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★ **Master Detective**

D.D.04393

OCTOBER, 1981•95¢

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**COLD-BLOODED
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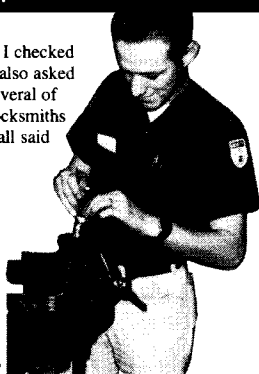


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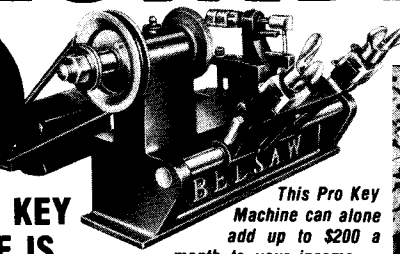
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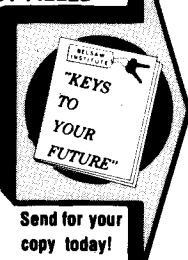
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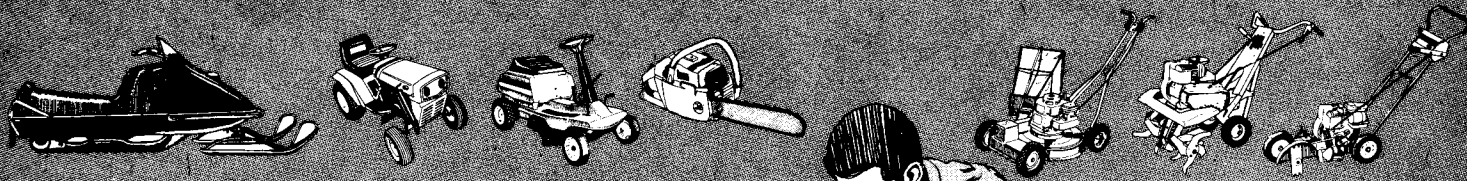
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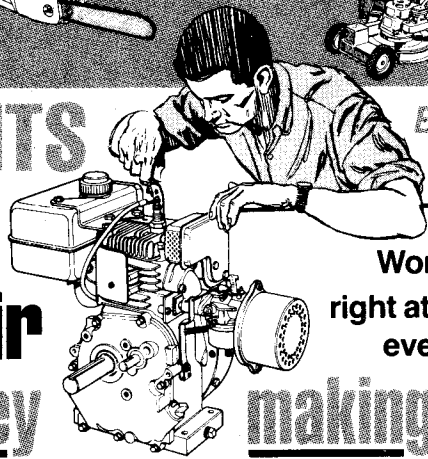
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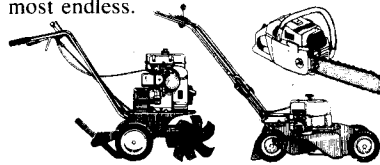
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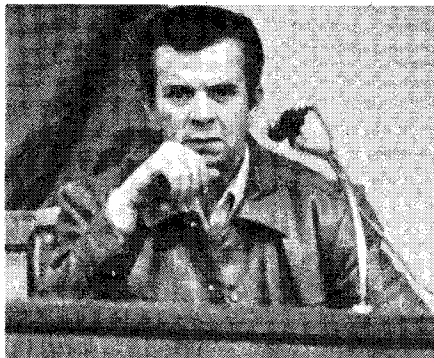


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★ Master Detective

OCTOBER, 1981
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MD EXCLUSIVE



Lovely widow Ursula Kuehnappel, 36, employed in the accounts department at the Ministry of Justice, was part of sex triangle involving the presiding judge of juvenile court and his wife

The lovely victim's body showed all the signs that she had been brutally raped and slain. But an alert pathologist saw it differently. His conclusion: Appearances can be deceiving

RIDDLE OF THE DEAD BLONDE IN BLACK LINGERIE

by JOHN DUNNING

ALTHOUGH ONE of the best known cities in West Germany for fine steel—above all, knives—Solingen does not lie directly in the great iron triangle of the Ruhr, but some ten miles to the south of it with the great cities of Duesseldorf and Cologne to the west and north respectively. With a population of 180,000, it is, by central European standards, not a small city.

Being a larger community in such a densely populated region has its disadvantages and one of these is a high crime rate. Although modest in comparison to any of the large urban centers in the Ruhr itself, the Solingen police force is large, well-equipped and very efficient.

On April 12, 1979, this police force was thrown into a state of full alarm by something no more serious than a missing person report.

It wasn't, of course, that the Solingen police had never received a missing person report before. As a matter of fact, they had received a great many and, even on April 12th itself, there had been a half dozen or so other reports of a similar nature.

These were, however, only reports of perfectly ordinary persons who were missing. The report which threw the department of police into such a state of alarm was something special.

Dr. Siegfried Deutzmann, distinguished, 40-year-old presiding judge of juvenile court, had come personally to police headquarters to report his 37-year-old wife, Ursel, missing.

Ursel Duetzmann, mother of 17-year-old Ulli and 11-year-old Christoph, had, according to her husband, received a telephone call on the evening of April 10th. She had dressed and had gone out, not taking her car with her. She had not been seen since.

The judge was immediately ushered into the private office

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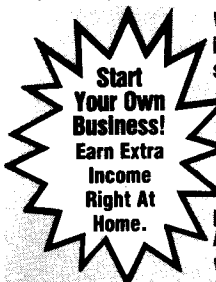
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Body of Ursel Deutzmann, 37-year-old wife of judge, was found in forest area known as Lovers' Woods about a mile from city on Friday the 13th; condition of corpse indicated sex-slaying

of Inspector Udo Fischer, Chief of the Department of Criminal Investigations, seated in a comfortable chair, offered refreshments and asked deferentially why he had not got around to reporting his wife's disappearance for two days.

The judge replied that he had assumed that his wife had gone off for a few days with one of her lovers. She had, he said, a number and, although he did not know them socially, he was aware of their existence and had no objections. They were a modern, progressive family and believed that married couples should have freedom in their actions and associations. He had not wanted to report his wife missing because he was afraid it might embarrass her.

The inspector, a blunt-featured, earnest-looking man with a long upper lip and sandy sideburns reaching down to the point of his jaw, assured the judge that no effort would be spared to locate Mrs. Deutzmann, to whom he referred in the correct German manner of Mrs. Dr. Deutzmann.

The inspector was a good as his word. No effort was spared to trace the missing woman, a beautiful and generously built blonde, according to the pictures supplied by Judge Deutzmann, but there were no results. Although off-duty police and firemen examined every bush and ditch within a mile of Eichen Way No. 7, the address of the elegant Deutzmann villa in the exclusive, residential suburb of Witzhelden, they found neither Mrs. Deutzmann nor any trace of her.

That was not to be accomplished until 24 hours later on Friday the 13th, an unlucky day for almost everyone concerned, by two persons who did not know that Mrs. Deutzmann was missing and were not looking for her.

Their names were Martin Kraemer and Julia Peters and they were engaged to be married. They had, as a matter of fact, been engaged to be married for slightly over ten years now. Kraemer was already 41 and his bride-to-be only five years younger, but both were rather old-fashioned in their views and believed in the long engagements that were once so common in Germany. They were, in fact, so old-fashioned that they were not even living together. They did, however,

spend almost all of their free time together and this particular Friday being a holiday, they had gone for a walk in the Furter Moor, a wooded district roughly a mile to the south of the city and more commonly known by the romantic names of Lovers' Woods.

The weather not being particularly clement and given to cold, sudden showers, there were, aside from the determined Martin Kraemer and Julia Peters, no lovers in Lovers' Woods on that afternoon and hardly anyone else either.

It was actually Julia who first saw the flash of blonde hair through the vegetation and pointed it out to her companion. "There's something white lying over there under those bushes," she said.

"Paper bag, no doubt," said Martin Kraemer, going to investigate.

An instant later, he let out a startled yell.

"What is it, Martin?" cried Julia, rushing to his aid. "Have you...?"

She did not complete her sentence because she had just rounded the clump of bushes and her eyes had fallen upon the object which had produced Martin's startled yell.

Lying on the wet ground was a blonde woman wearing a very sexy sort of black dress. The skirt had been bunched up around her waist and the crotch of the black lace underwear had been ripped away from between her wide-spread thighs. She was wearing long, black nylon stockings with black ruffled garters and black pumps with 3-inch high heels. The heels were dug partially into the soft loam of the forest floor.

"Is she...?" whispered Julia.

"I'm afraid she is," said Martin. "I'll go see."

The woman was dead and he had been certain of it from the moment he laid eyes on her. What was more, it was all too obvious what had happened. She had been the victim of a sex criminal. Someone had raped and murdered her in Lovers' Woods.

Having made certain that there were no signs of heartbeat or respiration, Martin suggested that Julia make off to the nearest telephone and call the police. He would remain with the corpse so that they could find it again and so that it would not be attacked by any wild animal.

Julia did not like this idea very much. If one woman had been raped and murdered in the Lovers' Woods, another could suffer the same fate and, for all she knew, the murderer was lying in wait just around the next bend in the path. If the body had not been attacked by wild animals up to now, it would probably be safe for the next half hour or so until the police arrived. In any case, she was not going through the forest alone.

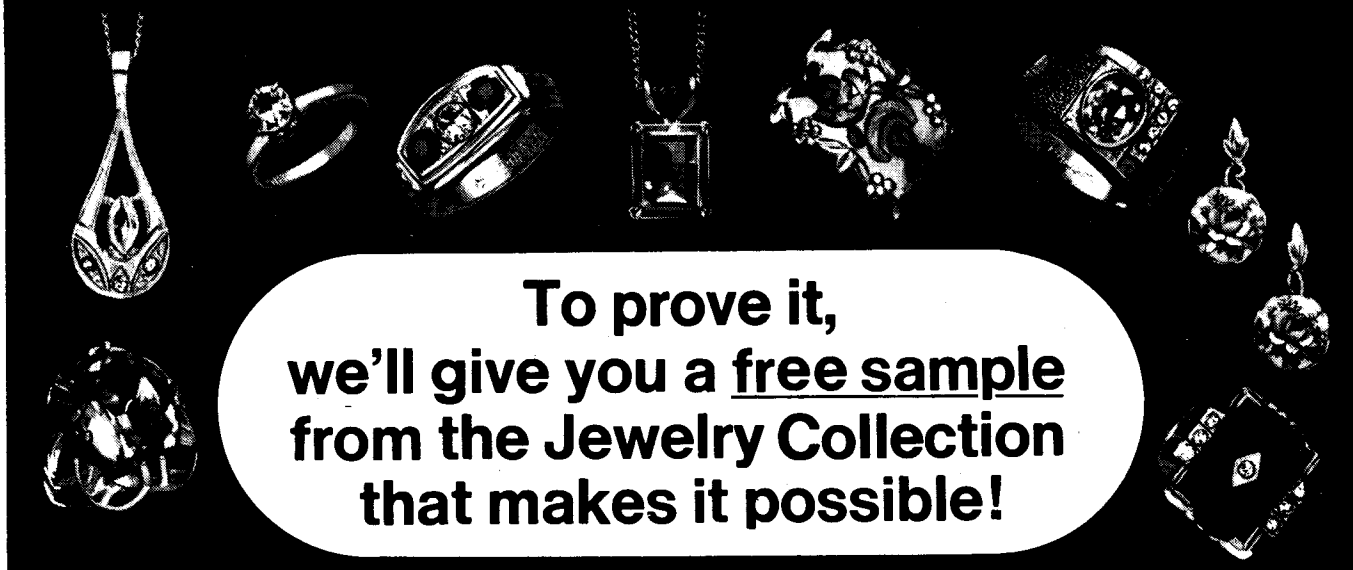
In the end, they compromised, meaning that they did it Julia's way. Martin's handkerchief was tied to a small tree near the body as a marker and the couple set off together down the path as rapidly as possible.

As the Solingen Police Force was already in a state of alert and there was no officer in the city who did not know that the wife of Judge Deutzmann had disappeared, the report of a blonde, female corpse in the forest produced such a swift and overwhelming response that Martin Kraemer and Julia Peters were greatly impressed with the efficiency of their police. They barely had time to put down the telephone at the small tavern from which they had called when the entire area was swarming with plainclothes and uniformed police.

Martin Kraemer and Julia Peters were hustled off to police headquarters, where they were interrogated as intensely as if they were suspects in the murder of Mrs. Deutzmann.

In the meantime, the entire area for a quarter of a mile in every direction was cordoned off and every available detective and technician from the Solingen Police Laboratory was thrown into an intense search for clues. Dr. Deutzmann was not notified immediately, however, as Inspector Fischer was afraid that he might rush to the scene and he did not want the bereaved husband to see his wife in the condition in which she had been found. There would be time enough for the

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Judge Seigfried Deutzmann told police that his wife got a call and left the house. He'd assumed that she was off to meet one of her lovers, adding that theirs was a modern "open marriage"

formal identification at the police morgue after the corpse had been made a little more respectable.

Despite all of the police efforts, nothing was found at the scene which gave the slightest indication as to the identity or the motives of the person who had murdered Ursel Deutzmann. Although the disarranged and torn clothing of the victim had, at first, caused the police to believe that they were confronted with a sex crime, there were a number of disturbing factors which, in the end, appeared to make this unlikely.

To begin with, neither a handbag nor anything else except the clothing the victim was wearing was found at the scene. Dr. Deutzmann, however, had said that his wife had left the house carrying her handbag which would have contained, among other things, her keys and a certain amount of money. There was no trace of this handbag or of the keys. At the recommendation of the police, Dr. Deutzmann had all of the locks in the villa changed.

Secondly, although the autopsy had shown traces of sperm on the lower part of Mrs. Deutzmann's body, there had been no penetration or even attempted penetration of the vagina. Pubic hairs stuck together with sperm crossed the lips and had not been disturbed. This was, however, at variance with the violence with which the crotch of the underwear had been torn out.

"I've seen this before," said Inspector Fischer to his assistant, Detective Sergeant Hans Buckner. "It's a classic example of a faked sex crime by someone who knew something about such crimes, but was not really an expert in the matter."

"Dr. Deutzmann insists that it must have been her lover," said the sergeant. "He telephoned her that evening and she was, presumably, going out to meet him. It would seem to me

that all we have to do is identify this lover and we'll have our case solved."

The sergeant was a small, dark, nervous sort of man who had had an excellent training in police work, but, up to now, only a modest amount of experience. The inspector was less well trained, but he had a great deal of experience behind him.

"It would be nice if it were that easy," he said, "but I don't think that it's going to be. What progress have you made in identifying Mrs. Deutzmann's lover or lovers?"

"None," the sergeant replied. "She was incredibly discreet. We have not been able to find a single person who even believed that she had a lover, aside from her husband. Of course, he knew more about her private affairs than anyone else."

"Perhaps," said the inspector. "Have you read the autopsy report?"

The sergeant had. It had been an extremely thorough autopsy and it had been carried out by the Solingen coroner, Dr. Pitt Aschweiler, personally. Conscious of the importance of the victim, the doctor had gone into such detail that the official autopsy report was the size of a small book.

Unfortunately, despite its size, it did not contain very much information that was of value to the investigation.

Ursel Deutzmann had been killed by manual strangulation at some time between 11 o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, April 10th and one o'clock the following morning. She had not been sexually molested and she had not been killed at the place where the body had been found. The man who had ejaculated his sperm on the lower part of her body had, however, done so after the body had been placed behind the bushes in Lovers' Woods. Traces of the sperm had been recovered not only from the woman's abdomen and thighs, but also from the ground between her legs. The conclusion of both the coroner and the technicians from the police laboratory was that the murderer had stood or knelt over her while masturbating. There was, of course, no certainty that the person who had left his sperm on the body was the same person who had strangled her.

According to the autopsy report, Mrs. Deutzmann's body had been placed in Lovers' Woods within less than two hours after her death and had lain there, undisturbed, ever since until discovered by Martin Kraemer and Julia Peters.

Finally, there was a curious and tentative suggestion on the part of the coroner, an elderly man with a very handsome head of white hair and thick glasses who was nearing retirement. Dr. Aschweiler thought that Ursel Deutzmann had not originally been dressed in the clothing she was wearing when found dead. Someone had changed the clothes she was wearing when she was slain!

"And he's probably right," the inspector declared. "He's too cautious a man and he's too aware of the importance of this case to make any kind of a statement in an official autopsy report that he was not personally convinced of."

"But what does it mean?" the sergeant asked. "I haven't been able to form any kind of a picture of what happened at all, have you?"

"Not one that makes much sense," admitted the inspector. "We know approximately when Mrs. Deutzmann left the house. We know that she was carrying her handbag with her keys, her personal identity papers and a certain amount of money. According to Dr. Deutzmann, she was dressed more or less in the manner in which she was found. Considering the clothing and the telephone call which preceded her departure, it seems almost certain that she was going to meet someone with whom she was intimate. The trouble is, we have not been able to uncover the slightest trace of the identity or even the existence of this person."

"Yes, but what happened then?" asked the sergeant. "She went to meet her lover. She met him. He strangled her. They did not have intercourse. He took her handbag and carried the body out to the Furter (Continued on page 58)

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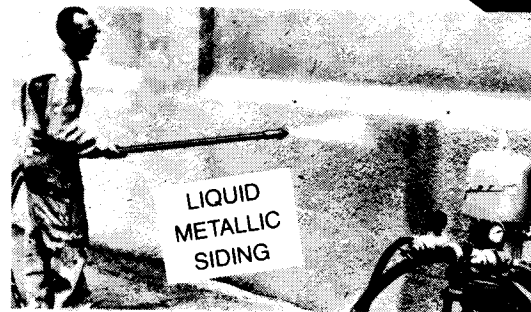
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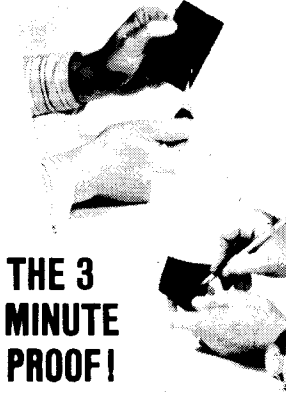
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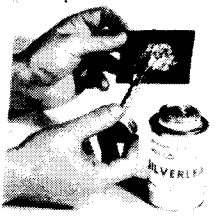
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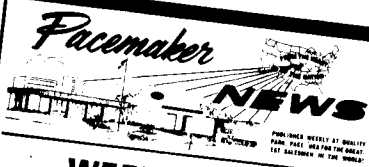
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Detectives pieced together the suspect's profile and concluded that his wildest sex fantasies came true when the

DALLAS STRANGLER SLEPT WITH HIS DEAD VICTIMS

by **BILL G. COX**

FOR MORE YEARS than he could count he had been in and out of jails, mental hospitals and prisons. His rap sheet already covered more than three pages. Still, he had a terrible secret that had not surfaced. Not that he hadn't tried to tell the head doctors who "treated" him along the way. He told them of his obsession, warned that he was dangerous and needed help badly.

The compulsion was with him all of the time, controlled at times but intensified by the drinking binges. It had been a sexual fantasy that started when he was a teenager. Then one day it surged forward like a demon with all its fury and became stark reality.

It was to peak in full horror in Dallas, Texas, during November, 1980. In that time period of 30 days three women would die at the hands of a strangler driven by bizarre sex urges—including sleeping with the corpses of his victims and having sexual intercourse with the bodies.

But gruesome and shocking as the three sex murders were, they were only a preview of unimaginable events. Indeed Dallas homicide investigators were to become involved in the probe of a woman-killing spree that spanned the Western United States and covered nearly a decade—the weird sex slaying of 12 women reminiscent of the terror rampage of Jack the Ripper. Or, in more recent times, the Yorkshire Ripper.

Events that were to open this Pandora's Box of sadism and necrophilism began on Nov. 9, 1980, in a Dallas bar. Dorothy King, 52, was a lonely woman who lived alone with her pet cat. On this chilly evening she was hoisting a few in the neighborhood bar, not an unusual activity for the woman when she could afford it.

Sometime during the evening, she became friendly with a male customer of the bar. The casual friendliness of bar loneliness and booze got even friendlier as time went by, and Dorothy and the man left the bar together.

Later, habitués of the watering hole would recall that there wasn't anything really unusual about Dorothy's new-found friend. He wasn't a bad-looking guy—about average in build, had wavy black hair with a widow's peak, a thin mustache, lots of tattoos.

But when Dorothy didn't show up at her usual haunts for a couple of days, her friends became worried. She wasn't in the best of health anyway.

When Dorothy's landlady went to check on her, the woman found her body lying face up on the bed in her second-story apartment. The apartment was not far from the bar where she was last seen alive.

Police who were called to the scene found a window open, the curtains parted and the woman's purse on the floor.

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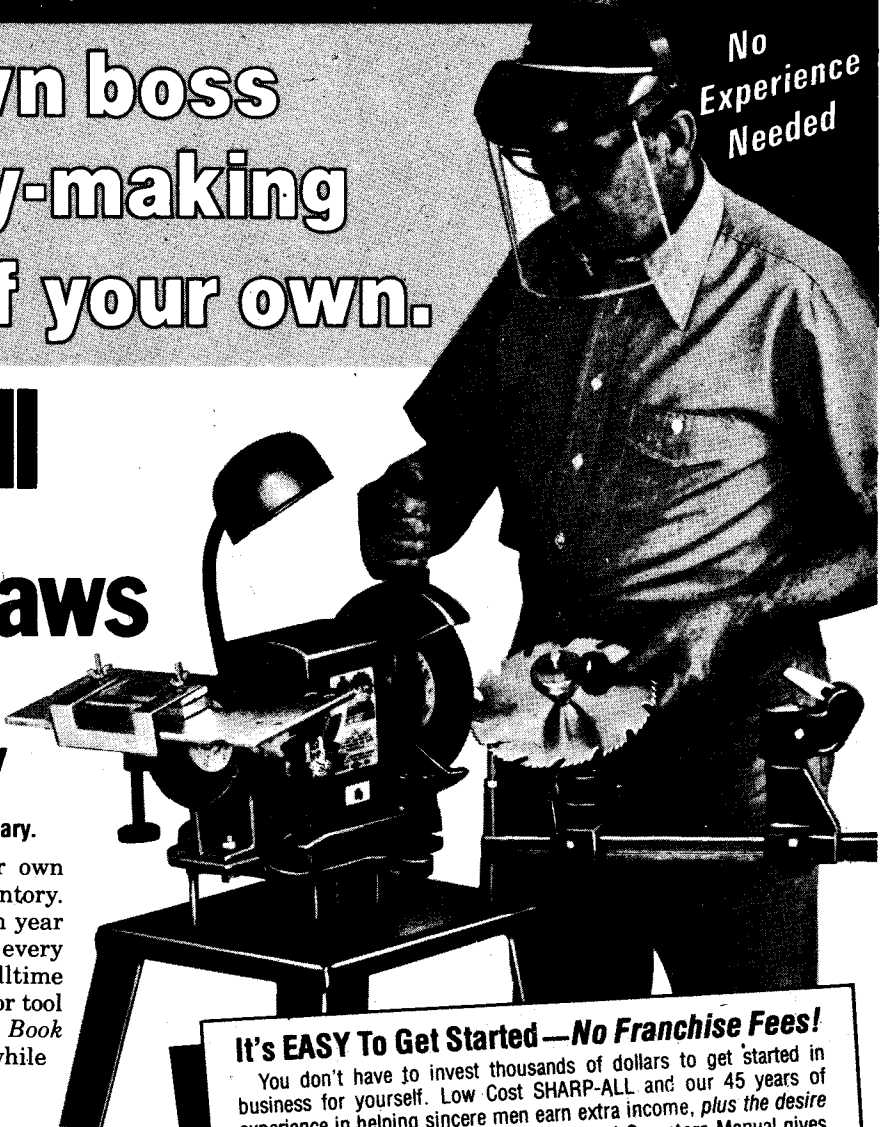
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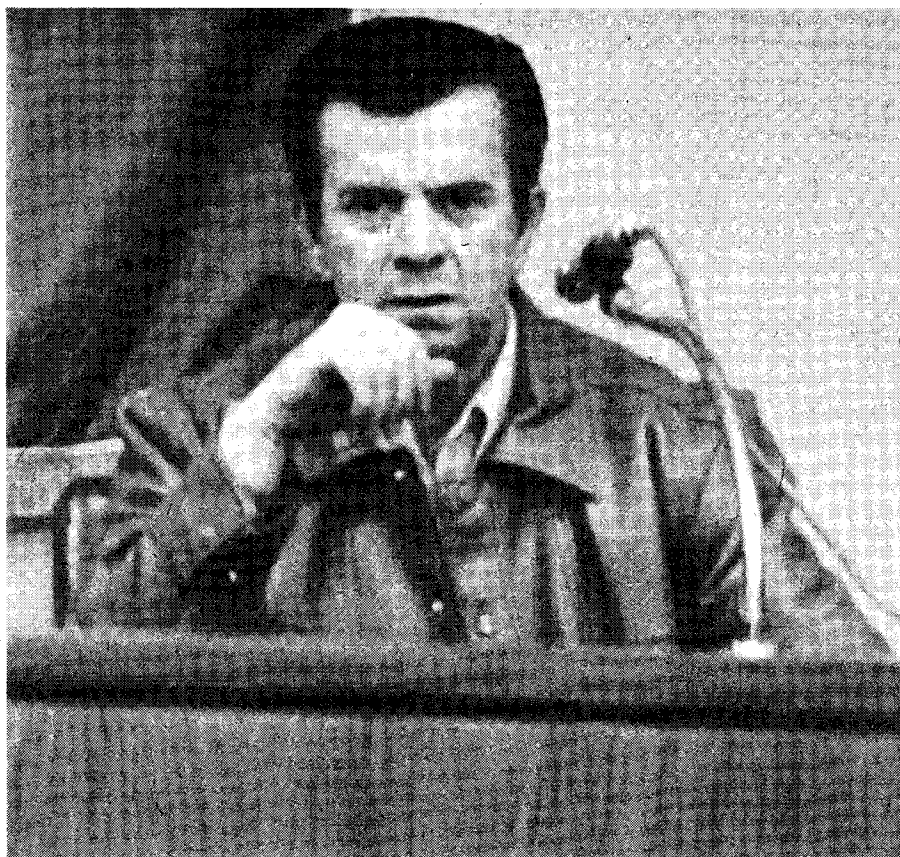
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On witness stand, Carroll Cole said to the female prosecutor: "My [urge to strangle women] is always directed . . . I could even say it's directed at you"

The purse had been ransacked and the contents scattered on the floor.

There were no outward signs of violence, however, and the medical examiner ruled that death was due to an excess of alcohol. Police continued a routine investigation, but they found nothing immediately to indicate anything other than the woman died from excessive drinking.

On Nov. 12th, Wanda Fay Roberts, 32, an unemployed divorcee who was living with her mother, dropped in at an East Dallas bar to while away some time. She met a man with black hair, brooding eyes, a mustache and a variety of tattoos.

Wanda and Mr. Tattoo left together after a short time. No one thought much about it. It was a place where women frequently came in and left with some guy.

The next morning, shortly before 10 a.m., a motorist who pulled up on a parking lot close to the bar was shocked to find a nude woman sprawled on the pavement. One quick look was enough to show him that the woman was dead, and he hurried to a nearby phone to call the Dallas police.

First officers on the scene noted that what appeared to be the woman's clothing was in a pile beside the body. It also appeared the woman might have been strangled, judging from marks on

her throat. Homicide detectives were summoned, along with crime scene technicians.

Detectives went to the bar first and asked employes to view the body to see if they knew the identity of the dead woman. Recognition registered immediately on the workers' faces. They said the woman was Wanda Roberts, a frequent visitor to the bar. Somebody mentioned that Wanda had a drinking problem and sometimes drank too much.

Detectives contacted employes who worked the night shift at the bar. From them the investigators learned that Wanda was seen leaving the place with a man.

"I think his name is Eddie," one bar employe told the detectives. "I think he lives at one of those halfway houses for ex-cons."

The detective heading up the case started checking with halfway houses. There are a lot of them in Dallas. There are halfway houses for alcoholic and drug abusers. There are halfway houses for ex-cons.

The homicide investigator concentrated his search in an area surrounding the East Dallas bar. Finally he called a halfway house in the Oak Lawn area. He gave his now familiar line. He was looking for a hard-drinking ex-con named Eddie. That's all he had, a first

name, and a general description.

The halfway house worker the detective talked to said there was a Carroll Edward Cole staying there who would fit the description. Cole had come to Dallas shortly after Oct. 6, 1980, after his release from a federal prison facility at Springfield, Mo., which specializes in the diagnosis and treatment of psychological and medical problems, the halfway house records showed. (A halfway house helps recently released offenders adapt to society without prison bars.)

Cole apparently was temporarily out of pocket, however, he hadn't been seen around the halfway house for a few days.

Even as Dallas homicide detectives were seeking to question Cole, another woman made what would be her last visit to a Dallas lounge.

When you knew Sally Thompson, a 44-year-old legal secretary, said friends who were close to her, you thought about the lifestyle of the heroine and her tragic problems in the book, "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

Sally was a good-looking, complicated and troubled woman. A leggy 5-foot-10 and 145 pounds, she had gained weight in the last year, and as a concession had switched to a low calorie beer. Sally liked to drink, too much for her own good, friends said.

She was an extraordinarily bright woman, a member of MENSAs (the super IQ organization). After a divorce several years earlier she had received a \$140,000 settlement, and with it she traveled around Europe for about 18 months.

She was impulsive and a woman of good taste when it came to clothes. On one buying trip to New York she bought \$6,000 worth of stylish clothing. She had a collection of 50 hats, and enough rings to wear three or four a day for a week without repeating the combination.

