

“Will I Be the Mutilation-Killer’s Next Victim?”

★  
MAC

# MASTER DETECTIVE

NOVEMBER 50¢

Florida Murder Suspect

**TRAPPED**

BY A

**“DEAD”**

**WITNESS**

To Slaying

of 2 Women

**THE ROBBER-KILLERS**

**HAVE NO MERCY**

**ON MICHIGAN DOCTORS**



# FOOTBALL IS BACK!

 **SPORTS & HORSE REPORT**

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# Trim off those excess inches the fast, sure, easy way athletes do.

# WAIST-AWAY™ reduces stomach bulge for Men and Women.

**No clumsy weights — no strenuous exercise — just relax it off!**

When you want to reduce flabby fat around the midsection—or around the thighs—go to the experts for the best method. Athletes often have to lose pounds rapidly in order to qualify in their weight class. How do they do it? Crash diets won't do for athletes. They need their strength and toughness. Strenuous exercise alone won't do it. For years, athletes have used a proved, effective weight-reducing method that gives speedy results. They wear rubber sweat-suits while they exercise. Body heat is used to take the extra pounds off! It's as simple as that.

## Reduce where you want to

But suppose you don't want to lose weight all over your body. Suppose you just want to reduce your waistline or heavy thighs. How can you get the fast, positive results of the sweat-suit method right where you want it?

An Olympic athlete thought about that problem and then came up with an ingenious answer: WAIST-AWAY. Now you can spot-reduce stomach bulge by the rapid, natural body heat method athletes use.

In order to concentrate body heat in the desired area, a special material had to be developed, of rubber-like composition. Light enough to be comfortable . . . pliable enough to fit body contours closely . . . properly textured to hold the heat while permitting the pores to breathe. You'll know it's something special the minute you feel the unique WAIST-AWAY material!

## Wear it while you work, exercise, loaf

WAIST-AWAY works while you mow the lawn, do housework, go jogging, engage in sports, do calisthenics, or just sit and read or watch TV. Moving about or exercising speeds up the effect. The more you wear it, the faster you get results.

You'll be amazed and delighted when you see those excess inches shrink. If you've ever tried strenuous exercise or massage and have seen how long it takes to achieve a little weight reduction after so much effort, you'll see a big difference after you wear the WAIST-AWAY Belt just a few times.

## No weights to carry

Some reducing belts use weights to work on the fatty tissue. The WAIST-AWAY method does not depend on weights or other gadgets. You don't tire yourself carrying around a load of metal because WAIST-AWAY contains no bulky, cumbersome weights.

You feel light, comfortable and relaxed when you wear WAIST-AWAY. That means you can wear it longer and

more often, so results come faster. Never before was a spot-reducing method so easy to take

## Quick and easy to put on

An important feature of WAIST-AWAY's ingenious design is the fastening. You just wrap it around (next to your skin), place the ends together and presto!—it's on. The Velcro® fastening provides several inches of adjustment without straps, buckles, or snaps.

The WAIST-AWAY belt comes in men's and women's sizes. Be sure to specify which you want on the order form below.

**Waist-Away designer  
Ike Berger  
Olympic  
champion**



Holder of two Olympic gold medals for weightlifting, two World Champion gold medals, and winner of numerous other championships. World record lift of 336 pounds made him the strongest man, pound for pound, in the world.

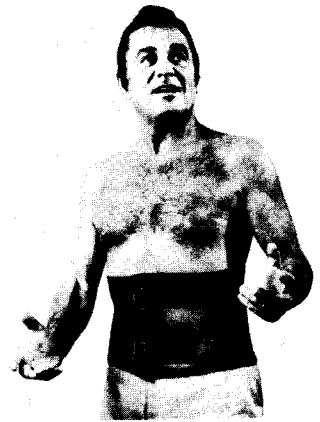
Together with his associate, he developed the WAIST-AWAY and the IBEM Thigh Belt, based on his long experience with the rubber sweat-suit in reducing to his weight class.

Mr. Berger's activities as a physical fitness consultant showed him the widespread need for an effective method of spot-reducing. After extensive development and trial, the WAIST-AWAY was perfected and is now available for business and professional men, housewives, athletes.



**WAIST-AWAY aids posture and comfort**

Firmly but gently, WAIST-AWAY's support induces better posture. The heating effect developed by WAIST-AWAY helps to ease backache and stiffness. Reduce in comfort!



**Singer TONY MARTIN** wears the WAIST-AWAY Belt to stay in trim shape for his personal appearances.

## THE BEST QUALITY

Only the very finest materials and construction are used in making the WAIST-AWAY Belt. IBEM does not compromise on quality because we believe that the fast results and greater comfort you enjoy with the top quality WAIST-AWAY Belt are worth the cost.

## For Women—the answer to a prayer! IBEM THIGH REDUCER BELTS Spot-reduce legs the sure, fast way.

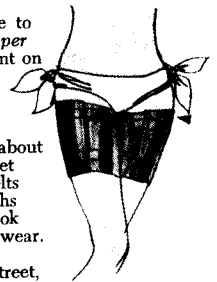
If you've struggled to reduce your thighs with exercise, massage, dieting, but have had disappointing results, take heart. There's a new way to slim those thighs where exercise alone can't help. IBEM's THIGH REDUCER Belts spot-reduce the heaviness at the top of the thigh while you walk, work, or just sit. Based on the same proved, effective principle as the WAIST-AWAY (see above)—using body heat to reduce excess fat with a relaxing massage effect.

Whatever method of thigh reducing you've tried without success, don't give up. IBEM's new method produces the same effective slimming results on upper thighs as WAIST-AWAY does around the stomach.

**Special composition material**  
IBEM Thigh Reducer Belts are made of

soft, pliable, rubber-like composition. They're easy to put on. The adjustable Velcro® fastening keeps them snug as your thighs get thinner. (Be sure to indicate your upper thigh measurement on your order.)

Now you, too, can wear those revealing mini-fashions. Think about next summer: Get IBEM Thigh Belts to slim your thighs for the smart look in summer beachwear. Show your legs proudly on the street, on the beach.



## ORDER COUPON

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509 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017 (Phone 212-478-5385)

Send me the following belts (indicate quantity):

- \_\_\_ men's WAIST-AWAY Belts (waist measurement \_\_\_") at \$9.95 each . . . \$ \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_ women's WAIST-AWAY Belts (waist measurement \_\_\_") at \$9.95 each . . . \$ \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_ pair of THIGH REDUCING Belts (thigh measurement \_\_\_") at \$11.95 a pair . . . \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Total price \$ \_\_\_\_\_

N.Y. State residents add local sales tax (NYC 6%) \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
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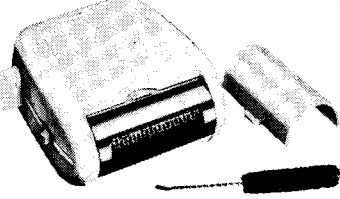
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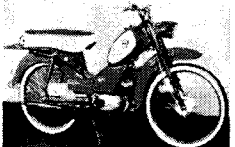


**ELECTRIC RAZOR**



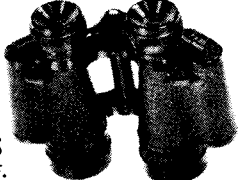
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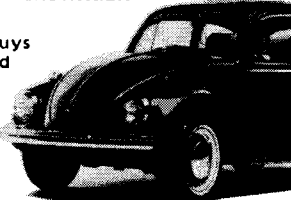
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# MASTER DETECTIVE



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December MASTER DETECTIVE On Sale November 17th

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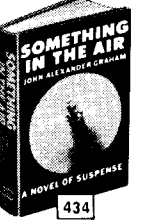
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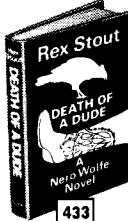
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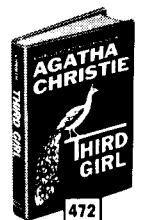
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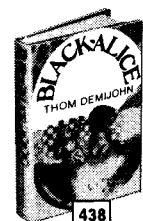
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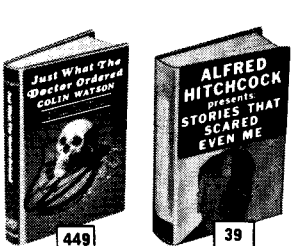
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Sleuth seeks to prove girl's report of murder. New Hercule Poirot gem by Agatha Christie.



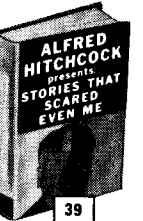
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Retired general is found dead-wearing pig mask. Sleuths take on college rebels to solve case.



438  
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449  
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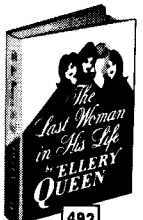
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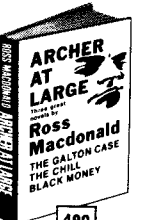
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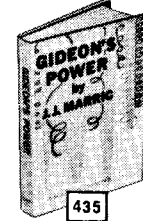
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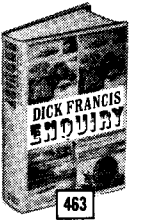
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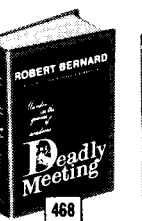
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by ALAN HYND

America's foremost authority on Con Games

**A**LLEXANDER D. L. THIEL, who for 15 long years drove Detective Archie Woods of the New York Police Department's Forgery Squad to aspirin, and often something stronger, was one of the few men in the history of bad checks who could duplicate a victim's signature from memory. All Alex Thiel had to do was to simply look at a signature for anywhere from 15 to 30 seconds and he could reproduce it, for a period of up to 72 hours, so perfectly that the owner of the name couldn't tell it from his own writing.

Mr. X, as the New York police were to call Alex Thiel, for want of a better name, from the years 1930 to 1945, found it necessary to resort to a wide variety of identities during the course of his fraudulent work. Thus, in his long and successful campaign against the credit sides of scores of bank accounts, our boy was the hard-headed business

man, the generous portrait painter, the meticulous attorney, the flamboyant theatrical producer and the dedicated physician.

By way of establishing something of a common ground with the tellers and officers of the banks where he dropped his forged checks, Thiel was, you might say, all things to all men. He was—and carried an emblem to prove it when the occasion called for it—an Elk, a Moose, a Knight of Pythias, a Knight of Columbus and a Shriner. He was, in turn, a married man devoted to home, family and fire-side, a bachelor who abhorred matrimony, a meat eater, a vegetarian, a bridge expert, a poker player and a connoisseur of French Impressionist art (which he really was).

Mr. X seemed to possess a sort of a sixth sense that tipped him off to the best time, the best bank and the best name to appropriate in a forgery

(Continued on page 8)

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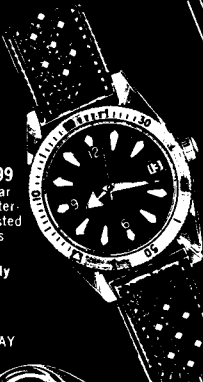
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 1 payment \$7  
 10 MONTHS TO PAY



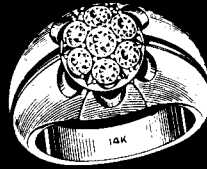
**DIVINE LOVE - \$189**  
**\$9 Twice Monthly**  
 21 payments \$9  
 10½ MONTHS TO PAY



**SULTAN - \$159**  
 Linde synthetic star sapphire. Blue or Red. 3 diamonds.  
**\$8 Twice Monthly**  
 19 Payments \$8  
 1 Payment \$7  
 10 MONTHS TO PAY



**STAR TIGER - \$139**  
 Linde synthetic Blue Star Sapphire or Claret Red Star in 10k white or yellow gold with 2 diamonds.  
**\$7 Twice Monthly**  
 19 payments \$7  
 1 payment \$6  
 10 MONTHS TO PAY



**ALADDIN - \$249**  
 7 fiery diamonds clustered at crown of this massive 14k gold dome setting.  
**\$12 Twice Monthly**  
 20 payments \$12  
 1 payment \$9  
 10½ MONTHS TO PAY



**LOVELIGHT - \$139**  
 11 diamond bridal pair.  
**\$7 Twice Monthly**  
 19 payments \$7  
 1 payment \$6  
 10 MONTHS TO PAY



**ROMANTIC LOVE - \$249**  
 11 diamond trio ring set.  
**\$12 Twice Monthly**  
 20 payments \$12  
 1 payment \$9  
 10½ MONTHS TO PAY



**AZTEC - \$149**  
 Flashing diamond solitaire in ruggedly handsome 14k yellow gold setting.  
**\$700 Twice Monthly**  
 21 payments \$7  
 1 payment \$2  
 11 MONTHS TO PAY



**CAPRICORN - \$169**  
 Linde star sapphire with 7 fiery diamonds. Blue or Claret Red. 14k gold mounting.  
**\$8 Twice Monthly**  
 21 payments \$8  
 1 payment \$1  
 11 MONTHS TO PAY

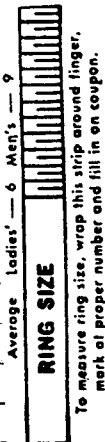


**ADVENTURE - \$110**  
 Fine solitaire diamond in handsome two-tone 14k gold setting.  
**\$6 Twice Monthly**  
 18 payments \$6  
 1 payment \$2  
 9½ MONTHS TO PAY

PRICES SHOWN ARE FULL PRICE. NO INTEREST OR CREDIT CHARGES.

MARK JEWELERS (ODG-74) 9041 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90035

Send me (item) \_\_\_\_\_ Price \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 (HERS) \_\_\_\_\_  
 White  Yellow Size (HIS) \_\_\_\_\_ Color of Stone \_\_\_\_\_ Initial \_\_\_\_\_  
 PRINT NAME \_\_\_\_\_ RANK \_\_\_\_\_  
 UNIT ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 APO or CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
 SERIAL NO. \_\_\_\_\_ ENLISTMENT ENDS \_\_\_\_\_  
 SOCIAL SECURITY NO. \_\_\_\_\_  
 SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_  
 HOME ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



SATISFACTION GUARANTEED — otherwise return merchandise by insured mail  
 Merchandise shown in white or yellow gold unless otherwise indicated.

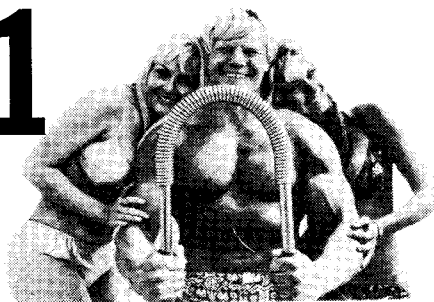


JOE WEIDER  
PRESENTS

# THE TRIM MASCULINE

Here's where you shop for your "BODY SHAPERS FOR THE 70's"—to Shape You Up—to help You Lose Weight or Gain Weight—and create a more Masculine, Virile You!

1



## MUSCLE UP & MAKE OUT!

PUT MUSCLE IN YOUR MUSCLES WITH ONE TWIST!

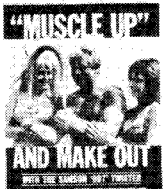
Quickly add up to 2" on your arms, 4" on your chest. Build rippling back muscles. Thick, broad shoulders. The power to lift girls over your head with one arm! One twist of the "007" TWISTER and every muscle in your body ripples with new vigor and power. Builds strong muscles FAST!—muscles that make you an action-packed guy and a super-charged tiger with the girls! Easy-to-use. No adjustments. No assembly. Use it right out of the box for instant muscle-building fun! Made of chromed-steel tubing, the TWISTER is tough... durable... like you'll be! Guaranteed to muscle you up or your money back. ORDER NOW! Only \$9.98

**GUARANTEE:** If after using the TWISTER 3 days you're not convinced you can quickly twist it for cobra-like muscles in your arms... more muscles on your chest... broader shoulders... wider back... a he-man grip and dynamic power—then return it after 5 days for a full refund. Fair? So order the "007" TWISTER Now, while the limited supply lasts! This unusual offer may not be repeated again this year.

**FREE!**

Complete, illustrated "007" POWER TWISTER Manual. Also, illustrated conditioning course, dealing with the new aerobics training that muscularizes your body with athletic vigor, speed and agility. Written by Joe Weider, Trainer of Champions. Yours FREE with your TWISTER. ORDER NOW!

**EXTRA BONUS GIFT:** 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine, worth \$1.80... yours FREE!

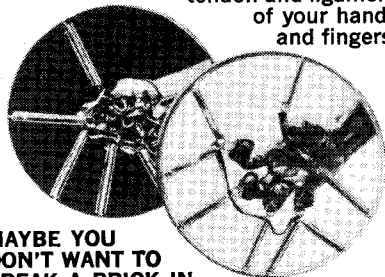


PRICED AT ONLY  
**\$9.98**  
WITH COURSE

2

## This "Killer Karate Krusher" gives you pulverizing hand power!

Just 5 minutes a day for 30 days builds your hands into granite-hard battering-rams of power! Simply fit your fingers into the leather grippers, and with your very first squeeze, you'll instantly start building invincible new power into every tendon and ligament of your hands and fingers!



**MAYBE YOU DON'T WANT TO BREAK A BRICK IN TWO WITH YOUR BARE FISTS OR RIP A PHONE BOOK IN HALF—BUT WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF YOU COULD?**

Here's a brand new way... a fantastically successful system that turns your hands into fearsome, devastating arsenals of power! Based on centuries-old secrets of Japanese Killer. Cults and a Space Age hand-building principle, my KILLER KARATE KRUSHER can make you into a two-fisted tank of power... able to take care of yourself... anytime... anywhere... in all situations! You'll never again fear any man or turn away from any challenge. ORDER IT TODAY! Only \$9.95 postpaid.

**MY GUARANTEE TO YOU:** You'll own fearsome, ferocious, crippling arsenals of hand power—and become a "Terror-Fighter," able to take care of yourself in every situation—IN 30 DAYS—or your money back!

**GREAT FOR SPORTS, TOO! FEAR NO MAN!**



**FREE**

My "Killer Karate" Course... "The Deadly Art of Hand Fighting." Shows dozens of ways to disarm and counter-attack any man, whatever his size! Yours FREE if you order the KILLER KARATE KRUSHER Now!

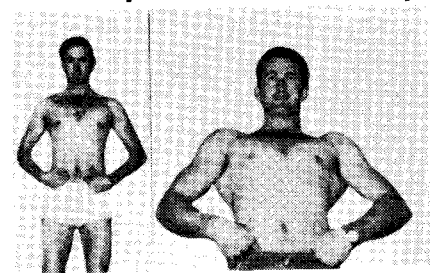


PRICED AT ONLY  
**\$9.98**  
KARATE KRUSHER & COURSE

3

## THE END OF THE SKINNY BODY

Drink on as much as 14 pounds in the next 14 days this delicious FUN way!



**BEFORE**—James Parker at a thin 158 pounds. **AFTER** 14 days on the Crash-Weight Plan, Jim weighed 175 pounds.

### GAINS 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS!

HEY YOU SKINNY GUYS! Thousands are doing it every day. WHY NOT YOU? Here's a totally new breed of nutritional "wildcat" drink that's guaranteed to put an end to your hungry-looking, muscle-poor body... through a new, scientifically-blended milkshake-tasting drink. **Crash-Weight Formula #7 Plan** puts meat on your frame. Fleshes out your narrow, shallow chest, skinny arms and spindly legs. Nobody likes a bag of bones! With my proven **Crash-Weight Plan** you just drink 4 milk-shake-delicious glasses with your regular meals and take in an extra 3500 calories daily... to help you pile on the weight FAST! (It's the calories that count when you want to put on some handsome weight!) The nice thing about my **weight-gain plan** is that it's so easy to take. No complicated exercises to do. No bloating, heavy-as-lead foods to force into your system. The **Formula #7 Plan** does all the work... you just sit around, take it easy, be as lazy as you want—and in a few days you'll see measurable weight gains pile up! Check the coupon for the Plan and flavor you want to use to put an end to your skinny body. Guaranteed to put weight on you or your money back.

### To add up to 14 pounds in the next 14 days you need:

- 14-day supply of **Crash-Weight Formula #7**
- 14-day supply of **Appetite-Stimulating tablets**, and

**FREE** Weight-Gaining Course. A 48-page illustrated guide crammed with step-by-step instructions in weight-gaining basics. PLUS 3 copies of Mr. America magazine, worth \$1.80... yours FREE!

7-day supply: \$8.00 • 14-day supply: \$14.98  
(Your choice of Chocolate or Vanilla flavor)

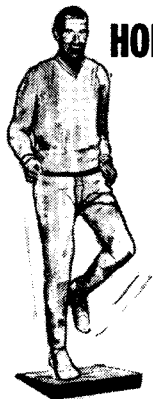


PRICED AT ONLY  
**\$8.00**  
FOR A WEEK'S SUPPLY & COURSE

# BODY LOOK FOR THE '70'S!

Your Good Looks—Your Health—Your Virility—are *Your* responsibility. So Start NOW to use one or more of these "Body Shapers For the 70's". Shake up your physical fitness program and Light Up the 70's!

## The NEW 4 aerobics



### HOME FITNESS JOGGER

You'll Start to Look Better—Feel Better—Shape Up—Live Longer and be more Virile in the Next 14 Days!

ALL THE BENEFITS OF JOGGING WITHOUT LEAVING YOUR HOME!

6 minutes on the New Weider AEROBICS JOGGER gives you the same benefits as a 3-mile run. Or the equivalent of 4 hours or more of golf. Or a full hour's workout in the gym!

Guaranteed to burn calories—melt fat—toughen your muscles—strengthen your heart and lungs—and virilize your body fast!

#### WHO EVER SAW A FAT RUNNER?

If you've held yourself back from getting the rich fitness-building benefits of jogging because you don't want nosy neighbors to stare at you or risk being nipped by unfriendly dogs, forget it! Now with Weider's New AEROBICS HOME FITNESS JOGGER you can jog for miles without ever having to step outside the comfort and privacy of your own home!

That's right. Just set the AEROBICS JOGGER on the floor in any part of your house, step on its easy-on-the-feet special spring cushion and jog away to your heart's content—and good health!

#### JOG YOURSELF INTO SHAPE IN JUST 6 MINUTES A DAY

One of the world's longest distance runners says 6 minutes of jogging on the AEROBICS JOGGER gives you the same benefit as jogging two miles! Just 3 minutes in the morning and 3 minutes at night helps build healthy heart and lung action, relaxes tensions, tones muscles. Besides that you'll burn off fat-forming calories fast, flatten and toughen your mid-section, trim your hips and buttocks and slim down all over.

You owe it to yourself to get back into virile, healthy shape this fast, scientifically-proven way!

#### EASY TO STORE—MADE TO LAST

Weider's New AEROBICS HOME FITNESS JOGGER is scientifically-constructed with special coil springs nestled in a thick polyurethane cushion, designed to simulate the action of real road jogging. It's easy on the feet, too—like running on grass that acts as a "shock absorber" to the feet. It measures 20"x22"x4", is lightweight and stores easily in the smallest space. The sturdy hand strap on side makes it easy and convenient to carry with you on trips, vacations, etc. Order yours now! Ideal for gift-giving, too. Only \$9.95

#### New Aerobic/Circuit Training "Shape Up" Routine

**FREE!**



Aerobic Fitness Jogger & Course

Same 6-minutes-a-day program you can use at home, which actors, movie stars, and models use to quickly Shape Up and Firm Up their bodies into youthful, virile, he-man lines. ALSO INCLUDES: techniques to help your body utilize your food intake more efficiently and keep you sleek and slim all your life—as well as strengthen your heart and lungs. Indoor and outdoor methods explained. How much and how often to jog. How to measure benefits received... everything you need to know about jogging is here. You're guaranteed visual results in just 2 weeks or money back. Tested by thousands—including U.S. Air Force. START NOW TO SHAPE UP—SLIM DOWN—and VIRILIZE YOUR BODY!

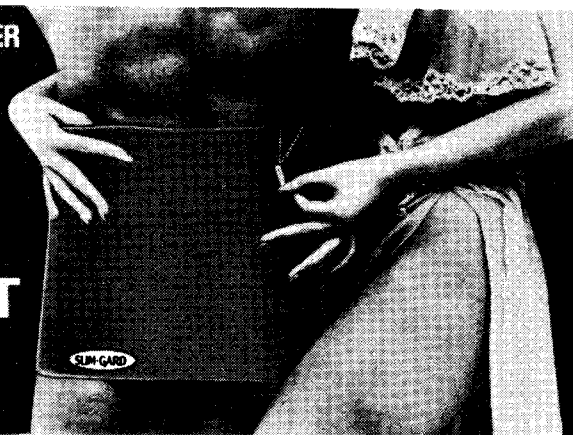
\*For faster waist and hips losses—see inches go fast—wear SLIM GARD while jogging.

**\$9.98**

Another JOSEPH WEIDER Breakthrough!

## 5 Slim Down & Make Out

with **JOE WEIDER'S SLIM-GARD**  
THE INSTANT SLIMMER



Just slip on Joe Weider's New "Science Weapon", SLIM GARD and instantly start trimming your waist and hips to a sexy-slim size—without dieting—without tedious exercise!

And when combined with the "Slimmer's Routine" SLIM GARD can really flatten your pot belly and "pulverize" unwanted fat away from all over your body! Here's Proof. In a controlled University test, students reported waist losses of up to 3 1/4 inches and overall fat losses of 17 pounds—IN ONLY 2 WEEKS! They called it a "small miracle" the way it worked so fast!

Yes. SLIM GARD has really revolutionized weight reducing. Men everywhere are regaining their youthful, virile appearance by wearing it under their clothes and letting it work for them as they sit, stand, walk, run, bend, eat, watch TV or relax. It turns the simplest body movement into a waist-trimming exercise without effort. It can work "miracles" on your waistline, too.

And remember, SLIM GARD is hidden—no one knows—nothing shows... SLIM GARD's secret is its gentle but firm "hugging action that keeps warm air in—cool air out, trimming inches effortlessly away!

SLIM GARD and the "Slimmer's Routine" work effectively for the fat or slender man. Simple instructions are included for the man who wants to quickly lose 20 to 40 pounds... and for the slender fellow who wants to lose only a few inches off his waist without losing weight.

And remember, SLIM GARD is hidden—no one knows—nothing shows... except the inches that go. You're guaranteed impressive results in 14 days or your money back!

## FREE! THE SLIMMER'S ROUTINE

Savvy Slimming Tricks to Shape You Up and Trim You Down. Here's Part 3 to the Slimming Formula—the surprisingly effortless "Aerobic/Circuit" training routine used by athletes, coaches and models to get into shape fast. Within 14 days you'll be Firmer, Slimmer, More Energetic and Stronger—creating a New, Youthful, Sexier more Exciting You! IT'S YOURS FREE—with SLIM GARD!



THE SLIM GARD (Made to Last for Years) with The Slimmer's Routine **\$9.98** Only  
Comes in sizes: Medium & Large

## USE THIS SHAPE UP... MUSCLE-UP COUPON!



**JOE WEIDER**  
Union City, N.J. 07087  
531-32nd Street  
Dept. 42-110-P5

Dear Joe:

Thanks for letting me know about your "Shape-Up" . . . "Muscle-Up" courses and products. Please send me the items checked below, along with my FREE gifts. I understand all your products carry a full money-back guarantee . . . no "ifs" . . . "ands" . . . or "buts".

I enclose check or money order for: \$.....

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

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

1  "007" TWISTER, Free course & 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine ..... only \$9.95

2  KILLER KARATE KRUSHER & Free "Killer Karate" course ..... only \$9.95

3  CRASH-WEIGHT FORMULA #7 PLAN with Free course (check one):

7-Day Supply ..... only \$ 8.00

14-Day Supply ..... only \$14.98

Check flavor desired:  Chocolate  Vanilla

4  FITNESS JOGGER & Free "Aerobic/Circuit Training" course only \$9.95

5  SLIM DOWN & MAKE OUT KIT with SLIM GARD and the Free "Slimmer's Routine" ..... only \$9.95

Check waist size:  Medium (30-38)  Large (39-47)



project. Even after he had long before worn his welcome out at most banks in and around New York, Thiel was cunning enough always to allow sufficient time to elapse between jobs so that vigilance was at a low ebb when he struck. Never once was there the faintest rumble of suspicion about one of Thiel's forgeries until Alex's mission had been accomplished.

From the very beginning, when Thiel dipped into the account of the owner of New York's Capitol Theatre for two checks totaling \$162,000, Detective Woods had been grimly fascinated by the man's unique gift of duplicating a signature from memory. All other skillful penmen whom Woods, the star of the Forgery Squad, had ever encountered or heard about had preferred to work in the strictest privacy where they could avail themselves of frequent glances at the name they were copying and reject any work that didn't come up to snuff. Mr. X, though, carrying his illegal signature in his head, would, in presenting himself as the proprietor of the name, sit at the desk of a bank officer who was watching him and cross the t's and dot the i's with the complete nonchalance of the owner of the name.

Although Thiel's first New York job, at the Capitol, netted him quite a bundle, Alex didn't go in for big hauls as a rule. He was perfectly satisfied to drop three or four checks per annum, for a total take of say twelve to fifteen grand—but sometimes for much more. This wasn't loot to be sneezed at between 1930 and 1945. It enabled Thiel to live quite comfortably in an apartment he had on Christopher Street, in Greenwich Village, and indulge his passion for an occasional Impressionist painting—and drugs.

Thiel had, before arriving in New York from his native Chicago in 1930 at the age of 40, become a narcotics addict. It was dope, in fact, that was to eventually become his big problem—not getting caught at his forgeries.

When not on dope—and he frequently took time off—Thiel, a smooth cultured man, immaculately attired and bearing a striking resemblance to John Barrymore, was quite a hand with the women. He had a wife in Chicago, whom he had married while in his early twenties, but he hadn't lived with her for years. He supported her, though, by sending her a monthly check which she thought he had earned as a traveling salesman.

It was in the middle of Thiel's successful career in New York that, through a singular set of circumstances, a perfectly innocent man was

sent to prison for one of Thiel's illicit jobs. Alex tried everything he could, short of giving himself up, in an effort to save the man but District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey, who was later to become governor of New York State and a Republican candidate for the Presidency, was so sure that he was prosecuting the right man that he simply wouldn't listen.

The man who was to become Mr. X was the son of Gottfried Thiel, a naturalized German and a smalltime architect on Chicago's North Side. Alex was one of a family of five, having two brothers and two sisters, none of whom ever got into any trouble with the statutes.

Alex's formal education ended when he was in the eighth grade of a North Side public school, in the year 1904, when he was 15 years old and he was shipped off to a reform school as a receiver of stolen goods.

When he was 17, Thiel integrated himself into the fringes of Chicago's underworld and became a runner for a South Side bookmaking joint. There followed years of dealing in gambling houses not only in Chicago but in Philadelphia and New York, with occasional jolts in the can.

Thiel had, from time to time in his earlier days, when pressed for cash, signed somebody else's name to a check, impersonated the proprietor of the check and never run into any trouble. He came to realize that he possessed a unique gift—the gift that made it possible for him to simply study a signature for a few seconds and then, as long as 72 hours later, reproduce the signature from memory.

It was 10 years before his arrival in Manhattan that Thiel decided to cash in on his unique gift and make other people's signatures on checks his life work. He had by this time become a narcotic addict—a fact that was not known to his wife because, posing to her as a traveling salesman, even when he was in the can, he was seldom at home. So Alex passed off his reproduced signatures in Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland.

It was mainly because he had become addicted to Impressionist painting as well as to dope that Thiel decided to come to New York and live in Greenwich Village, the physical and spiritual home of artists. So, checking into an apartment on Christopher Street, Thiel palmed himself off as Major Victor McClay, formerly of the United States Army.

It was through underworld friends, acquired during previous visits to New York, that Thiel learned about Messmore Kendall, owner of the Capitol Theatre and a good-sized chunk of other Gotham real estate. Kendall had his office on a top floor of the theater building.

Our boy, through his previous years in crime, had no trouble at all in getting into Kendall's office after the last show of the night at the Capitol. Wearing gloves so as not to

(Continued on page 52)

◀  
A slick-tongued Mr. Suave, this smart Alex bilked banks for huge sums while an innocent man went to prison for one of his crimes

# \$8400<sup>00</sup> IN CASH PRIZES

(NOW ON DEPOSIT IN OUR SPECIAL PRIZE FUND BANK ACCOUNT)

## TO BE AWARDED TO 100 WINNERS IN OUR 16th ANNUAL PUZZLE CONTEST PRESENTED FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT BY TOWN & COUNTRY PUZZLE HOSTS

You can solve this puzzle right now. Everything you need is printed here. Get in this fascinating game by solving this puzzle now. It sharpens your wits and keeps your mind alert. And it costs so little (just the \$3.00 entry fee). You get more than that value in fun and entertainment. AND you may win a nice cash prize — up to \$4,000.00.

Every contestant will be notified of his standing within 30 days after we receive his entry. Part of our program is devoted to assistance in the training of student nurses. To date we have awarded 16 Town and Country Scholarships for nurses' training.

### RULES

- Solve this puzzle as you would any other crossword puzzle except that the letters you supply are determined, not by definitions, but by letter values.
- Fill in every empty square with a letter. When completed, every series of 2 or more letters must spell a word, both across from left to right, and down. Every word appearing in the solution must be taken from the accompanying "OFFICIAL WORD LIST" and must be spelled exactly as it is there. Words may be used more than once (no limit).
- Black squares have no value. Using the letter values shown here, add the value of ALL letters in each line ACROSS (BOTH THE LETTERS ALREADY IN THE PUZZLE AND THOSE YOU SUPPLY) and place these LINE TOTALS at the right of the puzzle as indicated. Then add these LINE TOTALS correctly, and put your Total Score in the space indicated. Any error in your solution will disqualify your entry. An entry once submitted cannot be changed. However, a contestant may send in more than one entry. See Rule 6.
- The object of the game is to obtain the highest total score of the puzzle, obeying all the Rules. (See Rule 7 for ties.) This is a contest of skill. There are no "tricks" planned or allowed.
- Anyone at least 18 years of age, from the U.S. or Canada (including military personnel abroad), may enter this contest except members and employees of the sponsors, their advertising agents and their immediate families. Each entry must be accompanied by a \$3.00 entry fee. This fee is to cover costs, administrative expenses, and scholarships for student nurses.
- A contestant may send in more than one entry, but each entry must be accompanied by the \$3.00 entry fee. So if you see a chance to improve on an entry you have already sent in, you may send another, providing you mail it not later than February 13, 1971. While various members of a family may each enter the contest not more than one prize may be won by one household.
- Ties are expected, in which case tiebreaker No. 1 will be required. It will be sent only to those who may be tied for any of the prizes. The tiebreaker will be similar to this puzzle. It will be the same size, 11 squares each way, but will be more difficult, with fewer letters supplied, and more empty squares. The Official Word List, with more words, will also be supplied. Seven days will be allowed for solving tiebreakers. Highest score wins highest prize for which there are ties, and so on.

If any ties still remain, additional tiebreakers up to 4 more may be sent to determine the winners. Each additional tiebreaker will be more difficult than the previous one, with fewer letters supplied and more empty squares (but still only 11 squares each way). Each tiebreaker has its own rules and may have slight changes. If any ties still remain after the 5 tiebreakers, then the full amount of the prize or prizes tied for will be awarded to each tied contestant. However, in all our previous contests, 2 tiebreakers or less were required to determine all winners. There is never any additional fee for tiebreakers, in OUR contests.

- Contestants shall not receive from, nor furnish to, anyone outside their own household, all or part of any solution in this contest.
- Cut out the entry blank along the dotted lines, enclose your \$3.00 fee and mail to Town and Country, P. O. Box 1398, Tacoma, Wash. 98401. Entries must be postmarked not later than February 13, 1971, and received by February 25, 1971.
- Promptness Prize** — \$500.00 cash. If you send your entry and \$3.00 fee on or before the date shown on the Official Entry Blank, you will qualify for the \$500.00 Promptness Prize. This Promptness Prize will be ADDED TO THE FIRST PRIZE ONLY.
- When we receive your entry and \$3.00 entry fee we will send you:
  - Acknowledgment of your entry (LET US KNOW IF NOT RECEIVED IN 30 DAYS).
  - Notification of your standing at this point in the contest.
  - Our latest bulletin of news about our contests.
  - Prizes will be paid about May 31, 1971. At that time we will send you the list of prize winners and a copy of the highest scoring solution of each puzzle.
- By entering this contest, you agree to accept the judges' decisions as final. The sponsors reserve the right to offer increased prizes, extra work charts and positional word lists. WE CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR LOST OR DELAYED MAIL. The sponsors shall decide any questions that may arise concerning this contest. All entries become the property of the sponsors. This contest is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations.

First Prize Winners in our 5 latest contests are:

- Contest No. 11, \$2,000.00 cash was won by Gordon M. Thompson, 1526 Gulf St., Hobbs, New Mexico. (All prizes were paid in full in July, 1965.)
  - Contest No. 12, \$6,000.00 cash was won by Mrs. Sadie Pearson, Ontario, Canada. (All prizes were paid in full in July, 1966.)
  - Contest No. 13, \$8,000.00 cash was won by Richard F. Stanley, Box 26, Judith Gap, Mont. (All prizes were paid in full in July, 1967.)
  - Contest No. 14, \$8,000.00 cash was won by Betty E. Lee, 856 W. Sammamish Rd. N., Bellevue, Wash. (All prizes were paid in full in July, 1968.)
  - Contest No. 15, \$8,000.00 cash was won by Audrey van den Eikhof, 150 So. Grand Oaks, Pasadena, California. (All prizes were paid in full in May, 1970.)
- (There was an interval of about one year between Contest 14 and Contest 15.)

**Will YOU be the winner of the \$4,000.00 cash prize this time?**

(PLEASE MAKE A CARBON COPY OF YOUR ENTRY AND KEEP FOR FUTURE REFERENCE)

### LETTER VALUES

- A-2
- B-1
- C-4
- D-1
- E-1
- F-0
- G-2
- H-1
- I-1
- J-0
- K-1
- L-1
- M-2
- N-3
- O-2
- P-2
- Q-0
- R-3
- S-1
- T-2
- U-1
- V-0
- W-1
- X-0
- Y-1
- Z-0

### FIRST PRIZE \$4,000.00

(\$3,500.00 PLUS \$500.00 PROMPTNESS PRIZE)

2d PRIZE	\$2,000.00
3d PRIZE	500.00
4th PRIZE	250.00
5th PRIZE	150.00
6th PRIZE	140.00
7th PRIZE	130.00
8th PRIZE	120.00
9th PRIZE	110.00
10th PRIZE	100.00
90 PRIZES EACH \$10.00	900.00
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$8,400.00</b>



### OFFICIAL WORD LIST

AW	GO	MOW	PAID	WHY
BAA	HE	MY	PUSH	WIG
BED	HIS	NAP	RUSH	WILL
BET	HOE	NEW	SAY	WIN
BIG	HOT	NICE	SHY	WISH
BY	INURN	NINE	TEA	WON
DO	LA	NOT	TI	YE
EEL	MAKE	NOW	US	YES
EL	MAY	PA	WHISK	YOU

### THE ORIGINAL CROSSWORD-VALUE PUZZLE

THE ORIGINAL CROSSWORD-VALUE PUZZLE											LINE TOTALS
N	W		Y	U	M	Y					
				S	H						
P	I		T						S		
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9

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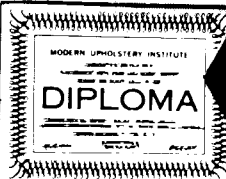
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Mrs. Delores Palacino was one of two women slain by abductors who invaded Western Union office where she was day manager. Gunmen also wounded Bruce Reitz, night manager

# **FLORIDA MURDER SUSPECT TRAPPED BY A "DEAD" WITNESS**

by S. T. PETERS

**When the two women who worked for Western Union were slain, an arrogant gunman made two mistakes . . . one, he underestimated Florida homicide men . . . two, he sent a dangerous telegram**

**I**T WAS approximately the same time—about 8:25 a.m. on Monday July 20, 1970 that the two seemingly related telephone calls were received at the office of the Dade County Department of Public Safety, commonly known as the Metro police, in Miami.

One was from a man who identified himself as a relief manager for Western Union. He said that the day manager, Mrs. Delores "Dee" Palacino, who had reported for work as usual at about 7 a.m., had disappeared under mysterious circumstances. He was told that an officer would be sent to investigate.

The other call was from the administrative director of Boystown, an institution in southeast Dade County, near the new Tamiami Airport. He

said that three people had been shot in a tomato field near Southwest 104th and 137th Avenue. Two were women and he believed they were dead. The other was a man and he was in serious condition with shots in his head.

As Detective Lieutenant Robert Windsor, chief of Metro homicide detectives, hung up, Detective Sergeant Marshall Frank entered the office, which is located on the third floor of the Public Safety Building. Sergeant Frank had just returned from the coffee shop a few doors away on the same floor.

Lieutenant Windsor was on his feet and there was excitement in his voice as he called to Sergeant Frank: "Marshall, what are you doing?"

"Nothing," Sergeant Frank replied. "Okay, let's go!" He explained that there were a couple of bodies in a field at Southwest 103th Street and 137th Avenue.

