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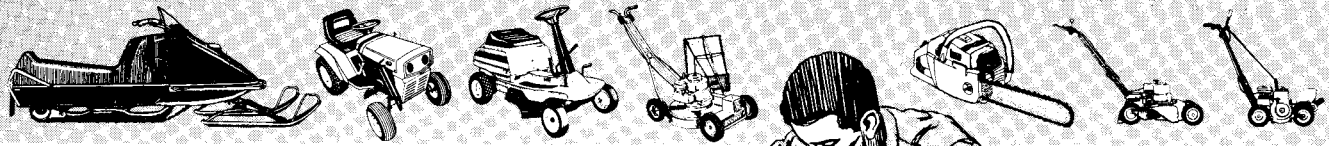
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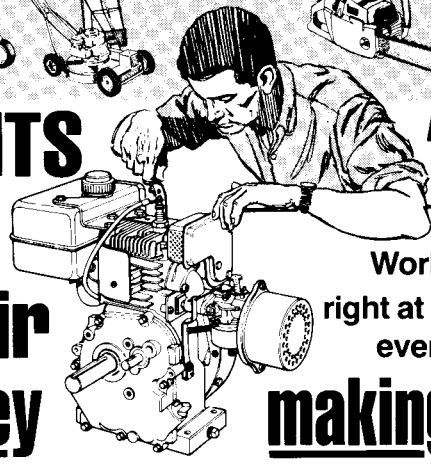
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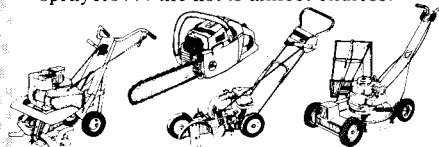
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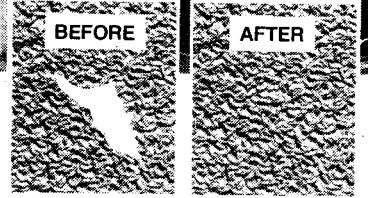
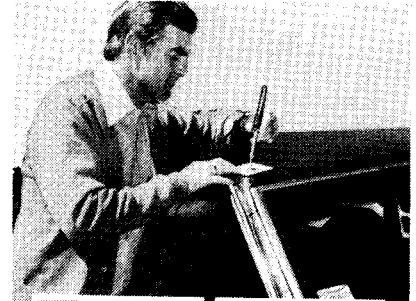
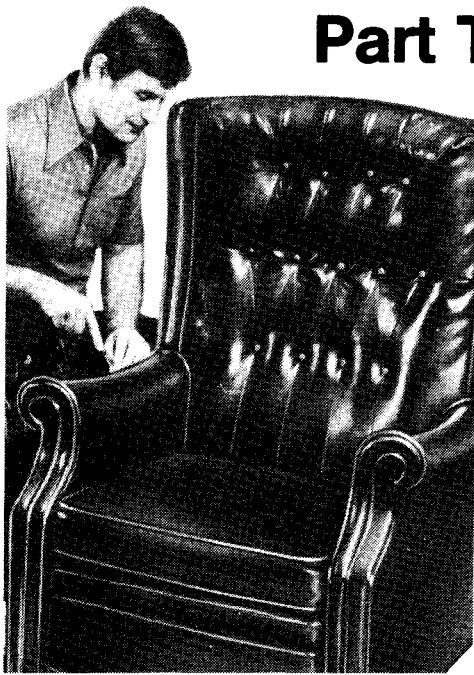
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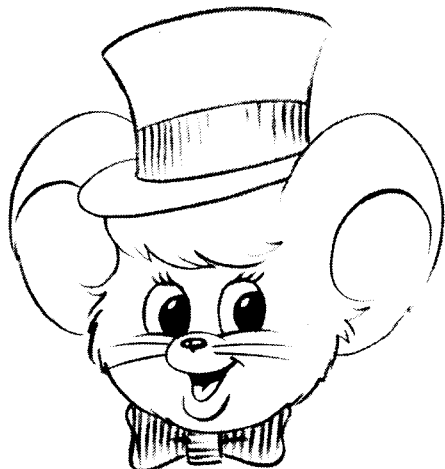


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*Combined with Actual Detective* **STORIES**

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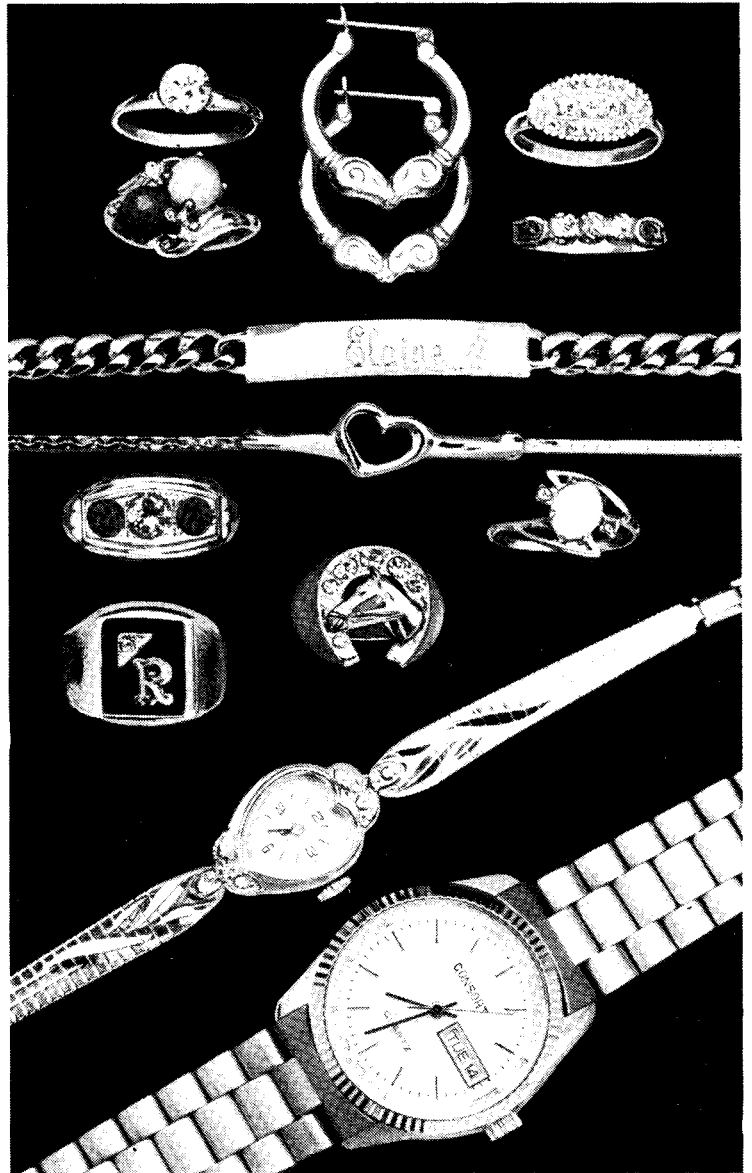
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# WHO PUT A SLUG IN THE

by **JOHN DUNNING**

Special Investigator for  
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

**O**N THE RIGHT bank of the Seine River and to the east in the city of Paris, France, the Boulevard Voltaire runs as straight as a ruled line from the Place de la Nation to the Place de la Republique. Before arriving there, it crosses the rue de Charonne, also a main artery, but not as large as the Boulevard Voltaire.

Like all Paris streets, the rue de Charonne and the Boulevard Voltaire are heavily trafficked at nearly any time of the day or night. There are such masses of trucks, cars, motorcycles and every other conceivable sort of vehicle that the sound of the motors is deafening. If there was the sound of a shot, it would be surprising if anyone heard it.

And even more surprising if they hung around to testify about it. Like the residents of most big cities today, Parisians are conditioned to respond to any hint of trouble by removing themselves from the scene as rapidly as possible. Survival in today's world is easier if you mind your own business.

It was, therefore, a little surprising that anyone bothered to report the fall of the colossus. Perhaps it was because he *was* a colossus. A man with a full beard, standing six feet four inches tall and weighing 220, does not topple over in the street without attracting the attention of someone. The call was, however, anonymous and no witnesses would ever be located.

The call had been to the police and it was the police in the form of a patrol car who arrived first at the scene. They found the huge man lying sprawled face down on the pavement with the front of his clothing soaked with blood. Although the patrolman could find no trace of respiration or heartbeat, they were taking no chances and immediately summoned an emergency ambulance.

The ambulance arrived quickly, a minor miracle considering the traffic which it had to pass through, but the intern who came with it could find no signs of life either, and said that in his opinion the man had been either stabbed



Prostitute Marie-Jo, 29, had non-professional relationship with murder victim

or shot. In any case, there was no question of moving the body until representatives from the Department of Criminal Investigations had arrived and examined it.

The patrolman from the police car advised the dispatcher at police headquarters accordingly and another patrol car was sent to assist in cordoning off the area around the body until someone from the Department of Criminal Investigations had arrived.

This did not take very long. Although it was now past 7:30 in the evening, there was not only one but several homicide investigation teams on duty at police headquarters. By the time that the core group of Inspector Robert Ballard, Detective Sergeant Gerard Bonnevoi and Dr. Hercules Leclerc arrived at the scene, the body was not yet very cold.

Everything else was. It was the 7th of January, 1983, a Friday, and one of the coldest times of the year in Paris.

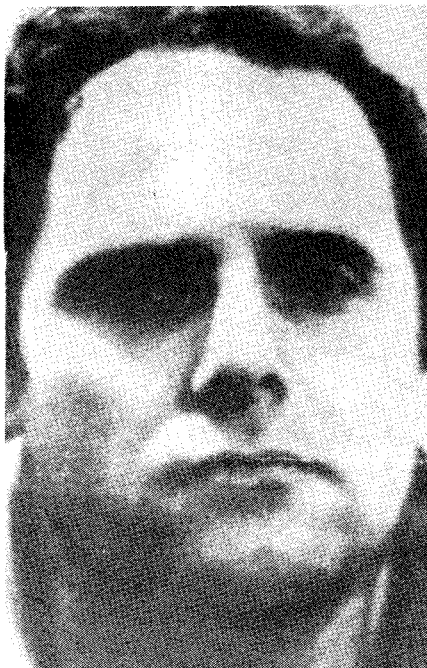
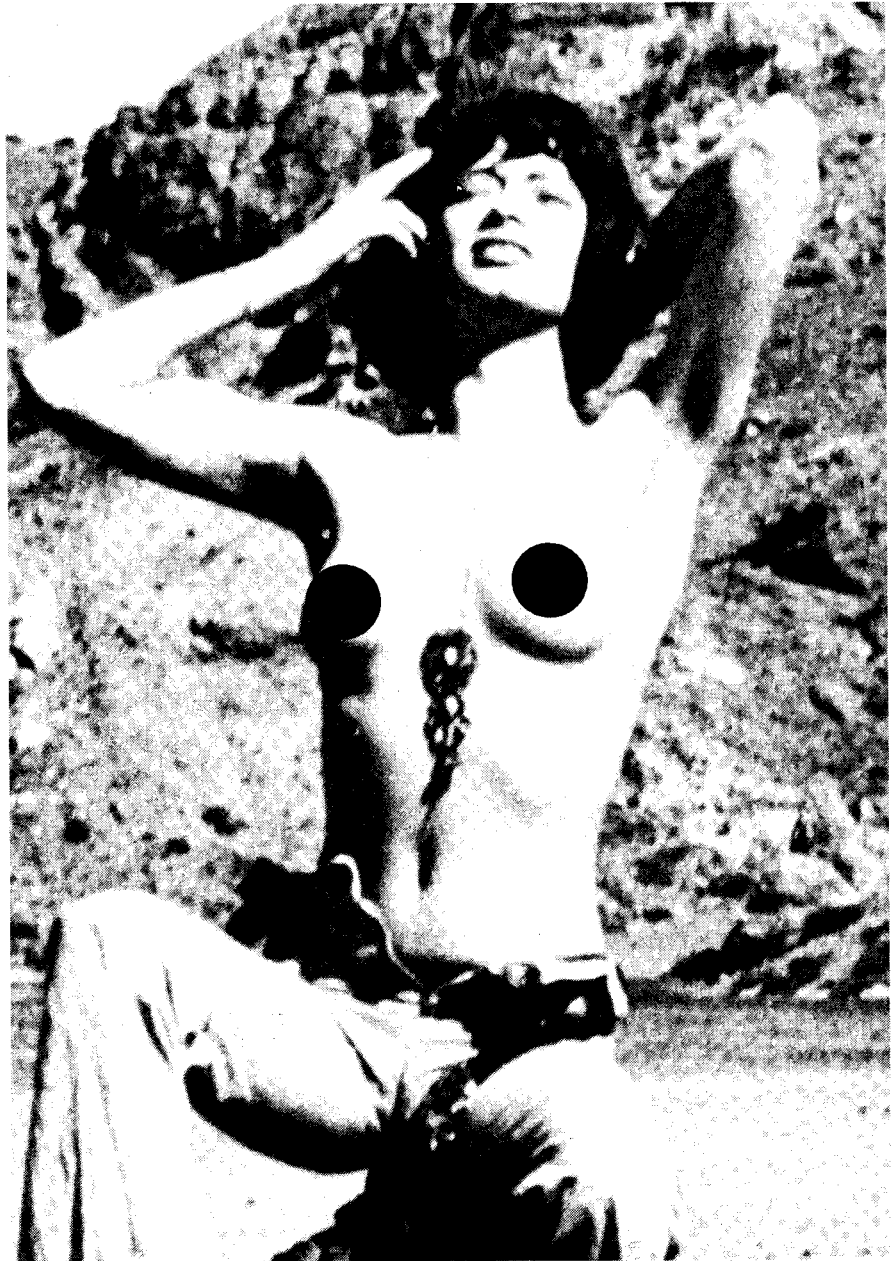
# HOOKER-LOVER'S HEART?

Although Paris does not have a really cold climate, the winter months are gray, cloudy and raw with frequent freezing rain or sleet. This evening was, if anything, rather mild with only a little wet snow falling, and a fitful, biting breeze from the north which sprang up and died down at regular intervals. It was, of course, completely dark and all of the street lighting was on. So too were the lights of the cars which raced thoughtlessly past, throwing slush over the body of the corpse.

The slush also landed on the head and back of the neck of Dr. Leclerc as he knelt beside the body, attempting to determine the cause of death. It would be his decision as to whether the circumstances required a full scale criminal investigation or whether the body could simply be transferred to the police morgue.

His dark young face grave in the light of the passing cars, the doctor with the help of the inspector and sergeant, wrestled the corpse over on his back, undid the clothing and exposed the chest. The torso was superbly muscled, the body of a top athlete in full training. Two inches below the left nipple and three and a half

Prostitute Anne-Marie, 26, was jealous of Marie-Jo, her sister in sin



Thirty-six-year-old Daniel Jean had incriminating story to tell investigators about a suspect in murder case

***The way detectives had it figured, the victim's only error in an otherwise straight life was that he had fallen in love with a whore. And to find his killer, they had to learn who loved that whore enough to kill for her***



inches from the centerline of the chest was a blue ringed hole from which blood was still oozing. The doctor put his finger into it, said, "nine millimeter directly through the heart," and got to his feet. He did not specifically say that there would have to be an investigation. He did not need to. The inspector and the sergeant understood that perfectly when he gave his estimate of the caliber of the bullet which had killed the big bearded athlete.

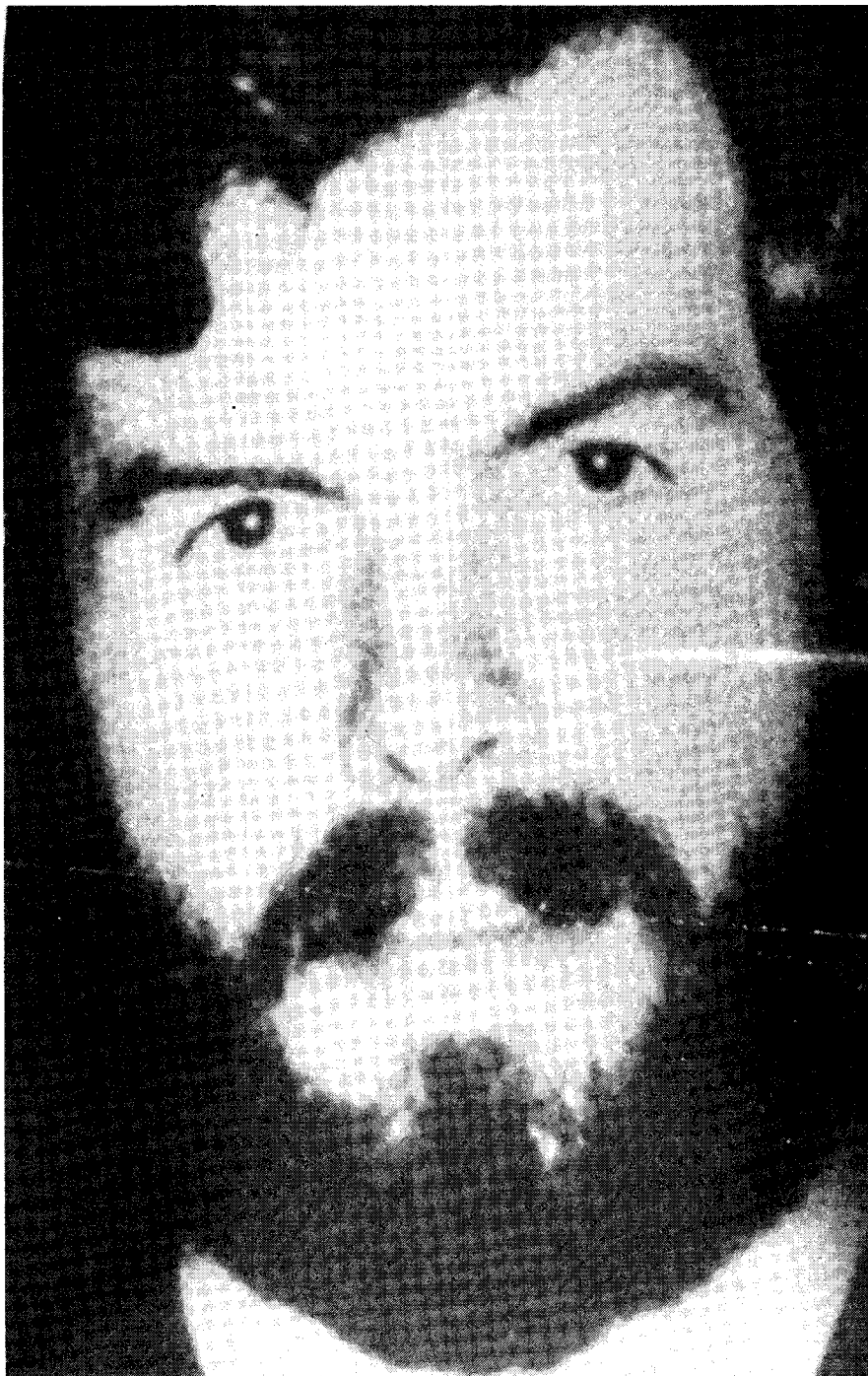
Neither of the police investigators spoke. They had no need to; what they were doing was routine and something that they had done many times before. The sergeant, a thick shouldered man of indeterminate age with the flattened nose and somewhat battered features of an ex-boxer, went off to the police car parked at the curb to contact headquarters. Neither he nor the inspector felt for an instant that any clues would be found at the scene, but regulations required an examination of scene and corpse technicians from the police laboratory. It would also be necessary for an ambulance to pick up the corpse and take it to the police morgue for the autopsy which would follow.

