to his house, now on Clermont Avenue in Brooklyn, about four blocks from the murder site, and took Minor in custody. The suspect, who'd been doing clerical work in a Department of Social Services office in Brooklyn, was willing to tell his questioners that, yes, he had encountered Denise Cohen on the last day of her life, which he pinpointed was around midday or early afternoon, Saturday, September 6th.

He had gone to visit his girlfriend, authorities said Minor told them. On his way into the building he allegedly encountered Mrs. Cohen, whom he'd known from other times he had come to the building to see the girlfriend. On the last occasion, Minor said, Mrs. Cohen had apparently inspected the building for problems and discovered an area that had to be given a closer look. She had to have a ladder to conduct that examination, Minor claimed,

and she asked him to get her one. He said he did.

But a while later, Minor and Mrs. Cohen had an argument, according to the suspect. Authorities didn't make many of these details clear, claiming they're preserving them for a later time when there's a trial for Minor. However, this much was disclosed:

After Minor got the ladder and Mrs. Cohen had climbed it to inspect the maintenance problem, she "tripped and fell down the stairs." Minor also told his questioners that he caught her, but she shouted angrily, "Don't touch me!"

Several days after he was taken in custody, a grand jury returned a murder indictment against Minor in Mrs. Cohen's murder.

Under our American judicial system it must be assumed that the suspect in the murder of Denise Cohen is innocent of the charge against him unless and until he is proved guilty in a court of law under due process.

◆◆◆

## Shotgun Terror . . .

*(Continued from page 27)*

By the time Brisby learned the gunman he had seen was the only suspect cruiser officers and detectives were converging on the club from all directions and the lawmen went to work to bring some order to the chaos. Uniformed men were placed at all exits to keep the patrons inside to be questioned in an effort to find out if any of them knew the suspect's identity.

Other officers quickly examined the wounded so that the most serious cases would be dispatched to one of the four hospitals closest to the scene. Captain Lipari and his wife were among the first to go. Rescue squads from Omaha and nearby Ralston and Millard were called in to transport those who had been shot. Those not seriously wounded were taken to hospitals in private cars.

Deputy Police Chief Jack Swanson arrived to take command along with Lieutenants Joe Friend and Foster Burchard. By this time there were more than 35 lawmen at the scene, including members of the Nebraska State Patrol and Douglas County sheriff's deputies.

Investigators were sent to the hospitals to question those who were being treated for wounds while officers at the club interrogated the others.

It was soon determined by the detectives that robbery had not been the motive of the gunman. At no time had he approached the cash register, business office in a search for money nor had he indicated to any of the night club pat-

rons that he wanted to rob them. Neither did it seem to the puzzled investigators that he had a definite target, any one person that he wanted to kill. All indications were that he was firing his shotgun at random.

After Detective Brisby found there was no other gunman menacing the night club patrons as he had been told, he hurried back outside and down toward the back of the building where he had last seen the man who had shot at him.

There he found two men who had also seen the suspect. They told him he was an immaculately dressed black man. They said he was carrying a shotgun and had climbed into a white 1976 Cordoba and went east down the drive and then north. Brisby immediately radioed headquarters and gave a description of the man and his car.

The detective returned to the club and questioned its owner, Richard Glasford, who said that one of his employes told him that the man who did the shooting had been at the club the week before, drinking cocktails and watching the stage show. He said that after the show he had requested he be permitted to meet and talk to a woman performer.

Glasford said that he did know if the man had been able to talk to the woman but if he had there was a possibility that she might know his name. Glasford then contacted the theatrical agent who had booked her into the Club 89 and the man came to the club. He said the performer was in Overland Park, Kansas, and that he would try to locate her to find out if she could identify the suspect.

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### MEET THE AUTHORS

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

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

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

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While waiting Brisby questioned other club employees in an attempt to get an identification but was unsuccessful. About a half hour later the woman performer was located in Kansas but was unable to help. She said she remembered the man sitting at a table close to the stage while she was performing but that she got tied up talking to others when she finished and did not meet him.

The investigators were interested because they thought the incident might be important in establishing a motive for the apparently senseless shootings in that the suspect might have imagined he had been snubbed in his request for a meeting with the performer.

Bad news came to the investigators as the intense search for the suspect continued—Captain Lipari had died on the operating table. The attending doctor said there were more than 100 pellet wounds extending from the chin across the nose and left eye and forehead into the brain.

Courageous Mrs. Lipari, more worried about the condition of her husband than her own serious wounds, signed release papers at the hospital to enable surgeons to remove her left eye. She had not yet been informed that her husband was dead.

Witnesses gave different versions of how many shots were fired during the tragic incident but this question was solved by an unusual circumstance. A tape recorder had been activated to record the stage show and was operating when the shooting started. An officer replayed the tape and six shots were distinctly heard.

Then the investigating officers got another solid break. A witness had seen a white Chrysler Cordoba fleeing the night club and had noticed the license plate on the rear of the car bore the number "1" and the letter "H". The number on the plate signified the car was from Douglas County.

The information was fed into a Douglas County computer and it produced a list of 40 white Cordobas with licenses bearing the letter "H". With that much help, investigators were able to narrow registrants to one who resembled the description of the gunman: black, about six feet, in his mid-30s and weighing 170 to 180 pounds.

Sheriff's Sergeant Tim Dempsey, studying the list, said: "I went to high school with a guy who is a dead ringer for this suspect—I wonder if this could be him."

His name was Peter Stanswell. Sergeant Carl Wilfing and Deputy D. M. Herrington of the sheriff's office were checking the north side of Omaha for the white Cordoba when they were ordered by Sergeant Dempsey to go to a nearby corner and wait for police officers

who were enroute to check a house where a suspect was supposed to live.

They were soon joined by Detectives Jack O'Donnell, Clyde Nutsch, Dennis Taylor. Quietly approaching the house in question Taylor went to the garage and peered in a window—the white Cordoba was there. Sergeant Dempsey arrived at the scene and the officers observed movement in the house.

Officers were sent to the back of the house and O'Donnell, with Dempsey and others behind him, knocked on the front door. A tall black man, wearing pajamas and a blue robe, answered the door.

"We are police officers," O'Donnell said, displaying identification and his badge. "We would like to talk to you."

"Come in," the man said calmly.

Once in the house O'Donnell went right to the point asking "Were you at the Club 89 tonight?"

"Yes, I think I was," the man responded.

"Did you shoot anyone?" O'Donnell asked.

"Yes, I think so," the man said.

Surprised at the calm manner of the man, O'Donnell advised him of his rights and placed him under arrest. He and Dempsey went with Stanswell to a bedroom while he dressed. The officers spotted a shotgun in a closet that had a door open and O'Donnell asked: "Is that the gun?"

"That's it," Stanswell replied. "I'd like to get a drink of water before we leave."

Leaving Taylor and Wilfing behind to secure the place, Stanswell was then transported to Central Police Headquarters. As word spread during the early morning hours that the man believed to be the gunman who had terrorized the patrons of the Club 89 had been captured Omahans slept more soundly.

At the station Stanswell was taken to an interrogation room on the fourth floor and again advised of his legal rights. Detectives O'Donnell and Nutsch, conducting the taped interrogation of the suspect were again struck by his calm demeanor as he answered questions.

He said that he had dropped a cousin off at the home of a relative and returned to his own house. Not feeling well, he rested for awhile and then dressed in a tan suit, brown tie and tan shoes. Stanswell said he was "feeling upset and angry" and got out his shotgun and sat on the bed and loaded it and then went to his car in the garage after putting the weapon on safety.

He described the route he took to the Club 89 and said that he delayed taking the shotgun from the trunk of his

car because there was a man standing nearby. When the man left he took his gun and went inside and saw a man in a dark suit and a young blonde lady in a white sweater.

The only description of what happened in the club that Stanswell gave the two detectives was:

"I said 'Hey, sir' and pulled the trigger—boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom."

He continued his story by saying he reloaded his shotgun after he left the club and laid it on his car as he saw a camper coming up to the club.

"I went to the camper—there was a young man and a young lady," Stanswell said. "I told them I had shot someone, would they please call the police. He said okay and I walked over to my car, picked up the shotgun, put it in the back seat and drove away."

He said he saw two police cars on his way home and gave a detailed account of the route he took driving back to his house. At home he said he showered, watched TV and then broke down the shotgun and cleaned it before putting it in a closet in his bedroom. He said he saw some lights as if a car had pulled up to his house.

"Someone knocked on the door," he said. "I went downstairs to the door. It was you."

After this account given without any interruption from the two detectives, O'Donnell and Nutsch asked questions.

They asked him why he had chosen the Club 89 to stage a shooting spree and he said that he had been at the club on the previous Sunday and watched the woman performer but that he did not know why he went back because "no one said anything to me I don't believe."

"You said earlier that you had a fit of anger—can you explain that?" O'Donnell asked.

"Well, it had to be something," he replied.

He said that he had not been drinking or taking any drugs and that he did not know anyone at the club. Then he added:

"I'll tell you something and this is the truth. I never knew anybody out there, I went out there one time before and I never had any trouble. I saw the show and I got in my car and came home. Why I went out to the Club 89 again I do not know, I do not know."

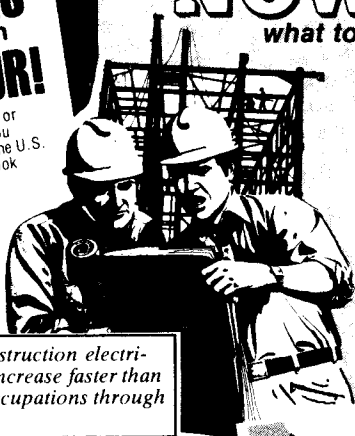
When the full impact of what had happened at the Club 89 hit the city on Sunday morning the residents of Omaha were shocked to learn that 39-year-old Captain Lipari of the sheriff's office was dead and that his wife, Ruth Ann, had suffered injuries that would leave her almost totally blind. Because 24 others had been wounded, some seriously, the effect of the shootings reached into many homes in various



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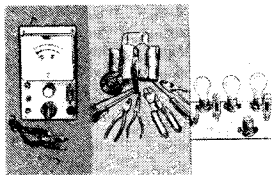
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parts of the city, as those who patronized the club came from a wide area.

The Liparis had six children and the captain was well known as a good neighbor and an effective law officer. He and Dempsey had just finished a months-long investigation, often working on their own time, that had resulted in the arrest of three men on narcotic charges.

Douglas County Attorney Donald Knowles assigned the case to Deputy Bernard Huelskamp, a former FBI agent, and Stanswell was charged with first-degree murder in the death of Lipari and with three counts of shooting with intent to kill, wound or maim. The three shooting counts stemmed from the wounds suffered by Mrs. Lipari, Miss Gray and Mrs. Allison.

Stanswell showed no emotion when he was brought before Municipal Judge Theodore Carlson Monday afternoon for a formal bond setting hearing. Wearing a leather sports coat, Stanswell stood before the judge with his hands clasped behind his back. He did not say a word during the short hearing and did not nod or look in the direction of a group of relatives and friends in the courtroom.

Judge Carlson ruled that Stanswell be held without bond and ordered the preliminary hearing be held in a week.

In checking on Stanswell the prosecution learned that he had been receiving \$707 a month from the Veterans Administration for a service connected disability. The regional director said Stanswell also was entitled to the full benefits available to veterans, including health care and financial assistance under the GI Bill and V.A. loans for a house. He was also receiving Social Security benefits.