As they hurried to the elevator and took it down to the first floor, Sergeant Frank's thoughts were racing. He was in his 11th year as a policeman with the Metro force (which includes all of Dade County except the city of Miami proper) and he knows the area like the back of his hand.

Now he was planning a route that would take them to the scene in the shortest possible time. Visualizing the area, he recalled that it had been covered with flourishing fields of tomatoes until a few years ago. For reasons best known to themselves, most of the growers had given up and now there were only three or four small tomato patches in the fields. Weeds seven feet high, palmetto, scrub and underbrush had taken over. There were some bushes, but few trees.

Sergeant Frank knew that the last paved road in the area was South-



Officer Janosky with sketch he drew which helped nab prime suspect



Metro Police Chief Purdy set wheels in motion for all-out probe of the cold-blooded assault, double-slaying

west 137th Avenue. By taking this, they could drive within seven-tenths of a mile of the scene on pavement. The balance of the ride would have to be on dirt roads.

By the time they reached the parking lot and Sergeant Frank had slid behind the wheel of a police car, with Lieutenant Windsor in the seat beside him, he had the route all mapped out in his mind.

The alarm had gone out by radio, meanwhile, and other officers cruis-





Body of one of two female victims is removed from field where they were found

ing in the area had responded. So, too, had two vice squad officers, Detective Sergeants Berra Pitts and Richard McMillan, who had been passing the spot on their way to check in for the day's assignment at the Metro building.

They were waiting when the homicide detectives arrived and led them to the bodies. Two attractive women in early middle age were lying in a clearing about nine feet in diameter. The clearing was some 15 feet from a narrow dirt road and some distance from Southwest 148th Avenue.

Glancing about before he reached the bodies, Sergeant Frank noted a narrow sandy path that led from 148th Avenue to the dirt road. He wondered why the clearing was there, since there was no apparent reason for it to have been cleared in this wilderness of shrub and weeds.

Was it possible that the shootings had been premeditated and that the killer had cleared this spot as a part of his plan? For the moment, Sergeant Frank dismissed the thought as too fantastic.

Sergeants Pitts and McMillan accompanied Lieutenant Windsor and Sergeant Frank to the edge of the clearing. The younger of the two victims appeared to be about 35 to 40, and she was lying face down on the ground. The other woman, who was very pretty and appeared to be in her early forties, lay face up.

Both had been shot once in the back of the head.

Sergeant Pitts said that a man who identified himself as Bruce Reitz, 39, also had been shot in the head, but he had managed to stagger to the intersection of Southwest 137th Avenue and 104th Street.

An 18-year-old resident of Boystown had just taken a friend to work at a pancake house and was on his way back to Boystown in an old car when he spotted Reitz, who told him of the shooting and of the two women in the clearing.

The young man had raced on to Boystown not far away and returned with the administrative director, who had called the police. At about this time, Sergeants Pitts and McMillan came along.

The youth and the Boystown director gave first aid to Reitz and bandaged his head, while Sergeant Pitts verified that homicide detectives were on the way and Sergeant McMillan radioed for an ambulance.

Before he had been taken away, Reitz had identified himself as the night manager of the Coral Gables Western Union office and said that the older of the two dead women was Mrs. Delores "Dee" Palacino, day manager of the Western Union office in Coral Gables. The other woman, he said, was Mrs. Judy Lamb, 40, who shared an apartment with him.

Reitz had been rushed to the Baptist Hospital in south Dade County in what the ambulance crew said they considered critical condition, although he still was conscious.

Lieutenant Windsor had many other duties and he assigned Sergeant Frank to direct the investigation. "Maybe we can interview this man at the hospital before he loses consciousness," said Sergeant Frank.

More detectives had arrived, along with technicians from the Metro crime lab. Two of these, Detectives Robert Lamont and Anthony Markovitch, were dispatched to the hospital to try to question the wounded man.

Meanwhile, Detective Frank Wesolowski had been sent to the Coral Gables Western Union office on Ponce de Leon Boulevard in that city south of Miami. Three messengers, a relief manager and other employees were waiting for him there. Detective Wesolowski asked them not to touch anything that might bear fingerprints.

"What happened?" he asked.

From the employees of the office, he pieced together this account:

Mrs. Dee Palacino already was at the office with papers and telegrams



Det. Sgt. Pittman and other officers pooled forces and professional savvy in the slaying probe

from the night before when a messenger arrived at 7:10 a.m. It was his regular custom to go to a restaurant about a block away and get her a cup of coffee when she requested it. Normally, he delivered the papers and telegrams before he did this. However, the office wasn't opened to the public until 8 o'clock.

This morning when the messenger arrived, Dee Palacino didn't open the front door; instead, she parted the Venetian blinds that covered the glass panel. She mouthed the word "coffee," and held up two fingers to indicate that she wanted two containers.

The messenger didn't suspect anything and went on to the restaurant nearby. He knew that Mrs. Palacino liked cream in her coffee with sugar on the side and he ordered two containers like that. He was waited on immediately and no more than five minutes had elapsed before he was back at the office. He pounded on the front door, which was still locked, but there was no response.

The Venetian blinds that covered the big picture window were rolled about half way up, as they usually were, and the messenger peered inside. He could see nobody. Then he noticed that a hand printed and signed note had been taped to the front door. It read:

HAD IMPORTANT  
ERRAND TO  
MAKE. BE BACK  
SOON.

Dee.

"I laid the coffee on the hood of the car and waited for a while—I'm

not sure how long," the messenger told the detective. He said a second messenger got there about 7:25 "and we waited together."

The second messenger said he had come on a regular trip to bring papers and to take away other papers.

"It's unusual for her to leave like that," said the second messenger. At about 10 minutes to eight, he added, a third messenger arrived, "and we all waited together until about eight twenty-five." He said that the third messenger went over to the restaurant and called the main office of Western Union in downtown Miami. George Gohmann, a relief manager who fills in when a manager calls in sick or is on vacation, hurried to Coral Gables with his brother, Frank, also a Western Union employe, and opened the office.

When a customer enters the Coral Gables Western Union office, he faces a counter that stretches all the way across except for a swinging gate on the right. Under the counter is a combination lock safe, which has six locked compartments inside. These contain small amounts of cash for making change and one is assigned to each employe.

A heavy safe embedded in concrete is at the rear of the office. There is a combination lock on top and it is pulled out. There are two panels with two keyholes. The panels cannot be opened by one person because two keys are needed and only one is assigned to an employe. In this office, Dee Palacino had one key and Bruce Reitz had the other. But no keys were needed today.

When the relief manager and his brother opened the front door, they

found Dee Palacino's keys, attached by a bead chain to an orange ball, hanging on the inside.

"It looked like something was wrong," the relief manager said. "The doors of the safes were closed, but they weren't locked. I opened the one under the counter with the toe of my shoe. Dee's compartment was open and it was empty.

"I used my handkerchief to open the safe in the rear. It was empty. They must have left by the back door, because the bolts there were open."

Both keys to the safe in the rear had been tossed on the manager's desk, indicating that both Mrs. Palacino and Reitz had been there, although the office was closed on Sunday night and Reitz normally was not on duty on Sundays.

The relief manager telephoned the police. "Send a man over here to Western Union at 1424 Ponce," he said. "The girl is gone and all the money is gone."

George Gohmann said he was unable to estimate the amount of money that had been taken, but he believed it was a considerable amount, most of it from the safe in the rear. That safe is maintained because money is taken in after the banks close during the week and on Saturdays when the banks are closed all day.

Nobody even considered the possibility that the day and night managers had absconded with the money. Both were well liked, and both were considered honest. Mrs. Palacino was known for respecting the law and she kept an orderly office. Everything was always in its place and the files were neatly kept. She seldom had been known to deviate from routine.

She was a very attractive woman, with a neat figure and light-colored hair. She had been married 10 years to the president of a Miami realty company and they had a lovely home in the northeast section of Miami. She had told friends that her husband had tried to persuade her to quit working and devote her energies to being a housewife, but she had said she wanted to be independent, so she continued her job.

It was generally known that she was happily married. She had no children, but she kept three poodles, which she often leashed and took for a walk in her home neighborhood. To many in that section she was known as "The Poodle Lady."

She had been a resident of Miami since 1949 and prior to that, she had told friends, she had been a telephone operator in Tennessee. From 1949 to 1964, she had worked at various jobs for Western Union and then, in 1964, she had been appointed day manager of the branch office in Coral Gables.

At the restaurant near the telegraph office, employes said Dee always was there no later than 7 a.m.,



Metro police unit's mobile crime lab was used to good advantage in investigation

and that invariably she had fruit juice, toast and coffee. She often had a second cup of coffee when the first messenger arrived. She always chatted with the waitress, talking about her husband, her poodles, or her orchids, which she raised.

Often during the lunch period, she would stop to talk to a woman in the cleaning shop. She had induced the woman to raise orchids and it gave them a common ground of interest.

"She was a really fabulous person," this woman said. "She loved everything gay and bright. She would laugh and talk and it was like a breath of fresh air coming through the door."

A co-worker in the Western Union office said Mrs. Palacino was "neat, cool and very efficient, the type of person who wouldn't crack up if somebody pointed a gun at her. She would have done anything the robber asked. She felt like me about the cash—let them have it."

In talking to the various employes and friends of the slain woman, Detective Wesolowski asked if Mrs. Palacino had ever mentioned a sus-

picious person. They all said she never had. Yet it seemed almost certain that the killer had cased the place and that he was familiar with at least some of the routine. He apparently knew that a considerable amount of cash was kept in the two safes.

At Baptist Hospital, meanwhile, Bruce Reitz clung to consciousness while doctors gave him first aid in the emergency room. They gave Detectives Lamont and Merkovitch permission to question the victim while they worked on him. The detectives asked him to tell all he could remember and he gave this account:

He shared an efficiency apartment on Alcazar with Mrs. Lamb but it was a matter of convenience and not a romance, he said. The apartment was close to the Western Union office and also was close to the real estate development company where Mrs. Lamb's job was to arrange dinner parties at two hotels for prospective real estate customers.

Judy Lamb was 40, five feet six inches tall, weighed 135 pounds and had dark hair and dark eyes. As it

turned out, she was a victim of circumstances.

Reitz spent the day with Judy Lamb at a beach. In the evening they stopped for a few hours at a bar on Minorca. They left about 10 o'clock and went home. They occupied apartment Number One in a two-story building. There are two firms on the first floor and on the second floor, divided by a corridor, there are six efficiency apartments, three on each side.

As they entered their apartment, a closet door was flung open, and a man holding a gun jumped out and took them prisoner. He was the man who later was to do the shootings.

"Can you describe him?" Detective Lamont asked.

Reitz said the gunman was 35 to 40 years old, about five feet 11 inches tall, weighed about 185 pounds, and had wavy black hair with long sideburns in the current mod style. He wore glasses with black frames and looked like a Latin, though he spoke without an accent. He was dressed in a green shirt, open at the throat, and gray trousers. He also wore a green sweater and dark shoes.

Brandishing the weapon, he commanded Reitz to go to the Western Union office and open the safe. Reitz said he told their captor that an alarm would go off if the safe was opened before morning.

"We'll wait," the bandit said and settled himself comfortably for an all-night vigil. Judy slept much of the time, but Reitz remained awake, as did the bandit, who kept the gun pointed at the two captives. He took possession of Reitz' birth certificate.

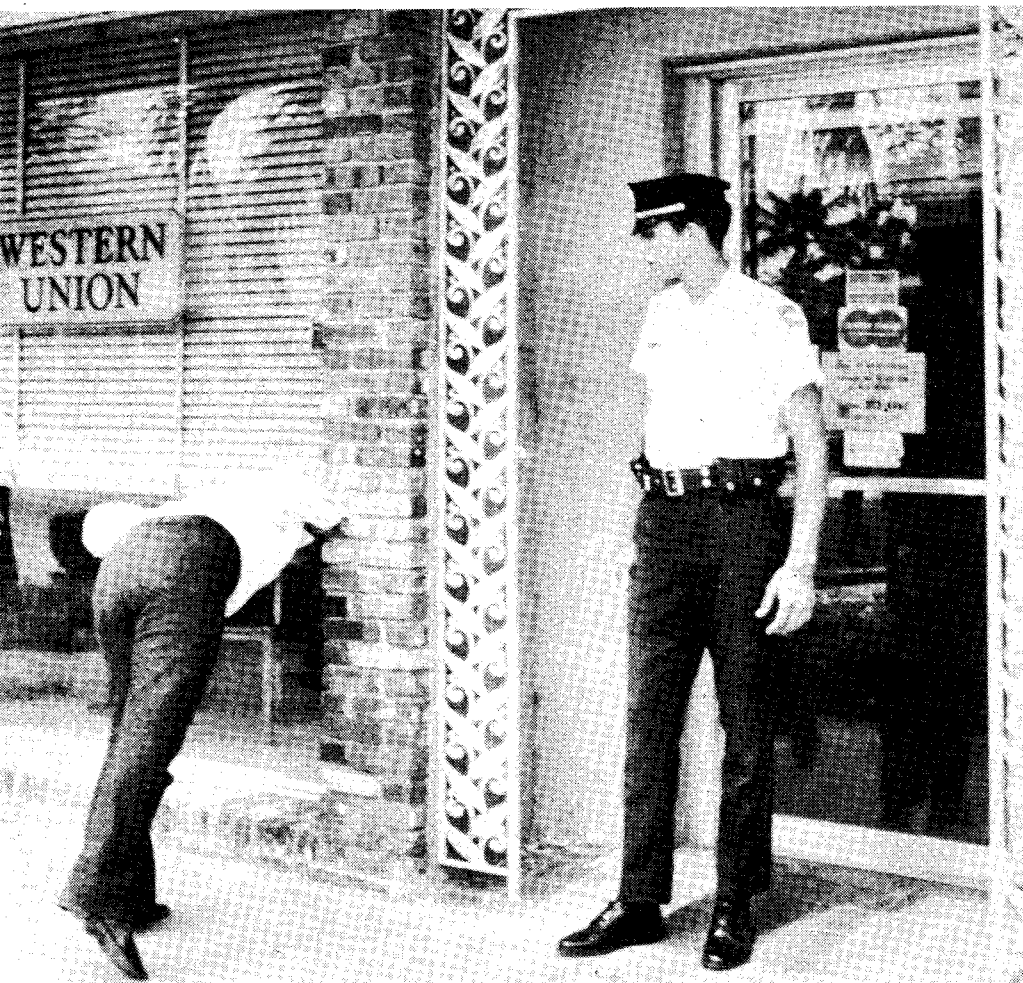
About dawn the next morning, the gunman ordered Judy and Reitz out to the street and to Mrs. Lamb's car, which he seemed to know about. It was a 1964 gray-blue Oldsmobile with 1970 Florida license tag number 1-170682. The man with the gun forced Judy to climb into the trunk, then he snapped the lid shut.

Reitz was then forced at gunpoint to drive to the Western Union office on Ponce de Leon not far away. When he and the bandit arrived, Mrs. Palacino already was there. It then was about 7 a.m. The bandit forced Mrs. Palacino to open the safe under the counter and took the small amount of cash from the compartment assigned to her.

Since other employes were not there yet and each had his own key, the bandit, seeing the small amount in Mrs. Palacino's compartment, didn't bother with the others, but told her and Reitz to open the big safe in the rear. He seemed to know that two keys were required to open it.

Reitz didn't know how much money the robber took, but he said it could be from \$500 to \$2,000.

Then the bandit, waving his gun, ordered Reitz to send a money-gram for \$4,200 to Atlanta; the message



Police set up guard outside Western Union office, scene of daring abduction

and money were to be delivered to Bruce Reitz upon presentation of his birth certificate. The gunman demanded that Reitz' father be named as the sender. The message was sent.

The three were still in the office at 7:10 when the first messenger arrived and tapped on the window. Acting on instructions from the man with the gun, Mrs. Palacino parted the blinds, held up two fingers and indicated she wanted two containers of coffee. This was another part of the routine that the captor apparently had learned from prior observation.

Then the bandit ordered Reitz and Mrs. Palacino out the back door and into Judy Lamb's Oldsmobile, with Reitz behind the wheel, Dee Palacino in the front seat, and Mrs. Lamb still in the trunk compartment. The gunman sat in the rear, where he kept the gun alternately trained on Reitz and Mrs. Palacino. He forced Reitz to drive at excessive speed to the rural section of south Dade County. They now were about 10 miles from the populated section of the county.

At Southwest 137th Avenue, Reitz was ordered to turn onto 104th Street, which is a dirt road. He drove along this road to Southwest 148th Avenue where he was instructed to turn again and stop.

Wielding the gun menacingly and keeping the two captives at arm's length, the bandit opened the trunk and let Judy Lamb climb out. After she had exercised the cramped muscles in her legs, the gunman lined up the three and told them to march.

While Reitz had been relating this to the detectives, sometimes haltingly, doctors and nurses had been working over the wounded man. The examination included X-rays and these showed that a bullet was lodged in each side of his head.

The surgeons agreed that immediate surgery was needed to remove the bullets, but they permitted the detectives to walk beside the stretcher and continue to question Reitz as he was wheeled to the elevator and then to the operating room.

These added few minutes were very important to the investigators and helped them to complete the picture of just what had happened. Realizing they were working against time, Reitz helped them all he could.

He said the three captives were forced down a narrow path through weeds seven feet tall until they came to the clearing, where all three were ordered to lie down. Confronted with the gun, all three complied. The gunman removed two rings off the fingers of Reitz's right hand.

"Would you be out too much if I took these rings?" he asked.

"Yeah, I guess I would," Reitz said he replied.

The gunman dropped the rings on the ground beside Reitz.

"There's a little bit of good in ev-

ery thief," he said, looking at him.

Then he shot Reitz in the head. The wound was painful, but it didn't cause him to lose consciousness.

Aiming deliberately, the thug then shot Judy Lamb and Dee Palacino, once each in the back of the head. Apparently they died instantly.

Reitz tried to get up and the killer aimed another shot at his head. It struck the other side of his head and Reitz went down. This time, he decided to play dead.

Now the killer apparently thought Reitz was dead. He hurried to Judy Lamb's Oldsmobile and sped away in the direction of Miami.

It was then about 8 o'clock, or just a few minutes after. It was then also that Reitz lost consciousness, but he wasn't out long. When he came to, he realized that the two women were dead. He was in pain, and groggy, but he managed to get up and stagger along Southwest 104th Street until he came to Southwest 137th Avenue, the first paved road.

He sat down on the top of a culvert with his head in his hands and, almost immediately, the young man from Boystown came along.

**A**t the clearing where the shootings had occurred, eight homicide detectives, including Sergeant Frank and Detective Sergeant Marvin Pittman, were combing the area for clues. They found the two discarded rings, and other evidence which has not been disclosed. Technicians from the Metro crime lab thoroughly processed the crime scene, taking samples of blood, sand, weeds, etc.

When he was satisfied that the investigation there was almost complete, Sergeant Frank drove to Baptist Hospital. Detectives Lamont and Merkovitch were just completing their interrogation of Reitz and he was being wheeled into the operating room.

Sergeant Frank had time for just one question: After the bullets had been removed and he had been made more comfortable, would Reitz talk to a police artist and help him to sketch a likeness of the killer?

Reitz replied that he'd be glad to.

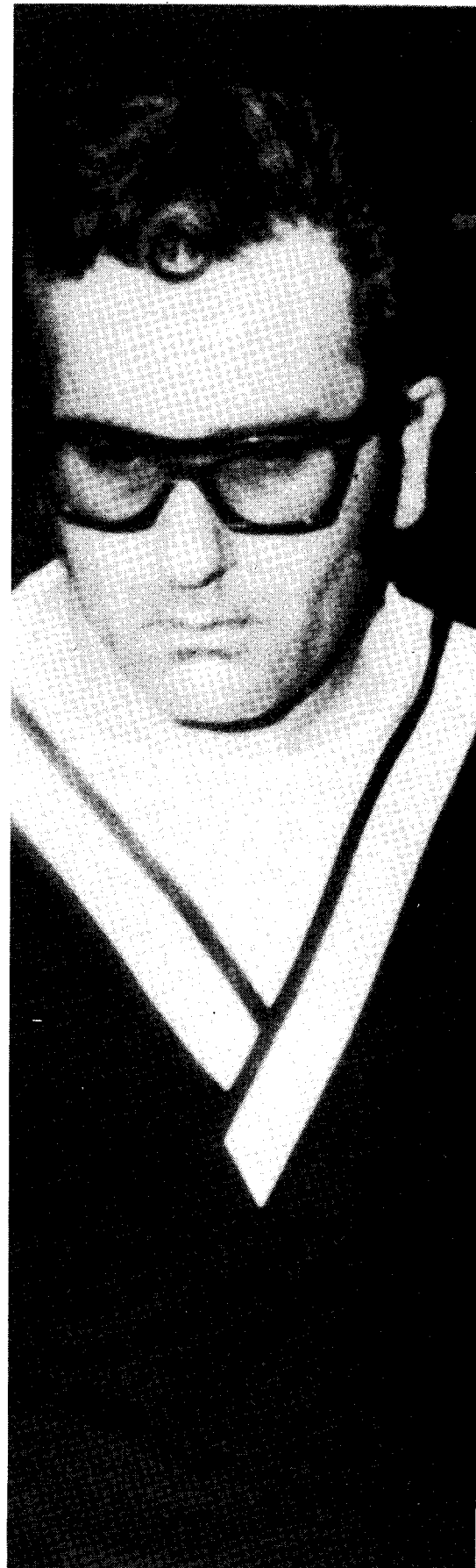
Sergeant Frank looked questioningly at the doctors.

They said they believed that the victim, although he would be under sedation, would be able to talk to the police artist later that day, either during the afternoon or early evening.

Then the operation proceeded. Reitz had been very fortunate. The bullets had penetrated the skin and had taken an upward course, lodging close together and not deeply embedded. When they were removed, they were found to be .22 caliber.

Sergeant Frank, who kept in frequent contact with Lieutenant Windsor, now asked him to arrange for the

(Continued on page 65)



Astonishing resemblance to police sketch of suspect resulted in this man being brought in for questioning

►  
Senseless killing of "doctor's doctor"  
was regarded by the black medical community  
as "comparable to losing Jack Kennedy"

by W. T. BRANNON

A series of stickups and muggings was climaxed by the wanton murder of one of Detroit's most beloved physicians, and the wave of public outrage highlighted one grim fact:

# THE ROBBER-KILLERS HAVE NO MERCY ON MICHIGAN DOCTORS



**W**HEN PATROLMEN William Gayk and Richard Temansky in Scout Car 10-8 received the radio run at 8:54 p.m., Thursday, January 29, 1970, to a party store on Linwood near Leslie in Detroit, the message said simply "There has been a shooting. Investigate."

"Step on it!" Temansky cried and Gayk pushed a heavy foot on the accelerator.

At the same time, Patrolmen James Covington and Richard Ivey heard the message and Temansky's reply that they were on the way. Covington and Ivey, in Scout Car 10-6, had no radio run of their own at the moment and, following a long established practice, Ivey called in and said he and Covington would go to the assistance of Gayk and Temansky.

Both police cars skidded to a stop

in front of the party store at approximately the same time. Already, a crowd braving the frigid night air had gathered in front of the store. They quickly stepped aside to make way as the patrolmen leaped from their cars.

Across the threshold, partly in and partly outside the store, lay the body of a well-dressed, middle-aged man, bleeding profusely from wounds in his

right shoulder and in the middle of his chest. He was unconscious. Beside him was a paper bag which contained an unopened soft drink.

Women in the crowd were tearful and the faces of the men were somber. "We'll get him to the hospital," Patrolman Covington said as he and Patrolman Ivey hurried forward with a stretcher. The unconscious man was quickly loaded into their scout car and they sped to nearby Highland Park General Hospital.

"What happened?" Patrolman Gayk asked a bystander.

From the statements of four persons, each of whom had witnessed part of what had happened, Patrolmen Gayk and Temansky pieced together this account:

The victim was Dr. Arthur D. Harris, 49, a distinguished and widely known obstetrician and gynecologist, as well as a leader in community affairs, especially those projects designed to help the poor and the disadvantaged.

Dr. Harris had gone into the party store to buy a soft drink. In the Detroit area, a party store is similar to what is known as a variety or convenience store in many other sections of the country. It carries nearly everything a drug store does, as well as many items normally found in a grocery store. For the public, one of its advantages is that it is open at night when other stores are closed.

While Dr. Harris was making his purchase, said the 28-year-old store clerk, two young men outside approached the window and peered inside. They appeared to be watching the doctor. The clerk said he didn't recall ever having seen either of them before.

After the drink had been put in a bag and Dr. Harris had paid for it, he started to leave. The 50-year-old owner of the store said he had noted that Dr. Harris, with whom he was acquainted, was in the store, but he didn't notice anything wrong at the time.

The doctor picked up the bag containing the soft drink and started out. Only a few moments before, it was learned, a 16-year-old girl had left the store. She said she had noticed two young men loitering on the sidewalk outside.

Then she heard a voice say, "Don't run or I'll kill you!"

She said she turned and saw one of the young men with a long black pistol jabbed into the doctor's chest. She was afraid to go back, so she kept walking. She heard the sound of two shots being fired, then somebody shouted:

*"Someone's been shot. Run!"*

Moments later two teenage boys ran past her on Linwood in the direction of Leslie.

Another witness, a young man 19 years old, said he had been standing in the driveway of the service station directly across the street from the party store. He said he had noticed

four young men, who appeared to be teenagers, in front of the party store about the time the shot was fired. He said two of them ran on Linwood towards Leslie, and the other two ran on Linwood in the opposite direction.

The owner of the party store said that few moments after the shooting, a car had skidded to a stop and a man had hopped out, reaching in his pocket as he ran. He showed a police badge and said he was an off-duty policeman. The store owner told him what had happened and the young man who had seen the shooting from the service station across the street told him of seeing the four youths split into pairs and run in opposite directions on Leslie. The 16-year-old girl said that after they had run past her, two of them had turned east on Leslie.

The party store owner said the man with the badge had run back to the car, in which another man sat in the passenger side of the front seat. Tires screaming, he had taken off at a fast pace until he had reached Leslie, where he turned east. That was the



Chief of detectives Delore Ricard and his men pursued all leads in search for gunmen who fatally shot popular doctor

last any of the witnesses had seen of him.

Then word came from Patrolman Gayk at Highland Park General Hospital. On arrival at the emergency room, Dr. Harris had been examined by Dr. Volney Butler of the hospital staff. Dr. Butler said that Dr. Harris had suffered two gunshot wounds, one in the right shoulder and one in the chest. He pronounced Dr. Harris dead on arrival at 9:15 p.m., just 21 minutes after the first scout car alarm had gone out.

Patrolman Gayk said he had telephoned the office of Dr. John Burton, Wayne County medical examiner, and Dr. John Thompson, Assistant Wayne County Medical Examiner, after a brief conversation with Dr. Butler, had arranged for the body to be removed to the Wayne County morgue for an autopsy and formal identification.

Dr. Harris was married, had one son in Vietnam, another in Wayne State University, and 12-year-old twins at home. The officers realized that the shock of learning about the doctor's death would be about as much as his family could bear. Yet the law requires formal identification by either a relative or a close friend.

The officers made some inquiries and learned that Dr. Nemrod Sherman 52, a prominent colleague in the Detroit Medical Society, was a close friend of the victim and he was asked to come to the morgue for formal identification. He agreed.

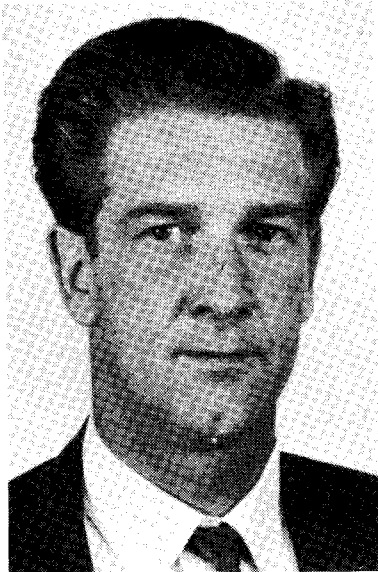
Meanwhile, Patrolman Ivey had telephoned the homicide bureau at headquarters, notifying Detective Sergeant Roy Daugherty of the crime and relaying a resume of the information obtained from the four witnesses.

"Bring them in," Sergeant Daugherty said, "and we'll get statements from them."

Sergeants James Stach and Dan Valentine of the Tenth Precinct station had arrived and had questioned people in the crowd milling in front of the store. Aside from the four witnesses already found, the others said that they had not seen anything and that they had been attracted to the scene by what sounded like gunfire. Others said they had not heard the gunfire, but had seen a crowd gathering and had gone to see what was up. Still others said they had been attracted to the scene not only by the presence of the growing crowd, but also by the police cars arriving.

Lieutenant Bobby Taylor of the Scientific Laboratory was notified and went to the scene to try to find some tangible evidence. He did not have any luck.

Meanwhile, off-duty Patrolman Atwood C. Stevenson, assigned to the Morality Squad, who was driving his own car and riding with a relative, had gone after the two youths who fled south on Linwood. They turned onto Leslie and ran east to Glendale, where they began running north.



Det. Sgts. Daugherty, Hay and Det. Jennings (l. to r.) probed into slain man's background to find leads to his slayer's identities . . .

The two teenagers apparently didn't know they were being followed. When Patrolman Stevenson's car pulled to the curb just ahead of them, they paid no attention. He got out, walked towards them and it was not until he had shown them his badge that they realized he was a policeman.

Patrolman Stevenson frisked both boys and found that they were unarmed. They didn't resist when he put them in his car and drove them to the Tenth Precinct Station. There he reported what had happened and the two young prisoners were turned over to officers from the Youth Bureau.

They identified themselves as Alvin Cronk and Sammy Brooks, both 15, and said they lived at the same address on Pasadena. They said they knew nothing about the shooting except what they had heard as they approached the party store.

Cronk and Brooks claimed they heard shots and the breaking of glass and that someone came running out of the store shouting, "A man's been shot! Run!" They said they didn't want to get mixed up in it, so they ran.

The two youths were advised of their constitutional rights, then were held for further investigation.

In the meantime, Patrolmen Gayk and Temansky in Scout Car 10-6 conveyed the witnesses to the homicide bureau at police headquarters, where they made written statements. When these were studied, they provided the detectives with some additional information.

One witness said that as the doctor came out of the store, two men closed in on him and one shoved a pistol with a long black barrel in his back. This witness heard one of the men

say, "If you run, I'll kill you!"

At this the doctor broke and ran back towards the front door of the party store. The witness wasn't sure whether it was then, or a few moments later, that there was the tinkle of breaking glass. The witness heard two shots fired and saw the doctor fall in a sprawl across the entrance to the store.

The owner of the store said that the doctor had tugged the door open and just before he fell, he shouted: "I've been shot! Call the police!"

The witnesses agreed that four males ran from the scene but in different directions. Two of them were young—in their teens—but the other two were older, probably in their early twenties.

One wore a black hat and a three-quarter length leather coat.

All the witnesses could say about the other one was that he was dressed in dark clothing.

All the witnesses agreed to testify for the prosecution if the two missing men were found.

At the Wayne County morgue, Dr. Nemrod Sherman and Dr. John F. Burton, the medical examiner, arrived at about the same time. Both doctors had been acquainted with the victim and both formally identified him.

Then it became the painful duty of Dr. Burton to perform an autopsy on a man who had been his colleague in the medical profession.

Detective Inspector Delore Ricard, chief of Detroit homicide detectives, had been notified at his home. He sent Detective Sergeant Heinz Schweiger to the morgue to witness the autopsy. One .455 caliber bullet was removed from the victim's chest. The other bullet apparently had gone through the fleshy part of the right shoulder, but

was no longer there, it had been lost.

Dr. Burton said that the chest wound had been the fatal shot.

The victim's clothing was examined and in his pockets were found cash and checks totaling \$144.29. Miscellaneous other articles were removed from the clothing and the clothing itself, along with the bullet, was turned over to Sergeant Schweiger, who attached evidence tags. Then he conveyed the items to headquarters to preserve the chain of possession and deposited them in the evidence room.

These precautions are necessary because most lawyers now demand proof that the articles offered in evidence actually are the items involved.

After they were questioned further by Youth Bureau officers, the two 15-year-olds also were questioned by Detective Sergeants Edward Hay and Ronald Jennings, who had been placed in charge of the investigation by Inspector Ricard.

Under the Detroit system, the men placed in charge of an investigation have full authority over any others helping on the case, regardless of rank. The detectives in charge remain on the case until it is solved, or until they are relieved. All information about the case, from whatever source, is funneled to them.

Both the Youth Bureau and the Homicide detectives eventually agreed that the two 15-year-olds had been running because they were frightened, as they claimed, and that they had no connection with the murder. Both were released.

The murder of Dr. Harris was the latest in an increasing series of crimes of violence against black physicians. On December 19, 1969, Dr. Clarence Leslie had been fatally shot in the driveway of his west side home.



Dr. Harris had just come out of party store (above) when two gunmen accosted him. As he broke away from them, one man fired and he fell in the doorway

He had been robbed. Despite intensive work by homicide detectives, the killer was still at large.

Reviewing early reports of the crime, Sergeant Hay and Detective Jennings concluded that the two unidentified young men who looked through the window of the party store and then waited for Dr. Harris to come out were acquainted with him and expected him to have a considerable amount of money on his person.

Working on this premise, the detectives probed Dr. Harris' background. They learned that he was a native of Alabama who had moved to Detroit as a boy. He had worked his way through Miller High School, then Wayne State University. He had been an interne and resident at Homer C. Phillips Hospital in St. Louis, then had returned to Detroit to set up private practice.

Another doctor who had known Dr. Harris for 30 years had this to say:

"Here's a guy who came out of the back farmlands of Alabama and almost literally lifted himself up by his bootstraps. He went through Miller High and Wayne, always in the top 10 percent of his class, and always having to work full time.

"While at Wayne, he worked from 11 p.m. to 7 a.m. as an orderly at Detroit General Hospital and still managed to find time for athletics, at which he excelled, and a social life."

In 1954, Dr. Harris entered the Navy as a lieutenant commander and served in New England. When he was discharged and returned to Detroit, he was one of the principal backers in establishing the Comprehensive Medical Center at the Herman Keifer branch of Detroit General Hospital. The purpose of the center is to help the poor.

On this subject another doctor said: "To the black medical community in this town, this is comparable to losing Jack Kennedy. There was no doctor

who did as much as he did, and no one who did it as well. It would be impossible for anybody to take his place."

"He was right down to earth with everybody," said still another doctor. "He was one of the most beloved doctors in Detroit. No matter how busy he was—and he often worked more than twelve hours a day—he was never too busy to talk to the poorest, or the lowest. He would act like he had all the time in the world and do what he could to help them.

"Most of us now carry guns. I just don't understand it. Here are blacks

killing and robbing black doctors who have dedicated their lives to helping them." He said he could think of about seven black doctors who had been robbed within the past week. "We still go out, and it doesn't affect our practice, but there is that continual feeling of fear. And now Dr. Harris . . . Nobody had anything but love for him, and now he's shot down for no reason at all. Why does it happen?"

"More than seventy percent of the Negro doctors have been robbed," said another doctor. "And there are those whose homes have been broken into."

"When a new patient enters my office," said Dr. Sherman, who had identified the body, "I'm immediately uneasy and keep near my gun until I know he's okay."

"This community has lost one of the most—if not the most—important, inspirational and exemplary medical leader," said another doctor who was a long time friend of the slain physician. "There's nobody who can take his place. It would take three highly dedicated and competent men to do all the work he did."

All the doctors interviewed agreed that Dr. Harris was a man who was very close to his family. Although he suffered from a heart condition, they said, he often found time to take his children out—to football and basketball games, and to participate in tobogganing and skiing with them.

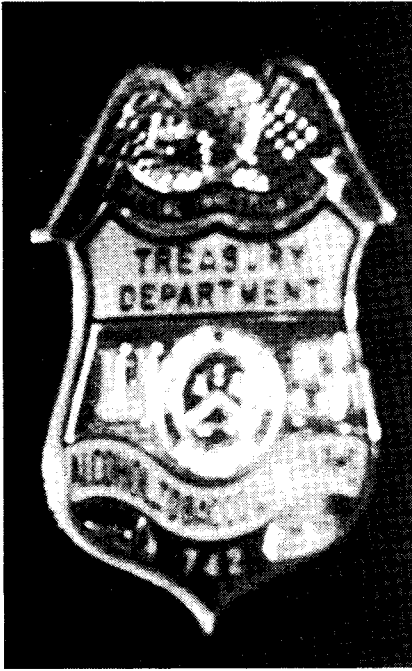
"He was always talking about his family," said one.

Although many black doctors had been robbed, those questioned said  
(Continued on page 67)



Homicide detectives had a lot of questions they wanted to ask these two men





by **BILL BILLOTTE**

# **NATIONAL POLICE OFFICER OF THE MONTH**

**DWIGHT THOMAS**

**Area Supervisor, AFD, U.S. Treasury Department, Omaha, Nebraska**



**S**HORTLY AFTER NOON on the cold day of February 25, 1967, two undercover agents of the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Division, and a paid informer, peered tensely out of a window of a motel near O'Hare Airport in Chicago, Ill.

"Here they come," one man whispered.

The day was Saturday when most Americans were enjoying the first day of the weekend with their families but all three men in Room 102 of the motel were far from home and it had been a long time since they had taken a day off from their jobs.

They watched as two cars—one a two-tone Mercedes Benz and the other a white Oldsmobile—carefully circled the motel parking area a couple of times and then parked.

They saw two men climb from behind the wheels of the cars and saunter into the motel restaurant.

"They'll be calling soon," one of the undercover agents predicted. "I hope they don't back out now after all the work we have put into this one."

Dwight Thomas, stocky and balding at 38, nodded in agreement. Although he had been called into this investigation in its concluding stages he had been in more than a score like it. On some of them he had been undercover for weeks and months and, at least on one occasion, for two years.

As he and the other men waited for the expected telephone call, he thought of why he was present in this motel room where they could hear the engines' roar of the planes taking off from the runways at O'Hare.

The other agent and the informer had been on the case for weeks with the informer infiltrating a gun-running group in Canada and then bringing in the other ATFD agent to help find a "big time buyer" for a shipment of M-2 carbines along with ammunition for the guns.

in the closing moments of the case he would not have been so eager to complete it.

The shrill ringing of the telephone interrupted his thoughts and the other agent answered while Thomas stayed at the window.

He heard the agent challenge the caller for bringing another person with him, expressing false indignation that his own position might be jeopardized. Then he agreed to buy a case of .30 caliber ammunition and soon left the room.

Thomas watched the agent and a

ity in the sale of the guns. He identified him only as "Tony."

The agent reluctantly agreed but he pressed for the delivery of the M-2 Carbines. Parker said he had to keep "Tony happy because I am staying under his roof."

The purchase, again for \$600, was made. That night Parker returned to the motel and Thomas was introduced to him.

"I guess you are Dave," he said, using the first name of the undercover identification Thomas was using. Thomas acknowledged that he



"Because of my position as prosecuting attorney for the Federal Government I have been in a position to observe the excellent investigative work of Dwight Thomas and his men. I am pleased and proud that he is being given the recognition he deserves by being selected National Police Officer of the Month by Master Detective Magazine."

**RICHARD A. DIER**  
United States Attorney, District of Nebraska

Suddenly, after many leads had fizzled the undercover agent made a terse telephone call from a New York night club to ATFD Headquarters in Chicago. He said he had set up a "buy" that could be consummated in Chicago. But, he advised the agent who was sent in to help "had to know how to play the part of a buyer and that plenty of marked money be sent with him."

Agent Thomas was selected to play the part and was soon winging his way from the assignment he was on at that time toward Chicago.

And now as the case neared its climax he had the old tight feeling in his stomach, an occupational disease experienced by all undercover men.

Had he known how close he and his associates were to come to death

man (later identified as George Parker) transfer a case of ammunition from the white Oldsmobile into an unmarked government car in front of the motel while the driver of the gray two-tone Mercedes watched from across the street. Six hundred dollars was paid for the ammunition. The Mercedes, Thomas observed, followed the Oldsmobile after a two-honk horn signal from the Olds.

The sale of the ammunition had gone off without a hitch but the undercover men were after bigger game—they wanted the guns.

Later the same day Parker telephoned the agent with whom he had been dealing thus far and insisted the agent buy another case of ammunition to satisfy the wishes of another man who had some author-

ity in the sale of the guns. He identified him only as "Tony."

"His name is Tony," Parker is reported to have replied. "But don't worry about him—he's okay, the Treasury agents have been trying to catch him for a long time for doing gun business but Tony is too smart to be caught."

A short time later Thomas, the other undercover agent, the informer and Parker left the motel and went to another some distance away. Telephone calls were made by Tony while the others sat at a table in the restaurant.

When Parker returned he said the gun parts had been shipped to Chicago and that they would hear from him later.

The undercover agents during the next couple of days experienced the

anxious hours that plague every law enforcement officer attempting to pierce the mystery of an organized ring intent on circumventing the law.

They wondered:

Had they made some unsuspected blunder and scared off the quarry?

Had they spent \$1200 for ammunition only to be frustrated in purchasing the guns that would make their case in court?