When the sergeant returned, the inspector and the doctor had got the dead man back on his face and were checking to see if the bullet had, perhaps, gone completely through. As there was no exit hole either in the body or the clothing, it appeared that it had not and could, therefore, be recovered from the body. This might be important, because the manner in which the killing had been carried out and the caliber of the murder weapon indicated some sort of underworld settling of accounts and the gun might very well have a record with the police.

As it turned out, it did not, although the slug was recovered lodged near the spine and sent to the ballistics department for examination and eventual identification.

As for the identity of the victim himself, this proved rather easier. His personal papers and a considerable amount of money were found in his pockets, and from the papers it was possible to determine that he was 33-year-old Bernard Bourles, a native of the city of Saint Nazaire on the Atlantic coast and currently the manager of a bar VideoTech at Charenton.

Bourles' local address was given as 68 rue Sainte Marie in the suburb of Saint Monde and the sergeant took a team of technicians from the laboratory and went there to see what they could find. Bourles' quarters turned out to be a com-



**Bernard Bourles, 33, had karate black belt, but was overmatched by a bullet**

fortable, but not extremely luxurious studio apartment. From papers and correspondence found in it, it appeared that he was a skilled judo fighter, had been a bouncer in a number of nightclubs and had worked as a personal bodyguard for a number of important politicians and industrialists. His services had, apparently, been highly satisfactory and he had an impressive collection of references.

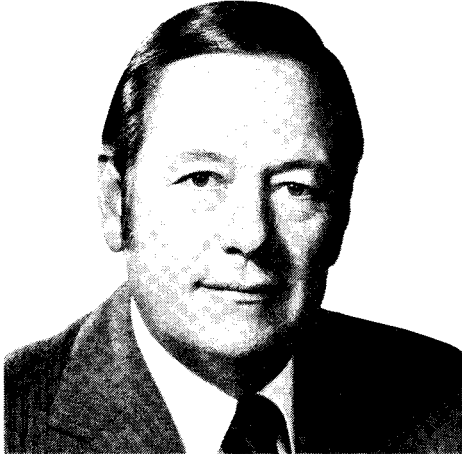
Bourles had also had a large number of friends and acquaintances and these were contacted and questioned. The manner in which Bourles had died, shot down in an

open street by a heavy caliber weapon, indicated a gangland type killing and Inspector Ballard hoped to trace his connections to the underworld. These would provide an indication of who his enemies might have been and might eventually lead to the identification of the murderer. In the inspector's opinion, it would probably turn out to be a hired professional.

To his astonishment, it did not take his investigators long to establish that Bourles had had no connection with the underworld at all. He had been serious, hard working and, according to all re-

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Many you can buy one at a time or order in quantity. Example: one 35 mm camera with hot shoe and carry case \$13.00 ppd or 12 for \$7.41 each ppd. Price drops to only \$5.80 in larger quantities.



Stereo Cassette Recorder Player AM/FM \$27.00

Diamonds & Sapphires, Low, low prices from Bangkok.

Swiss Electric Razor \$3.70



Fantastic Radio Watch \$4.80

Jade Ring 79¢

Flashing of 14K gold adds elegance to this fine jewelry.



Comes with headphones.

### 10 ATTEND MEETINGS NEAR YOUR HOME FOR PERSONAL HELP

I believe in giving you my personal help. Regularly I meet with International Traders members at regional closed door seminars across the country. One will be held this year near your home. You will be invited to these meetings and to our Annual Import Trade Show!

### 11 USE MY EXPERIENCE IN WORLD TRADE/MAIL ORDER

I started in my garage with less than \$100. Today I am worth millions, thanks to my World Trade/Mail Order business. I learned the hard way. Over the years I have pioneered and perfected Mail Order innovations now used by hundreds of successful businesses. You profit using my experience.

### 4 AGE, EXPERIENCE AND LOCATION NOT IMPORTANT

Age has nothing to do with World Trade/Mail Order success. A retired Postal Worker, in Pennsylvania following my direction, got a free ad in a national publication, and over \$12,000 profit in a few weeks, without investing in stock. My personal files are filled with success stories. Experience is not important; ambition to succeed is all it takes! You can get rich in Mail Order.

### 5 START FAST WITHOUT BIG PRODUCT INVESTMENT

Actually make your first Import/Mail Order transaction 10 minutes after receiving my plan. I'll reveal how to "Start on a shoestring." Example: A young student, following my plan, ran his first ad... cost \$4.00. Shortly he'd made over \$400 clear profit without laying out anything for stock. (He used a secret I discovered.)

### 6 I WILL GUIDE YOU STEP BY STEP

Nothing is left to chance! Starting with choosing your products to the exciting moment when you open your mail box to find it filled with orders and cash, you are guided by my experience. If you are able and willing to follow direction I will show you, step by step, how to get a fast start and operate for fullest profits.

### 7 I TRAVEL THE WORLD WORKING FOR YOU

I'm on a first name basis with important foreign suppliers on every continent. Traveling widely, I get first call and best deals on thousands of new products before they hit the market. You get full information and leave your product searching job to the experts.

## FREE SAMPLE IMPORT and Complete Free Report

The Mellinger World Trade/Mail Order Plan with membership in International Traders is really a complete get-started business package. Don't send me any money -- but do mail the coupon certificate below. I will send you an actual sample import and reveal exactly how to turn it into big money. AND will send you my complete home business report. No salesperson will call. No obligation. Just mail coupon.

### This Certificate Good for

## ONE SAMPLE IMPORT - FREE

B.L. Mellinger/The Mellinger Co. 6100 Variel Ave., Dept. K-2166 Woodland Hills, CA 91367-3779

Send FREE REPORT, "How to Import and Export" -- also actual Free Sample Import. Everything you send me is mine to keep without obligation. Show me how I can start a profitable home business of my own.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

### IMPORTANT

Your initials must appear below to qualify for Free Sample Import. Because of high cost and limited supply, I hereby agree to limit my request to one, and one ONLY, Free Sample Import. I have not previously requested this Free sample. I am over 18 years of age.  
Initial here \_\_\_\_\_

ports, a man of great moral character. The only slight departure from this image was several reports from his friends who said that they had seen him dining in various restaurants with a young and very handsome prostitute named Marie-Jo. The general impression was that he had not known she was a prostitute. Clients do not normally engage the services of a prostitute in order to take her out to dinner.

Inspector Ballard, an energetic man with a long, narrow face and thick, black, drooping mustache, would have

liked to talk with Marie-Jo, mainly because she was the one discordant element in the picture of Bourles' background, but, without her last name or a better description than he had been able to obtain, it was difficult or impossible to locate her. It was said that she had her beat in the Bouve van Sone, but this forested part on the eastern edge of the city is large, and a great many prostitutes carry on their business there.

Nonetheless, the search for Marie-Jo continued, the police endeavoring through their network of informers to de-

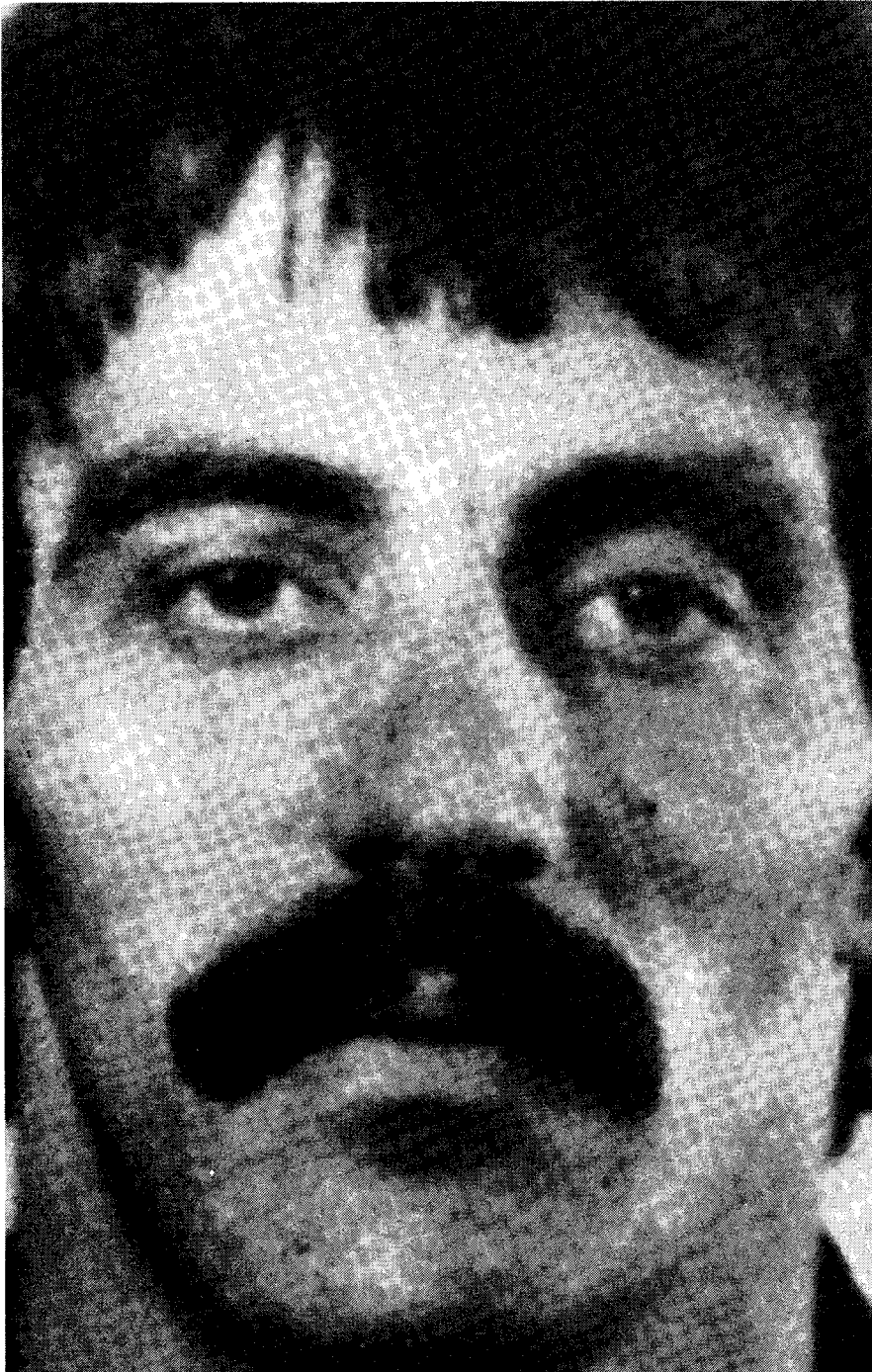
termine the identity of the prostitute that Bernard Bourles had been taking out to dinner, and the detachment headed by Sergeant Bonnevoi began investigating incidents connected with Bourles' former professional activities. Obviously, a man who had worked as a bouncer and bodyguard would have had encounters which might well have left him with enemies. If, as now seemed certain, he had no connections with the underworld, then, perhaps, he had been murdered by one of these personal enemies, possibly someone whom he had thrown out of a nightclub.

This line of investigation did not prove to be very fruitful, either. Because of his size, strength and skill, Bourles had very rarely needed to exert much force in persuading unruly customers to leave peacefully. One look at the burly, bearded giant had usually been enough to send the offender scurrying away. In the few physical encounters that had taken place, Bourles had been so polite, and even gentle, that his victims had hardly known what was happening to them. They had suddenly found themselves in the street outside the nightclub with the giant bowing gravely and offering them their coat and hat. As for his bodyguard activities, there had never been any actual encounters at all. No one had attempted to assassinate or kidnap any of his clients while he was working for them and his duties had consisted largely of acting as a sort of living shield behind which the politician or industrialist could trot safely around to his endless committee meetings.

This would, presumably, have been the end of the investigation had it not been for an almost chance encounter between the inspector and an old colleague, now retired.

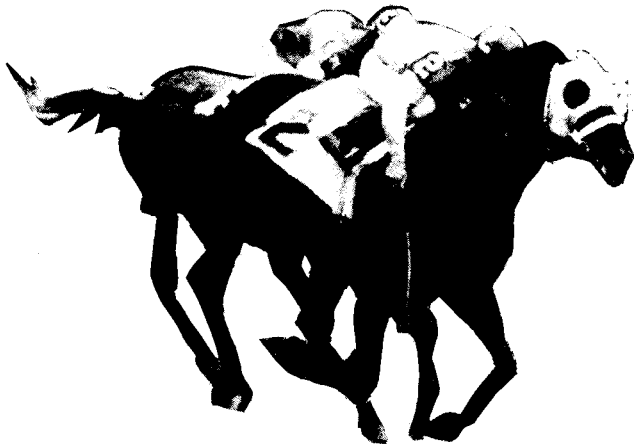
Sixty-eight-year-old Jerome Herauld had been a chief inspector of the criminal police up until his retirement and, having spent most of his life at police headquarters, found it difficult to stop going there. He therefore not infrequently turned up at the police canteen or in some of the offices where he had many friends. As it happened, it was in the police canteen that he encountered Inspector Ballard, whom he knew well and with whom he had worked for a large number of years. While the two men were having a cup of coffee together, Inspector Ballard remarked that he was on the point of adding another unsolved case to the files. He then described the circumstances of the murder of Bernard Bourles and mentioned that it had taken

*(Continued on page 57)*



**Pimp Alain Pigers, 37, complained that romance was interfering with business**

# Make Money at the Track



## Race Horse Betting As A Profitable Business

**T**he Successful Better? You see them mingling with the track crowd. They look prosperous, satisfied and in control.

**T**heir Secret? Successful betters are distinguished from the others in that, to them, race horse betting is a business. Their common traits are . . .

- They have developed, or purchased, a system they have confidence in. They **proved** it on paper before making their first bet.
- The track is their business. They might enjoy some comradery with friends and other betters, but they never forget that their primary purpose for being there is to **make money**.
- They have learned to be good money managers. They know that **\$50,000 to \$75,000** is tops in a good year and are satisfied with **\$30,000** in an average year.



### The Stoneback Select System

After many years of handicapping and hanging around the track, I developed a betting system that consistently earns a profit of 20%. That is, week after week, the system yields a return of \$20 profit for every \$100 bet. The **Stoneback Select System** often gives me **8 to 10 bets per race day**.

Why would I, a sane man, want to sell such a profitable betting system? "Surely," you say, "you could make more money by keeping it to yourself." I give you three reasons:

1. System betters affect the odds less than you think. Most betters, for whatever reason, will simply not bet consistently with a system. Some prefer the magic of birthdays, silk

colors or other frivolous reasons. (I know a woman who always bets gray mares.) Some betters lack self discipline, while others enjoy testing their handicapping skills in every race.

2. I am a businessman and an obvious reason for selling my system is to make a profit. I expect to earn enough from the sale of the **Stoneback Select System** to allow me to start retiring from the track.
3. Pride of authorship—I have devoted thousands of hours developing the **Stoneback Select System** and I want to keep it going after I am gone.

**G**uarantee—I am an honest man. However, you don't know me from Adam. So, if you purchase the **Stoneback Select System**, I guarantee to refund your money if you cannot demonstrate that it works. When I send you the system, I ask that you not make your first bet until you have applied the rules on paper to ten consecutive race days at the same track. If, after ten days, you do not demonstrate a 20% paper profit, I will refund your \$20.