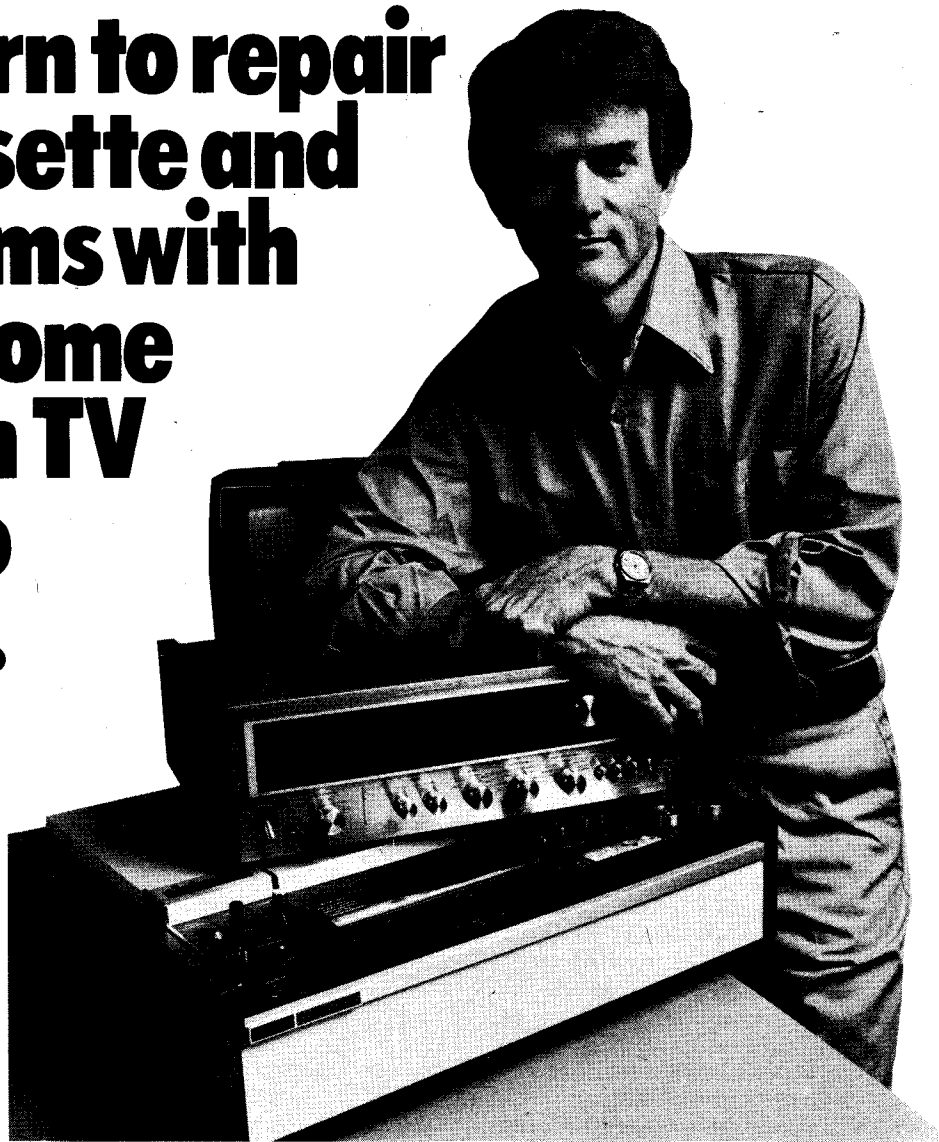
Currently, she was working as a legal secretary at a downtown Dallas law firm, and was recognized as the lady who made the office run right. In earlier years, she had served in the Navy, and after her discharge worked as a medical secretary and in a stockbroker's office.

The talented Sally Thompson had written a book on plastic surgery and also published a paperback titled "The Single Girl's Guide to Dallas."

Twice married and twice divorced, she was the mother of three sons. One of her life's tragedies had been the murder of one of her sons in 1978.

In November, 1980, Sally had been living with a man friend in a \$425-a-month apartment for nine months. The apartment was filled with books—Sally was a voracious reader. Among the many books on a variety of subjects was one titled, "How to Pick Up Men."

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Name _____ (Please Print) _____ Age _____

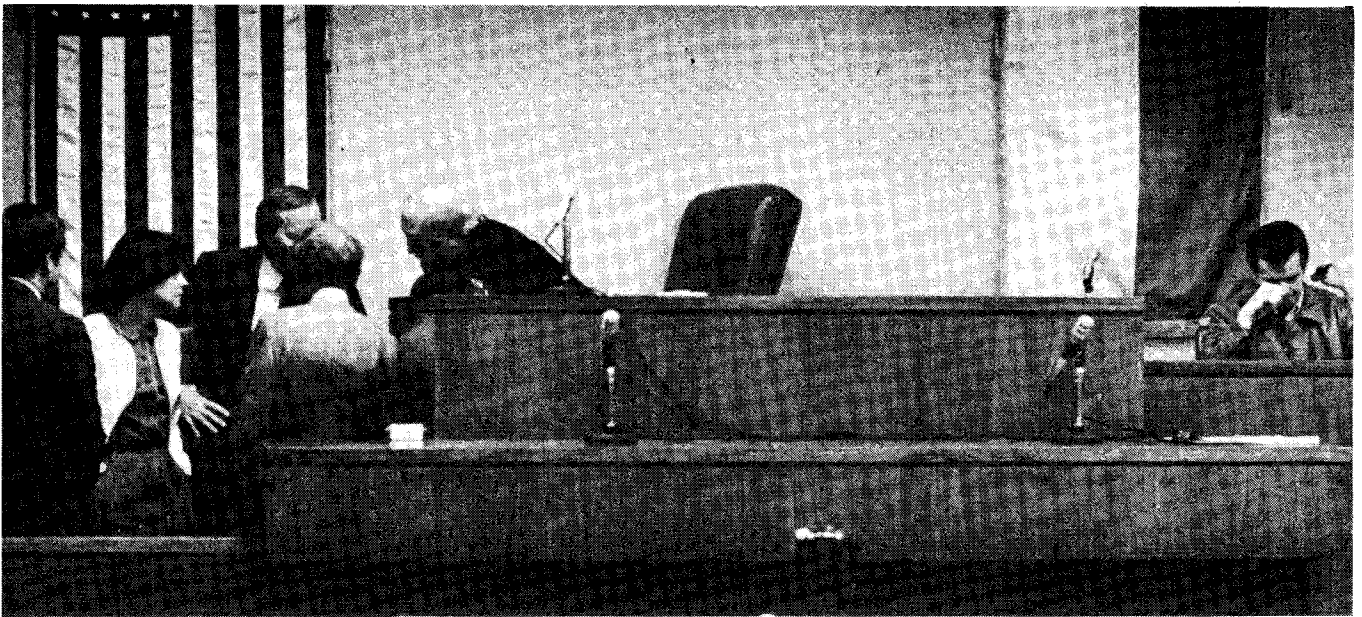
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Master Detective 17



While judge, female prosecutor and defense attorneys conferred during murder trial, defendant Cole (extreme r.) broke down and wept. He was being tried for three confessed murders of women, but allegedly admitted killing several more

Her boyfriend said later that if Sally had one flaw, it was that she was too friendly with strangers, particularly people she met in bars, either when she was alone or even with him.

"I used to get on her case," he said later. "I discussed the 'Goodbar' things with her more than once. I said, 'You're going to end up like Mr. Goodbar.' She said, 'Don't worry, the kid can take care of herself.' That's what she called herself, the kid."

On the night of Nov. 30th in a Dallas lounge, Sally Thompson was by herself, and she did get too friendly with the wrong person, and "the kid" didn't take care of herself, as it turned out.

On this Sunday in November, Sally Thompson's live-in boyfriend had to work. He left early in the morning for a series of meetings that would last well past the dinner hour.

As detectives reconstructed the day later, Sally apparently slept in until about 1:30 p.m. Then her two sons, 17 and 19 years old, dropped by for a short visit, and Sally loaned her rental car to the youngest son, saying she had no particular plans for the day. She had been renting the car since her own automobile was stolen two weeks earlier.

After the boys left, their mother walked a block to a neighborhood cocktail lounge. It was a small, cozy place with five tables, one pool table, a horseshoe shaped bar and football motif. Sally was wearing a casual outfit, a topaz ring, a necklace handcarved from elk horns that had been appraised at over \$1,500.

A cocktail waitress later told homicide detectives that Sally stayed about two hours and drank only two beers, leaving about 3 p.m. The divorcee

went to another bar, where she struck up a conversation with a man with dark, wavy hair and mustache who was watching the Dallas Cowboys on the bar's TV set.

The attractive legal secretary said that she was lonely and added that the man looked lonely, too, detectives would learn later during the investigations. They talked, had several drinks, then left together.

It was late Sunday afternoon when a neighbor heard Sally Thompson and a man come through the entryway of Sally's apartment building.

She said she could hear the couple laughing and talking.

It was about 5:30 p.m. Sunday when Sally's two teenage sons and a friend returned to her apartment. One of the boys unlocked the apartment door with his key.

As the door swung open, the youth took in the scene in the room with one glance that stunned him like a blow to the stomach. A man was standing in front of the door with his body almost blocking the view, but the boy could see his mother sprawled on the floor at the man's feet. His first reaction was that the man was a burglar who had injured his mother, and the youth swung with his fist at the man who turned toward him. The blow connected hard and the man fell the floor, unconscious. Telling his brother and friend to stand guard over the intruder, the son dashed to a phone and called the police and an ambulance.

Uniform officers who responded saw that the woman on the floor was dead and called for detectives and crime scene technicians.

"Right when I opened the door there

was this guy standing there like blocking the view," the youth told investigators. "I thought he had burglarized the house, so I hit him one time, he was knocked unconscious. My mother was lying on the floor. I looked at her and her face was purple, but I didn't know she was dead."

The woman on the floor was identified as Sally Thompson.

The man on the floor was revived and taken to police headquarters for questioning. He gave his name as Carroll Edward Cole. He said he had met the woman earlier at a bar, had several drinks with her and accompanied her to her apartment. But she was alive and well when he left the apartment, Cole said.

He said that he discovered he had left his driver's license in the apartment and had just returned there to pick it up when the three youths arrived and found him inside. Cole told detectives that he had walked in and found Sally Thompson lying on her back, obviously dead.

He said he was nervous and afraid because he feared that—because he was an ex-convict—he might be implicated in the woman's death.

Detectives questioned Cole at length, but they had no evidence to connect him to the divorcee's death. In fact, the cause of death was not known at the time and would not be until an autopsy was conducted by the medical examiner's office.

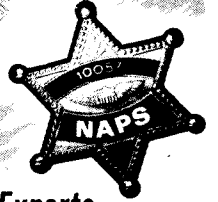
At 11 p.m. Sunday, Cole was released after being told to keep himself available.

The detectives called to the scene on the Sally Thompson investigation were not aware that Cole's name had sur-

(Continued on page 44)

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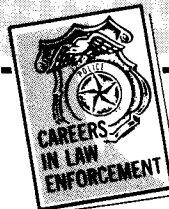


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BLOCKBUSTER OF THE MONTH

by WALT HECOX

THEY CALLED november 11th Armistice Day in the wake of World War I, a day of peace when soldiers laid down their arms and the heads of state representing Germany and the Allies signed a treaty at Versailles which ended the bloody conflict.

There was no peace for 31-year-old Diana Cheryl Bazargani on the evening of November 11, 1979. She had been kidnaped, terrorized, probably raped since the time she left her job at Hickory Farms in Concord, California's sprawling Sun Valley mall and headed for her little car in the parking lot. No one, except her killers, will ever be quite sure what happened.

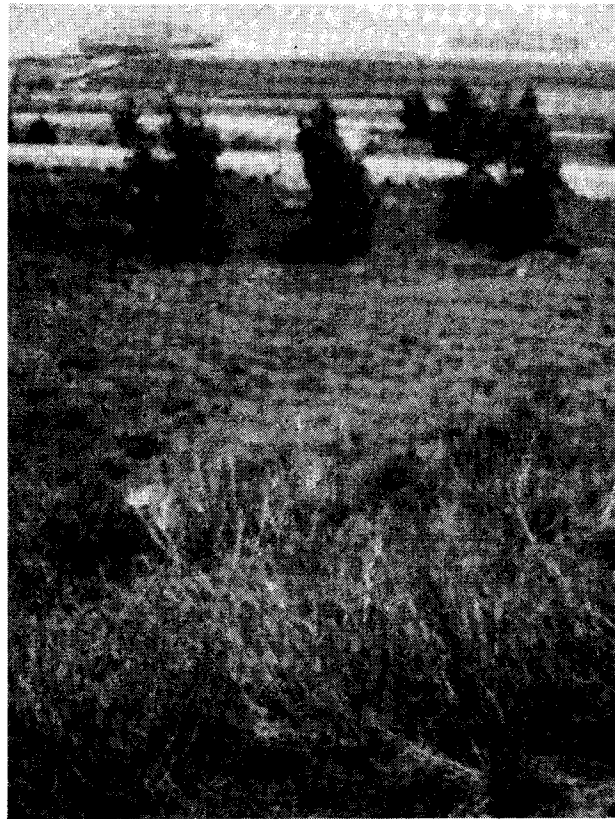
At 6:10 p.m., Diana walked through the gloomy November evening from the big shopping center to the lot and into oblivion. Rough hands grabbed her and forced her into the little automobile. Darkness had fallen and no one saw what happened in the shadows. If she struggled, no one saw her. If she screamed, no one heard. Petite, brunette, exceptionally pretty, she sat in the back seat of her car and endured one outrage after the other as it sped north on Interstate 680, over the bridge between Martinez and Benicia, then north along the Luther Gibson freeway toward Sacramento. No one is sure, except her murderers, exactly what happened in that back seat, although there is evidence she was subjected to the most gross indignities.

At the Lake Herman Road, about three miles from the bridge, the car swung sharply left, wobbled across the double lanes of oncoming traffic and pulled up into a parking lot, designated a "vista point" where a sign posted by the California Department of fish and game proudly proclaims it overlooks the Suisun marshes, "largest estuarine marsh in the United States."

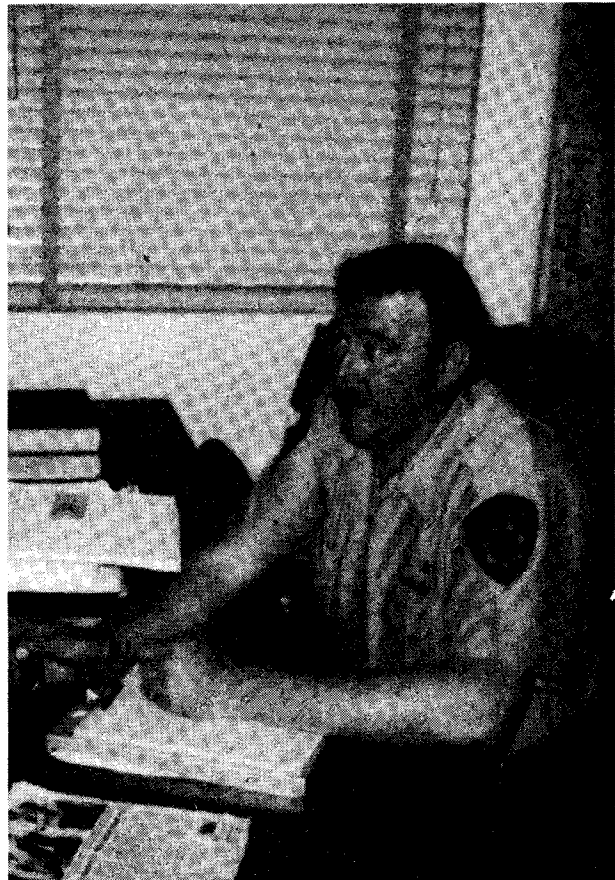
It was seven p.m. An elderly man, driving north along Lopes Road where it intersects the Lake Herman Road at the parking area entrance, noticed the car parked in the lot and two men standing beside it. He had an eerie feeling something was wrong and reported what he had seen to the Benicia police.

No one is sure whether he passed the scene before or after the murder, although everyone agrees he was lucky not to have stopped. Diana Bazargani was not so lucky. A rough arm circled her throat and a pair of powerful hands grabbed her ankles. She screamed, that much is certain, but not for long. The bony forearm of her attacker closed over her throat with crushing force, reducing her larynx to pulp with the pressure. There would be no more screaming for Diana. A six-inch knife blade gleamed dully in the darkness. It struck her once in the chest, was withdrawn, slashed down again savagely, was partially withdrawn, then reinserted in the same wound.

Two men dragged Diana Bazargani over the graveled surface of the parking area, across Lake Herman Road where Lopes becomes East Second Street, then down an embankment and into some nearby bushes. In the darkness the killers could not have known the area had been burned



Body of 31-year-old Diana Bazargani was found on side of hill (foreground). Bushes had been burned away and ashes revealed the killers' tracks leading from parking lot abduction site



Det. Robert Hind (above) and other sheriff's investigators nabbed three suspects in murder, got incriminating statement from one of them

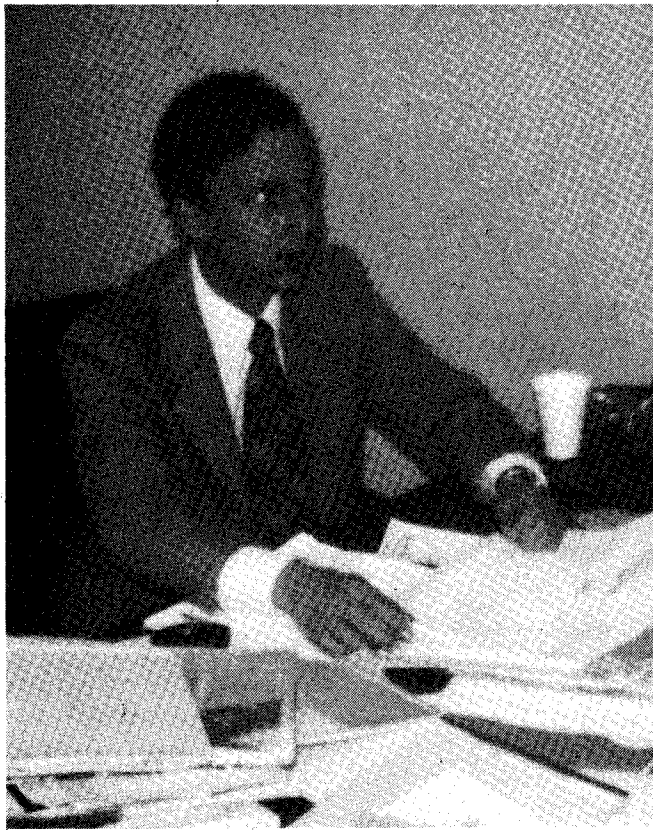


Knife (r.) was used in attack on victim, who was kidnaped from the parking lot, dragged into bushes and stabbed several times before throat was slashed



KIDNAPED, VIOLATED AND SLAIN... FOR HER CAR!

It took an autopsy to reveal the kind of gut-retching indignities Diana suffered before death finally claimed her



Cellmate of accused killer had this to say about him to Deputy DA Robin Kenney (above): "He's an animal. The rest of us are good, honest crooks. That guy's a beast"

over and was covered with ash, leaving a graphic trail of all their movements. In the shelter of some low-hung bushes, one of the killers pulled back her head and slashed her throat, a savage *coup de grace* which may not have been needed, a merciless slash which left her neck gaping from the larynx to her left ear. Her head was pointing downward when the blade made its final cut and blood gushed from it and formed in a shallow pool. Then, for some reason, the young woman's body was dragged back up the hill and abandoned, lying a few feet below the roadside, the head well above the feet. Armistice Day for Diana Bazaragani had ended in a one-sided war. She would never see another November 11th.

The little car wobbled out of the lot and back to the freeway, limping on a flat tire as it moved on north, toward Sacramento.

Had it not been for the fire which had razed the hillside that summer, Diana's body might have lain, undiscovered, beside East Second Street for days. As it was, the bushes her killers had thought would mask it, had been burned away. Early the next morning a passing motorist saw the corpse and called the Solano County Sheriff's office. He reported the body beside the road.

Fifteen miles away, in Fairfield, the county seat of Solano County, Detective Robert Hind was just getting his day started. In sprawling Solano County, which borders the Sacramento River from Carquinez Straits, past Suisun Bay and for almost 50 miles toward Sacramento, and bulges back into the mountains which surround the Napa Valley, his work load was piling up. A retired military policeman and special investigator, he was used to long hours. In retirement, as a deputy sheriff and detective, he discovered they extended from dawn to dawn on too many occasions. He was the on-call detective on the morning of November 12, 1979 and as such knew some action was right around the corner. Action came

early in the morning, and in a most dramatic form.

A passing motorist, on his way to work in Benicia, was startled when he looked down the embankment as he turned off Lake Herman Road and saw what appeared to be the body of a young woman lying on the hillside. He called the sheriff's office as soon as he could reach a telephone and the message was relayed to Detective Hind, who went to the scene immediately.

Lying on the hillside off East Second Street, where it plunges down sharply from the Lake Herman Road, was the body of a petite, brunette young woman, dark-haired and pretty. Her head was pointed up the hillside and her feet down. She was wearing jeans, knee boots, a checkered shirt, brown turtle neck sweater and there was blood on her neck, the side of her face and her hair. Detective Hind noticed also there appeared to be a wound in her chest, as she lay on her back on the embankment. Powdery, charcoal-like dust had left clear footprints and drag marks which the detective followed up the hill to East Second Street, across the Lake Herman Road to where it intersects with Lopes Road, and then into the vista point parking lot. A short distance into the gravelly, dirt parking area, there were signs of a struggle. Some change was scattered around, a pair of eyeglasses were found nearby and an empty money clip was near the scene.

Footprints where the struggle had taken place belonged to a pair, or perhaps three, men, one of them bearing a distinctive, barred pattern. The drag marks indicated the young woman had been pulled by her shoulders, with a grip under her armpits, to the place where the body was found. A pool of blood was discovered in the bushes, below the area where she was lying and there was some blood on the ground at the site of the struggle. A brown barrette, decorated with sea shells and with some of the shells missing was found near the pool of blood below the body.

Shortly after he arrived at Lake Herman Road, Detective Hind was joined by Detective Richard Grundy. Together they made a closer examination of the body. They discovered the young woman had apparently been stabbed in the chest and that a savage slash had been made across her throat. Following the drag marks, in attempt to reconstruct the crime, they decided the young woman had been stabbed in the parking lot, dragged down East Second Street to the place where the body was found and her throat cut in the bushes. She was then pulled into the position in which she had been found.

The detectives called Deputy Richard Smith, the Solano County identification technician to the scene. He photographed the body and the track marks around it. The detectives examined the site more closely.

The tracks of the vehicle, which had been parked near the point where the struggle ensued, were narrow, indicating they had been made by a small car which had a flat tire on the left, rear wheel. The car appeared to have been driven away from the area on the flat.

If the dead woman had any purse or wallet which might carry identification, it was gone. However, attached to her shirt was an identification patch which bore the logo, "Hickory Farms." The name "Diana" was printed across it in red tape.

Hickory Farms was known to Detective Hind as a chain outlet for sausages, cheeses and a variety of cold meats and other items sold under that brand name. The closest one to the murder scene, he knew, was across the Sacramento River, over the Benicia Bridge at Sun Valley, a massive, sprawling shopping center in Concord, Contra Costa County. Having finished their investigation at the scene, they ordered the body removed as soon as Deputy Smith finished his work, and went on to the shopping center.

They found the manager of Hickory Farms and described the dead woman in detail. Both the manager and several employees told the detectives they were sure the description

matched that of Diana Bazargani exactly. They particularly remembered the sea shell barrette she had worn in her hair. The manager told them Diana Bazargani had listed an apartment at 2751 Monument Boulevard, in Concord, as her home address. Everything in her employment application fit the description of the dead woman; age, height, weight, hair color and clothing. She had worked for Hickory Farms about three weeks, the manager told him. Other employes said she had been married to an Iranian and had even lived in Iran with him for some time before becoming disenchanted and returning to the United States to get a divorce.

The detectives called the Concord Police Department to see if Diana Bazargani had fingerprints on file. The officers contacted told them she had no arrest record but that she had filed several minor crime reports and was known to them because of that.

Detectives Hind and Grundy then contacted the office of Contra Costa County District Attorney William O'Malley and asked for permission to visit the apartment. Permission was granted and, when they found no one home, they asked for permission to have the apartment house manager let them in so they could look for evidence. The district attorney replied that, since they appeared to have good identification and the woman apparently lived alone, there was no need of a search warrant.

The manager let them in the apartment and the detectives were greeted by a horde of hungry cats. Diana Bazargani, they discovered, was a confirmed cat lover and an animal admirer in general. She was up to her ears in Greenpeace, the movement to save all whales, an advocate of saving the baby fur seals slaughtered each year in Canada, and in several other environmentalist groups interested in preserving animal life.

From the apartment house manager they learned the young woman had suffered from financial difficulties and had actually been issued an eviction notice for non-payment of rent, then allowed to stay on after finding the job at Hickory Farms. The search of the apartment revealed nothing which indicated she might be in danger of a violent death. Her former husband was still in Iran and her activities were all directed toward her environmentalist groups.

Among other things in the apartment the detectives found a notice-of-transfer slip for a brown Volkswagen which had not yet been sent to the Department of Motor Vehicles. A young man was listed as the owner. The detectives contacted Hickory Farms and discovered from employes there that Diana Bazargani had been driving a brownish-red Volkswagen, but they could not say whether it belonged to her.



Investigation led to the arrest of Robert McLain (above) and two other suspects. McLain was also charged in the rape-slaying of 19-year-old Joni Kelley

The detectives issued an all points bulletin describing the Volkswagen, listing its license number, and asking that the occupants be detained for questioning in regard to the slaying of Diana Bazargani.

Working tirelessly, the lawmen finally located the owner of the Volkswagen early on the morning of the 13th. He told them he had sold the car to Diana for \$600 and that the transfer had not yet gone through. He described the little automobile in detail. There were several distinguishing characteristics. There was a Pepsi-Cola sign above the license plate. The left front fender was completely missing, there were many small dents in the right rear fender and it was described by the man who sold it as being "root-beer" colored, a reddish-brown which is relatively rare in Volkswagens. The detectives added the new information to their bulletin and returned to Fairfield at two a.m. for some much needed sleep. They were not destined to sleep long.

Sixty miles away, Office Peter Martin of the Woodland Police Department had problems of his own and a puzzle developing. Late on the evening of December 12th, a local resident and member of a Yolo County Citizen's Band Radio club, had called the department and said he thought something strange was going on at an apartment on Cottonwood Street. Officer Martin, just going on duty, was detailed to question him.

The resident told the officer he thought there was something strange about three guests, all acquaintances of his, who were staying at the Cottonwood Street home of a young married couple.

"They've got an old Volkswagen there they claim they bought for \$90," he told the policeman. "It's not much of a car, but it's in good running condition and I'm sure it must be worth more than \$90."

He added that he had taken the three
(Continued on page 54)

Charles G. Zagorskie,
Chief of Detectives
Chester County Pennsylvania

NATIONAL POLICE OFFICER OF THE MONTH

by MARYANN GOGNIAT DEDO

THE FARM implement firm in Penn Township had been burglarized, and Trooper Charles Zagorskie of Pennsylvania State Police Troop J in Lancaster gathered all the broken glass and took it back to the barracks as evidence. He conducted interviews, wrote reports, and returned to the Chester County business place to dust for fingerprints. He found some, packaged the specimens and took them to Sergeant A.

Novacheck, who is now deceased.

"Here's a good set of prints, Novy," the young trooper told the sergeant. "I hope you'll be able to find them in the file."

Novacheck shook his head. "Charlie," he said, "I have twenty thousand fingerprints in there."

"This is a good set of prints," the trooper insisted.

Novacheck looked at them. "Sure, they're good," he agreed, and photo-

graphed them, if for no other reason than to satisfy the eager trooper. "I'll start looking."

The prints had a very definable characteristic, which the sergeant said he could compare without even using a glass. Still, there was the matter of all the ones on file, and there was also the chance that the prints belonged to someone who wasn't involved in the burglary, or didn't have a record.

"Every time Novy had a few minutes,



Master Detective magazine is to be commended for its selection of Chief Charles G. Zagorskie as its National Police Officer of the Month. Both the District Attorney's Office and the citizens of Chester County are gratified by your magazine's recognition of Chief Zagorskie's dedication and professionalism.

**James R. Freeman
District Attorney**

he would look through the prints," Zagorskie said. "He started with 'A,' and thank God this man's name began with a 'B.' It wasn't long before Novy called to tell me that he had matched the print. I suggested that he check those prints with other ones the G-men had sent up. We used to get quite a few fingerprints back then, but we don't get them today because the people are a little more sophisticated. They wear gloves and aren't touching things like they did before, and what they do touch, they wipe off. They're educated through the tube—they see all these things on television."

Sergeant Novacheck also matched the suspect's prints to half a dozen other area crimes, including a post office burglary. The man was convicted on a number of charges and sent to prison.

Trooper Zagorskie helped solve that case in 1961, back in the days when the same trooper who answered a complaint often followed up on his own investigations. Like all the state police officers, he started out in uniformed patrol, which is the backbone of any police organization. But Zagorskie really wanted to be one of the plainclothes investigators.

"When I was working traffic," he said, "I did it because it was my job. But I was always thinking about becoming an investigator. There was the little joke around the barracks that you went to your sergeant and said, 'Look, I'm ready to become a G-man—I have seven white shirts and I just bought a new sport jacket.'"

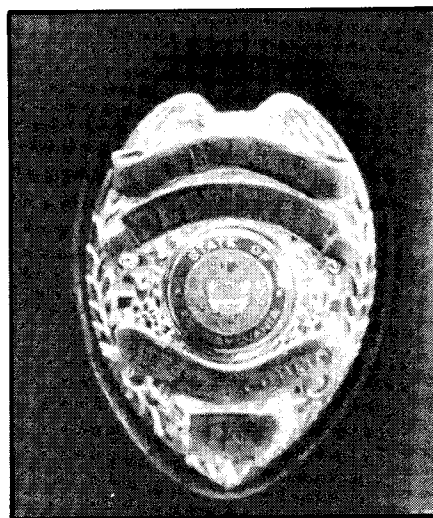
In 1963, Zagorskie became a criminal investigator, and in 1970 was promoted to corporal and made supervisor of the Avondale substation. Then in 1975, when he retired from the Pennsylvania State Police at the age of 39, he went right into another branch of law enforcement, accepting his present position as chief of the Chester County Detectives.