Were the men they had been dealing with well on their way back to Canada, laughing how they had paid expenses on a fun trip to Chicago at the expense of the U.S. Government?

All during the long Sunday of February 26th they sweated it out in Room 102 of the motel, listening to the transports taking off from O'Hare, envying the passengers engaged in more prosaic occupations, going home to their families.

They were afraid to leave the motel room—knowing a call might come at any time and that they must be there to get it and move immediately.

Thomas wondered what his wife, Molly, and the kids were doing, knowing that his attractive wife always had a feeling of uneasiness when he was on a tough one.

The agents had noted the Mercedes and the Oldsmobile bore Canada license plates and they were almost positive the final transfer of the guns would take place some distance from the motel in which they were staying.

The early hours of Monday, February 27th, brought no encouraging news. At 1 p.m. the agents were beginning to believe that Parker and those working with him had decided to forget about selling the guns.

And then at 2:40 p.m., they got the word. But it did not come by telephone. Parker appeared at the door of 102 and said he had the parts to start the completion of the transaction for the 40 M-2 Carbines. He asked Thomas to go to the white Olds outside to help him. Thomas agreed and they carried two heavy boxes into the room.

Later the other agent brought in a brown paper sack which apparently had enough essential parts to complete at least one carbine from the heavy boxes. Parker produced the necessary parts to complete a carbine and proceeded to instruct him on how to assemble it.

Feigning ignorance Thomas (who is an expert on the weapon) asked several questions.

Then the gun dealer told Thomas and the men with him to follow him "to a nice quiet neighborhood" where they could make the payoff as they picked up the parts necessary to complete the guns.

The rendezvous was a yellow split-level brick dwelling in the suburb of Skokie, Illinois, where Parker instructed Thomas to park his car beside a walk that had easy access to



Though Thomas' dangerous job often keeps him away from home, he manages to keep in touch with his attractive family; Clay, 8; Farley, 17, and his lovely wife, Molly

the basement section of the brick home. The four men immediately started unloading the other mechanical parts for the carbines. When they finished they returned to the basement.

The other agent turned over the money Thomas had given him for payment of the carbines. The total bill for the illicit sale was \$6,400 in one hundred dollar bills. Parker expertly counted the money and started to leave, saying he would return shortly.

The other agent, who had been dealing with him so long under cover, flashed his Treasury Department badge and told him he was under arrest.

For a moment the suspect's face reflected his amazement and then he

slipped his hand into an opening under his coat to a shoulder holster.

In a moment he had a revolver in his hand and the agent and the informer charged him.

As the other agent closed with the suspect he grabbed the cylinder section of the revolver to keep the angry man from shooting. They went down in a corner, splintering furniture as they fell. The informer was also trying to subdue the man as Thomas drew his gun and moved in to help the other two.

Seeing an opening in the struggling bodies, Thomas pressed the muzzle of his gun against the forehead of Parker and said:

"Turn your gun loose or you're dead."

The other struggling man said:



"Now, Buddy, you have a piece at your head."

The suspect let his gun drop.

"Okay, I give up."

A moment later Thomas and the other agent had handcuffs on the suspect while he was still panting from the exertion of his struggle with the officers.

Thomas said later they had not intended to make the arrest at that time but several remarks they had heard convinced them that Parker and who ever was associated with him was about to take off for Canada and that their case against him would not have been complete.

On Tuesday morning, with the M-2 carbines (classified by the Federal Government as machine guns because of their automatic action) sealed in the vaults in Chicago, Thomas was present when Parker appeared before U.S. Commissioner Bentley Pike in the Federal Building.

Represented by counsel of his own choosing, Commissioner Pike advised Parker (as he had been done before) that he had been charged with the unlawful possession of machine guns and assault on Federal officers with a deadly weapon. He pleaded not guilty.

His bond was set at \$100,000 and when he failed to post it he was remanded to the custody of the U.S. Marshal. Later the bond was posted. Thomas said that at the present time the case is still pending and investigation into other aspects of the case is continuing.

Was this case unusual in the career of the stocky, hard-muscled undercover agent of 38? he was asked.

"Hell, no," he answered with a wry smile. "And if you say anything about me—make it plain that all our agents with any years on them go through the same tough work. The only reason I can talk now is because I have just become the area supervisor for Iowa and Nebraska and can no longer operate under cover like I have for years."

Thomas said he wanted to be sure that he was talking for scores of AFTD agents who are quietly working on dangerous assignments in every section of the country.

"Because they are still under cover the public won't even read their names," he said.

And then, with official records to refresh his memory, Thomas let his mind drift back through the years to the many cases in which he was involved.

Like the time a few years ago when he and another Federal agent

(Internal Revenue Service) drifted into Denver after a bookie had been murdered and his body tossed out on a country road. The two agents posed as hoods from out of town

For three months Thomas and the other agent were under cover as they worked their way into a syndicate group in the mile high city at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. After three months their investigation resulted in several raids that resulted in many arrests and convictions.

In 1962 Agent Thomas slept in flop houses and other dives for weeks as he posed as a wino in Denver because an industrial solvent was being used in a concoction sold to alcoholics in the skid row area.

As a result of the evidence he came up with the source of the deadly drink and it was turned off.

The agent worked in the mountains and swamps of the south locating the stills of the moonshiners who still find it profitable to make "white lightning" without paying the government tax on liquor.

In 1968 Congress, with unrest and civil strife sweeping the country, passed the Safe Streets and Gun Control Acts to give Thomas and his fellow agents the most dangerous assignments since Prohibition days when the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Division came up with Elliott Ness, the agent who sent the notorious Al Capone to a Federal prison.

Bombs were exploding in public buildings, sections of cities were burning and dissident groups were showing up with unregistered guns and automatic weapons with plenty of illicit ammunition. Under the new acts the select group of Treasury Department agents were informed it would be their job to stem the tide of the illegal traffic in guns, explosives and ammunition as well as liquor.

Not long after the passage of the laws Thomas was working in St. Louis, Missouri, and was just beginning to compile evidence that might bring the activities of a militant group, the Minutemen, to an end.

He was carrying a pistol, concealed on his person, but knew that if he was required to use it that he "would blow his cover" and that weeks of painstaking investigation would go down the drain as he was approached by one of the Minutemen who had a machine gun cradled in his arms.

"You seem to be interested in everything around here," he said. "I've got something for you—follow me."

The Minuteman led Thomas past an assembly area, where four men were working, into a brick warehouse.

Staring at Thomas, he raised the machine gun into firing position as the undercover agent trying to keep his cool, moved his hand under his jacket toward his concealed hand gun.

Then the Minuteman wheeled and

◀ When he served as trooper for six years with Missouri State Patrol, Thomas (l.) was assigned to guard President Truman

fired into a barrel filled with greasy rags. After the short burst of machine gun fire died away with the acrid smell of powder still in the air, Thomas unobtrusively moved his gun hand from under his jacket.

The Minuteman grinned.

"When we get this show into full operation you will have one just like this baby and then we'll find out whether real Americans or a bunch of agitators are going to run this country," he said.

Thomas smiled back, hoping the sweat that was running down from his arm pits wasn't showing up on his forehead. He realized, once again, that he had not been pegged as an undercover man, the Minuteman had just wanted to show off his weapon.

The operation never did reach the stage of perfection confidently predicted by the Minuteman. It was halted by Federal agents in a quick, decisive raid after the short, stocky undercover agent had faded out of the picture to move on to another investigation.

In 1969 Agent Thomas and another ATFD agent found themselves surrounded by a hostile group when they moved into a purported Black Panther Headquarters in Des Moines, Iowa, after it had been reported the place had been bombed.

As they attempted to ascertain the

facts in the case one of the Panthers charged them with a .12 gauge shotgun in his hands. Thomas and the other agent grappled with him and placed him under arrest.

The agents had to fight their way through other Panthers to put the suspect in their car. When they reached the sidewalk, they had to jostle their way through a jeering group of sympathizers before they could put their prisoner in the car.

The inside of the car was scarred by lighted cigarettes that had been tossed inside while the agents were making their investigation.

One of the longest investigations in which Thomas was involved was one where the man involved claimed to be a legitimate gun dealer in a small city in Illinois.

Tipped to where he might make the initial contact, Thomas met him at an exhibit of guns of a patriotic organization. Over a period of two years, interspersed with other assignments, Thomas under the name of David Ray Thornton, purchased hundreds of dollars worth of guns, grenades, ammunition and machine guns.

During that period he posed as an ex-convict from Wichita, Kansas. Eventually the contact Thomas made at the gun exhibit led to the gun dealer's residence in Cedar Park, Illinois.

Carefully cultivating the man Thomas finally was led to the drops where the gun dealer had hidden weapons he was selling to sources that were seeking to avoid Government registration requirements.

As all ATFD agents are required to be, Thomas is an expert in all forms of explosive devices. Often he cringed as he watched those he was buying from explain how to explode them, knowing they did not comprehend what they were doing.

As Thomas made each purchase, he carefully documented each weapon or grenade and delivered it to a designated supervisory agent who tagged the items with dates, price and circumstances under which they were bought and filed them away in vaults.

As the man with whom Thomas was dealing gained confidence that he was really an ex-convict he told the agent more and more about the illegal aspects of his business.

His name was Ronald Shafer.

He asked Thomas why he had been sent too prison and the agent told him he had been sentenced to two years for the illegal possession of machine guns but that he had been released on parole after serving a year. Thomas told Shafer that because of his prison record, he wasn't too anxious to get "involved in two-bit transactions" that he wanted to make it fast, get out and cool off.



"Dwight Thomas exemplifies the hundreds of dedicated officers who serve in dangerous and usually unsung assignments as agents of the Treasury Department. I have observed his investigative work over the years and I am pleased at his having been selected as National Police Officer of the Month."

**JAMES E. HARMON, Chief Special Investigator  
ATFD, U.S. Treasury Dept., St. Louis, Missouri**

Before he completed his investigation Agent Thomas was taken by Shafer to his unpretentious white frame home in Cedar Park, Illinois, where Shafer reached into a dog house near his back porch and came up with parts of a Thompson machine gun. Then he took him to another part of the yard where he dug up other parts of the weapon to make it operable.

Shafer showed him other caches about the place where he had stored and was still storing gun parts. Thomas said he told him that if he could "get the machine guns into Mexico he could sell them to Cuban revolutionaries for between \$300 and a thousand dollars without any trouble."

Thomas told Shafer that he knew his way around and that he could get rid of machine guns "right here in the States with a lot less trouble."

Thomas said Shafer took a long look at him and said:

"Yeah—I guess you're right. The war lords in East St. Louis were caught with a Thompson not long ago."

He said that Shafer then asked him if he wanted to buy some grenades and that he told the dealer that he was afraid of them blowing up on him because he was suspicious of home-made products where the timing devices could be goofed up.

Thomas said Shafer smiled and said that the fuses were "original Army stuff" that they had been stolen from an Army arsenal.

"What would they be good for—what use would I have for them?" Thomas said he asked.

The dealer, Thomas said, told him they could be used as booby traps or be thrown through a window into a home or "into a crowd of five or six guys."

Thomas reported that he then agreed, with some trepidation, to an exhibition and accompanied him to a wooded area near Shafer's residence.

There he watched Shafer pull the pin on a grenade and throw it into a mud hole at the bottom of a levee on a one-land vehicle road.

As the grenade exploded, he later reported, it threw mud and water from 50 to 70 feet in the air and that it left a deep depression where it had landed. As the two men walked over to inspect the results Thomas said that Shafer remarked:

"A man could use one of these grenades to blow up construction on certain union deals."

He reported that Shafer said "the word was out" to pay some one a thousand dollars to blow up a new power plant being built in the area.

Thomas said that as Shafer's confidence in him increased in the months that followed he was able to work other undercover agents into the case with him and that they purchased hundreds of dollars worth of grenades, ammunition, handguns and



As area supervisor, Dwight Thomas now has an office in the Federal Courts Building in Omaha and a pretty secretary Deanne North, to go along with it

machine guns, slowly pulling an ever-tightening net of evidence around the unsuspecting gun dealer.

He said that at one time Shafer even invited the agent to go into the gun business with him and that on another occasion he asked him to start a teenage nightclub with him. He said that on another occasion he asked him if he wanted to buy sex films from him.

The end of the trail came for Shafer on May 28, 1969, when ATFD agents showed up at his residence and took him into custody for violations of the Federal gun laws.

But said Thomas, it was not until he took the witness stand against Shafer in Federal District Court in Springfield, Illinois, during the week of February 2, 1970, did Shafer realize that his old "exconvict friend and customer" was in reality an undercover T-Man.

Thomas said Shafer was convicted in a jury trial that ended on February

11th and that his attorneys immediately asked for a new trial but were refused.

He said Shafer is awaiting sentence.

But, when the stock agent, who is a veteran law enforcement officer at the age of 38, who now heads the bureau which controls activities of the ATFD Bureau in Nebraska and Iowa, talks about "Molly and the kids" you see another side of his personality.

He likes to "rough house it" with his oldest son, Farley, 17, and Clay, 9. But, Lisa Faye, who at eight months is the newest addition to the Thomas household, is the undisputed queen. Thomas has stayed in close contact with his sons despite the demanding qualities of his profession, taking part in scouting and their camping activities.

Thomas had not become one of the top undercover agents with the ATFD  
(Continued on page 74)

The State of Tennessee was building a formidable case against the defendant, and as the trial reached a climax, it was clear he had only one chance of beating the electric chair . . .

# A MURDERED EYEWITNESS TELLS NO TALES

by MALLEY J. BYRD

**O**NLY THE KILLER of Betty Jean Necessary could really tell what happened that afternoon—February 26, 1970—but the fiery young prosecutor was making a fervent effort to convince the jurors they could figure it out.

The man on the witness stand, he said, was not only a rapist, a liar and a murderer; he was also guilty of only being sorry that he was caught.

The vacant-eyed defendant, tugging at the turtle neck of his black sweater, shook his head and glanced at the shirt-sleeved, all-male jury.

"I didn't do it," he said. "All I done that day was drink some whiskey and sell some diamonds."

This incongruous statement only added fuel to the furious verbal assault being waged by District Attorney General Carl Kirkpatrick. Pointing his right forefinger at the accused, he electrified the packed courtroom with a hypothetical account of the slaying.

"You'd seen that little girl before, and you wanted her," Kirkpatrick charged. "So you walked up to that

cave and planned how you'd get her. You took off your tee shirt and ripped it up to be ready . . . When you saw her walking up the road by herself, you knew you had your chance . . ."

Shaking his head torpidly, the defendant seemed only half-cognizant of the harsh censure being heaped on him. Relentlessly, Kirkpatrick upbraided him with his account of events that winter day.

"When she walked into those woods, it was you behind her with a gun in her back. And when she got scared and threw down her books and ran, you hit her in the head with that gun and made her walk to where the clothes were found . . ."

"Then you tied her and gagged her and ripped off her clothes and raped her on the spot. And then you put that coat over her shoulders and walked her to the cave . . ."

By now the slack-jawed defendant was staring at Kirkpatrick as if mesmerized, an expression of almost total vacuity on his face. Still the prosecutor bored in, his voice the only sound in the room.

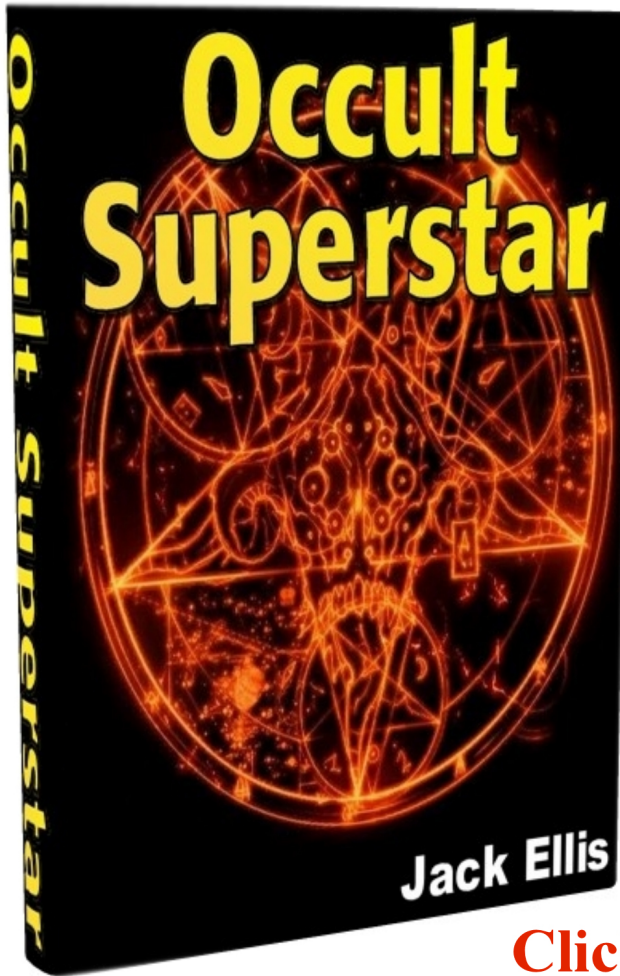
"And then you shot her in the front and she fell to her knees. Then you pumped four shots into her back while she was on her hands and knees . . . and then you buried her *while she was still alive!*"

As the prosecutor's accusing words faded from the room, spectators glanced at each other uncertainly. There was no atmosphere of sympathy for the defendant, nor any manifest air of hostility. It was as if this audience of Tennesseans waited only to hear a drama involving a being from another planet run its inexorable course.

The 26-year-old defendant, Fred J. Bowen, was not from another planet. He was an unemployed restaurant worker and former janitor from Indianapolis, Indiana.

At one time he had lived and gone to school in Kingsport, Tennessee.

After becoming an eighth grade dropout, he had a few brushes with the law, then headed north to seek his fortune. Nobody knew whether he found it, but on his last trip home he claimed to have \$12,000 worth of diamonds.



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Prosecutor told jury Betty Jean (above) was raped and slain "cruelly, slowly . . . with her hands tied behind her back and a gag in her mouth"

About a year before, on an earlier visit, he married a buxom 20-year-old girl from the Bloomindale neighborhood of Kingsport. On subsequent visits to Kingsport the couple stayed with relatives of Bowen's bride.

They were in Bloomindale visiting a grandmother of Mrs. Bowen, when Betty Jean Necessary, a pretty 12-year-old, sixth grader disappeared on her way home from Kingsley School in Kingsport.

For two days the search for Betty Jean gripped the attention of Kingsport. Then, on Saturday morning, February 28th, a search party found the missing schoolgirl. She had been raped, beaten, shot five times and buried in a cave.

The cave was located in a patch of woods about 400 yards from the pretty victim's home. Her school books and part of her clothing were found scattered nearby. Clues to the identity of her killer were scarce, but

the few which officers did find indicated the killer knew the area.

In an all-out effort to solve the crime quickly, Sheriff Bill Wright called more than two dozen officers into the investigation. Some were Kingsport police officers, some agents of the Tennessee Bureau of Investigation, and others were members of his own staff.

Before evening shadows fell across the mountains of East Tennessee, more than 100 persons had been interviewed. Over a dozen were questioned intensively. Suspicion gradually centered on the visitor from Indiana.

Sheriff Wright and Deputy Bill Chapman located Bowen, told him he was under arrest, then transported him to the Kingsport police station. There he was questioned by TBI Agent James F. Keesling and Sheriff's Deputy John Bishop.

Two days later he was indicted for

murder by the Sullivan County grand jury. Now, on Tuesday, July 21, 1970, Fred Bowen was going on trial for his life at the Sullivan County Courthouse in Blountville, Tennessee.

On the bench was Circuit Court Judge John K. Byers. State's attorneys were Attorney General Kirkpatrick and his assistant, Kingsport Attorney Edgar Calhoun. The court-appointed defense counselors were Burkett McInturff and Shelburne Ferguson Jr., both of Kingsport.

Tight security prevailed throughout the courthouse as attorneys began selecting a jury from the 50 veniremen summoned. For the first time in local memory the defendant's route from jail to courtroom was cordoned off.

Attorney General Kirkpatrick, in his opening remarks, declared he would seek the death penalty. It was the first time he had ever done so in Sullivan County, even though he was in his fourth year as prosecutor and had tried several dozen capital offense cases.

All of the trial's first day was consumed by the jury selection process. By the time it ended, Prosecutor Kirkpatrick had challenged three prospective jurors, and defense attorneys had asked 14 veniremen to "step down."

Most of the rejected jurors were dismissed "for cause" after indicating they opposed capital punishment, or saying they had already formed strong opinions on the accused man's guilt or innocence. The 12-man panel, when completed at 8 p.m., included two bachelors and ten married men, seven of them fathers.

Judge Byers then adjourned court for the night, announcing that two alternate jurors would be selected next morning. The alternates were chosen quickly and the prosecution called TBI Agent Keesling as the first witness for the State of Tennessee.

The investigator was sworn, then told the court how he had joined the search for Betty Jean Necessary before her body was found. Keesling produced an aerial photo of the Bloomindale neighborhood and pointed out key locations for the benefit of the jury.

"This is where we found the little girl's books," he said. "This is her home. This is the pond where we found the death weapon. This is the house where the defendant was visiting. And here is the cave where we found the body."

Keesling described the cave as "being located in the side of a sink-hole." Betty Jean's body had been stuffed inside, he said, and "sprinkled with just enough dirt to cover her up."

The dead girl's hands were protruding from the dirt, he said, and were bound behind her with three pieces of make-shift binding. She lay face down in the cave, knees

(Continued on page 50)

Investigators were closemouthed about their chances of nabbing the sex-motivated phantom, but as his toll of attractive victims—one after another—reached a total of 9 slain, terrified women in the area fearfully asked:

**“WILL I  
BE THE  
MUTILATION-  
KILLER’S  
NEXT VICTIM?”**



Elisabeth Vopper

**T**ERROR CAME to Augsburg at precisely 11:15 on the evening of May 23, 1966, but, at first, no one recognized its grisly face. In fact, no one, with the exception of two persons, even realized that the terror had begun. One of these would not reveal the knowledge. The other could not.

Even Sepp Holzhauer, the middle-

by **JOHN DUNNING**

## MAN KILL ALL 3—AND 6 MORE?



Anneliese Ayeale



Hedwig Saschnew

aged farmer crossing his pasture on the outskirts of Augsburg on the morning of May 24th, did not immediately grasp that he was being confronted with one of the most fearsome scourges that his city had ever known. He was only aware that the corpse of a woman, a woman lying in a most unusual and obscene posture, lay sprawled in his field. Having made certain that the woman was quite dead, he did what any other normal citizen would have done. He called the police.

Augsburg is not a very large city. Some 200,000 souls live and pursue their various interests in the old Bavarian town roughly 30 miles to the west and slightly north of Munich, West Germany. Like all other German

cities, Augsburg has suffered greatly under the intermittent wars that have rolled over Central Europe since time immemorial, but in 1966 there was peace. Theoretically, there should have been no dead bodies lying in Augsburg pastures or elsewhere.

Even so, Inspector Karl Schreiber, chief of the modest Criminal Investigations Department of the Augsburg police, was not particularly perturbed. After all, murders do occur even in a city the size of Augsburg which was one of the reasons that there was a Criminal Investigations Department in the first place.

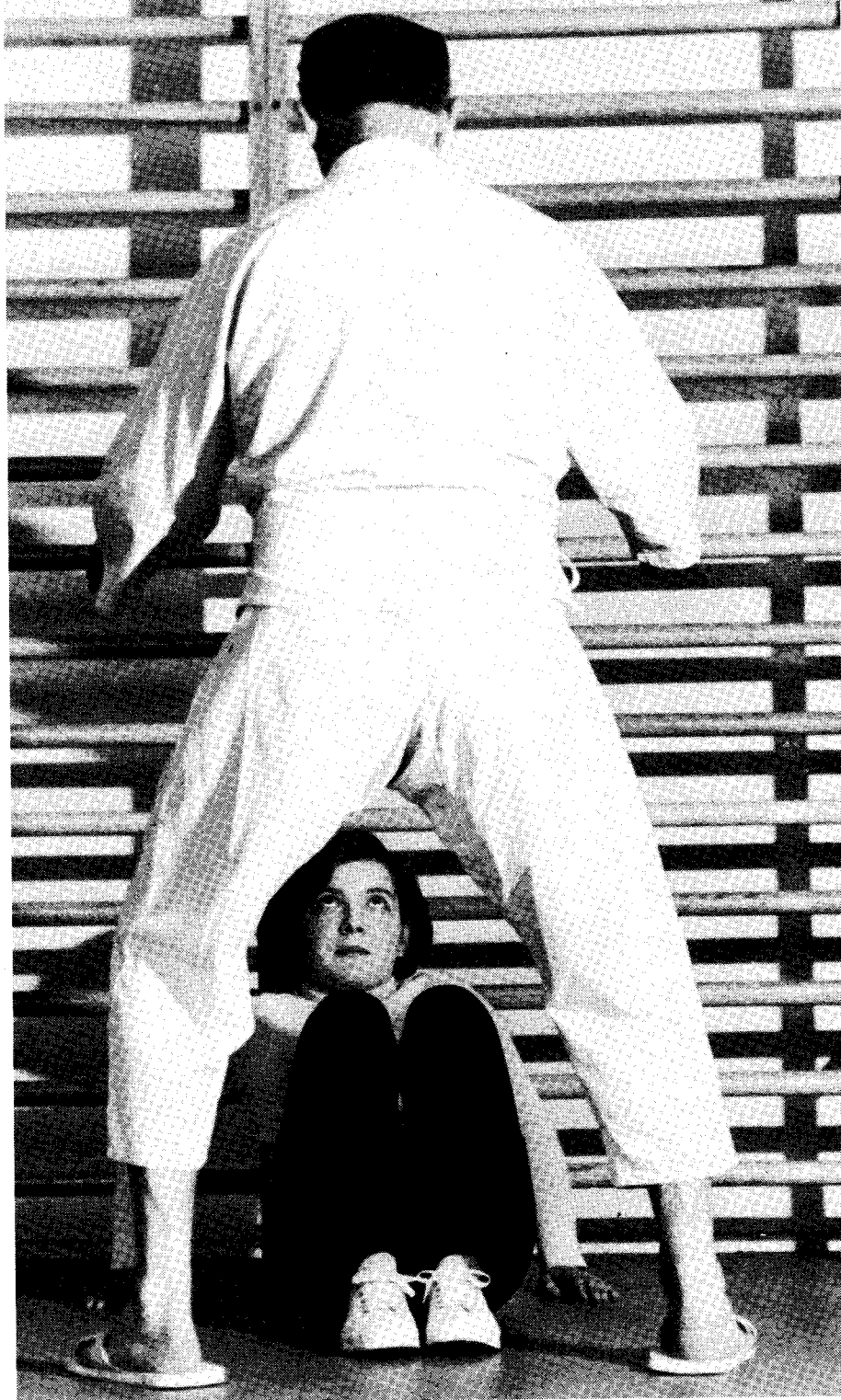
A tall, rangy man with a lean, somewhat weather-beaten face, he listened quietly as Detective Sergeant Martin Fliesser reported the details of

the call which had just been received from Sepp Holzhauser. The time was 17 minutes past nine of a Tuesday morning and outside the office window spring was beginning to make itself apparent.

"What does he mean by 'an obscene position'?" the inspector asked when Fliesser had concluded his report. "Was she raped?"

The short, stocky, blond-haired sergeant shrugged and threw up his hands eloquently. "He's only a simple farmer," he said. "I gather the legs were spread and that the lower half of the body was exposed. Do you want to go out?"

"I suppose so," said the inspector, getting up from the desk and casting a sorrowful look at the masses of



◀ Judo expert demonstrates (left) how mutilation killer might attack a helpless victim and shows class of terrified women how they can defend themselves . . .

paperwork covering it. "Get the keys to the car and we'll both go out. Have you advised the doctor and the ambulance? We'll have to bring the body back down to the morgue."

"They're on their way out," said the sergeant, making for the door.

Five minutes later, so were he and the inspector. The drive lasted less than 10 minutes for most German cities are compact.

Arriving at the pasture, which ran alongside a main state road, they

found the ambulance already drawn up beside the fence and police medical officer, Dr. Bernt Kuhlmann, in the field examining the corpse.

"Here's her handbag," he called.

"Lying beside the body. I haven't touched it."

"Go take a look at it, Martin," said the inspector, walking off in the direction of where Sepp Holzauer stood leaning on the fence. "See if there's any identification." Pausing beside Holzauer, he asked, "Are you

the one who called the station?"

"It's my field," said the farmer, as if that explained the call.

"Did you touch the body?" the inspector asked.

"I felt her wrist to see if she was dead," said Holzauer. He did not appear to be very shocked by the discovery of the dead woman, but this did not surprise the inspector. Farmers, accustomed to slaughtering animals, are often remarkably callous to human death.

The inspector climbed through the fence and walked over to Fliesser and the doctor. "Well?" he said.

"Middle-aged female," said the doctor. "I'd judge her at close to forty. She's been strangled, apparently manually. Looks as if she may have been raped too. You see the condition of the body."

The inspector nodded. The condition of the body was, indeed, significant. The corpse lay on its back, the legs spread wide apart. The blue-flowered dress had been pushed up around the woman's waist and whatever underwear there had been was missing.

"What in Heavens Name does that mean?" said the inspector, pointing at the victim's body.

"Sex freak of some kind," said the doctor. "He apparently did it to her after she was dead."

"And when would that have been?" the inspector asked.

"Last night," replied the doctor, shrugging. "I'll tell you after the autopsy. Seven or eight hours at least."

"I've got her personal identity papers here, Chief," said Fliesser, holding out a folded identity card such as all German citizens are required to carry at all times. He had drawn on a pair of thin rubber gloves to avoid obliterating any possible fingerprints. "Her name's Hedwig Saschnew. Thirty-nine years old. She was a registered prostitute."

"I gathered as much from the make-up," the inspector said. "Well, it's a dangerous profession. More prostitutes are murdered in Germany than any other single group. He rob her too?"

"It looks like it," said the sergeant. "There's no money in the handbag. I've got it in a plastic sack. I'll take it down to the lab and they can check for fingerprints."

"Do that," said the inspector, "and let me know what they find. Better go over the ground here thoroughly too. The murderer may have left something behind."

The murderer however had not left



Sergeant Hans Maierhanser, on his own time, coached women in self-defense . . .

anything behind nor had he left any fingerprints. The only prints which the police laboratory could find were those of Hedwig Saschnew herself.

"Which means," theorized the inspector, "that he was either wearing gloves or he wiped the bag after touching it. Seems to be a thoughtful type. He may prove hard to catch."

Although the inspector did not realize it, he had just given voice to the understatement of the year.

"Do you want to release the information about what was done to the genitals in the wanted circular?" asked Fliesser.

"No," said the inspector. "It won't help catch him and we can use it later as a cross check. Theoretically, no one knows what he did except us and the real murderer. You sometimes get false confessions in cases like this."

No confessions came later, false or otherwise, nor was there any clue as to the identity of the strange killer. The autopsy had shown that the woman had not been raped. She had, however, had intercourse on the evening of her death and the police knew with whom.

It was with a sergeant stationed with an American army unit in Augsburg. Witnesses had seen Heide Saschnew get into the sergeant's car at

shortly after eight at the Augsburg railway station on the night of the murder and the sergeant did not deny it.

He would have made an excellent suspect. The only thing was, the autopsy had proven beyond a shadow of a doubt that Heide Saschnew had died at not one second earlier than 11:15 on the night of May 23rd. By this time, the Sergeant had been in barracks for over an hour. He had checked in at shortly before 10. It was utterly impossible that he could be the murderer.

According to the sergeant's statement, he had concluded his affairs with Heide Saschnew at approximately 9:15 and had then let the woman out of his car in front of the Augsburg railway station where he had found her. He had then returned to his barracks.

There was no doubt but that the sergeant's statement was true. Some time after 9:15, Heide Saschnew had got into another car. This time, no one saw her. It was the last car that she ever got into.

"I hope there's not going to be any more of this," said Inspector Schreiber. He did not like unsolved cases on the books.

It was a vain hope. On the evening of August 30, 1966, terror once again stalked the streets of Augsburg and, once again, it was not immediately recognized. When Uli Voss, office boy and general runner-of-errands in the offices of the Augsburg city planning office, knocked on the apartment door of city clerk Anneliese Ayerle at shortly before noon on August 31st, he expected at most to find that the

41-year-old woman was sick. As she had not appeared and as she did not have a telephone in her home, the office had sent him to her apartment to find out what had happened.

Something terrible had indeed happened. Pushing open the unlocked door, Uli Voss found his colleague sprawled on the living room carpet in a shocking position. She was, of course, dead.

"You're quite sure it was the same man?" Inspector Schreiber asked, standing over Dr. Kuhlmann as he knelt examining the corpse.

"Quite," replied the doctor. "Look at that." He pointed with his elbow at the exposed lower part of the body. "Practically a trade mark. It's not likely that two people would think of doing that to a woman. Besides, she was strangled just like the first one."

"The apartment's been rummaged through," said Sergeant Fliesser, coming in from the bedroom. "I can't find any money. I wonder why she didn't scream. There are six families living in this house. Someone would have heard her."

"She probably did," said the inspector. "The thing is, the summer fair is going on right now in that square down the street. It makes an awful noise and there are so many young girls screaming on the rides that another scream probably wouldn't be noticed."

"I suppose you want the apartment gone over," said the sergeant.

"By millimeters," the inspector said. "We'll leave the body here until the boys from the laboratory are finished. I don't want to overlook anything. This is apparently becoming

Homicide detectives believe these field glasses belong to the phantom attacker





Probers checked tobacco shop (above) for clues after body of owner Maria Ganser was found strangled behind store

an epidemic we have to stop."

Once again, there was no clue to the murderer, no fingerprints, nothing that he had left behind and, once again, there was a single, slender tantalizing lead which led to nothing. A stranger had been seen going into the house, a man of average height, possibly in his twenties, with his hair parted on the left side. A description that would fit 30,000 men in Augsburg. It was all there was.

"Nonetheless, that was very possibly the murderer," mused the inspector. "He was seen going into the house at almost exactly half past ten and the doctor says that Miss Ayerle was murdered at approximately eleven o'clock."

The doctor had more to say. "This woman was not raped either," he reported, "but the preoccupation with genitals indicates that the crimes were sex oriented. We are dealing here with a very sick man."

"But not so sick that he forgets to take along any money or valuables," observed Sergeant Fliesser. "He cleaned out the apartment."

"I am not concerned with the state of his health," said the inspector. "I want him out of circulation."

Apparently, the mysterious murderer had decided to cooperate with the inspector's wish and had taken himself out of circulation. For over a year, there were no further incidents. The two cases remained unsolved,

but at least, things were quiet. Unfortunately, they were not to remain so.

On the evening of September 9, 1967, Mrs. Berta Kundis, a 71-year-old widow who lived alone, was strangled to death with one of her own warm, sensible stockings. The murderer took every penny of loose cash in the house and left Mrs. Kundis in an obscene and undignified position. He had also taken the time to do certain things to the elderly woman's private parts.

"It's him again," said Dr. Kuhlmann with a deep sigh. "He's come back."

"And the fair is going on a half block away," said the inspector, who remembered the preceding cases very well. "She wasn't strangled manually this time, however. Are you sure it's the same one?"

"Look for yourself," said the doctor, pointing. "You saw the other two."

"We've got to find some clue!" the inspector said a little desperately.

There was no clue, however, and this time the circumstances were even more difficult. Mrs. Kundis had been murdered on the evening of the ninth, but the body had not been discovered until the fifteenth. It was no longer possible for the doctor to say at even approximately what time the murder had taken place and, by the time the questioning began, no one in the

neighborhood could remember having seen any stranger enter the widow's house.

"Combine all three cases in one file," the inspector instructed Fliesser. "I'm very much afraid that we have not heard the last of this yet."

He was only too accurate in his belief. For the next few weeks, the inspector led a harrassed existence as the local newspapers discovered that there were three unsolved murders of women which had apparently all been carried out by the same man and this same man was still at large.

The details of what the strangler had done to the corpses were not released. The inspector was still keeping them confidential for purposes of cross-checking. For the time being, however, there was nothing to cross-check. The investigations were placed on a permanent basis and a squad of detectives under Sergeant Fliesser was assigned to the difficult task of tracking down the man who had now become known as the terror of Augsburg. But did not have very much to do; there was nothing to track down.

During the fall and winter of 1967, there were few women in Augsburg who were willing to leave their houses after dark unaccompanied and the sale of locks and bolts in the local hardware stores doubled and tripled.

Nothing happened and by the spring of 1968, the atmosphere became somewhat less tense. The reign of terror

appeared to have ended.

At shortly before midnight on May 22, 1968 another widow, Mrs. Francisca Schoeffel, was found strangled in her home. The body of the 68-year-old woman was still warm and 2,500 dollars which she had only drawn out of the bank the week before were missing.

"Now, at last, we have a lead," said the inspector hopefully, rubbing his hands. "The murderer must have known that she had the money in the house. Therefore, it was someone who knew her. I want every person that had the slightest contact with her brought to the station and we'll grill them all until we get the truth."

"Not much point in arresting her female friends," said Dr. Kuhlmann. "This was obviously a man and, for that matter, the same man that you've been looking for in the other cases. Look at that."

"I saw it," nodded the inspector. "I've seen his trademark often enough by now to recognize it."

Both he and the doctor had been pulled out of bed at half past midnight, 40 minutes after the body had been discovered, the time lapse being accounted for partially by the length of time that Mrs. Verena Bayer had lain in a faint followed by hysterics upon discovering the body of her old friend, sprawled in her own living room.

"It wasn't merely her being dead," she told the inspector, "it was the shape he left her in. Francisca was always such a modest, respectable woman. She'd have died of shame to be exposed like that!"

"She died of strangulation," the inspector stated, "and as far as we know, he only did what he did to her after she was dead. Why did she take the money out of the bank and how is it that you knew about it?"

"She was going to lend it to me," said Mrs. Bayer. "I have an unfinished floor at the top of my house that I could convert into an apartment and rent out. She was going to put up the capital for the conversion and then I'd pay her back out of the rent. That's why I came tonight. She was going to give me the money."

The inspector made good his threat. He had every person summoned who had known Francisca Schoeffel well enough to even wish her the time of day. All were questioned and all were almost immediately released. Every single person within the circle of the woman's acquaintances either had a checkable alibi or was incapable of the murder.

"The two and a half thousand dollars must have been pure coincidence," said Sergeant Fliesser. "We've even questioned everyone who works in her bank. There simply isn't any connection."

"I've just received a report from a witness who says that he saw a strange man in the street in front of Mrs. Schoeffel's house on the night of the murder," said the inspector.

"Medium height? Hair parted on the left side? In his twenties?" asked the sergeant.

The inspector nodded disconsolately "Right," he said. "It was the same man."

Who this same man was, however, remained a mystery. Despite an almost frenzied effort on the part of the police, no hint as to his identity could be found. The residents of Augsburg were in a state of terror and literally hundreds of tips and suggestions poured into the headquar-

ters of the criminal police. Each was exhaustively checked. Each was found to be valueless.

The investigations were still proceeding at top pitch and housewives were doing the family shopping in convoys of six and eight on the morning of September 23rd when Kurt Scheffel, a retired railway employee, decided to go for a walk in the woods outside Augsburg. It was a fine autumn day and the woods, a part of the estate of the famous Prince Eug-

(Continued on page 58)



Composite sketch of the Terror of Augsburg was made from witnesses' descriptions



Homicide probe of the double slaying was impeded by onslaught of Hurricane Camille, causing delay and erasing evidence . . .

by MALCOLM BURDSALL

It took Mississippi homicide investigators a long time  
to crack the savage slaying of two pretty girls,  
but there was a good reason for the delay . . .

# **A DIXIE MURDERER GOT AN ASSIST FROM A HURRICANE**



**T**HE MISSISSIPPI Gulf Coast, often called the summer tourist's Riviera, has always been a place of contrasts. For years garish nitespots, luxurious lodging places and wide-veranda-ed mansions have faced the man-made beach south of U.S. Highway 90. Everything there was opulent.

Two blocks inland you found the dwellings of the working classes. Small frame houses—crowded shoulder to shoulder on narrow sandy lots—sheltered the fishermen, laborers and workers in the service trades.

This is where you found Fayard Street, Biloxi, Mississippi, a public way rich in children and little else. This is how it was on Tuesday night, July 22, 1969.

Three blocks away, in a plush resort hotel, over 100 voluptuous daughters of the Magnolia State paraded their charms in a beauty pageant.

Inside the little two-bedroom house at 135 Fayard Street, two other pretty girls lay sprawled on their backs—one on a bed, the other on the floor—bludgeoned to death by a nocturnal intruder.

There was no connection except geography between the Miss Hospitality Contest and the double murder, of

course, but the nearness of the two scenes struck an investigator as portentous when they arrived at the death scene.

"I hope those beauty contest people don't panic," he said. "But after all, a sex killer can strike anywhere."

The double murder had not been medically classified as a sex crime at that stage of the investigation, but the indications were obvious. Autopsies performed later verified the conclusion that sex was—in some manner—involved.

It was 3 p.m. on Wednesday when Shirley Henderson, occupant of the house next door, walked out on her front porch to find a small boy wearing bloodstained clothing in the yard. She recognized him as David Shepherd, three-year-old brother of one of her neighbors. The youngster was crying.