Stanswell was an average student in high school but good enough in basketball to win an athletic scholarship for Omaha University which he attended for two years. He dropped out there to join the Air Force and was sent to Viet Nam where he later received a medical discharge because of his mental condition.

At that time, and later in civilian life, Stanswell said he was haunted by voices that cajoled, threatened and ordered him to do things. He had been living on his government benefits ever since leaving the service. Although unmarried, he had a child with a girl friend who had been living with him in a house that he was buying.

A Veteran Administration spokesman in Washington said that despite some popular allegations to the contrary, there is no statistical evidence that Viet Nam veterans show a larger

incidence of mental disorders than veterans of World War II or the Korean War.

In answer to questions by a reporter he said that while no specific information was available on Stanswell, if the Omahan was in the Air Force, it was unlikely he was "ever in the rice paddies or burning villages... none of the things normally considered causes of bizarre behavior would apply."

"For anyone to try to relate this kind of behavior, to his having been a veteran is really stretching it," the spokesman said.

On Tuesday as scores of Midlands lawmen came to pay their last respects, Captain Lipari was buried in the Evergreen Memorial Cemetery in the uniform he had worn so proudly. More than 50 cruiser cars jammed the parking lot of the Luther Memorial Lutheran Church. Some of them bore the license plates of more than a dozen Nebraska and Iowa cities.

As the formal ceremonies ended, the armada of cruisers, which had accompanied the funeral procession from the church to the cemetery, wound slowly along a curved roadway passing Bergan-Mercy Hospital where Mrs. Lipari lay too ill to attend the services for her husband.

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officers, Ted Janing, who was then sheriff, said that Stanswell may have nursed a grudge for a week before he returned to the club for the shooting. He said that a club employe had recognized Stanswell Saturday night as a man who had caused a scene at the club the previous week during the stage show.

"It (the incident) probably worked on him for a week," Janing said.

Glasford, the club owner, disagreed. He said that after the show the man Janing was referring to had asked his son if he could see the woman who had performed on the stage. He said the performer had to do a radio interview and didn't get to the customer.

"He just waited at the front desk awhile and left," Glasford said. "He was a super sharp dresser. I'll never forget how he was dressed."

Stanswell stood mute before Municipal Judge William Ryan when he appeared for a preliminary hearing and the judge asked him how he pleaded to the four charges against him. When asked if he understood the proceedings he said that he did and was standing mute "on the advice of my attorney."

Innocent pleas were then automatically entered for him and his attorney, David Herzog, waived any further hearing. Judge Ryan then ordered Stanswell to District Court for further proceedings. A Douglas County District judge signed an order transferring him to the Nebraska Penal Complex in Lincoln for "safekeeping and security purposes only."

Herzog said he was requesting psychological and psychiatric evaluations of the client and the results would dictate the type of defense he would prepare for him. There was little doubt in the minds of the prosecution that the defense would be innocent because of insanity.

The prediction of the prosecution proved to be on target and on May 1, 1979, 17 months after the night of terror at the Club 89, witnesses bearing the scars of that evening appeared before Douglas County District Court Judge John T. Grant to testify at the trial of Stanswell who had pleaded innocent by reason of insanity. The case was being tried without a jury.

Mrs. Lipari, then living in St. Louis, Mo., was the first to testify for the prosecution. She was assisted to the witness stand by a deputy sheriff and under questioning by Prosecutor Huelskamp she testified that after being shot in the face she had undergone several operations, losing her left eye and 90 percent of the vision in her right eye.

She related how the lights had just dimmed for the floor show when she heard an explosion followed by several others.

"Someone hollered that someone was shooting with a gun . . . I turned toward the entry to the club and I guess I looked right into the blast," she testified about the shot that had killed her husband and wounded her.

The courtroom was hushed as her voice faltered when she told how her husband had died and that she could not identify the man who had fired the shots.

Miss Gray testified how she was the first to see the tall, well dressed gunman as he entered the club and started shooting.

"The man was well dressed and he just started shooting," Miss Gray said. "I went down on my knees at the first shot and stayed on the floor."

The second blast struck her in the arm and chest, she said, and that she was hospitalized for a month and has lost 60 percent of the use of her left arm.

She testified the man then walked into the main dining room and continued to shoot and she could hear "people screaming and little kids crying." Then, at the request of Huelskamp, she pointed out Stanswell at the counsel table and said he was the gunman.

Mrs. Allison, the teacher who was four months pregnant at the time she was wounded, came to court with her right arm secured in a plastic sleeve. She said she had undergone five operations and still faced more. Concerned about her father's safety who was also wounded, she testified that for a few seconds she was unaware she had been hit and then she noticed her hand was dangling from her arm with the bones exposed. She was unable to identify the gunman.

Club Hostess Shirley Hobson told how she had witnessed the shooting of Miss Gray and how the gunman missed when he fired at her. She testified that for one frightening moment after the man had shot Miss Gray "our eyes met." She said she thought Miss Gray was dead and she crawled into the cloak room and hid among the coats.

Because of the insanity defense the trial reached its critical legal stage with the testimony of psychiatric experts. Prosecutor Huelskamp called Dr. L. E. Woytassek, staff psychiatrist at the Lincoln Regional Center, to the witness stand. He said he participated in the treatment of the defendant for 10 months in 1978 and concluded he suffered from a grave mental illness: schizophrenia, paranoid type.

But, he testified, that despite the alleged condition, Stanswell was able to give police a detailed confession shortly after the shootings and in doing so "appeared to be a man in possession of his faculties." In his opinion Dr. Woytassek said Stanswell knew the shootings were wrong, understood the nature of

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his acts and was aware the acts deserved punishment.

Two experts called by the defense offered opposite views. Dr. Fred Mittleman, a psychiatrist associated with the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kansas, said he believed Stanswell did not meet the legal test to establish sanity on the night of the shootings. He testified that Stanswell did not know his acts were wrong and did not understand the nature of them.

Dr. Mittleman's opinion was backed by Dr. Jerome Fleischer, a staff psychologist at a Georgia psychiatric hospital. He said that Stanswell was "aware of what he was doing that night but I don't think the rightness or wrongness was an issue in his mind."

He likened Stanswell to a volcano which erupted, saying Stanswell went home, changed his clothes and "acted with calmness and detachment following the crime. It was as if he had been purged or relieved of his feelings."

The woman who had been living with Stanswell said he had a personality change for the worse before the club shootings, that he often complained of hearing voices and sometimes flew into a rage and punched holes in the walls of the house. She testified he talked of taking her to another planet where they would live forever.

A professional football player, who had known the defendant in high school, testified that his personality was altered when he returned from Viet Nam in 1968.

On Monday, May 7th, both attorneys concentrated on the insanity issue as they made their final arguments with the defense claiming Stanswell was not mentally responsible for his acts at the time and the prosecutor claiming he was sure.

When they'd finished, Judge Grant found Stanswell innocent of the murder charge and the three felony counts by reason of insanity. He found specifically that Stanswell did commit the acts with which he was charged but that he could not be held accountable because of his mental condition at the time.

The verdict did not mean immediate freedom for Stanswell because the law requires that persons successfully pleading insanity must appear before the County Board of Mental Health for possible involuntary commitment.

Mrs. Lipari and other shooting victims were angered over the outcome of the trial and publicly criticized the decision. Mrs. Lipari said she would call for an inquiry into "our judicial system and mental health board and the need to change mental health laws."

"I don't want to see Stanswell go free," Mrs. Lipari said. "Who's to say he won't flip out again and go after eyewitnesses and others. I feel that sane or insane, he should be punished."

Mrs. Lipari said that in too many cases people kill someone and "then use the insanity defense to get off." She said she is an advocate of capital punishment and, from the reaction so far, is finding "everybody I talk to is behind me on this."

She said she wasn't certain what her efforts would accomplish "but I just can't let this thing go. My husband gave his life. The sentence makes his job and that of other lawmen meaningless."

Sympathetic toward Mrs. Lipari's personal suffering and wanting to clarify his position, Judge Grant arranged a meeting with her and explained that under the law as it then existed he had no alternative but to make the decision he did.

After the meeting the grieving widow, fighting blindness, said she still disagreed with the verdict, still believed that Stanswell is sane, but now realized that Judge Grant "had no other recourse" except to give the sentence he did.

"My main concern is to see that Stanswell does not walk out of here,"

she said. "I and others will appear before mental health people and file objections and hope that keeps him off the streets."

On May 14th, the Douglas County Board of Mental Health temporarily committed Stanswell for psychiatric treatment at a hearing at the Douglas County Hospital. Defense Attorney Herzog elected not to challenge allegations his client was dangerously insane.

Nebraska law permits the board to order involuntary commitment to an institution for any person who has demonstrated "by an overt act" that he is dangerous to himself or others. Board Chairman John Fahey said the hearing was preliminary to a more formal hearing to be held within two weeks.

The board ordered that four psychiatrists examine Stanswell and announce the results. Reporters were first ordered to leave the hearing because the law states hearings and records of the mental board are closed unless the person in question requests they be open. They were allowed to remain when Herzog said he did not object to their presence.

On June 11th the board ordered that Stanswell be committed to the Lincoln Regional Center for indefinite psychiatric treatment. To the residents of Nebraska it was an old story—taking the power of regulating a person who had admittedly committed murder out of the judicial system and placing his destiny in the hands of the psychiatrists who, under the law, could set him free in the future.

Many Nebraskans, as well as the victims, did not like it but were powerless to do anything about it unless there was a change in the insanity plea law. During the last session of the legislature there had been constant agitation for a change.

Meanwhile, several lawsuits had been filed against Sears Roebuck & Co. of New York and Chicago by shooting victims and various members of their families. The suits, which totaled millions of dollars, alleged that Stanswell purchased the shotgun at an Omaha branch of the company.

The Federal Gun Control Act of 1968 prohibits the sale of firearms to "dangerous or unfit individuals," the suits alleged, and Stanswell had a long history of mental illness and had been committed for psychiatric treatment several times. The suits charged that Sears representatives "knew or in the ordinary exercise of care should have known that he would use the shotgun in a negligent manner . . . and thereby inflict harm on members of the general public."

In a counterclaim in U.S. District Court, Sears asked that any money judgements against the firm be trans-

ferred to the government because Stanswell had been under the care of Veterans Administration psychiatrists for several years prior to the Club 89 incident. Sears alleged that VA psychiatric personnel failed to recognize his worsening mental condition.

The VA officials knew or should have known that Stanswell was a danger to other persons, the Sears action argued.

Of the 10 more notorious Nebraska killers judged to be not guilty of murder by reason of insanity in the last decade, only two received verdicts from juries. The other eight were found not guilty by a judge without a jury.

Under Nebraska law a person accused of a felony crime has a right to a trial by jury. A defendant can waive that right and be tried by a judge.

Douglas County Attorney Knowles, whose office has prosecuted nine of the 10 cases, said he would like to see state law changed to require that the judge, the prosecution or both give their consent before a case can be tried without a jury. Knowles said he feels juries would have convicted some of the persons found not guilty by judges.

And then, on April 8, 1980, less than a year after Stanswell had been committed to the Lincoln Regional Center for psychiatric treatment, what many Nebraskans feared happened. It was recommended by the center's staff that he be moved to "a less restrictive environment because he has improved sufficiently that he is no longer a danger to himself or anyone else."

Judge Grant, who ruled Stanswell innocent by reason of insanity, expressed apprehension that he might be close to freedom.

"It sounds like the same chapter, second verse, to me," Judge Grant said.