Zagorskie never had any dreams of being a policeman. After he was honorably discharged from the United States Army in 1957, he worked for a short time as a collector for a finance company in Hazelton.

"I didn't really want to be a cop," he said. "But back home, if you didn't have a job, everyone would tell you to join the state police. I wasn't doing anything, so I went and took the test and found my-



Chief Charles G. Zagorskie



self going to the training academy in October of 1958. That's honestly the way it happened."

Zagorskie finished his training in April the following year, and was assigned to Lancaster, under Captain Benjamin D. Lichty.

"For about two months I thought that all the state police did was wash cars, because that's all I did around the barracks," Zagorskie recalled. "I washed cars and cut the grass. I was a high-paid gardener, but we really weren't that highly paid then."

At that time, a state trooper received about \$3,600 annual salary, plus about \$1,100 in "subsistence." There was no overtime, and the work week and hours were long.

Those were also the days when a trooper had to be bachelor when he enlisted, remain unmarried for at least two years, and when he considered marriage, had to submit the name of his fiancée for approval.

Zagorskie got in hot water over the marriage rules when he and his fiancée, Adelia, sought permission to get married sooner.

The young woman, a registered nurse, won a trip to Bermuda by guessing that there were 710 beans in a jar that held 709. The department store sponsoring the contest specified that the trip had to be taken by November of that year. At that time, Zagorskie had been on the job only 11 months.

He asked for permission to marry, but the request was denied. A politician from Hazelton assured Adelia that he had some influence, so asked her, unknown to Zagorskie, to write a letter that he promised to hand-deliver to the head of the state police. Instead, the politician simply dropped it into a mail box, and Zagorskie was "dressed up and down" for the incident, and assigned extra duty.

The department store manager agreed to hold the honeymoon trip until the following November, when the couple got married. The Zagorskies now live in Kennet Square with their three teenagers, Lee Ann, Lori Ann and Chuck.

"Can you imagine the dark ages we lived in?" Zagorskie said about the long hours and marital restrictions. "We didn't make any progress until E. Wilson Purdy became commissioner during the administration of Gov. William Scranton. Purdy was an ex-FBI agent and a professor from Michigan State University. He was an innovative, intelligent commissioner. The old guys hated him, but the young guys loved him."

As an investigator, Zagorskie worked all sorts of felonies, including the most heinous crime of all—murder.

"You want to know which was my toughest case?" he mused. "They are all tough, with the exception of when you find someone standing over the body with a gun and you walk in the door and

they say, 'I did it.'"

Working a case while it's fresh is challenging enough, but being assigned to an old case—especially after an acquittal—can be difficult.

That's what happened with the murder of Jonathan Henry, when Zagorskie became involved two years later.

The case occurred in 1970, and was reopened in January of 1972 when a reporter from the New Yorker magazine came to town to do a follow-up. The journalist suggested to the Chester County District Attorney Bill Lamb that there were some things that warranted review.

Lamb contacted Rocco Urella, commissioner of the state police, and the two assigned details to the case.

"Initially, everyone thought we'd just give it a cursory once-over to appease the writer and some readers," Zagorskie said.

He was supervisor of the case, assisted by Troopers Jimmy Kessler, Brian McDevitt and Gabe Bolla, County Detective Larry Gampman, and Officer Tom Flick of West Goshen, who was an initial investigator. The case was officially reopened on February 1st.

Two years earlier, a man by the name of Mark Jensen had allegedly shot two different men within a three-week period. One of them was shot in the shoulder, causing permanent paralysis. The other man, Jonathan Henry, a pledge to the Warlock motorcycle gang, had been fatally shot in West Goshen.

Henry had two bullet holes in his torso. The wounds were an important factor in the investigation. Jensen stated that he had pulled a gun when Henry was going to shoot another man, and that he (Jensen) had shot Henry once in the chest, and that the force of that shot had spun him around, planting the second shot in his back.

During the first investigation, there were different opinions among the medical examiners whether the victim had been shot in the back or the chest.

When Jensen went to trial, the jury acquitted him of the murder charge, and he was set free.

The case received widespread attention because Jensen was a colorful local figure, a former Warlock hired by the West Chester police to infiltrate the local narcotics traffic. As a college town, West Chester had a lot of drugs floating around. So when Jensen was arrested, the story of his undercover activities was played up big in the local press.

A news photographer snapped a picture of drugs that Jensen had allegedly purchased for the police investigation. He was practically elevated to hero status as "an undercover cop who had put his neck on the line." However, the drugs, as Zagorskie later learned, were really from a display that a detective used in his drug abuse talks and, spread



Chief Zagorskie was heavily involved in probing activities of an infamous family which included Norman Johnston (l.) and Bruce Johnston Sr., the leader

out for the photograph, looked like a lot more than they really were.

After Jensen was acquitted, most people, except for the cops, forgot about the case until the reporter came to town.

"The first thing we did was read all the reports and transcripts," Zagorskie said. "Then we got the physical evidence out of the clerk of courts office, and with that in hand, went to see Dr. Halbert Fillinger, the assistant medical examiner for the city of Philadelphia."

They also took along two of the bullet holes from the victim which were somewhat distorted but still preserved in formaldehyde.

The lawmen sat down with the medical staff, spread the evidence on the table, and began to re-examine it.

"No one had ever touched it," Zagorskie noted. "It was still bagged from 1970."

The evidence included the clothing Henry had been wearing when he was murdered: jeans, a T-shirt, a tight fitting multi-colored shirt, and an army type vest like a fatigue jacket.

Dr. Fillinger opened the pocket on the coat and removed a ballpoint pen. It had been clipped to the pocket, and in the back of it, against the chest area, was a dent that indicated it had been hit by a bullet.

"You could visualize where a bullet had gone over the back of the pen, which was still in the pocket," Zagorskie said. "The bullet had hit the back of the pen, gone through it, and the plunger went up. We found the plastic plunger in the pocket. Everything flowed from back to front."

That was the wound Jensen had claimed was a shot in the chest, and that the medical examiners had had difficulty agreeing on.

"I don't know if anyone had looked in the pocket before," Zagorskie said. "But we watched Dr. Fillinger take it (the pen) out."

Further examination determined that after the bullet had hit the pen, it had tumbled, making an oblong mark in the doorway, which no one had been able to explain before. Also, microscopic examinations showed that fibers from the shirt underneath were entwined with fibers from the top shirt—again, indicating a path from back to front.

There had been witnesses at the shooting, but they were considered "less than reliable." They had been called in on behalf of the defense.

After about two weeks of the new investigation, Zagorskie's detail took their findings back to the district attorney. At that time, Jensen was in Delaware County, free on the streets. The investigators went to talk with one of the witnesses who had appeared at the trial on Jensen's behalf.

"A lot happens to people in two years," Zagorskie noted. "They graduate from college, they get married, they get jobs and their standards change. Some of them were singing different tunes now that they were away from the college town and the old lifestyle."

The lawmen located the first witness in another part of the state. Under questioning, he admitted, "I lied for Jensen."

That was just the start. The cops found half a dozen other witnesses who said that they had also committed perjury at Jensen's trial.

But now there was nothing they could do to Jensen about the murder. American law forbids double jeopardy (being tried for the same crime twice).

So the only charges the police were



David Johnston was another member of the clan investigated for burglaries and murder. Zagorskie also nailed Ancel Hamm (r.), who killed 2 cops from ambush

able to arrest him on were perjury and suborning perjury. He was arrested that spring and when he went to trial in the autumn term, the local news media continued their support of the man who had almost become a local hero.

During the new investigation, the lawmen also found tie-ins with several of the local cops, who allegedly had tried a coverup. They arrested a police officer from West Chester, and a couple of other local cops resigned. The one who was arrested was later acquitted.

Although the jury did not find Jensen guilty of perjury, they convicted him of several counts of suborning perjury. He was sentenced to three and a half to seven years in prison, and served his minimum term. He is now out on the streets.

"We were not very well liked by the police community in this case," Zagorskie said. "It was a nasty job with the police involved, but you would think that police officers would know that someone has to do this (investigate other officers). And we did our job. There are still some people who have their asses in the air over this case, but I couldn't care less. I think we made West Chester a better place."

The Jensen case was no sooner completed than Zagorskie was called in on another tragedy involving police officers, this time as victims. It was about 2:45 a.m. November 15, 1972, that the phone rang at Corporal Zagorskie's home.

"Better get on up to the Kennet Square station," the state police desk sergeant advised him. "A couple of cops have been shot." It was a particularly alarming news to Zagorskie, because his brother Frank was an officer for that municipality.

"My brother's working up there . . ." Zagorskie said, waiting to hear more.

"I don't know much about it," the sergeant told him.

Zagorskie slipped on a T-shirt, slacks and a yellow jacket and, in his trembling concern for the unknown fate of two fellow officers, forgot to take his own service revolver.

It took him three minutes to get to the Kennet Square police station. When he pulled up, he could see the grim scene illuminated by a single 60-watt light bulb.

"It was conveniently lit up with that bulb—convenient for the killer," Zagorskie noted grimly. "A sniper could have himself a field day, like shooting down a bowling alley."

Zagorskie could see the police car in the back of the station, with both doors open. There were two bodies, one lying on the ground and the other on top of it. Even from a distance in the dim light, he could tell that neither of the men was his brother, who was a towering six-foot-four.

Officer Bill Davis, 26, the driver, was down with his gun out. Thirty-six-year-old Officer Richard Posey was on top of him, lying parallel to the car door. They were both parallel to the back door of the police station.

Several state troopers and a couple of Kennet Square officers were already there with the ambulance. Zagorskie grabbed Davis's wrist and thought he felt a pulse. He would later learn that the two officers were already dead.

"Get them out of here and to the hospital! Just get some chalk to mark where they lay," he ordered, then to off-duty Trooper Frank Carter, "Go with that ambulance and don't leave those guys."

The ambulance took the fallen officers away, and the investigators fenced the area to begin their search for evidence, and to find the direction of the shots.

Zagorskie called the desk sergeant at the Avondale station five miles away and told him, "You better get out all the troops and the criminal men."

First appearance gave the impression that Davis had gotten out of the car on the driver's side, and might have been shot from the front, from the shelter of several low, darkened buildings. However, it turned out that both officers had been shot from an area behind them.

The senseless slaying happened only a month after there had been a threat made that an area police officer would be murdered.

In Lancaster a few weeks before, the police had had a shootout with a militant prison escapee from Newark, New Jersey. The fugitive, who had been convicted of several murders and suspected of others, was slain in the encounter, along with a trooper. Word was sent back to the police that because of the fugitive's death, another cop would soon die.

"So this was sort of a tense period," Zagorskie recalled.

No one had been at the police station that night when the two officers were murdered. The only cops on duty were the ones on patrol. Kennet Square police have their radio based with the county, and when the dispatcher was unable to contact the officers, he sent a state police patrol to the station.

"It appeared that Davis had gotten out of the car first, and the window on the driver's side was blown out," Zagorskie explained. "We surmised that Posey got out of his car when Davis was shot, and ran around to the back of his car because he could have thought that the shots came from the front, too. But as he came out the car and went around the back, it appeared that he was shot as he was going toward Davis."

The shots actually had come from a grassy knoll 66 feet behind them. That morning, the investigators found a knee imprint in the wet grass, along with a casing from a .308 caliber shell.

That was all the physical evidence they had. There were a few suspects, but none they could arrest. One person they questioned that day was 27-year-old Ancel Hamm, who lived a little over half a mile from the police station.

Officer Davis and Zagorskie's brother had arrested Hamm in September, and on the day the officers were murdered, Hamm had received notice of his impending court appearance.

Hamm, who had a record as a burglar, was usually uncooperative when interrogated by the police. But he was cooperative when he was questioned on

(Continued on page 48)

Up from the cold ashes of a human WAS THE HOMO TORCHED

by KRIST BOARDMAN

IT WAS 11:51 p.m. when the fire department responded to the call about a burning farm house on Boyer's Farm Road in the rural part of Anne Arundel County in Maryland on May 16, 1980. There was already a crowd of spectators at the scene when the trucks arrived, people attracted by that unmistakable incandescent glow on the horizon which portended that something very out of the ordinary was happening. But by the time the firemen got there the old wooden frame farmhouse was pretty well gone; there were still flames to extinguish, but the house itself was a wreck.

Combing over the water-soaked ruins, firemen found what they were afraid they would. It was the charred, mutilated body of what appeared to be a man in his fifties. Since the blaze seemed to have no natural causes, fire investigators simply said it was of a suspicious origin with a loss of life, and called the Anne Arundel County Police Homicide Unit. There would be more than just clean-up work to get done in such cases.

County Police Detective Tom Mock got the phone call that Friday morning at his home. He was off duty that day, and though there were other homicide investigators on duty, he was called because of a certain expertise that he has: the slender, veteran detective with the thinning blond hair happened also to be a former Baltimore City fireman.

Detective Mock had no hangups in his job at homicide and he was good at what he did. With a low-key manner that left elbow room for others' egos, his fit right in place.

After strapping a service revolver to his ankle and hiding it under his pants cuff, he threaded his car through the back roads of the rural section of the county until he reached Boyer's Farm Road and drove past the peach orchard to the gutted wreck of the farm house where the body had been found.

Sergeant William Chaplin and Detective Gordon March were already at the scene when Mock arrived. They had already been asking around the neighborhood to see who the victim was. A nearby resident, an elderly farmer,



Dets. Gordon March (above), Tom Mock and James Moore, along with Sergeant Bill Chaplin, formed smooth-working team which cracked tough murder case

identified the dead man as Delbert Fitzgerald, who worked for him as a farm hand. Fitzgerald was single, and though he was nearly indigent because of an obnoxious habit he had of drinking too much all of the time, the farmer said he knew of no enemies who might want to see Delbert killed.

Detective Gordon March did, however, locate a fresh set of car tire tracks in the dirt near the farmhouse. The tires had a square pattern and were closely enough spaced to indicate that they had been made by a compact car.

The body had been taken the previous night to North Arundel Hospital, then to the Maryland State Medical Examiner's office in Baltimore. The results of the autopsy on the victim revealed that Fitzgerald had died before the fire as he had sustained multiple

stab wounds. Fitzgerald had been murdered, and it looked like the culprit had tried to burn the evidence of the crime.

Back at the scene of the crime, Detective Mock's initial impressions corroborated the medical examiner's findings. As the veteran sleuth looked through the burned out farmhouse, it was evident that certain portions of the living room and the furniture in it had burned more than other sections of the house. The circular sofa, in particular, had been badly burned.

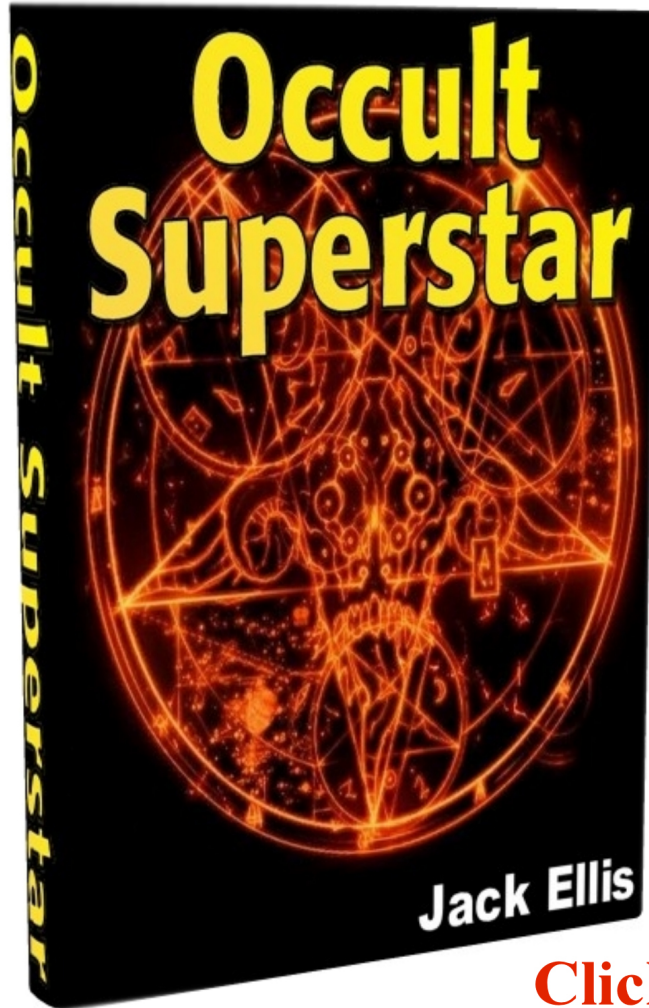
Detective Mock closely inspected the wooden boards in the burned floor. In the tiny crevices between the boards the wood was charred. But underneath the floor, from the basement ceiling, it was evident that the living room floor had not burned through. The fire had licked downward from the living room as far as, it seemed, it could go. But it definitely did not burn up from the basement. Detective Mock reasoned that the fire had been caused by the ignition of some petroleum distillate which had been poured over the floor and the victim's body. Even the medical examiner had discovered the odor of gasoline on the victim's shirt.

Also on the floor, near the location where Fitzgerald's body had been recovered, were several broken soda bottles.

"It didn't seem normal to me that the bottles should be there," Detective Mock later commented.

There wasn't much more in the house in the way of evidence that had not already been burned up, so the investigators concentrated their search to the area outside of it. They found two Salem cigarette butts between the house and a nearby fence. Each butt had been thrown slightly to either side of the car tracks.

Also, near the rear of the house on the south side, they found a pint bottle of Jim Beam whiskey. The top was missing, and there was still a small amount of the brew left in the bottle. The sleuths surmised that the whiskey would have completely evaporated if it had been exposed to the air for more than a couple of days, so they took the bottle with the assumption that it might have been thrown there by whoever killed



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body comes one nagging question: BY AN ANGRY LOVER?

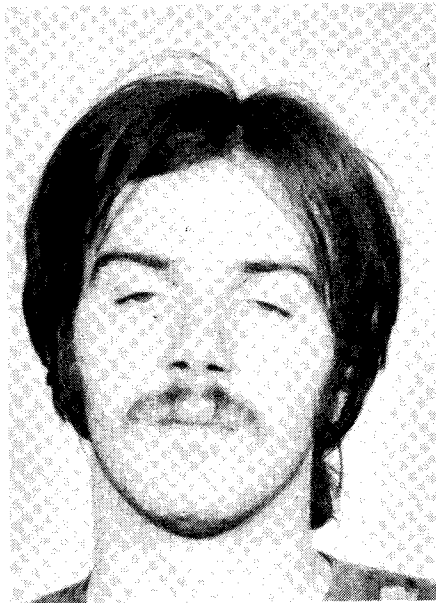
harmless old Delbert Fitzgerald.

The investigators returned to the elderly farmer, who lived nearby, and asked him if he had seen anything at all suspicious on Thursday night. The peach and produce farmer remarked that he had indeed seen a dark compact car parked on the south side of the house somewhere between 8:15 and 8:45 p.m. But he added that he had not seen anyone from his vantage point in the peach orchard 300 yards away, where he was working at the time.

About a mile and a half away on the road to Fitzgerald's house was a small country general store called Miklasz's Store. Detectives Mock and Gordon March went to the store and talked to a counter girl, who told them that the day before the fire she had seen Fitzgerald come in with a much younger man. Fitzgerald had bought a bottle of vodka and the young man had bought some groceries. She hadn't recognized Fitzgerald's companion and she could not tell the investigators his name. However, he had made up a shortage of small change when Fitzgerald was buying his liquor.

It was mid-day on Friday and the lawmen's stomachs were growling. Crimes the sleuths could solve. But hunger was an invincible foe and the pursuit was halted temporarily while Detectives Mock and March refueled with some sandwiches on the porch of Miklasz's. Besides, the May weather was beautiful and they had to wait anyway while the counter girl went to fetch the manager of the store, Henry Dinario. The two sleuths had a new, if temporary job—to mind the store.

It had been about fifteen minutes since the counter girl had left to find Dinario, and Detective March was debating whether to devour the end of his submarine sandwich which had no cheese or meat left in it, or throw it to the birds, when Dinario finally appeared with the counter girl. Wiping the mustard and mayonnaise off his lips, and flicking the sub-end in the grass for the grackles that were hungrily waiting for it in the nearby trees, Detective March asked Dinario if he knew the young man who had been with Delbert



Probe focused on Leroy Wyre as chief suspect in the murder of drifter Delbert Fitzgerald, whose charred, mutilated body was found in burned house

Fitzgerald on Thursday. Dinario, who acted as a sort of animated talking newspaper in that part of the county, and seldom forgot a name or a face that passed through, readily told the detectives that Fitzgerald's young companion was known as Leroy Wyre.

One of the houses near Miklasz's that had not already been checked out for possible witnesses was across the street. The investigators found the man of the house in, who knew the victim well. He told the sleuths that Delbert Fitzgerald came to his house the same evening he was murdered. Delbert visited with him for ten minutes shortly after 5 p.m., then told him that he was going to Miklasz's to get a bottle of Jack Daniel's.

The witness also told the sleuths that he had seen Delbert leaving Miklasz's later that evening at 8:30 in a car driven by a young man. Shortly after, the witness came to police headquarters where he identified the young man from photos as Leroy J. Wyre. Police records showed that young Wyre had been arrested previously on a charge of assault

with intent to murder.

The detectives went to Wyre's last known address in order to question him, but he was not there. He and his wife lived in an upstairs apartment in a wooden frame building. Detective Mock noticed several Salem cigarette butts on the stair steps to the apartment. In the downstairs apartment a woman confirmed that Wyre still lived there, but she hadn't seen him the night before. Her ten-year-old daughter had, however.

Questioned by Detective March, the ten-year-old said she had been upstairs in Wyre's apartment visiting with his wife and playing with the Wyres' pet dog the previous evening when her visit was suddenly interrupted by the entry of Wyre and a black youth.

The little girl told the detective that the black youth announced to Wyre's wife when they came in that Leroy had cut himself. She and Wyre's wife were looking at some picture albums at the time, but when Wyre's wife heard that, she got up and said to the girl, "Can you come back tomorrow?"

Leroy then asked the girl if her father thought he had stolen the tires from his car. The girl shook her head.

As the ten-year-old was leaving she heard Wyre tell his wife to order a pizza from the Old Farm Inn. The girl didn't seem them again that evening until several hours later when she observed Wyre and the black youth leaving in a small brown car.

An APB was put out on the car and the detectives drove directly to the home of Wyre's mother-in-law in the nearby community of Severn. They waited in an unmarked car outside of the house. After half an hour a young woman came from it and got into a small compact. She left and was followed by the detectives to the Old Farm Inn. As she got out of her car, the detectives stopped her and asked where she was going. She told them she was on her way to the Holiday Inn to pick up her husband.

When they arrived at the hotel they found Wyre intoxicated and lying on the outside steps. After he was placed in the

(Continued on page 40)

HORROR STABBING OF A LITTLE GIRL

by BETTY L. CASH

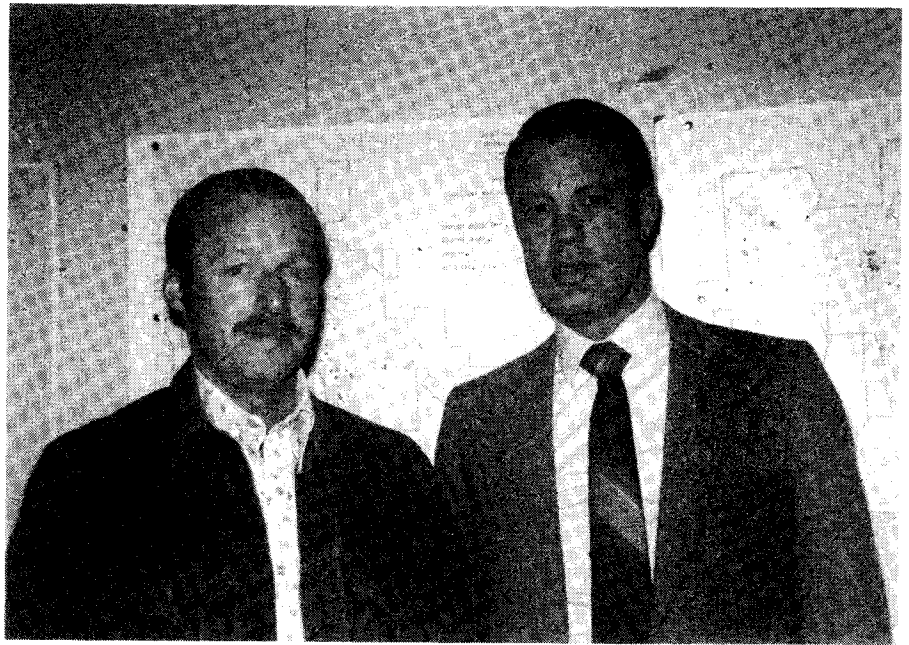
SUNDAY, AUGUST 10, 1980, had been one of those rare, almost idyllic days in Douglas, Wyoming. For four-year-old Crystal Lynn Courtier, the early part of the day was nearly perfect, to her way of thinking.

Her grandparents, Syd and Faith Howard, had just returned from a vacation. There had been a picnic in Crystal's favorite park near the day care center where she stayed while her mother, Hope Evert, worked. The Howards, Hope, other relatives, and Hope's boyfriend, Barry Johns, had delighted in watching Crystal scamper about in her favorite blue dress playing on all the swings and slides in Washington Park.

For Crystal, the picnic and play ended too soon. Her mother had to go to work at 4 p.m. and all the adults wanted to retreat from the heat of the summer afternoon into the cool of their homes.

Since it was Sunday the day care center was closed, so Barry stayed with Crystal when her mother left for work. It was not long after Hope left for work that the Howards came visiting. They had some gifts for Crystal—a book, multi-colored ball, and a corn cob pipe—that they had purchased while on vacation and had forgotten to give her earlier. The grandparents did not stay long, as they were tired, but it was hard to leave with their only grandchild spilling out all her saved-up love through hugs and kisses.

After the Howards left, Crystal wanted to go outside to play but Barry was feeling sleepy. He knew it was too dangerous for Crystal to be playing outside without him watching her. It was only three very short blocks to the busiest streets in town and railroad tracks ran behind the house. Crystal



Sgt. Larry Majerus and Police Chief Kyle Sowell (r.) headed crack investigative team which nabbed killer of 4-year-old Wyoming girl, Crystal Courtier

could not understand these dangers and she also had a habit of wandering off whenever the grownups turned away for a bit. She had managed several times to make her way across those busy streets to Washington Park, just six blocks from her home.

Because of Crystal's wandering habit, Hope had taken the precaution of having locks installed high on the exit doors of their house, way out of the little girl's reach.

Knowing he would probably succumb to his sleepiness, Barry made sure the locks were securely fastened with Crystal inside before he stretched out on the couch. Crystal was playing nearby with her toys. It was 6:30 p.m., and Barry wanted to watch a TV program, if he could stay awake.

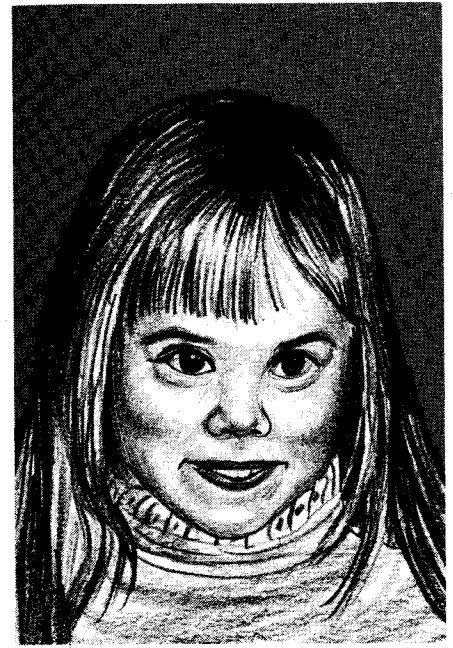
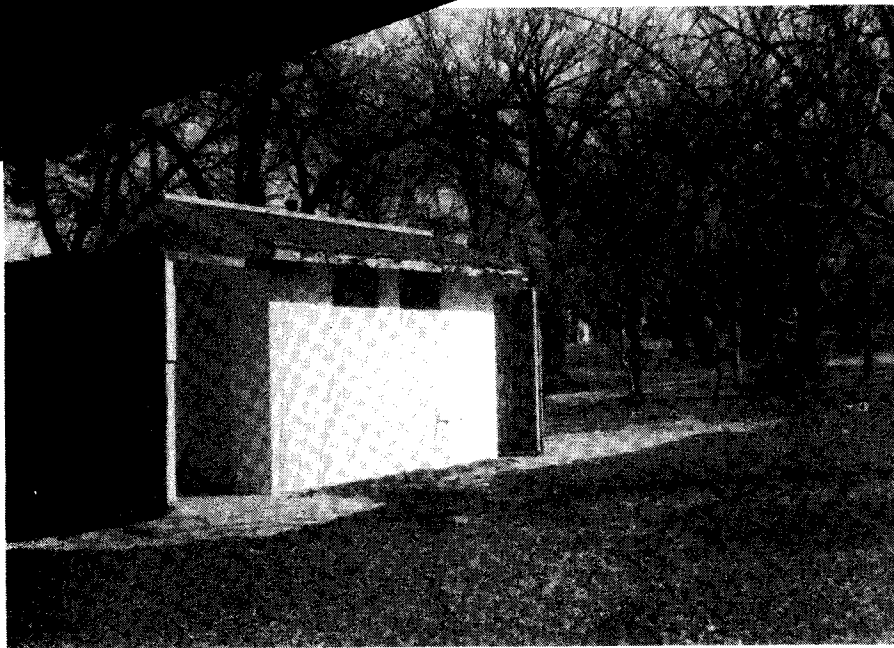
At 8:30 Barry woke. It was still light outside. There was a disturbing quietness in the house in spite of the sounds

coming from the TV. The sound of Crystal playing was missing. Barry quickly checked the rest of the house. Crystal was not there. The doors were still securely locked.

Barry went outside and called Crystal's name but got no answer. He took off looking for the child. He went by the Howards' house to tell them the girl was missing, then to where Hope worked to tell her the same news.