"What's the matter, David?" she asked.

"Sister's dead! They're both dead! I want to go home," the youngster sobbed.

Shirley Henderson walked next door and entered the shotgun-style house, (one room behind another), consisting of a porch, living room, two bedrooms, kitchen, hall and bath. In the bedrooms she found the bodies of her neighbors.

One girl was in the back bedroom, stretched out on a bed, wearing only a

blue shirt. The other girl, nude arms and legs outflung, lay on the floor of the front bedroom. Both had been beaten savagely about the head. Bloodstains streaked the bed and floor.

Clutching the little boy by the hand, Shirley Henderson ran back to her own house and telephoned Biloxi police headquarters. Minutes later Fayard Street was swarming with police cars.

Word of the killings spread quickly through the area after the police cars arrived. Soon a crowd had gathered in the front yard, standing huddled in a light drizzle to watch officers scurry in and out of the house.

Police Chief Louis Rosetti, one of the first officers to arrive called the Harrison County coroner, Mrs. Gladys Gorenflo, and asked her to come to the scene. Then Chief Rosetti and Detective E. P. Vincent began questioning neighbors of the slain girls.

They were identified as Miss Katherine J. Waggoner, 20, of Woolmarket, Mississippi, and Miss Suzanne M. Shepherd, 19, of Orange Grove, Mississippi. They had been living in the little shotgun house three blocks from the beach for about three months.

Neighbors said the brunette Shepherd girl, who was apparently pregnant, had told them she was expecting a baby in less than a month. They also quoted her as saying she was married to a serviceman then stationed in Vietnam.

Miss Waggoner, a blue-eyed brunette, had been working as a waitress at the Question Mark Lounge on the beach. She had quit that job only three days before.

Other area residents said the girls sometimes had visitors, both male and female, but except for the Shepherd girl's little brother—who stayed there most of the time—they were the only occupants of the house.

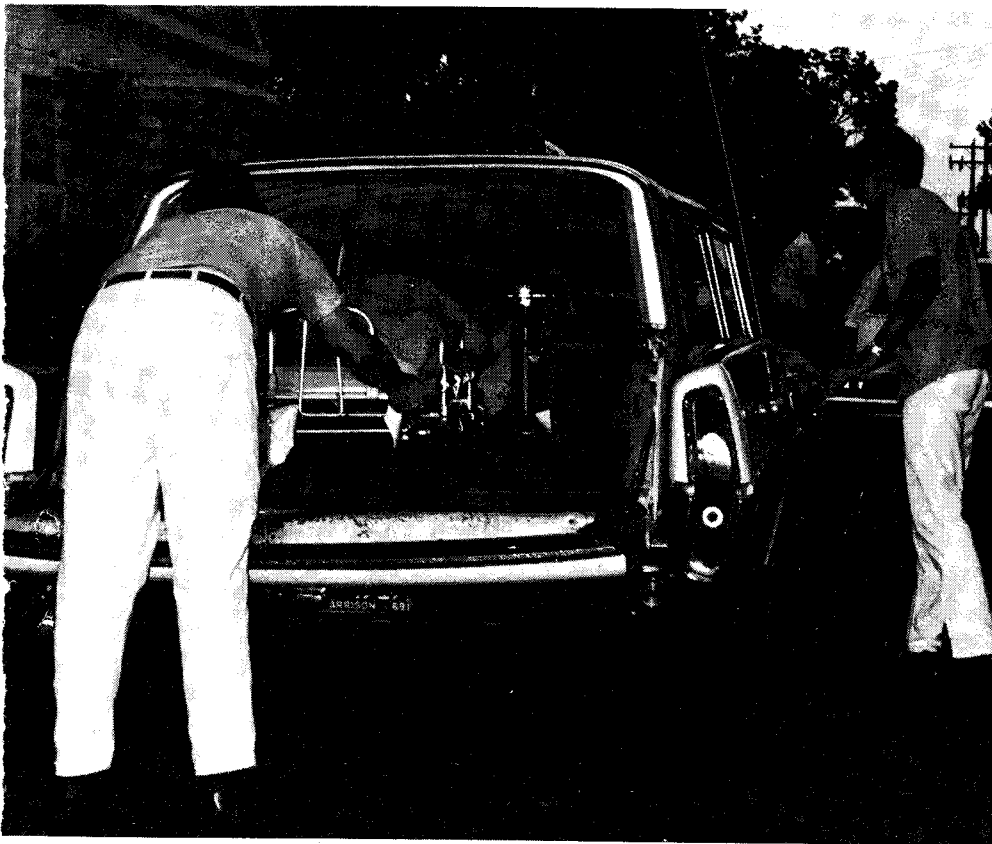
Detectives Vincent and Montgomery found a six-foot stepladder in the yard next to the bathroom window. The window screen had been pried loose and was lying on the ground.

The house was not disturbed, as it would have been if ransacked by a prowler seeking valuables. In fact, the house and furnishings were so modest as almost to preclude the likelihood of a robbery motive, unless the killer was really desperate.

Detective Vincent looked over the premises and commented: "I think just one person is responsible, and he must have caught them by surprise. They were probably sleeping when he entered."

The coroner, Mrs. Gorenflo, arrived and told ambulance attendants to move the bodies to a funeral home as soon as Identification Officer James Robinson finished photographing the murder scene. Then, said Mrs. Gorenflo, she would impanel a coroner's jury to conduct an inquest.

While Officer Robinson dusted for fingerprints and photographed the slaying victims, Chief Rosetti ques-



Ambulance men remove bodies of Katherine, Suzanne after coroner's examination...

tioned the little Shepherd boy. The child could tell him little more than he could see for himself.

"He must have slept through the whole thing," said the chief. "He knows nothing about what happened. He just found them later."

At the inquest, Coroner Gorenflo described the girls as "victims of the most brutal beatings I have ever seen," and asked the jurors to order autopsies. The request was approved. There was little else the coroner's jury could do except return a verdict of "beaten to death by a hand or hands unknown..."

While officers swarmed over Fayard Street searching for clues and constructing dossiers on the victims, Coroner Gorenflo telephoned Dr. Irwin Joffe, a pathologist, and asked him to do postmortems on both girls.

The physician went to the funeral home and began his examinations at 9 p.m. that night, just six hours after the bodies were found. He confirmed the cause of both deaths as blows to the head which caused skull fractures and brain damage.

No death weapon had been found then, but Dr. Joffe said the wounds were "consistent" with a small, heavy, lengthy object such as a tire tool. There were no injuries except those on the heads of the victims.

The pathologist could not ascertain exact times of death, but estimated them at 15 to 24 hours before his examination. This placed the fatal attacks between 9 p.m. on Tuesday and 6 a.m. on Wednesday.

Both girls had sexual intercourse "of some nature" shortly before or after death, said the pathologist, but the exact time could not be determined, nor could it be determined if the relations were forced or voluntary.

The Shepherd girl was indeed pregnant, said Dr. Joffe, just as the neighbors had reported, and the pregnancy would have terminated in about 10 days. Her unborn son raised the count of murder victims to three.

Calling the triple slaying, "the most brutal murder I can remember in twenty years as a policeman," Chief Rosetti ordered an "around the clock" investigation.

He told his men to gather anything that might yield a clue from the murder house and send it to the FBI laboratories in Washington for processing. By Friday, two large cardboard cartons of household items, bed clothing, blood specimens and other articles were on the way.

The FBI specialists were asked to examine each item with a view to establishing the presence of a third adult in the house when the girls died. If any such evidence was found, Biloxi

investigators wanted leads on his physical characteristics such as height, weight, race, etc.

Included with the physical evidence were several smudged fingerprints lifted from furniture. There was also a thumbprint lifted from the bathroom window. And there were soil sweepings from the bathtub. Admittedly the soil sweepings amounted to a very long shot, but Biloxi police were grabbing for any clue.

A canvass of the neighborhood produced information that both girls were daughters of retired Air Force sergeants. Miss Waggoner had been paying rent on their little house with well fare checks issued locally.

Their landlord described the pair as, "well-mannered, soft-spoken and so quiet you'd hardly know they were there." He said they had talked about going to work as sales representatives for a photographic studio.

In an effort to run down every possible lead, investigators canvassed all local photographers. Nothing came of the quest and Chief Rosetti concluded the projected sales jobs were just something the girls had heard about and discussed.

Neighbors on both sides of the street were questioned, but no scream or unusual noises had been heard at the house. Then Miss Marsha Varnado, a friend of the Waggoner girl who lived in a duplex next door, said she could account for Katherine's activities until 1:45 a.m.

She and Katherine went out together, said Miss Varnado, and visited several taverns and restaurants along the beach. At one of their stops, she said, Katherine met a man she knew and left with him.

"I didn't know him," said Miss Varnado. "I do remember he was driving a red automobile."



►  
Detectives found a ladder and an open window slayer used to get at the victims

About an hour later, she said, she went home and stopped at her friend's house to knock on the door. Receiving no answer, she went to her own apartment and went to bed.

Later, she said, she awakened to hear a child crying. She thought nothing of it because the houses were close together and the neighborhood had many children. The crying soon stopped and she fell asleep again.

Was the crying child the slain Shepherd girl's little brother?

Investigators questioned him again, trying to coax him to remember something, but to no avail. If it was he crying, his young memory had not recorded the fact.

Investigators learned from the Varnado girl that a young man, Richard Rose of Hattiesburg, visited the two victims occasionally, and he had been at the house several nights before. Rose was located and interviewed.

He said a blond young man, a member of the Air Force stationed at nearby Keesler Air Force Base was leaving the house as he arrived. The airman was angry, said Rose, and the girls said they were afraid of him. Rose, however, could not remember the man's name if he ever heard it.

On Friday morning, while police searched for the murder weapon in an expanding circle that began at the house, services for Katherine Waggoner were held in a Gulfport funeral home, Final rites for the Shepherd girl were on Saturday morning at Bayou View Baptist Church where she was a member.

Investigators, including two Gulfport detectives detailed to the case, attended both services to observe people in attendance. They had special instructions to watch for young Air Force men, or for a man driving a red car. They saw neither.

On Friday night, Chief Rosetti said three men with records as sex offenders had been picked up and questioned. After they provided alibis for Tuesday night they were all released.

All police officers, sheriff's deputies and highway patrol investigators working on the case gathered for a closed meeting on Saturday morning. Investigation director Vincent said the conference was "to put all the evidence together and see what we've got."

After the meeting adjourned, Vincent candidly admitted to a reporter that they didn't have much. "We've questioned a lot of people and we've considered several suspects," he said. "But so far nothing has panned out."

Over the week end, several more suspects were questioned, but all were cleared and released. The thumb print left on the bathroom window screen had a vital part in this phase of the investigation.

Director Vincent explained, "We are questioning suspects, then using the print in a process of elimination before releasing the subjects."

By Monday, investigators had

searched every yard in a five-block radius of the house for the murder weapon. Then they doubled back to search some more.

"It's probably something with length," said Detective Montgomery. "It's probably blunt, and it probably resembles a chair or table leg or piece of pipe. Look everywhere!"

Two days later, Chief Rosetti revealed that two suspects were being taken to Highway Patrol headquarters at the state capital for polygraph tests. They were two of the suspects who had been questioned earlier and released.

When we questioned other people, these two names were mentioned more often than any others," said Detective Vincent. "They were picked up again this morning and they offered to take lie detector tests.

Next day, when the tests were evaluated, they proved negative. The suspects were released again. But there was one promising new lead. While the suspects were being tested the murder weapon search finally paid off.

Detective T. J. Delahousey and Detective Herbert McDonnell, searching underneath houses on Fayard Street, found a heavy piece of brass pipe about 20 inches long and one inch in diameter. It was coated with a brownish substance. McDonnell studied the pipe and made an educated guess "This could very well have done the job."

No time was lost in forwarding the pipe to FBI headquarters for processing. A report on the pipe came back on August 5th, along with partial results of tests on the evidence sent earlier.

Blood samples from the evidence matched samples of the victims' blood. No other types were identified. Tests on a possible murder weapon from the house were negative, but tests on the brass pipe indicated the stains on it had been made by human blood. And imbedded in the dried blood, FBI specialists said, was a short length of human hair which was "consistent with" hair samples from the Shepherd girl's head.

The pipe yielded no fingerprints.

The next day a man who really qualified as a "prime suspect" was being questioned. His name was Everett Jones, and he was a patient at the Keesler Air Force Base medical center.

Sergeant Earl Batia of the Biloxi Police Department, who located the 35 year-old Jones after receiving a tip from a military man, said he had twice been listed as a deserter by the Air Force. Recently he had been working as a bartender in Biloxi.

While working in local taverns and lounges, Jones allegedly frequented the Fayard Street neighborhood. Batia had information that he knew one, and probably both, of the slain girls.

On July 25th, two days after the double killing, Jones checked into



This man was in jail on non-support charges when police allege he started talking to cellmate—told too much . . .

the Air Force medical center for treatment of a leg wound. When military authorities turned Jones over to civilian authorities for interrogation, Detective Montgomery said, "the nature of his wound, and how it was inflicted, could be considerable interest to us."

Offered a chance to take a polygraph examination, the suspect said he would be glad to do so. He was promptly transported to Highway Patrol headquarters for such a test, but it was never administered.

After Jones was returned to Biloxi, Detective Montgomery said, "Due to the physical condition of the suspect, and to medication he received for his leg wound, we were unable to complete the examination. We obtained no accurate results, nothing of value."

Everett Jones said he was willing to undergo another test later. He was then returned to the Air Force medical center for additional treatment of the leg wound.

On August 11th, a second report came from FBI laboratories on the two boxes of evidence which had been sent there. The results were disappointing; they told officers nothing

(Continued on page 71)

No one was more surprised than Houston detectives when they finally reached the climax in their probe of a will o' the wisp robbery ring which had gotten away with several million dollars worth of loot—never before had police captured an oddball outfit like

# THE TEXAS BURGLARS WHO BUGGED THEMSELVES

by REDMOND TRAVERS

**T**HEY WERE diminutive rascals, unlikely, either of them, to intimidate a bathroom scale, and both possessed the fresh-faced, sort of bashful mien that supposedly characterizes the typical American kid and against which not even the most hard-nosed cop is proof.

But this was a classic case of looks being deceptive. Both these youngsters were as slippery as eels in a tub of lard, and one, the older, was as versed in the deadly arts of explosives, weaponry, and the various methods of killing and maiming as any fictional commando.

He could, and did, make a pistol out of a piece of plastic, some string, a bit of cloth wadding and a nail from a shoe heel. Not that they were dangerous. They weren't. They were just burglars, and they perfected the nefarious profession to the point of it being an art. They might still be at large and practising their specialized trade had they not attempted to put an even higher gloss on their activities.

They were brothers, and close, as brothers should be, confiding in each other, sharing equally the proceeds of their spoils. They operated by a quixotic code that excluded any animosity toward their natural foes—the police.

"The law is just doing its thing," the elder, Jack, remarked to the younger, Larry. "We've got our job, too."

"The police department will be glad to know we're helping them stay in business."

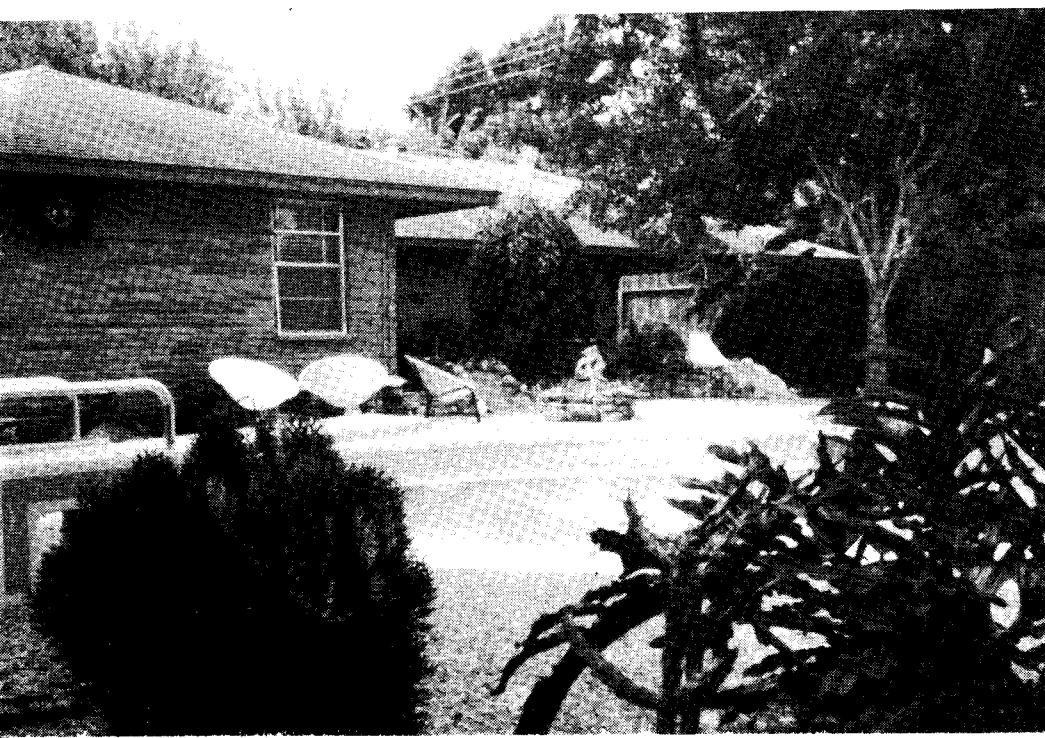
As understatements go, that one deserves a niche of its own in the criminal archives of Houston, Texas Burglary Squad officers. The latter estimate the brothers pulled 300 jobs over a five-year span, latching onto loot valued at \$3,000,000!

The brothers deny this vehemently. They maintain they pulled 600 jobs, and their hauls totaled \$5,000,000 on the retail market!

"And I ought to know," Jack told this writer with an air of injured dignity.

"After all, we were the ones keeping track!"

◀ This swank home, complete with swimming pool, is one of several hundred robbed by a pair of youthful thieves who claim their loot topped \$5 million



Houston is the nation's sixth largest city, with a population of over 1,200,000, and a booming economy that makes its unemployment rate the lowest in the nation, less than 3 percent. It has its pockets of poverty, its ghettos, its blighted districts, but it also has a larger than normal upper middle class, and a helluva lot of just plain rich people who live in swank, sprawling homes that are, in many cases, veritable treasure houses.

Last year in Houston, there were more than 25,000 reported burglaries. Most of them were committed by professional burglars, a lesser number by rank amateurs who were quickly nabbed. In their freshman days, Jack and Larry also got caught, were cheerful about the whole thing, and cooperated with police in trying to pinpoint the places they burglarized, but they couldn't recall many of the addresses.

"Next time, you ought to carry a tape recorder and camera and make notes on the locations, so it'd be easier on us," a detective quipped to Jack.

The idea intrigued Jack. So when

he got out of prison in December of 1969, paroled after serving a year of a three-year term, he did just that! And he was also more careful in his planning and execution of jobs.

As Jack puts it: "Larry and I have covered Houston in the last month. By that I mean, we know which ones (areas of the city) are weak and which are strong on security.

"The goal we must meet is to survive in these days and times."

Jack and Larry were the nerviest of burglars, operating only by day and hitting only residences, although Jack had plans to expand the operations.

But D. J. McWilliams and L. M. Stolarski put a crimp in the plans. Stolarski and McWilliams are members of the overworked, understaffed Houston police Burglary and Theft Squad. They were aware, as was every other man in the squad early in 1969, that two busy burglars were working overtime raiding plush homes in the city, usually in the posh West End or exclusive River Oaks, on the fringe of the skyscraper district.

Experienced burglars can break into a home, loot it, and be gone with their swag in five to 15 minutes. Although he receives only a fraction of the worth of the stolen merchandise when he "fencies" it, a clever burglar can make \$500-\$1,000 weekly, more if he has better-than-average luck in uncovering hidden caches of cash.

The investigating of burglaries and thefts does not carry the glamorous aura of homicide investigation or the dangerous hallmark of Robbery Squad work, for while some burglars are dangerous, most shun violence except as a last resort. Catching burglars is tedious, sometimes frustrating work, with little credit attached by the general public.

Yet, Burglary and Theft detectives are perhaps the most valuable of officers; they deal directly with the highest costs of crime, for burglary costs society 10 times what armed robbery costs the citizenry.

When Detectives McWilliams and Stolarski had studied the circumstances of a dozen or more of the burglaries handed them to investigate, they were certain many of the break-ins were the work of the same two men. Several persons in the vicinity of homes burglarized had seen two youths around the houses victimized and, in some instances, had even seen the men leave with television sets, stereos, rifles and other items.

"Why, I didn't think anyone would burglarize a house in plain sight of a neighbor working in the yard," exclaimed the neighbor in question. "I thought they were TV REPAIRMEN, and I heard one of them say loudly, 'We'll get this back soon as possible, ma'am.'"

Said another: "Well they pulled up, got out and walked into that house like they had business there. They seemed to know what they were doing."

The detectives agreed. The thieves certainly knew what they were doing, all right.

Unfortunately, most of those who had seen the burglars, or two youths suspected as the burglars because of their proximity to the raided homes, had not gotten a license number or an adequate description of the vehicle used, with the exception of two instances—and in both these instances the cars, traced, proved to be stolen.

In most instances, too, the victims of the burglaries could not give serial numbers or other identifying characteristics of the guns, stereos, radios, television sets and jewelry stolen.

The failure to list serial numbers, or to otherwise mark valuables, some thing every homeowner should do with valuable items, entailed even more work on the part of Detectives McWilliams and Stolarski. They had to patiently extract from the victims the names of the stores from which the items were purchased, or the names of the persons from whom the valuables were acquired, then back-track each piece of stolen goods to its original seller.

In this manner, they acquired a sizeable list of serial numbers of stolen items, and were able to inspect the stock of used merchandise stores, pawn shops, radio-TV outlets and used appliances dealers. A list of the serial numbers of stolen guns was posted in every gun shop in Houston and surrounding communities.

The officers did recover some \$30,000 worth of loot in the space of a few weeks, but the merchandise recovered amounted to only a minor portion of the amount stolen, and in every instance, the buyer had acted in good faith, unaware that the goods were "hot." None could recall the faces of the people who'd sold them the guns, TV sets, stereos, or whatever, for they dealt with scores, sometimes hundreds of people daily. But the buyers had records of the seller's name and address, and a notation as to the proof of identity produced, driver's license, credit cards, and other widely acceptable data.

The detectives checked out all of the addresses and names, and were not surprised to learn that the sellers had used either the victim's own identification, with the thief's own picture substituted, or counterfeit identification.

"They're moving most of it through fences," one detective told newsmen who inquired about the large amount of goods and guns that had vanished.

A "fence" is a middle man between thieves and burglars and the customers who buy stolen goods. He's the man who makes the biggest profit with the least risk. He buys goods for no more than 20 percent of estimated value—usually far less—and sells it to customers for several times what he pays for it, but the buyer is more than willing to purchase, for he knows he's getting goods at less than



With Det. Stolarski (right), Detective McWilliams holds tape recorder which burglar duo used to make a vocal diary of their lucrative crimes

half what he'd pay wholesale.

Fences operate out of bars, garages, hole-in-the-wall stores, out of their homes, and sometimes on street corners. Few are known to police, although some are suspected, but they are clever enough to avoid any real danger of being caught, and if they are, it's often difficult to convict them.

"Well, how'd I know it was stolen?" the fence who operates a second-hand store exclaims in a tone of wounded innocence. "The guy said his wife was in the hospital and he needed some dough fast, and all he had of value was a color television set. Naw, I didn't get his name—but he comes in here all the time to buy clothes!"

Detectives McWilliams and Stolarski, aided by the pawnshop detail, kept a close surveillance on the known fences, but with little luck.

Then, in March of 1969, the detectives ostensibly got a break. A silent burglar alarm installed in a swanky West End home went off in the offices of the private security firm maintaining the guardian service. The monitor called police and pair of patrol cruisers, their officers under orders to proceed without red lights or sirens, swiftly converged on the home.

A new pickup truck was in the drive. Two of the officers stopped their car at the curb, leaped out and ran around back to foil any escape through adjoining yards. The other cruiser blocked the truck, and its officer team alighted, guns in hand, just as two young men emerged, carrying a beautifully-carved, handsome ly-designed radio-stereo complex.

"Set it down easy, and put up your hands, then lean up against the wall," one radio patrolman commanded, gesturing with his pistol.

"Hey, what is this?" protested one man. "We got orders to pick this up and take it to our shop for repairs!"

The explanation evaporated, however, when the owner of the home was contacted at his office by telephone. "No, no, they had no permission to take anything from the house," the man declared. "What I can't understand is, where's the maid? I talked to her an hour ago."

That was cleared up when the servant returned while police were at the house. She had driven to a nearby grocery to pick up some items she needed to prepare the evening meal.

"I must have left the kitchen door unlocked," she confessed with no little embarrassment.

She had. The two suspects, who identified themselves as Carl Hobbs and Krause Mueller, said the burglary was committed on impulse. They had seen the woman leaving, and Mueller had noticed that the door to the kitchen, which had a side entrance facing on the driveway, seemed to be ajar. Such had proved the case when they checked it, and the two young men might have looted the house in just the few minutes the

maid was gone had they not tripped the silent alarm when they moved the \$3,000 radio-stereo-TV combination.

At the police station, Hobbs and Krause were arraigned and given their constitutional warnings by a corporation court magistrate, and both said they'd willingly talk with the officers. The story they told made the detectives feel like they'd encountered their phantoms of the West End, although the descriptions didn't jibe.

The youths admitted that even if the burglary was done on impulse, it was not their first, or their second. In fact, as near as they could recall, they had hit some 100 places in and around the plush areas of Houston.

"We had cased another job in the area when we spotted the door open at that house," said Mueller.

"Yeah, we'd have hit the other house, too, the one we planned to hit," Hobbs added.

The two youths could pinpoint some of the homes they had burglarized and looted, but couldn't recall the addresses of others. They could remember some of the loot they'd taken, but not the nature of other merchandise. They would hit only in daylight, a procedure they considered a matter of nerve, poise and appearances.

"I always tried to drive a new car," said Hobbs. "You don't want to look like you came off Skid Row when you're pranking around those houses."

"Pull up and get out like you've got business there. If there's someone home throw some kind of story on them."

But the youths denied ever fencing any of their goods. They had marketed it themselves, they maintained. "We made \$200 to \$300 a day, selling

stuff in bars, or down around the waterfront," Hobbs was quoted.

"People want a bargain, even if they know they're buying stolen stuff. They figure the person who stole it will go to jail, not them. Sometimes they'll ask if it was stolen in Harris County, and we tell them no."

Mueller backed his partner. "We're not exactly Robin Hoods," he said. "But we always try to pick a rich neighborhood because the people in those neighborhoods usually have insurance. They don't really lose anything, the insurance company does. And there'd always be a whole lot more left than we'd take."

Both seemed to regard their crime spree as a "big game," and said so. Two days later they passed out handwritten guides for burglary protection which they had drawn up in their cells for police and newsmen to study.

"I don't really think we're telling the police anything they don't know," Hobbs said to a newsman. "But if people did these things, a lot less would get beat out of their stuff!"

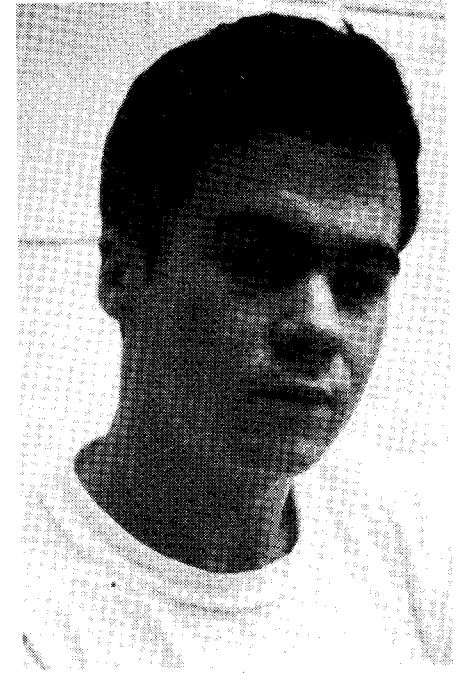
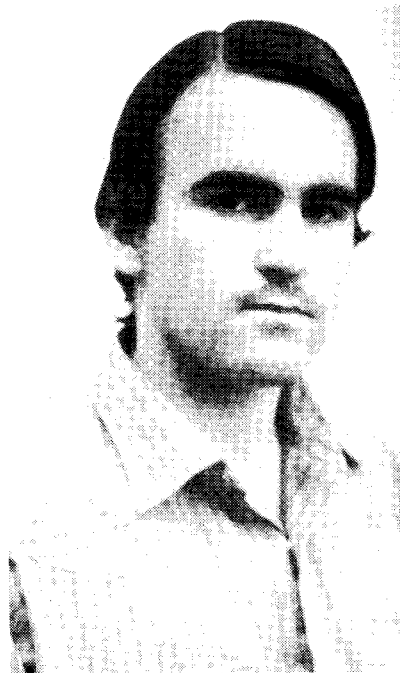
● Suggestion: Install a burglar alarm, or, as an alternative, get a sign for doors and windows claiming the house is protected by a burglar alarm. "I wouldn't take a chance that the sign was real or fake, because there's too many other houses to hit," said Hobbs.

● Suggestion: Leave a radio playing loud enough to be heard from the front or back doors.

● Suggestion: Hang a "Day Sleeper" sign on the door knobs.

● Suggestion: Shut the garage door when the car is gone.

● Suggestion: Turn on some lights after 6 p.m., or whenever it be-





**Along with color TV sets, radio-stereo consoles and jewelry, the burglars are accused of stealing numerous rifles and other firearms.**



**This man is charged with acting as "fence" for goods allegedly stolen by suspects (photos, opposite page)**

gins to get dusky or dark.

• Suggestion: Stop delivery of papers during vacation times. Arrange for a neighbor to pick up mail, even mow yard once for you.

"Sometimes, of course, the neighbors couldn't care less," shrugged Mueller. "We've taken stuff out while people were working in their yards next door. Some neighbors just don't want to get involved."

While the stories told by Mueller and Hobbs were intriguing and helpful to police—and grist for the news mills—Detectives McWilliams and Stolarski began to doubt they were the two burglars they had been seeking.

Their doubts were based on more than just a discrepancy in descriptions. In too many cases, the merchandise and jewelry Hobbs and Mueller admitted they'd stolen didn't jibe with loot reported taken from homes the officers suspected the pair might have raided.

Too, many of the homes they claimed to have burglarized, and the addresses of which they recalled with

clarity, had not been burglarized at the times cited by the two youths, and some of the houses cited had not been hit at all.

"They pulled a lot of burglaries, but not as many as they claim, in my opinion," said an investigator who had worked on the case, Sheriff's Detective Hugh Irby. "But they're good burglars. They have to be, because they got by with it for a long time."

But Detectives McWilliams and Stolarski were certain their particular pair of catmen were still at large because while Hobbs and Mueller entertained interrogators with talks of invasions and thefts of scores of homes, the rash of burglaries in the West End and River Oaks continued, and reported glimpses of two youths who might well be the ones perpetrating the crimes matched those first garnered by the detectives.

"But they couldn't be more than kids, thirteen or fourteen, if that old," expostulated one man. "Heck my fifteen-year-old girl is bigger than either  
(Continued on page 78)

The Kentucky blaze looked like a torch job right from the start, but when the suspicious fire lieutenant discovered the woman's face had been battered and her skull fractured, he was pretty sure someone had decided to

# ADD ARSON TO MURDER

by BILL ORMSBY

**R**AGING FLAMES had been knocked down but thick smoke was still pouring from the small frame house when Bowling Green, Kentucky, Fire Department Lieutenant Melvin Watson assigned a couple of firemen to accompany him into the four-room structure at 428 Second Street.

"You think the old lady is still in there, Lieutenant?" a firefighter asked.

"That's what I understand," Watson replied. "If she is, we've probably got a fatality on our hands. We've lost the whole back of the house, and even if she got into that front room, she couldn't last long in this smoke."

Large flashlights carried by the firemen did little good against the thick, fog-like smoke as the men groped their way through the charred remains of the wood frame residence of Mrs. Eva McDaniels, a 76-year-old widow who lived alone in the little one-bedroom house which was covered with imitation brick tarpaper siding.

Hoping the old woman had miraculously survived the acidic smoke in the unburned portion of the house, Lieutenant Watson and his men searched the front part of the home first. After looking in vain under and behind every piece of furniture large enough to conceal a human being, the firemen continued their search in the kitchen and rear bedroom, where the fire apparently had originated about 12:15 that morning, June 20, 1970.

"This thing sure had a helluva start on us," Lieutenant Watson commented as he studied the gutted interior of the two rooms.

"Yeah," said one of his men. "I imagine we were here within five minutes after the alarm sounded,

and look at it—another few minutes and there wouldn't have been anything left but the foundation."

Nothing in the kitchen had escaped the inferno and the flames in the bedroom had destroyed everything that would burn, including an old-fashioned iron bed which had melted and twisted grotesquely like so much wire around the bare springs.

But even more grotesque was the sight which met the firemen's eyes when their lights stabbed through the smoky darkness and settled on a large stack of charred magazines and newspapers near the door which led to the kitchen.

"Christ! Is that a body?" one of the men said, edging closer to the debris.

When the firemen's flashlight beams were directed on the pile of smoldering embers, a pair of charred human legs became visible. At least the bones became visible, since all the flesh had been burned away. Lieutenant Watson poked a fire hook at the water-soaked stack of partially burned papers, revealing the rest of a human form.

"This is a case for police and the fire marshal's office," the fire department official said to his colleagues. "This woman never crawled under that stuff by herself. And look at the blood on her face—that's not from fire!"

Returning to the fresh air outside the gutted house, the sweating, grimy-faced fire lieutenant approached Police Patrolman Alexander Maxwell and recommended that he contact the detective division of the Bowling Green Police Department. In the meantime, Lieutenant Watson reported his findings to fire department Major Lester Lawrence, who contacted Warren County Coroner J. C. Kirby and



County Attorney Henry Potter.

Among the first investigators to arrive on the scene were city Detective Sergeants Gary Raymer and John Hayes, and Sheriff's Captains Audie Montgomery and Glen Wood. While Sheriff Hubert Phelps' officers attempted to locate witnesses in the large throng of spectators who had been attracted to the early-morning blaze, Detective Sergeants Raymer and Hayes assisted Coroner Kirby in examining the partially charred corpse.

"Her face is pretty well busted up, isn't it, Coroner?" Detective Raymer asked.

"Yes, but it's impossible to tell right now whether or not she was dead before the fire broke out," Kirby said. "She's been struck on the head a number of times. I'll order a cranial autopsy as soon as we get her to the morgue. In the meantime, I'd suggest you keep everyone out of the house until the fire marshal's had a chance to look around. I don't think there's any doubt that this fire was set to cover up murder, from what I can see here."

Detective Sergeant Hayes said, "Give us a call as soon as the autopsy is done, Coroner, and in the meantime, we'll see what we can find here."

"Can you tell yet what kind of instrument she was hit with?" Sergeant Raymer asked.

"Not exactly," the coroner replied, "but from the looks of the marks on her face, I'd say it was similar to a hammer or section of pipe. I don't see any indication of a knife or other sharp tool being used."

After the corpse and suspected crime scene were photographed, Coroner Kirby ordered the body removed to the morgue at City-County Hospital for an autopsy. Meanwhile, police and sheriff's investigators began the twelfth homicide probe they had conducted in Bowling Green and Warren County since the first of the year.

It was only six days earlier when the same detectives who were probing the death of Eva McDaniels were investigating the senseless, cold-blooded murder of William S. Morrow, a 57-year-old Bowling Green tree surgeon, who was killed and robbed for 90 cents and two cigarettes.

After stabbing Morrow in the back repeatedly with a filed-down butcher knife and kicking his face to a bloody pulp, three youthful suspects tightened a leather belt around the victim's neck and threw his body into the Barren River.

The horrendous case was brought to light the next night when Clarence Cline, 28, came to police headquarters in Bowling Green and told Detective Major Harry Ashby and Detective Sergeant Raymond Raymer that he had witnessed a murder. He reportedly told the officers he felt it was his

(Continued on page 60)



Bludgeoned body of Eva McDaniels is transferred to ambulance (above) after firemen had found the woman in burning bedroom, partly concealed by old newspapers . . .

During fire at victim's house, man at center (flanked by Det. Sgts. Raymond Raymer, left, and Gary Raymer) was seen struggling with two men on porch of house



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# MD-CRIME CLASSIC

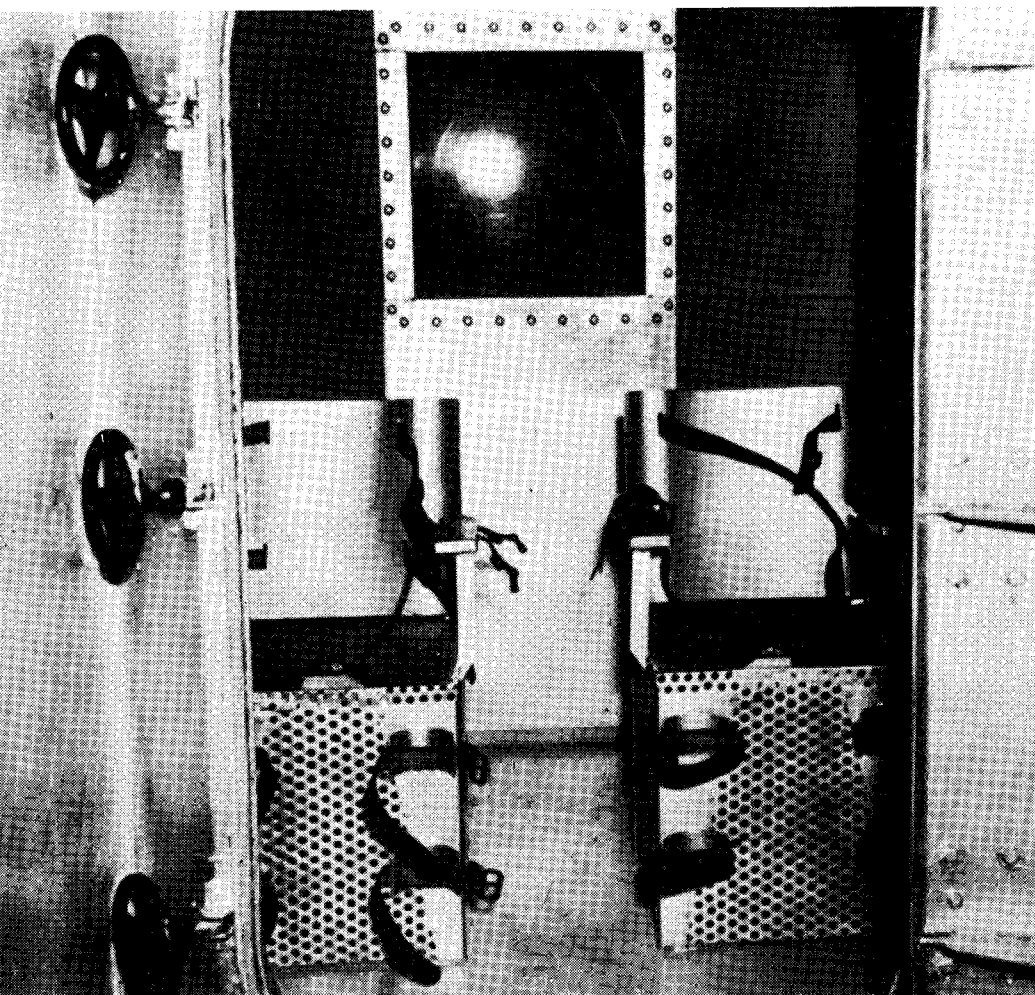
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There was no lack of opportunity, during Charlie's career as a bad man, for him to change the course of his destiny.

He had a talent for getting paroled and winning second chances, but he remained grimly determined to do it all the hard way . . .

# DESTINATION: GAS CHAMBER

by ED McCOY



**I**F, AS THE old legend has it, a man's whole life flashes through his mind in the two seconds before he knows he will die, the "taped replay" which unrolled in Charlie Odom's consciousness as he awaited his moment of truth in the State of Missouri's death house must have unfolded something like this:

The very early years were a series of blurred images in which, here and there, with increasing infrequency, a familiar friendly face stood out. He had been asked about these people before, but he had difficulty relating them to himself. All he could recall was that for some reason they stuck in his mind, and that during the many stretches he had spent in prison, or reform school, or correctional home, when he was badly depressed and felt the need for something to make him feel good, he would let his mind roll back until these faces emerged.

As a matter of fact, he once confided to a state psychiatrist, "I'm not even sure they were real. Maybe I imagined them. . . ."

Imagination or not, however, the

◀ Rape of a little girl capped long criminal career of Charlie Odom, landed him in Missouri's gas chamber



Accused man always begged for "second chance," then immediately resumed his headlong race toward date with death. Here, handcuffed, he heads for prison

ity, in the case of his guardians; out of fear of physical pain, in the case of bigger kids; out of desire for some minor benefit to himself—call it a childishly picayune profit motive, if you will.