He pointed out that Stanswell spent parts of 10 years in psychiatric confinement before the shootings and had been released from an Omaha hospital

only a few months before the Club 89 incident. Before the shootings, he said, Stanswell went through several periods of treatment in a less restrictive environment, then was granted home leaves, then was released.

"I hope somebody will be holding his hand this time and making him take his (anti-psychotic) medication," the judge said.

Reporters checking on the case found that Stanswell and another man had already taken six trips from the center for recreation and haircuts.

Dr. Klaus Hartmann, superintendent at the center, said: "I understand the anxiety of society in these matters. In many ways it does not seem right. I understand that. But, we have to fulfill our mission. These people are patients. They are no longer criminals."

On April 24th, the Douglas County Board of Mental Health approved a treatment plan for Stanswell that would permit him to make daylight outings with his immediate family in the Lincoln area. Board Chairmen John Fahey said the outings would be limited to daylight hours "because we wanted to keep it away from being an overnight thing."

Under the plan, Stanswell's family would be responsible for getting him back on time. Fahey said all reports he had seen from the center have been positive.

Fahey said he is bound by Nebraska's Health Commitment Law to provide the least restrictive environment for someone treated for mental illness. ♦♦♦

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*Peter Stanswell is not the real name of the person so named in the foregoing story. A fictitious name has been used because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of this person.*

## Mayhem & Murder!

(Continued from page 33)

tic information desired and needed by him on Friday, the end of the week. Mitarnowski, determined, refused to wait. He asked that the weapon be test-fired immediately.

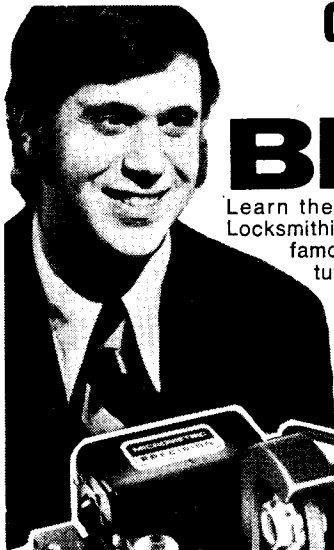
Webber complied, with the assistance of Sheriff Shumaker. He later explained, "I got six rounds of Remington Peters ammunition and fired it into a 25 gallon container of water. We packaged and marked six slugs and three cartridges that we retrieved as evidence for delivery to the Pennsylvania authorities."

At 5:30 p.m. that same afternoon, a Pennsylvania State Police helicopter

landed in Virginia with Troopers B.S. Bidelspack and E. G. Pottmyer. With the cooperation of the Virginia authorities, the Pennsylvania officers went to the Farmville Jail where photographs of the accused were taken.

The Pennsylvania State Police went through the contents of the Thunderbird, linking a handbag they found with a murder and robbery in Blair County, Pennsylvania. They were also able to link Daugherty to a second murder robbery in Blair County. The first tie alleged that the murder-robbery at Jack's Quick Market and a second at Shaw's Oil Company were executed by Daugherty. Also a steel guitar taken from the Thunderbird tabbed as the prime suspect in the robbery of Ricce's Music Store in Altoona, Pennsylvania. One more robbery was

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tied to the young suspect, that of Cary's Cafe, also in Altoona.

The investigation proceeded on several fronts: Pennsylvania developing the ballistics in their homicides and tracing the ownership of the .25 caliber Colt, while the Florida authorities were working closely with the FBI in Washington chasing down latent prints and handwriting that would prove related to the check cashing in Florence, South Carolina.

By the 30th of March a picture of the exploits of Jeffrey Joseph Daugherty began to emerge into detailed clarity just as a photo comes to full view in developing solution in a darkroom.

Sergeant Dees, who had been welded to the progress and dramatic developments of the now multi-faceted case, was staggered by the revelations of the kaleidoscope of crimes. Dees, discussing Daugherty with Sheriff Duff, summed it up with, "It's incredible... just incredible!"

He informed Duff that the Pennsylvania State Police had traced the Colt beginning with its sale to a store in Metairie, Louisiana. The store had sold it to one of the vice detectives of the sheriff's department there who sold it to a citizen in New Orleans. This man lived in New Boston, Michigan, where his wife was reached. She revealed that

her husband sold the piece to a man in Marquette, Michigan, who in turn sold it to another man in Romulus, Michigan. The automatic moved on in a sale to a man who owned a bar in Detroit, who sold it to a friend in Florida by the name of Campbell. The final step revealed that Campbell gave the automatic to his wife for her protection in the pizza restaurant. It had come full circle only to wind up in the hands of suspect Daugherty.

Although the substantial evidence gathered did not prove out that the .25 caliber piece was used in the Flagler County, Florida murder on February 23, 1976, the M.O. and other evidence (.22 caliber pistol) fit with precision to tie Daugherty to this killing, too.

On the 7th of April, 1976 Art Dees and Captain L. Moody of the Flagler County Sheriff's Department arrived in Altoona to work with the Pennsylvania authorities on the complicated murder-robbery spree that had struck through so many states, with a young Michigan man allegedly vying for a high place of infamy in the annals of American crime.

Dees and Moody learned that the murder-robbery junket evidently began on January 23, 1976 in Michigan leading on to Florida, to California, back to Florida, to Virginia and to

Pennsylvania. Dees was permitted to examine the inventory of the T-Bird and the other evidence police had gathered. The Florida detective also had a warrant issued and served for his taking over a trucker wallet that was identified as the property of the slain Betty Campbell, as well as a knife and case, and the num-chucks that had been taken from the T-Bird. Dees was also furnished with latent prints that the authorities in Pennsylvania had.

Dees asked Jeffrey Daugherty if he would talk to him about the "incident" that had occurred south of Daytona Beach. He assured the officer that he had nothing to say that would be of any value to him.

Dees picked up information that Daugherty allegedly killed a filling station operator in Selma, Alabama and then proceeded into Florida where he stayed in the Daytona Beach area.

Detective Dees substantiated Daugherty's stay in the beach area. In his investigation, he verified Daugherty's registration at the Ritz Apartment Motel. Daugherty had signed in as "Mr. and Mrs." undoubtedly including his traveling girlfriend, on the 20th of February, 1976. The registration card listed Daugherty's automobile as a '64 Thunderbird with Michigan license, SCY

535. They remained at the apartment motel through the 28th of February.

"From the Daytona Beach area," Dees recalled, "they traveled south to Brevard County."

On March 1, 1976, the body of a 49-year-old female hitchhiker was discovered in Brevard County, near Melbourne. The victim had died from five bullet holes in her head. The Brevard County Sheriff's Department investigating this murder learned that the victim was Lavone Patricia Sailer, a native of Tacoma, Washington. Detectives Bob Schmader of the sheriff's department and Buzzy Patterson, crack investigator, at the time a lieutenant with the sheriff's office and later with the State Attorney's Office, learned that she had hitched across the country and was headed for Miami when she was picked up on the highway by the driver of a white Thunderbird. The Brevard lawmen were able to establish that Ms. Sailer got a ride a few miles south of Walt Disney World near St. Cloud, Florida to Melbourne. After being seen getting into the Thunderbird she was later found lying dead in a marl pit owned by the county. She had been shot several times in the head with a .22 caliber weapon.

The detectives, whose digging soon tied them into the discoveries that were linking together in the other counties and states, were able to develop that this victim had only \$10 on her person when she took her "last ride." The officers were informed that despite the fact that Lavone offered no resistance when she was robbed of her \$10, she was, nonetheless, needlessly and brutally slain.

In the restructuring of Lavone's travel route it was developed that she had been transported on Interstate 95 to Sarno Road and then to the location of the county pit where she was killed.

In May, 1976, Lieutenant Buzzy Patterson coordinated the Brevard discoveries with Lieutenant Raymond J. Mitarnowski and other officers of the Pennsylvania State Police. Patterson and Inspector Dewitt of Brevard Sheriff's Department traveled to Pennsylvania in July of 1976 and received substantive information and evidence for prosecution in Florida.

In Virginia, Jeffrey Joseph Daugherty was tried for armed robbery and convicted.

In Pennsylvania he was convicted of two first degree murders that occurred in a grocery store and Shaw's Oil Company in Blair County. He was sentenced to two life terms to run consecutively.

Following Daugherty's convictions in Pennsylvania and Virginia he was extradited to Florida. "I brought him back from Richmond in our own plane," Art Dees recalls. "He had put on a lot of


weight by that time. He was only 19 when he committed these crimes and back then he weighed about 185." By this time, Daugherty had gained enough weight to hit the scales at approximately 220 pounds. He wore his brown hair long and he also wore metal framed glasses over his hazel eyes.

"My first contact with him," Sgt. Dees remembers, "was after his arrest in Appomattox, Virginia; he denied ever having been in the State of Florida, period. After his trial in Appomattox and after his trial in Pennsylvania, and having been returned to Richmond, in the middle of April this year (1980) I picked him up there and returned him to Volusia County."


After Daugherty's arrival in Florida he refused to sign any papers, "including a request for a public defender," Dees recalls.

But after a few days the accused asked to see Detective Dees. After sev-

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eral in-depth meetings, his resistance collapsed and he agreed to plead guilty to the Volusia County crime.

Dees conveyed this to his Sheriff Ed Duff, who complimented him for the long ordeal of more than four years of living this investigation. Dees also reported in full to State Attorney Douglas Cheshire.

Dees, who has since been promoted lieutenant, recalls the long continuing investigation that involved "four trips to Pennsylvania, one trip to Virginia, two trips to South Carolina and I don't know how many people who had some bit of information related to this complex investigation." He added that the "inventory for evidentiary value consisted of an incredible 1,219 items."

In the wrapup of the Betty Campbell investigation, Dees learned that Daugherty, after stabbing this victim with the knife that was recovered by police in the pizza restaurant, stomped on the woman's face and head with high heeled boots, causing fractures, including a fracture of the underlying bone of the nose, contusions, lacerations, bruises and an interminable number of varying injuries to all parts of her head and face. It was a wholly

sadistic murder.

The preparation for trial completed, the date was set for Monday, July 21, 1980. Circuit Judge Uriel Blount, however, had set a pretrial hearing one week ahead of the trial. During the pretrial, Daugherty entered a guilty plea to murder in the first degree. In consideration for this plea, Assistant State Attorney William Hathaway said the State, "would not seek the death penalty and we recommend that any sentence he receives should be consecutive with any sentences of other courts."

Two weeks later on Thursday, July 31, 1980, in Flagler County, Florida where Jeffrey Daugherty was accused of the February 23, 1976 murder of Mrs. Carmen Abrams, the grand jury took only two minutes to return an indictment. Judge Kim Hammond received the indictment from the grand jury and immediately proceeded with the arraignment. Daugherty was brought into court where he pleaded guilty and was immediately sentenced to life imprisonment to run consecutively with the previous sentences he had received. The whole process of indictment, arraignment, pleading and sentencing took less than three hours which may be a record in the administering of speedy justice.

Subsequently the Brevard County trial that had been set and reset numerous times was once more moved ahead from August 20th, the latest date, to the September court calendar. Again in September it was rescheduled for a later date. (Daugherty's female traveling companion is incarcerated and awaits trial in Florida.)

At this writing there is doubt emanating from lawmen in different counties and states that Daugherty will go to trial very soon in Florida's Brevard County for the murder of the 49-year-old hitchhiker who reportedly was killed for ten dollars... "or for the thrill and joy of killing," as one official stated.