Knowing how much Crystal loved playing in Washington Park, the Howards headed there to look for the child. Hope and Barry concentrated their efforts between the park and their house. Darkness was falling fast but no sign of the little girl could be found.

The family was well aware of the changed social atmosphere of Douglas. What had been a small farm community where folks seldom bothered to lock a door was now an energy boom-town



This park restroom was scene of the assault on little Crystal (r.). Child's bloody, half-naked body was found sprawled on floor of the building. She had been stabbed and strangled, and investigators found signs of sexual molestation

with crime increasing at an alarming rate. The booming population included both the decent, law-abiding people and the dregs of our society, the parasites who deal in less than lawful enterprises and their camp followers. The 12-man Douglas Police Department headed by Chief Kyle Sowell had its collective hands full tracking down drug dealers, thieves, and the occasional sex pervert.

Crystal's family could not help but think, as they searched, of the dangers the changed social climate held for the child. But they kept their hopes up by reminding themselves that Crystal had wandered off before and been found safe and sound.

The family searched for an hour before notifying the police that Crystal was missing. It was 9:30 when Hope stopped by the police station to ask for help in looking for her daughter. At that hour there were usually only one or two officers on duty but they joined the search. The dispatcher called the local radio station, KWIV, and asked them to broadcast an appeal to the public for help in looking for the child.

As is usual in small towns, the fact that a four-year-old girl was missing somewhere in town spread by word of mouth like a prairie grass fire whipped by wind.

Soon the whole town was alive with citizens looking for the blonde, blue-eyed child wearing a lace trimmed, light blue dress with matching bloomers. The police alert on the radio did not mention shoes or socks.

Having found nothing in the park, the Howards returned home to wait by the phone for word of their precious grandchild.

Suddenly Faith got an idea and said, "You know, Syd, I'll just bet she is hiding from everyone who is looking for her."

"You could be right," Syd replied.

"Get the lantern out of the camper and go back to the park. Look under every bush. And get someone to check the ladies' restroom," Faith implored.

Syd was out the door almost before Faith had finished speaking.

Back at the park Syd did just as his wife had suggested. He approached a

woman he knew and had her check the ladies' room but Crystal was not there. He wondered if anyone had thought to check the men's room. Glancing at his watch he noticed it was 10:40 p.m.

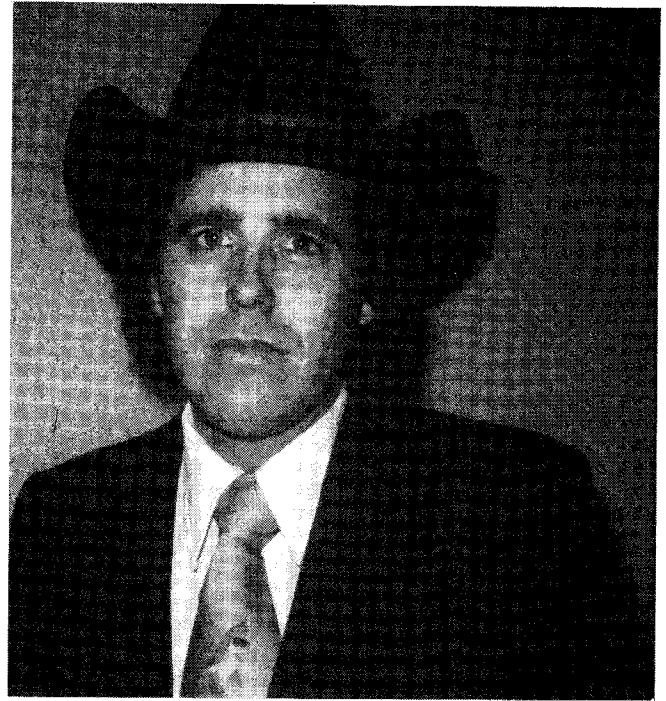
Syd held the lantern high and pushed open the door to a men's room smelling of vomit and urine. The sight which met his eyes will haunt him for the rest of his life.

There on the floor was Crystal.

She lay on her back, head turned slightly to the left. Her little blue dress was pushed up above the waist exposing her naked bottom. Her bloomers lay four feet away. Her right leg was drawn up with the knee resting against the front of the grimy toilet bowl. Blood literally covered the tiny little body and had saturated the dress.

Syd was momentarily stunned into immobility. Then he reached down and touched Crystal. She was cold and he could find no life signs. He backed out of the odorous place and let the door close on the gruesome scene. Grief stricken, Syd cried out to no one in particular among several people nearby,

When she was found in a restroom, her tiny body twisted grotesquely in a pool of blood, investigators vowed to find the one responsible . . . no matter how long it took



County Atty. Ruth Blake and Deputy. Atty. Wyatt Skaggs joined forces to help bring prime suspect to trial

"I've found her! Get the police! Quick!"

Chief Sowell was summoned to the scene and began issuing the necessary orders. He directed officers at the scene to cordon off a wide area round the toilet block. He had the dispatcher summon Officers George Meyer and Larry Majerus, the department's best investigators. The dispatcher was also ordered to call the Wyoming Division of Criminal Investigation in Cheyenne to ask for crime lab technicians to be sent to the scene. It would take a couple of hours for the DCI specialists to travel the 135 miles north to Douglas, and the body could not be moved until the lab men had processed the scene. There was still the painful task of informing the mother her child was dead.

Officer Meyer questioned Syd, who said, "I wanted to snatch her up in my arms and run to the hospital (less than a block away) but something inside me held me back. I knew she was dead and someone had done this awful thing to her. I didn't want to disturb any evidence."

Sgt. Majerus went to Crystal's home where he checked the locks. Majerus found a stool pushed up to an open window. Evidence indicated the child had gotten outside by climbing through the window. Her shoes were inside the house.

By 4:15 a.m., the lab men, who arrived from Cheyenne at 1:30 a.m., had completed their on scene work and the body had been moved to a local mortuary for an autopsy. During the initial examination, the pathologist found a single head hair on the outside of the blue dress. Under the folds of the dress,

next to the chest, two pubic hairs were found. There was one knife wound, 1 inch across and ¼ inch high, in the lower right chest. The neck was bruised from manual strangulation with verifying facial blotching and protruding eyes. Blood smears found down the right side and leg had the appearance of having been wiped. There was no blood on the bloomers.

The autopsy report would later read that death occurred about 9 p.m., and was due to a single stab wound which penetrated through the body with the knife tip striking the spine. Strangulation was listed as a contributing factor to death. There was no evidence the child had been penetrated sexually. The size of the stab wound indicated a common sized hunting knife was the weapon used.

The only evidence found in the restroom were the leavings where someone had recently vomited in the sink. The vomitus when later analyzed showed the person had ingested a large amount of alcohol and had recently used illegal drugs. Blood was smeared on one side of the sink. There were no raisable fingerprints.

The residents of Douglas woke Monday morning to hear on early newscasts that the missing child of the night before was the victim of murder. Reporters clamoring for information early Monday were not told about any of the evidence found or how little evidence actually existed, not even the size of the stab wound. Chief Sowell told one reporter, "We've got a couple of people who saw her near the park. And one witness called in early this morning thinks he saw

her with a white adult male near where we found her."

Reaction in the community was swift, evidenced by the speed with which a \$1,000 reward fund started by radio station KWIV quickly grew to over \$10,000 from public and business contributions.

Divorced from Hope, Crystal's father could not be reached until late Monday afternoon. A truck driver, he was on a long haul to California. As soon as he heard the terrible news he started back to Douglas.

Tuesday's newspaper carried an appeal for anyone with any information to contact the PD. Calls started pouring in as people grew suspicious of their neighbors. Only one or two of these calls would prove to be of any value.

The first call came Tuesday from an employe of a tire store. This man told police that a fellow employe, who he knew only as Don, had not shown up for work Monday or Tuesday. Don had a violent temper, the witness said, and was prone to frequent outbursts. The witness said Don always wore a knife in a leather sheath on his right side. Don had mentioned something about living at a motel across the street from the tire store.

On Wednesday morning, an 18-year-old girl from Pennsylvania, whose boy friend was lodged in the county jail waiting extradition back to their home state, was doing her laundry at a downtown laundromat. A fellow resident of the motel where she was staying was also in the laundromat and they got to talking about "the murder in the park." The other resident told the girl he was worried about something maybe

happening to her and gave the girl the knife he was wearing on his belt for her protection. The girl was suspicious about the knife and later talked to the fatherly motel owner about it.

The motel owner made the second useful call to the police. He told how the girl had been given the knife earlier that day. He said she had come to him for advice and he was making this call to the police for her.

Chief Sowell and Benny Kling, one of the crime lab men still in Douglas, wasted no time getting the four blocks from the police station over to the motel. The young girl told her story again for the investigators and handed them the knife. The two men instantly recognized the caked substance they saw on the knife and sheath as blood but only laboratory analysis could determine if it was animal or human. The girl said the man who had given her the knife was named Don LaTray and that he had been staying at the motel. She said he had gone down to the Slate Fairgrounds behind the motel to work for an Oklahoma horse trainer, and to be early for the State Fair, due to start the following week end.

Since few early arrivals had set up camp at the fairgrounds it was just a few minutes before Sowell and Kling had located LaTray. They talked to LaTray a few minutes and asked him if he would go to the police station with them and he cheerfully agreed.

At the station, LaTray said he had been to the park early Sunday afternoon but not that night. At the time of the girl's death, LaTray said, he had been at a downtown bar drinking with a guy from out of town.

LaTray said he was from Moab, Utah, where his mother still lived. He said his father lived in Lewistown, Montana. He described himself as a rodeo bull rider and that his hip had been injured when a bull threw him then stepped on him. He said he sometimes limped a little after he had been sitting for any length of time as a result of the injury. LaTray said he was 24 but could not prove it because he had lost his driver's license.

Sowell told LaTray about the hair found on the little girl's body and he offered samples of his own hair for comparison so he could be eliminated as suspect. When told the police would also like to have a photo of him, LaTra said, "Where? Just tell me where to stand." Kling noticed a stain on the instep of LaTray's right boot and got his permission to take a swab sample for testing.

After LaTray left, technician Kling took off for the long drive back to Cheyenne where he could study the hair samples, blood-caked knife, and boot swab in the well equipped crime lab.

Chief Sowell needed every officer on his small force just to handle the coming State Fair crowds as well as continue



A bloody knife, a bloodstained jacket, pubic hairs and other evidence amassed by the investigative team resulted in the arrest of 19-year-old Donald LaTray

the local investigation, so he called the county attorney's office for assistance. He needed someone to go to Utah to check out LaTray's background. On Thursday morning, Deputy County Attorney Wyatt Skaggs and Lou Dekmar, an investigator from the same office, flew to Utah to contact LaTray's mother.

On Friday, Officer Majerus spent the better part of the whole day going through the mug shot books picking out photos of men similar in appearance and physical description to the person seen with Crystal in the park shortly before her death.

Late Friday, Skaggs and Dekmar phoned with information they had learned so far. LaTray's mother had told them he had not been injured by a bull but had been born with the hip defect. They had also learned LaTray had been treated for mental problems and had been institutionalized in Utah. According to his mother, he was 19 years old. Checking with the various states, it was learned that LaTray had never been issued a driver's license.

Chief Sowell, Majerus and Meyer discussed LaTray's history of mental problems and his sudden, violent temper. The local mental health doctor advised them that a person with this history

would have to be handled very carefully, almost gently, to avoid a violent outburst. It was suggested that the officers' best approach would be to act and talk to the subject like sympathetic friends.

Sowell wanted to talk to LaTray about the discrepancies between what he had told them and what they had been able to learn for themselves. By now LaTray had moved on to Casper, located in Natrona County.

Early, Saturday morning, Sowell and Officer Majerus found LaTray at the county fairgrounds where he was staying in a trailer with a couple. LaTray did not want to talk at the trailer so the two officers took him to the Natrona Sheriff's office to make use of one of the interview rooms.

The two officers pointed out to LaTray that they had been able to learn for themselves that he had lied to them about some things—the hip injury was a birth defect, not a rodeo injury; he was 19 not 24 years old, and he had never had a driver's license. They showed LaTray pictures of the little girl—one as she had been in life and one of the crime scene photos of her body. He could not bring himself to look at the pictures and professed his innocence, saying if he

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Vincent DiNicolantonio (l. foreground) and Carlos Flores (arrow) were hauled in as suspects in murder of N.Y. cop



by **GEORGE CARPOZI JR.**

IT WAS A WAY of life for Police Officer Robert Walsh whenever he worked the 4 p.m. to midnight tour. He'd leave his 7th Precinct on Pitt Street on Manhattan's Lower East Side, drive over the Williamsburgh Bridge that crosses the East River, and take the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway to his home in Maspeth.

Almost always when leaving the job, the 36-year-old, 12-year veteran of the New York City Police Department would step out of uniform and get into street clothes. At the same time he'd shelve his .38-cal. service revolver in his locker and pack his smaller, snub-nosed off-duty .38-caliber pistol on his hip for the trip home.

Walsh's destination was the first-floor apartment in a two-story red brick house on 54th Road, a narrow tree-lined street with attached houses, three blocks from the BVD bar, at the corner of 54th and Flushing Avenue.

And this is the rub. The BVD was a waystop for this off-duty policeman whenever he worked the late-hour shift. He would drop in for a few beers and conversation with acquaintances among the pub's patrons, then head home to his wife and their two children. This was Walsh's second marriage and second family. In his previous marriage, he and his first wife had two daughters, now 9 and 8.

The policeman and his wife moved into their row house shortly after they



Off-duty Officer Walsh tried to halt tavern stickup, was felled with arm wound. Gunman then deliberately fired lethal bullet into the officer's head

were married. It previously had been the home of Walsh's father. Neighbors noticed from the very beginning that Bob and Sylvia were an inseparable couple. As the boys grew up, it was obvious to all that they were very attached to their father. It was a close family.

In those years on the block, Mrs. Walsh would tell friends or neighbors who hadn't heard her philosophy before, about what it's like to have a cop for a husband, father, and breadwinner:

"We never thought about his job. We decided that if you live every day thinking about the job, the pressure will kill you. You'll just go crazy. The only thing we think about is that when he goes to work, that he'll come home—and that's it."

It was close to 12:30 a.m. when Walsh parked near the BVD and entered the tavern. He didn't simply open the front door and walk in off the windblown sidewalk that early morning of January 12, 1981 a Monday. He had to stand in the bone chilling 15-degree temperature and wait for the bartender to press the buzzer from behind the mahogany. Then the door unlocked and Walsh walked in. Automatically, the door then swung closed and the lock clicked shut.

Or at least that was the design of things at the BVD. It was a precaution the owner had taken to keep out undesirables, but most of all to safeguard against holdups. There'd been so many robberies of neighborhood ginmills in



NYPD HORROR STORY: COLD-BLOODED ASSASSINATION OF A HERO COP

Maspeth in recent years that such locking devices were becoming increasingly in vogue.

Once he was buzzed in, a chorus of hellos greeted Walsh. He returned the salutations and took an empty stool at the front of the bar. Then he recognized an acquaintance sitting next to him. He didn't have to announce his preference for a drink. The bartender knew and served Walsh's favorite brew.

"That one's on me," said his companion. He turned to the bartender and pointed to the dollar bills and change on the bar next to his drink.

As the barkeep rang up the sale on the cash register, a customer got off a stool in the middle of the bar, voiced a good-night to his drinking companions, and went out.

No one was paying attention to the self-locking door at the moment. But evidently it did not lock, because seconds later a tall man, wearing a stocking mask and brandishing a gun in each hand, burst into the saloon.

Right behind him came two accomplices. They were not armed, but

they didn't need weapons. The snub-nosed pistol and four-inch revolver in the hands of the lead bandit were precisely twice the fire power in the BVD. Even more than that, the man with the snub-nosed off-duty .38, Police Officer Robert Walsh, was at a distinct disadvantage.

His gun was holstered on his hip. Moreover, the gunman had wedged himself between Walsh and the man who had bought his drink as he snarled to the bartender, "Empty that register and give it to us!"

The juices must have stirred within Robert Walsh. His adrenalin certainly had to be flowing. At least those same emotional surges were experienced by this policeman on 20 previous occasions. That was the number of times in the past he had been awarded departmental citations by the NYPD for heroism and excellent police duty.

Although looking death right in the eye, Walsh ignored the danger of the two gun barrels pointed at the bartender, almost under his nose. He reared back, went for his off-duty revolver, and

said to the gunman:

"I'm a police officer . . ."

Whatever else Walsh intended to utter is something we'll never know. The two-gun bandit stepped back and triggered a quick shot at the policeman. The bullet struck his arm. Walsh dropped his gun and fell to the floor, grimacing in pain.

The gunman turned to his accomplices and shouted something in Spanish. They turned on their heels and dashed out of the pub. Then he started to follow them, but almost as an afterthought he stopped. He stood directly over the fallen policeman.

Pointing the gun in his right hand directly at Walsh's head and, even as screams from the patrons pleaded, "No! No!", he fired.

Then the killer was gone.

He was a killer because he had indeed fired a lethal bullet into Police Officer Walsh's head.

A patron waited until the gunman had left the bar, then picked up Walsh's off-duty revolver, ran out of the bar, and

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**Add Police Officer Bob Walsh to the grim
list of cops shot down by the animals
who prowl our streets in the guise of men**



After failed suicide bid, Pierre Vincent told homicide investigators one of the wildest stories they had ever heard. Probers learned that Michele Florene had bizarre circle of friends with whom she seemed to have little in common



THE SERGEANT was used to making decisions on his own initiative, but he had the feeling that this was one for his superior officer, Inspector Charles Journeau. At the moment, however, the inspector was unavailable. He was, in fact, in the office of the Commissioner of Paris Police, where he was receiving a commendation for his work in a particularly difficult investigation of an international heroin ring. This criminal investigation, according to evidence unearthed by Inspector Journeau and his capable staff, had resulted in the capture of the ringleader and several henchmen, all of whom were charged, among other things, with murdering 9 of their number who were suspected of collaborating with the police.

Understandably, the inspector was in a good mood when finally he returned to his office. Detective Sergeant Emile Maurois, who had been the inspector's first assistant for the past four years, waited until Journeau had seated himself at his desk and lit one of the long, thin black cigars he habitually smoked.

"I have just been talking to the surgeon in charge of the emergency section at the Hospital of St. Boniface," Maurois began. "He tells me they have a patient we might wish to talk to."

"Tell me about it," Insp. Journeau said when the sergeant paused to light a cigarette. "Why would we wish to talk to this patient?"

"Well, according to the doctor, the man attempted to commit suicide last night—or early this morning, rather," the sergeant said, "but he was brought in in time and he will not die. But ever since he regained consciousness," the doctor tells me, "he has been ranting and raving some wild story about a dead woman."

"Dead of natural causes, or otherwise?" asked Insp. Journeau.

"I presume otherwise," said the sergeant, "but the doctor would not actually confirm that. He insists we should listen to this patient ourselves and make up our own minds."

"Have you sent some men to check it out?"

"No, I thought I should wait for you," Maurois replied. "The address this patient gives for the dead woman is on Avenue Foch, No. 44, an apartment on the sixth floor."

The inspector's eyebrows rose. Avenue Foch is one of Paris' most distinguished high rent districts. One had to be a millionaire to reside there.

"Do you have the name of the resident of that apartment?" Journeau asked.

"Mademoiselle Michele Florene," Sgt. Maurois said. As the inspector looked up quickly, he added, "Yes, the same family, but she lives there by herself, or at least away from the rest of the family."

Both men understood that Maurois was referring to the family of Paul Florene, one of the wealthiest men in all France, head of a clan which had become legendary in the republic's world of high finance.

"Michele," the inspector said slowly. "She is the one who is always in the scandal magazines, is she not? The 'playgirl,' I think they call her."

"The same," said Sgt. Maurois. "Her true name is Marie, but she prefers to be called Michele, which I think is one of her middle names. Her mother is still alive, but the girl has had her own menage for several years, I believe."

"This man in the hospital—the attempted suicide chap—is he someone who normally moves in the same circles as the Florenes?"

"It doesn't look that way," he sergeant replied. "His name is Pierre Vincent. Twenty-three years old. From

all I can gather, he's a drug addict, but he comes from a respectable family. It's the drug thing that made me wait for you, Inspector. The doctor to whom I spoke says he can't tell how much truth there is to the man's raving, or if there is any truth at all. He was heavily under the influence of drugs when he tried to kill himself, and they're not sure of what drugs—or combination of drugs—he had been taking."

Asked by the inspector if he had checked the Florene residence, the sergeant said he had but no one was answering the telephone. "I have a patrol car at the house and they've reported that nobody answers the doorbell, either. And the door of the apartment is locked. Also, the building management insists they have no pass key."

The inspector rose and said they should check on the set of circumstances which Sgt. Maurois had outlined. He thought they should try to have a chat with Monsieur Vincent at the hospital first, and decide after that whether it was advisable to break down the door of the apartment on Avenue Foch.

Pierre Vincent, the thwarted suicide, proved to be not only able to talk, but extremely eager to do so. He had tried to cut his wrists and bleed to death, but he had not cut very deeply and the doctors had patched him up quickly.

The inspector and the sergeant, however, felt just as uncertain as the emergency room doctor had in regard

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Decapitation murder of a wealthy heiress in sixth floor flat of this swanky apartment building posed one of the most baffling mysteries in years for Paris investigators

**MD DOUBLE
LENGTH FEATURE**

**Detectives uncovered devil worship
paraphernalia, a nympho's severed head in a
glass bowl, indications of wild sex orgies . . .**

these were the grisly clues in the case of

THE KILLING FRENZY TRIGGERED BY A POTION OF LOVE

Horror Stabbing Of a Little Girl

(Continued from page 33)

had done such a thing he would certainly remember it.

They told LaTray that they needed a sample of his blood for comparison with the blood found on the knife. The Natrona SO duty nurse was available and LaTray allowed her to take a sample of his blood. He said he had cut himself and that was how the blood got on the knife. He said he had wiped his cut hand on his jacket and that it had blood on it, too, if they wanted to test it.

Chief Sowell and Officer Majerus drove LaTray back to the campground, where he turned a sleeveless denim jacket over to the officers. The local of the bloodstain on the jacket was exactly where the knife handle would have touched. Both officers knew the amount of blood on the knife and jacket was far more than would have resulted from a simple cut on the hand. They also knew that the man seen with the child had been wearing just such a jacket. Sowell and Majerus returned to Douglas without LaTray and rushed the blood sample and jacket off to the crime lab.

The witness who had seen the murdered child with an adult male shortly before the time of death was contacted. Police officers wanted to know if he could add to his original description of the adult male—5 feet 8 inches tall, 140 pounds, brown shoulder-length hair. Sowell suggested investigative hypnosis and the witness readily agreed. Under hypnosis, the witness was able to recall several details. The man had been wearing cowboy boots, jeans and a black cowboy hat in addition to the sleeveless jacket, and he walked with a slight limp. The witness viewed the photos prepared by Officer Majerus which also included LaTray's photo. "That's him. That's the man," the witness said as soon as he came to LaTray's photo.

Sowell and his two investigators spent some time Sunday going over the case. They knew by that special cop's gut instinct that LaTray was their man, but they also knew they did not have much of a case against him. LaTray was a drifter on the move who had been in Douglas about two weeks before he moved on to Casper. If they could not arrest him soon, he might drift right out of their hands before they had their airtight case.

By Monday, August 18th, Douglas was filling up with thousands of people attending the State Fair. The "carny" people and the ride operators were setting up tents and rides. Lynch talk got really thick as fairgoers and operators

alike learned about the child's murder from local residents. One grizzled old carny woman, known only as Gravel Gertie, dug down in her purse and handed a single dollar bill to a reporter. She asked that her last dollar be added to the reward fund for finding Crystal's killer which then stood at \$17,500.

That day, Chief Sowell took his case to County Attorney Ruth Blake to ask if, in her opinion, there was enough evidence to win a conviction or even make an arrest. Ms. Blake said no, because LaTray could not be placed in the restroom with the girl at the time of her death. The witness had seen them at 8:30 but the girl had not died until 9. There were no fingerprints. The lab reports on the hair and blood samples, stained jacket, or knife were not in yet. The knife was not found in LaTray's possession. "Any defense lawyer would punch holes in the case as it stands now," Ms. Blake said.

After thinking things over, Sowell decided on another talk with LaTray. Very early Tuesday morning, he and Officer Majerus knocked on the Casper trailer door. When LaTray answered, rubbing sleep from his eyes, Sowell offered to buy him some breakfast. "No breakfast, thanks," LaTray answered, "but some coffee would sure be good."

Majerus had to help LaTray from the trailer, as he was now walking on crutches. He said a horse had stepped on his foot. Majerus read him the Miranda warning and asked LaTray if he was still willing to talk to them. "Yeah, sure," LaTray said.

The three men got into Chief Sowell's car. Before leaving the campground, Sowell stopped by the office and placed calls to the Casper police and Natrona sheriff's office. He wanted to inform them that an officer from outside their jurisdiction was meeting with a suspect and wanted someone from either office to attend, but they had no one available.

Over coffee at the Village Inn in Casper, Chief Sowell and Officer Majerus again told LaTray about the evidence they had developed and pointed out he had lied to them about a lot of things. Besides, they said, a witness had positively identified him as the man seen with the little girl just before she died.

Suddenly, LaTray hung his head and started to cry. "You know I did it. I know I did it. I need help. Will you help me?" LaTray muttered. He said that at first he had not remembered doing it, but after glimpsing the photos the previous Saturday, pieces began falling into place. He said he remembered pulling the knife out of the body but not the actual stabbing. Nearly hysterical, LaTray said he could not talk anymore. People in the restaurant had begun to stare.

Sowell and Majerus looked at each

other in surprise. They had not expected a confession and County Attorney Blake had said the evidence was not enough for a conviction. Sowell knew defense lawyers like to get confessions thrown out of court. Sowell also knew it was his duty as a law enforcement officer to place confessed killers under arrest.

The two officers gave LaTray a chance to regain his composure before asking him what had happened to the rest of his clothes he had been wearing that day. LaTray said his pants and shirt were back at the trailer where he had been staying. He offered to get the clothes and bring them to Chief Sowell in Douglas. Sowell told LaTray he would have to return to Douglas with them but that they could stop by the trailer first so LaTray could get all of his things.

At the trailer, LaTray asked the officers not to disturb the still sleeping couple he had been staying with while he collected his belongings. LaTray brought out a duffel bag which Officer Majerus put in the trunk of the car. Before closing the trunk, Majerus pulled a pair of jeans from the bag. Down the right leg were stains which Majerus recognized as blood. He put the jeans back in the bag and closed the trunk. He would have to wait until a private moment away from LaTray to tell Sowell about the jeans.

During the hour long ride back to Douglas, Majerus asked LaTray if he knew what was in the sink shown in one of the crime scene photos. LaTray correctly identified the contents even though it was not discernible in the photo. LaTray also said Crystal had not been wearing any shoes. Both these facts had never been public knowledge. The officers took LaTray directly to the Douglas police station where he made a more detailed formal confession, which was recorded on tape.

LaTray confessed he had spent all day drinking in a bar. He had smoked at least six joints of marijuana and had had some hash while at the bar. He went looking for a party in the park. He was sitting on a picnic table bench in the park when the little girl had come up to him and asked him to play with her. He felt sick and dizzy and went across the narrow park street to the men's room. The little girl followed him. He threw up in the sink, got dizzy, and started to fall. He saw the girl, grabbed her to get his balance. Then he got mad and pulled the knife. He remembered pulling the knife out of her body but not stabbing her. The child fell and he tried to stand her up but when she would not stand, he let her fall. He wiped the knife once on her dress and twice on his pants leg. He then went back to the bar for more

BEATING YOUR WIFE CAN BE FATAL
(MD MAY 1981)

CATHERINE FRIED, defendant in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania vs. Catherine Spear Fried case, has been granted a new trial. According to her legal counsel, the Court of Common Pleas, Criminal Trial Division, granted the new trial due to the insufficiency of the Commonwealth's evidence which related to whether or not a crime had occurred at all, whether any criminal agency had been involved in Dr. Fried's death, or whether the Commonwealth had presented proof of a corpus delicti. ♦♦♦

drinking and drugs.

LaTray vehemently denied he had tried to sexually molest the child. Chief Sowell thought differently. Crystal had been seen with LaTray at 8:30 p.m., but she had not died until 9 p.m. Death had been virtually instantaneous. That left a gap of 30 minutes. The events as related by LaTray would have taken a very few minutes. Sowell theorized, but had no way of proving, that once inside the restroom LaTray had removed the child's underpants and tried to sexually molest her. It is a well known fact that males having ingested large amounts of alcohol and drugs are incapable of erection. Sowell thought that maybe Crystal became frightened and tried to cry or get away. Perhaps LaTray then coked the girl into silence. Possibly LaTray stabbed her in frustration over his inability to achieve his sexual intentions or to prevent her from later identifying him. LaTray was then sick in the sink from the sight of what he had just done to an innocent child. LaTray denied all of this. After making his statement, he was taken to the hospital for treatment of his injured foot before being removed to the county jail.

While Chief Sowell was still at the jail a call came through from Kling. The blood on the knife and denim jacket might have belonged to Crystal. It was in the same blood grouping. The hair found on the body was compatible with LaTray's. Sowell breathed a sigh of relief. He now had his airtight case and LaTray was safely in jail.

Sowell called a press conference, announcing the arrest of Crystal Lynn Courtier's suspected killer, Donald Arthur LaTray Jr. Word spread fast around town and adults released some of the closeness of their watch over the towns' children.

LaTray was scheduled to make his

initial court appearance and be arraigned at 2:30 p.m. that same day. As jailers led him from the jail, press cameras flashed, and LaTray tried to bolt back into the jail. Guards were forced to half carry him through the gauntlet of reporters into the courtroom. LaTray was ordered held without bond and public defender Raymond Hoopman was appointed to represent him. The preliminary hearing was set for Wednesday, August 27th, at 9 a.m.

The progress of this case through the courts proved to be everything but routine. It all started the day before the preliminary hearing. Chief Sowell was in a jail interview room talking to LaTray when Attorney Hoopman arrived and took umbrage over the fact that his client was talking to the police in his lawyer's absence. Sowell and Hoopman exchanged angry words and did some uncomplimentary name calling.