**F**or a financially independent future, send for the **Stoneback Select System** today!

Mail Coupon To: John Stoneback  
1700 Stumpf Blvd., #104  
Gretna, LA 70053

Please send me **The Stoneback Select System**. I understand that I will receive a full refund if it does not do what you say it will. My \$20 is enclosed.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**Florida sleuths knew a homo slaying  
when they saw one. What they had to know now was why the**

# **FREAKY KILLER LEFT THE GAY FLOATING IN BLOOD!**

**by SAM ROEN**

Special Investigator for  
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

**A**LTHOUGH the motel on the west side of Orlando, Florida bills itself as "The World's Largest Gay Resort," it is far from fulfilling what the usual Florida vacationer seeks out as a "resort." Still, there is much that does attract its special clientele who pour into this unique hostel in weekly numbers from 5,000 to 7,000. It is a well run operation catering to its own

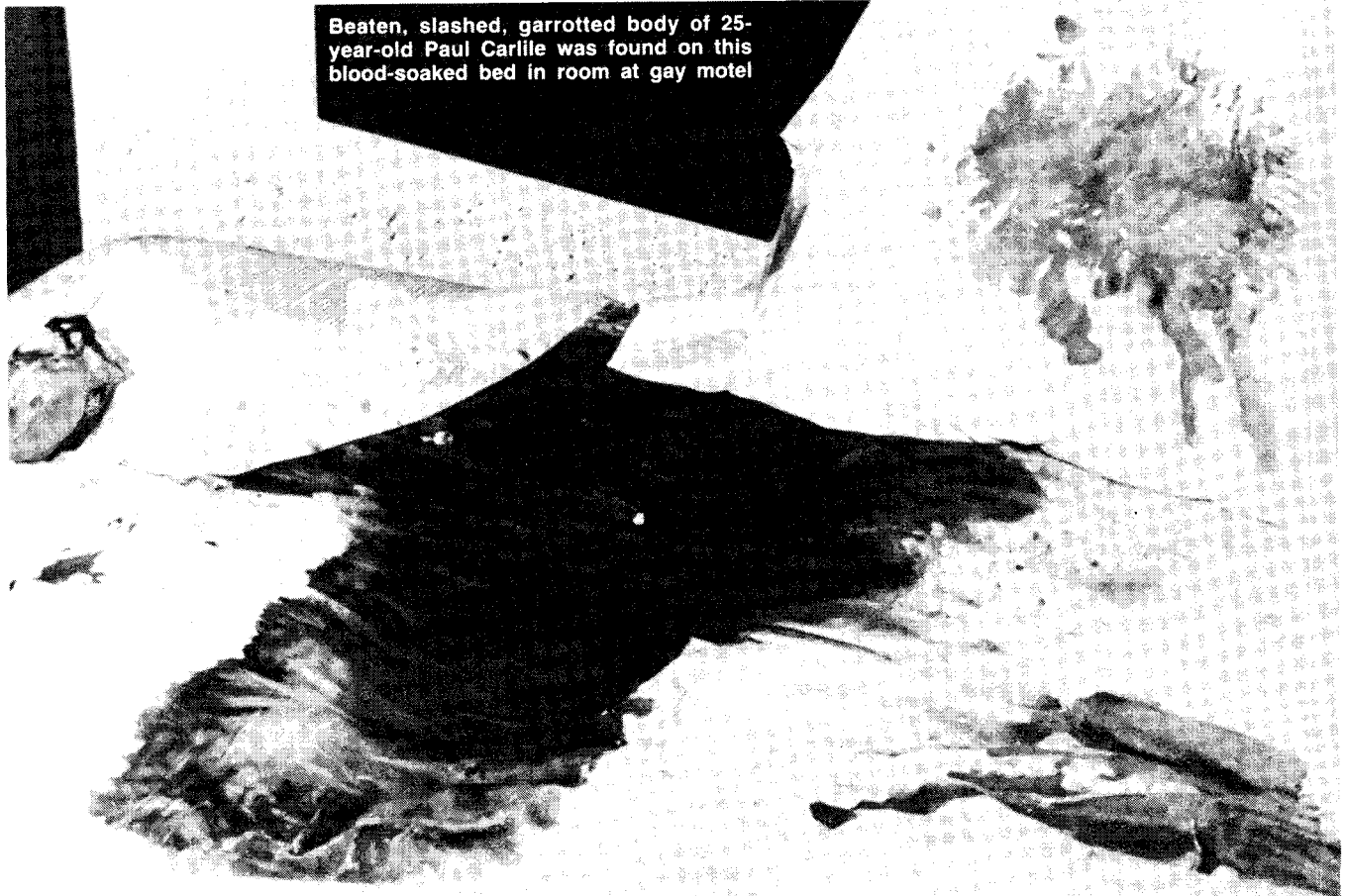
private community of guests who promenade hand in hand across its properties or sing and dance in the lounge where entertainment flourishes to contribute to the fun for which it is noted.

In an unusual effort to protect the large numbers who congregate and enjoy the facilities, the management keeps the environment safe with its own 12-member security staff headed by a 39-year-old avowed homosexual with links to the city police on the one side and the special community on the other. Felix, as he is known to the OPD, subscribes to the promise that "his people" can police them-

selves and live responsible lives just as well as any others of our citizenry.

But for all the good work of Felix and his staff, all hell broke loose on Wednesday, November 3, 1982 when the male housekeeper of the motel unlocked the door of Room 109 after one of the maids reported a suspicious "Do Not Disturb" sign that kept her out. He was greeted by a corpse that lay on one of the two beds in the room. Stunned and shocked by the sight, the housekeeper slammed the door shut and ran to the front desk to report the macabre scene he had discovered—and wished he hadn't.

**Beaten, slashed, garrotted body of 25-year-old Paul Carlile was found on this blood-soaked bed in room at gay motel**



# FRUSTRATED? HOW ABOUT \$50,000 A MONTH!

## BULL! THAT'S RIGHT. BULL!

If you're anything like me you're sick and tired of those lousy ads with their ridiculous claims! Perhaps if you win the lottery or if you're some type of marketeering genius you have it made, but for the rest of us that beat ourselves to death by punching a clock and work our butts off—FAT CHANCE!

## TAKE IT FROM ME—I KNOW!

Believe me I know! Week after week—month after month—year after year—the same old garbage. Punch a clock—do the monotonous routine hour after hour—punch out—go to lunch—down a couple of beers at the corner gin mill—watch the clock—go back to work—get chewed out by the boss—punch out—go home! THE SAME OLD THING OVER AND OVER! I WAS SICK OF IT!

## TIME FOR A CHANGE!

I knew it was time for a change! I'd look with envy at the guys passing me on the road with their Lincolns and Cadillacs, drool at the thought of their \$100,000+ homes! Surely they didn't punch a clock! They were probably being wined and dined in their \$500 3-piece suits! ...And there I was in my rust-beaten jalopy with bald tires, 2-piece work outfit and an ulcer over the thought of making my mortgage payment. I HAD IT! TIME FOR A CHANGE! NOW!

## HUT HOW?

Good question. How in the heck could I be successful and make some of those big bucks? That was the problem. Well you probably did what I did. I tried to go after the fast buck. Guess what? I lost every time. EVERYTIME. Let me say that again—I LOST EVERY TIME! I'm not talking about the horses. (I tried that and lost). I'm talking about those stinking, lousy, gimmicky ads that get you every time! How many have you run across?

## TAKE A LOOK:

1. Envelope Stuffing Bit (Remember the "thousands" you were going to make?)
  2. Chain Letter Rackets (They're illegal)
  3. Door-to-Door Selling (Forget it)
  4. Lotteries (Fat chance!)
  5. Becoming an Agent (What? With no investment?)
  6. Hosting Parties (Fine if you're into that kind of stuff)
  7. Correcting Student Papers (Need I say more about that one?)
  8. Be Your Own Publisher (No comment needed)
  9. Betting the Horses (I ran out of money, anyway, few ran true to form!)
  10. Winning at Bingo Guaranteed (Come on! Give me a break!)
- ... and the list goes on and on and on and on!

## GUESS WHAT? I FOUND IT FINALLY!

Did you hear what I said? I found it finally! At last—that "golden" opportunity! After all the money spent year after year—being RIPPED OFF here and there—I FOUND IT! It dawned on me after listening to one of those "you can do it" type tapes. It was a little phrase that got my wheels ticking. It went like this—"If you continue to think like you've always thought, you'll continue to get what you've always got!" I couldn't believe my ears when I heard it! Of course the first couple of times it passed me by—but when it hit—IT HIT! Think about it. "IF YOU CONTINUE TO THINK LIKE YOU'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT, YOU'LL CONTINUE TO GET WHAT YOU'VE ALWAYS GOT!" HOW TRUE!

## I PUT THAT LITTLE PHRASE TO WORK

In late 1983, I put it to work. I tried it out and in changing my attitude I was able to discover the greatest money-making opportunity ever! But here's the best part—I actually improved it many times over! Those that worked it "as-is" did a fine job of bringing in the bucks—BUT those that utilized my "discovered method" of a relatively simple procedure brought in the mega-bucks! Since that time many have jumped on board.

## GET THIS!

It's ground floor. That means it's a fresh young "hot" opportunity to get in before too many crowd the field. (I won't be able to make that claim 2 years from now.) What does this all mean? The time is now! Furthermore...

## YOU CAN HAVE IT!

Sure you can. But it's going to cost you. NO I'm not going to give away this golden opportunity to have FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE for nothing! Heck, I've put a lot of research into it. Hours and hours of calculating and re-calculating to find the "secret" of this GOLDEN MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITY.

"You can count the days till you tell the boss to stuff it!"

## I CAN'T AFFORD TO DISAPPOINT YOU!

You heard me. You also know that I'm sick as you are of those rat-trap gimmicks. Those lousy come-on's that build you up—but let you down. NO WAY am I going to jeopardize a golden opportunity to some fast scam. I will not allow bad publicity! Therefore you will not be disappointed! So what's it all going to cost? Are you ready? Only 10 BUCKS. THAT'S ALL! ONLY 10 BUCKS GET YOU:

1. My guide to financial freedom (Nothing held back—nothing!)

—PLUS—

2. A huge package loaded with "the golden secret" mailed to your home within 24 hours of receiving your request (Sure hope your mailbox is big enough!)

AND

Should you then go for it—FREE PROFESSIONAL GUIDANCE ALL THE WAY! Look at this:

Formula + "Golden" Secret Package + Free Professional Guidance + Desire = **\$ BIG \$ BUCKS!**

## STILL SKEPTICAL?

**First:** My professional marketing skills (years and years of study) at your disposal! You'll get my entire cooperation free of charge. I'll be in contact with you by phone as much as you want to take you step by step. Want to talk three times a week? (at my expense!) NO PROBLEM. How about three times a week for three months! 6 months! 9 months! Want me to continue with you for a year or so at no cost? Jump on board and watch it happen! (Of course by the amount of time we spend on the phone together it'll seem as though we're neighbors.)

**Secondly:** The plan is all laid out for you. I'll give you absolutely "free" your outline! Hey, this is not some cheap duplicated, poorly printed guideline anyone can use—but a "custom produced" strategy just for you! You could be the 312th person to jump on board—but you'll get it—a custom produced strategy just for you and you alone! No one else will own the same plans!

**Thirdly:** A cassette tape that teaches you many skills and techniques that would almost take you a college education in marketing to learn. And all in beginners language. No big fancy fifty cent words!

## THE BEST PART

To get you on your way it only costs you 10 Bucks. Remember, THAT'S ALL! Why so cheap? Because I know if you decide to jump on board you'll pass my good name and "golden" opportunity around! There's also no book work and no inventory type garbage—none of that stuff! You'll never have to bug anyone either. Work from your home when you want, as long as you want!

## WRITE ME NOW!

Write me today—just as soon as you've finished reading my ad! The faster you get it to me, the faster the package will arrive at your home. (The mailman may have to give it to you personally—I doubt it'll fit in the average box!)

Also, I promise never to BUG YOU, EVER! Everything you need will be in your introductory package. I won't call you at all until you're ready to get going. And I'll bet if you get my package on a Saturday—you'll be ready to get going and hop on board on Monday! I'm sure of that!

## YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE AND EVERYTHING TO GAIN!

## LET'S GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER!

*OK, you're right, I'm sick of being ripped-off just like you were! I'm really cooking and ready to make big bucks. I'm tired of the same old routine. It's time I had the things in life I wanted instead of seeing others get them! Here's my 10 Bucks to get me my introductory crammed package of the secrets*

*to financial success and independence. I understand for my 10 bucks you'll hold back nothing and I'll be on my way.*

*I also understand that should I hop on board and go for it your "Free Professional Guidance" will be there as long as I need it. (Absolutely free!)*

My name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
(very important)

Phone # ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

Birthdate \_\_\_\_\_

Sex \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

The biggest rip-off that I could scream at was: \_\_\_\_\_

Make your check or money order for \$10.00

payable to: **Makin' Tracs, Inc.**

Success: **That Golden Opportunity!**

Mail today to: P.O. Box 208, Dept. 170  
West Seneca, New York 14224

© 1983, Makin' Tracs, Inc.

"You can be a high school drop-out with a 3rd grade education and be successful here!"

Incoherently, the dazed housekeeper told Felix that he felt certain that the guy in the bed in 109 was dead. He appeared to have been attacked and beaten with some deadly weapon.

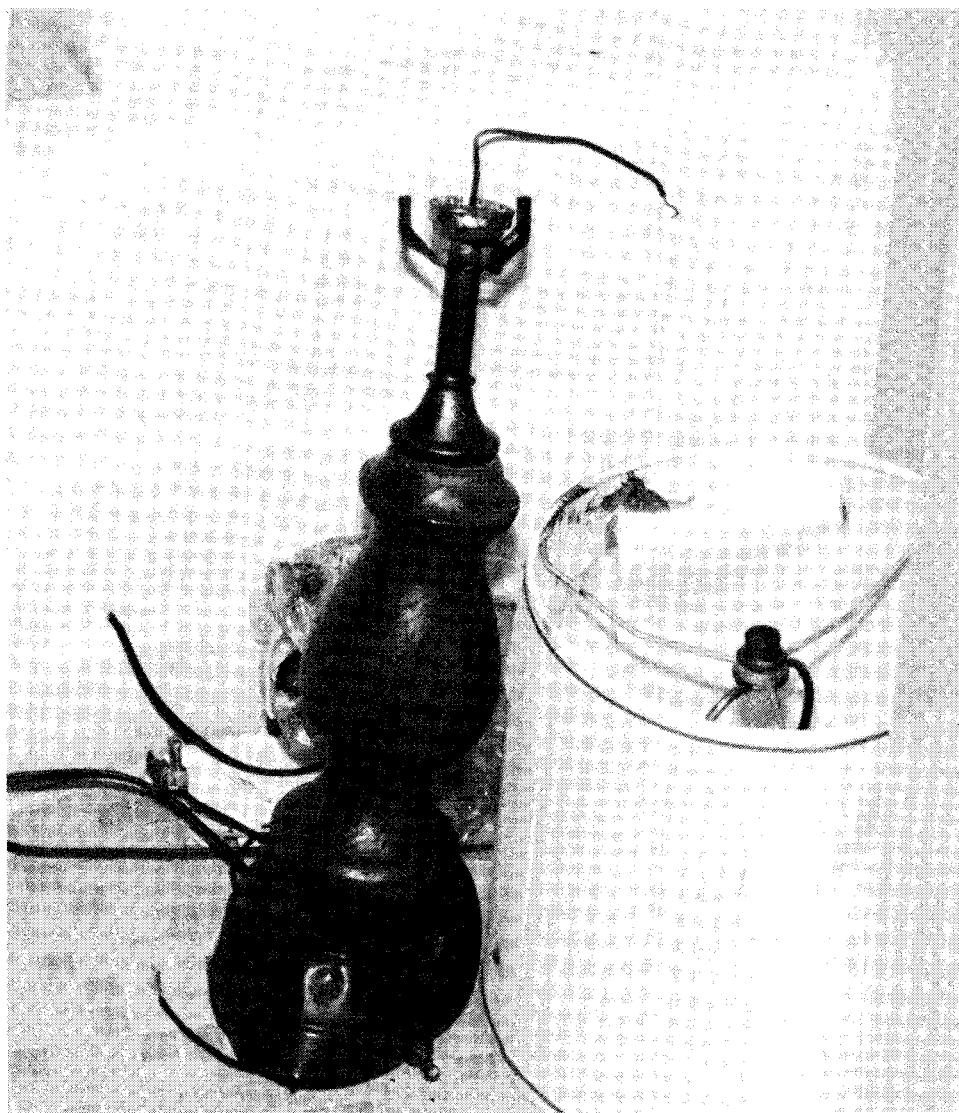
The Orlando Police Department was notified at 1:39 p.m. and with emergency speed officers rushed to the scene. Investigator R.J. Mundy requested that the Orlando Fire Department dispatch a paramedic team to the motel to render possible assistance if there were some evidence or sign of life in the victim. However, there were none, and the paramedics told the police (unofficially) that the victim was dead.

The site was secured, the Orange County Medical Examiner's Office was informed that there was an apparent homicide at the motel, and the investigation moved into high gear. The I.D. Section of the Orlando Police Department was also summoned to the crime scene to gather evidence.

As the investigation proceeded, the details began to fall into place. The body was of a young white male, well proportioned and developed. He was 5' 10" or 11" in height and about 135 pounds in weight. It was noted that as the deceased lay on the death bed a red bedspread partially covered the body and a pillow had been placed to conceal his head, but the victim's neck was exposed showing that a garrote had been tied around it. When the pillow and the spread were removed, the body exhibited evidence of freaky sex and heinous murder, as reported by Officer M.D. Jordan, one of the initial OPD men on the scene.

The nude victim lay spread-eagled face down and tied to the bed. His midsection was elevated with a pillow beneath him allowing his penis to be extended posteriorly in the direction of the anus. Between the penis and anus was a long dildo of the vibrating type. On the inside of the deceased's right arm a surgeon-like incision stretched from the elbow almost to the wrist. It was a carving straight and deep. The left arm was cut from the top of the bicep muscle nearly to the wrist. The garrote around the neck was an electrical cord obviously taken from a battered lamp on the floor left of the bed and near the open bathroom door. There were also incisions of about 5 inches in length on both sides of the neck. They, too, were deep cuts.

The head of the dead man was bound with tape while a tape mask was over the face. With the tape mask removed, a red bandanna was exposed. It had been stretched across the victim's mouth and tied at the back of the head. The head



**Broken lamp was used as bludgeoning weapon in "S & M" murder of Paul Carlile**

showed hostile traumatic injuries obviously caused by severe blows with a heavy object. The shattered lamp that lay on the floor appeared to have been used as the blunt object in the beating of the deceased.

Detective T.R. Scoggins, a 10-year veteran police officer, immersed himself in the case. Studying the room very carefully, he discovered that the hooks that had restrained the drapes and curtains had been fixed so that the windows were blacked out, restricting view from the outside of the motel.

While the initial work at the site was moving ahead, Specialists Jerry Girly (Video Tape Unit), Ernestine Reyer and Carroll Denning (Photography and Latent Printing) arrived with their equipment and proceeded with their intricate processing. Noted were glass particles (probably from a broken light bulb), a disc that probably had been attached to the lamp found on the floor, two blood

spattered towels beneath the vacant bed which was north of the victim's bed, an ashtray resting on the dresser blood spattered and containing two butts. And there was a brown suitcase beneath the television stand in the room. All of this was photographed by the technicians.