The fact that Florida's death penalty hangs so heavily over this man, who so far has been able to escape execution, had defense working feverishly for delays and maneuvers that provide continuance of the trial and with it the life of this admitted multi-killer.

Although years have transpired since Daugherty's wanton escapade of murder and robbery, the dragnet of law that snared and plucked him out of society has had him in a long deliberate cycling and recycling process of justice through the courts that seemingly is endless. All of it, however, was made possible as the result of one of the greatest ever cooperative police efforts among the police of Virginia, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Alabama, New Mexico, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas and Florida. ◆◆◆

# Battered With Claw Hammer!

(Continued from page 21)

"At closing time," the bartender said. "They left together if you know what I mean. Together."

The bartender promised to call the police if Shawn returned. They would be the first to know. The detectives left the bar. The bartender just might do that, but to be on the safe side told vice about Shawn. If they saw him, bring him in for questioning.

Detectives Wood and Korbacher didn't have to wait long. Undercover police made contact with Shawn the following night at the Capri. He was brought down to the Oceanside police department for questioning.

Shawn was 5 foot, 5 inches tall, and weighed less than 130 pounds, but if anything, he seemed shorter and slighter than his size would indicate. Shown a picture of Kuizenga, Shawn said, "I knew him from the Capri, an older guy." But he denied leaving with him. "He went one way and I went the other," he told the police.

"Where did you go after leaving the Capri?" he was asked.

"I walked home. It was very late and I was tired," Shawn said.

Home was a rented room in a plush home on Kirmar Place. He lived with a family but had a key to the house and could come and go as he pleased.

Detective Wood glanced over at Korbacher. It seemed a plausible enough story except for one thing: Shawn was lying through his teeth.

"The bartender said they left together, and he was emphatic about that," Detective Wood said. "The other thing is, Kuizenga lived just a few blocks away from the Capri and had a car. Shawn didn't have a car and lived in north Oceanside, about five miles away on the other side of town. It was a freezing cold night and it seemed logical that he might have asked for a ride home. But he didn't. According to Shawn, when closing time rolled around he and the reverend got up and walked out of the place like perfect strangers."

Shawn was cooperative, but vague about facts. The investigators had to pull the information out of him, bit by bit. But in those early morning hours the two men learned a great deal about the pint-sized, taciturn witness.

For one thing, his name was Paul Emmett Kelly, son of circus performer Emmett Kelly II, and grandson of the world famed circus clown Emmett Kelly, creator of the memorable Weary Willie character. Paul had joined up with his father's traveling circus show, but had a falling out and had gone free-

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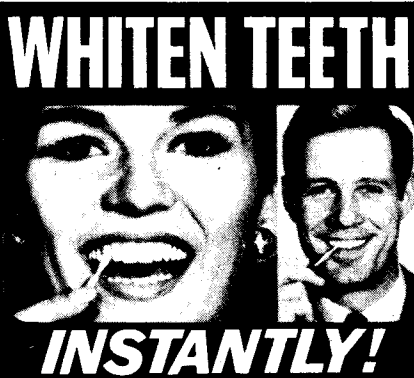
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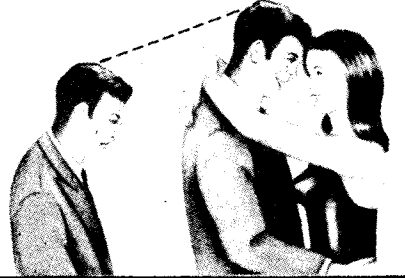
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lance, with some measure of success. He worked here and there at a variety of professions, everything from being a female impersonator, to performing in the circus as a clown acrobat. It was as an acrobat that he achieved his greatest acclaim. He was a skilled high-wire artist, even though a train mishap early in his life had forced the amputation of his leg at the knee. Circus aficionados had marveled at the talents of the little man with the silly wig and earring in one ear. They had said he had ability to be the best of the three generations of Kellys.

Kelly was bi-sexual, but that didn't bother him. He was gay and proud of it and quick to tell you so if for some reason you wanted to know. He also had a prison record. Kelly told the detectives, "I went to jail in Connecticut in 1977 for assaulting this guy."

Kelly said he had traveled quite a bit in his profession, moving from circus to circus, state to state, and had decided to stay in the Oceanside area for a while because he had family here. He didn't have a steady job and was vague about how he earned a living.

They questioned Kelly until 4 a.m. After a search which included photographs, fingerprinting, fingernail scrapings, hair and blood samples, the detectives offered to drive Kelly home.

At the door of his house, Detective Wood asked if it would be all right to check his room, just to put his mind at ease.

Kelly said no, then changed his mind and made the two lawmen wait at the front door while he went inside to put the watch dog in the back yard.

"Well, there goes the evidence down the toilet," Detective Korbacher mused. They were strapped by court rulings preventing house searches without probable cause and had to wait outside until Kelly decided to let them in.

He certainly wasn't putting the dog in the back yard. Because when Kelly reappeared at the front door, 15 minutes later, the household pooch was yapping at his heels. Kelly had apparently forgotten the reason for his abrupt disappearance into the house.

The lawen went into the bedroom and "tore the place apart" looking for evidence. They found nothing in the room except for a trunk full of circus costumes, a few personal items. About the only thing odd was the pungent odor of Pine Sol. The place smelled like an Oregon pine forest after a spring rain.

At 5:30 a.m. the investigators called it an evening and went home.

Oceanside, Sunday. The churches were full, and so were the bars—Oceanside is a military town, after all. Detective Wood went back to the Kir-

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"I'm a great believer in marriage," says the owner. "The concept of living through life with the girl of your choice is such a beautiful thing.

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With mirrors on the ceilings and walls, soft lights, and adult movies on closed circuit TV, the Downers Grove, Illinois motel is frequented by such solid citizens as policemen, firemen, bankers and lawyers and their wives. Their ages range from 40 to 60.

Whether checking into a soundproof "love cottage" for the night, or opting for a special three-hour session for \$30, the owner claims that most couples return for more visits.

It's respectable and yet a sex spa—what more could a midwestern town ask for?

—C.C.

mar Place house. Kelly was gone, so he talked with the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Bradford.

Mrs. Bradford said that Paul had been a lodger for about a month. He was a pleasant enough sort of guy, and he paid his rent on time and kept to himself. She said she didn't know much about Paul, because he kept late hours and they didn't see much of each other.

Det. Wood asked if Paul owned a small portable Quasar television, or if she had seen one in his room.

"No, I haven't," she admitted.

On Monday morning, the investigators received supplement reports from Connecticut on Kelly's 1977 assault conviction. They both went through the pages of documents. It was no ordinary report. Kelly had attacked a pedestrian without provocation, with a claw hammer, seriously injuring him. The assault had eventually earned Kelly a few months in prison, but it was the weapon used in the attack that caught the detective's attention. The quarter-sized markings on Reverend Kuizenga's body could easily have been made by a claw hammer.

Later that morning, patrol officers found Kuizenga's missing blue Toyota. It was parked just a block away from the municipal pier. A parking citation dated Sunday morning was stuck under the wiper blade. This meant the car had been ticketed just hours after

police had finished talking to Kelly. The meter maid who had issued the ticket had apparently forgotten about the missing-hold-murder alert placed on the car. Lab Technicians quickly went over the vehicle but found the inside had been wiped down. Somebody didn't want to leave any fingerprints behind.

Later the same day, the owners of the North Strand Way cottage where Kuizenga had stayed arrived at the Oceanside police station with the warranty for the missing television set. Detective Wood glanced at the warranty, which contained the serial numbers of the television, and noticed the warranty was for a Sony TV and not a Quasar.

"I thought it was a Quasar," said the embarrassed woman. "But when I looked at the warranty, I saw it was a Sony."

A small mistake, one anyone could have overlooked. But if Det. Wood had not asked for the warranty and noticed the oversight, the Kuizenga case might have gone unsolved.

At 5 p.m. Detectives Korbacher and Wood left work. Det. Wood still wanted to show the Bradford s some photos of the Kuizenga car and since they lived on his way home, he decided to stop by.

Mr. Bradford studied snapshots of the faded blue car, then touching the car with an index finger said: "Down the street. I saw a car just like that one. I passed it every morning I went to work."

Bradford's identification put the blue Toyota only blocks from Kelly's house. Another piece of evidence tying to Kuizenga.

As he stood in the house, the detective glanced around the living room until he spotted something that had not been there on the first visit—a portable television. It sat on top of the Bradford's bulky console in the corner.

"Is that yours?" he asked the Bradfords.

"Why, no," Mrs. Bradford said. "That's Paul's. Our TV is on the blink and Paul said we could use his, that he had just paid \$40 to get it out of the repair shop."

Like hell! Detective Wood thought. That was stolen from the North Strand cottage.

He went to the set. It was a Sony portable just like the one stolen from the cottage. He turned the set around and saw the serial number sticker had been pulled off the back. Inside the frame was a second serial number, one that was stamped into the medal. The back was removed and the numbers matched. The TV set, which Kelly said had been in the shop for repairs, was the one taken Friday evening from Reverend Kuizenga's rented cottage.

Det. Wood asked where Kelly had



gone. The landlady said he was visiting friends in Carlsbad, just a few miles away. Would she contact the friend and see if Kelly was still there?

Mrs. Bradford said she would, although she was a little puzzled. All this fuss over a Sony television. She picked up the phone and a few seconds later was talking to Paul Kelly. She asked if he was going to be in Carlsbad long and if he was coming home for dinner.

"I'm staying here," Kelly said. That's exactly what Det. Wood wanted to hear.

The detective contacted his partner and the two men went immediately to Carlsbad. They were joined by more Oceanside police, and for the next few hours the lawmen "sat on the house" waiting for Kelly to leave.

Thirty minutes passed. Then an hour. Suddenly the front door opened and Kelly, another man and a woman left the house for a car parked in the driveway. They never made it.

Police quickly surrounded the trio. The girl and the other man were questioned and detained briefly. They were eventually released.

Kelly was taken to the police station, back to the interrogation room, where just two days before he had talked to the same two detectives. This time the lawmen were joined by Deputy District Attorney Brad Hallen.

The two detectives laid out the evidence, like so many trump cards. Kelly and Kuizenga had been seen leaving the Capri bar together. The next morning Kuizenga was found dead in his bungalow the victim of a fierce bludgeoning. The weapon used in the attack was a hammer. Kelly had been once convicted of a similar assault in Connecticut. The victim's car had been seen parked a few doors down from where Kelly lived. The victim's television was found in Kelly's room.

Kelly didn't deny the facts. "He wasn't going to cop out to anything until he knew we had him," Det. Wood said.

The one time acrobat-circus clown admitted going back to Kuizenga's North Strand apartment. "He invited me back so I went," he said. "But I didn't kill him." When he left, he maintained, Kuizenga was still alive.

Late that evening San Diego police Sgt. Joe Kennedy and Det. Dick Thwing then took a turn at the elusive little acrobat.

The two detectives had been investigating the murder of Brent Bailey, the Los Angeles antique dealer. They knew that Bailey had placed a phone call from an Oceanside gay bar on the night he died, but they had no suspects in the case—until that evening.

During a body search prior to the interrogation, Oceanside police had found a square shaped French watch.



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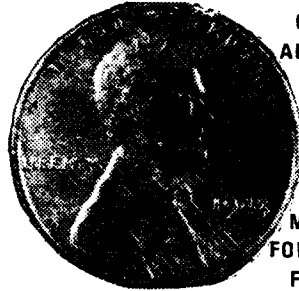
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The same type of watch Bailey was wearing the night he was killed. The lawmen naturally wanted to know how an indigent circus performer came into the possession of a watch easily worth over \$1,000.