Hoopman opened the next day's hearing with two motions. He asked the court to close the proceedings to the public and press, and asked that he be allowed to withdraw as defense counsel. Then a local attorney rose from the audience and asked the court to accept motions on behalf of radio station KWIV and Casper TV station KTWO asking that the proceedings not be closed. Prosecutor Skaggs supported the motions to keep the hearing open.

Justice of the Peace James A. Hardee ordered the courtroom cleared while he heard Attorney Hoopman's arguments in favor of his motion to withdraw. After an hour the press corps was told they could return to the courtroom. Hardee announced he was granting the withdrawal motion and rescheduled the hearing for the following Wednesday, September 3rd at 9 a.m. Hardee told the

reporters that a transcript of the closed proceedings would be made available to them but that certain portions dealing with Hoopman's personal reasons for withdrawing would not be available for print. (Word spread from other than courtroom sources that Hoopman had been threatened with harm if he continued as LaTray's lawyer.) Judge Hardee said he was delaying the hearing until the State Public Defender's Office in Cheyenne could appoint another defense lawyer.

As LaTray was half carried back to the jail, a female photographer managed to snap a closeup shot of LaTray's face. He started kicking and screaming epithets at the woman, but the jailers maintained their hold on him. When LaTray calmed down later, he asked one of the jailers to get him copies of the photo and clippings out of the papers so he could send them home to his mother.

Dick Honaker, head of the public defender officer, arrived in Douglas Tuesday and spent about half an hour talking with LaTray, explaining the charges against him, the penalties, his rights, and court procedures. Honaker came away with a defense plan in mind.

Honaker borrowed a typewriter and dashed off several motions and affidavits to the courts. The first motion went to Judge Hardee, requesting that the case be immediately transferred to District Court. The next motion went to District Court Judge William A. Taylor, who had just been appointed to the bench. This motion asked that LaTray be sent immediately to the state mental hospital at Evanston, Wyoming, for a psychiatric examination. Honaker stated in his motion that he had "reasonable cause to believe that the accused has a mental illness or deficiency making him unfit to proceed." Both judges granted these motions during proceedings away from the eyes and ears of reporters. After meeting with Honaker that day, Attorney Hoopman was no longer employed as a public defender.

When the press arrived the next day for the continuance of the preliminary hearing, they were told the hearing was off and that LaTray was well on his way to Evanston on the opposite side of the state, under the guard of two deputy sheriffs. When they arrived at Evanston, the hospital had no room for LaTray and the deputies had to leave him in the local jail. Before leaving, LaTray asked the deputies to take his file back to Douglas because he did not want the people at the hospital to know what he had done. The court order stated that LaTray was to remain at the mental hospital for not more than 30 days and the hospital was to report back an opinion on LaTray's fitness to stand trial and any other mental illnesses or defects.

On September 18th, County Attorney Blake filed a motion in District court asking that the 18-year-old Pennsylvania girl, who had told the Douglas motel owner about a man who had given her a knife, be held as a material witness. The girl had married her jailed boyfriend and was planning to return to their home state when he was picked up by that state's authorities. The court ruled that the girl would have to post a \$3,000 bond guaranteeing her return to testify or give a sworn deposition before she would be allowed to leave Douglas. The girl opted to give the deposition. On September 20th she was in court for the taking of her testimony under questioning by both Blake and Honaker, but no reporters were present.

The press was on hand November 20th when LaTray was due back into district court for arraignment at 4:30 p.m. Proceedings did not get under way until nearly five, the normal closing time at the courthouse. As courthouse employes got off work, they slipped into the back of the courtroom instead of going home.

Among the reporters, the old hands at covering arraignments and trials soon realized that this arraignment was different. When Judge Taylor asked LaTray how he wished to plead to the charge, LaTray answered, "Guilty." Honaker explained that there had been a plea bargain, with LaTray pleading guilty in return for a life sentence, beginning with one year of treatment at the state hospital for drug and alcohol abuse. Judge Taylor asked LaTray if he understood what the plea bargain entailed. LaTray answered, "In return for the plea of guilty, I get the death penalty taken off me."

In order to accept the plea, Judge Taylor told LaTray, he would have to testify under oath about details of the crime to which he was pleading guilty. LaTray took the stand and told how he had been in the bar, gone to the park, encountered little Crystal, and how she had followed him to the restroom.

"I done it. I killed her."

The judge asked him "Did you kill the little girl?"

LaTray answered, "Yes."

Judge Taylor said he would have to have more than that to accept a guilty plea. LaTray said, with his head down, "I had the knife. It's what I used to kill her."

When Judge Taylor asked LaTray about his family, he said he did not want to say where they lived because "it would put their lives to shame if the press got ahold of that."

LaTray was unable to give the judge the evidence needed to make the plea acceptable to the court, so County Attorney Blake put Chief Sowell on the witness stand. Sowell went through the case step by step, just as he had done the

day before at the preliminary hearing. Blake presented only one piece of evidence, the crime scene photo of Crystal lying dead in the grimy men's room with her knee resting against the toilet. In displaying the photo, Blake took great care not to hold the photo where LaTray could see it.

LaTray said, "No, Sir," when Judge Taylor asked him if he had anything to say before sentence was passed. The judge added only one thing to the plea agreement. He ordered the state hospital to submit a report on LaTray to the court every three months until such time as LaTray begins serving his life sentence at the state pen in Rawlins, Wyoming.

Barely 14 weeks had passed since Crystal had slipped out of home and toddled off to her death. The police, jailers, and court officers in Douglas had

taken great care to handle LaTray ever so gently, to prevent an outburst of his violent temper. LaTray won't find life in the pen so easy. Even convicts in prison take a dim view of their fellows who have been convicted of harming a child, especially if the crime has sexual overtones.

As this was written, Donald Arthur LaTray Jr. was being held in the Wyoming State Mental Hospital at Evanston, Wyoming. ♦♦♦

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Syd and Faith Howard, Hope Evert and Barry Johns are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Fictitious names have been used because there is no reason for public interest in the identities of these persons.

Was Homo Torched By an Angry Lover?

(Continued from page 29)

patrol car, he was advised that he was in custody in connection with the Fitzgerald murder. Wyre told the sleuths that he was covered because he had been with his friend Bert Milo the previous night. Bert Milo had just been with him at the Holiday Inn.

But when he was advised he was a suspect in the murder, Wyre became very loud and argumentative.

"I dropped him off at the peach orchard," Wyre insisted. "I ain't seen Fitzgerald after that, 'cause then I went to my mother-in-law's house." The dark-haired young man was in a belligerent mood, but did at least show that he was in control of himself.

Dealing with Wyre proved to be tricky. He knew the ins-and-outs of the police nice guy-tough guy routine of questioning and he put his own competing act together. He demanded to see an attorney and then when Sergeant Chaplin and Detective Mock tried to fulfill this constitutionally-guaranteed request, Wyre then tried to confide in them without an attorney, so that his own statements could later be ruled inadmissible if they ever tried to use them against him. Then Wyre waived his rights and gave the investigators a statement, which they took reluctantly.

"I stopped at Miklasz's Store about 8:30," he said, looking down at the floor and then suddenly up into Sergeant Chaplin's eyes. "I was tryin' to get out of there as I was lost and I needed directions. As I was getting back in my car a drunk came up and asked if I would take him home. He looked pretty soaked, so I said to myself, 'What the hell, can't hurt if I give the old man a lift,' so I helped

him get into my car. So we was all set, ready to leave and one of these two bikers come up to me and says, 'You forgot something.' It was a bottle of gin that that old man had left on the porch steps. Anyway I took him up the road to the end of the peach orchard and let him off. I had to get over to my mother-in-law's house. I was gonna be getting one of those scrubbers to do the carpet and I wanted to talk to her first."

Taking one of those subtle visual signals from Sergeant Chaplin, Detective Mock tried to slip into gear by running over Wyre's story with him. But the wily free-lance mechanic refused to fall into the trap when the sleuths asked him how it happened that both he and Fitzgerald were seen in the store together, Wyre buying orange juice and the old man his bottle of gin.

"What happened when Fitz didn't have enough scratch to pay for his gin? Didn't you give him a quarter to make up the difference?" demanded Sergeant Chaplin.

"Yeah, I remember that," responded the muscularly built young man. "But come to think of it, that was on Wednesday, not Thursday, which was what we was talkin' about. Yeah, what I just told you was Wednesday, not Thursday."

"Well, what did you do on Thursday, then?" the big, blond detective sergeant asked.

"About nine o'clock in the morning I saw that same old man again at Miklasz's while I was on my way over to pick up George. Then we left to go pick up Bill Marlin's car as I was going to work on it."

The veteran sleuths left their young subject alone while they went into a huddle.

"Looks to me like he's trying to play us off against this lawyer from Legal Aid," said Detective Mock. "We go much

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farther with him and he'll have us in a trap of his own."

"He's a son-of-a-gun, isn't he?" responded Sergeant Chaplin, who had dealt with plenty of tough and elusive cookies in his day but few were quite so adept at station house shenanigans as young Wyre.

"You know, Boss, he did tell us something, though," piped up Detective Mock later while they were walking down the corridor to the men's room.

"What's that?"

"The name of the black kid who was with him. He said he picked up George near Miklasz's. Maybe we can track his house down in the vicinity. He might be able to tell us something about Wyre's movements."

"Good idea. Why don't you do it?" suggested the detective sergeant.

It wasn't as difficult as it might have been tracking down 15-year-old George Foley. He and his father agreed to come into the police homicide unit to give the detectives whatever help they could. On their way through, Wyre saw them.

"We know you're tied in with this somehow," said Sergeant Chaplin to the solemn-faced youth, whose father looked on nearby. "Leroy said he picked you up on Thursday morning. We've got a little girl who saw you come into Leroy's apartment with him the night of the murder, and we've got the guy from the Holiday Inn who also said he saw you with Leroy the night of the murder. Now tell us what you know and how you were hooked up with Leroy that day."

Young George hesitated, then looked at his father.

"Man, I was just riding my cycle around the house a few times when Leroy drove up and picked me up. We went to house twice.

"Then we went to Severna Park and saw Bert Milo swimming. After that we went to pick up another car Leroy was working on. We went over to this chick's house. We was there for a little while and we were coming back to my house later at night and we couldn't get through the roads because the fire engines had blocked them all up. So we watched the fire."

Detective James Moore had come into the large, hall-like room where your George was being interrogated, walked up and announced, "Leroy's just dropped it all on us."

Wyre, sitting at the opposite end within earshot, jumped up and started yelling, "George, they're lying to you! I haven't told them anything! Don't say nothing!"

Sergeants Chaplin and Farrell grabbed Wyre and took him to another room.

George's eyes widened and he said, looking at the departing Wyre, "He's crazy. I ain't killed nobody."

Detective Mock, who never had to try playing the nice guy role because he fits

into it so well, said placatingly, while glancing occasionally at George's dad. "Listen, George. We want you to think this over real carefully now. Lee's told us he did it and he told us also that you were involved. Whatever was done in this crime should be told fully, George. All I want you to do is listen carefully to what your father tells you to do. He wants you to tell the truth."

Detective Mock also went over to the Identification section, where Wyre was being fingerprinted.

"I don't like that Detective Moore and Sergeant Chaplin," Wyre confided to Detective Mock, who had unobtrusively sidled up to him.

"The pieces to the case are all being put together, so it will be important to add your own statement," said the veteran sleuth, with his knack for getting even prime suspects to act as if they are just witnesses.

"I'll get back to you as soon as I talk to my attorney," Wyre promised.

Meanwhile, the technicians were busy. Anne Arundel County Fire Department Technician V. Richard Malloy, using the leuko-malachite test to detect invisible traces of blood, got positive results when his chemicals turned blue inside the brown Capri that Wyre had been working on and driving on Thursday. He also ran the test on Wyre's hands and got positive results in Wyre's cuticles and on his ring. What was less clear was George Foley's participation.

Technician Malloy ran his leukomalachite test on Foley's hands and the results were negative.

Detective Mock decided to try again to get a statement from Foley.

"I already told you, I was with Leroy at Miklasz's. That's all," Foley said.

"Come off it, kid, we know you're withholding evidence. Now tell me, did you know that Leroy was going to kill Fitzgerald?"

"I just walked into the house and I saw Leroy standing over the old man with a breaker bar from the car," the youth protested. "Leroy just asked him where the gun was. Then later I saw Leroy throwing bottles at him. We then picked up the juice and booze and a couple of cups and we headed on out to the Timbuctu tavern."

"When you got back to Leroy's house, why did you go out again?" one of the investigators asked.

"He got a big knife and some gas in the gas can. He told me to drive to the old man's house. I waited in the car. When Leroy came back to the car the house was on fire. Then we went back to the Timbuctu, then made a stop at this girl's house. When we came back a few minutes later we could see the old man's house burning. So we went and got

Leroy's wife and went to watch it."

Foley was advised of his rights and agreed to answer further questions. He said he removed two dollars from the victim's pockets and helped clean blood from the knife that Leroy had stabbed him with on his return trip to the house that night.

With this information, Leroy J. Wyre was formally charged with the murder of Delbert Fitzgerald. The detectives now also had sufficient information to begin collecting other physical evidence for possible use in the prosecution of the accused murderer.

With young Foley's help, the gas can was recovered from some woods along the road half a mile from Fitzgerald's house. The can was identified by one of Wyre's neighbors as belonging to a boat that he kept nearby.

Wyre's wife also consented to a search of their apartment. The detectives recovered a pair of blue jeans which appeared to have blood on them and an empty vodka bottle. Both were sent for laboratory testing.

They searched in vain, however, for the pair of shoes Wyre had worn on the night of the murder. They emptied the contents of a trash dumpster behind a nearby liquor store and still couldn't find the shoes.

But by checking the registration of the brown Capri with the Department of Motor Vehicles, they had already located another witness.

Bill Marlin had given Wyre his car to have it serviced at 9:30 a.m. Thursday morning, and Wyre had returned it to him shortly before noon on Friday. But on Thursday night, Marlin told the sleuths, he had also seen Wyre and Foley at the Timbuctu, at about 10 p.m., and Wyre was overheard telling another friend of his, Bert Milo, that he had been in a fight that same night. Marlin also told the investigators that Wyre and George Foley then left.

When the FBI fingerprint report came back to the homicide unit, the sleuths had even more to work with: George Foley's palm print was found on the vodka bottle and also that of his left ring finger. Confronted with this evidence, and persuaded that his cooperation and status as a juvenile would encourage judicial leniency, Foley agreed to give a complete statement.

"After we got the orange juice and vodka (at Miklasz's), we went on to Fitzgerald's house and drank and talked," the youth said. "Then Leroy told me to check the oil in the car. Then after I did that I went back to the house and saw Leroy over the old man in the living room. The old man was on the floor and Leroy was standing over him with a breaker bar in his hand, asking the old man where the gun was at. The old man said it was under the mattress and Leroy told me to find it but it wasn't

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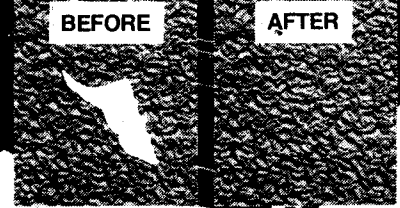
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there. That's when Leroy really got mad and started choking him. Leroy then said get something. I got Leroy a knife but the man kept struggling. Then it looked like he passed out. Then Leroy started hitting him with the bottles."

The youth further related that he got their things together and he and Leroy left and returned to Leroy's house. After Leroy had washed up, he went to the kitchen and grabbed a big butcher knife which he showed to the youth with the comment, "Just in case."

"We went back to Fitzgerald's house and found the man gagging. Leroy took a bottle and cut the man on the side of the neck. Then the dude didn't die, so he said, 'What's the best way to make him die?' Then Leroy cut him through the windpipe with the butcher knife and stabbed him six times in the chest.

"Then we went to the Timbuctu, then back to Leroy's where he got a gas can from a boat nearby. He siphoned gas from a Gremlin and a white truck. Then he went back to the house and set it on fire."

After another short visit to the Timbuctu, Wyre and Foley returned to watch the fire.

In November of 1980, Leroy J. Wyre was convicted of old Delbert Fitzgerald's murder and sentenced to life in prison. And while the statements of witnesses and the pieces of physical evidence all confirmed Wyre's guilt, the sleuths were still puzzled over a motive for Fitzgerald's murder.

George Foley had a theory. He volunteered that Wyre had done it to carry out a robbery which netted but two dollars.

But Detective Mock rejected that idea. It made little sense to murder a nearly-indigent farm hand for two dollars when even Wyre knew Fitzgerald had so little money that he had to borrow 25 cents just to buy a pint of booze. And even Wyre himself confided to the veteran sleuth that that made little sense.

"Someday I'll tell you what really happened," Wyre promised him as the trial came to a close. "It didn't happen

because of that," he said.

That left Detective Mock to wonder to himself while Wyre and the late Delbert Fitzgerald kept the secret buried within them.

But Mock knew enough about Fitzgerald to have his own theory. The victim was known to be such a down and out lush that in the past he had peddled homosexual favors to buy his booze. It was possible, Detective Mock speculated, that this may have happened the night of May 15, 1980. It seemed likely that not only did Wyre refuse to entertain Fitzgerald's propositions, but that the brash, hot-tempered and alcoholically loaded young mechanic took violent offense at them. ◆◆◆

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Bill Marlin, Bert Milo, George Foley and Henry Dinario are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Fictitious names have been used because there is no reason for public interest in the identities of these persons.

Dallas Strangler . . .

(Continued from page 18)

faced in connection with a homicide being probed by another detective who was not on duty at the time.

The detective—who was working on the death of Wanda Fay Roberts—had not put out a general pickup bulletin on Cole, the ex-con who had been staying at the Oak Lawn halfway house, because he had no evidence to hold him in the Roberts woman's slaying at this point. The sleuth did want to question Cole when he surfaced back at the halfway house.

But when the investigator assigned to the Roberts homicide reported for duty on Monday, he spotted Carroll Edward Cole's name in the report concerning the killing of Sally Thompson. Noting the similarity of circumstances surrounding the two deaths, the detective headed immediately for the halfway house where Cole was known to stay.

He was in luck. Cole was there, and the detective took him into custody. He saw immediately that Cole's appearance matched that of the man seen leaving the bar with Wanda Roberts, a man with the first name of "Eddie."

At the Dallas police station, Cole, who always seemed to have a cigarette between his lips, told the detective who was questioning him, "I need help." And then, to the astonishment of the investigators, who had first warned him fully of all his legal rights, Cole began unfolding a horror tale in which he not only admitted that he killed the three Dallas women—Dorothy King, Wanda Fay

Roberts and Sally Thompson—but also the strangulation murders of six other women in the Western United States over the past 10 years!

Besides the Dallas women, Cole said his victims included three women in San Diego, Calif., two in Las Vegas, Nev., and one in Casper, Wyo. Most of the women he had met in bars, the suspect said, and the only reason he gave for his homicidal actions was, "Something just came over me."

Cole told the detective that the San Diego slayings occurred in an east side neighborhood of modest homes and strips of massage parlors, adult book stores and bars. One of the women was his wife, the suspect said.

She was Dianne Fay Cole, 39, whose body was found in a closet in the house that she and her husband shared in September, 1979. As later confirmed by San Diego authorities, the body was in the early stages of decomposition and was lying amid beer cans. The alcohol blood content registered .42, considered a potentially lethal level, investigators said.

Since no marks of violence were evident on the body, the cause of death had been ruled an overdose of alcohol.

Another San Diego victim, Cole said, was a 39-year-old divorced waitress, Bonnie O'Neil. Her nude body was found in an alley in August, 1979. An autopsy disclosed her alcohol blood level was .30 percent. Apparently no marks of violence were found on her body.

It was ruled that the woman was suffering the ravages of chronic alcoholism, had some liver disease and had experienced heart or lung failure.

Death was ruled unofficially to have

been caused by alcohol, San Diego officers recalled.

The other San Diego homicide case dated back to May, 1971. The nude body of Essie Buck, 39, had been found in an open area in northern San Diego County. Her blood alcohol level at death was .13, or legally drunk by California standards. No signs of violence were found, and although there never was an official cause of death listed, the coroner's office did not consider the case a homicide at the time, Dallas officers learned.

Cole said the killing in Casper, Wyo. had occurred in August, 1975. The victim had been an American Indian woman, Myrlene "Teepee" Hammer, 43. The body of the woman, whom police there said was considered to be a prostitute, was found wrapped in a red blanket on the outskirts of Casper.

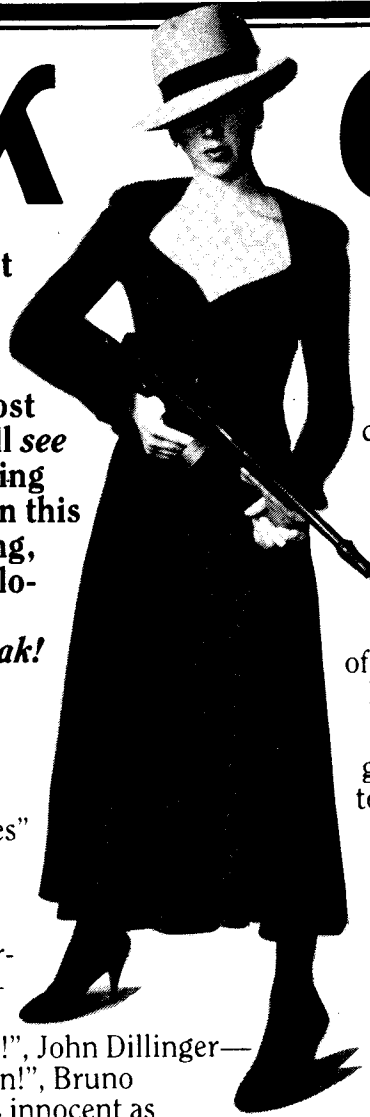
There were numerous body and neck injuries, and the coroner's office there ruled that death had been caused by strangulation. It also was found during the autopsy that the woman's blood alcohol level was .34, which according to Wyoming standards, would mean she was in a stupor and was approaching paralysis, authorities said.

In Las Vegas, Marie Cushman, 52, had been found in a motel room in November, 1979. She had been strangled to death.

Kathlyn Blum, 26, said by investigators to have been the 'youngest of Cole's victims, was discovered dead in her Las Vegas apartment, victim of strangulation.

As to how the deaths might have gone undetected as murders, the Dallas County medical examiner ventured a

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theory later to reporters.

"This is not an infrequent finding, really," he said, speaking of the rulings of death due to excessive use of alcohol. "The circumstances of death and the scene examination are very important, so an autopsy is only one tool used in determining the manner of death."

The medical examiner added, "It doesn't take much to strangle someone under those circumstances (high intoxication as indicated by alcohol blood level), and there may well not be any marks at all."

Thus, Carroll Edward Cole—picking his victims from the squalor usually surrounding advanced alcoholism—went about the sadistic slayings with ease—his terrible actions drawing no more attention than a dog tipping over garbage cans in an alley, one investigator pointed out.

Meanwhile, as the Dallas homicide men continued to gather evidence in the series of brutal sex slayings, the background of Eddie Cole began to emerge. Along with it came also another picture: A picture of the futility of the psychological approach to the potential killer who is a walking time bomb waiting to go off in the midst of unsuspecting society.

Investigators learned the Cole left his home in Sioux City, Iowa at the age of 18 to join the Navy, was dishonorably discharged about two years later and then spent more than half of the next 20 years in jails, prisons or mental institutions.

The records revealed that Cole had been in and out of at least 10 mental institutions. He had been diagnosed as emotionally unstable but not mentally ill. Some doctors said he was a threat to society, but the majority disagreed.

A psychologist wrote in 1979 that "This person can be described as someone crying out for assistance."

It was in January, 1961, at the age of 22, that Cole apparently first told anyone of the lurid fantasies he developed as a teenager, fantasies of strangling women and having sex with their corpses. In fact, he once compared himself to the Boston Strangler.

It was in May, 1971—after Cole was released from a Nevada hospital and given a bus ticket to California—that he stopped dreaming about his fantasy and started living it, the investigators learned. During his trial in Dallas for the murders there, Cole would be described by his defense attorneys as a victim himself of the medical psychiatric system that diagnosed Cole as anti-social but sane and released him into society.

Examining the medical records, Dallas investigators found that Eddie Cole remembered having a happy childhood, but one with strange twists. At the age of seven he had experienced his first

"heterosexual encounter" with a girl one year younger. He also developed a habit as a child of choking the family's pet dog into near unconsciousness. By the time Cole dropped out of school in the 11th grade, he had a record of burglaries, curfew violations and truancy.

Cole explained to a psychiatrist in 1961 that when his parents scolded him, "I would go out and do something wrong just to hurt them back."

For a year after being booted out of the Navy, Cole drifted from job to job, accumulating a long arrest record for brawling, drunkenness and traffic violations. He was admitted to a hospital in Imola, Calif. for 90 days observation. While there he told the doctors of an urge to kill and rape women; he said he was afraid of hurting someone.

A doctor at the hospital wrote about Cole, "In his own simple way, he states he is here to find out what is wrong with him." After two months, the doctors released Cole, saying he was anti-social but not psychotic. But one doctor believed the opposite. He wrote:

"It is obviously impossible to be confident of the behavior of the patient when he is again in a setting which involved emotional pressures."

The doctor sounded a further ominous note: "The seriousness of his impulses suggests that a course of maximum conservation be employed."

In plain language, the guy could be dangerous, the detectives noted.

One psychiatrist laid it on the line even stronger.

"(Cole) is in an acute emotionally disturbed state in that he is a very definite menace to society," the doctor wrote in his report. "The female figure is very threatening to him and he wants to kill it. He dare not rape the woman of his obsessions. He must kill her first."

Cole's arrests showed one for the attempted strangling of an 11-year-old girl in Missouri, for which he received a five-year prison sentence. In Dallas in 1965, Cole pleaded guilty to an arson charge after setting fire to the lobby of a hotel where he was staying. He told police he did it because he was mad at the hotel manager.

Cole had been convicted of federal offenses in 1974—possession of stolen mail and bail jumping—and later ran into trouble for parole violations in connection with the federal convictions. He was always leaving town just as he was scheduled to report to his parole officer.

His last prison time had been in the federal facility at Springfield, Mo. before coming to Dallas in October, 1980.

In Dallas he worked at construction jobs and spent his free time prowling the bars.

But the full and revolting horror of

Carroll Edward Cole's hellish odyssey remained to come out at his trial for the murders of the three Dallas women—King, Roberts and Thompson—that began before a jury in state district court in Dallas on April 6, 1981, with State District Judge John Mead presiding. After detectives testified about the initial investigations into the three deaths, the signed confession of Cole was admitted into evidence.

Cole admitted that he strangled all three women with his hands after becoming angry at them. Referring to the first murder, that of Dorothy King, he said, "I started choking her because something told me to do it. I can only remember flashes of what happened. I spent the night there sleeping next to her. I went back the next night and went to bed next to her again."

Cole said that he met Wanda Roberts in a bar and they went to a nearby parking lot where they were "making out."

"She got mad for some reason and started screaming," Cole said in the confession. "I got scared and she started struggling. So I put my hands on her neck. I asked her what was the matter and kept squeezing her neck. I just could not stop. I walked around and called the halfway house and asked them if I could move back in."

"I wanted to tell someone (about the murder), but who could I tell?" Cole said in the statement.

Concerning the encounter that proved fatal for Sally Thompson, the confession by Cole said: "She told me she was lonely and said that I looked like I was lonely, too. She came right out and said that she was looking for a man to live with."

When they were in her apartment, Cole was overcome with the urge to kill her, he said.

"I remember thinking, 'Why don't these goddam whores leave me alone?' I turned around and grabbed her by the neck and started choking her," Cole's confession read.

The most shocking testimony, however, came from Cole himself, who was called to the witness stand by his attorneys after the state completed its presentation of evidence.

Cole testified that he had killed more women than he could recall because of an intense hatred for his mother.

The jurors paled as Cole told of strangling women, of having sex with their corpses—and in one case unverified by police—of dismembering and cooking the flesh of a 1976 victim in Oklahoma City.

Cole testified that he sought women victims in lower class bars in an attempt to get even with his mother.

"I think I kill her through them," he said. Cole said he developed an uncontrollable urge to strangle women—an urge linked with sex. He related that he

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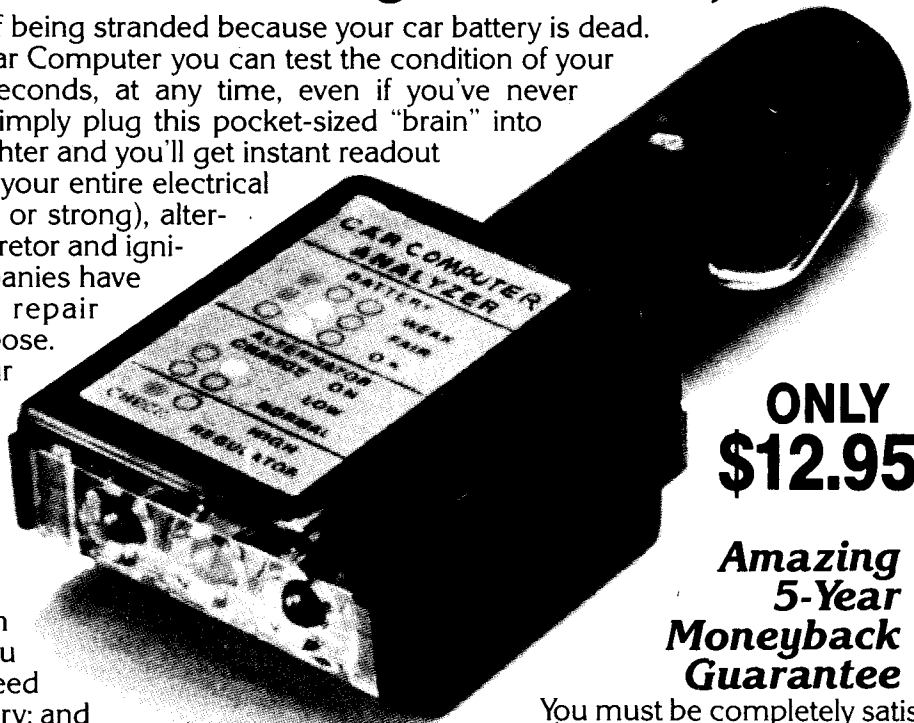
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is sexually aroused by pictures or drawings of women being strangled. On the witness stand he admitted to three more murders than he already had confessed to police, bringing the total to 12.