While the technicians continued their collecting of evidence, Investigators Mundy and R. Scoggins developed that Room 109 had been registered to Paul L. Carlile at 3:54 p.m. on the 2nd of November. Carlile had arrived in a 1974 Mercury Cougar bearing Florida tag UFU-380.

The officers soon established that Carlile, 25, worked as a free lance photographer and did work for a magazine headquartered in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. The motel registry revealed that Room 109 had been registered to a single occupant, but Felix told Mundy that Carlile was not alone. The security man told the police that the victim registered by

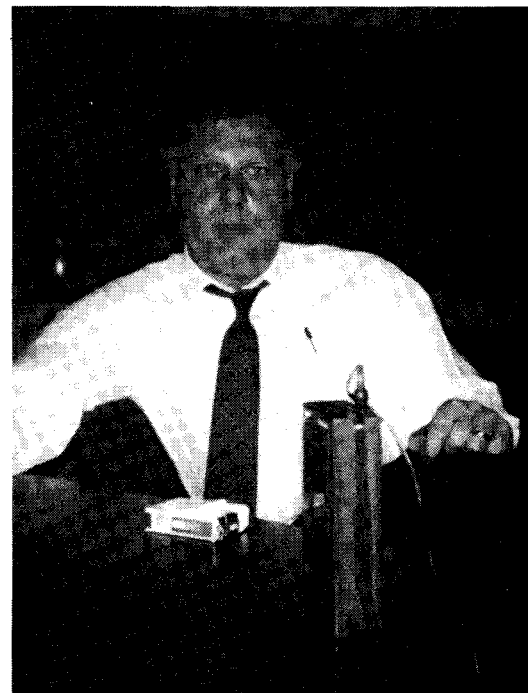
himself and then was joined in the room by a second white male. As often occurs in motels and hotels, one person signs in while the second hangs around until the registered guest is roomed and when the second person is satisfied that he is not observed, he joins the person who signed for the single room. Felix revealed that the second male had been watched as he waited outside the motel to enter Room 109 when all was clear.

The room clerk who had registered the deceased guest could remember little about him other than that he was a photographer whose work was primarily for a magazine that catered to the gay society. Upon pressing by the investigators, the room clerk did recall that Carlile had bruises on his face when he checked in, "near his right eye." In response to more prodding the clerk recalled that the victim had remarked in passing, "We're going to Disney tomorrow." That use of "we" indicated that Carlile certainly was not

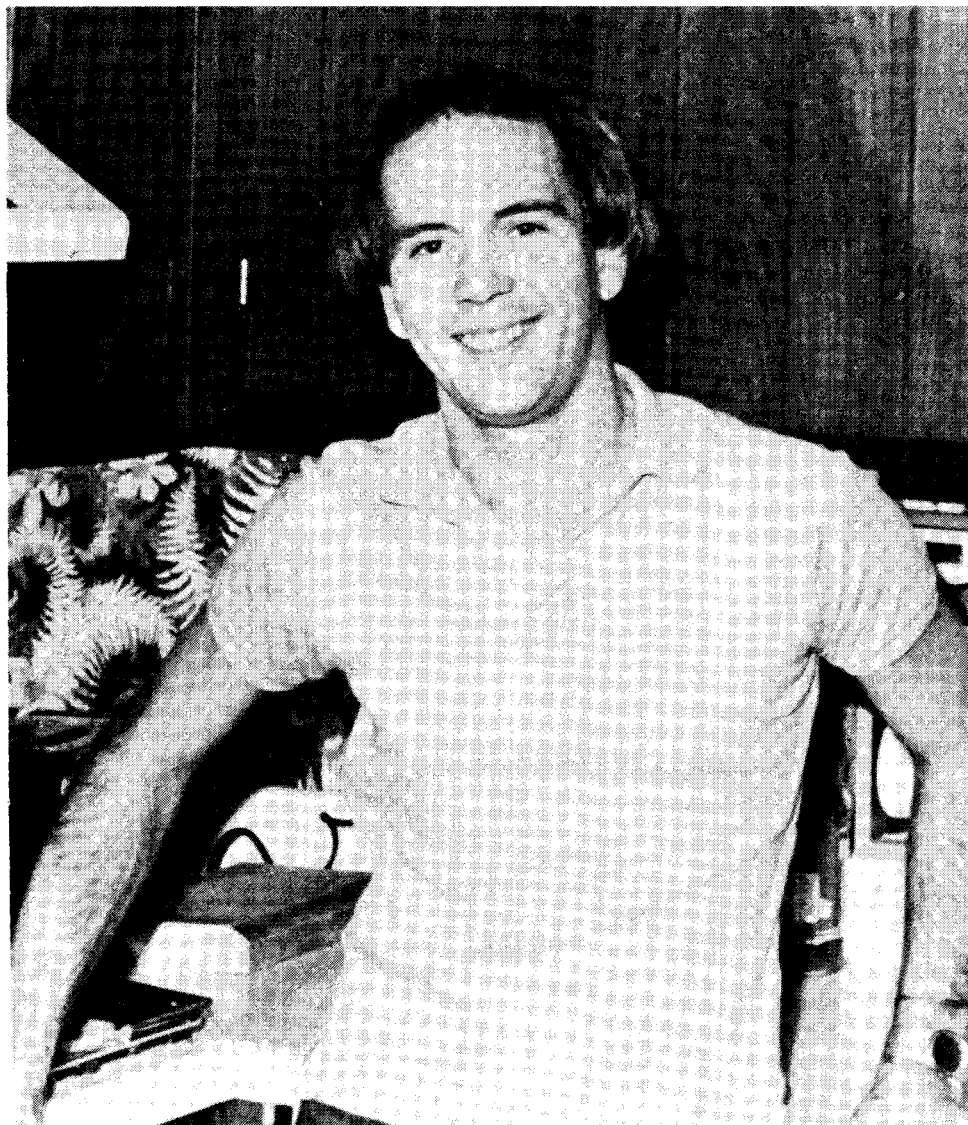
alone. There had to be someone else.

The replacing room clerk came on duty at 4:00 p.m. He told the police that there was nothing out of the ordinary when he took over. Carlile had been booked and all had been accomplished before his duty period began.

But he recalled that later, about 6:30 p.m. or sometime before 7:00 p.m., the switchboard light came on for Room 109. There was no conversation but the room clerk told the investigators that he could hear noise that might be associated with some kind of a fray, a confrontation between persons, maybe a beating going on, but soon the light went out on the switchboard and Room 109 was cut back into privacy. The second room clerk pondered for a moment or two wondering what was transpiring in the room, but apparently, whatever prompted the phone to be lifted from its cradle or whatever intent there might have been for a call, was wiped away with the replace-



**Orlando Police Chief, W.L. Koleszar, directed probe into sadistic murder**



**Head of victim Carlile (above) was tightly taped, wrists and ankles bound**

ment of the telephone.

The clerk waited for a few seconds and his concern grew. He felt a real responsibility and decided to call the room to learn if all was right or not. His call was answered by a panting male voice, and in response to the clerk's question if there was anything wrong in Room 109 he was assured that everything was all right.

The second room clerk, who had experience on his side as a motel employee, was not satisfied that everything was A-OK in Room 109; he called Felix and filled him in on Room 109. Responding to the clerk's call, Felix and one of his assistant security men walked to the outside of Room 109 where they could peer through the window. From their vantage point they could see nothing disturbing. They were able to see two persons in the room. One moved to the dresser and took something from it and moved away out of sight but there seemed to be nothing extraordinary going on. Felix and his assistant returned to the front desk and told the room clerk that apparently there was no problem.

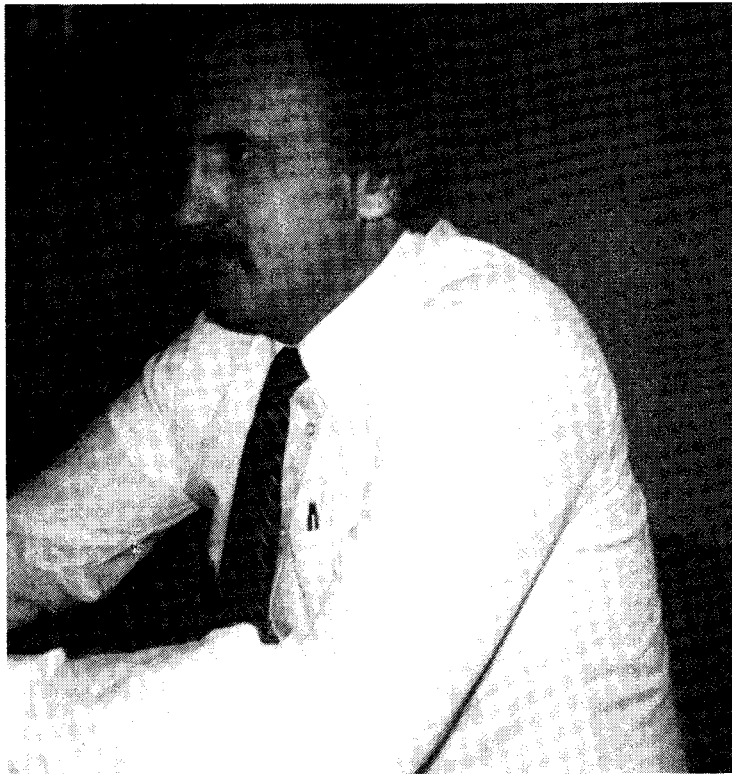
After the clerk concluded his recounting of the incident, it was discovered that Carlile's blue Mercury Cougar with blue Landau top was missing from the motel property.

With the investigation moving ahead, the manager of the motel was asked to call the Fort Lauderdale magazine for whom Carlile had been free lancing. The director of photography of the magazine





Det. T.R. Scoggins termed slaying a "kinky sex explosion"



Det. Bob Mundy worked closely with Scoggins in murder probe

was reached and he agreed to talk with Investigator Scoggins. He said he had known Carlile for a long time, that both he and Carlile were homosexuals and had at one time been roommates. He further stated that Carlile had arrived one night, he believed in September, 1982, with a white male who ultimately became Carlile's lover.

The magazine photographer told the OPD investigator that he did not like Paul Carlile's lover because he was "rough." The photographer was certain that this man was the person with whom Paul Carlile had driven to Orlando. He identified him as William John Sakosky, and volunteered that he had photos of both Paul Carlile and William Sakosky which he would be glad to furnish to the Orlando police. Additionally, he offered other information: that Sakosky was 22 years of age, born November 2, 1961. The pair took off from Fort Lauderdale in Carlile's Cougar. He added that Carlile had called him from Orlando to report that they had arrived safely and had checked into the motel.

Scoggins asked if he would get the pictures off without delay and the man promised to put them on the Greyhound Bus so they would arrive in Orlando in a matter of a few hours.

The investigator felt a surge of elation as he talked to the journalist. He was well aware that he was digging out information that could be of real import-

ance in the murder investigation.

He made some incidental talk about the motel, with which the photographer was familiar, and discussed the activities and the life style that prevailed there. Both men agreed that the motel functioned well and did an exemplary job catering to the clientele that apparently appreciated a "place of their own."

Then Scoggins put the interrogation back on track asking if his respondent would fill him in on Paul Carlile. He was rewarded with the name of the deceased's mother, her address in Indiana and also a telephone number. In questions about Billy Sakosky, Scoggins learned that he was from Scranton, Pennsylvania. He was also told that Sakosky had reportedly served time in the past.

Upon the completion of this interrogation, Investigator Scoggins asked the photographer if he would come to Orlando and give a sworn statement to the facts he had just related and he agreed to do so.

He arrived on the following day and provided the requested statement at the OPD headquarters in the Municipal Justice Building in downtown Orlando.

While Investigators Scoggins and Mundy, the technicians and others were working beaver-like digging out massive information with everything hot, a BOLO (Be On the Lookout) was sent out on the missing Cougar that had belonged to the deceased.

In a followup to his interrogation of the

gay magazine journalist, Scoggins made a galaxy of long distance phone calls to the Fort Lauderdale area, Broward County, Miami, Miami Beach and the section of South Florida where youth and young people's activities move with fierce momentum, checking the various law enforcement agencies to see if he might discover some criminal history on Carlile and/or Sakosky, but the effort prove fruitless.

Later, Investigator Scoggins contacted the Scranton police regarding Sakosky. When he reached a Sergeant Joe Rogan of the Scranton Police Department he was told that there was some kind of criminal record on the subject but at this late hour of the day it was not possible to obtain the records and files. Rogan asked Scoggins to call back in the morning and assured him that the SPD would cooperate in every way.

Concurrent with the other aspects of the investigation, Dr. Guillermo V. Ruiz, Deputy Chief Medical Examiner of Orange County, had had the body removed to the morgue of the Orlando Regional Medical Center. Early Thursday morning, November 4th, Dr. Ruiz performed his autopsy on the victim.

Dr. Ruiz concluded in his report that Paul Carlile had expired from, "strangulation, asphyxiation and blunt force trauma of the head." The medical examiner also noted that there were multiple superficial incised wounds on the

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"The leaves of *Turnera Aphrodisiaca*... said to be a tonic, analeptic, diuretic, and aphrodisiac."

DORLAND'S ILLUSTRATED MEDICAL DICTIONARY, FOURTH EDITION, © 1981, PG. 346.

"considered as something of a natural "upper," to be taken for nervous and sexual debility. In particular, it is reputed to have aphrodisiac properties.

THE HERB BOOK; JOHN LUST, N.D., D.B.M., 13TH PRINTING, © 1980, PG. 270.

In a new study funded by the U.S. government and published in the April 1983 Journal of the American Medical Association a startling fact was uncovered; Out of 401 men who were the victims of sexual weakness only 6, that's right, only 6 out of 401 had previously made their sexual problem known. Maybe they thought nothing could be done.

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neck, arms and forearms which indicated a struggle had taken place.

At the time of Dr. Ruiz's autopsy, Investigator Scoggins drove to the Greyhound Bus terminal in downtown Orlando and picked up the picture package that had been sent from Fort Lauderdale. It contained one picture of Paul Carlile and four of Billy Sakosky.

Later that day, about 4:30 p.m., Assistant State Attorney Belvin Perry met with the investigators at the Municipal Justice Building and reviewed all the evidence, viewing the video tapings and studying the written reports as well as conferring with the officers who were working the case. Perry authorized the legal processing to take the victim's Cougar into custody wherever it might be discovered and also provided the OPD with the power to hold whoever might be found in the vehicle.

With the official Florida authorization, the Scranton police were once again contacted and advised of the status of the case.

As the investigation moved ahead, Orlando's newly appointed chief of police, William Koleszar, was appreciative of the cooperation Scranton PD had afforded his department. He declared it was obvious that the effectiveness of the cooperation between Scranton and Orlando was the element that could be vital to the solution of the crime. Koleszar was satisfied, too, that his own men were doing a tremendous job in bringing the case to its successful conclusion. "I don't like to interfere with these men when they are working a case. I simply have confidence in them and I see that they are provided with all of the necessities for them to do their job." Koleszar's men, in turn, appreciate his delegation of authority without interference.

Investigators Mundy and Scoggins now agreed that they had to dig into everything about this Billy Sakosky. Scoggins once more called Scranton; this time he talked with Lieutenant Bernardi, who had run a records check on this man who was emerging as a prime suspect. He learned that Sakosky had a long record. The Scranton officer stated that he would send Sakosky's rap sheet and photos, as well as whatever other information they might provide. He added that Billy Sakosky had taken off to Florida without authorization and in strict violation of the parole he was under from previous convictions.

Within the other channels of the continuing investigation, an arrest warrant was executed in the Orange County Courthouse and signed by Judge B.

Muszynski and filed in the warrants division of the court; transmission to the Scranton Police Department was initiated. There was also a continuing exchange of more telephone calls buzzing back and forth between Scranton and Orlando. OPD was assured that several of the Scranton police officers were acquainted with the sought-after suspect and collectively they were drawing a dragnet around the spots he was known to haunt. The Orlando police were told firmly, "If that guy comes into Scranton he'll be taken into custody immediately."

The talk around OPD expressed the gut feeling that Billy Sakosky would be turning up in Scranton. There was a lot of



**Billy Sakosky, 22, came under scrutiny when investigators learned he had accompanied the victim on trip to Orlando**

logic behind that gut feeling, too. It was the projecting of the pattern of a running criminal. The fugitive heading home, the place where he hoped to find help, comfort or friendship which wouldn't be forthcoming anywhere else. The investigators were betting a hunch, but it was a good one.

Friday night, sometime before 10:00 p.m. a call came in from Scranton with the news that the car had been sighted.

Patrol Sergeant A. Sacchetti of the SPD spotted a '74 Cougar with a blue Landau top parked outside a popular bowling alley. The car was immediately staked out. As Sacchetti watched the Cougar he radio'd his headquarters for backup knowing that there would be a climax to his watch before too long. The

officer looked at his wristwatch; it was 1:43 a.m., the early morning of Saturday, November 6th. Sacchetti stretched his legs while he looked around, studying the entire area. The minutes crawled away, snail-paced. Two o'clock came, but there were still no developments.

"Something's got to happen here pretty damn soon," he thought as he watched and waited interminably. Still nothing occurred. Again he looked at his watch and as he did, he knew that something was unfolding; first, out of the corner of his eye he spotted a man approaching the automobile his eyes had been glued to for what seemed like forever. As the man got into the Cougar, Sacchetti jammed his unmarked patrol vehicle into a blocking position, freezing the Cougar in place. Like a pilot ejecting from a flaming fighter plane the man shot out of the blue Cougar in an escape effort, but the police officer, with the assistance of the backup police, apprehended the man and also three others who had mysteriously appeared with him.

There were three adults and one juvenile in the group, and upon questioning it was learned that the one who had made an attempt to take the car was the younger brother of the sought-after Billy Sakosky. But Billy Sakosky was also one of the four taken by the alert Scranton police.

After questioning, the three were released and Billy Sakosky was booked for murder. The vehicle that had been driven from Florida was towed into the official garage and secured. In the processing that followed, a Florida tag was found under the front seat of the Cougar. It was UFU 380, the deceased Carlile's plate. Somewhere along the trip, the Florida plate had been replaced with a Pennsylvania tag. On Billy's person, a blood-stained wallet was discovered, also a brass imprinted key on a ring with the number 109. There were various other items taken from the car, including cassettes, a hand towel, a piece of lamp cord and some photographic film.