Kelly had an explanation, albeit a rather pitiful one. Kelly said he had found the watch behind a juke box at a bar. The two San Diego lawmen said Kelly was full of crap, that no one dropped a \$1,000 watch behind a juke and he was feeding them a line—a line they wouldn't swallow.

Five minutes into the interrogation Kelly asked to go to the bathroom. In the washroom Kelly turned to Det. Wood and said, "When I get through here, I want you to get out your tape recorder because I am only going to tell you this once."

The two San Diego lawmen left and the Oceanside detectives and the deputy district attorney sat down with Kelly. "I killed both of them," was Kelly's opening sentence.

He said he had gone back to the North Strand cottage to have sex with the older man he had met at the Capri bar. An argument broke out between both men and a struggle ensued. Kelly said he grabbed the claw hammer he always kept near him, and gave Kuizenga a whack on the head. He kept hitting Kuizenga until he stopped moving. Kelly didn't know if he was dead, but he wasn't going to hang around to find out. As he got up to leave, he saw the portable TV. "I needed a TV so I took it," Kelly said. He also took the reverend's Toyota. It was a cold night and he needed a way to get home.

The Bailey murder had been a sex thing, too. He had met the Los Angeles antique dealer at the Capri and after a bunch of drinks, he and Bailey went back to the house for some more talk and some sex. Kelly said he told Bailey he rented a room from a couple, but they knew he was homosexual and didn't care who he brought into the house, as long as they kept to themselves and kept the noise down.

Kelly said he was flying on LSD that night and didn't know what was going on. They were in the bedroom and Bailey had his clothes off and he had his clothes off and then Bailey was getting aggressive and trying to force some sex on him. So he grabbed the claw hammer and, wham, hit him on the head. Bailey fell back on the bed and he hit him again, and again. Kelly said he clubbed him real good and there was blood all over the place—so much blood that it had soaked right through the mattress. But Bailey wasn't dead, he was still gurgling. Kelly said he wanted to put Bailey out of his misery, so he got some rags and stuffed them down Bailey's throat and put tape over his mouth.

After he quit breathing, Kelly dragged the body out to Bailey's car, then drove to San Diego and parked on Columbia Street in downtown. He then walked to the train station and took the train back to Oceanside.

The murder in the bedroom helped explain the odor of Pine Sol the investigators smelled early Sunday morning. Kelly said there was so much blood on the bed mattress that he had to flip it over. But it began to smell after a few days, so took a bottle of Pine Sol and poured it over the bloodstains.

After finishing his statement, Kelly was arrested and charged with two counts of first degree murder. He was held in the brand new county jail in Vista until a trial could be scheduled.

In January 1980, Kelly told psychiatrist Dr. Walt Griswold that he had flipped out and killed Bailey and Kuizenga because both men had tried to force him to "engage in anal intercourse." There was some doubts as to the veracity of this statement. Kuizenga, for example, had been lying on his back with his eyes closed when Kelly began to hammer on him. And Bailey had also been attacked from the front on the bed, implying that no violent struggle had occurred. Kelly had also been examined by psychologist Abigail Dickson. She agreed with Dr. Griswold that Kelly was not "psychotic" and that he had a recognition of

right and wrong far above the average. He had good control over reality.

"However," she added, "there is obviously something organically amiss."

Kelly will have plenty of time behind bars to figure out what is wrong with him. On August 19, 1980, Kelly pleaded guilty to two counts of murder.

The heir to the sad-faced Weary Willie appeared subdued during his quick court appearance. On September 16, 1980, he was sentenced to two life sentences. He will have to wait 17 years before he can even apply for parole.

It was a farewell performance for the circus acrobat and direct heir to the most famous circus clown of all time. "Kelly wanted more than anything, to be a popular clown like his late grandfather," Prosecutor George Beal told a reporter. "He tried for a while and was successful. But he failed to achieve his dream under the Big Top."

For Paul Kelly there will be no Big Top for quite a while. Just the Big House. ◆◆◆

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

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

## A Silk Garrote . . .

*(Continued from page 29)*

knees. Around her throat they could see a man's very loud-patterned necktie which had been knotted and pulled so tightly that folds of the flesh of her throat overlapped it. The skin of her exposed body was the color of cream on the verge of going sour, but her face was hideous, a mottled blue black that comes in the early stages of decomposition.

Bedlam filled the air as the children, after their initial shocked surprise, began yelling and screaming unintelligibly. In another second they all turned and began running back toward the bridge, but they found that the man on the bridge who had directed them to the red bundle had vanished. In any event, they didn't want to play along the tracks any more, so they climbed up to the street and scattered in all directions, pausing now and then to tell some adult they encountered about what they had found near the railroad. Some of the adults suspected the kids were pulling their legs and paid no attention to the stories, but others took the tale seriously and hastened to the bridge to take a look for themselves.

While all this was happening, the man who had been on the bridge and sent the youngsters to investigate the bundle of red something or other, was knocking on the door of a lady whose name was Henriette Sonneur. She would say later that he seemed quite upset.

He asked if he might use her telephone. "The children playing along the tracks have found a dead woman out there. I want to call the police and tell them about it."

Madame Sonneur was shocked, but she didn't think twice about giving him permission to come in and use her telephone. She told him it was in the kitchen. He went there, but his hands were trembling so badly that he had trouble dialing, so he asked her to do it. She did so, gave the message to the police, told them to come to her house and the man there would lead them to the body.

Two unmarked police vehicles pulled up in front of Madame Sonneur's home a little while later. Alighting from the first one was Inspector Georges Daumier, a lean, tall, graying gentleman, neatly and conservatively attired and looking more like a mid-level corporate executive than a detective. Daumier was attached to the Criminal Investigations Division of the police in

Jumet. As a senior investigator, he had compiled an enviable record of achievement.

The detective who got out of the second car was his assistant, Detective Sergeant Martin Messier. The sergeant was as unlike his boss as two men can get. Messier was built like a short wrestler, with a bull neck and a worried look on his face that seemed to be his permanent expression. The two officers found the witness from the railroad bridge sitting in Madame Sonneur's kitchen, sipping coffee and cognac, not necessarily in that order. One or the other seemed to have helped him, because his hands were no longer trembling.

Madame Sonneur introduced him only as "the man who came here to use the telephone to report the discovery of a body on the railroad tracks." Apparently, she had not obtained his name. Insp. Daumier asked him to produce some identification.

The identity card he handed the inspector bore his picture and the name, Jean Chimay, 39 years of age. Asked where he lived, Chimay said he was not employed at the moment and was residing at the Cirque St. Georges, which was an institution similar to the Salvation Army.

Handing back the man's identity card, Insp. Daumier asked him to tell them about the corpse he had reported.

"I'll take you to it," Chimay said. Draining the last few drops of cognac from the glass before him, he rose and led the way out of the house. Ignoring the police cars when he reached the sidewalk, he turned right and headed toward the railroad bridge, which was no more than 50 meters distant from Madame Sonneur's house.

At the bridge, meanwhile, the crowd drawn there by reports from the scattering children had swelled to such proportions that Sgt. Messier had to push his way roughly through the throng, running interference, as it were, for the inspector and Monsieur Chimay. Burly as he was, however, even the sergeant reached an impasse when at the middle of the horde of people trying to get closer to the bridge railing, he could move no farther. Insp. Daumier reached in his pocket and produced his police identification.

"We are the Criminal Police," he announced loudly. "In a few moments we will collect all identity cards so you can all be summoned witnesses."

His words dispersed the mob as effectively as a firehose would have. In less than four minutes, Daumier, the sergeant, and the witness, Jean Chimay, were the only persons standing on the bridge. At the inspector's command, Chimay clambered down the embankment at the near end of the bridge and led the way down the tracks

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to where the corpse had been found by the children. A few stragglers from the curious crowd scattered as the official party approached. Sgt. Messier quickly squatted beside the corpse and made a quick examination. In a moment he stood up.

"Clearly homicide," he reported to the inspector. "Do you want me to call headquarters?"

"At once," Insp. Daumier said. "We will want the doctor, an ambulance, and some men from the police laboratory. I don't know how much they'll be able to find, what with all these people who overran this site, but at least they can photograph the body and the surrounding area."

Turning then to the witness, Daumier said: "M. Chimay, would you say this was the way the body was found? Has anything changed since you first saw it?"

Jean Chimay, his complexion now a bilious shade of green, looked as if he was going to vomit. He was a seedy looking little man, and at the moment his health did not look good.

"I didn't see it—the body—I didn't see it close up before," he said. "But I don't think anything has been changed." He seemed to want to say something more but he was having difficulty getting the words out. The in-

spector asked him what he was trying to say.

"I—I think I know this woman," he said weakly. "If she is the one I'm thinking of, her name is Terese Boulanger. She lives over in the Rue Namur."

Insp. Daumier, eyeing the man critically, said: "Go over there and sit on the grass, Chimay. I'll talk to you about this later. You look like you're about to collapse."

**S**gt. Messier had disappeared in the direction of the street above and Daumier hoped the police reinforcements he would ask for would arrive quickly. As Jean Chimay took a seat on the grass with his back to the corpse, Daumier knelt beside the body and began examining the gaudy necktie which had been knotted around the dead woman's throat.

"She cannot have been dead very long," he muttered. This guess would be confirmed shortly with the arrival of the police physician, Dr. Leopold Valcourt.

Valcourt estimated the woman had been dead no more than about two hours. "The cause of death apparently was strangulation. There do not seem to be any marks on the body, no defen-

sive wounds to indicate that she struggled against her assailant. Also, she doesn't seem to have been raped, so far as visible evidence is concerned. The autopsy may tell us something different, however."

Insp. Daumier told the doctor he would like to have the postmortem performed as quickly as possible, and that he would release the body as soon as the photographers had finished taking pictures.

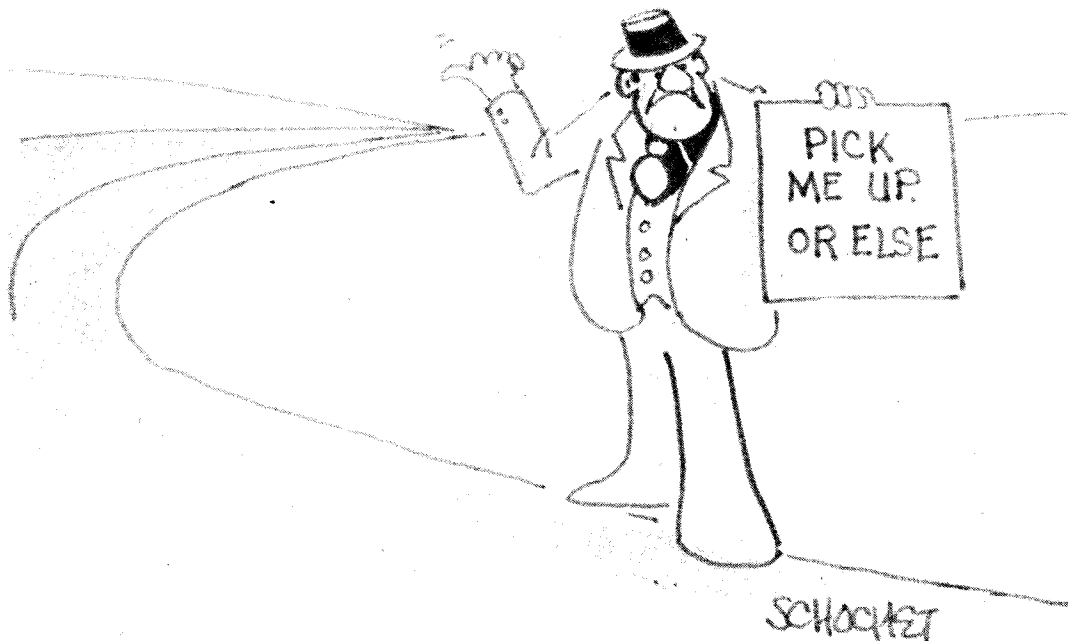
Meanwhile, technicians from the police laboratory who had followed the ambulance to the scene had scattered over the area in a search of the ground beside the tracks, and the bushes and shrubs alongside the railroad right of way. Soon after the doctor had departed one of the technicians approached the inspector with the news.