One of those killings, he testified, took place in Oklahoma City just before Thanksgiving in 1976.

Testifying that he met a woman in a bar, he said that he found her dismembered body in his apartment the next morning.

"This one is almost a complete blank," Cole said. "I don't remember her name, but she had black hair and was about 30 or 35 years old. I had gotten out of bed and was in the kitchen making coffee.

"Evidently I had done some cooking the night before. There was some meat on the stove in the frying pan. I think it was human flesh. I'd gone in the bathroom and found her in my bathtub and part of her buttocks was missing. The feet were gone, the hand, the arm. I found them in the refrigerator."

But under questioning by his attorney, Cole said he could not remember dismembering the body or eating the flesh.

Several jurors raised their hands to their faces in horror as the grisly testimony continued.

Cole said he cut the woman's body into smaller pieces with a hacksaw, and disposed of the parts in a dumpster outside his apartment. He said he didn't think the body was ever found.

Next, Cole detailed the slayings of the three Dallas women. He related the murder of Dorothy King occurred while he was on a drinking binge of several days, during which he roamed from bar to bar and slept in alleys at night.

"It's pretty foggy, it seems like a haze," Cole said. "I took the cigarette out of her hand and the next thing I realize she's dead." He said he slept with the body the first night, and hit the bars again the next day. He said he returned and had intercourse with the dead woman and slept a second night by her side.

"I felt very disgusted and scared and sorry as hell it happened," the defendant said. "I was disgusted at myself."

About the killing of Wanda Roberts, whom he met in a bar, Cole said the woman wanted to have sex in the parking lot. After he failed to achieve an erection, Cole said, "she started screaming.

"I put my hand over her mouth and said, 'What's wrong with you?' I lost control over myself and started choking her and couldn't stop." Cole said he awoke the next morning in an adjacent alley and saw the woman's body still sprawled in the parking lot.

Telling the jury about the slaying of Sally Thompson, Cole said the woman suggested they go to another bar after they had gone to her apartment. He said

he believed it was a bar frequented by pimps and whores. Cole said he became angry and strangled Sally Thompson because he had contempt for women who pick up men in bars like his mother.

During his testimony, Cole told the woman assistant district attorney prosecuting his case that the urge to strangle women never went away, but that he could control it sometimes.

"I've got all this in me, it's always with me," Cole said. "Right now it's directed, I could even say it's directed at you."

"Why haven't you killed me, then?" the woman prosecutor asked.

"Well, this is a controlled situation, and I can control it to a certain extent."

In summation, defense attorneys argued that Cole should be sent to a mental institution instead of to prison, but the jury rejected the plea. The jury returned a verdict finding Cole guilty of

the three Dallas murders. Cole waived his right to have the jury set the punishment and asked that Judge Mead impose sentence.

Judge Mead sentenced the confessed murderer to three life terms in the state prison at Huntsville—two of the life sentences to run consecutively, or "stacked."

Meanwhile, the other slayings admitted by Cole still were under investigation by authorities in the other states. Two detectives from Las Vegas came to Dallas to follow up on Cole's confession to the two killings there. They said his statement contained details that matched the two killings, and Nevada authorities were considering the filing of murder charges at this writing.

Meanwhile, Cole must be presumed innocent of the other slayings unless later proved otherwise after due process. ♦♦♦

Police Officer Of the Month

(Continued from page 27)

the 16th, and again on the 18th. He told them that on the night of the shooting, he had been playing cards with relatives who lived nearby.

"But I had an imaginary line in my mind, from the police station to Ansel Hamm's home," Zagorskie said.

So with the aid of a hundred volunteer firemen, the police started searching in the area between the two points. On Sunday morning, November 19th, Zagorskie and Corporal Eddie Wandishan took a detail of volunteers to work away from the scene, surmising that the sniper had left on foot.

Corporal Zagorskie was coordinating the investigation. Local and state police, PSP Lieutenant Richard Weimer and Colonel Urella were also working on the case.

On that morning, Zagorskie's detail began at the Union Cemetery near the police station, and started walking through the cemetery, woods, briar patches, yards and open fields. The men literally beat the bushes and searched the ground for any type of evidence. They were especially looking for a discarded weapon, or ammunition.

They came to the edge of a four-lane highway and stopped to make their next plans and to warm up with coffee from the firemen's canteen truck. It was chilly, damp day, and the gray sky was dropping a cold drizzle and sleet.

Zagorskie told Corporal Alviro Cordone, "Take about twenty men and go the way around the bypass. I'll go the other way, and meet you on the other side."

Before Zagorskie was finished with

his cup of coffee, Corporal Cordone called him on the radio and reported, "Charlie, we have something over here."

"All right," Zagorskie replied. "Just move your people out and keep the area secure."

He went through the briars and underbrush, and when he met up with Cordone, he discovered that the search party had located a .308 caliber Belgian rifle with a bent barrel. It appeared that it had been hammered against a rock, and the front sight had come off. The investigators could see where the rock was struck.

"We thanked all the firemen, and told them to keep quiet," Zagorskie said. "Then we put out a call all over the area for policemen to volunteer in the rest of the search."

"What do you have there, Charlie?" asked Trooper Bolla, who had just joined him.

Zagorskie pointed to the rifle where it lay, still untouched, on the ground. Snow had just begun to fall. "There it is," he said. Bolla got down on his knees and peered closely at the weapon. "Charlie, I know that gun," he said. "I'll be right back."

At that time, the weapon didn't look familiar to Zagorskie. But five minutes later, Bolla called him from the barracks and said, "I'll be right there. And bingo on that gun."

He brought back the property records that Zagorskie himself had handled on May 4, 1970, when the police had searched Hamm's home while Hamm was in jail. The serial number on the rifle had been altered, and in the previous incident, the police had checked to see if it had been stolen. They later learned that it could have been stolen during the floods in Chester County, but they could not prove it.

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



MEET THE AUTHORS.

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

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

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

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Because they did not have any reason to hold that and the other weapons they had taken for examination, the state police had returned them to Hamm's home. One of the other weapons they had taken had a Weaver 3-9x power scope on it.

It was entirely possible that when Hamm was in jail in May of 1970, he had not known that the weapons had been removed, then returned.

It was the same rifle, with the barrel now bent, that the police were looking at on the wet ground that dreary November afternoon. On it was a Weaver 3-9x power scope, like on one of Hamm's other weapons.

The rifle barrel was filled with mud, apparently from being tossed at the ground, before it fell on its side. The weapon had been stripped of its other parts, but the investigators located them that afternoon within 30 yards of the rifle.

Apparently as the killer had fled, he had taken out the bolt and thrown it, then removed the sling and tossed it to the right.

There were conflicting statements as to when Hamm had shown up to play poker with his relatives. However, a relative who was also in the very small house later stated that she did not see Hamm, nor known of his visitor.

On Monday, November 19th, Zagorskie, Lieutenant Weimer and Colonel Urella arrested Hamm at his home. He was charged with two counts of homicide and remanded to jail in lieu of bond.

This time, when he was questioned, he resorted to his usual closed-mouth attitude, and had nothing to say about the case. In the previous interrogations, he had been eager to discuss his extensive knowledge of firearms.

In fact, when Troopers Mehn and Bolla had talked to him after the autopsy, he had talked at great length about ammunition, especially about how a hollow point bullet will fragment on impact and cause extensive internal injuries.

That type of ammunition was the type that had killed the officers from single shots in the torso.

If the barrel of the Belgian rifle had been bent any more, the state police would not have been able to get any good ballistics tests from it. Fortunately, the barrel could be straightened, and tests conducted by Trooper Gerald Styers in Harrisburg determined that the rifle had fired the fatal shots.

In an effort to establish a time pattern from the murder scene to Hamm's home, Trooper Thomas Cloud walked the route at a normal pace, while Trooper Carl Mehn walked it quickly. They arrived at Hamm's home in 12 and 10 minutes respectively, where they met Zagorskie, who had been driving.

Before the trial, the investigators questioned Hamm's friends and relatives to see what they knew about his movements on the night in question.

"They never knew anything," Zagorskie noted. "But when it came time for trial, they all took the stand and tried to give him an alibi."

The trial was held in Dauphin County, before Judge Richard Wickersham. The proceedings began in March of 1974, and lasted three weeks.

On the witness stand, Hamm's friends suddenly recalled that yes, he had been playing poker with them. District Attorney Lamb reminded them that they had been questioned numerous times before, but did not know anything about the case then.

One of the defense witnesses, a burglar who in 1980 was picked up by the FBI in Tennessee, even admitted under oath that Hamm was such a good friend that he would commit perjury for him.

Also during the trial, a fellow inmate at the county jail testified that Hamm was writing a treatise on the art of sniping.

The jury returned with a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree on both counts. Hamm was sentenced to two consecutive life terms, and is now exercising his rights to appeal.

"The slaying of the police officers was a tragic case," Zagorskie noted. "They both left loved ones behind, and Posey had a wife and several children. Davis' father was a chief of police in Avondale, and his brother was cop in New Garden Township. Posey and Davis were both just doing their jobs that night."

A policeman's job, Zagorskie points out, is not always an easy one. In addition to the pressures on the outside, there are often internal tensions that can sour the spirit of dedication, or at least make a shift somewhat miserable.

"I get awfully disgusted at times when you have bickering or inter-departmental hassels over whose case it is," Zagorskie said. "It's not my case, and it's not his case. It's a case that should be solved. But if everyone is going to sit back and hold their cards close to their chests and keep them there, they won't get a damned thing done. And maybe somebody else will get hurt in the meantime."

Despite the inherent tension, the career has grown on Zagorskie over the years. When he was eligible for optional retirement, he knew that he didn't want to leave law enforcement.

In 1975, he had 18 years with the state police, and with his military service time, the vested rights gave him 21 years service on the job. So at age 39, Zagorskie became Chester County's youngest chief of detectives.

"It wasn't really a retirement,"

Zagorskie said. "It was a lateral move into another department."

Once before, he had been offered the position of chief of detectives, and in late 1975, he accepted. On December 24th, Zagorskie pulled the pin with the state police. The next day, he was called out for his first duties as head of the county detectives.

It was Christmas, and the state police had been summoned to the home of Judith Saneck in East Vincent Township, outside of Phoenixville. Her parents had come for Christmas festivities and instead, found their daughter, her three children and her boy friend all dead from single bullet wounds in the head.

The children, Joseph Jr., 12, and his sisters, Joselyn, 7, and Joleen, 9, were slain in their beds. Their mother, a 34-year-old widow, was lying dead on the living room floor, next to 48-year-old Nicholas Foresta.

Mrs. Saneck was face down and neatly tucked in with an afghan. Foresta, who had also lost his spouse to cancer, lay next to her with the gun in his hand.

By the time Zagorskie arrived, the bodies had already been removed.

"It's probably the most upsetting thing I've ever seen happen, the saddest thing I've ever seen," he said, shaking his head. "You went in there and saw the Christmas tree, the wrappings, the gifts."

The initial impression was that Foresta, who held the gun, had murdered them all, then killed himself. But Foresta did not have a death grip on the pistol, while Mrs. Saneck's fingers and thumb were curved as if she had died while holding the .38 caliber revolver. There was also blood on Mrs. Saneck's hand and also on the front of her clothing.

There was friction among the investigators over the case. Some wanted to classify it as a mass murder and suicide, and some investigators disagreed over who had killed whom. A few thought that there was the possibility of an outsider being involved.

A number of bizarre things were discovered at the murder scene, such as an amateurish attempt to make it look as if the place had been burglarized. There was paper currency scattered around, as if someone had dropped the money while making an exit.

Then there was the evidence suggesting that little Joey, who was fascinated with guns, had probably fired his mother's .38 before it had been used to wipe out the entire family.

Zagorskie was one of the investigators who thought that the evidence about the boy shouldn't be publicized.

"What point would there be to make this public?" he mused years later.

The county detectives closed their in-

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vestigation after a period of time. Early in the case, District Attorney Lamb publicly stated that in his opinion, Nick Foresta had killed the family, then committed suicide.

It was an announcement that enraged the people who knew Foresta as a very kind, gentle person who would never harm anyone. The state police continued their investigation, and the Foresta family hired a private detective to probe the case.

Later that year, the private detective made his findings public, and reiterated what some of the state police investigators felt, but would not go on public record as stating: that Nick Foresta did not kill anyone.

To this day, there is not one single accepted conclusion among all the investigators involved, the public and the deceaseds' families.

"I know this is a touchy issue," Zagorskie said, "but no one is saying that Nick Foresta hurt those kids. I think it's exactly what Bill Lamb said, that it happened from within. I don't think there was any outside intervention, and this is not a theory. It's backed up by investigation and evidence found at the scene. As far as who killed who, I don't think that's really important now."

The Christmas murder was the first official duty that Zagorskie took on as chief of the county detectives. The change in position didn't mean an entire change in his working situations. As a state trooper over the years, he had already been working with lawmen from the area, including the men who were on his county staff.

"I had worked with all kinds of police departments, and I worked hard with them, and got along with them," Zagorskie said of his decision to make the move to the county. He continued, "You have your old established forms who look upon an effort to achieve the same goal as interference with their autonomy, their identification. But really, the only way that this business works is through cooperation. No one agency is an island anymore. When I was in training at the academy, I was told, 'Listen, kid, you make the pinch and it's out of your hands.' But that's a fallacy because much of your evidence is obtained after the arrest is made. You have to keep working on these cases."

Zagorskie therefore sees it important that the lawmen and members of the district attorney's office work closely together. In Chester County, Lamb initiated a policy to send an assistant DA to crime scenes. The practice was accepted by some agencies and resented by others.

"It was logical to me when I was with the state police," Zagorskie said, "that the DA is the guy who is going to prosecute, so why shouldn't he have a first

hand view instead of looking at photos? Why shouldn't he be there to say, 'Officer, would you take a picture of that door for me, or that wall? Could you explain something to me?' It should be done like that rather than waiting a year and trying to explain to a jury through photos about a place where he's never been. It can hurt a case if the district attorney has never been there. Then there are some police agencies today that adhere to the theory that if you made the arrest, now it's the prosecutor's ball. What I'm saying is that the case isn't over until the jury comes in, and right up until that point, you have to keep developing information."

Zagorskie and the 13 county detectives work in cooperation with the staff of the present district attorney, James Freeman, the state police, and the county's municipal departments.

Chester County has a varied cross-section of people, from the college students around West Chester, to the farming and industrial people of the southern section. The 320,000 population includes the affluent and the impoverished, and they live in new developments, in the area's richly historical areas, and everything in between.

Whenver disturbances come to Chester County, the state and county police can both be called to the scene. As chief, Zagorskie's job is to coordinate and supervise.

"When I first came on this job, I was out routinely," he said. "I was running around like crazy and I realized that I can't do that. So now I get involved in a lot of different things, but not everything."

One of the cases that Zagorskie personally stepped into, and which was a fine example of cooperation among all departments involved, was the state's infamous case of the Johnston brothers.

On July 28, 1978, the district attorney approached Zagorskie and asked him if he was interested in talking to Bruce Johnston Jr.

"I'm always interesting in talking to a Johnston," the chief told him. He knew the family from past dealings in burglaries. He also knew that the state police were investigating stolen tractors, and that the Johnstons allegedly might be connected. So now, Bruce Johnston Jr. was willing to talk.

Zagorskie called the Avondale substation and asked Trooper Tom Cloud if he wanted to be present during the interrogation. He also contacted FBI Agent Dave Richter and both lawmen said yes, they'd like to sit in.

On August 4th, the investigators spoke with Bruce Johnston Jr. and his attorney about some burglaries, and he named names. They were mostly family members he was talking about.

His father, Bruce Sr., and uncles Norman and David were the alleged leaders of a widespread burglary ring. That month, Dwayne Lincoln, James Johnston Jr. (Bruce Sr.'s stepson) and Wayne Sampson were subpoenaed to testify before a grand jury in Philadelphia.

Instead, the three young men mysteriously disappeared, along with Wayne's brother Jimmy.

They weren't the first men connected with the gang who suddenly dropped out of sight. No one had seen nor heard from Gary Crouch since July of 1977. He had been talking to the Delaware State Police about the Johnston brothers' activities.

Then on August 29th, just a few weeks after he had talked to the police, Bruce Jr. was shot and his girlfriend murdered when they were getting out of a car. Though seriously injured, the young man survived.

The investigation intensified. Now the police were dealing with a murder, and an attempted murder.

Although Robin's slaying was the first violence to come to light, during the following months of widespread investigation, the lawmen discovered that the other young people—the ones who were missing—were already dead.

In November, the police arrested Lesley Dale, who said that he and Bruce Sr. had murdered Gary Crouch and buried him. They also picked up Richard Mitchell, who was present when the three boys were murdered. On December 30th, the investigators dug up their bodies in Chad's Ford.

"They were all shot in the back of the head," Zagorskie said. "And they were all young. I think between the three of them, their ages totaled sixty years."

Jimmy Sampson was also dead, too, and his body had been disposed of in the Lanchester landfill, between Lancaster and Chester Counties. David and Norman Johnston were arrested for that murder, but were later acquitted because the body was never found.

They were also the actual gunmen in the attack on the young couple, and have been convicted of first degree murder in the girl's death, and the killing of the three boys in the grave. They were also convicted of other charges, including shooting Bruce Jr.

Dale worked out a plea bargaining deal and pleaded guilty to two murders, that of Crouch, and another unrelated one in 1970. He was sentenced to ten to 40 years in prison. Mitchell pleaded guilty to one of the three murders of the young men.

On March 18, 1980 Norman and David Johnson were each convicted of four counts of first degree murder in the deaths of James Johnston, Robert Miller, Wayne Sampson and Dwayne Lincoln.

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In November 1980 Bruce Sr. was convicted of first degree murder in those deaths and also the murders of James Sampson and Gary Crouch.

The three brothers face multiple life terms for the convictions but are all now awaiting the appeals to which they are entitled by law.

The cases made national news because of the bizarre circumstances of family killing off family.

"The motive? Silence," Zagorskie said.

Some of the family had been approached during the investigation into the murder of the Kennet Square police officers. At that time they had told Zagorskie, "We're not killers, Charlie. We're burglars."

"The most significant thing about this case," Zagorskie commented, "is the total commitment by various law enforcement agencies toward a common goal. The state police, district attorney's office, county detectives and all the local police assisted as needed. There was no professional jealousy in this case. This was just a bunch of guys who worked very hard and knew what they were

going after and were up against. The verdicts speak for themselves, and there were no stars, no heroes, just a lot of hard work from dedicated men."

Zagorskie doesn't see any television or movie heroes in real life police work.

"There are no Kojaks," he said. "If you give me good people, and if the administration will augment their needs and let these people work, you can do the job."

Zagorskie has been doing the job for 22 years. To him, whether as a state trooper or as chief of the county detectives, serving the public has been not only his job, but his vocation.

"I don't mean to sound corny," he said, "but I enjoy helping people. I can remember working a rinkydink burglary where something of value was taken from people, and they were all upset about it. A policeman sees so much of that, and you can walk in and think, 'Big deal, so they stole a couple of things.' But what's important is what that crime is to the person, not to you. To them, it's traumatic. You have to have compassion."

Zagorskie, now 44, is in his second career of law enforcement, and 22 years ago, he had never given any thought to being a cop.

But what about it, Charlie? What about the administration hassles, the long hours, the tension, the squabble among peers and criticisms from the public, not to mention the frustration of things that sometimes don't go right? Would you do it again, pin on that badge and live over those years of excitement, danger, boredom, disappointment and satisfaction, and all the other things that make up the life of a cop? Would you want to do it again?

A big smile spread over his handsome face.

"Oh, yeah!" Chief Zagorskie replied without hesitation. "I enjoy it, I really do." ♦♦♦

EDITOR'S NOTE:

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

Kidnaped, Violated, Slain . . . for Her Car!

(Continued from page 23)

suspects to Conford the day before while they tried to make arrangements to have an ancient, broken-down Chevrolet they had here returned to Concord. Having failed to do so, they returned to Woodland with the informant.

"They had some funny conversations on the way back. Two of them were in the back seat of my car and they talked in low tones a lot so I couldn't hear everything they had to say. They did have a .22 caliber rifle with them and a knife. I'm sure the older one said something about wanting to get rid of the knife, to throw it in a deep water channel, or into some water somewhere. I also thought I heard them talking about having to hit a girl to get the car. When they went into the apartment on Cottonwood Street, they took the rifle and knife inside with them."

"What did they mean, 'hit a girl?'" Officer Grant asked.

"With those guys, hit means kill. The older one is pretty tough."

"What's the license number of the Volkswagen?" the policeman inquired.

"It didn't have any plates when I saw it," was the reply.

Officer Grant returned to headquarters and called the Concord Police Department, requesting information about the missing Volkswagen.

"We don't have a stolen or missing car of that description reported," he was

told. "But hold on a minute. I think we have something that might help. Up in Fairfield, in Solano County, a couple of detectives from the sheriff's department are looking for a Volkswagen with that description. They think it might be tied in with a murder. A girl was found by the Lake Herman Road, just across the river from Contra Costa County, stabbed and with her throat cut. They think she owned a root beer colored Volkswagen and that the guys who killed her might have it."

Green called the Solano County Sheriff's office and the message was relayed to Detective Hind at his home. It was four a.m. He had been asleep just two hours. The investigator listened to the Woodland policeman and told him he would be on his way immediately. He then called his partner, Detective Grundy, and the two of them headed for Woodland, in Yolo County, as soon as they could get dressed and ready. They had been able to rest about two hours.

In Woodland the detectives met with Officer Green and Detective Frank Bennett and compared notes. The three people in the apartment had been identified by the informant as Lloyd Ketcherside and Theodore (Ted) Willis, both 17 years old, and Robert McLain, a 41-year-old parolee who was Willis' uncle. Detective Bennett produced McLain's rap sheet. It included a sentence for kidnaping and rape in Ventura County, a crime which strongly resembled the Bazargani killing, except that the victim had not died and was living in Ventura County at the time of the Bazargani murder. There had been a series of

sex crimes by McLain prior to the Ventura kidnaping and rape and the judge had ordered him to serve a life sentence . . . a term which was ended with parole when the California legislature eliminated the old indeterminate sentencing law to one which demanded a specified term in prison. McLain's term had been five years to life in prison. He was released after 14 years.

Prior to leaving Fairfield, Detective Hind had asked that someone go to Concord and contact a man listed on Diana Bazargani's employment application as her brother. Detectives Elmer Filbert and Gary Stanton traveled to Contra Costa County and contacted the man who tentatively identified the body as his sister's and told the investigators she had recently purchased a brownish-red Volkswagen. His description of the car fit exactly the one reported by the informant to be the one he saw on Cottonwood Street in Woodland.

"Everything fits," Detective Hind observed. "We don't have a strong case yet, but I think we've got enough to hold those three for the murder of Diana Bazargani. At least they're strong suspects."

"If Ketcherside is there, we've got cause to go in there anyway," Detective Bennet. "We want to talk to him about some linen missing from a motel here which we believe he stole."

"McLain's on parole," Detective Hind said. "Can we talk to his parole officer?"

"I think you can do better than that," Bennet said. "Bill Fredericks, an investigator from the Department of Corrections, is in town and I think he's



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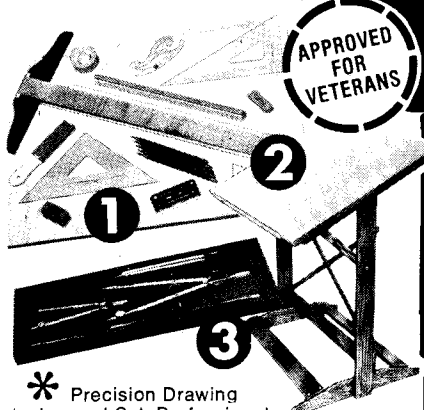
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about to bust McLain for a series of parole violations. We'll get in touch with him right away."

Detectives Hind, Grundy and Bennett met with Investigator Fredericks, who confirmed the fact that he was going to take McLain in for a series of parole violations.

"That's good enough reason for us to enter that apartment on Cottonwood Street," Detective Hind said. "Let's get going."

The investigators called the Yolo County District Attorney's Office and asked for arrest warrants for the three men and a search warrant for the apartment. At 7:30 a.m., the arrest warrants were issued, but no search warrant arrived with them.

"At least we can pick them up," Detective Hind said.

At the Cottonwood Street address, Detective Hind contacted the manager while Detectives Grundy and Bennett and Investigator Fredericks watched the apartment where the trio had been reported staying. The manager told Detective Hind there were three male guests staying at the apartment. He added that the only legal residents there were the young married couple paying the rent. He also told the detective no one had left the dwelling to his knowledge that morning and a

brownish-red Volkswagen was in the parking area.

Unannounced and with weapons at the ready, Detectives Hind, Grundy, Bennett and Fredericks knocked on the door of the apartment and were greeted by a young woman. They told her they were there for McLain, Willis and Ketcherside and she let them both in immediately. The three were arrested with a minimum of resistance, although McClain was forced to surrender at the point of a 12-gauge shotgun held by Detective Hind.

It was eight p.m. when Detective Grundy and Investigator Fredericks, accompanied by several patrol officers, returned to Woodland Police headquarters with the three men and began to question them. Detective Hind stayed at the Cottonwood Street address waiting for a search warrant.

During the following four hours, Detective Hind sat in the living room of the apartment with the young people and listened to snatches of strange conversation. They talked with him, but interspersed their conversation with remarks to each other. As the morning progressed, Detective Hind heard them mention that the three men had said they had hit a girl to get the Volkswa-

gen. They mentioned that there was a license plate in the closet. Piece by piece, they tied the trio closer to the murder of Diana Bazargani.

At noon Detective Hind was informed there would be no search warrant for the apartment issued by the court, but by that time the young couple had voluntarily offered to let the investigator look for evidence. When he had their written consent to go through the residence, he called Deputy Richard Smith, the Solano County identification technician, to the apartment and was rejoined by Detective Bennett and Investigator Fredericks. Their search revealed a six-inch hunting knife, with head of a bird of prey cast at the end of the handle, under a mattress in the master bedroom. A cardboard box containing a .22 caliber Foremost rifle, manufactured by the Marlin Firearms Company, was hidden in the closet.

In another bedroom a pair of wet shoes with a barred design on the soles, similar to the ones the investigators had observed at the murder scene, were found. The young woman identified them as the property of McLain. Clothing belonging to the three young men was also found and the missing license plates. Detective Hind also found a blue raincoat, which did not fit the description they had of what Diana Bazargani

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56 Master Detective

was wearing when she left work, and a blue bandana. They kept both, as possible evidence.

By the time the search was finished, Detective Grundy had completed his interrogation of Willis and McLain, without any success. Neither would admit any knowledge of the crime. Detective Hind turned his attention to Ketcherside.

The young man was thoroughly frightened. He had a long record of juvenile infractions behind him and could see nothing in his future that looked good. He talked, telling the detective about picking up the victim in the Sun Valley parking lot and taking her to the area beside Lake Herman Road, where she managed to get out of the car. There, he said, he saw Willis grab her by the throat while McLain picked her up by the ankles. He said he heard her scream as he looked away. Beyond that, he said, he did not know what happened. After the other two disposed of the body, he said they returned and told him she was dead. They then drove away, proceeding several miles on the flat tire before stopping to change it.

While Detectives Filbert and Stanton, who had joined the investigation in Woodland that morning, transported Willis and McLain to Fairfield, Detectives Grundy and Hind took Ketcherside back to Solano County. The young man fidgeted in the car and hinted there was something the officers should know.

"Tell us about it," Detective Hind said. "We can't promise you anything, but any help you give us will be appreciated. It can't make things any worse than they are now."

The information they got from the young man shocked and surprised the two hardened detectives. The story started 15 years earlier when McLain was convicted of the kidnaping and rape of a 19-year-old Ventura girl. Her testimony had earned him a life sentence and, when released on parole, he had come out of prison with revenge on his mind. Taking his nephew, Willis, and Ketcherside with him, he had gone to Ventura, located the girl and entered her apartment, only to find her gone. Frustrated, McLain and his companions cruised north in his battered Chevrolet along Highway 101, the coastal link between southern and northern California. There, according to Ketcherside, they spotted Joni Kelley at the roadside. Ketcherside said she was hitchhiking. She was a beautiful, vivacious, intelligent girl with, Hind said later, everything to live for.

Whatever she was doing, she found herself in the car with a wild man and two young, subservient companions. On the narrow, rockbound beaches north of Ventura she had been dragged from the car and raped. As he had in the case of

Diana Bazargani, Ketcherside said he had turned away and walked by himself up the beach and away from the scene and was some distance away when he heard five shots. Returning, he found Joni Kelley dead and Willis and McLain standing over her body.

In Fairfield, Det. Hind promptly contacted the Ventura Police Department, some 450 miles to the south, and told them about the young suspect's story. Police there reported there had been no missing person report, but Deputy District Attorney Peter Katsoris was well aware of Robert McLain and his reputation for violence. He had known the man 15 years and prosecuted him in the kidnap-rape case which brought him a life sentence. He asked for more information and requested that Ketcherside be allowed to go to Ventura and lead law enforcement officers there to the dead girl's body.

While the wheels of justice ground slowly in Ventura County, Detectives Hind, Grundy, Stanton and Filbert began combing Contra Costa and Solano counties for clues and additional evidence. The footprints taken from McLain's shoes matched those found at the crime scene. The Volkswagen tire tracks matched those found in the parking area where Diana Bazargani had struggled for her life. The dead woman's movements were traced carefully through the days preceding her death. Among other things, Detectives Stanton and Filbert discovered she had learned the Iranian language while living in Iran and had supplemented her income by teaching English to students from that country.