While the Scranton police proceeded with the processing of the prisoner and the automobile they had taken into custody, the investigation in Orlando continued. On November 8th, Investigator Mundy talked to Captain F. Roach of the Scranton PD regarding a possible statement from the apprehended Billy Sakosky. Roach advised the Orlando investigator that Sakosky had refused to make any statement whatsoever. Roach, updating Investigator Mundy, advised that

*(Continued on page 49)*



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# MANHUNT FOR A PRIEST KILLER!

by **JOSEPH L. KOENIG**

Special Investigator for  
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

**T**HERE WAS little urgency in the caller's voice, nothing to add gravity to his short message.

"There's a fellow lying in the gutter over by Bird Street and Wordin Avenue," he said. "You'd better send somebody out here right away to have a look."

Filtered through the Bridgeport, Connecticut police switchboard, his words were stripped of what meager emotion they may have contained. When officers arrived on the scene in the shadow of the massive P.T. Barnum housing project, they were hardly prepared for what they found. Sprawled beside the open door of a shiny red sports coupe with a bullet hole in the chest was the still form of a middle-aged man wearing a green shirt and green slacks. A few feet away was the spent casing from a .32-caliber bullet and a canister of Mace chemical repellent.

If ever a crime scene told a clear story," one of the officers told his partner, "then this one is it. Someone must've pulled a gun on this poor devil while he was stopped at a light. All he had to defend himself with was the Mace. And that stuff's hardly a match for a .32-automatic. He didn't stand a chance."

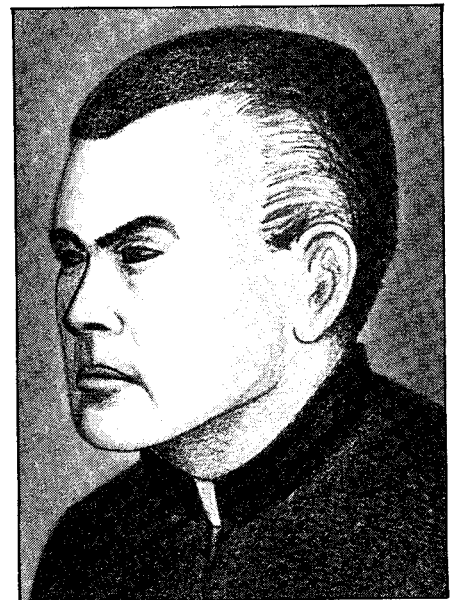
Within minutes, not long past 2:00 on that unseasonably cool Saturday morning of June 19, 1982, homicide investigators arrived en masse in Bridgeport's squalid west end. A search of the victim's pockets turned up a \$10 bill, but no wallet. Inside the sports car, however, detectives found an auto registration and driver's license which enabled them to identify the dead man as Father Robert S. McBride, the 48-year-old chaplain at

the Provincial House of the Congregation of Notre Dame in nearby Ridgefield, Connecticut. The Roman Catholic priest, who made his home in Ridgefield, a community of 6000 hard by the New York state line, was a faculty member of Bridgeport's Sacred Heart University and also conducted weekly masses at the University of Bridgeport, the largest campus in Connecticut's largest city.

"But that doesn't explain what he was doing here in the west end," said one of the homicide probers. "This is one of the toughest neighborhoods in town. He should have known better than to come here by himself at night."

As detectives combed the intersection for physical evidence, a wrecker and an ambulance were summoned to the scene. After the area was photographed, the homicide probers authorized removal of the body to the Connecticut State Crime Laboratory in Farmington for an autopsy ordered by the Bridgeport medical examiner. The tow truck operator waited until detectives had completed a preliminary examination of the sports car before transporting it to the garage behind police headquarters on Congress Street.

Later that morning, Bridgeport Police Lieutenant Arthur Buchanan, who had been placed in charge of the probe, joined



**Father Robert McBride, 48, was slain while resisting a robber. Detectives arrested suspect Alan Satawhite, 25**

Detective Richard Petite in telling newsmen that they believed Father McBride had driven off the Connecticut Turnpike at exit 25 in Bridgeport and become lost while driving through the west end.

"The way it looks now," another investigator said, "is that while he was stopped at a red light his assailant slipped inside the car through the unlocked passenger's door and demanded the keys. Father McBride yanked the keys out of the ignition and tossed them on the back seat, where we found them. He was attempting to aim the can of Mace at his attacker when he was shot in the chest while still seated in the car. Then, as the killer slid back out the passenger's door, Father McBride pushed open the driver's door and stepped outside. He didn't get very far, because he collapsed on the street and died. We didn't find any evidence that a struggle took place between them, just the can of Mace."

"What about a motive?" a reporter asked. "Robbery?"

*(Continued on page 51)*

**Detectives knew right from the start that there was only one way they would ever find the killer of the beloved Father McBride. But that was the easy part. The hairy phase was trying not to spook him before the probers closed in on him**

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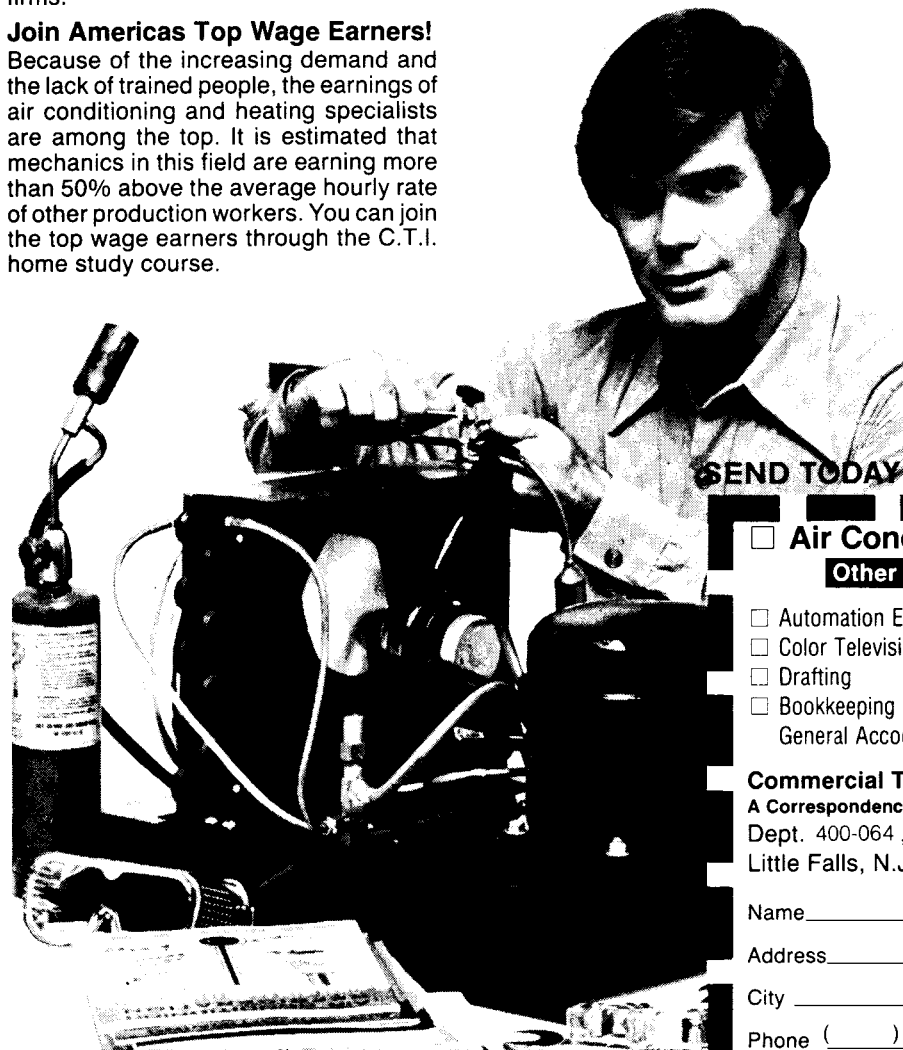
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# THE PARAPLEGIC WAS TORTURED... BY GIRLS!

by **TURK RYDER**

Special Investigator for  
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

**T**HE OLD MAN brushed tears back from his eyes as he emerged from the courthouse rest room.

"I know it has been hard for the family," he said. "They tried to raise Lisa right and did the best job they could. But then the mother went to live in Tijuana and that left just the father. He's sixty-eight years old like I am, and it was real hard for him to raise a girl by himself."

The father did the best he could. A Social Security retiree, he hustled odd jobs and struggled to rebound from his divorce. But Lisa didn't understand. She only knew she didn't have a mommy anymore and that made her confused. As she grew older, confusion grew to rebellion as Lisa took out her anger on others. Teachers couldn't reach her and she dropped out of Pershing Junior High School before her 13th birthday.

Other girls her age played on softball teams after school and developed puppy crushes on the characters they saw on TV's "Happy Days." There was little of that for Lisa. She hung out with a crowd that, like herself, came from broken homes and were no strangers to the juvenile justice system.

The girls, ranging in age from 13 to 17, stayed out at night smoking "Sherm" sticks laced with the drug PCP and went for rides in stolen cars.

"They aimed point-blank at living for the immediate moment—an almost endless search for action and exciting times,

whether in the rugged stretches of the East County or the urban haunts of San Diego," a writer noted.

A teenage chum commented, "They just wanted to party, party, party."

In March, 1983 the teenie-bopper thrill seekers became involved in the biggest thrill of all—the sadistic torture-murder of a paraplegic. Just about everyone, except perhaps the detectives who investigated the case, found it impossible to believe that Lisa and her companions were capable of committing what one deputy called, "one of the grossest cases of escalating savagery I trust this court will ever see."

Even little Lisa was confused. "I knew it was wrong," she said. "But I don't know why. I didn't even hit him much."

The Las Viejas Indian Reservation is located off Interstate 8 in the Cleveland National Forest, 60 miles east of San Diego, California. The rugged, sparsely populated terrain, set deep in the snow-topped mountains, make it one of the prettiest places to visit in the county. The natural beauty of the place appealed to 36-year-old Dick Sherwood. That, and a sense of adventure.

Sherwood was very keen on adventure. He had grown up on his parents' South Dakota ranch, a strapping youth who traded in his high school football gear for an Army uniform after graduation. He served a tour in Vietnam, then was transferred to Germany. Then, on New Year's Even in 1966, tragedy struck when a car Sherwood was driving in collided with one of two other autos which had been racing. Four people were killed. Sherwood was thrown 200 feet and suffered multiple fractures, plus extensive damage to his nervous system. It left him with virtually useless legs and a severe speech defect.

"He had lost almost all of his coordination, but you could understand him when he talked after you had been around him for awhile," a relative said. "He was very active, and he loved being around other people. He was very outgoing."

His hair grew longer, to his shoulders, and Sherwood became a familiar figure traveling around in his wheelchair in Yuma, where his parents had a summer home. Although confined to a wheelchair, the amiable vet lost none of his sense of fun. He enjoyed watching football, having a beer with the guys and going off to explore places he had never been before.

In April, 1982 he brought a new van and mapped plans for a vacation to San Diego. His companion was one Jack O'Brien, a 29-year-old hitchhiker Sherwood had met in Yuma. The two became pals and decided to travel together.

Leaving Yuma on the morning of March 14, 1983 they sped through the Imperial Valley and into the mountains, where they stopped in the rustic town of Boulevard to have a few beers. They met some people at the bar and later followed them onto the Indian reservation for more drinking.

"We planned to spend just a couple of hours," Jack said later. "But the people were so nice that we decided to stay longer."

The two spent the night and the following morning the group piled into the blue van and drove to a small gas station-grocery store, located just west of the turn-off leading to the reservation.

A young female attendant was on duty shortly before noon and pumping gas into an old Ford when she heard a commotion and saw a man jump from the blue van that had just pulled up. The van took off and the man ran up to her and begged her to call the police.

"They got my buddy," he said. "I



Paraplegic Dick Sherwood was beaten, tortured, left to die on mountainside

don't know what they're gonna do with him."

When deputies arrived they found Jack pacing nervously in front of the country store.

"They got Dick," O'Brien stammered. "They're just girls, but the guy has a gun. I think they want the van."

"Easy, pal," one deputy said. "Let's start at the beginning."

O'Brien told them about meeting the

people at the bar, then later going to a house on the reservation to party. The group, which included an older man and a female teenager, was later joined by three other teenage girls. Jack said everyone was having a good time. There was plenty of beer, some good weed, and a few other drugs being passed around. It wasn't until midnight that things turned ugly, when two men came to the door and accused him of stealing some marijuana

plants that were growing on the reservation.

"I told them that I just got in from Yuma with my buddy and didn't know anything about their weed," Jack explained.

The men didn't believe him and said they would be back in the morning to "do something about it."

They hadn't shown up by the time Jack left the cabin early the next morning to take a walk. But when he returned he saw the man pointing a gun at Dick Sherwood, while one of the girls at the party was getting into the van. Jack was also ordered into the van, then, with the girls behind the wheel and the man and the three other girls as passengers, they took off for the gas station. At the station Jack made the decision not to continue on with the group.

"The girl driving kept saying, 'Come on, get back in, we're just going to San Deigo'—but I figured they were kidnapping Dick and stealing the van," Jack said. "That's when I called for you guys."

The deputies went back to the Indian reservation. They found the house where the party was held but no one was home, and the blue and white, flame-decorated van was not anywhere around.

The deputies asked neighbors about the party and if they had seen the van or its paraplegic owner. One woman remembered seeing a man in a wheelchair, who was "yahooing and whooping it up like the rest of them." She said one of the girls at the party was Joyce Largo, a pretty, dark-haired 16-year-old who lived on the reservation.

"Joyce brought a couple of her friends to the house," the neighbor said. "I seen them arrive at about eight o'clock last

***If Satan exists,  
and he has demons  
to do his bidding,  
count these  
"angels of terror"  
among them. Their  
cruelty has  
divorced them from  
the human race***



night. I'm pretty sure it was eight."

There were beer runs to the neighborhood store in the blue van, the neighbor said, with Joyce driving on at least one occasion. The woman said she had heard a car start up that morning. She believed it was the blue van.

"I came outside to get the newspaper and the van was gone," she said. "I haven't seen it since."

The deputies went to Joyce Largo's home only to learn that the teen had not been home since about 6 p.m. the night before. Some further investigation revealed she had gone visiting a girlfriend, 17-year-old Marguerite Ann Benjamin, who also lived on the reservation, and that the two were later seen driving around in the van.

Several persons who saw the girls wondered where Joyce had gotten the van, since she did not own a car and did not have a driver's license. Deputies were also puzzled. They wanted to know who the stranger was who pulled the gun on the two Yuma men, and what had happened to Dick Sherwood since the van took off from the gas station.

Those questions were soon put to San Deigo Sheriff's Detectives Norm Crawford and Dave Decker, who were called into the case after a thorough search of the Indian reservation failed to turn up the van or its driver. They put out an APB on the missing man, listing the Arizona

license plate number and with the request that the vehicle was wanted in a possible kidnaping case.

The detectives contacted Sherwood's parents in Yuma and learned Dick had planned to visit an old friend who happened to live on the Las Viejas Indian reservation. They located the friend, who said he had not seen Sherwood, and had no idea where the disabled man might be.

The sleuths then turned their attention toward Joyce Largo, the pretty 16-year-old last seen with Sherwood. They had little trouble finding people who knew the voluptuous, dark-haired teenager, since she was something of a hell raiser on the reservation and was always getting into mischief.

"Joyce does not like to be bossed around or controlled by others," one who knew her well said. "She gets into fights a lot."

Joyce was known as a hedonist who always knew where the next party was and who just hated to say no if it meant fun. When not raising hell, police learned, Joyce and her teenage pals could be found hanging out in the grimy, gang-ridden neighborhoods of southeast San Deigo.

One of Joyce's closest friends was Marguerite Ann Benjamin, the 17-year-old who had left with her the day before and had so far not returned home. The two other girls who left with Marguerite and Joyce were 13-year-old Lisa Chavez and 14-year-old Cindy Roberts. The girls had juvenile records for truancy and rowdiness, but were not considered in the same league as Joyce and Marguerite.

"Lisa and Cindy were just followers," according to an acquaintance. "They looked up to Joyce and Marguerite."

Although the detectives knew the names of the four young women who had attended the party at the cabin, they did not know the identity of the man who had allegedly pulled the gun on Dick Sherwood. Then one youth, who had stopped by the cabin briefly for a beer the night before, said he recalled seeing a heavy-set, dark-haired man called "Tim" sitting in the corner drinking a beer.

"I've seen him around before," the youth said. "But I don't know his full name. I think he lives here on the reservation."

More investigation revealed that Tim was 37-year-old Tim Elliott. Detectives went to Elliott's small cabin on the reservation but learned he was not there. A neighbor said Tim had been hanging



Murder victim, 36-year-old Vietnam vet, bought this van for outdoors vacation trip, made mistake of befriending some strangers, ended up dying sordid death

around with a young woman for several days and had taken off on March 14th to go drinking some place. She didn't know where he had gone and hadn't seen him since then. She said she had not seen the blue van or anyone in a wheelchair.

The detectives were stumped. Where were Tim Elliott and Joyce Largo? And what had happened to Dick Sherwood and his brand new blue van?

Part of the mystery was solved on March 18th when detectives received a phone call from juvenile authorities. Shortly after one o'clock that afternoon a deputy on routine patrol in the east county had spotted a blue van stuck in the mud. He went to investigate and found Joyce Largo, Marguerite Benjamin and Cindy Roberts trying to free the vehicle. They were arrested and taken to juvenile hall, where they were booked on charges related to the theft of the van and the disappearance of the van's owner. A fourth girl, Lisa Chavez, was later arrested and booked on identical charges.

Detective Crawford went to juvenile hall to interrogate the girls. This proved difficult, since the four were considered juveniles and had to be questioned before a parent or guardian.

Not that the girls wanted to say anything about the van or its missing owner. Joyce Largo admitted she had been to a party the night before and had been driving the van around the reservation, but only with the owner's permission. The girls said they knew Tim Elliott and admitted he had been with them the night of March 14th but stated he left the next day and they had no idea where he was.