"We have found a pile of feminine clothes," he reported. "They seem to be hers—the dead woman's, I mean—and it is a complete outfit. Dress, slip, bra and panties, shoes and stockings. Would you like to see the stuff?"

The inspector said he would and followed the forensic specialist into the bushes less than a hundred feet from where the body had been found. He scrutinized a neat pile of lady's clothing.

"Well," Daumier said a moment

#### Master Detective



later, "it sure as hell doesn't look like she was forcibly assaulted, does it? Every item of clothing here is neatly folded, and carefully laid out, just the way a woman would do it herself."

"That's why I wanted you to see it," the technician said. "The way it looks, she took off all her clothes herself, folded them and placed them carefully in this neat pile beside the bushes."

"The question I have to ask, of course, is, why?"

"She could have done it under duress," Insp. Daumier speculated. "Dr. Valcourt says she wasn't raped, but that doesn't really mean anything. I can name a half-dozen sex freaks—all of them at large—who might get their kicks from forcing a woman to strip out in the open air even if they didn't—or couldn't—accomplish the act of rape."

"One more thing," he added. "Did you find any sign of her handbag or purse. Women rarely go far without one."

"We looked, but we found no sign of it," the technician said. "And there were no papers in her clothing. So far, we don't have a clue as to who she is, what her name is, where she came from. Nothing."

"It may not be all that important," Daumier observed. "The chap who led us to the body thinks he knows the dead woman, although we're not sure about that yet. That reminds me, though, we're going to have to run a check on Monsieur Chimay himself."

"Is he the one who found the body?" the technician asked. When Daumier nodded affirmatively, he went on, "He doesn't look like he had enough strength to kill a flea. Besides, he's wearing a necktie."

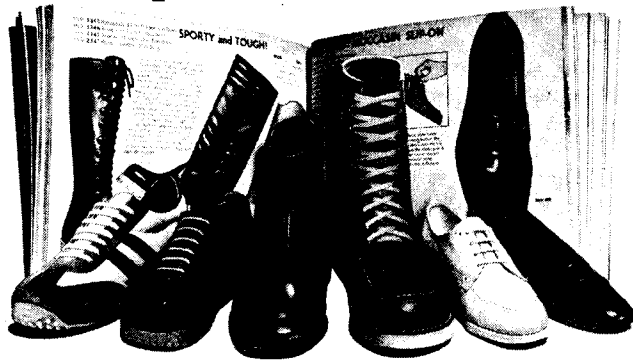
"And the woman was strangled with a necktie," said the inspector, picking up the man's thought. "You make a point. One would hardly expect a killer to be running about with two neckties—one tied around his neck in the accepted fashion, and the other in his pocket, just in case he feels like strangling someone."

"That tie around the victim's throat—that was a horrible pattern, wasn't it? And when you think about the shabby clothes on M. Jean Chimay, that tie seems quite out of character."

The crime scene technician grinned. "Right," he said. "He looks more like a career bum, not the type who'd favor pure silk neckwear, loud or otherwise. Do we know anything about this fellow?" Insp. Daumier said that Chimay had told him he was living at the Cirque St. Georges, because he was temporarily out of a job.

"I suspect, though," the inspector went on, that that condition is more chronic than temporary. In any case, we'll have to run a check on him. I grant you he does seem like an unlikely

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suspect, but you never can tell."

Sgt. Messier observed that while he agreed Chimay didn't look like much of a suspect, he thought it was possible that Chimay could have killed the woman. "He just told me they once had an intimate relationship. I'll start checking on his movements."

Messier did his usual thorough investigation in the matter of the "alibi" offered by Jean Chimay. When he had finished, however, his findings tended to exculpate, rather than inculpate the shabby little man. According to Chimay's own statement, he had been at a cafe almost a quarter of a mile from the scene of the slaying until shortly before four o'clock.

At that time, he said, he started to walk back to his lodgings at the Cirque St. Georges. Enroute, he crossed the bridge over the railway. The noise of the children attracted his attention, and as he looked over the bridge at them, he happened to notice the red object in the distance.

"It looked so out of place on the ground beside the tracks," he told Sgt. Messier, "that I asked the children to go find out what it was."

Insp. Daumier considered the story carefully and said he could find no reason for doubting Chimay's story.

Checking at the cafe where Chimay said he had spent most of the afternoon, Messier found a waiter who confirmed the man's story, except, that he could not remember exactly when Chimay left.

Backtracking the movements of Terese Boulanger, the slaying victim, had not been so easy. In his own investigation, Sgt. Messier had been unable

to find anyone who had seen the woman. A couple of detectives, though, had located the restaurant where she had eaten her last meal. From what employes there could recall, it appeared that she had been alone, when she left.

"We seem to be drawing a complete blank, so far," Messier reported to Insp. Daumier. "We are trying to trace that loud necktie now, but I don't know if we're going to have any luck. We're checking all the shops where men's ties are sold, but according to the lab men, the damn tie wasn't new. There's no telling where it was bought, or by whom."

As the sergeant had feared, his men had no luck at all in trying to trace the necktie which had been used as a garotte on the woman victim, but before the weekend was up, an anonymous tip was received at police headquarters which seemed likely to provide the first important clue in the case.

The tipster was a man, and he telephoned the communications section and said he had read about the murder in the newspapers. He thought the police should know that he had seen Terese Boulanger in the company of a man on Thursday afternoon.

Thursday, of course, was the day she had been found murdered.

The officer who took the anonymous call reported that the caller appeared to have known both the victim and the male escort by sight, at least, because he said the man was tall and had a dark complexion. And he had one more piece of information to impart which looked promising.

He said this man could usually be found around a tavern in the city's slum district. The tavern was called Petit Chou, and officers who patrolled the district recognized the name at once. They said it was a real dive and they had been dispatched there many times to quell disturbances and break up fights.

The anonymous call was received at headquarters late Saturday evening. Insp. Daumier and Sgt. Messier were off duty, but they had left word to be notified of any important developments, and the communications department head called them at once to tell them about the anonymous phone call. Messier conferred by phone with the inspector, who told him to go to the Petit Chou at once and see what he could find, and then to advise him. He cautioned the sergeant not to go to the tavern alone. "Take at least two men with you," he ordered Messier. "I'll wait here at home for your call."

Insp. Daumier had a long wait. Messier and his two detectives waited at the disreputable tavern until closing time, which was half-past one on Sun-

day morning, but the tall, dark-complexioned man never put in an appearance. The officers had no luck in learning anything about their unknown quarry, either. Neither the customers nor the tavern personnel would give the time of day to any police officer, and as Messier told the inspector, "You just can't fool them—they knew we were the police the minute we set foot in the place."

Insp. Daumier told Messier, in effect, to hang in there and go back again Sunday evening. "It doesn't make any difference whether they know you or not," he said. "It's the only lead we've got."

**S**o the sergeant and his two detectives were back there Sunday night, and this time they got lucky. At around 10 p.m. they saw a man walk into the tavern by himself. He was tall, and he had a dark complexion. He was clearly nervous as he approached the bar and ordered a Calvados, which he downed in one gulp. And he became even more nervous when Sgt. Messier tapped him on the shoulder, identified himself as a police officer, and said he would like the man to accompany him to the police station to answer a few questions.

When Messier and his detectives had the man in their unmarked car, the sergeant radioed headquarters and instructed them to notify Insp. Daumier that they had their suspect in custody and were taking him to Daumier's office. The inspector drove there at once, arriving only moments behind the sergeant and his party. The tall, swarthy suspect sat silently in a chair in front of Daumier's desk. Sgt. Messier said he had not uttered a word since they took him in custody except to answer his questions about name, occupation, address etc.

He had told Messier his name was Francois Demas, 39. He said he was a laborer in the construction trades and was employed by a local company, which he named.

All of this information was superfluous for the inspector, however. After taking a long look at the man across his desk he said, "I know you, Francois Demas. Assault and grievous bodily harm. When did you get out?"

"Two months ago," Demas answered in a surly tone.

The inspector nodded as he said, "That seems about right." Demas, he noted, was a powerfully built man with long, sinewy arms and hands the size of hams. He apparently had a nervous tick that kept his left eye blinking open and shut constantly. Daumier asked the sergeant to walk down the hall to the records bureau and pull the file for Francois Demas. Messier left and was

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back in about five minutes.

"That's an impressive record," he said as he handed the folder to Insp. Daumier. "A long string of assaults on women, you'll notice.

"I know," the inspector said. "A question, Demas. On the afternoon of July 12th—last Thursday—where were you at that time?"

The suspect bristled and his face got very red. "The hell with all that routine!" he exclaimed. "I know you're going to pin it on me, anyway; let's save time and just say I confess. I did it, whatever it was."

"You confess to the murder of Madame Terese Boulanger?" the inspector asked an instant after he turned on the tape recorder which sat on the desk between him and the suspect.

By his reaction, the question took Demas by surprise. His jaw dropped. His swarthy features turned gray. "Murder?" he said. "Murder? Madame who? I never murdered anybody! That's not my style. What the hell are you talking about? What are you trying to pin on me?"

Insp. Daumier told him the victim's name and said the police had information that Demas had been with her on the afternoon of the day she was murdered.

Demas protested that he'd never heard of a Terese Boulanger, and he sure as hell never killed her.

"Then what were you confessing to?" Sgt. Messier asked him.

"Oh, it was just a little trouble I had with a bigmouth whore who tried to clip me for twenty dollars an hour when she said she'd charge me ten. I belted her—just once, and it didn't hurt her much, just scared her. Besides, that happened Wednesday, not Thursday."

"Let's get back to Thursday then," the inspector said quietly. "Where were you Thursday afternoon?"

"Working on the big sewer project just down the street from here," Demas snapped. "And I was in a ten-man work gang, with a foreman watching us every minute. Go check on it."

The inspector told him they certainly would check on it, but he was already convinced that Francois Demas was telling the truth. Even a criminal with his record would not dare to give an alibi which could be checked so easily. Subsequent events would confirm the man's story. Daumier was sure he knew what had happened.

The anonymous tipster very likely was himself the murderer, and knowing about Demas' reputation for assaulting women, he had set the man up, hoping that the police would take the irresistible bait of snaring such a suspect and charge him with the murder of Terese Boulanger.