Detective Hind, meanwhile, requested and received a court order impounding McLain's disabled Chevrolet in Concord and conducted an intensive search of the car. They found clothing belonging to all three suspects and some woman's jewelry. They did not know whether the jewelry belonged to Diana or Joni Kelley, but confiscated it as evidence.

Dr. James Ramsdell, the pathologist from Davis in Yolo County who examined the body, was able to provide the evidence which helped the investigators reconstruct the crime.

He said death could have been caused in several ways. The young woman's throat had been totally crushed, apparently by a forearm squeezed against it with great pressure. There were three stab wounds in her chest, one of which punctured the aorta, and the other two penetrating heart muscle surrounding the ventricle. The ugly gash in her throat, which ripped it open from the center of her neck to her ear, had miraculously missed all major blood vessels and would not, according to

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the pathologist, have killed her. But the punctured aorta would have caused her to bleed to death in from one to three minutes. Also, the crushed throat alone was enough to kill her and might have done so before she was stabbed. The wound in the heart was not deep enough to kill, although the knife had been inserted twice in the same wound.

Laboratory examinations revealed the knife found under the mattress in the Cottonwood Street apartment contained type "O" bloodstains under the handle which were consisted with the blood of Diana Bazargani. And in the impounded Chevrolet Detective Hind found an uncashed check, made out to Diana Bazargani by an Iranian student.

Ketcherside, meanwhile was taken to Southern California as part of a twin investigation conducted by the Ventura County and Solano County agencies. He led investigators there along the beach where he said Joni Kelley had been raped and murdered. There he showed them where her purse had been buried. It was recovered by the investigating officers. Then he led them to nearby Toland Park where, in a brushy area, he said the dead woman's body had been left. A helicopter taking part in the search, rose only a few feet off the ground and the pilot immediately spotted the body. Joni Kelley was identified

later that day by her fingerprints.

Detective Hind forwarded the jewelry he had taken from McLain's car, and the .22 rifle confiscated in the Woodland apartment, to Ventura. Ballistics tests showed the five bullets which had been pumped into Joni Kelley's head and back matched those test-fired from the weapon found in Woodland.

The manufacturers of the jewelry found in the McLain Chevrolet were located in Saticoy, the small town near Ventura, which was Joni Kelley's home. They identified the items has having been made especially for her.

Meanwhile, in prison, McLain began to dig his grave with his mouth. To no less than five prisoners in the Solano County jail, did he admit to the killings. But McLain didn't have any friends in jail.

"He's an animal," one of them told Deputy District Attorney Robin Keeney, who prosecuted the case. "I've got sisters and a mother. There's no room in the world for guys like him. The rest of us are good, honest crooks. That guy's a beast."

Arrangements were made for three of the five prisoners to testify at McLain's trial. One died of acute alcoholism before he could get to court, the evidence

provided by the other two was convincing enough. They knew things about the death of Diana Bazargani only the killer could know. All of them told Prosecutor Keeney that McLain had complained that Ketcherside was chicken and would not take part in the killings.

McLain's trial began in early summer of 1980 and on August 2nd, he was found guilty of the murder of Diana Cheryl Bazargani and sentenced to life in prison without possibility of parole. His nephew, Ted Willis, was found guilty of the same charges on September 20th and also sentenced to life in prison without possibility of parole.

But fate had not completely caught up with McLain. After vigorous prosecution by Prosecutor Katsoris, Robert McLain was found guilty of the murder, kidnaping and rape of Joni Kelley in Ventura County and on April 14th, 1981, was sentenced to die in the gas chamber at San Quentin. Willis is still awaiting trial on the same charge. Because he was 17 at the time of the murder, he cannot be sentenced to death.

Ketcherside was granted immunity on the murder charges for his testimony in Solano County and his help in finding the body in Ventura County. He is currently serving time in the California Youth Authority on an unrelated auto theft charge. ♦♦♦

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The Dead Blonde In Black Lingerie

(Continued from page 10)

Moor. There, he ripped out the crotch of her underwear, pushed her skirt up around her waist and masturbated over the corpse. What, in God's name, was his motive?"

"You forget something," the inspector pointed out. "If Dr. Aschweiler is correct and I believe that he probably is, then she was naked when she was murdered or, at least, she was not wearing the same clothing in which she was found."

"That only makes the thing more unintelligible," said the sergeant. "Granted, what happened in the woods was an attempt to fake a sex crime and throw off suspicion, but that would mean the true motive for the murder was not sex. So what was it?"

"That is what we are trying to find out," said the inspector patiently. "And we cannot do it until you have identified Mrs. Deutzmann's lover or lovers."

"I don't believe that she had any lovers," said the sergeant. "If she did, she certainly didn't see very much of them. She had two teenage sons in the house and, according to all accounts, she was a very devoted wife and mother. There are periods when she was scarcely out of the house for a week or more at a time. And when she did go out, it was more often than not with her husband or one of her sons. I think Deutzmann is lying."

"Dr. Deutzmann," the inspector corrected automatically. "I know that it is fashionable for you people in the younger generation to question everything, but this is a German judge and an academician. It is impossible that he would be lying, and he would have no reason to do so. It's hard to believe even that he could be mistaken."

"He has a mistress," said the sergeant who was not an academician himself and who did not hold the doctor title in quite such awe as had the Germans of the inspector's generation. "She works in the accounts department of the Ministry of Justice."

"So you mentioned previously," said the inspector. "But so did Deutzmann in his original statement. If you will recall, he said that he and his wife had a modern marriage and that both of them had other romantic interests, with the approval of the partner. You shouldn't find that strange. It's very fashionable today."

"For a man living in an open marriage as Dr. Deutzmann describes it, he was astonishingly cautious," remarked the sergeant. "Aside from you and me, I don't think there's a soul in Solingen who knows that Dr. Deutzmann is having an affair with Ursula Kuehnappel."

"Is that her name?" said the inspec-

tor. "Have you seen her? What is she like?"

"Blonde, handsome, thirty-six years old, a widow," said the sergeant. "As a matter of fact, she looks very much like Mrs. Deutzmann, so much so that they could be taken for sisters. Moreover, there's only one year difference in their ages and only a very slight difference in their first names. Deutzmann appears to have been having an affair with her from sometime in 1976."

"Dr. Deutzmann," corrected the inspector absently. "Am I to understand then that you believe that the presiding judge of the juvenile court has murdered his wife in order to replace her with his mistress?"

The sergeant hesitated for only a moment. "Yes," he replied. "Dr. Deutzmann is the logical suspect and, if it were not for his position and academic title, he would have been regarded as such long since. We're wasting our time hunting for imaginary lovers. Mrs. Deutzmann didn't have any. The only extra-marital romance in this whole business is between Deutzmann and Ursula Kuehnappel."

"All right, let's see how it would have worked if Dr. Deutzmann is actually the murderer," said the inspector. "He would, presumably, have quarreled with his wife on the evening of April 10th, lost his head and strangled her. The boys would have been asleep in their bedrooms at the time. He then changed her into her sexiest outfit, transported the corpse to the Furter Moor, tore out the crotch of the underwear and masturbated onto the lower part of her body in order to fake a sex crime, waited two days and then reported her missing to the police. Is that the sort of behavior that you would expect from a German judge?"

"I wouldn't expect it," the sergeant stated stoutly, "but I believe that that's exactly what he did. The way you've outlined it just now explains everything, everything that we've been finding so puzzling up to the present. Admit it. If he wasn't a judge you'd have him in custody right now."

The inspector did not like his assistant's remarks at all, particularly as there was so much truth to them that they made him squirm nervously in his chair. The idea of a presiding judge and an academician being a suspect in a murder case went against every principle he had ever learned. On the other hand, the inspector was a very conscientious man and, however personally distasteful he might find his duty, he always did it. The sergeant was right and the old police adage that, in homicide cases involving married persons, the spouse is always the primary suspect held true.

"What do you suggest?" he asked.

"Arrest Deutzmann and Kuehnappel

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on suspicion and interrogate them," said the sergeant promptly. "Get permission from the juvenile department to speak with the boys. Put a detail from the laboratory into the villa and have them search it from top to bottom."

"Yes," said the inspector slowly. "If your theory is correct, she was probably killed right in her own home."

The technicians from the police laboratory discovered considerable evidence to support the sergeant's theory. Traces found in the basement of the villa indicated that a struggle had taken place there and some of Mrs. Deutzmann's clothing, including a house dress, underwear and stockings, was found wadded up in a sack in the laundry room. Questioning of the two boys produced evidence that none of Mrs. Deutzmann's handbags was missing. Also, her leather keycase was found, partially burned, in the fireplace. The keys from it were recovered from various hiding places throughout the house.

In the meantime, the interrogation of Siegfried Deutzmann and Ursula Kuehnappel had produced nothing but denials from Deutzmann, but a confession from the girl to having acted as an accessory after the fact.

In her statement, Ursula Kuehnappel said that her lover had called her at

approximately midnight of April 10th and had told her that she must come and help him at once. Something unfortunate had taken place and Ursel was dead.

Ursula Kuehnappel had immediately driven to the villa, where she had found Mrs. Deutzmann lying dead on the basement floor. Deutzmann had told her that he had been attempting to sneak out of the house through the basement door to visit her when he was stopped by his wife.

Ursel Deutzmann had known about the affair—had even met Ursula Kuehnappel—and she wanted to know what this mistress so much like herself had to offer that she did not.

There had been a bitter quarrel, Deutzmann had lost control of himself, and he strangled her to death.

He now wanted Ursula Kuehnappel's assistance in disposing of the body. He suggested that they should attempt to make the murder look as much as possible like a sex crime.

Between them, they had stripped the corpse and dressed it in Mrs. Deutzmann's sexiest underwear and going-out dress. They had then carried it to the dead woman's Volkswagen, placed it in the back seat and, taking the seats in front, had driven to the Furter Moor, where they had left the body be-

hind some bushes, Deutzmann first tearing out the crotch of his wife's underwear and masturbating over her pubic area to lend authenticity to the scene.

Faced with this statement, Siegfried Deutzmann promptly added his own confession. He had, he said, been having an affair with Ursula Kuehnappel since the summer of 1976 and had been completely satisfied with the arrangement. His wife, however, had old-fashioned ideas on such matters and frequently reproached him.

On the day in question, there had been an especially bitter quarrel and he had lost his head completely. He'd had no intention of murdering his wife and he did not think that he should be charged with murder.

The prosecutor's office thought differently and Siegfried Deutzmann was brought before the examinations judge who in Germany serves in the place of a grand jury. He was charged with willful homicide, but without premeditation.

The examinations judge, who was not only a fellow judge, but a fellow academician, promptly rejected the charge and refused to indict Deutzmann. He suggested that he might be willing to issue an indictment on a charge of manslaughter, conviction for which could result in a maximum

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sentence of five years.

The prosecutor's office had no choice but to withdraw the charges and request an indictment for the lesser offense. On this basis, Siegfried Deutzmann was formally indicted for the homicide of his wife, but assured, in advance, that he would not be very severely punished for it.

Ursula Kuehnafel, although indicted on a charge of acting as accessory after the fact to homicide, was released from police custody and returned to her job in the Ministry of Justice.

Far from separating the lovers, the murder of Mrs. Deutzmann had, if anything, drawn them closer together and Ursula came every day to see her distinguished lover in his very comfortably furnished detention cell at police headquarters. He was, of course, allowed all the privileges that he wished.

While waiting for his trial to begin, Deutzmann busied himself with legal maneuvers to have himself declared his dead wife's sole heir, thus cutting his own sons out of the inheritance. The villa in Witzhelden, it seemed, was in Mrs. Deutzmann's name because it had been bought with money which she had received from her parents.

Ulli and Christoph Deutzmann, both of whom had immediately terminated all contact with their father upon learning that he was responsible for the death of their mother, contested the inheritance claim made by Siegfried Deutzmann through the attorneys of their maternal grandparents and the estate will probably be tied up in the courts for a great many years.

The preferential treatment accorded Judge Deutzmann in connection with the murder of his wife did not set very well with a great many of the residents of Solingen and it was necessary to clear the court on several occasions during the trial because of the boos and cat-calls.

This adverse public reaction did not appear to trouble the judge very much and he and Ursula Kuehnafel spent most of the trial sitting side by side in the accused box and chatting quietly. Ursula had brought along a great many color brochures for their next vacation together and it was reliably reported that, by the time the trial ended, they had decided on the south of Spain.

The trial proceeded, with the exception of a few interruptions by the audience, as smoothly as might be expected. The prosecution's arguments and evidence were generally dismissed and a prominent psychologist testified that he had spoken with Dr. Deutzmann and was, therefore, able to state with certainty that he had been in a state of temporary insanity at the time of the murder and, therefore, not responsible for his act.

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markable example of German justice came to an end and Dr. Deutzmann was sentenced to five years imprisonment for manslaughter. The two years that he had been in pretrial detention were to be subtracted from this sentence, of course, and, according to German penal practice, once he had served half of his sentence, he would be eligible for parole.

This meant that Dr. Deutzmann would not get out quite early enough for the summer vacation of 1981 but it was perfectly safe to make reservations for 1982.

Ursula Kuehnepfel will, of course, be spending his vacation with him. She was sentenced to two years as an accessory after the fact to homicide, but one year of this was suspended and it was possible to subtract enough other time

for pretrial detention, interrogation and other incidentals that she will be able to serve out her sentence before the summer vacations of 1981 are over. The Ministry of Justice will provide her with leave for the purpose so that she will not lose her job.

As a matter of fact, nothing was ever mentioned about Dr. Deutzmann losing his. Apparently, once he gets out of jail, he can return to the bench. ♦♦♦

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Martin Kraemer, Julia Peters, Udo Fischer, Hans Buckner and Pitt Aschweiler are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Fictitious names have been used in order to comply with German police regulations.

Assassination Of Hero Cop

(Continued from page 35)

fired all six shots at a tan sedan that he made out to be a late-model Mercury or Lincoln.

He couldn't be certain whether he had hit the car with any of the bullets he triggered. Yet there was no doubt about his recollection of the car—it certainly was a Mercury or Lincoln, and a late-model one at that.

Quick calls to police brought unformed officers, detectives, and an ambulance to the scene. The ambulance rushed Walsh to Wyckoff Heights Hospital, just across the Queens County line in Brooklyn. But too late. He was dead on arrival.

In the immediate aftermath of the killing, cries of outrage poured forth.

"It was an execution," said First Deputy Police Commissioner William Devine, "I don't know how else to describe it. He was given a death sentence for being a police officer."

Nowhere in the entire United States could any city, town, village, or hamlet lay claim to the carnage inflicted on the NYPD in recent times.

In 1980, ten NYPD policemen were killed—two fewer than the grim record set in 1971.

This was only the first month of the New Year and the toll was already assuming horrendous proportions. Officer Walsh was the third city policeman shot since the New Year began a fortnight ago.

The other two officers, both shot on January 4th, had survived. Listen to the accounts:

—Off-duty Detective Patrick Ward was shot and pistol-whipped when he tried to stop a holdup in Slattery's Pub in Queens. Two alleged assassins,

twenty-two and nineteen years old, were arrested and charged with the shooting after police prevented an Indianapolis-bound passenger jet airliner from taking off at LaGuardia Airport in New York.

—Robert Zurzulo, 35 years old, an undercover plainclothes police officer, was shot four times while attempting to disarm three suspects in a Brooklyn housing project. He was seriously wounded, but his bullet proof vest saved his life. Three men were subsequently arrested and charged with the shooting.

As investigative teams of detectives descended on the BVD Bar and Grill to investigate the latest cop killing, customers who met the policemen expressed outrage over Officer Walsh's murder.

One patron told the investigators: "This has to be one of the most cold-blooded killings that have ever been committed. The guy with the two guns actually leaned down after he had shot him at the bar, and drilled the bullet in the cop's head from no more than a few inches away . . ."

Hours later, not long after daybreak, Mayor Ed Koch was quick to seize on the assassination of the first policeman of the NYPD in 1981. Koch found these words to express his view on the carnage being visited on lawmen:

"I mourn with his family. Robert Walsh is the first policeman killed this year. Every time a policeman is injured or killed, this society has suffered a personal wounding or loss. Police stand between us and savagery. They are that thin blue line that protects us."

Even as homicide detectives and members of the Crime Scene Unit searched the murder scene for clues, a further observation on the epidemic of hits against policemen was voiced by Sergeant Arthur Beaman, head of the NYPD's Psychological Services Section. He said criminals are more likely to

shoot police officers because "the criminal justice system has made cops impotent in the eyes of lawbreakers." He explained: "If they thought it was almost certain that they would get caught and that they would be punished to the fullest extent of the law, they would be more hesitant about shooting at a police officer."

"They almost see the law enforcement officer as being impotent. There is a general impression that by the time someone goes through the court system, the initial charges will not be given the full penalty because of plea-bargaining and the game known as rules of evidence."

Beaman said most policemen are killed by gunmen who are in the act of committing other crimes, rather than being outright targets of police assassins.

"I don't think policemen are planned targets. It's not a planned thing. It's more a spur-of-the-moment thing."

Beaman said most criminals experience a "certain hopelessness with the future, and they tend to shoot anyone who gets in the way. And most feel no remorse for their acts. They are guided only by fear of the consequences of their act."

"You have to put forward the idea that there is a great prospect of their being caught and given long sentences. If a violence-prone individual doesn't see his consequences as being too great—and a few years in jail may not be that great to such a person—he is going to go through with his act."

"The only thing society can do is make the law so strong that the consequences will outweigh the act. Let the word spread that the punishment will be certain, that if it's life imprisonment, it means life—not parole after a few years."

Sergeant Beaman's words were not very likely to spur state officials into increasing the penalties for cop killers. The Legislature had already enacted a law that mandated the killing of an on-duty police officer or prison guard was first-degree murder, punishable by life imprisonment. All other killings (such as off-duty cops, bartenders, taxi drivers, storekeepers, and other innocent victims) were to be prosecuted as second-degree murder cases, punishable by a minimum term of between 15 to 25 years and a maximum of life.

If New York State had restored the death penalty (the Legislature voted for it five times and Governor Hugh Carey vetoed the bills) first-degree murder would be a capital crime, punishable by death in the electric chair.

While justice was left wanting despite the many voices for swift and severe punishment for cop killers, it cannot be said that 19-year-old Gary Williams fell into that reprehensible cadre of crimi-

nals who shot or murdered policemen—and lived to talk about it.

It was hardly 24 hours since Officer Walsh was killed when two other patrolmen, working out of the Fresh Meadows stationhouse in the same borough of Queens, came face to face with almost certain death when they came across Williams. Police Officers Jack Biesel, 34, and Gus George, 50, had just received a radio transmission to search for a suspect who had just robbed three stores and a gas station—all within 45 minutes.

When Biesel and George spotted a man answering the description of the wanted armed holdupman, they went after him. He was behind the wheel of a car at the time, and when the police cruiser's lights flashed and its tweeters sounded, he barreled away from Springfield Boulevard and 65th Street in the Bayside section.

The chase ended when the fugitive car careened out of control at Springfield Boulevard and 67th Avenue and rammed the police car before piling into a parked sedan.

Unfazed by the twin crashes, the suspect wheeled around in his seat behind the wheel and pointed his gun at the approaching policemen.

"I hate cops!" he shouted.

There was a sudden burst of gunfire. It came from the blazing barrels of two police .38-cal. service revolvers. Nine shots in all, all unanswered by cop-hater Gary Williams, who it later turned out had a prior arrest for robbery in 1979.

Three of the bullets found their mark in Williams and left him very dead. But that doesn't close the case until we hear from Officer Biesel.

"Bobby Walsh was a good friend of mine," Biesel said about the policeman who lost his life the night before trying to abort the holdup in the BVD bar. "I was shot once before in a stickup, and I wasn't taking any chances."

Like Walsh, Biesel was off-duty when he caught that slug in his chest in a tavern robbery in Brooklyn in 1979. The shooting was near the Wilson Avenue precinct, where Biesel and Walsh once worked together.

More than 100 policemen participated in the search for Walsh's killer. The area in which the hunt was conducted had precise boundaries—the Maspeth section in Queens, and across the borough line into the Williamsburg and Bushwick sections. These locales were the sites of at least ten other holdups, which authorities were convinced had been pulled by the same men who burst into the BVD and shot the policeman to death.

Walsh's murder created shock waves over the city.

"It was an execution!" declared a grim Deputy Commissioner Devine. "The of-

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ficer no longer was a threat to the men after he was wounded and had fallen. He was given a death sentence for being a police officer.

"It's ironic that a cop can get a death sentence for being a cop, but there are no death penalties for people who kill cops."

At his stationhouse, Walsh's comrades and superiors praised his qualities as a cop. Officer Robert Dailey said:

"Bob was a very active guy. He liked to be a cop. He liked making collars."

Officer Cormac Gordon said Walsh was not one to shirk from his duty when confronted with danger. "He was the kind of a guy who would take action. He must have felt he had to do what he did in order to save the lives of others at the bar."

Captain C.R. Doncourt eulogized the fallen policeman: "He was a brave cop with a tremendous amount of arrests..."

But the arrests of the three men who tried to rob the BVD and killed him instead was now left to others. Bob Walsh was dead and his remains were now being laid out for the wake in the John Phillips Funeral Home in Middle Village, Queens. Preparations were also made for his funeral Mass in First Church of Christ in Maspeth at 10 a.m. on Thursday.

While the search for the three killers gained momentum, something was happening around the city that stirred widespread interest—and generated genuine approbation among the vast majority of law-abiding citizens.

Not many hours after Gary Williams was dispatched to his Maker by Police Officers Biesel and George, an off-duty cop, Richard Gray, shot an 18-year-old burglar in Bayside when he broke into the policeman's apartment and came at him with a crowbar and a gun.

Even before the smoke had cleared from Gray's off-duty .38-caliber gun barrel, more bullets were unlimbered in a wild shootout in the Bronx. Police Officers Winfred Maxwell and Trenton Brown had just finished their shift at the Sedgwick Avenue police station and were on their way home in civilian clothes in Maxwell's car.

As they passed 165th Street and Ogden Avenue in the Highbridge section, a frightened man flagged them down. He pointed to two young men and accused them of threatening him with a pistol.

The cops got out of the car and identified themselves as policemen. One of the men pulled a .25-caliber automatic pistol as the officers approached and triggered two quick shots. One whizzed so close to Maxwell's head he almost caught cold from the breeze. The bullet tore a hole in the hood of his jacket.

Then the gunman and his accomplice turned on their heels and ran. Maxwell

and Williams took after them. It was a chase that went a block and a half, ending with both suspects sprawled on the ground. Statistically they were the third and fourth would-be cop assassins to bite the dirt since Walsh was slain two nights ago.

With off-duty cops responding so effectively to the challenge of criminals, many began to wonder whether the program to give members of the NYPD special training to cope with emergency situations when off-duty was really necessary.

The training was ordered by Police Commissioner Robert McGuire after Robert Walsh's murder.

"We will design a tactical program that will focus on what to do before you enter a bar and what you can do once inside," explained Deputy Chief Inspector Michael McNulty, commanding officer of the NYPD's training academy.

"Each officer carries a gun while off duty. Part of the training will be to

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teach officers to look into taverns before entering to see who is there and to get on guard in case something doesn't appear right.

"Once inside, policemen will be directed to find a spot where they can see what is going on outside the bar, and to plan responses in the event of a holdup.

"All policemen will be taught to plan in their heads just what tactics they should employ."

By dawn of Tuesday, January 13th—barely 48 hours since Robert Walsh was slain—the sleuths investigating that crime were closing in on the three bandits who participated in the fatal robbery try.

Information they developed from questioning of the bartender and patrons at the BVD, as well as the victims of the ten prior holdups the gang was suspected of committing, brought the hunters into proximity of the three—and also a fourth man, who was now known to have driven the getaway car.

The crackdown was being spearheaded by Detective James Redmond, of the 104th Precinct—where Walsh lived and where he died.

Once the suspects were identified, detectives were dispatched to four locales, three in Brooklyn, one in Queens. Each of these sites was the residence of a suspect in the murder. Although the orders were to arrest the four and bring them in, the teams of detectives didn't just

sweep down on the individual residences and take the objects of the hunt in custody immediately. The sleuths staked out the different homes for a number of hours, to make certain the individual suspects could be taken without risking injury or death to the policemen or innocent bystanders.

The bead on two of the suspects was a hairy one because it called for a close concentration of the detective teams assigned to collar the respective fugitives. The sleuths found themselves almost touching shoulders as one group kept the entrance to the apartment house at 308 Benahan Street under surveillance, while another eyeballed the doorway four buildings away at number 316 in Brooklyn.

The suspect residing at the first address was identified for authorities as Vincent DiNicolantonio, 23 and streetwise, who, according to police, had been arrested in 1980 for burglary, possession of burglar tools, and possession of stolen property.

The fine for littering the street in many parts of these United States can be \$100 or even more. In New York City, where hardened criminals and repeaters bargain for their freedom so they can rob, maim, and kill again, the court turned Vincent DiNicolantonio out to the street after he was fined \$50. The three felonies the cops booked him on were reduced by the judge to disorderly conduct!

The suspect living up the block from DiNicolantonio was described to authorities as a 17-year-old high-school dropout and, like his neighbor, unemployed. He went by the name of Carlos Flores.

A third location to which detectives were dispatched was on Wilson Avenue in Brooklyn's Bushwick section. Their target was 16-year-old Richard Rivera, another unemployed high-school dropout. He also had had a run-in with police the previous October. He was arrested for possession of stolen property. His case was adjourned "in contemplation of dismissal."

The remaining detective team focused its attention on the home of 15-year-old Jose Rojas on Jamaica Avenue in Richmond Hill, just over the Brooklyn line in Queens.

The arrests began late Tuesday night. Two were made simultaneously when DiNicolantonio pulled to a stop at the curb near his residence in his souped-up 1973 Pontiac—the car police ultimately said was the one used in the killing, not a Mercury or Lincoln as some eyewitnesses had claimed.

What made it doubly advantageous for these arresting detectives was that DiNicolantonio had a passenger in the seat beside him—his neighbor, Carlos Flores. Both were taken without a struggle or even a whimper.

A few hours later, at 2 a.m. Wednesday, Richard Rivera walked to his door on Wilson Avenue and suddenly discovered there was no way he was going to tuck himself under the covers in his bed. He found himself handcuffed and going on a ride to the 112th Precinct in Forest Hills, Queens, where the homicide squad was doing business.

During the hours of interrogation, two significant developments took place.

The first was the peaceful surrender of Jose Rojas, the 15-year-old fugitive. Despite the stakeout, Rojas had eluded police, but not his distraught mother. She hauled her son into the police station by herself and turned him over to the detectives.

The second incident was the shooting of another policeman—the fourth one in the first 14 days of the new year. It happened when 26-year-old Police Officer Robert Sotero, only two years on the job, went to aid Policewoman Helen T. Stedina, who was trying to arrest a robbery suspect. He had just been pursued and corralled by his victims after he robbed a grocery store on Flushing Avenue in the Williamsburgh section of Brooklyn.

The sidewalk capture almost turned into a tragedy, for as Sotero came to the policewoman's assistance, the bandit grabbed her gun. Although she shoved the gun away and wrestled the thug to the ground, he triggered a shot that struck Sotero in the chest—directly over his heart.

Sotero survived because he was wearing a bulletproof vest. The impact of the bullet, however, caused injury to his chest and he was hospitalized.

Later in the day two more significant events occurred.

One took place in Queens Criminal Court where three of the four accused killers were arraigned. Because of their youth, Rivera and Rojas were charged with second-degree murder; DiNicolantonio was charged with first and second-degree murder. They were all held without bail.

Carlos Flores was also charged with second-degree murder but was not arraigned with the others. He fainted during police questioning and was taken to Wyckoff Heights Hospital. He suffers a congenital heart condition, but it pulled no strings for him after he was released from the hospital. He, too, was arraigned and put in the slammer without bail.

The other happening on this grim Thursday, January 15th, was Police Officer Walsh's funeral, where a minister was to make headlines with his sermon from the pulpit of the tiny First Church of Christ in Maspeth.

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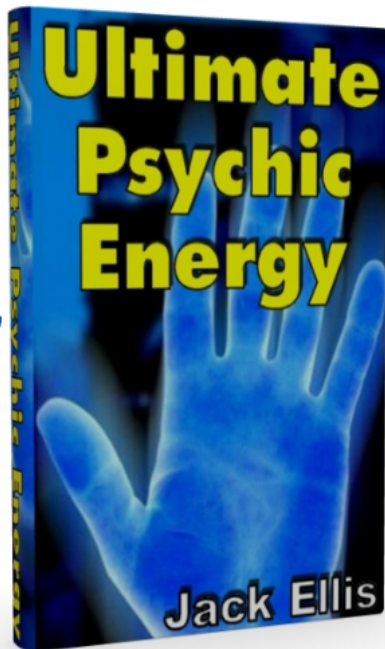
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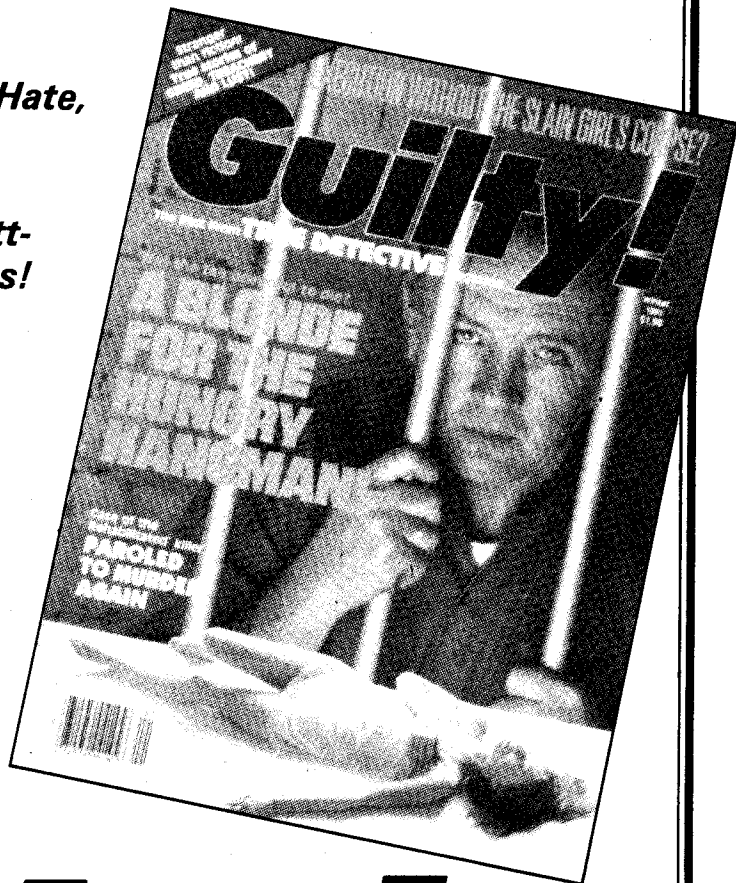


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stretched for five blocks from the church, funeral services were held for the slain policeman.