Det. Crawford ran a check and learned that almost 20 years earlier Elliott had been convicted of manslaughter and had served time in prison.

A statewide APB was put out on Elliott with a lengthy description and the notation he was wanted in connection with kidnaping and should be considered armed and dangerous.

The detectives returned to the homicide detail office on Kurtz Street and decided on a plan of action. Dick Sherwood, they believed, was almost certainly dead and his body disposed of either on the Indian reservation or somewhere in the vast Cleveland National Forest. They reached this conclusion after lab technicians found dried bloodstains on the carpeting in the back of the van. The discovery, however, didn't put the detectives any closer to learning the whereabouts of Tim Elliott and his apparent victim, Dick Sherwood.

The investigators were certain the



Joyce Largo (above), 16, Tim Elliott, 37, and two other suspects were rounded up in probe into Sherwood slaying

girls knew more than they were letting on. It was a matter of getting them to talk. Out of leads, the sleuths decided to take another crack at interrogating the teenagers. They started with Joyce Largo, since she appeared to be the group's leader and would know where Elliott and Sherwood were, if any of them did.

An interview was arranged with Joyce. After informing Joyce and her guardian of the young girl's rights, Detective Crawford asked her where Dick Sherwood was.

Joyce shrugged. "I don't know exactly, but I think I can show you where he is," she said.

The dark-haired teenager directed lawmen to a narrow two-lane road that

wound through the mountains in the Cleveland National Forest. After one sharp turn Joyce told the detectives to stop, then pointed down the side of a steep cliff and said, "I think he's down there."

Detectives searched the area but didn't find Sherwood. Spotter planes were brought in, and after an hour of searching the pilot spotted the half-nude body of the paraplegic lying in a ravine, clutching a bush.

The coroner's report indicated that Sherwood had been badly beaten, stabbed in the buttocks, and tortured on his legs and genitals with a lighted cigarette before he was thrown over the cliff. However, the paraplegic had died not from these injuries but from exposure in the sub-zero temperatures. Drag marks and other evidence at the scene suggested that Sherwood had tried to save himself by dragging himself up the mountain side before he succumbed to death.

Detectives had the body and enough evidence to charge the four young people with the murder. But they still did not know what took place on March 15th that made the people, whom Sherwood considered friends, want to kill him.

Then Cindy Roberts agreed to tell what she knew. Her statement, and one given on March 23rd by Lisa Chavez, produced the following scenario:

Lisa was at home on March 14th when Joyce Largo came by and asked if she wanted to go riding around in the brand new van she had recently "stolen." After picking up Marguerite Ann Benjamin and Cindy Roberts, the four girls went back to the house on the reservation to party with their new "friends," Dick Sherwood and Jack O'Brien. Things didn't go sour, the girls said, until the next day, when Jack O'Brien jumped out of the van and the girls, now accompanied by Tim Elliott, went down to the San Diego bayfront so Joyce could run inside a restaurant and borrow money from a friend.

With Joyce inside the restaurant, Sherwood became angry and ordered everyone out of the van. When Joyce returned she found her friends standing outside the van and Sherwood sitting in the passenger seat.

"Goddamn it, everyone get back inside!" Joyce allegedly screamed. "We ain't through with this van yet."

The girls said Joyce pushed her way inside and got behind the steering wheel. While Sherwood protested in his high-pitched, slurred voice, a pedestrian stop-

(Continued on page 50)

by **NINA COX**

Special Investigator for  
ACTUAL DETECTIVE STORIES

**R**UTHTON, Minnesota is a small, closely-knit community of about 350 residents located in the southwestern corner of the state. The dairy farming and agriculture area located on State Highway 23 is a normally tranquil land where serious crimes happening in faraway places are just something to read about in the newspapers.

However, in the fall of 1983, a double slaying in the normally peaceful land shocked Ruthtonites and convinced them that indeed "it can happen here."

The first knowledge of the heinous crime came to the attention of Lincoln County Sheriff Abe Thompson on September 29, 1983. He received a call from an off-duty police officer, Paul Bartz, of Tyler, who was first to arrive at the grisly scene.

Officer Bartz was driving along County Road 7 about 9 a.m. on Thursday, a foggy, rainy morning. Although he was serving on the Tyler police force only part-time, he was always aware of his duties as an officer, alert to anything which struck him as unusual.

Bartz saw something bright yellow lying in the ditch. The object had not been there when the officer had passed by that way earlier. Bartz screeched his vehicle to a halt. He pulled off the deserted county road and walked over to examine the yellow heap.

Although southwestern Minnesota is off the beaten path—not being connected to a large city by interstate highway—the area is not without its attractions. Camden State Park is located just 25 miles north of Ruthton. By September each year, Indian summer has arrived in full array. Fall colors in the park have reached the peak in brilliant golds and reds. This is the time of the year when Minnesotans flock to the park on foliage tours.

Nevertheless, early on September 29th two Ruthton residents, Rudolph H. Blythe, president and owner of Buffalo Ridge State Bank, and his loan officer, Deems "Toby" Thulin, were not des-



tinued to enjoy a look at the blazing colors wrought by Mother Nature.

The two men were leaving their respective homes early on that dreary Thursday morning to keep an appointment. The two bankers hoped the results of the appointment would be of monetary value to their business. A late Wednesday night caller had set the meeting time by telephone. The caller asked Blythe to meet him at a certain farm location. The bank president needed no explicit directions to the farmland. He was familiar with it because his bank had foreclosed on the acreage a few years before. Now the land was for sale by the bank, and the caller emphasized that he was an interested, prospective buyer.

In the last decade, many farm properties were repossessed by lending institutions because of the financial woes of farmers. Southwestern Minnesota was

no exception. In fact, in March 1983 several farmers in that area held a public protest against the foreclosure of one farmer's land in Lincoln County.

The nationwide economy crunch had upset the lives of farmers in all states. In 1977, the American Agriculture Movement, organized by the farmers, came into being to aid the landowners in an attempt to force lawmakers to focus attention on the plight of the nation's oldest profession: farming.

Two years later, in 1979, about 50,000 farmers left their homes and drove their tractors to Washington, D.C. to take part in a protest against crop prices below parity.

The tractorcade snarled traffic in the nation's capital and caused about \$3.6 million damage to a shopping mall located between the Capitol building and the Washington Monument.

# Mystery Slaying Of



**Body of slain bank president Rudy Blythe was found alongside highway. Corpse of his loan officer, Toby Thulin, was discovered nearby. Both men had been shot dead**

**Probers figured that when two prominent businessmen are cut down in cold blood on a farm that went into receivership, there has to be more to it than farmer vengeance. They were right**

As late as January, 1983, a demonstration by farmers were held in Springfield, Colorado, when a farmer had his land repossessed by foreclosure of a bank there. In that town, 200 chanting farmers stormed the courthouse to protest the sale of the 320-acre farm that was being auctioned off.

In Southwestern Minnesota, farmers were also having financial troubles. Many farmers there joined the American Agriculture Movement. The president of the Minnesota Chapter of the AAM said, "A farmer is a human being and a human being is not an animal. If you beat at him, poke at him and take everything away from him, he's going to turn and bite back."

Some Minnesotans wondered if the grisly crime which occurred in the tradi-

tionally peaceful corner of Minnesota was a form of "biting back."

The sordid story began early Thursday when Blythe and Thulin arrived at the designated area to keep the appointment with the unidentified caller.

Blythe had taken his wife along to the vacant, overgrown farm, which had been unattended since the bank's foreclosure. When the Blythes came in sight of the vacant, two-story frame house, they could see that Thulin had already arrived. But there was no one else in sight for the scheduled meeting. The trio waited patiently for the caller to keep the appointment. When no one appeared, the men thought nothing about it, until Blythe spotted someone in the distance moving around in a grove of trees located a few paces from the farmhouse. He became

suspicious. Something wasn't right.

He immediately took precautionary measures. He sent his wife back to Ruth-ton in their car to phone the County Sheriff's Department in Ivanhoe, the county seat. She left in the family car, and the two bankers stayed behind.

It was not long after Mrs. Blythe left her husband and Thulin that Officer Bartz stopped at the roadside and moved near the yellow heap to examine it. What he saw caused him to rush back to his vehicle, where he grabbed his police radio mike and called in a 10-35, the signal for a major crime alert. The emergency call brought Sheriff Thompson and an ambulance with a full crew to the roadside where Bartz waited, pacing nervously beside his grim discovery.

Thompson was first to arrive, and when he walked over to the still form he immediately recognized that the man wearing the yellow jacket was the prominent Ruth-ton bank owner, "Rudy" Blythe, the victim of a severe wound to the head, bleeding profusely. The sheriff sensed that Blythe was beyond any human help.

One of Ruth-ton city officials, also a member of the ambulance volunteers who responded to the call, tried for two hours to revive the fatally wounded

# The Minnesota Bankers

man. But the lifeless body, soaking wet from the falling rain, would not react to artificial respiration. It was too late.

Sheriff Thompson had roped off the area hoping to preserve any clues to the brutal slaying when other officers arrived to assist in the investigation. The men spread out and began tramping over the wooded area, searching for footprints and tire tracks which would be easily made in the damp ground.

As the officers approached the vacant farmhouse, they spotted a vehicle close to the building, with the door on the driver's side swung open. A few steps closer and the sleuths could see the

reason—the body of another man was sprawled in the opened door with his feet inside the car and his head on the ground.

The sheriff made a cursory examination. He saw a gaping wound in the neck of the man whom he recognized as the Ruthton bank's loan officer, "Toby" Thulin.

Had the two men engaged in a Texas-style quick draw, and shot each other? The question came to the mind of the investigating officers. A search of the two victims soon ruled out that theory. No weapon was found on either of the bodies, although empty shells were later discovered near both bodies.

Officer Bartz then thought of an incident that had seemed of no consequence earlier in the morning. He informed the sheriff that when he made his first trip down County Road 7 that morning he had seen two men leaving the vacant house in a white 1978 Chevrolet pickup. One of the men were wearing a stocking cap, Bartz said.

Sheriff Thompson knew that he must find that pickup and question the two men. Perhaps they had seen a stranger in the area, and there was a possibility that the killer of the two bankers was still in the vicinity.

The sheriff radioed deputies from the adjoining counties and alerted peace officers in each town to join him and his deputies in a search for the white pickup.

Officers from Lyon, Lincoln, Rock and Pipestone Counties immediately answered the call for help and set up roadblocks on all the roads in their counties.

Rock County Deputy Ron McClure was in his patrol car near Edgerton, located just across the Rock County line in Pipestone County, when he heard the message. About the same time, he sighted a pickup matching the description of the hunted one.

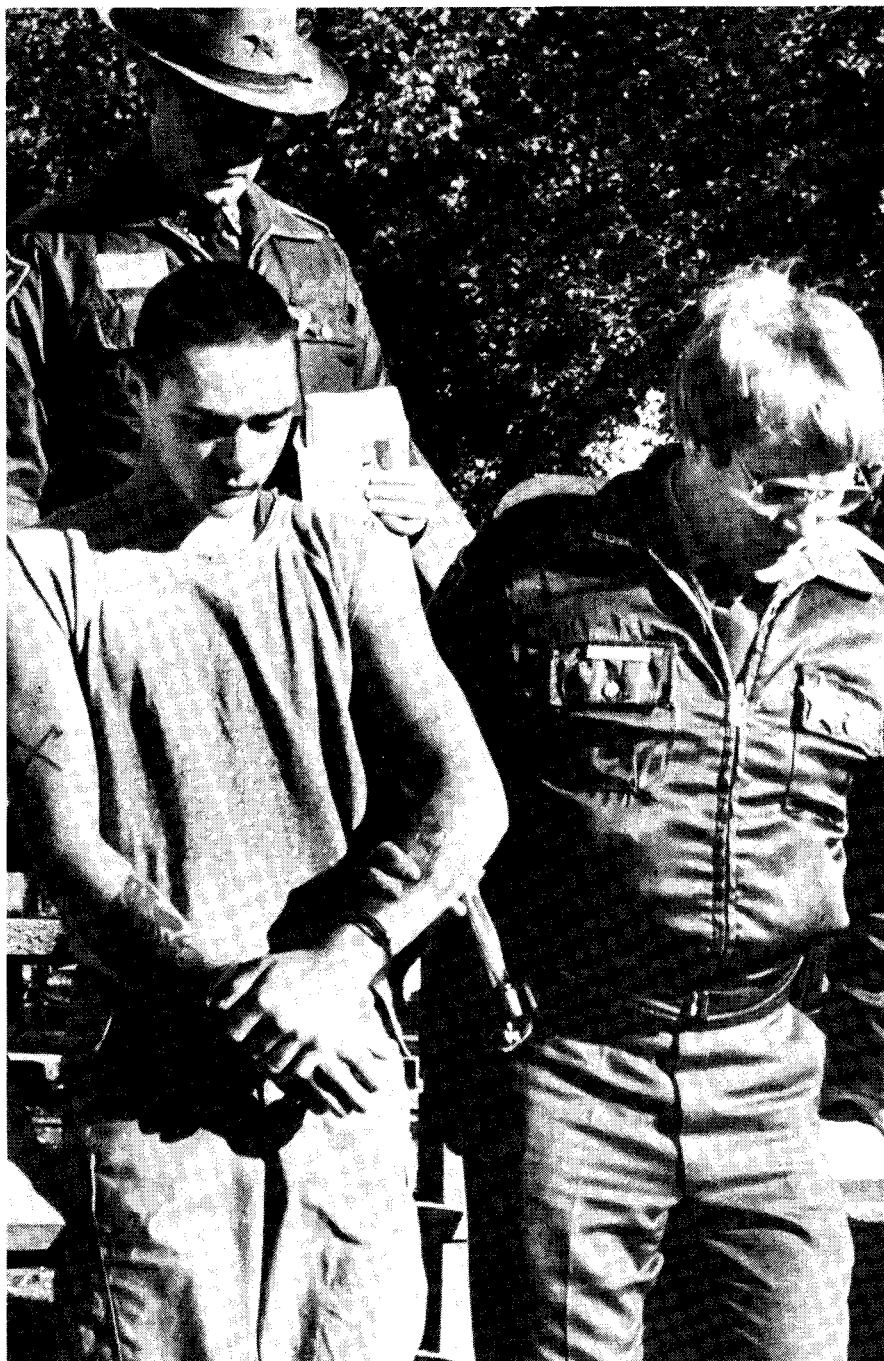
McClure grabbed his police radio mike and requested any officer in the vicinity to join him in pursuit of the pickup. When McClure closed the distance between his car and the pickup he could see the license tag: Texas—KW3618.

Suddenly, bullets fired by the occupants of the pickup began sailing past McClure. He was forced to slow down to keep the patrol car out of shooting range. In response to McClure's "May Day," the Department of Public Safety patrol took up the chase, and the DPS helicopter went up to help keep the pickup from escaping.

However, the fog had become so dense in the area that the chopper was not of much use. About 3:30 p.m., the officers abandoned the chase. It looked as though the pickup—and whoever the occupants were, and for whatever reason they were running from the lawmen—would remain a mystery for the time being.

The next day the fog remained hovering over the southwestern corner of Minnesota, and with dwindling hopes the officers resumed their lookout for the pickup.

Sheriff Thompson issued a bulletin notifying lawmen in three adjoining states, Wisconsin, Iowa and South Dakota, to watch for the white pickup with Texas license plates, and requested



Handcuffed Steven Jenkins, 18, shown in custody as suspect in double-murder

that the occupants be held for questioning.

Meanwhile, autopsies were being performed on the two shooting victims. County Coroner Richard Mulder told the investigators that it appeared that Rudy Blythe was shot twice in the abdomen, and once in the shoulder. Toby Thulin was shot at least once in the neck. However, the report from the examining pathologist would soon be available with full details. Hopefully, there would be some bullets for testing by a ballistics expert.

Early Friday morning an intensive search was made at the farm where the slayings had occurred, and which had been cordoned off by Sheriff Thompson. The officers examined each tree in the wooded area, hoping to find a stray bullet that might have lodged in the trunks. They talked to farmers in the surrounding area to find out if any of them had seen the pickup and recognized the driver or his friend. Or, perhaps some other suspicious character had been seen in the farming area. This line of questioning brought no satisfactory results.

The residents of Ruthton area were in a state of shock as they prepared to attend the funeral of the two prominent bank-

ers. Friends of the bank president gathered in small circles and paid tribute to Blythe, who had served as city councilman in 1981.

"I'll tell you one thing," one businessman said. "Rudy was sure good for the town. He'd give a guy a chance. He was just trying to help people and he ended up getting shot."

As soon as news of the double slaying spread to the adjoining county, information began coming in to the sheriff's office from the area from persons who were sure they had seen the pickup which had successfully eluded the lawmen. From Rock County, two businessmen in the town of Luverne, located just south of Edgerton, told the sheriff that two men had been into their respective places of business on Thursday, the very day of the two killings.

A man who owned a gunshop told Thompson that about 2 p.m. on Thursday two men came to his store and purchased 100 rounds of hollow-point ammunition. The gunshop owner told the sheriff that he did not connect the purchase with the shooting until he was contacted by a conservation officer, who asked him if anyone had purchased any .30-caliber ammunition.

The shop owner said that when the two men asked for the ammo, "I went and got a box and the other man said, 'We need two boxes.'" When he asked the man what they wanted the shells for they told him they planned to hunt deer.

"I said, 'You know that's illegal in Minnesota,'" the owner of the store told officers. "Then I got the pamphlet out and showed them the law and circled it."

The businessman said that the two men were in no hurry; they just ambled out. He also told the sheriff that Deputy McClure had left his shop only 15 minutes before the men in the pickup showed up.

Another Luverne shop owner told Thompson that the same two men came to his store, and he sold them some ammunition and a flashlight.

The purchases made at both stores were paid for by check. When the store owners checked their cash registers, they both found that the checks were signed by James Jenkins, and were drawn on a bank in Hardwick, a town 25 miles south of Ruthton.

The hunted pair, as described by the gunshop owner, were a young man about six feet tall and weighing about 230 pounds, and another man who was older, quite a bit shorter, and a little lighter. He said the two were dressed in dirty clothes, as if they had been out hunting.