At the time the State of Missouri was trying to send Charlie to the gas chamber, Prosecutor Stewart Tatum would thunder in the crowded courtroom:

"They talk about love and affection—that little Harvey didn't get any love and affection. . . . Well, you've got to give before you can receive, and I challenge you to name one instance where Charles Harvey Odom ever loved anything."

Was that when Charlie—somehow the names Charlie and Harvey were used interchangeably to address him throughout his life—was that when he started on the long road to the gas chamber?

Or did it really start on August 2, 1946, when he was picked up by Troopers of the Missouri Highway Patrol at his "home"—the latest of many such foster homes in which he grew up—to answer questions about two burglaries the week before?

This was in Newburg, Missouri, and Charlie was 14 years old at the time. Former servicemen who spent time at Fort Leonard Wood will remember Newburg. The hugh, sprawling Army installation and the small town are in the same general area of south central Missouri.

Anyway, that was the first time the law ever put the arm on Charlie Odom. It was the first time, too, the police ever experienced the brash, bold, arrogant attitude which would become familiar to cops all over the mid-South in the next fall years.

Under questioning, he sneered patronizingly and admitted the details of his couple of penny ante burglaries with as much pride as if he'd robbed the mint. On July 28th, he had busted the glass in the front door of a local grocery store. His loot was \$25 in cash and eight flashlights, the skinny, pen-type flashlights one carries in the pocket like a pencil.

That was his first job. The night after that, Charley and another kid busted into a local restaurant. They didn't score very big here, either. Eight bucks in cash. Two bottles of soda pop. A handful of cigars.

Big deal.

One of the troopers who was involved in that incident would later admit that Odom showed no remorse when they brought him into juvenile court to answer for his sins.

faces had become a part of his psyche, deeply imbedded therein, and they were so real that they always looked the same. At the very least, the psychiatrists conceded, "They are real to Charles Odom."

The tape of memory rolls on, but like those end-of-the-year reviews of the world's events for the preceding twelve months, a lot of things are left out; so what appears is actually but a series of highlights out of the past. That's how it was with Charlie.

The first really strong memory to reappear in any playback of his life would have to be the incident which occurred when he was nine years old. That was when they took him away from his mother.

The details were always fuzzy, and they never cleared up. He never knew exactly why, but from this point on, even those meager patches of bright-

ness in the boy's existence, few as they were, disappeared. Now his life became a kaleidoscope of changing guardians, different homes, new sets of companions of his own age or sufficiently older to torment and bully him. That was when a couple of other things entered his life, things no nine-year-old kid should know about . . . suspicion, distrust.

That, too, according to the psychiatrists was when he learned "defensiveness," the tricks of protecting himself against the aggressiveness of those stronger than himself, of staying out of their path, or of doing things to win their favor. Everything had to have a reason. There was no such thing in Charlie's life as a spontaneous act of selflessness. If he did something for somebody else, there had to be a stronger motivation. He was forced to do it—out of fear of author-

But since it was his first offense, and because he was only a 14-year-old kid, the judge remanded him to the juvenile court authorities of Phelps County, Missouri, on the premise that as a first offender, he was prime material for their presumed skills in the art of rehabilitation.

Everyone concerned in the incident had the best of intentions, but it's unlikely the outcome would have been any different even if they'd had the worst intentions. In any event, the attempt to "rehabilitate" Charlie Odom was a complete bust.

It was still a couple weeks short of six months after this court hassle—Charlie's first—when the kid was picked up again for questioning about the burglary of a county hardware store. The loot in this instance was rather more impressive than Odom's first foray into larceny. Two pistols had been swiped from the hardware emporium, a .38 and a .45, together with 250 rounds of ammunition of both calibers.

By no stretch of the imagination could anyone say that Charley was developing as a criminal mastermind at this time. About the only talent he was showing was one for getting *into* premises. He had no talent whatsoever for outwitting the law. He made it ridiculously easy, in fact, for the local constabulary to solve the hardware store burglary.

Seems like Charlie took the two shooting irons out back of the home where he was then living and began popping away at everything in sight by way of target practice. Since the exercise was not only noisy but dangerous, neighbors called the sheriff and complained. Some deputies drove out and discovered Charlie Odom making like Billy the Kid or Jesse James, another local boy out of an earlier era.

Now by this time Charlie had seen enough John Garfield and Jimmy Cagney movies to know that he shouldn't give the cops the time of day, and that's how he played it. But it didn't make a bit of difference. There were those two pistols—the .38 and the .45—that he had in his belt when the deputies found him out back of the house.

Inasmuch as they bore the same serial numbers as the guns stolen from the hardware store, they constituted the kind of circumstantial evidence prosecuting attorneys dream about.

This time, though still only 14, Charlie Odom was sent away, for a year, to the Missouri Training School for Boys at Boonville, Missouri. At that institution, he lost little time in winning a reputation with the authorities as an incorrigible. All efforts to impress on him the fact that he should be contrite or penitent or sorry for his misdeeds met with singular lack of success.

During two separate terms at the Boonville Reformatory, Charlie escaped four times. By that time he was



Loaded pistol, girl's clothing in suspect's car helped jury reach guilty verdict

being considered very seriously for transfer to the more secure confines of the state prison in Jefferson City. It seemed that the most popular subject at the reform school was how to bust out successfully, and a crop of star pupils was being produced.

The increasing number of escapes was embarrassing; newspapers were being openly contemptuous of the whole juvenile correctional program, and in March 1948, Governor Phil M. Donnelly declared he'd had it. He issued orders that 75 of the worst inmates at the reformatory should be transferred to the state penitentiary. The governor's action, followed a series of incidents which, added to the large number of escapes, compounded the embarrassment to his administration. These incidents included one strangulation, one attempted strangulation, repeated episodes of violence, a wave of unnatural sex acts, and general defiance of discipline.

Young Charlie Odom easily fell within the category of the "75 worst" inmates, but he missed being shifted to the state pen on a "technicality," for want of a better word. Inasmuch as he had only 13 days remaining of his sentence when the governor ordered the transfer, Odom's name was taken off the list of transferees.

Two weeks later, he was released from custody.

But Charlie's failure to make it to the state prison at this time was really of small consequence, because a year later, he arrived there to begin serving a five-year sentence on a burglary conviction.

Within two years, however, apparently because the parole board was under the impression that Charles Harvey Odom was still "salvageable" and because the prison was crowded, he was released by commutation of his sentence by the governor of that time, Forrest Smith. That happened on August 22, 1952.

Less than a year later, Charlie was back at the same old stand, the state prison—this time to do a three-year sentence, again on a burglary conviction.

On the evidence, and admittedly with the benefit of hindsight, it is apparent that although the Missouri Parole Board had not yet grasped the situation, Charles Harvey Odom obviously had. He may not have been the greatest intellect ever confined in the Missouri big house, but he had figured that all he had to do was to "get along" on the inside, and that such behavior would soon put him on the outside again.

Was he ever right! In less than a year, he was paroled for "good behavior."

The time would come when a lot of voices would be raised to question the judgment of this action. In any case, the wisdom, of lack thereof, of the parole board's decision to release Charlie Odom was not long in doubt. In 1954, only months after being paroled, Charlie was sentenced to a ten-year stretch in the Kansas State Prison at Lansing, Kansas, after yet another conviction for burglary.

He began serving his sentence early in 1955, and the Kansas parole board, apparently no more hip to Odom's habitual criminal tendencies than their counterparts in Missouri, put him back on the streets again in February 1961, again for the usual official reason—"good behavior."

Apparently, it was only a mild attack of good behavior from which the patient recovered rapidly. For it was only six months after his release from the Kansas State Prison that Charles Harvey Odom committed the most serious crime of his lengthy career—the brutal, senseless rape-beating of little Margie Moore, a hideous crime which could have been prevented if Odom had been kept behind prison bars, where his record so obviously indicated he belonged.

When he was released from the Kansas prison, Odom went back to his most recent home, in Wellington, Kansas, which is the county seat of Sumner County, on the Oklahoma border in the south-central part of the state. There he found employment as a laborer on the city payroll. Every now and then he'd be picked up and questioned by detectives investigating burglaries in the Wellington-Wichita area, but he managed to convince them he was clean each time, and so he escaped further arrest.

On July 22nd, Odom decided to drive to Springfield, Missouri, to visit relatives. He stayed overnight in Springfield, and at about two o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, July 23rd, he started back to Wellington. His route took him through Joplin, Missouri.

Driving through the residential district of Joplin, Charlie Odom caught a glimpse of a pretty little girl playing with her dog. Margie Moore, then 13

years old, was visiting her grandmother with her dog, "Happy," a small, friendly terrier type animal of uncertain lineage. They were playing in an alley behind her grandmother's house. Margie was an eighth grade student in one of Wichita's junior high schools, but she was spending the summer with her grandmother while her parents worked in Wichita. Her father was employed at the Boeing Aircraft plant in Wichita.

After his first glimpse of Margie, Odom drove around the block slowly; he couldn't forget the pretty little girl with the long wavy hair. Abruptly he turned a corner and drove three blocks to a service station to have his car filled with gasoline and to ask the station attendant about the highway out of Joplin to Kansas.

Then Charlie drove slowly back through the residential neighborhood toward the alley where he had seen the pretty young girl playing with her dog.

Ann Dell, a 14-year-old girl who was playing down the street at the time, nudged her friend, Betty Ellis, and said, "There goes that man with the bushy hair again."

Charlie Odom stopped his car at the end of the alley and called to Margie Moore from his car.

This incident caught the attention of James Blade, a Joplin painter, who was remodeling a house across the alley from Margie's grandmother's home.

Blade later recalled: "This fellow had a road map in his hand and apparently he asked the girl for some directions. I heard her reply: 'I'm afraid I can't help you.'"

"What happened then?" a detective asked the housepainter.

"Well," Blade continued, "I went on with my painting until I heard the car door open and then I looked around. The guy had grabbed the girl by the arm and he had a pistol in his other hand. I saw a look of terror on her face as he pushed her into the car. Then he grabbed her dog and threw him in the back seat and drove away."

"I jumped off my ladder and ran across the alley to a house and asked the woman there if a little girl playing with the dog in the alley was a relative of hers. She said that was her granddaughter, and I told her, 'Well, you'd better call the police because somebody with a gun just forced her into a car,'" Blade told the police.

Although stunned by the abduction, the painter had the presence of mind to get a description of the car—a white over blue Chevrolet with license number SU 1-0204—which he gave to the police.

Blade figured the abduction had occurred at 4:20 o'clock. By 4:30 a complete description of the car was being broadcast over Joplin police radio and to the highway patrols in both Kansas and Missouri.

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Shackled suspect reenacts the vicious rape attack of a lovely 13-year-old girl



# A Murdered Eyewitness

(Continued from page 29)

pulled up to her stomach.

Betty Jean's dark blue coat was buttoned across her shoulders. There were four bullet holes in the back, one in front. Spectators shuddered as Agent Keesling added:

"I got hold of the coat and pulled. It slipped from her shoulders and she slid back into the cave."

A strip from the youngster's brown-flowered, bell-bottomed slacks was wrapped around her face and tied behind her head. Underneath that strip, said the officer, other strips of tee shirt were holding a cloth gag that was "crammed into her mouth like a fist."

The slain girl's blouse and bra were down around her waist, torn and bloody. One shoe was on the ground, the other on her foot. In addition to the five bullet wounds, there was a half-inch cut on the girl's forehead that exposed the skull.

"We gathered soil samples at the scene," said Keesling. "Then we had an ambulance transport the body to Holston Valley Community Hospital for an autopsy."

Before the autopsy was performed, he said, photographs were made of the body. The prosecution prepared to introduce those photographs as evidence and Defense Attorney McInturff sprang to his feet with a vigorous objection.

"Such photographs have no bearing on the guilt or innocence of the defendant," he said. "They can only be highly inflammatory and prejudicial."

After a heated argument between opposing lawyers, Judge Byers ruled that the jurors could view the pictures. The defendant stared impassively at the officer as he testified, his head cocked to one side like a mildly interested spectator.

Then Agent Keesling began telling of Bowen's conduct and comments while being interrogated. Again there were defense objections on the grounds that the defendant was not aware of his constitutional rights.

Spectators leaned forward to hear the lawyers argue. Then they leaned back as Judge Byers sent the jury out so that defense attorneys could question their client off the record.

Bowen took the stand to claim Agent Keesling and Deputy Bishop had never advised him of his constitutional rights. He said all he knew about such rights was "whether I'm innocent or guilty, and I'm innocent."

The defendant said he could "write and read some—the little words," but didn't understand what Keesling was doing when he read him his constitutional rights. Bowen admitted he "talked quite a bit" to the officers, but said he was "threatened" into doing so.

"A short guy—I don't know his name—offered to take a pop bottle and beat out my brains," said Bowen. "And Keesling said, 'I'll blow out your brains with a thirty-eight!'"

"What else did he say," asked Defense Attorney McInturff.

"He said, 'If I don't see you sent to the penitentiary, I'll quit my job,'" Bowen replied.

The accused said he "nearly had pneumonia" and was "feeling bad" when arrested and questioned. He claimed he

had asked for a lawyer.

Both investigators disputed these statements. Bowen "didn't appear ill," Keesling asserted, and gave "sensible answers" when questioned.

"He said he didn't want a lawyer, that he just wanted to talk to us," said the TBI agent. He said he then took notes on what Bowen said and drafted a statement from his remarks, but that the defendant refused to sign the statement, claiming he couldn't read or write.

Deputy Bishop denied that Bowen was threatened in any fashion, and said he even tried to buy the suspect a Coke from a hallway dispenser, but that his offer was refused.

When the jurors came back, Judge Bowen ruled that Agent Keesling could quote the defendant, "since it does not appear there was any attempt to deny this man his constitutional rights."

After hearing the rest of Keesling's testimony, some spectators were wondering what all the fuss was about. The defendant had obviously talked a lot, but his statements did not appear to be self-incriminating.

The agent said Bowen told him that on the afternoon Betty Jean disappeared he visited a relative's restaurant in Kingsport, then went to the house where he was visiting and picked up his brother-in-law.

They drove to a liquor store and the brother-in-law bought two fifths of booze with money Bowen furnished. After they drank the whiskey, Bowen and his wife argued over the drinking and because Bowen had gotten his pants muddy.

Bowen explained the muddy pants to his wife, said Keesling, as a by-product of a stroll across a field to practice archery. But the mud and the barley-corn together roused her temper so much she clouted Bowen with her purse, said Keesling.

The officer said he asked Bowen if he owned a .25 caliber pistol (the caliber of the alleged death weapon) and Bowen denied ever having one. Bowen did admit owning other handguns of other calibers, said Keesling, but insisted he never owned a .25 caliber.

"I asked him if he shot and killed Betty Jean Necessary," said the officer. "He stated flatly that he did not."

When Agent Keesling left the stand, the prosecution pulled a march on the stork by calling an expectant mother as a witness out of turn. She was Mrs. Eva Ketron of the Bloomindale neighborhood, and she was two days overdue to give birth to a baby.

"We heard you might go to the hospital any time," said Assistant Prosecutor Calhoun. "So we thought we'd better put you on the witness stand while we can."

The housewife smiled and nodded. Then she testified that she knew the defendant, and that late on the afternoon of February 27th, she saw him stop his car near her home and throw something into a pond. This testimony didn't sound important to spectators unfamiliar with the case. To residents of Bloomindale, however, it was significant. They knew that the death weapon was allegedly recovered from a pond near Mrs. Ketron's home.

After the mother-to-be left the stand, several other witnesses supported Agent Keesling's version of the crime and the investigation. Then Prosecutor Kirkpatrick surprised spectators by calling the defendant's wife as a witness.

According to law, she couldn't testify

against her husband, and her appearance touched off heated defense objections. She had, however, given investigators a statement during the investigation.

It was this statement she was to be questioned about, said Kirkpatrick, and Judge Byers permitted the woman to take the witness stand. Judge Byers told the jurors not to regard Mrs. Bowen's remarks as evidence against her husband, but to weigh them in evaluating her credibility.

Questioned about giving officers a statement, Mrs. Bowen said she did so. The statement was read and she was asked to deny or verify it.

The buxom brunette admitted quoting her husband as saying, "I killed somebody today. I didn't mean to do it, but now we can't live here anymore."

Mrs. Bowen, according to the statement, went on to say Bowen told her he buried his victim. He was crying at the time, she said, and had been drinking, so she didn't take the admission too seriously.

The defendant stared fixedly at his wife, as if interested mainly in what she had to say. He looked like anything but a man whose spouse might be giving highly incriminating testimony about him.

Mrs. Bowen was followed to the stand by her brother, the defendant's former drinking companion. He testified Bowen gave him money to buy the whiskey they shared that day in February.

"Bowen had plenty of money," said the brother-in-law. "He claimed he got it by trading and selling some diamonds he brought from Indiana." While they were drinking, said the man, and after Bowen was under the influence, he admitted killing somebody during the afternoon.

He quoted Bowen as saying: "I shot somebody today. I was shooting in the bushes. When I went there, they was dead."

Later, said the witness, after he asked Bowen who he killed, the defendant replied: "You take everything too seriously. I was only joking."

As the parade of witnesses continued, and as the audience grew until all standing room was occupied, it became obvious that the most damning testimony against him was coming from the defendant's in-laws. They clearly were not trying to provide him with any alibi.

His wife's mother told of watching him batter "something white" to pieces against a cinder block. She identified bits of white plastic as fragments left on the block.

Bowen's father-in-law testified he saw the defendant purchase a .25 caliber pistol, then test-fire it into a garbage dump. This, he said, was before Betty Jean was slain.

On Thursday, the fourth day of the trial, Bowen gazed phlegmatically at Deputy Bishop as that officer identified a battered, rush-splotted .25 caliber pistol with shattered pearl handles.

The gun, said Bishop, was recovered with a magnet from the pond where Mrs. Ketron watched Bowen throw something. Bishop identified a .25 caliber slug as one recovered from the garbage dump test site. Bowen also identified a brown wool sweater as one confiscated from Bowen when he was arrested.

The next witness, Betty Jean's father, Walter Necessary, told of his daughter's disappearance. Then he identified some clothing as that she wore when last seen alive.

When a battery of expert witnesses, all FBI technical specialists, began trooping to the stand, the mountain of evidence against Bowen grew perceptibly taller. It was, said one observer, as if the prosecutors intended to sew Bowen up in a scientific net.

FBI stains expert Allison Sims said two of eight stains found on Bowen's brown sweater were made by human blood. Sims could not classify the blood as to type, he said, because some chemical substance in the fabric interfered with his tests.

Myron Scholberg, an FBI hair and fiber specialist, then testified that pubic hairs taken from Bowen were "microscopically identical" to loose hairs recovered from Betty Jean's body. He said in making over 10,000 such examinations, he had found identical specimens from both victim and suspect "only about five or six times."

Scholberg said he found "many brown fibers" on the strips of tee shirt material used to bind the victim, and on the remains of her bell-bottomed pants. All these fibers, said Scholberg, matched others taken from Bowen's sweater.

Richard Flack, an expert minerals examiner for the FBI, was the next witness. He said soil samples from Bowen's muddy pants had "all the physical characteristics" of soil samples from the death cave. The same, he said, was true of reddish-yellow clay samples from a pair of boots identified as belonging to the accused.

The most impressive scientific testimony came from Frederick Smith, FBI firearms expert, who had examined the alleged death weapon and several slugs. He said bullets from the victim's body, and the one recovered from the garbage dump, all matched.

Smith identified the gun from the pond, said he had compared it to the five slugs, and added: "My tests indicated these bullets were fired from this pistol to the exclusion of all other weapons."

As a clincher, Smith said, fragments of plastic—found where Bowen was seen beating "something white" on a cinder block—definitely came from the synthetic pearl handle of the little pistol.

After the expert witnesses had finished testifying, Judge Byers adjourned court for the day at 4:30 p.m. He explained to the jury that opposing attorneys had been working until midnight all week and needed some rest.

Friday morning, after brief testimony by the 28th state witness, the prosecution rested. Under Tennessee law, Bowen had to be the first defense witness if he was to testify at all. His attorneys put him on the stand.

His testimony, in substance, was a blanket denial of any guilt or any knowledge of Betty Jean's murder. Asked by Defense Counselor McInturff if he killed Betty Jean, Bowen replied:

"No, I did not!"

**H**e told the court that when he came to Kingsport from Indianapolis, he had \$12,000 worth of diamonds, and that he "swapped or sold" about \$5,000 worth during the week. He was not asked, and did not say, how he acquired the gems.

Bowen testified he was a former mental patient, that he had suffered head injuries in various accidents, and that he "blacked out" occasionally. He denied ownership of the boots from which soil samples matching those from the death scene were taken.

"I was wearing slippers that day," he claimed.

Bowen also denied telling his wife or brother-in-law that he killed anybody. During the argument with his wife, he said, "the name of a girl who had lied on me" came up for discussion.

"I did say I'd like to kill that red-headed bitch," he said. "That's the only time I mentioned killing anybody."

The defendant admitted buying a .25 caliber pistol, as his father-in-law had testified, but claimed he sold it to "some guy at a truck stop" the morning before the murder. He didn't know the buyer, he said, and hadn't seen him since. He denied throwing anything into a pond.

"Not to my knowledge, I didn't," he said. "I can't remember some things."

**D**enying he had battered a gun on cinder blocks in his father-in-law's yard, Bowen said, "It was a piece of metal from my tape recorder."

The defendant repeated charges that he only talked to officers after being threatened, then denied telling TBI agent Keesling that he never owned a .25 caliber pistol. In short, his entire self defense strategy was to deny everything.

On cross-examination by Prosecutor Kirkpatrick, he said cuts and scratches on his face when arrested were inflicted by his wife during their family argument over muddy pants and booze.

"Isn't it a fact," asked Kirkpatrick, "that your wife bites her fingernails and they stay bitten to the quick?"

"I don't know," said Bowen. "I don't check my wife's fingernails."

It was then that the prosecutor launched his fierce verbal assault, shaking his finger under Bowen's nose, ticking off—step by step—his reconstruction of the rape and murder of Betty Jean Necessary.

Bowen only shook his head, staring blankly at the prosecutor in a manner that gave credence to theories expounded by the next witness. That witness was Dr. Sheldon Gelburd, a psychologist, who described the defendant's mentality as "dull normal to mentally defective."

Dr. Gelburd quoted in-laws as saying Bowen was given to "standing and staring." He said this indicated brain damage, which could cloud one's awareness and "lead to a warped view of the world."

Prosecutor Kirkpatrick got the psychologist to agree that approximately one-fourth of all Americans fall in the dull normal to mentally defective category, and that such classifications are related to reading ability.

Then the state called as a rebuttal witness a psychiatrist, Dr. Robert White, who said he had examined the defendant and found no evidence of brain damage. Dr. White said Bowen was not mentally ill when examined, knew right from wrong, and probably knew it at the time of the slaying.

Finally, late on Friday, all the testimony was in. Judge Byers recessed court until next morning. When court reconvened the room was jammed with spectators avid for the oratorical finale.

Defense Attorney McInturff offered a three-pronged argument against conviction of his client. He said that most of the state's evidence was circumstantial, some of the testimony was suspect, and Bowen was not really responsible for his own actions.

Prosecutor Kirkpatrick, answering each contention, declared Bowen was guilty beyond the shadow of a doubt, that he knew right from wrong, and that there were no mitigating circumstances.

Like two maestros conducting different compositions, McInturff and Kirkpatrick went at their verbal point-counterpoint duel with vigor.

Said McInturff: "They're asking you to take a life without a single eyewitness that can say he killed the girl."

Replied Kirkpatrick: "There are no eyewitnesses because he killed the only one."

Asserted McInturff: "He lives in a world of fantasy. He indulged in a flight from reality by picturing himself as a big diamond merchant. I am convinced that if he did it, he doesn't know that he did it. They are asking you to execute a mental defective."

Answered Kirkpatrick: "His story about the diamonds was no hallucination. He did deal in diamonds and other goods. He isn't brilliant, but he falls in the same category as one out of four of us. Does that excuse us from following the law?"

Pleaded McInturff: "I'm just as sorry as anyone about this girl's death, but adding one more tragedy will not help. Don't resort to barbarism in this case."

Retorted Kirkpatrick: "The death penalty for a crime of this nature has been part of the history of mankind since the beginning of time. The death penalty is needed . . . to protect you . . . from acts as those committed upon the body of Betty Jean Necessary."

McInturff urged the jury to: "Remember they crucified the Savior of man when he wasn't guilty, and I'm not saying Fred Bowen falls in that category, but he is a human being and I'm asking you to show him mercy."

**K**irkpatrick concluded: "He didn't show Betty Jean any mercy. She didn't die in dignity, or instantly; she died cruelly, slowly, nakedly on a cold February afternoon—with her hands bound behind her back and a gag in her mouth."

After the last emotional phrase faded from the courtroom, and as the jurors shuffled out with Judge Byers' instructions ringing in their ears, spectators sat looking at each other and exchanging predictions.

Most of them expected a conviction, but would the verdict permit the defendant to live or require him to die? That was the question the audience pondered.

After an hour and 45 minutes, during which time the panelists had lunch, jury foreman Dawson Hughes sent word by a bailiff that a verdict had been reached. It was brought in. Judge Byers told Bowen to stand.

The defendant blinked a few times, stared down at a desk top, then fixed his characteristically blank gaze on the jury. Finally he stood up.

Standing slouched, Fred Bowen listened to Judge Byers read the verdict which ended, "with death by electrocution." Then the judge told him he would be executed on April 26, 1971, three days after his 27th birthday.

Among spectators filing silently from the courtroom was Betty Jean Necessary's mother. She had remained dry-eyed throughout the trial, even when brutal details of her daughter's death were recalled.

Defense attorneys served notice they would ask for a new trial. Judge Byers gave them 30 days to do so. Unless they succeed in overturning the verdict, Fred Bowen must die for what Prosecutor Kirkpatrick called, "the most brutal crime imaginable." ◆◆◆

# Master Forger . . .

(Continued from page 8)

leave any fingerprints Thiel (and we know all this because of a very long confession he was one day to make) examined Kendall's check book and found much to his liking—a balance of slightly more than half a million dollars.

Flipping the checkbook, which had been about half used, back to the very last page, Thiel tore out the three checks that made up that page. Then, just on the off chance that somebody should get to that last page, find it missing and get suspicious, Thiel introduced a cute trick. He had come with a rubber stamp that bore just two words:

## CHECK IMPERFECT

and he stamped these two words on the stubs of the three missing checks.

Thiel now put one of the checks into the Protectograph, an anti-forgery device supposed to protect people like Kendall from people like Thiel, and ran it through for \$76,000. Then, warming up to his work and in a burst of generosity, he ran through a second check for \$86,000. Pocketing the third check, for which he was to have no use, Thiel now sat at Kendall's desk and studied the man's signature.

Next day, Alex sauntered into a trusting trust company over in Newark, New Jersey and, palming himself off as Messmore Kendall to a vice president of the bank, said he wished to open a checking account for an enterprise he was about to start in Newark. He pulled out the smaller of the two checks—the one for 76 grand—and, as the v.p. looked on, dashed off Kendall's signature to the stolen piece of paper.

"I'm in no hurry for this money," Thiel said to the banker, "so you will have plenty of time for the check to clear at my New York bank."

The check cleared, from our boy's point of view, beautifully. A day after the clearance of the first check, Alex popped up at the bank again, this time to deposit the second check. He had, between the time of depositing the first check and the time of the second deposit, reproduced, for himself, Kendall's signature, since he couldn't trust himself with a duplication job if more than 72 hours elapsed. So, relying on his own version of Kendall's signature as a guide, he dashed off the forged name in the bank employee's presence on the second check. The second check cleared, too, so that our hero now had a balance of \$162,000 in his Newark account.

Thiel had timed things so that he opened the account in Newark early in the month, thus giving him almost a month to commit his theft before the New York bank on which the forgeries had been drawn sent out its monthly statement to Messmore Kendall. Thus, after the second forgery had cleared, Alex began to draw on his account and, by the end of the month, he had made withdrawals of \$148,000, in checks for cash, leaving a balance of \$14,000, for one of the biggest individual thefts in the history of American bank forgery.

It was when the lightning struck in Kendall's office with the arrival of his monthly bank statement that Detective Woods was summoned. The 40-year-old ace of the Forgery Squad was a tall, thin man with sharp penetrating eyes behind silver-rimmed glasses. What Woods wound up with was simply a description of the man who was to become known

as Mr. X. About 40 years old. Conservative though expensive dresser. Blondish hair, turning gray. Waxed moustache. Blue eyes. Pasty complexion. Manicured fingernails. Soft spoken with a trace of a Mid-western drawl and a hearty, confidential laugh. Cultivated as all hell and bearing a striking resemblance to John Barrymore.

"The damned trouble was, here at the very beginning," Detective Woods was to tell me, "I knew I was dealing with somebody new—and a rascal who could carry a signature in his head."

Thiel took a couple of years off after the Capitol Theatre job, permitting Archie Woods, not knowing which way to look for a clue to the solution of the crime, to stew in his own syrup. Alex was, during those two years, on and off the dope. When he was off it he frequented a speakeasy known as the Stork Club, which was run by a man named Sherman Billingsley. It was at the Stork that Thiel integrated himself into what was to become known as New York's Cafe Society and he usually wound up a night by taking some doll from the Stork down to Christopher Street to see his etchings.

It was during the two years between the Capitol Theatre crime and his next job that Thiel mapped his plans for the future. The smart thing to do, he decided, would be to take a bank for a comparatively trivial sum—say five grand. That would not raise so much official hell as would a big bad check. A few five-grand-jobs per annum, Thiel told himself, and he would have a really fine life for himself.

It was in May of 1932 that Thiel hopped up to Greenwich, Connecticut and presented himself to a vice president of the Putnam Trust Company.

"My name," said Thiel, "is White—W. Foster White and I have—ah—something of a problem."

"And what is your problem, Mr. White?" asked the v.p.

"I would like to open an account without my wife knowing it." Thiel coughed and feigned embarrassment. "You see, I'm having a little marital difficulty so I can't let you send my monthly statements to either my home or my office. In fact, I can't have you get in touch with me in any way—even by telephone to my office."

"But this is most unusual, Mr. White," said the v.p., who liked to stick to the rules.

"It's not unusual when you know the facts," said our boy, in his most confidential, heart-warming tone. "My wife's sister, you see, is the telephone operator at my offices."

"Oh, said the v.p. in a burst of understanding and sympathy, "and she listens in on everything?"

"Absolutely. And gets first look at all the mail that comes in for me."

"Thiel's predicament put an entirely different light on things.

W. Foster White, the man Thiel was passing himself off as, was a prominent manufacturer whose home and business phones were in the Manhattan telephone directory. Thiel had let himself into White's offices a couple of nights before he appeared in Greenwich and taken a check from the back of the book after stamping the stub IMPERFECT.

Now, sitting there at the Greenwich banker's desk, with the banker looking at his every move, Thiel dashed off a check for five grand, made out to cash. Then reaching into his memory for the signature of W. Foster White, gleaned two nights previously, Thiel dashed off White's signature.

The Greenwich banker explained to Alex that he wouldn't be able to draw on the check until it had cleared the New York bank where it was drawing on. "Quite understandable," said Thiel. "Quite."

Thiel always dropped his baddies early in a month so as to have plenty of time to cash in and clear out, thereby fuzzing memories before end-of-the-month statements were mailed out to the people whose accounts he had drawn on. Thus it was about four weeks before the real W. Foster White, rifling through his checks from his New York bank, noticed the one for five grand that he had apparently cashed in Greenwich, though he knew only too well that he hadn't.

It was this check that brought Detective Woods back into the picture. Woods had just one thing he wanted to see: the checkbook from which the Greenwich check had been taken. When he examined the checkbook his eyes popped. There, on the stub from which the Greenwich check had been taken, was stamped the word: IMPERFECT.

"This," Woods explained to White, "is the same son of a bitch that pulled that Capitol Theatre job. He carried a stamp with him to mark stubs imperfect when he stole checks."

Up to Greenwich rushed Woods. And what kind of a description did he get of the forger from the bank v.p. who had dealt with him? A description that matched, in important details, that which Woods had obtained at the Newark bank where the forger had deposited the two big Messmore Kendall checks—about 40, waxed mustache, nicely turned out, smooth of tongue, and looking a lot like John Barrymore.

But if Archie Woods thought he had achieved a single damned thing toward an early pinch of his man simply because he had connected the Greenwich job with the Capitol Theatre job he had another great big think coming.

After the Greenwich caper, Thiel had a fine five years. Between 1932 and 1937 he averaged anywhere from 15 to 25 grand a year—with no taxes. It was now that he began casing his banks before opening fake accounts in them, the better to get on the right side of the v.p.'s he'd have to deal with in opening fake accounts. Thus, when he was dealing with a v.p. who wore a Masonic pin our hero would be a Mason. And so on down the line.

Thiel had one great thing going for him during this period between 1932 and 1937 when Franklin D. Roosevelt was going strong in Washington. The average banker felt his blood pressure going up at the mere mention of Roosevelt's name and when Thiel felt the need of further ingratiating himself with a particular v.p., he'd start talking about Roosevelt. "Isn't it terrible," he'd say, "what that man in Washington is up to now?" Or: "When under God's heaven is FDR going to stop spending so much of our money?"

As a rule, the gimmick that Thiel used in hoodwinking a bank for five grand or so was the one used in Greenwich: He was having trouble with his wife, and his wife's sister worked in his office, so would the bank be kind enough not to do any writing or phoning? When asked, under these circumstances, where he wanted his monthly statement sent, Thiel, having a hard job keeping himself from bursting out laughing, would say: "Oh, for the first month or two, let me just call for it here at the bank."

(Continued on page 54)



**PROVEN IN THE LABS — PROVEN ON THE ROAD —  
PROVEN ON THE INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY —  
— and finally released to the public!**

Yes, proven at Indianapolis — proven in the same test laboratories used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler . . . proven by the world's largest automobile fleet owners! An exciting new scientific "breakthrough" that means . . . no matter what kind of gas you use . . . no matter what kind of car you own you can now pile up 100 miles of driving a week, month after month and fill your gas-tank as little as once a month . . . pile up 100 miles of driving a day all 365 days of the year . . . and save up to 500 gallons of gas each year!

# NOW! 30 DAYS OF DRIVING ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS!

— even more startling, now save up to \$16 a month, up to 50 gallons of gas each month, without changing a single part on your car!

Laboratory reports . . . PLUS road tests conducted on Indianapolis proving grounds reveal you may now get as much as 37 miles of driving from each gallon of gas . . . save up to 50 gallons of gas each month . . . save up to \$200 on your car each year!

Six months ago, for perhaps the first time in history, the United States Government issued patent protection to an invention that has been classified **ILLEGAL!** Sound strange? Not really here's why: I'm sure you're familiar with the famous gasoline-economy tests run by all the major oil companies. Well, do you know that the remarkable new invention described on this page is actually banned from these tests because it is **TOO EFFECTIVE!** Do you know that because this invention saves so much gasoline . . . that because it gives so much economy, it is actually **ILLEGAL** for a test-driver to fit one on his car! And do you know that because it boosts gasoline mileage up to 11 more miles per gallon . . . it has actually been **OUTLAWED** in every recognized cross-country economy run . . . simply because the officials who conduct these tests were forced to rule that it gives all cars that have it **AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE!**

In other words, if you are a person planning on entering one of these cross-country economy runs . . . then this message is not for you. **YOU JUST WON'T BE ALLOWED TO USE THIS NEW INVENTION—SORRY, BUT IT'S SIMPLY ILLEGAL. BUT** — if you are a person who is not interested in setting any records . . . who is only interested in getting more miles per gallon than you ever dreamed possible — and doing it the very same way that many of America's leading corporations are doing at this very moment — then what you are about to read is perhaps the most thrilling and exciting news in automotive history.

## TEST DRIVERS REPORT UP TO 11 MORE MILES PER GALLON —

The name of this great new invention is the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** . . . and there is no better way to describe to you the increased performance and economy it will give you . . . than to tell you of the "bombshell effect" it had on research scientists and test-drivers, who simply refused to believe their own gasoline gauges when they first tried it out. Look:

## CUTS GASOLINE COSTS TO AS LITTLE AS 1¢ A MILE

1. When the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** was first tested by the same research laboratories used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler . . . results were so overwhelming, (a staggering increase of up to

68 per cent) . . . it actually lowered gasoline costs to as little as **ONE CENT A MILE.**

2. When tests were made by the world's leading auto rental system with this incredible money saving invention . . . and then test-run on the road and on such world famous proving grounds as the Indianapolis Speedway . . . the test-drivers of these vehicles were absolutely amazed to see **big 8 cylinder sedans get better gas-mileage than small European economy cars!**

3. When large fleet owners and some of the nation's largest taxi fleets tested this great new invention to determine just how much gas it would save them . . . the results were so dramatic that within 30 days they reported savings of not hundreds . . . but thousands of gallons of gas the very first month alone!

## UP TO 500 MILES OF DRIVING FROM A SINGLE TANK OF GAS

Yes, from test after test . . . road tests, laboratory tests, tests by some of the world's most famous drivers . . . come re-

## BEST PROOF OF ALL!

**World's Leading Rent-A-Car Company Road-Tests Amazing New Invention For 3 Solid Months . . . Then Orders Fleet Of Cars IMMEDIATELY EQUIPPED!**

they report "Savings of up to 54 gallons a month per car"

Yes, from one of the nation's largest automobile fleet owners comes the most dramatic proof of all . . . A company that spends more money on gasoline in one weekend than the average person spends in a lifetime . . . they tested this incredible new invention and here is what they found. **BOOSTED GASOLINE MILEAGE A WHOPPING 32% ON ALL CARS TESTED.** Wouldn't you like to save up to \$200 a year on your car? For full details read the rest of this page.

ports of cars that drive for hundreds and hundreds of miles ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS! Reports of test cars from Ford, General Motors, Chrysler that get more miles per gallon today than when they were brand new! Reports of big, luxury sedans that weigh 2½ times more than small European cars . . . yet get better mileage, better performance and huge dollar savings thanks to this new miracle invention.

**IF IT WORKS SUCH MILEAGE-MIRACLES, HOW COME THE CAR MANUFACTURERS HAVEN'T INSTALLED THIS TYPE UNIT IN THEIR CARS? — THE ANSWER IS THAT TWO ALREADY HAVE!**

By now you are probably wondering just what is the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** . . . and how does it work? Well, to make a long story short . . . if you were to look under the hood of one of those \$20,000 European luxury cars like the Maseratti or the Aston-Martons, you would see sitting in those engines . . . a special gasoline unit . . . especially designed to extract more blazing power, more energy from each gallon of gasoline. This remarkable booster-unit is what gives these cars such magnificent performance . . . such **TOTAL POWER** . . . such increased engine efficiency.

And this is precisely what the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** is designed to do — enable your engine to extract more piston-driving power, more raw, blazing energy and more gasoline economy . . .



**HERE IT IS — IN ACTION —** The miracle **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER**, caught by the eye of ultra high-speed cameras at one of the world's most famous proving grounds. Yes, here on the big viewing console you see dramatic picture-proof of tests conducted by leading automotive authorities at the Indianapolis Speedway . . . tests that **PROVE** you can now actually take ordinary gasoline . . . feed it into your engine in a new and different way . . . trigger it into piston-driving energy . . . and unleash a blazing source of power for your car. For full documented proof of just how this amazing new discovery can save you up to \$200 in gasoline bills in the next 12 months . . . read the rest of this page. (Tests performed by official Indianapolis test driver.)

**ONLY**, instead of costing \$100 to \$150 (like the European booster-units) . . . the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** costs but a mere fraction.

That's because after years of intensive research automotive experts have finally found a way to simplify these booster units . . . reduce the number of parts in each unit . . . mass produce them . . . slash costs to a mere fraction . . . and make them available at a price so low it's almost too ridiculous to mention. Why do you realize what this means to you if you are a person who is determined to save yourself up to \$16 a month on your gas bills . . . up to 50 gallons of gas each month . . . yes, up to \$200 a year on wasted gasoline.

## INSTALLED IN MINUTES — PAYS FOR ITSELF IN AS LITTLE AS 15 DAYS!

It means that no matter what kind of car you now have . . . no matter how old that car may be . . . no matter what condition it is in . . . no matter how many miles you pile on each month . . . here at last is the automotive discovery you've long dreamed about . . . and has now come true. Because, from this day on you too can now save up to 500 gallons of gas each and every year. **NOW** you too can drive for weeks and weeks on end without ever stopping at a service station. Now you too can drive across 6 states of the union on just a single tank of gas, blaze a trail from New York to Chicago on just 2 or 3

tankfuls. In other words, perform mileage miracles that only yesterday you thought were impossible.

So if you too want to achieve the same wondrous results as America's largest automotive fleet owners, by Indianapolis test-drivers, and by research scientists at the very same testing laboratories used by Ford, Chrysler and General Motors, then take advantage of this special Free-Trial introductory offer. Remember, all you risk is the few minutes it takes to fill out the special reservation coupon below, and you have a lifetime of driving convenience and economy to gain.