Walsh's widow, shaken and numb, was helped into the church by two relatives, each supporting her by an arm. The couple's two young sons did not attend the service, but two daughters by his previous marriage, sat in a back row of the packed chapel, which seats only 120 worshippers.

Among the dignitaries who came to pay tribute to the assassinated policemen were City Council President Carol Bellamy, Controller Harrison J. Goldin, and Deputy Mayor Robert F. Wagner Jr., who was representing Mayor Koch. The mayor had previously committed himself to attend an emergency meeting in New Jersey on the drought which had caused a water crisis in the Garden State's northern precincts as well as in New York City and Westchester County to the north, as reservoir levels dropped to less than 30 percent of capacity.

NYPD Chaplain William Kaladjian praised the slain hero from the pulpit as a truly courageous policeman who laid down his life in what amounted to his devotion to duty, although he was off the job at the time.

The real zinger came when the Rev. Harold B. Ward, pastor of the non-denominational church, eulogized the death of Robert E. Walsh, who was born in the neighborhood—and died there.

"Officer Walsh's death," began the minister, "will not have been in vain if it is a small step toward getting capital punishment returned."

Citing the Bible repeatedly, Pastor Ward dismissed the argument that the death penalty was cruel and unusual punishment.

"Cruel?" he asked.

"Yes," he answered his own question, "possibly to the criminal."

Then he added:

"Unusual?"

"Never! What's unusual about a form of punishment known since the First Century?"

The minister then went on:

"While I'm urging it, I am hoping and praying at the same time that it'll never need to be used. I'm not asking for vengeance. I'd like it there as a deterrent."

Rev. Ward did not stop at that. He had yet another thought:

"As I learned of Bob's tragic death, I thought if capital punishment had been a statute, perhaps he would still be here.

"If by Bob's death a seed is planted in our hearts that will help us persuade those who can reinstitute the death penalty to do so, and if one person is spared, and if the hand of one potential killer is restrained because of the knowledge that his life would be forfeited, then Bob's death was not in vain."

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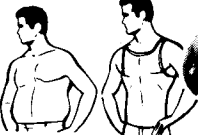
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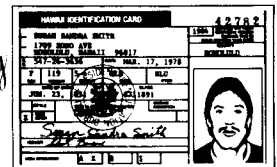
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Bob Walsh's coffin was carried out by the blue-uniformed policemen pall-bearers who'd worked with him at the 7th Precinct, and placed in the hearse. The skies over the tan brick church and the long funeral cortege were leaden. A typical winter's day was threatening to disgorge a snowfall as it had earlier in the week.

Though the ground was white-coated at Cypress Hills Cemetery in Glendale, Queens, where interment took place, the dirt was a deep brown around the freshly-excavated pit that was to receive Walsh's remains for their eternal rest.

As time passes, Robert Walsh will shape the roster of New York's Finest who laid down their lives as heroes. He will be a statistic, for he is one of many who died in the execution of their oath as protectors of the public's safety.

Yet this narrative will serve as a re-

minder to all those who may read it that Walsh was more than a statistic. He was a decent human being, a devoted family man, and a dedicated police officer whose life was taken from him in the cruelest way.

The four young men accused of this heinous crime were indicted by a Queens County grand jury for murder and other charges. In the near future, they will be brought to trial by District Attorney John Santucci.

There is only one flaw in the criminal justice system so far as Santucci is concerned. "I just wish," he told Master Detective, "that the death penalty was in force. Then we'd see whether criminals would be as willing to take life as haphazardly as they are doing now. I don't think they would be. The electric chair is a frightening prospect to those who want to kill—and a tremendous deterrent." ♦♦♦

Killing Frenzy . . .

(Continued from page 37)

to making a judgment on whether he was telling the truth or relating a fantasy of some sort. Vincent kept interrupting himself to plead with the doctor to give him a fatal injection so "I can join Michele in heaven."

Insp. Journeau signaled Sgt. Maurois and they left. Journeau commented that the man was still raving. Maurois asked if he believed him, or did he suspect there might be some truth in his raving?

"Well, he did mention the name Michele, and he knows her apartment number, her address, and the floor on which the girl's apartment is situated. My guess is that he is not a total stranger there."

"Whether she is actually dead, though, is something we cannot determine yet. One thing strikes me, however. He seems quite young to be moving in Mlle. Florene's circles. As I recall, she should be in her mid-thirties."

Maurois said that was correct. She was 36 years of age. "She doesn't look it, though. I saw her photograph in a magazine recently and she's still a beauty."

At the apartment house on Avenue Foch, the inspector and the sergeant found a patrol car parked before the entrance, its two-man team of officers sitting in the front seat. They had been ordered to stand by at the scene when they reported their inability to rouse anyone at the Florene apartment.

Sgt. Maurois ordered them to bring their tool kit from the emergency gear carried in the trunk and to accompany him and the inspector upstairs. When they reached the sixth floor apartment Journeau gave the doorbell one more

try, and when there was no response he told the patrolmen to force the door. That proved to be more easily said than done, for the doors were heavy ornamental affairs of carved mahogany, and the locks were of solid brass and sturdily built. Finally, however, force prevailed and the patrolmen stepped aside as soon as they got the doors open.

Insp. Journeau stepped through, calling out the occupant's name, "Mademoiselle Florene—" Whatever else he was going to add to that never materialized, because the inspector was abruptly struck speechless by the sight that confronted him.

The front doors led into a spacious hall lighted by the rays of the sun streaming through a row of windows high on the east wall. In the center of this hall stood a long Florentine table of carved teakwood, and on the table stood a large crystal bowl, normally used to display a flower arrangement. But today it was being used for another purpose.

Standing neatly upright on its severed neck was the head of a woman!

Apparently, she had been quite beautiful in life, although at the moment there was a mask-like quality to her heavily made up face. The cheeks were rouged at the cheekbones. The lips were full, and a scarlet lipstick had been applied neatly. The eyes, dark blue, had been mascaraed, and someone had even applied eye shadow beneath them. The red hair of the woman's decapitated head had been combed and formed a background for the grotesque sight.

Sgt. Maurois was the first to speak; he uttered a heartfelt oath. Insp. Journeau repeated it. Journeau would say later that despite his 23 years as a policeman, during which he had seen what he believed had been "every conceivable grotesquerie the human mind can de-

vised," the sight of the woman's head in the crystal bowl shook him as nothing in all his experience had ever done.

When he found his voice he asked the sergeant, "Is that Michele Florene?"

The sergeant nodded vigorously. "Yes, she looks just like her pictures. No question. My God, Inspector—what the hell do we make of this? I've never seen anything so terrible in my life!"

"It almost has to be ritual murder," Journeau said softly. "It's a new one on me, too. I've never seen one before, but I've read about them in the records. You see all that paraphernalia? This is Satanism—the deification of the devil. Or it's one of the African witch cults."

Journeau had gestured toward the bowl, which was surrounded by a ring of black candles. All the candles had been burning but were presently extinguished, probably blown out by some person, rather than by a draft of air or wind, because they were all about the same height.

Against the wall on the left was another table, smaller than the central one, and on it lay a thick book with a black morocco binding which showed considerable wear, as though the book was quite old. The book lay open, and across the pages someone had placed a long curved knife with an exotically carved wooden handle.

"We'll come back to this," Insp. Journeau said. "Let's check the rest of the apartment. Her body must be here somewhere. And maybe there are more bodies."

Before leaving the entrance hall, however, he instructed Sgt. Maurois to tell the patrolmen to go back to their car and radio his request for the entire squad, and for a complement of technicians from the crime laboratory as well. "And also tell them I want a 24-hour guard put on that man in the hospital—Pierre Vincent."

"Do you think Vincent is the murderer?" Sgt. Maurois asked when he rejoined Journeau after giving the patrolmen their instructions.

The inspector shrugged. "I'm not going to speculate on that, for the moment. Obviously, he was involved, and he knew that Mademoiselle Florene was dead. But I find it hard to believe that he and the woman were alone. When the Satanists celebrate a Black Mass, they usually do it in a group."

"Did you say a Black Mass?" asked Maurois, his eyes wide and surprised.

"Yes. That's what it looks like to me. Or African devil worship. I expect we'll find it all described in that book in the hall. It's sure to—Ah, here she is! Or rather, here's what's left of the lady."

He had just opened the door to the room at the end of the hall and it had turned out to be the bathroom. Lying on the cool green tiles of the floor was the body—all but the head—of Michele

Florene. It was completely naked, covered with innumerable stab wounds. The legs were spread wide apart, knees raised and bent so as to expose the woman's genital area.

Neither of the officers said anything for a minute or two, until Insp. Journeau asked Maurois, "Do you notice anything peculiar?"

"Peculiar!" the sergeant exclaimed. "The whole damn thing is peculiar, although I can think of some stronger words."

"Of course, of course," the inspector said impatiently. "It's weird. I know that. But I mean peculiar from a technical standpoint."

"There is no blood! Don't you see? Presumably, this is where she was murdered, but there's not a drop of blood on the floor, and the only sign of blood on the corpse is right at the wounds. No smears, no splashes, no puddles on the floor."

"My God, you're right!" Maurois cried. "What the hell did they do with it?"

Insp. Journeau shook his head slowly. "Damned if I know. Maybe they simply washed it down the drain. From our point of view, of course, it will complicate the investigation."

"This, you see, was not something that was done quickly, as in a fit of passion. It was done slowly, deliberately, and when it was all over, the murderer, or the murderers, remained to tidy up things, arrange the head in the bowl, apply the makeup to the face and comb the hair, and so on."

"And what all that means is that unless our Monsieur Pierre Vincent is willing to talk, and assuming that his mind has not been so affected by drugs that anything he says will be worthless, it will be very hard—if not impossible—for us to reconstruct exactly what took place here. It will be even more difficult for us to determine who is directly responsible for the death of Mademoiselle Florene."

The accuracy of the inspector's concern on these points would be demonstrated very soon. Although the forensic experts from the crime laboratory were able to lift Pierre Vincent's fingerprints from several areas of the apartment, there were none on the handle of the curved knife which was found lying across the book in the hall. Presumably, this had been the death weapon used to kill Michele Florene and to sever her head from her body. At least that was the opinion of Dr. Henry Duplessis, the pathologist who performed the postmortem examination. The good doctor had a good deal more to report, however.

"My examination of the cadaver shows that she was an alcoholic, a drug addict who apparently experimented with every drug she could get her hands

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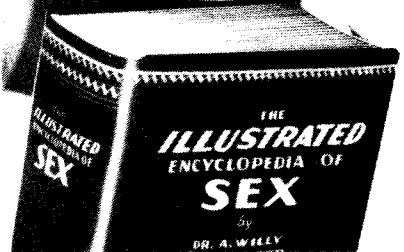
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on, and quite probably, she was a nymphomaniac as well.

"She had been engaged in prolonged and intensive sexual activity immediately prior to her death. The vagina and other orifices are flooded with sperm, and with her own secretions."

"By sexual activity you mean intercourse?" the inspector asked.

"That, and just about everything sexual within the realms of physical possibility," Dr. Duplessis said. "I must assume that the lady was an expert in such activity."

"And beautiful and fantastically rich, to boot," Sgt. Maurois added. "Monsieur Vincent apparently didn't know a good thing when he had it."

Dr. Duplessis, in his capacity as medical consultant to the police, had examined Pierre Vincent at the hospital, and Insp. Journeau now put a question to him: "What is your opinion of Vincent? Is he in his right mind? Do you think he's responsible for all this?"

The doctor shrugged noncommittally. "Whether he did it alone, or with others, or not at all—these are things you will have to find out, Inspector Journeau. I understand the forensics didn't find too much at the scene. As for whether he is in his right mind, so that you can depend on his statements, I'd like to reserve decision until I have kept him under observation for a bit longer."

In the meantime, Pierre Vincent was transferred from the emergency hospital to the police clinic, where it was simpler to keep him under constant surveillance and where he could be observed by police doctors and psychologists.

In another discussion with Dr. Duplessis the inspector answered a question put by the doctor: "The only significant thing they found was an exact description of how to carry out a murder of this kind—they found it in that book that was on the table by the wall. It's a book on witchcraft, voodoo, African devil worship, torture and similar charming subjects.

"The pages it was opened to contained a detailed description of just such a murder and beheading as the high point of a sexual orgy."

Duplessis asked if the inspector had learned to whom the book belonged. "That's what we are looking into right now," Journeau replied. "It wouldn't have been Pierre Vincent's. The book is very rare, and very expensive, worth—I am told—thousands of dollars.

"Vincent wouldn't have had the money to afford such a book. Of course, from what you tell me, Doctor, about Mademoiselle Forene, it could well have been her book. She certainly was rich enough to afford it but it's difficult for me to believe that such an attractive young woman—from such a distinguished family—would go in for such practices.

"I believe we must very carefully explore the possibility that others—in addition to Pierre Vincent—were involved. And if we find that to be true, then we will have to make a maximum effort to find them."

Dr. Duplessis inquired as to whether the inspector had spoken to the victim's family. Journeau said he had spoken to a brother of Michele Forene, but he could give them little information, save that Michele had been on her own for several years and had little contact with the family.

"I have tried to spare them, inasmuch as they can contribute very little to our investigation," the inspector said. "I did learn that Michele was an alcoholic, and

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on drugs, and that she had even been persuaded to take a cure at a famous sanatorium, which released her as cured six weeks ago."

"That was where she met Pierre Vincent," Sgt. Maurois said. "He was there for pretty much the same thing as she was—drugs and alcoholism."

Maurois had just returned from a trip to the sanatorium where Michele Florene had been "cured." He reported that his efforts to obtain information there had not met with notable success. In fact, he had been able to learn almost nothing more than the elemental fact that both Michele Florene and Pierre Vincent had been patients at the institution during the same period of time.

The only thing he learned which he had not known before was that both Michele and Vincent had been released on the same date.

"Did you make any inquiries about Michele's sexual proclivities?" Insp. Journeau asked. "It might be helpful if we could obtain some definitive information on that score."

"I asked the questions, but the doctors were not answering," Sgt. Maurois replied. "They called this privileged information between doctor and patient."

The doctors who attended Michele Florene may have stood on their ethical principles, but there were many of her acquaintances who had no such scruples, when it came to discussing the wealthy heiress's kinky sex life. It was not too long, therefore, before the sergeant was adding, almost hourly, to the rapidly expanding dossier of statements regarding the notorious playgirl and her remarkably active sex life.

It quickly became apparent that the woman's fame, or notoriety, was not a local phenomenon, either. For the truth was that the evidence gathered by Sgt. Maurois proved indubitably that her sexual appetite was as celebrated among the jet set of Rome, Marseilles, London and West Berlin as it was in Paris. Wealthy playboys related with obvious pride details of the wild sex orgies in which they had participated with the famous millionairess.

One of the statements obtained by Sgt. Maurois was more or less typical of all the others that he gathered. This one came from the eldest son of a high ranking French diplomat. And like all the others who contributed statements, he insisted on his name being kept a secret. That was the most important consideration he demanded for his cooperation.

"Michele Florene," he told Maurois, "was an utterly fantastic woman, madly erotic and capable of anything in bed. But I mean *anything!*"

"I remember one evening when I was sitting with four friends in a bar in Montmartre. Michele walked over to us. She had a funny kind of smile on her face. She had been drinking, of course, but she was not really drunk. We asked her to join us, and she did.

"After we had talked for a while, she invited us all to go to her apartment with her. When we got there, she turned on the music and produced a bowl of cocaine. There was a small silver spoon in it, so anyone could help himself to as much of the snow as he might wish.

"Well, in a very short time after we all started snorting it, everybody was high. But nobody was any higher than Michele.

"She put a recording of Ravel's Bolero on the stereo, and then she started to do a strip. But this was not your run of the mill strip that you find in the joints. She stripped slowly, in time to the music, and her body never stopped moving. It was the most erotic thing I've ever seen.

"After a while she stopped dancing and announced that we were going to play spin the bottle. That, you know, is a children's game, but not the way Michele played it. She took a magnum of Dom Perignon and emptied it out on the rug. It was a very valuable Oriental rug, too, I should point out.

"Then she made us all sit in a circle, with her sitting in the middle, with her legs folded in front of her like a red In-

dian. She was nude, of course, and it was very exciting. Michele had a hell of a body, you know. Anyway, Michele would spin the bottle and whoever it was pointing to when it stopped had to take off all his clothes. In no time at all, every one of us was as naked as the day we were born.

"One of my friends was a man who had been most liberally endowed by nature, and Michele was fascinated by his physique. She got down on her knees in front of him and began worshipping him, bowing down and touching the floor with her forehead and all the time murmuring remarks about his attributes as though her words were prayers.

"As you might expect, my friend became very aroused and excited and he threw himself on her like a wild animal. They performed sexual intercourse right there on the floor, with all the rest of us looking on. And all the time this was going on, Michele kept moaning and crying out, 'Kill me! Kill me!' Of course, she didn't mean this literally. At least, I don't think she meant it literally.

"After she and my friend had finished, we all had sex with her, one after the other, sometimes two or three at the same time. I tell you, Michele was absolutely insatiable. Even after we were all exhausted—all the men, I mean—she wanted to continue, but none of us could."

"How long did this party last?" Sgt. Maurois asked the informant.

"Oh my Lord, I thought it would never end," the informant said. "It went on until late the next day. I think it was four or five o'clock in the afternoon when I finally left, and there were couple of my friends who were still hanging out with her."

After the inspector had spent several hours studying the dossier the sergeant had compiled on the murder victim, he said, "It's incredible! Absolutely incredible! But I have so many of these statements—and all of them tell stories that are amazingly similar—that there can be no doubt whatsoever that they are true. Literally true, no matter how incredible they might sound.

"Mademoiselle Florene had wealth, social position, all the advantages the world can offer a person. But despite all that, she was a nymphomaniac, she was an alcoholic, she was a drug addict.

"That book on ritual murder was hers. We have established that. It also seems certain that Pierre Vincent was either wholly, or partially, responsible for what happened to this unfortunate woman."

Inspector Journeau turned to the doctor, who had been sitting in on the conference. "You have been studying Monsieur Vincent, Henri. Have you been able to draw any conclusions from your observations?"

"Only that his mind is seriously affected by drugs," the doctor replied with a shrug. "Frankly, I doubt that an examining magistrate would issue an indictment of the man after he had tried to talk to him.

"In any event, though, he could not be taken into court right now, and not for some time. He is in terrible condition. We have been forced to hook him up to a kidney machine. His kidneys are not functioning. Also, he remains in a sort of semi-coma."

"Is he in any danger of dying?" the inspector asked anxiously. "If there were any others involved in Mlle. Florene's death, Pierre Vincent is our only chance of findout who they were."

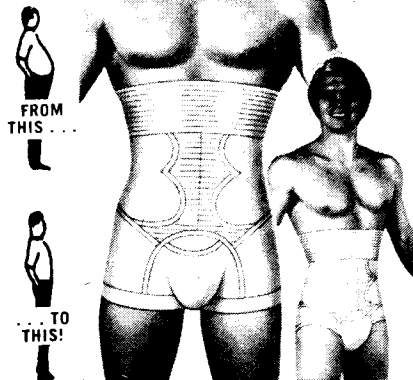
"Didn't you find a lot of fingerprints in her apartment?" asked the doctor.

Sgt. Maurois answered. "Dozens, but we have no way of tracing them. Nor, in fact, do we have any reason to believe that the owners of those prints were connected with Mlle. Florene's murder. The woman was a nymphomaniac, after all, as the inspector has said, and we can safely assume she must have had many male callers."

Everyone present seemed to agree with that, and a short time later the inspector said he thought they had covered everything that needed to be discussed.

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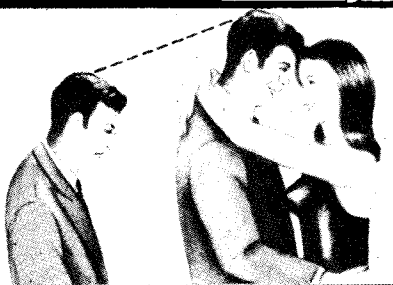
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Rising to his feet, the doctor said, "I will let you know the minute that I think Pierre Vincent is able to answer questions with anything like accuracy. Don't expect that it will be soon."

"At the moment he is not only desperately ill, but he seems also to be thoroughly confused. You would not be able to make sense out of anything he said if you attempted to interrogate him now."

Sick as he was, within 24 hours, Pierre Vincent became even sicker. The doctor reported that his system was seriously debilitated by his abuse of both drugs and alcohol.

Inspector Journeau asked him if he had been able to obtain any further information on Vincent from officials at the sanatorium where Vincent had first met Michele Florene. "The doctors there were most uncooperative when Sgt. Maurois talked to them," he added.

"I know," said the doctor. "They are very ethical over there and they go to great lengths to protect the privacy of their wealthy patients. But I am a doctor, one of the profession, and I had no trouble when I asked to borrow Monsieur Vincent's medical history."

"Have you had time to study it?" asked the inspector.

Dr. Duplessis said he had, "but it has added little to what we had already learned about this young man. He has abused himself terribly. We are doing all we can, but the prognosis is not encouraging."

The inspector was thoughtful for several moments. "It will make things even more difficult for us if he dies without talking," he said at last. "There have been some new developments since we last spoke with you. The sergeant has picked up the trail of a Satanist group here in Paris. Some of the members knew Michele Florene. We have no evidence, though, that any of them were connected with her death."

"Pierre Vincent is our only hope of providing us with that kind of evidence, assuming it exists, that is."

The doctor said that if Vincent recovered, he thought he would cooperate. "He is not your unregenerate criminal type. He is simply a man of weak character who turned—like so many weak characters of his generation—to drugs and alcohol as an escape from the realities of a cruel world."

"Assuming that he was the one who murdered Mademoiselle Florene and cut off her head—and I am inclined to believe he was the one who did that—then in my opinion he did it while he was in a state of near-insanity which had been brought on by the drugs, the alcohol and, possibly, by the sexual excesses. Those sexual excesses could have roused him, quite literally, into a

frenzy over which he had no control."

"You really think he will talk, confess that he killed and mutilated Mlle. Florene?" the inspector asked.

"I do," the doctor said. "But I think you should keep one thing in mind. Even if he confesses to every detail, I have no idea what the court will make of it all. I don't see how you can even hope to establish a reasonable motive."

On this point, Inspector Journeau was more optimistic than Dr. Duplessis.

Michele Florene had been a very wealthy woman, and the drug addicts and social dropouts with whom she habitually associated were, to a very large extent, poor to the point of starvation.

Journeau was keenly aware that any drug addict requires large amounts of money to support his or her addictive habit. And like every other experienced law enforcement officer in this modern world, he knew that there is virtually nothing that an addict will not do to satisfy his craving for the drugs he needs so desperately.

The number of murders motivated by this are legion. It might well have been the motive for the murder of the attractive playgirl millionairess.

Sgt. Maurois had been able to follow a lead to a certain disreputable bar on the Ile de la Cite, in the heart of Paris, and he had established beyond any doubt that Michele Florene had frequented this bar.

He had, in fact, been able to take this finding a step further. For he learned that upon occasion, she also had made "pickups" there. She had taken customers—male customers, for the most part—home with her to participate in the private orgies in her apartment on the Avenue Foch.

"The big trouble is," Sgt. Maurois had said when he was reporting these findings to Inspector Journeau, "people like that are just about impossible to trace. It is hopeless to try to account for their whereabouts at any particular time."

"When you talk to them, they will tell you that they don't even know where they are or what the hell they are doing."

"We have people who claim to have known Mademoiselle Florene well, and we're almost certain they never met in her lives. Then we have others who deny up and down that they ever met her, but we have positive, irrefutable evidence that they took part in some of the sex orgies at her apartment."

"Hell, we even have two girls who claim they were the ones who killed her! Neither one was even in Paris at the time of the murder. We've proved that."

The inspector heaved a heartfelt sigh and said he appreciated the problem. "We always have the crazies crawling out from their rocks when we have a widely publicized case like this. Still, we have to press on and do the best we can."

"My worry now is Pierre Vincent. He is not getting any better. And if he dies, the press is going to accuse us of making him the scapegoat for the sole reason that we are trying to cover up our failure to find the real murderer, or murderer, or to protect the famous name of someone involved. By the way, what happened to the lead on the Satanist group?"

"It simply sputtered out," said the sergeant. "There is—or at least there was—a group, and some of the members did know Mlle. Florene, but they are all wealthy people themselves and we have been able to check and verify their alibis for the time of the murder."

"They are all in the clear. As far as the devil worship goes, there's nothing we can do about that. If they want to worship the devil, that's their business."

"True, as long as they don't break any laws," Insp. Journeau agreed. "Well, that leaves us with only the two alternatives. Either one or more of the customers from the bar murdered her for money or drugs, and then tried to make it look like a ritual murder. Or Pierre Vincent was the killer, and it really was a ritual murder. In either case, Vincent knew about it before he attempted suicide."

"He may have known about it without knowing who did it," Sgt. Maurois said. "Presumably, he had a key to the Florene apartment, because as far as we can determine, he was residing there. Let's say he had gone out somewhere and when he came back he found Mademoiselle Florene in just the same condition we found her."

"So far as we can learn, she was his only friend, his only benefactor. He was dependent upon her not only for her money, but he was emotionally dependent on her as well."

"Finding her in that condition might very well have driven him to try to take his own life."

Again the inspector heaved a deep sigh. "I know, I know, Emile," he said wearily. "For all we know, Pierre Vincent may be as innocent as a newborn babe."

In this last speculation, Inspector Journeau was wrong. Pierre Vincent was not innocent. After a nerve-racking period of several days when his life continued to hang in the balance, the efforts of the physicians began to show results, and he finally recovered consciousness.

Although he was not at once able to submit to interrogation by the police, the hospital's chief doctor said, without equivocation, that Vincent was definitely on the road to complete recovery. It would only be a matter of time before Inspector Journeau had the statement for which he had been waiting so long.

With his mind at least cleared of the drugs and alcohol, the ghastly events of the night of the murder now seemed to Pierre Vincent like some sort of nightmare, and he still was not entirely certain of all the details.

He was certain, however, that he and Michele Florence had been alone in her apartment on the Avenue Foch.

They had begun the evening, he told Inspector Journeau and Sgt. Maurois, with drugs and gin. Gin, he interjected, was his favorite drink, and Michele had always kept a generous supply of it for him in her well-stocked bar.

"What drugs did he and Michele take that evening?" the inspector asked.

Vincent was perplexed by the question and finally said candidly, "I honestly don't know. I can't remember. All I can recall was that whatever the drug was, it really turned me on. It gave me a wild feeling of sexual excitement."

Sitting on the floor furrowed by the black candles, he said, he had read, at Michele's request, from the book on torture and African ritual murder. While he was doing that, he continued, she—Michele—had covered his naked body with some sort of red liquid, which she then licked off his skin with her tongue.

Unfortunately, he claimed, he was unable to recall any details of the actual murder, and a police psychiatrist who was monitoring the interrogation told the inspector he believed Vincent was telling the truth about this.

"His mind has simply blocked it out, and for the time being—at least—he has absolutely no recollection of what happened. We may be able to bring it out of him later, after some time has passed," the shrink told the inspector.

"Michele always said that the ultimate experience in love was death," Pierre Vincent continued. "When she reached her sexual climax she used to scream, 'Kill me! Kill me!'"

After a moment's reflective pause, he said, "I suppose I must have done so."

Pierre Vincent's statement effectively eliminated the possibility that others had participated in the murder of the eccentric millionairess, and the investigation, save for a few loose end details of minor importance, was terminated.

Vincent was formally indicted for the murder of Michele Florence and ordered held for trial. The French press has indulged in extensive speculation as to how Vincent will fare in the courts, but the consensus seems to be that his legal counsel will almost certainly claim his condition at the time of the slaying left him in a state of diminished responsibility.

At worst, knowledgeable court sources predict, he might be found guilty of manslaughter and sent to jail for a token sentence of a few months. ♦♦♦



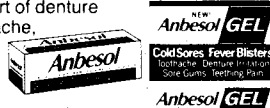
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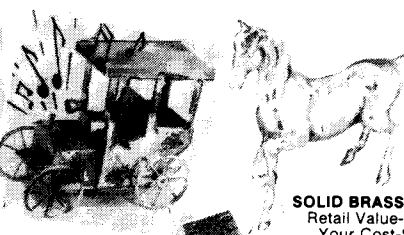
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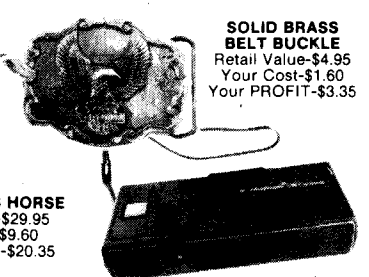
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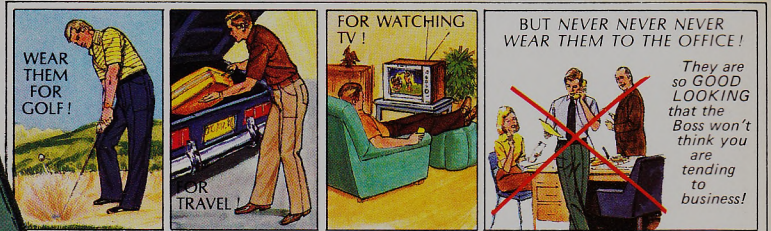
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