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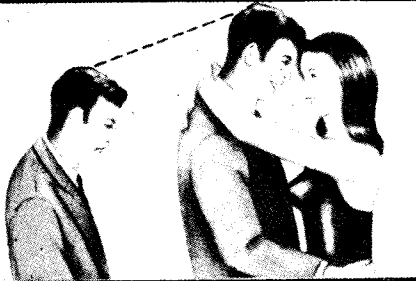
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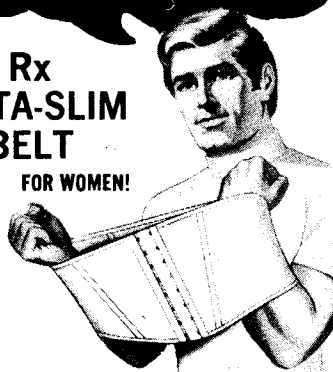
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Demas locked up for the night, pending a check of his story. Sgt. Messier contacted the construction company first thing in the morning. The foreman corroborated the man's story, and Demas was released. There might have been reason to hold him if the whore he said he had struck had filed a complaint, but the police never heard from her.

Insp. Daumier was at his desk early on Monday morning and he went to work with the attitude of a man who had realized nothing had worked before so it was imperative that the whole problem should be reviewed, from the very beginning.

After brewing a pot of coffee, he pulled the file on the Terese Boulanger murder investigation and began studying the reports. The earliest entries in the file—the ones about the discovery of the body—contained nothing that he found very significant. Then he came to the reports on the interrogation of the shabby little fellow who had spotted the red object on the tracks which turned out to be the body of a woman.

Jean Chimay. Perhaps, Daumier reflected, he had too hastily dismissed this gentleman as a suspect worthy of consideration as the murderer of a woman.

The file showed that when he was asked about his relationship with Terese Boulanger, Chimay had said: "We were living together for a while. We even planned to get married. She was divorced, and so am I, and we thought it might work out all right. She is ten years older than I am, but she looked a lot younger."

"That would make her forty-nine years old," the inspector had said. "That body didn't look like the body of a forty-nine year old woman to me, thirty-five to forty, maybe, but not forty-nine."

"Terese had a marvelous figure," Chimay commented. "She was very proud of it."

"When did you begin living together, and when did you break off your relationship?" Daumier asked.

"We got together a year and a half ago, and we lived together for six months," Chimay replied. "It was just about a year ago that we broke up. Actually we broke up because we couldn't find any place to stay. Terese had two married daughters from her first marriage. One is 22 and the other is 27."

"But they didn't like it because we weren't married, and you know how people talk in a small city like this. We finally had to move, so we took a couple of rooms downtown, but as soon as the landlady found out we were not married, she kicked us out. We decided then that we'd better forget the whole thing."

That was the most important segment of the transcript of Chimay's in-



terrogation. Insp. Daumier next turned to the report of the crime laboratory technicians. The first entry indicated that nothing important had been found in examination of the clothes believed to have been worn by the victim and then folded and stacked in a neat pile not far from the body.

"We don't even have any positive evidence that the clothes belonged to the murder victim," the crime lab chief had said. "They are more or less her size, but if she was wearing them they were hand-me-downs, or she bought them second hand."

Next Daumier checked the report on the Rue Namur address where Jean Chimay had told detectives Terese Boulanger had been living. Apparently she no longer resided there. Sgt. Messier explained that the landlady told him she evicted Mme. Boulanger because she had been keeping a man in her room.

"That probably was Jean Chimay," the inspector had remarked. "The date would have been about right."

Dr. Valcourt's postmortem report next claimed the inspector's attention. He had written:

"The subject of this autopsy report represents the corpse of an adult female, Caucasian. Height: five feet, four inches. Weight, 122 pounds. Eyes, blue. Hair, medium brown. Estimated age: 48 to 50 years.

"Subject was in excellent health at the time of her death. No surgical scars, and only minor dental work.

"The cause of death is established as strangulation through the medium of the man's silk necktie found knotted around the victim's throat. The victim suffered no other injuries, nor is there evidence of any resistance on her part.

"Examination of the genital area shows no indication of forcible rape, but the subject was in a state of sexual arousal shortly prior to her death. The indications are that she had engaged in sexual intercourse at least once—possibly more than once—within a period not more than one hour before her death.

"The time of death was between 2:30 and 3:30 on the afternoon of July 12, 1979.

"Analysis of the stomach contents and of the blood indicate ingestion of a modest quantity of alcohol, roughly equivalent to two glasses of wine, and a meal consisting of sausages, fried potatoes, and salad, approximately three hours prior to death.

"Distinctive features include an unusually youthful appearance of the body, a small triangular scar on the right forearm, and a mole under the left breast. It is probable that the woman normally wore glasses."

Insp. Daumier had assigned Sgt. Messier the task of trying to locate the

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restaurant where Terese Boulanger had taken her last meal, advising him as he did so that it would probably have been a modest restaurant that catered to working people, judging by the stomach contents reported by Dr. Valcourt.

The search for this restaurant had taken a couple of days, but the results were disappointing. Terese Boulanger had been known to the people who worked there, and while they confirmed that she had eaten lunch there around noontime, everyone questioned had been certain that the woman was alone, not only when she came in, but while she was eating her lunch and when she departed.

Up until this fact had been established, the inspector had purposely delayed notifying the daughters of the victim. Jean Chimay had been somewhat less than positive that the victim was actually who he thought it was, and Daumier had been hoping they would be able to get a more positive identification before it became necessary to approach the married daughters of Terese Boulanger.

Now, however, he felt it was time.

The two ladies were contacted by detectives and taken to the morgue to view the body. Both made positive identifications. Beyond that, however, they were not very helpful.

They admitted that they had not maintained close contact with their mother for quite some time, because of their unhappiness with her lifestyle. They said they knew virtually nothing about her associations, and they did not, in fact, even know where she had been living.

That problem later was solved, however, by checking at the residents' registry. The biggest disappointment, from the inspector's standpoint, in the interview with the victim's daughters, had been that they could tell him nothing about their mother's recent associations.

"To judge by the autopsy report," he said, "it would seem likely that Terese Boulanger had known her murderer well. He is probably the one with whom she was having sexual intercourse just before she was killed."

The last item in the investigation file that occupied the inspector's attention for a considerable period was the report on Sgt. Messier's investigation of the movements of Jean Chimay on the afternoon the body was found. For all practical purposes, the sergeant's findings had clearly exonerated Chimay from suspicion.

The Francois Demas chapter of the probe had been a dismal disappointment, but Insp. Daumier was not surprised by this. He reasoned that it would simply have been too pat. Demas was too good a suspect to be true.

Despite that disappointment, however, Sgt. Messier found, to his surprise, that the inspector was in a surprisingly good mood when he arrived at the office on Monday morning. The explanation was forthcoming.

He told Messier that he had just finished an intensive study of the complete file on the case, and he had been struck by one thing.

"When the Demas angle fell apart on us last night," he said, "I believed, as I am sure you did, that the anonymous caller who had tipped us about the tall, dark-complexioned suspect at Petit Chous was probably the killer himself, trying to throw us onto a false track. Almost surely he knew about Demas' reputation for assaulting women.

"Now, Sgt. Messier, I want you to do something. Go down to the communications section and pull the tape of that anonymous call. Also get me the tape of the call from Jean Chimay when he reported the discovery of the body on the tracks."

When the sergeant returned he said that he had found the tape of the anonymous caller, but that Chimay had not made the call to report the body discovery. "That call was made by a woman named Henriette Sonneur. She's the woman to whose house he went to use the telephone."

For a few moments, the inspector seemed to be non-plussed by this development, but suddenly his face lit up. "Of course," he said. "That's it."

"That's what?" the sergeant asked.

"I'll tell you, sergeant. When Chimay led us to where the corpse was, he told he had not seen it close up, didn't he? So how did he know that it was a dead woman? It could have been a man, even a child.

"How good a view of the body site can you get from that bridge where he was standing? That's where he said he was, didn't he?"

"That's right!" Sgt. Messier exclaimed. "He said he was on the bridge, but when we were down there with the corpse, you could hardly see the bridge at all from where she was lying."

Daumier ordered the sergeant to go and get Jean Chimay and bring him in at once. "I want to see what he has to say about this."

Jean Chimay was obviously nervous when he walked into the inspector's office, and he became even more nervous as Daumier laid it all out for him. When the inspector stopped talking, he gulped a few times, his eyes swept the circle of faces of the inspector, the sergeant, and two detectives who were present, as well as a police stenographer.

"I might as well tell the truth," he



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finally said, his voice very low. "You are right, of course. I did it."

The statement seemed to relieve his feelings, and from that point, he launched into his confession almost cheerfully.

As it turned out, it was one of the strangest murder confessions the inspector had ever heard, for it provided almost no insight into the killer's true motives.

It was obvious, too, that Chimay himself seemed not to fully understand why he had done what he had done.

"We were so happy," he said sorrowfully. "We had found our way back to each other and we were going to get married at last. I left the cafe much earlier than I said I did. I thought the waiter would not remember the time.

"I met Terese then, and we walked to the railroad tracks. We were like two lovers, young lovers. I had worked a few hours the day before and I had some money in my pocket. Everything was wonderful. We took off our clothes and we made love in the bushes.

"It was after that that Terese picked up her blouse and some money fell out of her pocket. About ten dollars. 'Oh, here's some more money we can spend,' she said. She was still happy, but I thought, Where did that money come from?

"I asked her, and she just made a joke of it, but I was certain that she had sold her body to someone else.

"I was furious. I seized her by the throat and I screamed, 'You deceived me! You had another man!'

"She tried to say something, but I was squeezing her throat. Finally her face turned blue, and I became afraid.

"I let go of her. I even tried to give her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, but it didn't work.

"All I could think of then was to try to make the police think that I hadn't done it. You know what I did then."

"What about the necktie?" Inspector Daumier asked. "Was that your tie?"

"It was a present Terese had brought me that day," Chimay said. "She got it out of a trash barrel. I thought it would mislead you, which was what I wanted to do.

"I did something else to mislead you, too. I was the one who telephoned headquarters and said that Terese had been with Francois Demas. I was hoping you would think he was the one who had killed her. He is a terrible man."

Arraigned in court, Jean Chimay was ordered held for trial on a charge of murder.

"For poor Terese," one of her friends had told detectives, "life was just one thing after another."

The record seemed to bear that out, and in view of that sorry history, it did not seem illogical that the last thing in her life was murder. ♦♦♦

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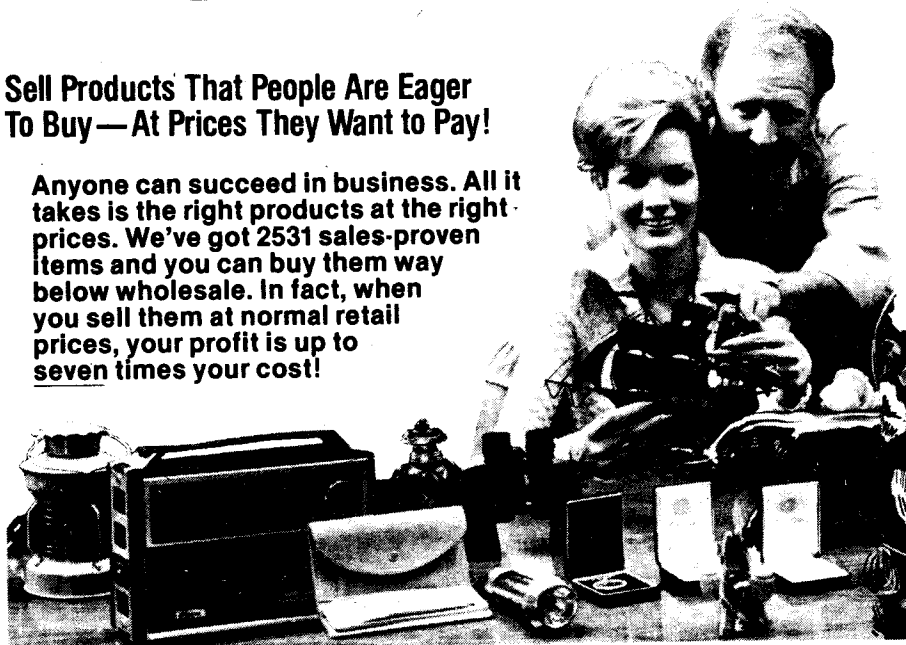
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Whatever method you choose to sell our products—from mail order to wholesaling—we guide you every step of the way. Choose from a dozen or more profitable marketing programs we make available to you: Catalog distribution, wholesaling to retail stores, wagon jobbing, direct to consumer via catalogs, rack merchandising, general wholesaling, flea markets, business gifts, party plans and more! Any of our Home Business Plans brings big profits fast and easy!