## THIS OFFER EXPIRES IN 15 DAYS — YOU MUST ACT NOW!

Now the price of the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** on this special introductory offer is not the 15 or 20 dollars you might expect . . . but only \$5.95. Why, you'll save up to 10 times that amount in gasoline savings in no time at all . . . not to mention the hundreds of gallons of gasoline and hundreds of dollars in money you save year after year.

However, due to the enormous demands of trucking companies, car-rental companies, taxicab fleets and other large users, only a limited number of **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBERS** can possibly be allocated each month for consumer orders. Therefore, all orders must be filled on a first-come, first-served basis. So to take advantage of this limited introductory offer . . . mail the no-risk coupon today!

## ORDER TODAY — ON FULL, MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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Please rush me the sensational **G. T. Energy Chamber** immediately! I understand the price is \$5.95 for which I enclose cash, check or money order. It is understood that I may return the unit anytime for full purchase price refund if I am not fully satisfied.

Make of Car \_\_\_\_\_ Year \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

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

**SPECIAL OFFER:** Purchase one for yourself and one for a friend and save even more. Order two **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBERS** for just 10.95 (a savings of \$1.00) same guarantee as above. Make of Second Car \_\_\_\_\_ Year \_\_\_\_\_

( ) C.O.D. orders enclose \$1.00 deposit. Same money back guarantee.

## LOOK HOW EASY IT IS!



All you do is simply attach the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** on your fuel line. Since it is a precision instrument, with a special model for each make car, there are no special adjustments for you to make. They've already been made for you at the factory. You simply screw it into place . . . and that's all. In fact, it's so easy you need not know a single thing about an engine to install it — and easy picture directions accompany each unit. Total installation time: 3 to 5 minutes. Total savings on gas: up to \$200 a year!

Detective Woods, like any good dick, hated an unsolved case. Woods not only had an unsolved case with Mr. X—as he kept calling Thiel for want of a better name—but it was an unsolved case that kept getting maddeningly more so.

It was during this five-year span between 1932 and 1937 that Woods, having gotten descriptions of Mr. X from quite a few banks, had a police artist create a likeness of the suspect. Now these likenesses were printed up in wholesale batches and there wasn't a bank in New York that didn't have them pasted up all over. The big note that was struck in the posters was that Mr. X bore a striking resemblance to John Barrymore.

So it had to happen. One day John Barrymore appeared in a Fifth Avenue depository, two sheets to the breeze, with a check for a single grand that he had won in a poker game from a man who had an account in the bank. "Cash this, please," said Barrymore, with an alcoholic burp.

The teller—a woman—looked at the face just outside of the window, then above her at the drawing of Mr. X pasted there, then at Barrymore again. "Just a minute," she said.

In a matter of seconds several other tellers were measuring the half-bombed actor, comparing him with the police drawing, and agreeing with the teller handling the check that the paper was a forgery and that Barrymore wasn't Barrymore at all but Mr. X.

So the cops were quickly called and Barrymore was grabbed. "What's this" thundered the great thespian, glowering at a cop who was holding him.

"You're Mr. X!" said one of the cops. "Yes!" screamed the woman teller. "You're not John Barrymore at all! You're the thief—Mr. X!"

John Barrymore had to do quite a little acting to prove who he was—and that he wasn't Mr. X. And he left the bank without what he had come in for—cash for a good check.

By the last half of 1937, when Thiel was in his eighth year of his war against the banks, his likeness, up there in the bank cages, had become something of a headache to the tellers. The little money changers, with their brush mustaches, neatly-knotted blue ties and blue serge suits, had come to regard Mr. X as an occupational hazard. More than one teller had gotten the sack because he had cashed a check for Mr. X.

The forgers operating in and around New York had come to look upon Mr. X as a sort of an occupational hazard, too. Detective Woods and other members of the Forgery Squad, quietly desperate to nail Mr. X, whoever the hell he might be, were picking up for questioning so many forgers that some of the bad-check boys were actually driven into lives of honesty.

It was on November 19, 1937 that Alex Thiel, through a little slip-up, opened a series of events that were to prove very unfortunate—not for himself but for an innocent man. Dropping into the Trust Company of North America, in downtown Manhattan, Thiel, palming himself off as one George Workmaster, a securities dealer, opened an account with a check for \$4,576. The check was drawn on an account in the Central Hanover Bank and Trust Company that was maintained for the heirs of a man named McAlpin and which was known as the McAlpin Estate Fund.

In opening the account, Thiel, now in his 47th year, and, as usual, as suave and immaculate, explained to the secre-

tary of a vice president of the Trust Company of North America that he was one of the McAlpin heirs. He added the usual baloney: He was having trouble with his wife and would appreciate it if the bank didn't do any checking at his home or at his office, there his wife's sister worked. He had been pulling this same dodge for more than seven years now, but nobody in any of the banks ever seemed to recall or recognize it until it was too late.

Thiel made his killing—\$4,150—and was out of sight long before the first-of-the-month statements went out from the banks and the forgeries came to light. Detective Woods, zooming to the bank, got assorted descriptions of the forger from four different people in the bank who had seen and dealt with the man. Some fitted Mr. X; some didn't.

In looking over the data that the forger had given when opening the account, Woods got hold of a telephone number: Whitehall 4-2567. This was the number that the forger had given as that of Workmaster, the man he was representing himself to be. But Woods, in checking the number, found that it was incorrect. Workmaster's number was Whitehall 4-2657 not Whitehall 4-2567.

In checking the incorrect phone number—Whitehall 4-2567—Detective Woods found that it was that of a dealer in unlisted securities. Dropping in on the dealer, Woods described Mr. X—a man who looked like John Barrymore—and asked him if he knew anyone of that description.

"You must be talking about Bertram Campbell," the securities dealer said to the detective.

"Who's Bertram Campbell?" asked Woods.

"A man who deals in unlisted securities. He comes in here to use the phone."

"Seen him lately?"

"No. Not for a couple of months now."

"Where does this Bertram Campbell live?"

"Out on Long Island—in Freeport."

"How's he fixed for money, do you know?"

"Now that you mention it, not so good."

"Just what do you mean?" the sleuth asked.

"Oh, Bert's been having a rough time of it lately. He hasn't been selling much and last time I talked to him his creditors were breathing down his neck."

Woods took a run out to Freeport, Long Island and poked around Bertram Campbell's neighborhood. There he learned that Campbell had—immediately after Mr. X had started swindling the Trust Company of North America—gone around town paying up his most pressing bills. From Campbell's settled-up creditors the sleuth learned something that simply fascinated him. Campbell, in settling up, had used one-hundred-dollar bills, fresh off the presses. Mr. X, in taking the bank, had asked nothing but C-notes.

Now Woods got down to what he really wanted to know about Campbell: What did the man look like? He found this out by tarrying around Campbell's house one morning and tailing him to the Long Island Railroad station. He saw almost at once that Campbell was quite a way from fitting the image of Mr. X that he had been building up in his mind for seven years. Campbell had blondish hair and a waxed mustache and was quite a dresser but his resemblance to Mr. X ended there. He was much heavier than Mr. X, he had brown eyes where Mr. X had blue eyes and, when

Woods heard Campbell talking to another commuter at the railroad station, he noticed that Campbell had a decided English accent in comparison to Mr. X's which had seemed to strike of the Middle West.

"I didn't think Campbell was Mr. X," Woods explained to me on a later day, "but I picked him up for questioning and possible identification as a matter of routine."

And what happened? Bertram Campbell was immediately identified as Mr. X by two men and a woman with whom the latter had dealt with at the Trust Company of North America.

Campbell protested that a mistake was being made, that he had never been near the Trust Company of North America during Mr. X's visits there or at any other time. Those hundred-dollar bills he had settled his debts with immediately following Mr. X's obtaining C notes at the jug? Campbell explained that he had obtained the C notes in a stock deal—ten C notes—in Rochester, New York almost a month previously but when the Rochester police checked with the dealer, a shady character, he couldn't seem to recall Campbell.

Detective Woods checked on the banks Mr. X had bilked during seven years. Nobody could identify a photo of Campbell as Mr. X. Yet the three people in the Trust Company of North America who had dealt with the forger stuck faster than ever to their identification of Bertram Campbell as the culprit.

New York's crime-busting district attorney in January, 1938, the month Campbell was identified by three witnesses, was Thomas E. Dewey, the little man once described as bearing a striking resemblance to the figure of the bridegroom on the wedding cake. In looking things over relating to Campbell and Mr. X, Dewey, who was later to become governor of the Empire State, hit upon an unexpected solution to the problem of Campbell not looking like Mr. X. Campbell, Dewey decided, had been an associate of Mr. X who, while not associated with previous Mr. X jobs, had pulled the one at the Trust Company of North America.

So Bertram Campbell, charged with that crime, was indicted, arrested, photographed, fingerprinted and placed in The Tombs prison in default of high bail. Next morning, Thiel, reading in the Daily News that Bertram Campbell had been pinched and juggled for a job he himself had done, studied the photo of Campbell that accompanied the story. Noticing that Campbell didn't look very much like him, Thiel put down the paper and looked off into space. "The dumb clucks," he muttered to himself, referring to the people responsible for Campbell's arrest.

Feeling sorry for somebody for the first time since he could remember, Thiel decided he had to do something to help Campbell. What he could have done, of course, was drop into District Attorney Dewey's office and made a clean breast of everything. But such extreme action was out of the question, naturally.

So our hero did the next best thing. He got off two letters—one to the District Attorney, the other to the Daily News—simply pointing out that the law had nailed the wrong man. The trouble with the letters was that Thiel couldn't go into impressive detail. So what happened to the letters? The one to the D.A. went into the files, practically unread, and the one to the News went into the  
(Continued on page 56)

# HOW CAN YOU GET 1970 CARS AT THESE FANTASTIC LOW PRICES?

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waste basket, almost completely unread.

Curious as all hell, Thiel attended Campbell's trial. He sat up front completely mystified as the two men and the woman who had dealt with Campbell in the Trust Company of North America caper positively identified the man who had come into the jug and taken it. The result was that Bertram Campbell was found guilty and given a five-to-ten year jolt in Sing Sing.

Campbell had no sooner checked into Sing Sing than Thiel, still sorry for the man, pulled one of his jobs at a bank in Brooklyn. When Thiel's latest handiwork came to light and Woods hustled over to the bank, the first thing he wanted to know was what the gyp artist had looked like. "Just like John Barrymore," replied a teller who had dealt with the crook.

There was no doubt now, in Woods' mind, that something had gone far wrong with the conviction of Bertram Campbell. But what could he do without the conviction of a man who had been identified by three witnesses? Not a damned thing, if he wanted to keep out of trouble.

Thiel, or Mr. X, continued his cunning work—one bank after the other. And it remained the same for both Mr. X and Detective Woods: The banks had been taken for almost a month before the thefts were discovered and weeks after Mr. X had last been seen.

It was in 1940, when Alexander D. L. Thiel was in the 10th year of his war on the banks, that he was so gone on the dope habit that he faced a problem. Needing more loot than he felt he could safely take from the New York banks without calling too much attention to himself, Alex began dropping bad checks up and down the Atlantic Seaboard—from Boston to Baltimore. This involved his crossing state lines and that brought the FBI into the picture.

At first, the FBI, running known samples of Mr. X's handwriting through the detection mill, was puzzled. They couldn't come up with any criminal signature that matched with Mr. X's way of dotting i's, crossing t's and shading letters.

In July of 1941, after Bertram Campbell

had done three years in the can, he was released. Taking odd jobs, and being pretty much of a broken man for having gone to prison for a job he hadn't done, he was dwelling in something of a nightmare. Two and a half years after Campbell's release, at the end of 1943, some 13 years after Thiel had begun operations, Thiel simply dropped from the picture. Months and months and months passed and there were no jobs by our expert in New York or at banks in other states.

"Maybe the bum takes dope and is getting treated somewhere," one FBI man said to another. "Let's do a little checking."

Thus it came to pass that in January, 1945, little more than a year after the last of the Mr. X jobs had been pulled, that the FBI running through the records of the United States Narcotics Bureau, detected the signature of one junkie that bore, to the handwriting experts, certain characteristics of Mr. X. And who was that particular junkie? His name was Alexander D. L. Thiel and he was, and had been for about a year, a patient in the United States Public Health Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky.

Before doing anything, the FBI summoned Detective Woods and the New York dick and a couple of G-men flashed Thiel's photo on everyone who could still be located who had dealt with Mr. X since he had first begun operations by taking the owner of the Capitol Theatre for a big bundle. About a score of bank people who had dealt with Mr. X, including two of the three whose testimony had sent the innocent Bertram Campbell to the big house, positively identified Alexander D. L. Thiel as the man Detective Woods had for years now been calling Mr. X for want of a better name.

So Thiel was now taken from the Kentucky dope hospital to the office of the United States Attorney in New York. The statute of limitations had run out on many of Thiel's jobs but he was quick to confess to the assistant U.S. Attorney handling the case, to the G-men and to Detective Woods, that he had done all of the jobs within the statute of limitations—except the one Bertram Campbell

had gone away for. He wouldn't open his mouth on this one—just then—nor would he yet discuss his first big one at the Capitol Theatre.

Bertram Campbell, though, reading in the papers about Thiel's arrest, wondered if Thiel hadn't been the criminal who had committed the crime for which he had wound up in Sing Sing. So Campbell paid a visit to the office of the United States Attorney at a time when Detective Woods happened to be there talking about Thiel. "I wonder if somebody'd ask this man Thiel if he committed the crime that I went away for," Campbell said to both Woods and an assistant U.S. Attorney.

So Woods and a man from the U.S. Attorney's office went to the jail where Thiel was being held in default of bail he couldn't raise. When the U.S. Attorney's man shot the question at the prisoner—"Did you commit the crime that Bertram Campbell was convicted of?"—Thiel was silent for a while. Then he said: "Yes, I did that job, too. I tried to tell them they were wrong—by sending letters to Dewey's office and to the Daily News—but nobody paid a bit of attention to me."

It was now that two of the three witnesses in the job that Campbell had gone away for were taken to look at Thiel in person. "That's him," they said, practically in unison.

The next visitor that the prisoner Thiel had was Bertram Campbell. The two men not only didn't look a lot like each other but didn't even look like cousins. They just measured one another for quite a little while. Then Thiel spoke the only words that were to pass between the pair: "I'm sorry for all the trouble I've caused you, Mr. Campbell."

Thiel, out of circulation now—and it was hoped, for good—got two sentences—four years in a Federal jug for his inter-state jobs and five-to-ten years in Sing Sing for two of his later New York jobs. And away he went—the end, it was to be hoped, of the work of a man who had but to look at a signature to reproduce it.

Now Bertram Campbell was visited by the thought that he ought to get some money for his false arrest and imprisonment. His initial move was to seek a pardon. Here to whom did he run into—again—but Thomas E. Dewey, now governor of the Empire State. Dewey granted Campbell a full pardon in the summer of 1945.

Next, with the pardon as a weapon, Campbell got a lawyer who used it to club the State of New York into granting Campbell \$115,000 for what was called humiliation and lost wages. And what did Campbell do with the dough? First he had to give the lawyer who got it for him quite a slice of it. Then, while the award itself wasn't taxable, Campbell, well behind in his state and federal taxes from the days before his false arrest, had to cough up with his back levies.

As if the three chunks out of his award—to the lawyer and to the state and to Uncle Sam—weren't enough, Campbell's health suddenly took a nose dive. Then, less than three months after he was given the award, he died—in September, 1946.

Alexander D. L. Thiel got through his federal term and was transferred to Sing Sing after Campbell had died. Released from Sing Sing in 1951, the first thing Thiel did was go back on the dope. In less than a year, in April of 1952, Alexander D. L. Thiel, mind and body pretty well gone, died, in his 64th year in a Chicago flophouse. ♦ ♦ ♦





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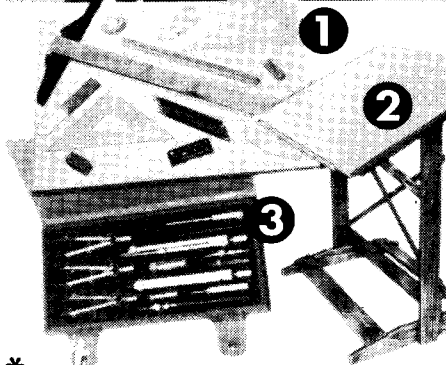
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# Mutilation-Killer . . .

(Continued from page 35)

ger, were particularly beautiful at this time of the year.

Scheffel was no longer a young man and, as a consequence, he did not walk very fast. He was, in any case, in no hurry and, if the thought of the Terror of Augsburg crossed his mind at all, it was with equanimity. The Terror only attacked women.

It was almost exactly 11 o'clock when he stepped out of the footpath through the woods into the little, grassy clearing. It was a charming place, more like an illustration in a children's book than a real forest glade. It appeared, however, that the ogre of the fairy tales had been there.

Lying in the middle of the clearing was the figure of a young woman. She lay on her back, legs parted and her dress had been bunched up around her waist. Certain things had been done to her sexual organs which shocked Kurt Scheffel very much, but not nearly as much as they would have shocked Inspector Schreiber. There was a deep crease around her neck which concealed a tightly knotted silk stocking, but which merely puzzled the retired railwayman.

There was no doubt that the woman was dead. Her face was nearly black and the tongue protruded horribly. Scheffel read the newspapers and he knew what he was confronted with.

"The Terror!" he muttered, looking nervously around the clearing. Aside from a pair of butterflies, sporting in the autumn sun, nothing moved. It was much too quiet.

Although Kurt Scheffel retraced his steps much more quickly than he had come, it was some considerable distance to the nearest telephone and it was, consequently, past noon before Inspector Schreiber, Dr. Kuhlmann and Sergeant Fliesser arrived at the scene. They too had had to walk, for although the clearing was scarcely more than a half mile from the city limits of Augsburg, the nearest motor road was almost equally distant.

The inspector did not bother to ask the doctor this time if it was the Terror of Augsburg who had struck again. He was, by now, far too familiar with the trademarks of the strangler. What did puzzle him was the inaccessibility of the scene.

"How in Heaven's Name did he get her out here?" he demanded. "She must have come willingly. He couldn't have carried her all this way. Was she killed here? Can you tell, doctor?"

"It appears so," replied the doctor. "See, there are the marks of where her heels dug into the ground. That must have been during the death struggle. Yes. I would say that she was killed right here."

"Well, she must have been insane to go off into the woods with a man after all the publicity that these murders have had," said the inspector. "She must have known him well, a relative or her fiancé possibly."

"I'm afraid not, Chief," said Fliesser who had been examining the woman's pocket book where it lay a short distance from the body on the grass. "It's another prostitute. Anneliese Schoetz, according to her papers. She was thirty-four."

There followed the usual investigations and the usual autopsy. The autopsy showed that Anneliese Schoetz had died on the preceding night some time before midnight and that she had not been sub-

jected to forced sexual relations. The investigations produced nothing.

In despair, the inspector offered his resignation. It was refused. There were no measures that could have been taken that had not been done. It was not the inspector's fault that the killer remained at large. There was simply no clue as to his identity.

The murder which followed on December 17, 1968 came as an almost anticipated event. Once again, the victim was an aged widow. Mrs. Hildegard Degenhart, 74 years old and bed-ridden, was found in her bed on the morning of the eighteenth by her landlady who had come to bring her a cup of tea. A pair of long tailor's shears which had belonged to her deceased husband had been driven through her throat. The murderer had remained long enough to gather up the few valuables in the apartment and to rearrange the body and carry out certain indecent operations on the lower part of the old woman's body. There were no clues and no fingerprints.

"Apparently he's changed his methods," said the inspector bitterly. "This is the first one that he's stabbed. Any indication as to how he got in?"

"Yes," said Sergeant Fliesser. "The kitchen window isn't fastened. He apparently just pushed it open and stepped in from outside. The landlady says that the catch has been broken for years."

"And he happened to come along, pushed against it, saw it was open and went on in," said the inspector. "That's

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what makes this fellow so damnable hard to trace. He's completely indiscriminating. Whenever he has a chance, he kills a woman. He doesn't care who it is. It can be a prostitute or a grandmother. About the only thing he hasn't done yet is to kill a young girl!"

Then, on May 14, 1969, he did.

The murder took place on a sunny Wednesday morning in a little meadow called the Wertach-Auen just outside the city. Elisabeth Vopper, a 21-year-old student nurse, had gone to the meadow to walk and pick a few spring flowers. An hour later, her body, stripped naked and with gaping, bloody wounds in the throat, was found by other strollers. She lay in an obscene posture and certain things had been done to her genitals.

This time, for a change, there was no shortage of witnesses. All told 28 persons appeared at the headquarters of the police and reported having seen the presumed murderer. None of them, however, had realized that he was the murderer until after he was gone.

The descriptions tallied with remarkable exactness and the police artist had little difficulty in preparing a composite sketch. When he was finished, however, the portrait was that of a man who could have been anyone of 10,000 Augsburg residents. Nonetheless, the witnesses all agreed that the picture was a very good likeness of the man that they had seen and it was printed on posters and distributed everywhere in the city and in the districts surrounding it.

The news of the seventh murder

spread through the city like wildfire. Meadows and parks were deserted and every prostitute in the city walked her beat with a gun in her girdle. Innocent men who vaguely resembled the drawing made from the descriptions of the witnesses were occasionally dragged protesting into police stations and, in some cases, nearly lynched. All proved to be innocent of the murders.

In Wiesbaden, the case of the Terror of Augsburg and his seven victims was presented in the famous television program, "Case XY . . . Unsolved," to a national audience. It remained unsolved, although dozens of calls from the public were received following the broadcast.

"The trouble is," mused the inspector, who had lost a great deal of weight and even more sleep, "he isn't consistent. Some he strangles manually. Some he strangles with their stockings. And some he stabs."

"But always in the throat," said the doctor, "and he always tampers with the genitals, regardless of the age of the woman. It's the same fellow all right, if that's what you're thinking."

"I don't know what to think any more," said the inspector. "If I were superstitious, I'd think that it was the devil. It's absolutely impossible that a man should kill seven women, one after the other, with the whole Augsburg police force on his trail and, you must remember, we still haven't a single clue. Why hasn't somebody recognized him from the drawing? The witnesses say it's an exact likeness."

The doctor did not answer. No answer was possible. There was nothing to do but wait and hope.

The deadly series continued. September of 1967 and 1968 had been good months for the Terror. September of 1969 was no exception. By now, the city resembled an armed camp with houses locked and barred at the onset of dusk, the streets deserted of women and girls and police stationed on almost every corner. Nonetheless, on the evening of September 19, 1969, the stranger struck again!

On the morning of the 20th, an old customer, arriving to buy his daily package of cigarettes and finding the little tobacco stand still closed, had gone around to rouse the owner, Mrs. Maria Ganser in her apartment behind the shop.

But Mrs. Ganser was beyond rousing. The 76-year-old widow lay stretched on the floor of her living room in an awkward position and indecently exposed. She had been strangled by a man's bare hands.

"Is the fellow invisible?" said the inspector in exasperation "This is a busy street. Someone must have seen him go into the building. When did you say she was killed?"

"Between ten and eleven in the evening," Dr. Kuhlmann said. "It's precisely the same pattern all over again. I'll wager that if you ever do catch the fellow, you'll find that he didn't know a single one of his victims. He just takes any woman available and the only reason that there have been so many old ones is that they're more careless. They think they haven't anything to fear."

"They should know they have by now," said the inspector grimly. "Search the place thoroughly, Martin. These old ladies frequently don't trust banks. Whatever she had may have been hidden here in the apartment."

"It was," said Sergeant Fliesser. "Under the mattress. He found it. There's nothing left but a little leather bag."

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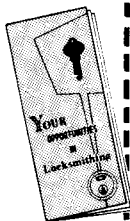
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There were, as usual, no fingerprints or other clues, but the inspector had been correct in one respect. Some one had seen a strange man go into the apartment building where Maria Ganser had lived. He was described as being of medium height and ordinary looking. There was no report as to how his hair had been combed and the witness thought that he had been wearing a hat. The inspector was quite certain that the hair had been parted on the left side.

"There isn't even any pattern in the dates of the murders," noted the inspector as he studied the list on his desk. "The only thing you can say is that he seems to like May. He's not missed a May since 1966. Even the number per year isn't consistent. Two in 1966. One in 1967. Three in 1968. And now two in 1969."

"So far," said Sergeant Fliesser. "1969 isn't over yet. He may strike again in December, as he did last year."

The Terror of Augsburg was not so patient. It was a Saturday morning, the first of November, 1969 when the young girl with the mini-skirt and a striking lack of make-up appeared at police headquarters and asked to see Inspector Schreiber.

"My—our—employer is missing," she said. "I'm—we're afraid that something may have happened. All the murders, you know. The girls voted for someone to come down and tell the police and I got the short straw."

"Your employer?" asked the inspector, eyeing the girl curiously. "What's her name? Who are you? What kind of a business does she have?"

The girl seemed slightly embarrassed. "It's a registered house," she murmured, casting down her eyes and tugging at the hem of the mini-skirt. "Her name's Al-

bertine Schall. She's sixty-two years old and she's been missing since yesterday afternoon."

"You mean a bordello?" the inspector asked. "Well, no need to be embarrassed. Do you think I've spent twenty years in the police and don't know that we have bordellos in Augsburg? Have you any idea where she might be?"

The girl did not. Albertine Schall had gone out on Friday afternoon and had simply never returned. In view of the circumstances, the inspector took the report very seriously and a large scale search was immediately launched.

The police did not find Albertine Schall, but two days later, an insurance salesman did. He had gone out to his little garden on the edge of the city to check the winter cabbages. Albertine Schall was inside the tiny garden house which he used for storing tools and garden chairs. There had been barely room for the killer to spread her legs, but he had managed it.

In her throat and upper chest were eighteen knife wounds. She had been killed on the evening of October 31st and apparently in the garden house itself. The small amount of money which she carried was missing from her handbag and her jewelry had also been stripped away.

"It's incomprehensible!" said the inspector. "How in God's Name did the murderer persuade her to accompany him to that lonely, isolated garden house after there have been eight murders of women in this city in the last three years? That was an experienced, hard-headed woman. Why did she take such a chance?"

There was no answer and perhaps there never will be one. Despite the thousands of leads that the Augsburg

police have followed up since the murder of Hedwig Saschnew in 1966, the identity of the Terror of Augsburg remains as much of a mystery as ever. So far, there have been no murders in 1970.

In the meantime, one of the inspector's colleagues, Sergeant Hans Maierhanser, of the Augsburg Traffic Police, has come up with a program which he hopes may still save the lives of future victims, and possibly even result in a solution of the case.

Sergeant Maierhanser is a judo expert and he has begun judo classes for women and girls in the Senkelbach police station. At the moment, he has 70 women enrolled and a waiting list of hundreds. The women of Augsburg may be defenseless in the powerful hands of the Terror, but at least, they are determined to go down fighting.

The investigations are also proceeding. Photographs are now being circulated of a pair of field glasses which the police believe belong to the murderer. They will not say where they were found nor has any information been released on exactly what the Terror of Augsburg does to his victims' private parts. The information is being kept secret until a suspect has been found.

### EDITOR'S NOTE:

In order to comply with German police regulations regarding publication of the names of police officers and to protect the identities of persons other than police officers, the following names, as used in the foregoing story, are fictitious: Sepp Holzhauser, Karl Schreiber, Martin Fliesser, Bernt Kuhlmann, Uli Voss, Verena Bayer and Kurt Scheffel.

M  
 D



# Add Arson To Murder

(Continued from page 45)

duty to report the incident so that the guilty parties "can be brought to justice and be punished for their crime."

After leading the detectives and sheriff's officials to the scene of the alleged murder, rescue workers dragged the river and recovered the tree surgeon's mutilated body. When Cline gave police a signed statement outlining the details of the murder and named the reputed slayers, police arrested Lannie Wayne Miller, 18, and Steven Dempsey Cardwell, 19. Another youth was also arrested but he was later released after he was able to prove that he was not actually involved in the butcher knife slaying.

Following an exhaustive investigation by city police and Sheriff Phelps, it turned out that Cline, who had reported the murder, was deeply involved in the slaying. According to police and the signed statements of several persons who testified in court, it was Cline who first grabbed Mr. Morrow after the trio decided to rob him.

Police said the incident occurred along the river bank not far from where the victim's body was recovered. The youths reportedly were driving the old man around, searching for his car, which he told the three he had loaned to some young girls.

According to testimony later presented in court, Cline discovered that Morrow was armed with a pistol and called to his accomplices for help when the tree surgeon reached for the sidearm. Detective Major Ashby testified later that Miller signed a statement that he went to Cline's aid. According to the statement read by Ashby, Miller said, "I had a knife in a scabbard in my pants and I got it out and stabbed him."

After Miller allegedly knifed the man once, Major Ashby said, Cline is reported to have said, "Kill him! Kill him!"

Following a preliminary hearing before County Judge Pro-tem J. David Cole in Warren Circuit Court, Miller, Cardwell and Cline were bound over to the grand jury on June 19th, one day before Eva McDaniels was murdered. The trio was indicted for willful murder on June 29th.

When the cranial examination on Mrs. McDaniels' body was completed, about two hours after her burned and bloodgeoned body was removed to the morgue, Coroner Kirby notified Sheriff's Captains Wood and Montgomery what the autopsy had revealed.

"There's no question about it," Kirby told the investigators, "the woman was dead before the fire started. You'd better get the sheriff out here."

Sheriff Phelps arrived at the City-County Hospital morgue about 2 a.m. and was briefed on the dead woman's fatal injuries.

"The skull is fractured in at least two or three places," Coroner Kirby advised Sheriff Phelps. "We can count a dozen or so blows, any one of which could have caused death."

"Then it is homicide—right?" the top county lawman asked.

"Absolutely," Kirby replied. "There's not a sign of carbon monoxide in her system."

The coroner said tests were scheduled to determine whether the elderly woman

had been sexually molested. Also set for microscopic inspection by crime laboratory technicians were fingernail scrapings, since there reportedly were indications that Mrs. McDaniels had fought with her killer. When Sheriff Phelps arrived at the slaying scene, he found other signs suggesting there had been a struggle in the dead woman's bedroom.

"According to a neighbor woman who was visiting Mrs. McDaniels a few hours before the fire," a detective told Sheriff Phelps, "the door between the bedroom and kitchen was undamaged when she was here. As you can see, it's almost broken from its hinges now. Lieutenant Watson said that's the way he found it when he entered the house."

Sheriff Phelps peered at the charred remains of the upset furniture in the room and noticed a couple of bureau drawers which had escaped complete burning and were floating in the two-inch deep water on the floor.

"Looks like the room was ransacked," the sheriff mumbled.

"Yeah, and I wouldn't be surprised if this was done by whoever robbed her a while back," a detective said. "If you'll recall, Sheriff, they got her for \$1,500 at that time, and she was foolish enough to say publicly that she was lucky they didn't get a lot more."

"That was a burglary, wasn't it?" the sheriff asked.

"That's the way it was officially recorded," the city cop said, "but I think it actually amounted to the work of a sneak thief. You know how guys were always drifting in and out of here. Looks like somebody got caught this time, though, and I'll bet Eva put up a helluva battle for her money."

"I don't think I'd want to tangle with her when she was mad," another investigator said. "She must have weighed over 200 pounds and was as strong as an ox, despite her age."

Throughout the rest of the night, detectives questioned Mrs. McDaniels' neighbors about the pre-midnight activities around the victim's house. They also interrogated several spectators at the fire in hopes of locating somebody who had seen or heard something which might be helpful in finding a murder suspect.

Although many of the people questioned by police were close-mouthed, investigators located a 13-year-old girl who furnished them with the description of a young man seen at Eva's house earlier in the evening. The girl said the man appeared to be in his twenties, was a Caucasian with light, short-cropped hair and stood about five-foot-six or seven inches tall. The girl reportedly said that the suspect's most outstanding characteristic was his build, described as "very muscular."

The young witness said she was attracted to the man's presence at Eva McDaniels' house because he didn't "belong" in the predominantly black neighborhood, and because there was "a lot of loud talking" in the house. Pressed further about the conversation the witness overheard, the girl said several people were arguing about something, but she heard nothing that indicated fighting.

"Would you know this man if you saw him again?" a detective asked the girl.

"Yes sir," she replied.

Police admitted to newsmen that the information was not much to go on, but that it was at least a start in what might be the right direction. Armed with a description of the mysterious white man, detectives set out again in the neighborhood to see if anyone, else had seen him

at Eva McDaniels' house Friday night, particularly later on in the evening. According to police, the muscular young stranger was seen by the 13-year-old witness "at least three or four hours before the fire broke out."

While legmen were attempting to locate other witnesses, detectives pulled the records of police characters fitting the description of the blond suspect to check their whereabouts at the time of the fire which obviously had been set in an attempt to cover up homicide.

At the crack of dawn, Detective Sergeants Raymond Raymer and his cousin, Gary Raymer, Fred Lancaster and John Hayes met with sheriff's investigators and fire department brass at the scene of the crime to sift through the water-soaked debris for murder clues and physical evidence of arson. Although fire department officials said distinct odors in the burned-out house and discoloration of certain items indicated a flammable liquid had apparently played a part in the flash fire, they declined to say what type of fluid was suspected.

Asked whether cigarette lighter fuel might have been used to set the house ablaze, arson experts said that any such speculation would be "premature at this time." They said that only a laboratory analysis of various specimens sent to the state fire marshal's office could pinpoint any specific flammable liquid which may have torched the house.

As a matter of fact, police and firemen at the time said they were not positive that any liquid at all was used to set the fire. They told newsmen that even though they were certain the fire was man-made in a futile attempt to mask a murder, it was not beyond reason that a match or cigarette lighter was touched to the bedroom curtains or the pile of newspapers and magazines which concealed the body.

When the investigators left the scene later in the morning, they had in their possession several plastic evidence bags containing items which hopefully would give them a lead to the slayer of the elderly widow who reportedly kept large sums of cash in her house.

Included among the clues were clothing—both men's and women's—personal items belonging to the victim, fingerprint specimens lifted from the unburned part of the house and several instruments believed capable of doing enough damage to Eva McDaniels' skull to cause her death. In the meantime, police reportedly were furnished with hair samples at the morgue, investigators declined to say whether they appeared to be Negro or Caucasian.

Later in the day, the homicide detectives sat down with the fire officials to review the evidence they had and to discuss the information which interrogating officers had been able to come up with during the night. Police also compared their case reports against those filed by firemen. It was at this time that the pieces of the slaying puzzle began falling into place to give the authorities some idea on what avenues remained open for further exploration.

And once again the homicide sleuths were back to the short, muscular blond man who was first identified by the 13-year-old girl. After being advised by detectives about what they had learned from the girl, Fire Major Lester Lawrence recalled seeing a young man fitting his description at the scene of the fire.

"As a matter of fact," Major Lawrence told police, "I saw him twice . . . and both times he was coming out of the burning house."

Major Lawrence, who later reiterated his story in court, told detectives that the first time he saw the blond man, "he was struggling with two Negro men at the front door of the house." The fire official said he could not identify either black man but that he would recognize the white subject if he saw him again.

Major Lawrence reportedly told police that from all indications, the two black men were wrestling the blond man out of the burning structure and he presumed at the time that they were trying to prevent him from going inside to rescue any possible occupants. Lawrence said "hero types" are not unheard of at the scene of dwelling house fires and that in the process of directing fire-fighting operations he lost track of the three men.

"Then later on," Major Lawrence is quoted as saying, "I saw this white youth coming out of the McDaniel residence. I was pretty busy at the time, but I recall hearing him say something about 'she won't be coming out of the house,' or something like that."

Again, the fireman said, the incident was not significant, since at the time there was no suspicion of arson or murder. Also overhearing conversation among the many spectators at the fire was Fire Lieutenant Watson, the first official to enter the burning house.

Watson, who also later testified in court as to what he heard, told homicide detectives that although he did not see the blond white man at the fire, he did see a Negro near the front door of the burning structure who resembled one of the blacks described by Major Lawrence. Watson said he also was too busy fighting the fire to pay much attention to anything else going on around him. But he said he did remember one spectator saying "something about having a gun."

"What did he mean?" a detective asked.

"I don't know," Watson replied. "It wasn't too clear, and like Major Lawrence said, it didn't mean too much at the time, since we had no idea somebody had been murdered."

Lieutenant Watson also recalled hearing someone in the crowd saying something about Mrs. McDaniels being robbed, but he presumed they were talking about the incident which had occurred several months before when she was hit for \$1,500.

After reading the fire department reports and talking to the men who made them, Bowling Green police and Warren County sheriff's investigators set out in search of not only the blond stranger, but also the two Negroes he reportedly was struggling with.

The information garnered from the firemen posed some new questions for police:

—Were they looking for more than one suspect in the murder?

—Were the two unidentified Negro men restraining the white man from attempting to rescue Mrs. McDaniels, or were they fighting him because he had bludgeoned one of their people and set her house afire?

Since nobody had come forth to implicate the unknown white man in the incident, police initially discounted the latter theory. Detectives consequently could only presume that the two blacks either were connected with the incident or were withholding information in order to "handle" the situation in their own way.

To prevent a possible second murder, police stepped up their efforts to expedite the investigation. Theorizing that the answer lay in the neighborhood

where the crime had been committed, police returned to the scene and started all over again, re-questioning residents in the area. Detectives this time, however, departed from the original question in connection with "what" the neighbors had seen the night before and concentrated instead on whether or not they could identify the muscular white man who was definitely seen on Eva McDaniels' porch at the peak of the fire by Major Lawrence.

After comparing the description of the man given by the fire department official and the 13-year-old girl, police were confident the two witnesses had seen the same man.

Before the day was out, teams of detectives had talked to dozens of residents in Eva McDaniels' neighborhood, including several people who had seen the mysterious white man at the slain woman's house earlier in the evening. But the most valuable witnesses located by the probers were two persons who said they saw the blond man while firemen were fighting the fatal holocaust and were willing to testify in court about what they saw.

One of the witnesses, whom police declined to name, identified the suspect as William Hughie Glass, a 27-year-old carpenter who lived in Warren County, outside the city of Bowling Green.

Glass was arrested by city and county officials that night and was taken to police headquarters for questioning. Although police declined to say whether or not the murder suspect confessed, they said that after Glass was interrogated for several hours they filed formal charges of willful murder against the man at 2:15 a.m. the next day.

Glass' arraignment was set for June

22nd in Bowling Green Police Court, but because of the nature of the charge, Judge George B. Boston certified the case to the County Court of Judge Basil Griffin, who named a court-appointed lawyer to represent the defendant.

Following a hearing in Judge Griffin's court on June 26th, at which time witnesses placed Glass at the scene of the crime and police introduced, the court ruled there was sufficient reason to hold the suspect for further investigation by a Warren County grand jury. Judge Griffin ordered Glass held without bond.

On June 25, 1970, William Hughie Glass was indicted on a charge of willful murder for the bludgeon slaying of 76-year-old Eva McDaniels, who may have precipitated her own death by once telling people after a \$1,500 theft that she was fortunate because "they could have gotten a lot more."

At this writing, the 27-year-old murder suspect was being held in jail without bond, awaiting a trial date.

In the meantime, police were still attempting to identify and locate the two Negroes seen fighting with Glass on Eva McDaniels' front porch. Sheriff Phelps told newsmen that it was uncertain at the time what part, if any, the two men played in Mrs. McDaniels' murder.

"But whether or not they are implicated in the homicide," Sheriff Phelps is quoted as saying, "we will continue our search for them to clear a few things up. In the meantime, though, we feel we have a good case against the suspect being held."

Under the American system of justice, however, the accused man is presumed to be innocent of all charges against him, until such time as a jury, after due process, may rule otherwise. ♦♦♦

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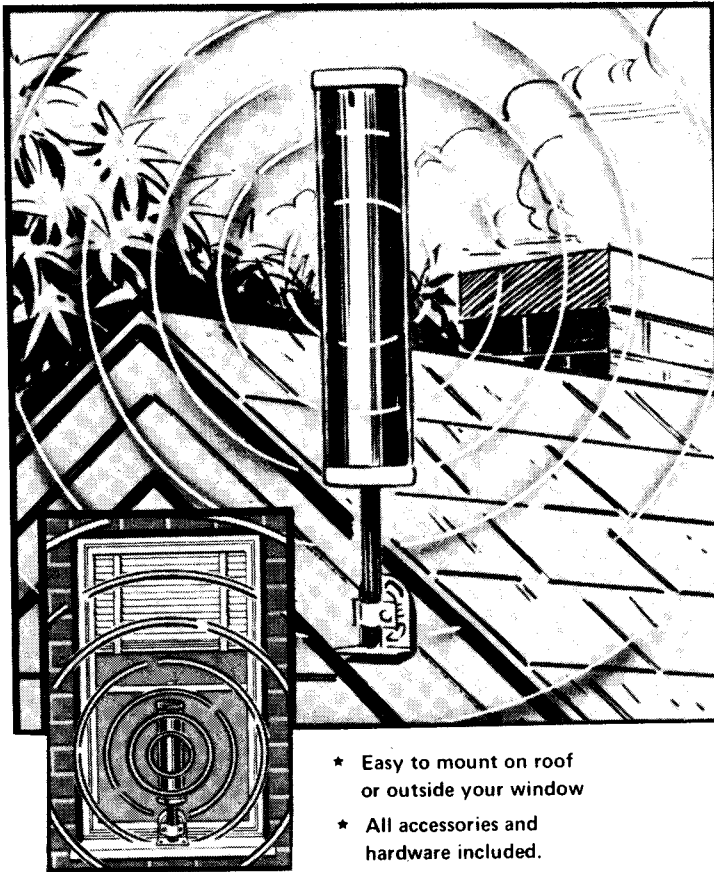
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# Gas Chamber

(Continued from page 49)

Although Charlie Odom was not familiar with Joplin, he knew he must not waste any time in getting out of the residential area before his victim's screams attracted someone's attention. He drove rapidly toward the northwest edge of Joplin, which was a desolate area of abandoned lead and zinc mines with huge mounds of gravel and rock, overgrown with thick, tangled underbrush and weeds.