**Young Steve was all smiles here over fish catch, but had to face serious questions in the double-murder case**

Sheriff Thompson dispatched another message to law enforcement agencies across the country with full descriptions of the two, and of the white pickup they would be traveling in, possibly using the back roads.

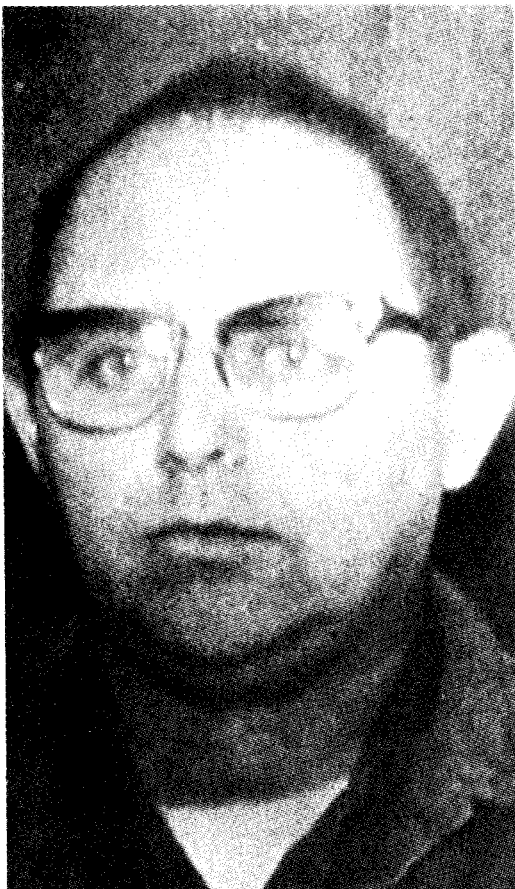
A license check with Texas authorities had revealed that the license plate KW 3618 on the missing pickup was registered to James L. Jenkins of Brownwood, Texas.

Officers were kept busy the next 36 hours answering telephones. About 200 reports were taken every 12 hours from persons claiming to have seen the pickup. However, the weekend passed without the apprehension of the two fugitives.

All officers in Southwestern Minnesota were working around the clock trying to piece together a motive for the double slaying. Sheriff Thompson questioned Ruthton residents for information on Jenkins, and learned that he had been seen in the area off and on for the past two months. One man told Thompson that Jenkins had been in Ruthton trying to buy livestock to put on a farm he had purchased in the Hardwick area.

The investigation revealed that Blythe's bank had repossessed some property from Jenkins on October 23, 1980. It was the same land where the two bankers had been found slain.

*(Continued on page 56)*



**Steven Jenkins' father James, 46, was also suspect in murders, but suddenly wrote a dramatic ending to the tragedy**

# THE RAPISTS SHROUDED HER BODY IN FLAMES!

by **KRIST BOARDMAN**

Special Investigator for  
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

**I**T WAS about 4:30 in the morning of November 24, 1982 when a maintenance man, who worked at an apartment complex in the Washington D.C. suburb of Oxon Hill, Maryland, finished the emergency plumbing job which kept him up most of the night. He was already driving away in his car, though, when he was diverted by a bright flash of light which came from one of the apartment buildings.

Driving closer to investigate, he quickly determined that one of the apartments at 1300 Southview was on fire. To make matters worse, he saw a human form crashing through a glass door and making several muffled screams for help.

He dashed from his car and ran to the foot of the building, attempting to climb up the series of wrought iron balconies to the female form on the second tier. But as he climbed closer, the intense heat conducted through the metal railings fended him off. The searing heat from the flames permitted him to get only so close. As he gave up this attempt and ran to the nearest

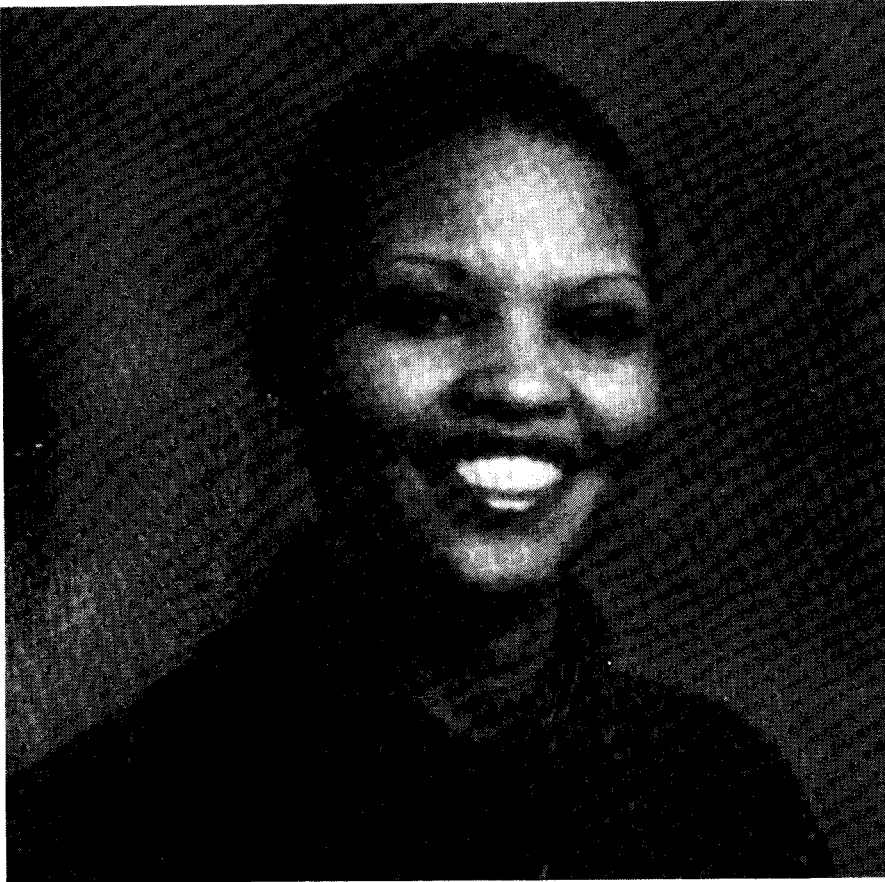
phone for help from the Prince George's County Fire Department, the form on the balcony collapsed, her shrieks for help unheeded in time to save her, and she was shrouded in flames.

In the few intervening minutes that it took the fire department to arrive, there was pandemonium at this apartment building. Residents awoke and scampered to safety, each of them witnessing their own versions of the terrible conflagration. Fortunately, the flash fire had claimed no more than one life.

One woman was awakened at 4:30 by

The ransacked and burned bedroom of victim Peggy Green. Contents of bedroom drawers were dumped on floor, then a plastic bag of clothes was set on fire





**Peggy Naomi Green, 31, was a friendly and outgoing woman, who unfortunately befriended two punks who subsequently raped and robbed her, left her to die**

mostly to the second floor apartment in question.

By the time State Fire Marshal's Investigator John C. Jordon arrived, at nearly 5:30 a.m., he was greeted by Fire Chief Pickerall and directed to the scene.

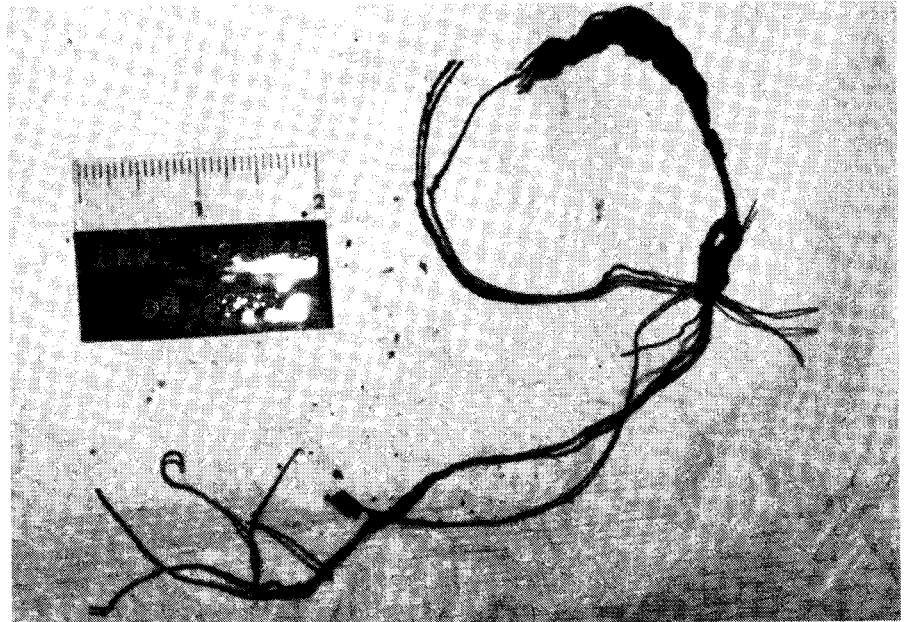
The apartment was a one bedroom unit and only one person was known to live there. As Inv. Jorden combed through the wreckage, he noted that there were two separate points of origin. One was in the bedroom, the second in the living room. The bedroom fire had been started at the foot of the bed, and was mostly the smoking remnants of a plastic bag of clothing. The living room fire had apparently begun near what was left of a sofa, which only had its springs remaining. The living room fire was the quickest burning and most intense, and possibly could have been started from one or more of several cans left at various places in the apartment. Certain burn patterns indicated that the apartment could have been torched with the help of an accelerant like lighter fluid or some other chemical. Rather than burning in a downward direction as most non-accelerated fires spread, the carpets in the living room were thoroughly scorched. But the fire itself had consumed so much of the contents of the

*(Continued on page 53)*

knockings on her door. She heard the woman's scream and saw police cars outside the apartment below her in the nearby parking lot.

Prince George's County Police Officer Arnold J. Esposito had arrived first, before any other officers and even before the fire department. Shortly before the fire alarm, the police dispatcher at the emergency number had gotten a telephone report of a violent struggle in one of the apartments of the same building, and had sent someone over to investigate. But by the time Officer Esposito arrived, the incident had mushroomed into a dangerous apartment building fire which had already claimed one life. There was nothing for the officer to do but assist others to safety and wait for the fire fighters to arrive.

The fire was extinguished within the next 15 minutes without difficulty or incident, and the damage was confined



**Telephone wires which were used to bind victim's hands and feet. Detectives later arrested suspects Donald T. Maziarz, 19, and Kevin Keith Bennett, 20**

***Humiliation was the least of the outrages perpetrated against Peggy. The worst one saw her flesh crisping as she flung herself, screaming, through a glass door to escape an inferno. Unfortunately, her writhing, fire-charred body succumbed...***



**DOUBLE-LENGTH FEATURE**

# **STABBED 40 TIMES?**



This house (c.) was scene of ghastly murder. Victim, June Pierre, 59, was found on kitchen floor, stabbed 40 times

# **THAT'S BUTCHERY!**

by **WALT HECOX**

Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

**C**ERTAINLY, if the murder of June Pierre proved anything it is that no one is safe anywhere or at any time. San Francisco is no more a jungle on the 500 block of 44th Avenue than the suburbs which surround the city. Yet that is where the 59-year-old woman faced her killer and eventually met her maker on that damp morning of December 22, 1982.

Forty-fourth Street, where June Pierre died, is so close to the ocean in the South that on stormy nights the surf can be heard pounding against the sand, beyond the Great Highway. But on the north side of Golden Gate Park there is a five-block stretch north of Fulton Street which rises fairly steeply in the last two



Bloody palmprint at murder scene led to the arrest of David Kanuse



Inspector Jeff Brosch questioned several possible suspects

blocks and is separated from the ocean by the bulging headland. The street ends at the Veteran's Memorial Hospital, which sits, less than a block from June Pierre's home, beside Clement Street. Beyond that is the Lincoln Park Golf Course, the Palace of Fine Arts and the steep cliffs which plunge abruptly into the San Francisco Bay west of the Golden Gate. The area is known to police as "the fog belt."

It is not a place where a sleeping woman would expect to encounter her murderer in a securely locked house during the small hours of the morning. Yet that is what happened to the 59-year-old woman on that damp December morning. She did not die easily or without pain. For the few moments before she



Inspector Ed Erdelatz teamed up with Brosch in the probe

died her existence must have been a living hell as she was stabbed, again and again, by a seemingly insane attacker.

June Pierre did not live alone in that large house perched on the 500 block of 44th Avenue, but the more than 40 years which separated her from the young woman relative who shared the house with her, and the nature of the younger woman's work, forced her to spend many evenings alone.

The house on 44th Street, as do many in "The Avenues," abutted wall to wall with its neighbors, but rose sharply from the garage to top floor and was large and roomy. There were, in the basement, living quarters, a bedroom and a bathroom which could be entered through a small portal beside the main garage doors that provided the young woman with a certain amount of privacy.

*(Continued on page 60)*

**The woman was killed so that she could not testify against the assailant for trying to kill her. Makes sense? The judge didn't bother with that theory. All he did was to make sure the defendant never gets a chance to try to kill anybody again...**

by **GARY C. KING**  
Special Investigator for  
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

**I**T WAS at approximately 9 a.m. on Friday, January 7, 1983 that an Estacada, Oregon area resident heard what sounded like several gunshots coming from the vicinity of a mobile home situated near the entrance to McIver State Park. However, because the incident was not unusual in this rural area of northeast Clackamas County, due to the fact that many residents owned firearms and regularly discharged them taking practice shots, the incident was not reported to authorities.

It was an hour and a half later that authorities were tipped off by a concerned relative of Marleen Godleske, 32, resident of the mobile home, who told the Clackamas County sheriff's de-



Because of conflict of interest, D.A. O'Leary (above) turned over the murder prosecution to another county

a woman whom they believed to be the resident, Marleen Godleske. She was quite dead and, judging from the wounds, had been the victim of multiple gunshots inflicted about the head and chest. The deputies radioed their grim findings back to headquarters.

A short time later, emergency vehicles from Clackamas County and the state crime labs converged on the scene. Among the officials who arrived were Clackamas County Chief Criminal Deputy J. Ross Cravens, Detective Dale Frazell, Sgt. Jack Lowery, Deputy Doug Shackelford, Clackamas County Deputy Medical Examiner George Coleman, Clackamas County Deputy District Attorney John Mahr, and Tom Kusturin, an investigator from the Clackamas County District Attorney's Office.

The investigators immediately determined the dimensions of the crime scene and sealed it off, keeping anxious mem-

# TERROR RAMPAGE OF THE

partment's emergency dispatch center in Oregon City that Marleen may have been the victim of a homicide earlier that morning. The homicide division was notified and deputies were dispatched to the Estacada area location to investigate, to determine whether a homicide had in fact been committed. It was the first stage of an exciting investigation that would ultimately find one woman dead, and leave two deputies wounded, one seriously, in the line of duty.

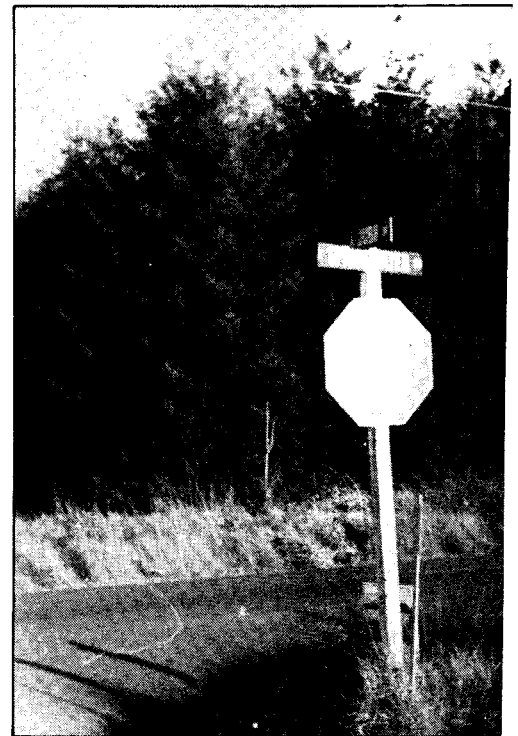
When the first deputies arrived at the rural location of the mobile home they cautiously observed their surroundings to make certain that the scene was safe.

There were many places for a gunman to hide, and the last thing these deputies wanted to do was walk into the line of any gunfire. However, after several minutes, the deputies decided there was no one besides themselves at the site and they proceeded cautiously onto the property.

When the deputies approached the front entrance to the mobile home they found, much to their surprise, a dead German Shepherd dog lying on the small porch. The animal had been shot in the head.

Once inside the mobile home, it didn't take the deputies long to find the body of

***There is no defense against the kind of horror that can erupt after a domestic disturbance. It is every officer's nightmare—and in this case the terrible dread came true...***



Cornered, murder suspect put up hot

bers of the local press outside the boundaries. Only those investigators and deputies immediately involved in the case were allowed inside the police lines, a precaution taken at the scene of every crime to avoid contaminating the site, and they quickly, but carefully, began their search for evidence, working from the outer perimeters of the crime site in toward the body.

As the investigators made their way toward the bedroom of the mobile home, where the victim's body was found, they noted evidence and sealed it in appropriate containers, refusing to disclose at this point, just what that evidence was. It would later be revealed that detectives were looking for a bloody rock or some other instrument they believed had played a part in the slaying of Marleen Godleske. It was not revealed, however, if such evidence was found. Additional evidence, according to a source, would indi-



Thirty-two-year-old Marlene Godleske was found shot to death in this mobile home

# LOVE-SICK WACKO!



gun battle here, wounded two officers

cate that someone, most likely the perpetrator of the shooting, had made preparations to burn the mobile home. Detectives would not elaborate on that point.

The bedroom of the mobile home was a mess. There were blood spatters everywhere, some caused by a being the victim sustained prior to being shot, and some from the shots themselves.

Blood samples and trace evidence were collected from the victim's body as well as areas adjacent to the body and other rooms of the home. Photos were taken of the victim's body from several angles, making sure not a single detail was missed. Photos were also taken of every room of the home, as well as outside. As a matter of routine, latent prints were obtained from various objects inside the mobile home, just in case they could later be useful.

Clackamas County Deputy Medical Examiner George Coleman examined the victim's body and noted that it appeared the victim sustained a beating,

and that she had been shot twice in the head, once in the chin and once in the torso or chest area of the body. The corpse was then prepared for transport to the Multnomah County Morgue, where a thorough autopsy would be conducted as soon as possible by Deputy Chief Medical Examiner Dr. Larry Lewman.