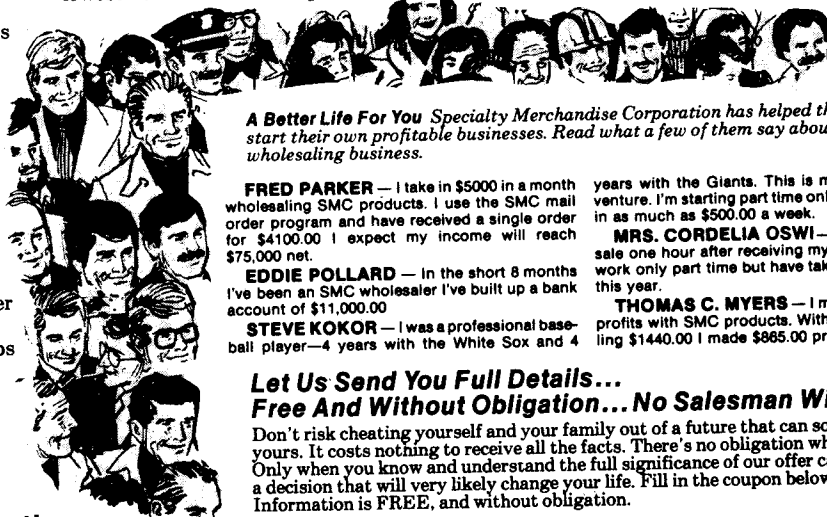
## **Rock Bottom Prices**

Our warehouses are crammed with thousands upon thousands of sales-proven items—products people are eager to buy. And, products are the real secret of sales success. You must have popular products, but they must also be profitable products! You can't make it in mail order or any other business—with normal retail discounts of 33 to 40%. You've got to have big mark-ups and big profits—3, 5, even 7 times your cost. That's why we say: "Come with us and you can't go wrong!" When you buy merchandise at prices like ours, you can't help but make big money...lots of money...FAST!

## **We've Got The Goods People Want!**

Every item we offer is a fast seller that millions of people buy every day. Stunning jewelry, genuine porcelain figurines, solid brassware, radios, clocks, stereos, calculators, sunglasses, cutlery, tools, cameras, watches, hosiery, woodenware—over 2500 different items, with new fast-sellers added regularly.

Where on earth do we get such fabulous products to sell so cheaply? From all over the earth. From every corner of the globe. We deal directly with foreign and domestic manufacturers. We give you merchandise not promises. Our warehouses are loaded to the ceiling with real merchandise—ready to go! Best of all, you can buy small quantities—as little as one of an item—yet receive our lowest "below wholesale" prices!



**A Better Life For You** Specialty Merchandise Corporation has helped thousands start their own profitable businesses. Read what a few of them say about their SMC wholesaling business.

**FRED PARKER** — I take in \$5000 in a month wholesaling SMC products. I use the SMC mail order program and have received a single order for \$4100.00 I expect my income will reach \$75,000 net.

**EDDIE POLLARD** — In the short 8 months I've been an SMC wholesaler I've built up a bank account of \$11,000.00

**STEVE KOKOR** — I was a professional baseball player—4 years with the White Sox and 4

years with the Giants. This is my first business venture. I'm starting part time only but have taken in as much as \$500.00 a week.

**MRS. CORDELIA OSWI** — I made my first sale one hour after receiving my SMC material. I work only part time but have taken in \$24,000.00 this year.

**THOMAS C. MYERS** — I make tremendous profits with SMC products. With one order totaling \$1440.00 I made \$865.00 profit!

**Let Us Send You Full Details... Free And Without Obligation... No Salesman Will Call.**

Don't risk cheating yourself and your family out of a future that can so easily be yours. It costs nothing to receive all the facts. There's no obligation whatsoever. Only when you know and understand the full significance of our offer can you make a decision that will very likely change your life. Fill in the coupon below. Information is FREE, and without obligation.

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You bet I want to get started in a business that can make me rich! Rush full information... FREE, and without obligation.

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**Start your own money making business!**

**Make up to \$12<sup>50</sup> an hour—  
even while learning!** *Train FAST  
at home!*

*Get into this booming high-profit business that's  
Easy to learn—Easy to do—Easy on You!*

Never before have money-making opportunities been so great for qualified Locksmiths. Now lucrative regular lock and key business has multiplied a thousandfold as millions seek more protection against zooming crime. Yet there's only one Locksmith for every 17,000 people!

**Start Collecting CASH PROFITS Right Away**

You're "in business" ready to earn up to \$12.50 an hour a few days after you begin Belsaw's shortcut training. Take advantage of today's unprecedented opportunities in Locksmithing for year-round EXTRA INCOME in-spare-time—or fulltime in a high-profit business of your own. Hundreds we've trained have done it. So can YOU! All tools plus professional Key Machine given you with course. These plus practice materials and equipment, plus simple, illustrated lessons, plus expert supervision, plus business-building guidance will enable you to KEEP THE MONEY COMING IN! Ideal for retirement—good jobs too.

**SEND FOR EXCITING FACTS—No Obligation**

Discover what's in Locksmithing for you—how Belsaw's Master-Locksmith-approved training can give you the skill you can depend on to EARN MORE—ENJOY LIFE MORE.

# BE A LOCKSMITH!



**Be  
Your  
Own  
Boss!**

**No Extra Cost!** Included With Your Locksmith Training

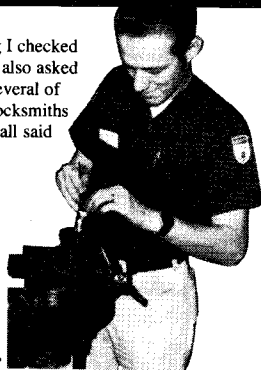


**BURGLAR ALARM and SECURITY SYSTEMS** training. Covers all phases of Burglar, Hold-Up and Fire Alarm servicing and installation. This valuable and timely instruction includes all special tools and supplies. ONLY Belsaw offers such extensive training in this rapidly expanding field as a part of your Locksmith training.

**ADVANCED Locksmithing!** How to change combinations, install and service Safe, Vault and Bank Safe-Deposit Box locks. You learn-by-doing on the locks that we supply. You'll find it fascinating and highly profitable work.

**Hundreds of Belsaw trained men have succeeded in this fascinating and highly profitable field . . .**

"Before enrolling I checked other courses and also asked for advice from several of the professional locksmiths in my area. They all said Belsaw was top and has the most versatile Key Machine. "I always wanted to be in business for myself and now I am . . . thanks to Belsaw Institute."



David Fairbrother—Dave's Locksmith Service Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53209

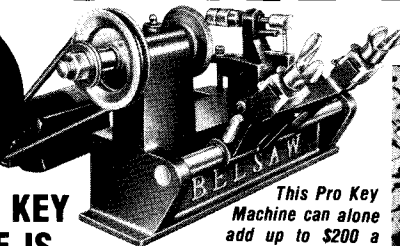


"I opened my own business, spare time, seven months after I enrolled and made a profit of \$329 for the first week."  
**B. A. Deberry Littleton, Colorado**

"No more hard, nasty work for me. Now I have my own business and with hardly any effort I average around \$50 a day. Thanks for my new start in life."  
**Sam Walker Prichard, Alabama**



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**THIS PRO KEY MACHINE IS YOURS TO KEEP!**

This Pro Key Machine can alone add up to \$200 a month to your income . . . and it won't cost you a penny extra with your training.

**Find out all about it! Send for FREE Facts TODAY!**

Just fill in and mail coupon below (or send postcard) to receive full information and details by return mail. **DO IT TODAY!**

**RUSH COUPON!**

**ALL SPECIAL TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT INCLUDED!**



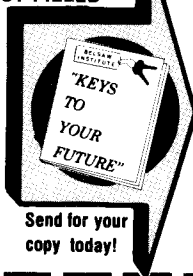
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**There is NO OBLIGATION and NO SALESMAN Will Call—ever!**

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**.. YOU Can Do It Too!**

100% man-made  
Executive Shoes  
direct to your home by U.S. Mail OR  
visit one of our many New Jersey stores!

**NOW 2** pairs for only **29.95**



- ★ Weatherproof - Waterproof, and they WEAR LIKE IRON!
- ★ Handsome Braided Trim - Direct copy of \$60 Boots!
- ★ Easy-on "Step-in" Style FULL SIDE ZIPPER BOOTS.
- ★ Beautifully grained man-made uppers that never need a shine!
- ★ Life-of-the-Shoe Sole and Heel.
- ★ Full support built-in shank in the arch.
- ★ Your Exact Size & Width, all ready to ship

**HURRY!** This could be the last time ever for this famous offer: 2 pairs of Executive Boots for \$29.95! New factory prices are already posted with big increases! It means still higher prices to come on all shoes nationwide!

Here stands Haband, the mail order people in Paterson, N.J., ready now with all these current favorite styles: Oxfords, Slip-On Loafers, even these very handsome Executive Boots, pirated directly from the country's top fashion brand name line. Wear them for important business meetings. Wear them for inclement weather protection. Wear them for your favorite fashion. But whatever the purpose, wear them without paying the \$45 to \$75 per pair prices you see others pay for the originals!

You'll like these excellent quality shoes! **ACT AT ONCE!**

**ANY TWO PAIRS - 2 for 29.95**



Why not join the impressive army of over 2-million business executives from the fifty states who deal direct with Haband. We will be proud to show you what we can do and AT NO RISK! Simply check off your favorite styles on the order form and tell us your proper size.

You will be delighted with our fast, efficient service and amazed at how much real value you can still get for your hard-earned money! But hurry! **SEND IN TODAY!**

Haband's **Executive Boots** and **2** pairs for only **29.95**

Haband's EXECUTIVE DIVISION 265 N. 9th St., Paterson, N.J. 07530

Yes! Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ pairs of these shoes, for which I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ plus \$1.50 towards shipping.  
 Or Charge:  VISA  Master Charge  
 Acct. # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. \_\_\_\_\_

5 1/2	6	6 1/2	7	7 1/2	8	8 1/2	9	9 1/2	10	10 1/2	11	12	13
A													
B													
C													
D													
E													
EEE													

(Please add \$1 per pair for EEE)

COLOR	HOW MANY	WHAT SIZE	WHAT WIDTH
Brown Boot	g		
Black Boot	h		
Two-Tone Monk Strap	c		
Brown Oxford	k		
Black Loafer	e		
Burgundy Loafer	d		

**GUARANTEE:**  
 I understand that if upon receipt I do not choose to wear the shoes, I may return them within 30 days for full refund of every penny I paid you.

79F-407

Ship to \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. # \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_  
 State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**HABAND**

New Jersey