As he hurtled down a little used concrete road to the mines, Odom spotted a dirt road which disappeared into the timber and undergrowth. He drove as far as he could on the dusty dirt road, about 100 yards off the concrete highway, and then turned into the brush and timber.

He stopped the car in a thicket and turned toward the child. He shoved her out of the car into the weeds and, gun in hand, ordered her to remove her clothes. Disregarding her screams of protest, he forced her to the ground and, despite her frantic struggles, raped the thirteen-year-old girl.

As Margie lay sobbing on the ground afterwards, Odom became panicky. Perhaps he suddenly realized the seriousness of the atrocious crime he had committed. He grabbed up a large rock and began beating the girl on the head until she was unconscious. He did not stop the brutal beating until she lay still in a pool of her own blood.

Now Charlie Odom's fear was even greater. He knew he must get away, and though he was virtually paralyzed with fear, he yet instinctively took steps to avoid detection; that defensiveness he had developed at the age of nine asserted itself in the man.

Now Charlie gathered up the rocks he had used in beating his victim insensible and threw them into the back seat of his car. Next, he grabbed the girl's clothes—her shorts, panties, blouse and ballerina slippers. The clothing, blood-spattered and torn, was underneath the girl and he shoved her body over to get at it. He threw the clothing in the back seat and drove rapidly away from the scene, leaving Margie for dead.

When Charles Hickman, a tall, sun-tanned Joplin detective, heard the report of the abduction over the police radio, he leaped into the first patrol car available, a late-model Corvair which had not yet been equipped with a siren or red light, but which did have a radio.

Hickman had a hunch the kidnaper might head for the old Chitwood area of abandoned mines, an area infrequently traveled except as a lovers lane. By now, all available Joplin police cars were ranging over the city searching for the white-over-blue Chevy. And authorities in Cherokee County, Kansas, the adjoining county in the next state, had been informed of the kidnaping.

As he cruised slowly through the mine area, Hickman spotted the Chevrolet speeding along a concrete road. He hit the accelerator and started in pursuit. As the detective drew closer, he could read the license number of the fleeing Chevy—it was the car in which Margie Moore reportedly had been abducted.

Without a siren or a red light, the best Detective Hickman could do was honk at the fleeing vehicle with his horn and motion the driver to the curb. Odom turned around, startled, and then increased his speed. As the two cars raced down Shifferdecker Avenue, Hickman

grabbed the radio mike and advised all cars of the chase.

Sergeant Jack Fay was about three blocks from Schifferdecker on Seventh Avenue when he picked up Hickman's message. He raced to the intersection of Seventh and Schifferdecker and blocked the street with his patrol car as Odom hurtled toward him at high speed.

Odom slammed on his brakes and attempted to swerve, but he crashed into the front end of Sergeant Fay's cruiser. The ex-con then sat numbly behind the wheel, as if stunned by the impact of the crash.

An instant later Detective Hickman ground to a halt behind Charlie Odom's car and he was out of the Corvair almost before it stopped rolling. He dashed up to Odom's car, gun in hand, and dragged Odom out of the car before the latter had time to react after the shock of the collision.

On the floor of Odom's car, half-concealed under the front seat, was the pistol, cocked and ready for use, which he had used to force the little girl into his car. He made no move to reach for the gun as the big detective hauled him out of the car.

"Where's the girl?" Hickman snapped. Odom shook his head, saying, "What're you talking about? I don't know nothing about any girl. I'm just driving through here on my way to Wellington."

Odom readily admitted his identity, but he denied any knowledge of Margie Moore. He told Hickman that he had not stopped when the detective honked his horn at him because he thought he was a drag-racer and not a police officer. He said he carried the gun for target practice.

"What about these clothes in the back seat—and these bloody rocks—what are they doing in your car?" Detective Hickman asked.

Odom turned sullen. "I don't know how they got there," he muttered.

Walter Flenner, who later would become police chief of Joplin, arrived at the scene and took over interrogation of Odom, but to no avail. The stocky ex-convict steadfastly denied he knew anything about the abduction and declared that he knew nothing at all about the bloodstained rocks and clothing in his car.

"Put him in the car, Charlie, and we'll go back out to Chitwood where you first spotted him," Flenner said to Detective Hickman. "We'll get a search party started to find that little girl. Let's get moving—it's going to be dark in a couple of hours. If she's out there, we've got to find her quick."

During the drive around the abandoned mine area, Flenner kept hammering at Odom to tell what he had done with the girl. "If that girl's hurt and she lies out there all night, you'll have a murder rap around your neck. The best thing for you to do right now is tell us where she is," Flenner advised the suspect.

Charlie Odom, true to the idiocies of the convict's code, would not say a word. He stared sullenly ahead. Twice as the car criss-crossed through piles of gravel and over the underbrush, it passed within a few yards of where his victim lay unconscious in a thicket—but Odom did not utter a word.

The search party ordered by Flenner was quickly augmented by residents of the area. As time passed, the tempers of the more than 1,000 volunteers rose with the sultry July heat. The crowd was in an ugly mood as it surged closer to the police car in which Odom sat hand-

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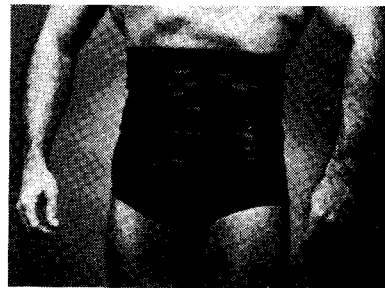
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cuffed and sullenly silent.

As the throng grew restless and started to move threateningly toward Odom, Flenner nodded to Detective Hickman and said, "We'd better get this man back to the station before this gets any worse."

As dusk descended in the area, the searchers became more and more concerned about finding the kidnapped girl. There could be little doubt now that she was seriously injured, lying unconscious somewhere in the tangle of underbrush. And if she was injured, her chances of surviving a night of exposure were indeed slim.

Then a Joplin teenager heard a dog bark in a thicket near which the officers had searched several times. The dog continued to bark. The youth called out, "Happy!" several times, and the dog's barking became more excited.

The officers pushed through the underbrush toward the sound of the barking dog and there, crumpled face down in the weeds, they found Margie Moore. Her little dog hovered protectively over her head.

"My God, she must be dead!" exclaimed Police Chief Percy Brown, of Baxter Springs, Kansas.

The young girl was nude, except for her bra. Her wavy brown hair was a tangle of blood and dirt. She was lying in a pool of blood.

Gene Kliber, a Kansas Highway Patrolman, reached for the girl's wrist. "There's a slight pulse," he said after a moment, "but it's very faint."

Within minutes, the girl was on the way to the hospital. The doctors there gave her little chance. Immediate surgery was the only hope of saving her life. But after three hours on the operating table, her life still hung by a gossamer thread. She did not regain consciousness for weeks.

When Flenner, at the police station, was notified that the victim had been found, he took a new tack in his questioning of Charlie Odom. "The girl's been found, Odom. She's alive. You'd better tell us about it," he urged the prisoner.

Odom heaved a heartfelt sigh and slumped in his chair. Now he admitted forcing the girl into his car, but he still denied assaulting her.

"What about those scratches on your back, Odom?" Flenner asked. "They look like fingernail scratches." As he shot questions at Odom, Flenner pulled up the ex-convict's T-shirt to disclose deep fingernail marks that streaked across his back.

"I don't know," Odom said sullenly. "I didn't know they were there—I don't know what they are. We didn't fight."

"Did you shoot her with the pistol?" Flenner asked.

"I don't know. I might have."

"Did you hit her with the rocks in your car?" Flenner persisted.

"I don't remember—I guess I could have. I blacked out. I don't remember anything after she got in the car. I don't think I hurt her," Odom protested.

After hours of questioning, Odom still refused to admit attacking the young girl. He stuck steadfastly to his story that he "blacked out."

The next afternoon, July 24th, Chief of Detectives John Showers and other officers took Odom back to the neighborhood for a reenactment of the crime. Odom remained sullen, and refused to talk.

Chief Showers took him first to the gas station where he'd bought gas only minutes before seizing the girl. The sta-

tion attendant positively identified him; he also gave a thorough and accurate description of the Chevy which Odom had been driving.

House painter James Blade also made a positive identification of Odom as the man he had seen forcing Margie Moore into his car. Ann Dell and Betty Ellis identified the suspect as the man they had seen driving around the neighborhood just before Margie was kidnaped.

At the actual scene of the crime, where the girl was raped and beaten, Odom was uncooperative. He would only say: "I might have been here. I can't remember."

On Tuesday, July 25th, still denying any recollection of the attack, Odom agreed to talk to Dr. W. Jack Wilson, pastor of the First Community Church in Joplin and a former psychologist with the police department of Kansas City, Missouri. Though the talks that day added nothing to the investigation, on Thursday, July 27th, Odom abruptly asked to talk to Dr. Wilson again.

After a lengthy session with the pastor, Odom informed Flenner that he was ready to make a complete statement on the abduction and beating.

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After relating the incidents leading up to the kidnaping, Odom stated: "After it [the attack] was over, I remember that I was even more frightened and I knew I would be in trouble if I was found out. I remember picking up a rock and hitting her on the head. She sort of crumpled and sank to the ground. I hit her several more times while she was lying on her side on the ground." Odom paused to grind out a butt in the ashtray, then lit a new cigarette before he continued:

"After I hit her I hurriedly picked up her clothes, which were lying under her. I picked up several rocks, including the one I hit her with. I don't know exactly why I picked up all these things, but I do remember thinking the police might get fingerprints from them.

"I put all these things in the right-hand side of my car. I apparently changed from my brown slacks to blue jeans. I remember how scared I was, and that I could only think of getting away as fast as possible. I remember vaguely driving off, but I remember nothing more until I was stopped by the police officers who arrested me."

That was as far as Odom would go. Now he reverted to his familiar prison routine, telling Flenner repeatedly, "All I want is another chance. I know I can do all right. I just want another chance to be a man in my own right."

But this time, however, he wasn't talking to a parole board, and the "key words" to which those specialists always

reacted fell on deaf ears.

While Charlie Odom was pleading for one more chance, little Margie Moore lay unconscious in a hospital, her hopes for a normal life dashed by the relentless battering of a rock. Her right arm and leg were paralyzed. She might never be able to speak with normal coherence, doctors said.

On November 7, 1961, Charlie Odom went on trial in the Jasper County Circuit Court of Judge Ray E. Watson. The prosecutor, Stewart Tatum, demanded the death penalty.

Tatum was scathing in his denunciation of Odom's brutal attack on the young girl. To the jury and the jammed courtroom, he declared:

"This defendant is an exhibitionist. He's got this gun on a thirteen-year-old girl, and he's shaking it up and down as if he's ready to shoot. And he brings home his trophies, and there they are."

He paused to point dramatically at the pile of bloody clothing on the counsel table.

"And here's his gun—there are notches on his gun, even if they are not visible." He pointed to the weapon.

Tatum's assistant, Ben Pyle, said: "Are you going to tell future Charles Harvey Odoms that we will not tolerate the beating of our children? You've got to show everyone concerned that you are not going to allow this kind of thing to happen again."

Odom's attorneys could offer no denial of guilt on behalf of their client. They could ask only for mercy by the jury in reaching a verdict.

But the jury, apparently, was in no mood for mercy. It deliberated only thirty-seven minutes before reaching a verdict of guilty and assessing the death penalty.

Judge Watson, after reading the verdict handed to him by the jury foreman, declared sternly: "You have found properly."

Odom received the verdict impassively, slumped in his chair at the defense table in much the same attitude as he had listened to testimony during the trial. When deputy sheriffs led him from the crowded courtroom, he strutted cockily down the aisle, as he had each time he was escorted from the courtroom during the trial.

A female relative had left the courtroom in tears just before the jury brought in the verdict. She became hysterical and fainted in the corridor after hearing the verdict. Odom walked unwavering past her through the hallway to his cell, where he waited nonchalantly until he was taken from the court to the county jail.

Later, when Charles Harvey Odom was brought before Judge Watson for the formality of imposition of sentence, he was asked if he had anything to say before sentence was passed.

Odom drew himself up arrogantly and said: "The only thing I have to say is that I do not believe I had a fair trial."

The little victim's father had less to say: "This can't help the kid, but it means he can't hurt anyone else."

Odom's various appeals from the conviction eventually took the case before Judge Floyd R. Gibson of the U.S. District Court in Kansas City, where on February 28th, in denying Odom's petition, Judge Gibson said:

"It would be unrealistic to contend that the facts of this case were not inflammatory as they occurred in the undenied narrative of events constituting the offense. Such brutal mistreatment

of an innocent child of thirteen years of age would naturally cause resentment in the mind of any normal person.

"But the jurors called, including those excused, exhibited no feeling of bias or prejudice against the defendant, as such, although some expressed feelings on the hideousness of the offense.

"In view of the heinousness of the crime and the fact that there was no real issue before the jury other than the issue of what was the proper punishment to assess, forty minutes of deliberation certainly is sufficient time to fully discuss the evidence and arrive at a conclusion," the judge noted.

Judge Gibson's decision was affirmed within a few days by the U.S. Court of Appeals, Eighth Circuit, and on March 5, 1964, Justice Byron White of the United States Supreme Court, declined to intervene in a last-minute move to stay the execution.

So did the Governor of Missouri, and at four o'clock, on that same March 5th, Odom ate his last meal.

The last person to visit Odom that afternoon was Paul Markstrom, a Springfield, Missouri minister, who left the condemned man's cell shaking his head sadly.

"Charles wasn't sure his time is up yet," the clergyman said in response to questions from reporters when he emerged from the death house. "He thinks he may have a stay coming. He kept saying he wasn't guilty."

As Warden Nash finished reading the execution order, he asked, "Do you have anything to say, Charles?"

Odom's reply was not unexpected. "I think I could do all right if I had another chance," he replied stubbornly.

The warden shrugged and placed the black blindfold over Odom's eyes.

The condemned man was then led from the small room by Warden Nash and a guard into the small gas chamber where on December 18, 1953, Carl Hall and Bonnie Heady, the confessed kidnap-slayers of six-year-old Bobby Greenlease, were executed.

Odom was firmly strapped into one of the chairs by the guard. Warden Nash checked the web straps. Then he asked Odom again if he had any last words.

"I'm innocent," Odom replied, a curious half-smile still fixed on his face.

The bucket of acid was placed beneath the chair and the deadly cyanide pellets were suspended gingerly in position above the acid. The heavy iron door of the chamber was swung shut and guards bolted the portal securely to make it airtight.

At 12:01, Warden Nash pulled the lever. The time had passed for any further consideration of appeals, stays or reprieves.

The cyanide pellets dropped into the acid with a slight hiss. A cloud of vapor, which looked like billowing bubbles of steam, rose about the man strapped into the steel chair.

His head jerked back, then dropped. His skin flushed, then paled.

The instant replay of his life had ended. Charles Harvey Odom had paid with his life for the savage attack on a pretty 13-year-old girl before she ever had a chance to realize the promise of glowing young womanhood. ♦ ♦ ♦

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**

The names Margie Moore, Ann Dell, Betty Ellis and James Blade, as used in the foregoing story, are not the real names of the persons concerned. These persons have been given fictitious names to protect their identities.

# Florida Murder . . .

(Continued from page 17)

services of Officer Paul Janosky, an accomplished artist assigned to the Metro police information service.

This was arranged and that afternoon, Officer Janosky went to the hospital and began working with Bruce Reitz on a drawing of the killer's face.

Dr. Joe Davies, Dade County Medical Examiner and nationally known pathologist, had ordered the bodies of the two slain women removed to the morgue, where autopsies were performed. Each had been shot once in the back of the head and a .22 caliber bullet was recovered from each.

These, together with the bullets removed from Bruce Reitz, were taken to the Metro crime lab, where technicians established that all four had been fired from the same gun. But locating the gun at the moment seemed an insurmountable task.

After Sergeant Frank had learned of the money order for \$4,200 which had been wired in the name of Bruce Reitz in Atlanta, the police of the Georgia metropolis were informed and detectives were staked out at the main Western Union office in the hope that the killer would show up to claim the money.

A pickup order for the Oldsmobile had gone out, with a description of the killer, to all cruising squads in the greater Miami area. Dozens of tips were received and they kept Lieutenant Windsor and Sergeant Frank busy.

Metro Chief E. Wilson Purdy, a former FBI agent who had also served as police chief in St. Petersburg and as head of the Pennsylvania State Police, assigned a total of 20 detectives to work full time on the case. Many of these were kept busy running down the telephone leads which resulted when news of the robbery and slayings was broadcast. The tips proved worthless but couldn't be ignored.

Working very carefully with Bruce Reitz, Officer Janosky finally produced a drawing which the victim said was an excellent likeness of the killer. It was reproduced and copies were distributed to all detectives assigned to the case, as well as to news wire services and television stations.

Detectives Lamont and Merkovitch were dispatched to the Miami International Airport early Tuesday morning to show copies of the drawing to employees. After a few negative results, the detectives found a male ticket agent who recalled that a man whose face resembled the one in the drawing had come in about 9:30 a.m. on Monday and he was in a big hurry. He had boarded a plane for Atlanta. He had given a name, but the detectives were sure it was fictitious.

When Sergeant Frank was informed of this development, he told the detectives to try to find out what mode of transportation the man had used to reach the airport. They began making inquiries, while Sergeant Frank contacted the Atlanta police and asked them to try to trace the man's movements from the time he had arrived in Atlanta before noon on Monday.

Again, Detectives Lamont and Merkovitch were lucky. They found some witnesses who recalled that the man in a hurry had arrived at the Miami airport by taxi. Sergeant Frank assigned Detective Ray Egger to check with the cab companies in an attempt to locate the



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driver who had taken the man to the airport.

Word came that the suspect had arrived in Atlanta on schedule, and that he had taken a flight which had arrived in Los Angeles later Monday afternoon. Lieutenant Windsor and Sergeant Frank knew that it would be almost impossible to locate the suspect now unless they could somehow establish his identity and learn something more specific about him.

Probably because of the brutality of the crime, most people in the Miami area had seen the drawing of the suspect and impressed it on their memory. So when Detective Egger began making inquiries, he received excellent cooperation from the taxi companies. Within a few hours, he had located the cabbie who had taken the man to the airport.

The driver said he had picked up the man near a hotel in downtown Miami at Second Street just off Sixth Avenue, and recalled that he was in a hurry to get to the airport. He said he picked up the man, whose face resembled the sketch, at about 9 o'clock.

Making inquiries of employes of the downtown hotel, Sergeant Frank and Detective Egger displayed copies of the drawing for their inspection. The employes immediately identified the man as Milton Niport, a cab driver, who lived in a room at the hotel.

Returning to headquarters, which adjoins the towering Dade County jail, Sergeant Frank checked the records and found that Milton Niport had a rap sheet, showing that he had served time for armed robbery. According to the records, he had come from Maryland, where he had spent most of his life before going to Miami.

Sergeant Frank obtained a mug shot of Niport at the time of his conviction and mixed it in among ten other pictures of men of roughly the same description. He gave these to Sergeant Pittman, who took them to Baptist Hospital, where Bruce Reitz was recovering. After studying the batch of mug shots, he selected the picture of Niport, but said he wasn't absolutely certain that was the man who wounded him and killed the two women.

Sergeant Frank talked to cab drivers, who told him the cab company Niport worked for. To drive a cab in Miami a man has to have a license bearing his picture. Sergeant Frank obtained a copy of this photograph, which had been taken much more recently than the police mug shot. He selected another group of about a dozen pictures and mixed the new one of Niport in with them.

Sergeant Pittman returned to the hospital and showed the new batch to Reitz. He immediately picked out the mug shot of Niport and positively identified him as the killer, according to Sergeant Frank.

From that point on, the police moved fast. They obtained warrants to search Niport's room in the downtown hotel. Sergeant Frank pulled out the front vent of the air conditioner in the room and found a gun hidden in the unit.

It was a .22 caliber revolver. The three people had been shot with a .22. The gun was rushed to the crime lab for ballistics comparison tests. Then the search of the room was continued. The detectives found a green shirt, a light green sweater and dark pants which evidently had just been worn. They matched the description of the killer's clothing given by Bruce Reitz. These and numerous

other items, the importance of which is yet to be determined, were confiscated and taken to the crime lab for evaluation and analysis, after they had been individually identified by inventory tags.

The ballistics tests showed that the gun found in Niport's room had fired the two fatal shots as well as the bullets taken from Bruce Reitz' head. Sergeant Frank went before Criminal Court Judge Jack Turner, who had issued the search warrants, and obtained two warrants charging Milton Niport with first-degree murder.

Then Sergeant Frank and Lieutenant Windsor had a conference with Chief Purdy. The drawing which had led to the identification of Niport had been widely published in newspapers all over the country. They agreed that Niport himself must have been appalled when he had seen how closely the drawing resembled him.

They believed that Niport would reason that it would be only a matter of days before he was traced to the hotel. They believed he might rush back to Miami to get the gun in an attempt to beat the police to it.

Los Angeles police were contacted and asked to check at the airport. A copy of Niport's picture was wired to them and they made other copies. After a canvass of employes at the airport, they learned that Niport only a short time before had boarded a flight for Miami and was then



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enroute to the Florida city.

The Miami International Airport was well staked out. Detectives Lemont and Merkovitch stood beside the door through which Niport would have to pass. When he stepped through it, they nabbed him and he was quickly surrounded by other Miami police. The date was Thursday, July 23rd, just three days after Niport had fled to Los Angeles.

Niport was formally advised of his constitutional rights and the two warrants were shown to him. Then he was taken to headquarters and when he was booked, he was found to have in excess of \$600 in cash in his pockets. It would be difficult for him to claim that he was indigent, unless he admitted the money was part of the loot from the Western Union robbery.

Niport was taken before Justice of the Peace Ralph Ferguson, but he had nothing to say. Judge Ferguson said a preliminary hearing would be scheduled at a later date and ordered Niport held without bail in the Dade County jail.

Questioning cab drivers who had worked with Niport, police found none would admit they liked him. The cabbies said they averaged about \$50 a day, but they followed the rules at the airport and kept in line. They said that Niport often circumvented these rules. Instead of going to the pool after he had discharged a fare, he often pulled to the head of the line. In this way, he got more fares and the cabbies estimated that he made more than \$60 a day.

Yet several of them, as well as some of his acquaintances at the hotel, said

Niport was always short of money. He had a lot of bills he couldn't pay, although nobody seemed to know the reason.

Metro Patrolman Al Coletti said: "He was a pretty rough character and when you'd ask him to get straight he'd always answer: 'What are you picking on me for? I'm just trying to make a living.'"

Patrolman Coletti said that Niport was working Sunday afternoon, only a few hours before a man invaded Heitz's apartment. About three o'clock Sunday afternoon, Niport had been "kicked off the airport." This is cabbie slang for a dressing down. A starter had caught him trying to buck the line without waiting his turn and ordered him to go back to the staging area and get in line.

Since the police records showed that Niport had spent much of his life in Baltimore, mug shots of him were sent to the Baltimore police from Miami.

Meanwhile, four days after he had been shot and left for dead, Bruce Reitz was released from Baptist Hospital. That same day, word came from Baltimore that Niport was suspected of sticking up a sandwich shop in that city in July, 1968. On that night, a man had invaded the sandwich shop and shot four people. Two were killed, but a man and a woman survived.

The woman was shown Niport's picture and said he was the 1968 killer. "I could never forget a face like that," said the woman who survived. "That's the same man. I know beyond a shadow of a doubt." She said that the gunman who held up the sandwich shop forced the four people to lie on the floor, in much the same manner as the killings in Dade County.

A Baltimore detective was sent to Miami and after some investigation, the details of which have not been revealed, arrangements were made for Niport to be viewed in a lineup at Metro police headquarters on July 30th.

Meanwhile, on July 27th, Niport appeared in a lineup and was picked out by Bruce Reitz as the man who shot him and killed the two women in the tomato field. Another charge, one of assault with intent to kill, was filed against Milton Niport.

A woman and a man survivor of the 1968 shootings in Baltimore went to Miami on July 30th, accompanied by an assistant state's attorney from Baltimore County.

Separate lineups were held for the two survivors and Niport appeared in both. The assistant prosecutor refused to discuss the outcome and said it would be decided later whether any charges would be filed against Niport by Baltimore officials.

However, it was reported by reliable sources that both survivors identified Niport as the gunman.

As this is written, Milton Niport had refused to make a statement of any kind, either to the police or in court. Also as this was written, he was held without bail in the Dade County jail in Miami and further legal action against him was pending.

Under the law, he is presumed to be innocent, and the burden of proving otherwise rests on the state. ◆◆◆

### EDITOR'S NOTE:

The names, George Gohmann and Frank Gohmann, as used in the foregoing story, are not the real names of the persons concerned. These persons have been given fictitious names to protect their identities.

# No Mercy On Michigan Doctors

(Continued from page 21)

that Dr. Harris never had mentioned ever having been robbed or threatened. However, they agreed that it was quite possible that the two young men the police now sought had been patients of Dr. Harris and knew that he was well-to-do, a man who might be expected to be carrying a sizeable amount of money.

More than 1,400 persons attended funeral services for Dr. Harris. Among these were detectives who kept sharp eyes on the people who filed past his bier. Nearly all showed their grief, but the detectives didn't spot anyone who acted in a suspicious manner.

Later, Sergeant Hay and Detective Jennings talked to the slain doctor's widow, who showed them hundreds of letters of condolence she had received.

"You have to make up your own mind on what you want in life, and, then, decide what you are willing to give up to accomplish it." The widow said this was "the wonderful legacy" Dr. Harris had left his family.

"He included us in his work," she said.

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The eldest son, flown home from Vietnam for the funeral, is an interpreter for the Army, speaking both French and Vietnamese fluently. The second oldest son is a pre-med student at St. Louis University.

The detectives checked the names of Dr. Harris' male patients, but they could find none who might have fired the fatal shot or his companion.

After they had interviewed scores of people who had been friends or acquaintances of the slain doctor, and had found no good lead at all, Sergeant Hay and Detective Jennings conferred with Inspector Ricard. It was known to all of them that the Detroit News' Secret Witness program, based on the theory that "somebody knows," has been highly successful during the five years it has been operating. Rewards varying from \$500 to \$10,000 have been offered for anonymous information leading to the arrest and conviction of persons responsible for crimes from robbing newsboys to kidnaping and murder.

Now, with the investigation seemingly bogged down, the detectives suggested that the newspaper be requested to offer a reward in the case of Dr. Harris. Inspector Ricard agreed, the request was made and the Detroit News offered a reward of \$3,000.

This brought several anonymous tips, both by letter and by telephone. The information proved of some help in advancing the investigation, but nobody named the two killers and the information did not lead at once to them.

The puzzling case was still unsolved on Tuesday, February 17th, when a young woman, obviously agitated, made a complaint at the Tenth Precinct Station. She said that her boy friend had been forced at gunpoint to accompany two young men to their apartment on Pingree.

"Do you know the names of these men?" asked Patrolman Charles Johnson.

Yes, the woman said. One was Jerome Allen and the other was Lincoln Evans. She said she thought both men were about 23 years old. She supplied their address and apartment number.

After the complaint had been written and the young woman had signed it, Patrolmen Johnson and Norman McKenzie went to the apartment on Pingree. They found the young woman's boy friend there, as well as Jerome Allen and Lincoln Evans.

Allen and Evans were informed of their constitutional rights, then were frisked for weapons. Allen had a .455 caliber Webley Mark VI six-shot revolver. Evans was sitting on a .32 caliber H & R revolver.

The Webley, with a long blue steel barrel, and the H & R revolver were confiscated by Patrolmen Johnson and McKenzie, who also arrested Allen and Evans. Both men were charged with kidnaping and lodged in the Wayne County jail. The charge was changed to robbery after the young woman's boy friend had told his story. However, he was unable to prove that he had been robbed and on February 25th, the charges against the two men were dropped.

Allen was released, but Evans, who had been on parole from a prior conviction, was held for parole violation.

Meanwhile, the two guns were turned over to Lieutenant Bobby Taylor of the Scientific Bureau for ballistics examinations. Taylor is a veteran ballistics specialist.

He test-fired the .32 caliber H & R, but could not connect it up with any known crime in the Detroit area.

Then he fired the .455 caliber Webley. This was a different story. Markings on the test-fired bullets matched perfectly those on the .455 bullet that had been removed from the body of Dr. Arthur Harris.

Lieutenant Taylor reported to Inspector Ricard that there was no doubt that the Webley found in the possession of Jerome Allen was the fatal weapon. Its long, blue steel barrel might look black to a witness who viewed it in the dim street lighting. The 16-year-old girl who had seen the gun poked into Dr. Harris' back had described it as a pistol with a long black barrel.

Since Evans had been with Allen on the occasion when the man claimed to have been robbed on Pingree, at a time when Allen had the murder weapon in his possession, it was believed that Allen and Evans were the two men sought for the Harris slaying. A warrant was issued charging both with first-degree murder.

It was merely a formality to serve the warrant on Evans, since he was being held for parole violation. But when detectives went to the apartment on Pingree to arrest Allen, they found it had been vacated. An alert was broadcast for Allen's arrest on Friday, February

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27th, just one day after he had been released.

A few minutes before the alarm was broadcast, Allen appeared at the county jail to pick up the personal belongings which had been taken from him at the time he was charged with robbery and lodged in the jail.

He had hardly left the building when the order to pick him up on the first-degree murder charge was broadcast. The broadcast was picked by Sheriff's Detective Harvey Royal as he drove towards the jail. He had previously seen Allen when he was held on the robbery charge that was dropped.

About a block from the jail, Detective Royal spotted Allen walking along the street. Before Allen quite realized what was happening, Detective Royal had taken him into custody.

Detective Royal drove to Detroit police headquarters, where his prisoner was turned over to Sergeant Hay and Detective Jennings. He was advised of his constitutional rights and he refused to make a statement.

The following day, Saturday, February 28th, Allen and Evans appeared before Recorder's Judge Joseph E. Maher on the first-degree murder charges. Both stood mute and Judge Maher entered pleas of not guilty for them.

Both men said they were not financially able to hire counsel and asked the court to appoint lawyers to represent them. Judge Maher did this and scheduled the pre-trial examination for March 6th.

However, before the examination, Lincoln Evans asked to see Sergeant Hay and Detective Jennings. They interviewed him and he allegedly gave this account:

On the night that Dr. Harris was slain, Evans had been with Allen and another man, Timothy Hill, also known as Skinny. He said that he was driving his brother's car and that the three of them went to Detroit General Hospital, where Evans' brother, Jack, was a patient.

Lincoln Evans said they stayed at the hospital until 8 o'clock, when visiting hours ended, and they were required to leave. He said they drove to a filling station on Linwood and he stopped to get gasoline for the car. The station was directly across the street from a party store.

He said that Allen and Hill watched Dr. Harris striding towards the party store and both of them got out of the car after he had gone in the store. Evans said that either Allen or Hill was acquainted with Dr. Harris, possibly both.

Evans said that he remained at the gas station while Allen and Hill went across the street. He saw them peer into the party store through the front window. They waited and when Dr. Harris came out, they converged on him and tried to persuade him to accompany them to the alley. Their plan was to rob him.

But Dr. Harris refused to go with them and Allen put a gun, the .455 Wadley Mark VI, into his back as he turned and told him, "If you run, I'll kill you." However, Dr. Harris did make a break to get back inside the party store and was shot.

By that time, Evans had bought and paid for his gas. The two men ran south on Linwood and Evans picked them up. He insisted that he had no prior knowledge that Allen and Hill were going to

try to rob Dr. Harris. He said if the charge against him was dropped, he would testify for the prosecution.

The detectives told him they would let him know.

Meanwhile, two cellmates of Jerome Allen in the county jail were released. Before going home they went to see Sergeant Hay and Detective Jennings.

They said that Allen had told them that the police had identified his gun, a .455 caliber Mark VI revolver as the one that fired the shot fatal at Dr. Harris. They said Allen told them that he and Evans had been together that evening, that they had looked through the window of the party store and had noticed that Dr. Harris was full (had plenty of money). When he came out of the store they asked him to accompany them to the alley, where they planned to rob him. He refused and started back into the store and Allen fired.

His former cellmates said Allen told them he didn't intend to kill the doctor, that he thought he had just wounded him in the shoulder.

"What about Hill?" asked Sergeant Hay.

The two men said that Allen hadn't made any mention of a man named Hill. Both agreed to testify to what they had told the detectives if Allen and Evans went to trial.

Their story added even more mystery to the case. Was there such a person as Timothy Hill? Or had he been invented by Evans in the hope that he would get off.

"We've got more work to do," said Seregant Hay.

First they went to Detroit General Hospital, where Jack Evans was a patient. They made inquiries of various employees, who said they recalled that three men who had come to visit Jack Evans on the same night Dr. Harris had been slain. They were Allen, Evans and Timothy Hill. They said none of the three men had been seen in the hospital since that night.

To the detectives, this meant that Lincoln Evans had not had an opportunity to talk to his brother and tell him the same story he had told the police. The detectives went to see Jack Evans and asked him about Timothy Hill.

He said that Timothy Hill had come to visit him that night but had not been back since. He assured the detectives that Timothy Hill, also known as Skinny, did exist. He said that Hill's home town was Wedowee, Alabama, a town of about 1,000 population, which is the county seat of Randolph County.

Speculating that Hill actually had taken part in the crime and that he might return to his home town in Alabama, Randolph County Sheriff C. W. Thompson was contacted. He said he would watch for Hill and arrest him if he showed up in Wedowee.

The pre-trial hearing for Allen and Evans was postponed to March 19th. After hearing stories of some of the witnesses, on March 21st, Recorder's Court Judge James McNally ordered Jerome Allen bound over for trial and the charges against Evans were dismissed.

The search for Timothy Hill continued, and Inspector Ricard was notified that he had been arrested on April 10th in Wedowee, Alabama, and was being held in the Randolph County jail. The Wayne County prosecutor's office began drawing up extradition papers, but two days later, on April 12th, Inspector Ricard was notified that Hill had escaped jail. Sheriff Thompson said all available

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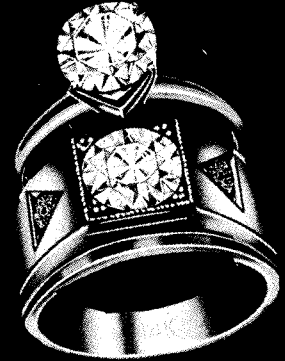
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manpower was being used to recapture him.

Hill was rearrested in Randolph County on April 23rd and told Sheriff Thompson that he would waive extradition. Inspector Ricard sent Detective Sergeant Daugherty and Detective Jennings to pick him up. They flew to Atlanta, then went to Wedowee by car. They picked up Hill after he had signed the waiver and returned him to Atlanta on April 26th. He was held in the Atlanta city jail overnight, then the next day was taken by plane to Detroit. The next day he was arraigned before Recorder's Judge Chrzanowski who scheduled examination on May 8th.

On that date, after the testimony of witnesses, Timothy Hill was remanded to the county jail to be held for trial on second-degree murder.

Meanwhile, Jerome Allen went to trial on June 11th in Recorder's Court before Judge Donald Binkowski. The trial continued to June 24th, when a jury, after two hours' deliberation, found Allen guilty of first-degree murder. He was sentenced to the mandatory term of life and as this was written, he was serving his sentence.

Also as this was written, Timothy Hill was held without bond in the Wayne County jail in Detroit, pending further legal action. No date for his trial had been set.

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

The names, Alvin Cronk, Sammy Brooks, Lincoln Evans and Jack Evans, as used in the foregoing story, are not the real names of the persons concerned. These persons have been given fictitious names to protect their identities.

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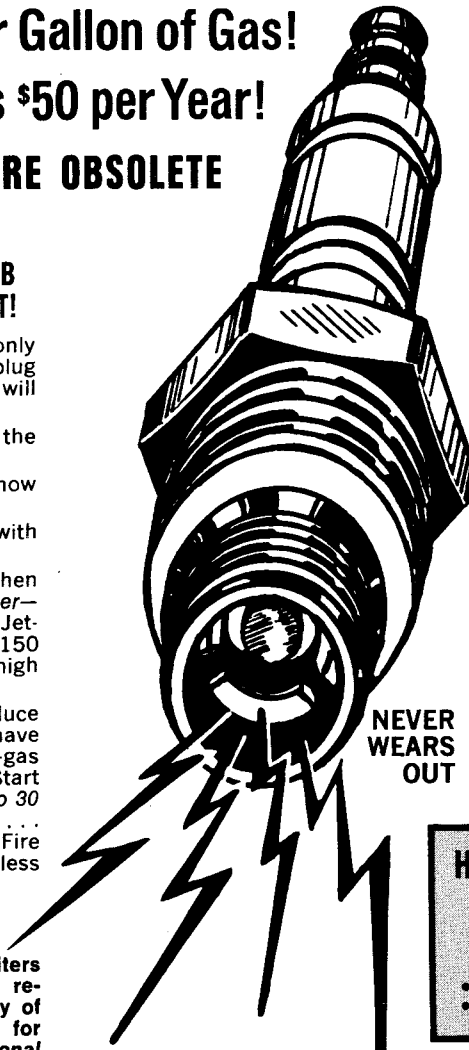
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# Dixie Murderer

(Continued from page 39)

they didn't already know.

The investigation ground steadily on. Lead after lead was checked, evaluated and discarded. Everett Jones remained in the medical center, and investigators waited patiently for him to recover so the polygraph tests could be completed.

Then, while they waited and the case remained in limbo, the forces of nature entered the picture and threatened to change it completely, and permanently.

In that connection, the double slaying of Katherine Waggoner and Suzanne Shepherd could easily enough be called The Camille Murder Case.

Not that any person by that name was involved, but a tropical storm was, the one that grew until it developed into Hurricane Camille, the most destructive force to hit the Gulf Coast in the memory of living residents.

And when the howling winds and raging seas swept onto the coast, they not only inundated the crime scene, they also forced Biloxi police to shelve the murder investigation, at least temporarily.

Law enforcement and crime detection are, of course, the primary duties of policemen everywhere, but there are circumstances that can overshadow such duties, force them to become secondary.

One such set of circumstances is the occurrence of a catastrophe, a genuine, unavoidable disaster. And if Hurricane Camille doesn't fall into that category, the nation hasn't seen one in recent years.

The investigation was still proceeding apace when Camille raged ashore, on August 17, 1969, killing 118 Gulf Coast citizens, leaving thousands homeless, and wrecking an inestimable amount of property damage.

With every makeshift morgue overflowing with unidentified bodies, drinking water contaminated, hospital corridors jammed with injured, and with people prowling the streets for food scraps, homicide officers had no choice. They abandoned the Waggoner-Shepherd case for the time being.

For weeks, the investigators were busy helping survivors of Hurricane Camille stay alive, helping to enforce the martial law which had been declared. By the time some degree of normalcy returned to the Gulf Coast, the killer's trail was stone cold.

In the excitement and confusion, Everett Jones had disappeared. The neighborhood around the murder scene was littered with debris. The little shotgun house where the two girls had been slain was a shambles.

Thousands of refugees had left the coast never to return, and each departed refugee, each storm victim, could conceivably be the missing key witness in the murder case.

If ever lawmen faced an obliterated trail, officers on the Hurricane Camille Murder Case did, but they dug in again to seek leads and tips, no matter how tenuous.

Days and weeks went by without any progress. Occasionally, tips came in. Each one was checked out thoroughly. Some turned out to be from people who wanted only to harass another individual. Some came from compulsive talkers tired of discussing Camille. Some came from other varieties of kooks. None proved valid.

Then, in January, 1970, Fate smiled on the blind goddess called Justice. The break came in the form of another tip,

this one from Willie (T-Bone) Saucier, a trusty in the Harrison County Jail at Gulfport.

The trusty told County Detective Maxie Broadus that another prisoner had been talking too knowingly about the Waggoner-Shepherd murders. The prisoner's name was John Francis (Frank) Bertinato.

He was a 31-year-old married man, father of five children, and a next-door neighbor of the slain girls. Bertinato had been in jail for three weeks on a charge of non-support of his children.

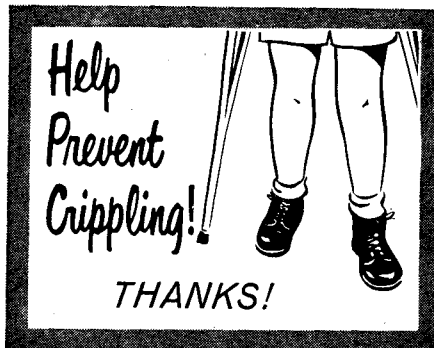
"Just what did Bertinato tell you?" Broadus asked the trusty.

"He said he couldn't sleep at night for thinking about the dead girls next door. He said he killed them!"

"Did he just spit it out like that, 'I killed the girls,' or words to that effect?" Detective Broadus asked.

"No, he told it a little at a time, until it all added up. I believe him. I believe he did it," the trusty declared.

"All right, just tell it to me the way he told it to you," the officer urged.



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The trusty quoted Bertinato as saying he had been romantically involved with Katherine Waggoner. Bertinato's wife was suspicious, said Saucier, and they quarreled about his visits next door.

According to the trusty, Bertinato said the Waggoner girl had repeatedly asked him for rent money. This led to arguments between them, and the Waggoner girl threatened to go too Bertinato's wife and disclose the love affair.

The trusty said Bertinato told him that late on the night of the murder he quarreled with both women, first with his wife and then with his threatening girl friend. After the second argument, according to Saucier, Bertinato returned home to face another quarrel with his wife. When she went to bed he left, went back to the house next door and climbed in through the bathroom window.

Then he committed both murders.

Bertinato, said the trusty, intimidated he had killed the Waggoner girl out of anger over their argument. The Shepherd girl just happened to be there as a witness at the wrong time.

During the attack on the Shepherd girl, said the informant, her small broth-

er awakened and began to cry. Bertinato was quoted as saying he picked the boy up and threw him on a bed, causing him to lose his breath for a few minutes.

Detective Broadus pondered the trusty's story. It rang true; it included some details known to officers but not to the general public. Broadus headed for Bertinato's cell to talk to him.

For three weeks the persistent detective visited the jailed suspect regularly. In that time, he learned a great deal about John Francis Bertinato.

The suspect, originally from Newark, New Jersey, had been in Biloxi nine years. He had come there as an Air Force enlisted man and stayed on after being discharged from Keesler Air Force Base. He had worked at various jobs. At the time of the murders, he was a painter for the Biloxi Cemetery Department.

At first, Bertinato didn't want to talk about the slayings. He admitted being in the yard watching officers go in and out of the house that Wednesday afternoon, but insisted he knew nothing more. Gradually, however, he incriminated himself bit by bit, until finally Detective Broadus accused him of being the killer. Then he agreed to take a lie detector test.

On February 12, 1970, arrangements were being made by Highway Patrol Investigator Leonard Winstead to administer a polygraph examination at Patrol headquarters. Then Bertinato eliminated the practicality of such tests.

He sent word to Detective Broadus that he wanted to talk to him, and subsequently gave a statement admitting the Waggoner-Shepherd murders. It agreed with the version reported by the jail trusty.

Now, on July 15, 1970, Bertinato was on trial before Judge Leslie B. Grant for the murder of the Shepherd girl. Charges in connection with Katherine Waggoner's slaying were held temporarily in abeyance.

The prosecutors were Assistant District Attorneys Albert Ncaise and Kosta Vlahos, assisted by County Attorney William "Billy" Stewart. Court-appointed defense counselors were Howard McDonnell and Charles Sykes Jr.

Most of the state's case was based on admissions the defendant had made to Broadus. And the defense strategy, of necessity, hinged on discounting these statements or keeping the jury from hearing them. Before the inevitable argument over admissibility of the confession arose, however prosecutors built the body of a case with testimony by other witnesses.

Shirley Henderson told of finding a crying child in her yard, then following him into the shotgun house to discover two bodies.

The Henderson girl's roommate, Miss Marsha Varnado, recalled her jaunt to the beach with Katherine Waggoner. An array of officers outlined their investigation.

Then Dr. Joffe testified to performing an autopsy and reported his findings. An FBI technician told of examining the alleged death weapon, and said the hair specimen sticking to it "most probably" came from the head of the Shepherd girl.

Prosecutors tried to introduce photographs of the slaughter scene from police files. Judge Grant ruled the pictures inadmissible on grounds they might influence emotions of the jurors, "and would serve no useful purpose as evidence."

Throughout this testimony, Bertinato sat at the defense table wearing the expression of a mildly interested person.

(Continued on page 73)

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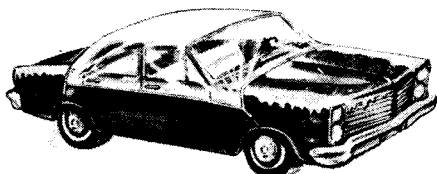
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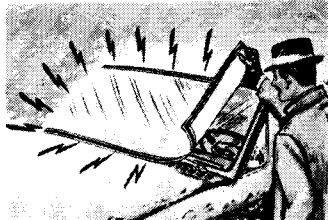
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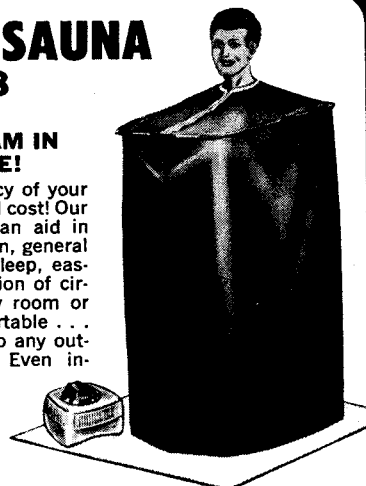
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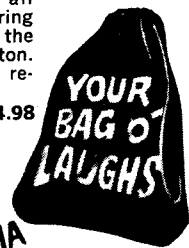


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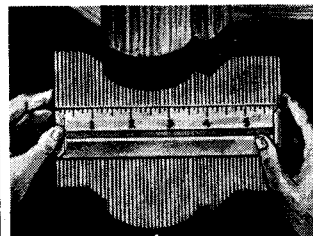


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He was obviously an intelligent man who realized his fate rested on what he had already said, not on what others might say.

Then it came time for Detective Broadus to testify, and the big argument over Bertinato's statement erupted. Judge Grant sent the jury from the courtroom. For two hours the judge listened to testimony from both sides.

Detective Broadus and his trusty tipster, Willie (T-Bone) Saucier, told how Bertinato's jailhouse conversation caused suspicion to center on him.

Other officers, including Biloxi policemen, sheriff's deputies and Highway Patrolmen, testified that the defendant's admissions were made in their presence after all his rights had been fully explained and waived.

Then Bertinato took the stand to claim the statement was not made by him, but was fabricated by police. He admitted signing the statement, but said it was a lie, signed in fright after veiled threats were made by officers. He claimed he had signed waivers of his rights to an attorney and other rights, and a waiver agreeing to a lie detector test, after police detectives told him to "sign anything put in front of him" without reading it.

Judge Grant weighed the claims and counter claims, observed that the defendant didn't want a lie detector test enough to take one, then said the preponderance of testimony was in the State's favor. The jurors could hear the confession. It was read. Then another statement given later, and adding more details, was read. The jurors listened closely.

After the State rested, defense counselors put on several alibi witnesses, including the defendant's wife. She said her husband was home all the night of the murder, that she knew because she was awake with leg cramps.

Richard Rose, the murdered girls' occasional visitor, told of the mysterious airman they claimed to fear. The prosecutors objected to this testimony on grounds it was hearsay. The objection was sustained. The gist of the defense testimony was that Bertinato didn't even know the victims and was elsewhere when they died.

But it was almost anticlimactic, the defense testimony, as was the final round of oratory by opposing lawyers. There were many questions left unanswered, including the one of who had sexual intercourse with the two girls. Bertinato's statement did not include such an admission, but it did include many other details, and it was apparent to spectators that those details weighed heavily with the jury.

Just how heavily they weighed was indicated by the fact that the jurors deliberated less than two hours. They found John Francis Bertinato guilty of murdering Suzanne Shepherd and sentenced him to life in prison.

After the verdict was read, Prosecutor Necaize said charges in the Katherine Waggoner slaying "very probably" will be prosecuted later.

Defense Attorney McDonnell said he will appeal the verdict. Unless he succeeds in overturning it, John Francis Bertinato must serve a lot of time for a double murder that was almost washed off police records by a vagrant hurricane named Camille. ♦♦♦

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**

The name Everett Jones as used in the foregoing story, is not the real name of the person concerned. This person has been given a fictitious name to protect his identity.

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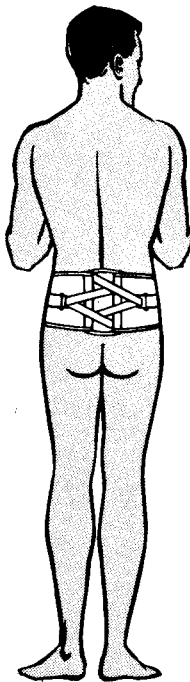
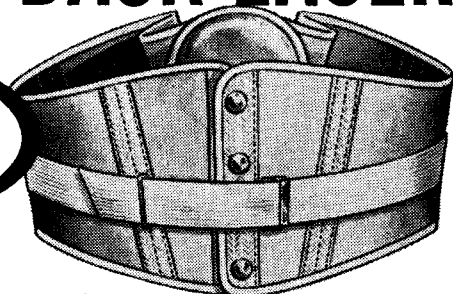


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## National Police Officer of Month

(Continued from page 27)

by chance. He came to the federal organization with top credentials, having become familiar with the tough aspects of law enforcement by serving six years with the Missouri State Patrol.

He had also served a hitch with the 101st Airborne Division from 1952 to 1954.

He graduated from the Missouri State Patrol Academy in 1961, the Homicide Investigation Institute of Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas, in 1962 and the Narcotics Institute of Oklahoma University in Norman, Oklahoma, the same year. In 1963 Thomas completed a course at the U.S. Treasury Law Enforcement Academy in Washington, D.C., as well as the Basic Investigator School of the ATFD in the same city that year.

Thomas also completed advance courses in the investigation of conspiracy in Chicago in 1967 and a course in Army sabotage and explosive techniques.

While with the Missouri Patrol he was a boxing instructor for youngsters living in the vicinity of Poplar Bluff, Mo., as well as being active in Scouting.

At the present time the area supervisor is a regular instructor at the new Iowa Law Enforcement Academy near Des Moines where he teaches Iowa lawmen (all of whom are required to attend the Academy) the intricacies of Federal gun laws.

Heading the crack 10-man force of investigators responsible for investigations in Nebraska and Iowa also keeps him busy. The new group moved quietly into new quarters in the Federal Courts Building in Omaha after the first of the year.

But, it was while he was serving with the Missouri patrol that Thomas played a leading role in solving one of the most blood-curdling murder cases ever to hit his section of the state.

It started on a mild fall day in September, 1960.

Sheriff W. L. (Cowboy) Ramsey and his chief deputy, Cletus Phillips, had a touchy problem to solve. The two New Madrid County officers wanted to serve a felony warrant for theft on a wiry Missouri hunter and fisherman named Dee Gray.

They knew that Gray could be charming, was liked by many of those who inhabited the swamps and river country over which he roamed. But, Ramsey and Phillips also knew that he had a temper which could be touched off in a fraction of a second.

Several times they had attempted to approach the shack of the woodsman and place him under arrest. But always he had drifted away at the last moment, slipping through the swamps and hiding out with friends and relatives along the slowly rolling Mississippi River.

This time they drove up in an old lumber truck instead of their official car, hoping that Gray would not suspect they were officers on an official errand.

As they approached the shack near the river there was no sign of the five-foot-nine 160-pound Gray, who at 38 years of age could outlast young men half his age as a fisherman or a hunter. As Ramsey and Phillips held a whispered conversation on strategy on how to approach the shack, they could see the levee behind the shack raised on a stilt

foundation because of the constant danger of flood waters.

Ramsey told his deputy to slip quietly around the shack to the back while he moved in from the front. As Phillips neared the back, his revolver in his hand, he glanced through a window and spotted Gray sitting on a bed with his shirt off.

"Come on out, Dee—we have the place surrounded," he called in to the man in the bedroom. "We don't want any trouble."

Phillips then moved quickly around to the back door and waited, knowing that his chief, Ramsey, had heard him call to Gray to surrender.

Standing to one side of the back door, he waited. But, there wasn't a sound from inside the shack. Phillips decided to go in and with his service pistol leveled he kicked in the back door which flew inward immediately.

Before the deputy could take a step forward, there was the roar of a shotgun from inside the kitchen. Phillips received the full charge in his face, almost tearing his head from his shoulders, the force of the blast flipping him on his back where he lay mortally wounded.

Sheriff Ramsey heard the roar of the shotgun and started to move to the back but moments later Gray, snarling and cursing, charged out the front door.

Ramsey fired his snub nosed .38 caliber revolver at Gray and missed as the agile hunter flipped to the ground and around the corner of the front of the house. Then he and Sheriff Ramsey



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started a running battle, each trying to get a clean shot at the other but failing as they edged around the shack.

When Ramsey finally got to Phillips he knew he was dead and that there was nothing he could do for him.

Angered but still cautious he moved around the back of the shack in his attempt to capture Gray. Suddenly the two men stood in confrontation and both fired almost simultaneously. The small hand gun was no match for the spreading slugs from the shotgun.

Sheriff Ramsey missed and then he felt the slugs tearing into his shoulder, neck and part of his face. He did not lose consciousness as he went down but he knew that he could not see out of one eye.

Apparently, Gray did not realize how gravely he had wounded Ramsey as the sheriff shot back, his aim deflected by the blood streaming from his head.

Gray again ducked around the corner of the house and Ramsey staggered into a nearby corn patch, rapidly becoming weak from the loss of blood but still retaining his revolver.

Sheriff Ramsey dragged his body through the corn patch on to a sandy road where he thought some one might drive by and give him aid.

Then he looked up and saw Gray walking toward him. Trying to steady his gun hand, he fired two shots—the last in the chamber of the revolver.

Gray dragged the nearly unconscious sheriff back to the lumber truck, loaded the body of the dead deputy in the back

and then took the guns of both officers with their remaining ammunition. He also took the money the two men had with them. Then he drove them to an isolated area at the edge of the Mississippi River and told Ramsey that "this was the end of the road."

Like many residents in that section of Missouri, Ramsey knew of Gray and his kinfolds and he told him he was only trying to do his job when he showed up with the warrant for his arrest.

Gray, his anger apparently having subsided somewhat in the bloody hour that had passed since he had first encountered the law enforcement officers, seemed to reconsider.

Coldly, he looked at the groggy sheriff, and then issued an ultimatum. He said he would not kill him if he gave his word he would give Gray a chance to escape. Ramsey agreed.

Taking the guns, he left the nearly unconscious Ramsey in the truck with his dead deputy and disappeared into the woods.

Ramsey, knowing he would soon die of loss of blood, got behind the wheel of the lumber truck and drove it back to the secondary road. There he passed out, slumping over the steering wheel.

A farmer on his way to town found him there with the dead body of his deputy in the back. The farmer, realizing the sheriff was in grave condition, drove the truck to the Sikeston Community Hospital, 30 miles north of New Madrid, the small town that bears the same name as the county of which Ramsey was sheriff.

Trooper Thomas was in Sikeston when he fielded the call from Poplar Bluff, Missouri.

The message was brief:

"We have information that the chief deputy of New Madrid has been shot to death and that Sheriff Ramsey is in critical condition at Sikeston hospital. Investigate immediately."

When Thomas arrived at the hospital he found Sheriff Ramsey in the emergency room in a semi-conscious condition and could not question him at that time.

Knowing that every minute was important at this stage of the investigation, Thomas paced impatiently outside the room where the doctors were attempting to staunch the flow of blood and bring the sheriff out of his shocked condition.

Some time later Sheriff Ramsey's wife arrived at the hospital. Apologizing for bothering her at that time, the state trooper explained how crucial it was to learn as soon as possible who the brutal assailant might be.

Courageously, Mrs. Ramsey said she would try to get the information from her husband. A few minutes later she emerged weeping from the emergency room and said "Dee Gray." Pausing only a moment in an attempt to console the grieving wife, Thomas immediately flashed the news to patrol headquarters.

A short time later another trooper, carefully inspecting the lumber truck the two officers had used in their attempt to arrest the desperate hunter, confirmed the information obtained from the wounded sheriff.

The trooper found the warrant the two New Madrid County officers had been attempting to serve on Gray when they were shot down.

It touched off one of the biggest man-hunts in the history of Missouri as sheriffs from neighboring counties and police department officers came in to help with the Missouri State Patrol directing the search.

Road blocks were set up and possessed, with the men whom hunting is a way of life bringing along their hunting dogs. Helicopters and light planes took off, their occupants scanning the rugged country through field glasses in an effort to sight the desperate fugitive.

The searchers were under no delusions about the difficulty of their assignment. They knew that Gray was familiar with every inch of the territory, heavily armed and dangerous, and that he had many friends and relatives in the area who would not turn their back on him, regardless of the consequences.

When the road blocks failed to yield any results in the first few hours the hunting law men came to the conclusion that Gray had not borrowed or stolen a vehicle and that he had decided to go for broke on foot.

Those who had joined to help in the search stayed at it without returning to their homes for 36 hours, subsisting on coffee and sandwiches and a few minutes sleep on the road.

Among them, instructed by his superiors to stay with the case until there was a definite break was Trooper Thomas. Familiar with the territory and some of Gray's friends and relatives he made

the rounds of the river shacks and houseboats on the Mississippi. Most of the time he was greeted by blank stares or noncommittal answers.

On one occasion there was a flurry of excitement when Thomas and some of the searchers with him surrounded a bean field at dawn after the dogs had apparently picked up the scent. But when they closed in they found evidence their elusive quarry had been there but had escaped.

As happens in all investigations, those fired with indignation at the cold brutality of a crime soon leave the field. Then the professionals take over, asking endless questions and continuing to lose sleep, knowing they must not step over the ever increasing sensitive line about what will stand up in court when they finally try to prove their case against the suspect.

This was the situation three days later when Trooper Thomas appeared in Portageville, Missouri, located at the extreme southern tip of New Madrid County, which is about 90 miles from Memphis, Tennessee.

Thomas was in the police department checking a telephone book on another lead when the police dispatcher mo-

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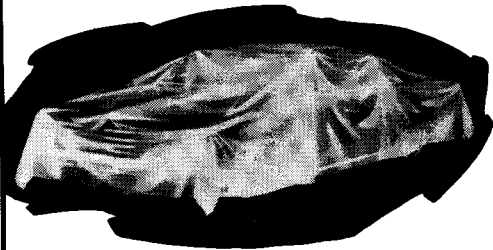
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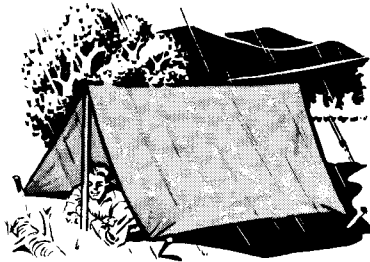
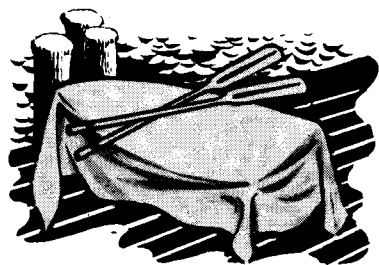


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tioned him to his side.  
This guy sounds like he is loaded to the gills but he says he knows where Dee Gray is holed up," he whispered.  
"Let me have him," Thomas said, and took the head phone.

Starting out casually, wondering if this was just another one of a score of crank calls he had fielded in the past 36 hours, Thomas talked to the obviously intoxicated man at the other end of the wire.

Before long he realized the caller definitely knew Dee Gray and that, while it appeared he was drunk enough to call authorities, he still was frightened about what might happen to him if Gray found he had been an informant who was instrumental in his capture.

Thomas slipped a note to a policeman, telling him to attempt to trace the call. For more than a half hour, Thomas continued to talk to the man at the other end of the wire. They discussed cotton crop prospects, girls, how the fish were biting in the Mississippi and just about everything that occurred to the meandering mind of the man who was calling.

Several times it appeared that the efforts of Thomas might be in vain as the caller warned "I know you are having this call traced and if you don't cut it out I am going to hang up."

Then, suddenly, the policeman slipped a note to Thomas who scanned it as he continued to talk on the telephone. The message was that the call had been traced to a tavern in Caruthersville, Missouri, about 30 miles away.

Thomas wrote another note instructing the policeman to notify the sheriff of the county to go to the tavern and arrest the man, that he would continue to try to hold his attention.

Some time later the caller said to Thomas:

"I knew you were tracing the call—I should have hung up but it's too late now—you did pretty good—here they are—ready to pick me up."

The hunch of Trooper Thomas that the man he had been talking to had solid information proved out. He told of a hideout only five minutes away from the tavern where he said Gray was holed up in dense underbrush.

Within minutes 20 state patrol cars converged on the area and a helicopter hovered in the vicinity to direct activities. Thomas and another trooper, with telescopic sights on their high-powered rifles, looked down on the scene from the top of a grain elevator.

With one state trooper using a bull horn, several others moved steadily forward as Gray was warned to toss out his weapons.

Suddenly Gray shouted:  
"You guys looking for me?"

Trooper James Dickson replied "Stand up and show your hands!"

Gray, his face covered with a beard and his clothes stained by the flight through the swamps and underbrush, came forward with his hands in the air.

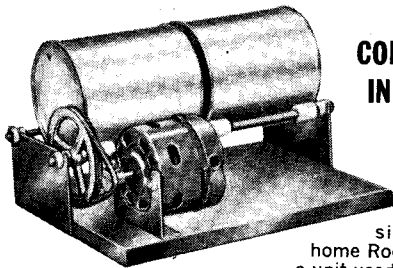
After being advised of his rights, Gray was taken to Sikeston where Sheriff Ramsey was still in serious condition. Gray gave a voluntary confession to Trooper Thomas which stood up at his jury trial.

Chief Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Hal Hunter, who is now prosecuting attorney for New Madrid County, won his case and Gray was sentenced to 60 years in prison by presiding district Judge Ray Weightman when the jury convicted him of second degree murder.

Gray is serving his sentence in the Missouri State Prison at Jefferson City at the present time. ♦ ♦ ♦

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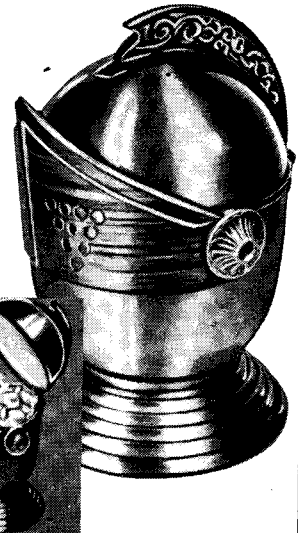
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7764—Polishing Grit \$3.98

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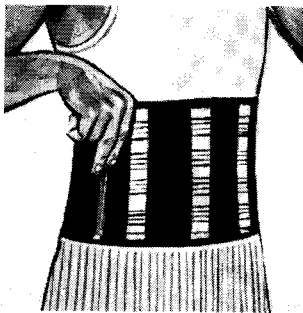
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A9743—Ice Buckets

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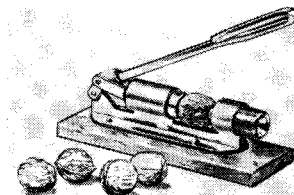
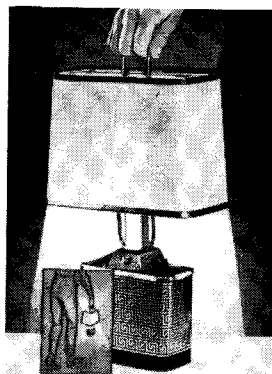
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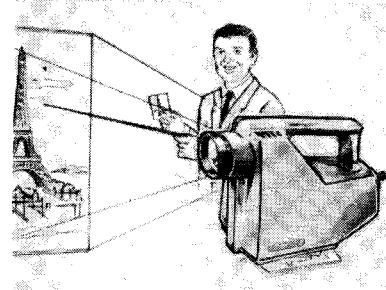
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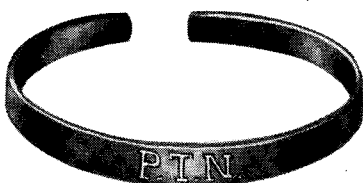
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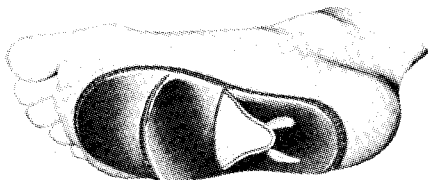
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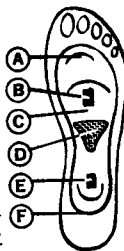
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**The Texas  
Burglars . . .**

(Continued from page 43)

of them! No one would suspect."  
But again, while the witness had seen the two boys standing at the door of the home, and a large, expensive sedan in the driveway, he had not noted the license plate number.  
Mrs. James Nolan had no inkling of the intense hunt being conducted in her neighborhood, nor did she know that several homes in the vicinity had been burglarized, since she was not acquainted with the occupants.

The maid was absent when Mrs. Nolan heard the doorbell ring one early afternoon in mid-May of 1970. A small, wistful-eyed youth confronted her when she opened the door, and she noticed a second youth, seemingly not much older, seated in a car parked in her driveway.  
"Can we mow your grass, ma'am?" the youth at the door piped. "Sure looks like it could use mowing."

Mrs. Nolan nodded. "Yes, it does, and Thomas is due this afternoon to mow it and trim it. He's my yardman, and he knows how I like the place kept. But thank you, anyway."  
"Yes, ma'am," the boy replied cheerfully, and ran to the car where the second youth waited. Mrs. Nolan returned to her garden. Such a nice boy, and so willing to work, she thought. Not many like that these days.

Crane Lawson, a bachelor architect who lived in a plush retreat on the western edge of Houston, was well aware that daylight burglars were operating in his vicinity, for he'd read with interest Mueller's and Hobbs' accounts of their exploits, as written up by newsmen.

Consequently, he had taken to dropping by his home once or twice daily, since his current contracts put him near his dwelling several times each day. But actually, the incident of the burglars' exploits had faded from his mind the morning of May 17th when he dropped by his home, set well back into the trees, to pick up some drawings.

He opened the door, and heard a sound from the back patio. It was not really a suspicious sound, for sounds were common in this grove of trees that enclosed his home, but Lawson walked back to the lounging room that opened on his back yard patio and looked around, expecting, perhaps, to find a squirrel or an opossum, both of which abounded in the little wilderness within civilization.

There were no animals, but Lawson noted that his patio door was unlocked, although closed. Frowning, he stepped outside and looked around. There was no one in sight. He went back inside and, as a precaution, toured the premises, inspecting his valuables. Nothing seemed to be missing, and surely, if burglars had been inside, they'd have taken one or more of his rifles and shotguns, racked in the den between trophies of the hunt.

Lawson shrugged. He'd been careless and had left the patio door unlocked. And he was lucky the place hadn't been looted. He was right on both counts.

On May 29th, Detectives McWilliams and Stolarski got the break they sought. In company with two other detectives, they were investigating the looting of a fashionable home in River Oaks. While canvassing the neighborhood, seeking

possible witnesses, they encountered a yardman who had earlier mowed the grass across the street from the burglarized residence.

"I saw two kids drive away from the place and it looked like they had some stereo players or something in the back seat," he said. But they were driving a Continental and I figured they had business there."

"You didn't by chance get the license number?" asked Stolarski. The answer was a detective's delight.

"Matter of fact, I did," replied the man, "It looked like Mrs. Tate's car, and I looked at the plates and saw the back one clear. It was PHK-16, and I knew that wasn't her car, 'cause the letters were wrong."

The officers checked out PHK-16 and learned it was a valid plate, issued to a 1968 Continental owned by one Stuart Sanders, with an address in the near downtown district. Sanders was at home when the officers arrived. He proved to be a tall, athletically-trim youth who admitted them readily and willingly talked with them about his movements, acquaintances and the car. He said he was employed as a salesman.

"I often loan the car to a kid named Jack Ledwell, whom I met when we served in Vietnam," Sanders said. "He had it yesterday and early today. He always takes good care of it, and I feel sort of obligated, because he insisted on giving me a stereo he said he didn't have room for in his apartment."

Sanders exhibited the stereo, and the detectives noted its brand name and serial number, and then compared it with a well-worn list they carried with them.

The stereo had been stolen in one of the burglaries from their case files!

Ledwell lived with his younger brother, Larry, the officers learned on checking with the police identification files, and both had records for burglary, dating back to ages 12 and 16 respectively. In fact, Jack Ledwell, now 21, was free on parole from a five-year sentence, and Larry was free on parole from a five-year sentence. They were indeed good suspects.

Based on the information they had, the officers easily obtained a search warrant for the brothers' home, and a warrant charging them with burglary.

The Ledwell boys were home, and it was a routine arrest and a routine search of the premises, but after that, things got so incredible that even Detectives McWilliams and Stolarski, hardened in the ways of criminal behavior, were stunned.

Arraigned and apprised of all their constitutional rights and privileges, the Ledwell boys cheerfully waived them and agreed to talk to newsmen, TV cameramen, police officers or anyone else who cared to listen. They were not bitter against the police.

"The law is just doing its thing—we have our job, too," Jack said airily, then grinned ruefully. "Or had."

Jack Ledwell had served 13 months overseas in the Vietnam conflict, and had been wounded three times and decorated for valor. He said, however, that his penchant for burglary had prevailed even in the Army—he'd been caught, convicted and given a dishonorable discharge after a short term in a stockade.

"The United States made me feel like a traitor after thirteen months fighting overseas," he said, a trace of bitterness in his tones.

The big surprise he had for police was a tape recorder, on which he'd made various comments as he and his brother

cruised about the city, and on which he had cited addresses and loot taken as well as philosophical comments.

As criminal evidentiary documents go, the tape was a fascinating one.

Here are excerpts from the lengthy recording, as released by the police with permission of the brothers and aired on some radio stations.

"The police department will be glad to know we're helping them stay in business," the tape began.

"However, in my opinion, the Houston police should have more people just driving around looking and distracting burglars..."

"We just got our truck gassed up and we're headed back to Inwood Street. We hope to make a nice haul at this house we're getting ready to go to. If no one is home, we will hit it."

"Oh, oh, Larry, that really looks bad, that lineman just sitting there on the curb. We couldn't hit it with him standing there, so we'll have to go somewhere else in River Oaks..."

"Well, I just saw my first policeman today. He just whipped on by us. We are looking for papers piled up in front yards, or other signs the people are away."

"When business is booming it sometimes gets a little crowded. I've noticed people hitting houses just like we are. You'd really be surprised how many burglars we've run across since we've been doing this, and we average five burglaries a day, seven days a week. But it just depends on how our morale is really, if we feel like we deserve it, we will rest on Sunday..."

"The homes look pretty nice here. They look even better than where we were. Yeah! They're further apart, which gives us a better chance to do a more successful job."

"I think we ought to take care of our business in this area. These are really nice homes here. I really dig them."

"There was a man back there taking moving pictures of his son. You know, I think we ought to start taking movies of our jobs."

"We've already hit one place today in West University Place near Rice University. Us brothers stick together. That's the way life should be, people sticking together..."

"We aren't the type of burglars who hurt people. We take from the rich and give to the poor, which, of course, is us! This is a poor neighborhood (passing through), but the people here are rich with love. We're by the Lighthouse for The Blind, now. I've made a couple of contributions and I plan to make a \$5000 contribution at the end of this year if everything works out fine. We're now headed for the Memorial area."

"We have done a lot of business in this area. Of course, it's nothing to brag about—I would say between \$2 million and \$3 million!..."

"The people we take from are so rich it really doesn't hurt them. We don't take their antiques or most precious things, just things that can be sold quickly. We aren't really out to hit houses today. We're out to scope them out. We'll go home tonight and plan our hits off this tape..."

**A**t one point, Ledwell's voice became excited, after calmly describing how he and his brother entered a house (Lawson's)

"No one is home. They left their door wide open, which will, of course, lead to a theft. We are now entering this house."

"Oh! We were drove up on by the owners of this home. We are now escaping a

frightening situation..."

"I've noticed the people are real friendly in this area when they're at home and talk to us. I always ask about lawn work. I probably could have made a fortune doing lawn work."

"But I've a new concept. Apartment dwellers, I've noticed, tend to spend their money on the most luxurious items..."

"I'm not sure if luck is with us or God. I feel God is with us. I think he feels as we do. We don't spend our money on any items that benefits us, we spend it to benefit others. This is hard to believe of two people who go out and break the law, because, of course, it's wrong!"

**I**f the incriminating tape astonished officers, young Jack Ledwell, age 21, had yet another shocking surprise. After detailing many of their burglaries, and furnishing addresses—"we kept files, and made photographs"—they were remanded to jail for rest, for it appeared it would be a marathon task to record their exploits.

The next morning, when the detectives went to his cell to return him to the burglary offices, Jack Ledwell calmly handed them a .22 caliber pistol he'd fashioned himself, loaded with a single, live cartridge!

"Security in this jail isn't very good," he chided them.

Ledwell and his brother continued to make detailed accounts of their burglaries, and even talked of his burglary sprees in Vietnam, where, he said, he specialized in stealing weapons, and once burglarized the home of General Nguyen Cao Ky to get a list of the Army of South Vietnam armories.

"We sold the guns to civilians and, of course, they sold them to the Viet Cong,"

he said calmly.

He said that while he disposed of most of the loot personally—he and his brother—he had left a lot of it with one J. B. Wood, age 31, on Westcott Street. Wood was promptly arrested and charged with receiving and concealing stolen goods.

On July 17, 1970, Jack Ledwell and Larry Ledwell were both indicted on four counts of burglary and theft, in order that the courts might deny them release as parole violators, although reasonable bonds were set. J. B. Wood was indicted the same day on three counts of receiving and concealing stolen property. He has refused to comment to police and stands on his constitutional rights to silence.

The Ledwell boys are still talking, and their only quarrel with detectives is over the number of burglaries committed and the amount of the loot.

The officers still feel the boys only hit 300 homes and took loot valued at \$3 million. Jack still argues it was 600 burglaries and \$5 million or more in booty.

"Well, one thing sure, maybe they were pocket-sized Robin Hoods," said one officer, "but they damned sure don't have anything to show for all the valuables they took!"

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**

The names Carl Hobbs, Krause Mueller, Mrs. James Nolan, Crane Lawson, Mrs. Tate and Stuart Sanders, as used in the foregoing story, are not the real names of the persons concerned. These persons have been given fictitious names to protect their identities.

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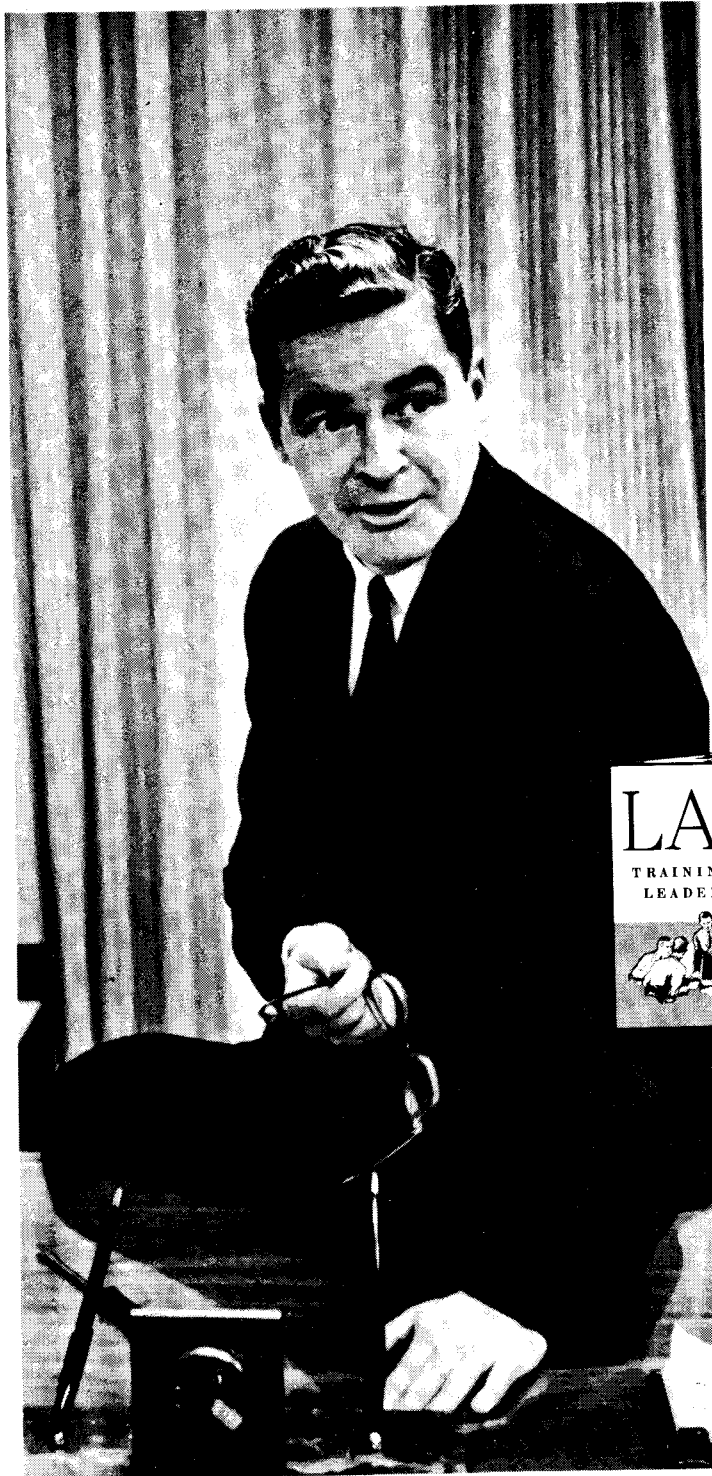
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sell for \$11.95 with film

**Cube Flash Camera**  
your cost 77c  
sell for \$2.98

**Rain Bonnet & Sheath**  
your cost 1 1/2c  
sell for 10c

**Electric Hair Dryer**  
your cost \$3.25  
sell for \$9.95

**Name Brand Appliances**  
at amazingly low prices

**Toys**  
your cost 1c to 3c  
sell for 10c

**Toys**  
your cost 10c to 25c  
sell for 88c to \$1.00

**Toys**  
your cost 4c to 10c  
sell for 25c to 39c

**SMC Lowest Price Guarantee** — Should an authorized purchaser of SMC products discover price quotations for the same merchandise as supplied by SMC at lower prices, SMC guarantees to equal or better that price providing it is a legitimate offer as outlined in the SMC guarantee. There is no double talk in that guarantee; it means just what it says.

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Send me full free facts & free book "How to Wholesale for Profit," plus information on your revolutionary sales plans that bring automatic orders.

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WAIT NO MORE TO TRY THE  
INCREDIBLE MAN-MADE POLYMERIC

# HABAND NEW PRICE SHOES

CASH IN NOW on these Extraordinary Savings! The day of the high priced shoe is over. Folks are paying many dollars less than ever before, thanks to the miracle new "polymeric" shoe materials. This is no "cheap imitation" shoe. It's the real thing: the New Price Shoe that looks and feels and wears as well as any shoe you have ever worn and yet costs a fraction of the price.



Basic  
Loafer

Wing Tip

Oxford

**2**  
PAIR FOR  
**15<sup>95</sup>**  
WE PAY  
POSTAGE

WE CARRY  
ALL THESE SIZES!

	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														

SAY "The END"  
to \$15 to \$30  
SHOES

IS YOUR SIZE  
ON THIS CHART?

You'll be SHOCKED when you see our shoes.

After what you've paid for shoes, you'll wonder how any such price as ours can be. Well, you get top quality uppers, good lifetime laces, life-of-the shoe PVC sole and heels, flexible support shank in the arch, gentle foam heel cushions, superior gentleman's detailing. The works! Even the new luxury linings.

SOONER OR LATER you'll be wearing The New Price Shoes

Today's new man-made shoe materials beat the price out of leather, scuff at scuffs, keep better shape, and **Never Need a Shine**. Why spend even one dollar more for shoes? Here's something NEW. Here's something PROVEN.

Please note: At the price we sell shoes, we are not allowed to mention the famous brand name of this new shoe material. Suffice it to say it looks like top grain leather, performs even better. Why pay higher and higher prices? Get in on this astounding low price. Send in now: TWO PAIRS FOR \$15.95



Wing Tip

Monk  
Strap

Strap  
Loafer

WE WILL BE  
PROUD TO  
SEND THEM  
TO YOU  
for  
ON APPROVAL  
AT HOME  
INSPECTION

Your remittance  
refunded in full if  
you do not choose  
to wear them.

SEE IT  
YOURSELF  
USE THIS  
COUPON

**Haband Company** PATERSON, N.J. 07508

**TWO PAIRS for only \$15.95**

HABAND COMPANY  
265 North 9th Street  
PATERSON, N.J.  
DEPT. OD-1

O.K. Gentlemen, send  
me the two pairs of  
Shoes specified at right.  
My remittance of  
\$ ..... is enclosed.

Color & Style	How Many	What Size	What Width
Black Oxford			
Brown Oxford			
Black Loafer			
Black Wing Tip			
Cordovan Wing Tip			
Black Monk Strap			
Brown Strap Loafer			

Name .....  
Street .....  
City & State .....  
ZIP CODE [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

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