Meanwhile, investigators found, while searching outside the trailer, another dog that had been shot to death. This one, a mixed breed, was found lying inside a doghouse at the rear of the mobile home, and its discovery only served to confuse the already baffled investigators more as to why the woman and dogs had been killed. A motive for the woman's death had not yet been established, and authorities had not yet begun to form theories regarding the case.

It was at approximately 12:30 p.m. when Sheriff's Deputy Shackelford noticed a bright red Volkswagen Rabbit approaching the Godleske mobile home. When he noticed that the driver of the car

was brandishing a firearm, Shackelford called out to warn his fellow officers of the impending danger.

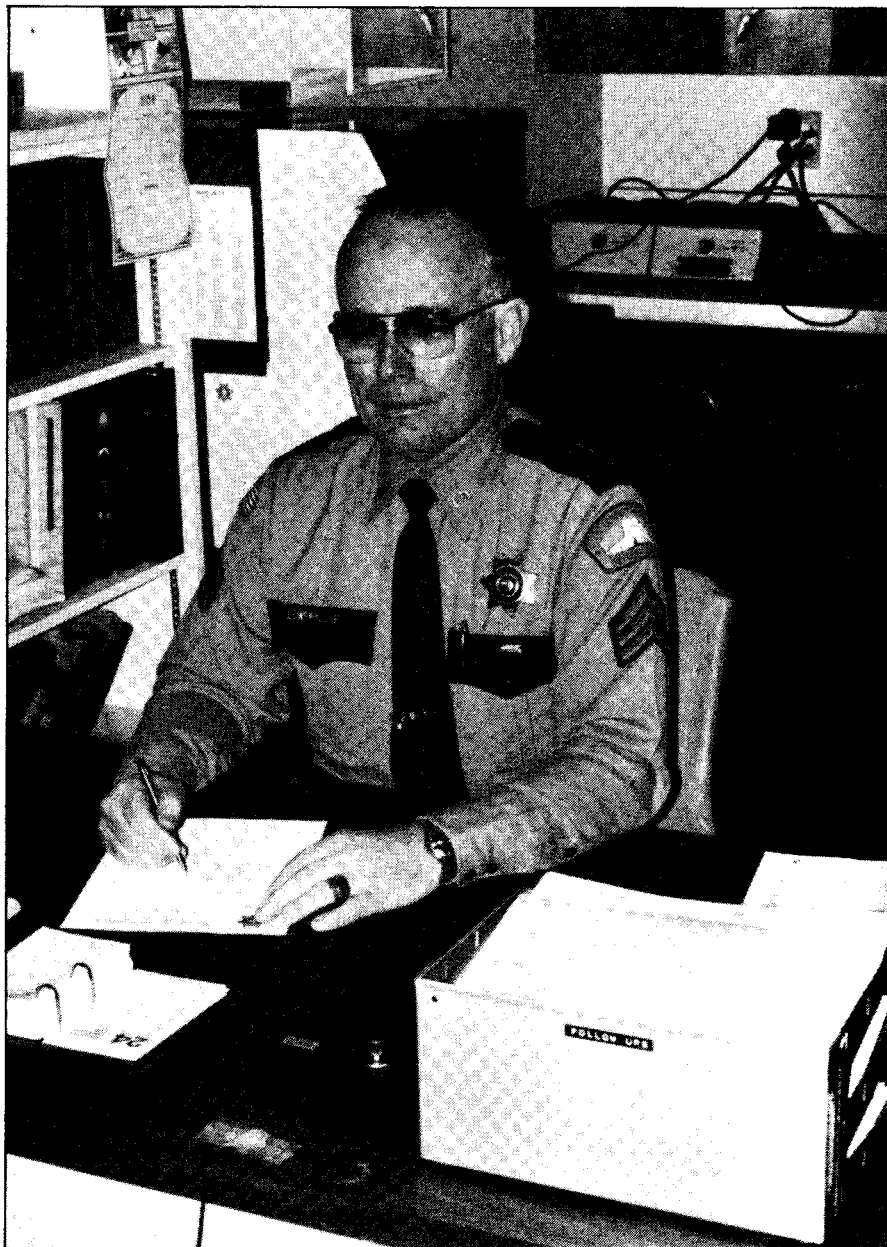
At that point the driver of the car wildly opened fire with his weapon, firing at anything and everything in his view, including the police officers. As Sgt. Jack Lowery turned to see what the shooting was about, he took a shot in the stomach and went down. In those same seconds, Detective Dale Frazell, alongside Lowery, was hit in the leg. The gunfire continued as the driver of the Volkswagen fled the scene, turning left from South Jubb Road onto South Springwater Road. Deputy Shackelford, by this time, had climbed into his car and was in hot pursuit of the suspect.

Into the midst of all this dangerous activity came another car carrying a news reporter and a photographer for the *Oregonian*, heading towards the fleeing suspect. The suspect held his weapon out the window of his moving car and opened fire on the reporter as he passed, striking their car with at least one of his bullets. Narrowly escaping injury, the reporter and photographer eventually followed the action.

By this time several police units were in hot pursuit of the fleeing suspect in a chase that involved speeds upward of 85 miles per hour on South Springwater Road. A police helicopter had been called in, and would soon be aiding the road units in the chase.

As the chase continued, several motorists had been forced off the road by the suspect's swerving car, and within minutes police units had lost sight of the red vehicle. However, the approaching helicopter enabled the pilots to see that the suspect had lost control of his car, subsequently running it off the road and flipping it over in a nearby field. The helicopter pilot directed deputies to the scene of the crash, informing them that no one was seen fleeing the area and that there were no signs of movement in or near the crashed vehicle. Just the same, deputies approached the car with extreme caution, their weapons drawn and aimed at the suspect's car.

As the deputies approached the car they could see that the driver had sustained head injuries as a result of the crash. Even though the driver had been disabled, the deputies took no chances

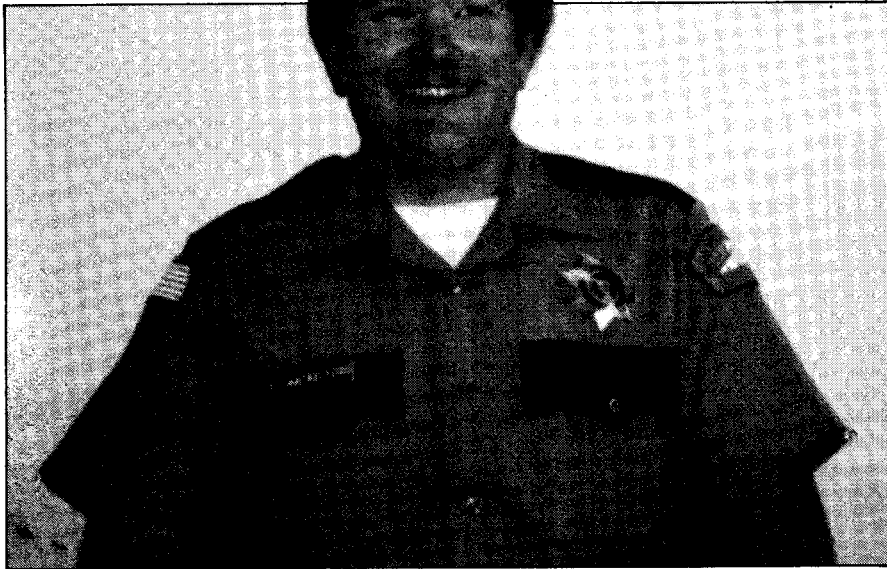


and held shotguns on the suspect in case he made a move for one of his weapons. Eventually, several men turned the car right side up, and the suspect was removed from the wreck. He was identified as 34-year-old Gary Ray Godleske, husband of the homicide victim.

Several loaded weapons were seized from Godleske's crashed vehicle, and sheriff's deputies immediately removed the ammunition and took that and the weapons as evidence. Paramedics quickly arrived on the scene and began treating Godleske's head wounds, after which he

was loaded into a heavily guarded ambulance and guarded, after which he was loaded into a heavily guarded ambulance and taken to Willamette Falls Community Hospital in Oregon City for additional treatment.

While Godleske was being attended to by paramedics, additional medical personnel concentrated on the wounds sustained by Sgt. Lowery and Detective Frazell. Frazell, struck in the leg, was taken to Willamette Falls Community Hospital, while the more seriously injured Lowery was flown by Life Flight



**Sgt. Jack Lowery (opp. page) suffered serious wounds in shootout with suspect, but survived. Deputy Doug Shackelford (top photo) escaped gunfire. Det. Dale Frazell (above) was wounded in leg. Key suspect was husband, Gary Godleske**

helicopter to Emanuel Hospital's intensive care unit. Lowery, father of six children, underwent emergency surgery immediately upon his arrival at the hospital.

Meanwhile, additional sheriff's department personnel remained at the rural Estacada mobile home where Marleen Godleske had been killed, and continued in their search for additional evidence. Still other deputies went door-to-door throughout the area probing for information about the Godleske family which, as it turned out, proved quite interesting.

Gary Godleske, a former U.S. Postal Service employe, had been out of work for quite some time and relied on his wife for support. He purportedly left the Postal Service "because he couldn't get along with people," and many area residents painted a picture of Godleske as a gun enthusiast who "was not to be fooled with," and was known to fire his guns at random any time of the day or night. Neighbors told the cops that Godleske was not a sociable person and that he sometimes, quite often in fact, acted unpredictably.

"We were warned that the people who lived here before us couldn't get along with him (Godleske)," said one neighbor, who also told the deputies that Godleske had trained his German Shepherd into "a real attack dog. You couldn't get near their yard."

Another neighbor told the deputies that Godleske and his wife Marleen had noisy fights quite often, and could be heard screaming at each other. "We'd just look at each other and say, 'There they go screaming again.'" Still yet another neighbor referred to Godleske as a Vietnam veteran and said, "I often wondered about Vietnam stress syndrome or something like that."

"People knew to stay away from him," said the same neighbor. "I don't think anyone really befriended him." The neighbor confirmed earlier reports that Godleske was a gun buff, and said that he'd been asked by Godleske on several occasions to go hunting with him. "But I didn't go because I was working and just didn't have the time. I never really had a problem with him. He never seemed crazy to me, but I never felt easy around him."

"I was concerned about how freely he shot his guns around here," said one of the neighbors. "On New Year's Eve he came out and shot it up just crazy, at least ten rounds." The neighbor said that Godleske compelled his 11-year-old son to participate in sports games with him. "He would drill him (the boy) and scream at him if he didn't run fast enough or catch the ball," the neighbor said, adding that the 11-year-old never went out of his yard. "He had no friends and never went any place or had anyone over." Police learned that on the day of the shootings, the young boy had been taken out of school by his father and left with close relatives. The boy hadn't witnessed the crime.

According to the area resident who said he'd heard what sounded like several gunshots coming from the Godleske mobile home around 9:00 that morning, he didn't report it because it didn't seem at all unusual for the sounds of gunfire to be coming from the Godleske property. "I didn't think it too strange," said the neighbor. "It could have been anything. You just don't get up and run out every

*(Continued on page 72)*

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**by WAYNE T. WALKER**

Special Investigator for  
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

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**P**ROUD of being independent and eager to begin his planned journey to the state of New York, 68-year-old William Pennant purchased \$1,500 in bank of America traveler's checks. The checks were all in \$50 denominations. He bought and packed groceries and other supplies into the white 1972 Dodge Apollo motorhome; then joined a small, white 1981 Volkswagen pickup truck onto the rear with a tow bar.

On August 1, 1981, Bill Pennant departed his home in the 600 block of South Rosemont Avenue in Tucson, Arizona, enroute to Holland Patent, New York, to visit relatives. The self-confident, elderly man apparently was not in the least concerned about driving alone over the approximately 3,000 miles of interstate highways.

A few days later, on August 5th, a close family member in Tucson received a telephone call from Pennant. He was calling from a telephone booth outside the office at a RV campground, south of Interstate 44, near Joplin, Missouri.

"No," he told the family member, "haven't had a bit of trouble. I'm going to rest, then go on. I'll call."

Nothing more was heard from Pennant, and by August 28th, the phone calls between worried family members in Tucson and the relatives in New York had become more frequent and more distraught. The close family member with whom Pennant had last talked to from

the campground outside Joplin went to the Tucson Police Department and filed a missing person complaint.

"It doesn't look good," commented one detective in the missing persons division. "There were a few ways of checking his identity if he had suffered a stroke or died from some other natural cause—even if he had lost his wallet."

Although they were handicapped by the interstate aspect of the disappearance case, the Tucson police immediately went to work on it. The family member laid out the itinerary of the overland trip as Pennant had planned it, which would

at least give law enforcement agencies somewhere to begin on the search.

An APB was issued nationwide with a description of both the missing man and two vehicles. Along with his Social Security number, the alert also included the information that Pennant had been carrying \$50 denomination traveler's checks numbered 34-150-769-010 through 039.

The RV mobile home bore Arizona license number RRY-539 and vehicle identification number 121729. On the white Volkswagen pickup truck being towed, the license tag number was 64 8-



Law enforcement officer searching for the remains of William Pennant, 68, in a Lawrence County, Ark. landfill where his body is believed to be concealed

# THE GUY WAS DISMEMBERED AND DUMPED LIKE GARBAGE!

**Somewhere in this land a victim lies in three plastic bags, unburied. And in a state prison two people are cooling their heels and wondering how the cops managed to gather enough evidence to put them away. Exactly how is a tribute to the law enforcement agencies involved**

NC and a vehicle identification number of 1V1KG0170BV-104223. Both vehicles were registered to William Pennant of the Tucson address.

Utilizing the few facts they had, Tucson detectives contacted the Bank of America and eventually received the information that the checks purchased by Pennant before he left home had all been cashed by persons identifying themselves as William Pennant, James Williams and James Strickland. These checks had been cashed variously in Oklahoma, Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Kentucky and Tennessee.

Authorities in Newton County, Missouri, had been requested to check out the Nationwide Campground (NA) and learn what they could about the missing man's stay there. However, very little was ascertained from the visit to the RV campground. He was registered to stay overnight of August 5-6, but left sometime in the early morning hours.

Without any new leads developing, the search appeared to be headed for a dead end. Weeks went by without any word on the elderly man or his vehicles.

Then on October 13, 1981, the FBI office in Chattanooga, Tennessee was advised by George Fox, a used car dealer in the city, that he had met with a person who had represented himself to be William Pennant. Fox told FBI Special Agent Milton Nix that the meeting was for the purpose of arranging a trade of vehicles.

The used car dealer would trade a 1974 white-over-green Chevrolet Blazer, with identification number CKV184F119024, and a check for \$500 to the person identifying himself as Pennant in exchange for a white 1981 Volkswagen pickup truck, whose ad and Arizona license numbers matched those of the missing Arizona vehicle belonging to the missing man.

"What did he look like?" Special Agent Nix asked.

Fox described the man as a white male

in his 30s, about five foot five inches in height, weighing approximately 165 pounds and of a medium build. "His hair was brown," Fox added, "but he's getting bald. He had a ruddy complexion."

During the transaction, Fox said a woman, whom the man identified as his wife, was present.

"He wouldn't complete the trade until the lady had approved it," Fox said.

"Can you describe her?" asked the special agent, making notes. Later, a deposition would be obtained and signed by Fox.

"Well, she was also in her thirties, I would say," answered Fox. "A white female with red hair and weighing approximately two hundred pounds. The guy that was supposed to be her husband showed me an Arizona driver's license issued in the name of William Pennant for identification."

He handed the special agent a piece of paper with the number T24113683 written on it and said, "Here's the driver's license number."

The man identifying himself as William Pennant advised Fox that he could be contacted at a certain telephone number, which Fox passed on to the FBI. When he ran into trouble, Fox had called the number and was told there was no William Pennant living there, or had not been in the recent past. The couple the phone was listed to professed they had never heard of the name.

After talking with Fox, Agent Nix drove to the residence of the couple whose phone number had been given and interviewed them. They verified the phone number as the one assigned to their residence, but they advised the agent they did not know a William Pennant.

When Nix described the man who called himself by that name at the car lot, the couple looked at one another.

"That sounds like Jim Strickland," the husband asserted. "He's a close family friend. Him and his wife visited us about ten days ago."

"What's his full name?"



**Lab technician examines bones to determine if they are of human origin. Clues led to the arrest of suspects James Strickland, 34, and wife Lillie**

"James Gilbert Strickland," the husband replied. "I can't really recall his wife's name." He turned to his wife and asked, "Do you remember?"

She thought for a moment, but like her husband, she couldn't remember either. They described her as a white female in her 30s, approximately five foot, nine inches, weighing 170 to 200 pounds and having frizzy red or auburn hair.

"Do you recall what Strickland was driving?" Nix asked.

"Yes, he had just bought it a couple of days prior to his visit with us," responded the husband. "It was a four-wheel drive vehicle, which he claimed he had just purchased at a car lot on Rossville Boulevard."

During the interview, the couple told Nix that Strickland was a drifter and had served several terms in the federal facility at Tallahassee, Florida, possibly for offenses in the forgery class.

"He told us that he and his family were staying in an area motel and that they were traveling from Florida to Texas in order to visit relatives," the husband said.

About a week later, on the 19th, Special Agent Nix received a photograph of James Strickland and combining it with other photos, he visited Fox at his car lot. There he arranged a photographic lineup

*(Continued on page 68)*



# A WEIRD CLUE CLOBBERED A RAPE-SLAYER'S ALIBI

by **ANDREW LOWEN**

Special Investigator for  
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

**E**LIZABETH Gregg woke with a start. Noises in the house had jerked her from her heavy sleep. She sat up and listened, at the same time learning from her illuminated bedside clock that it was 3 a.m.

The wind rattled the windows. The moon was a black mask. Outside, an April gale was raging in Liverpool, England.

Must be the wind, she reassured herself, looking down lovingly at the small figure beside her in bed—her five-year-old son, Edward. She'd allowed her son to share the master bed while her husband was out of town on business.

Edward was sleeping peacefully, undisturbed by the angry moods of nature. Instinctively, she put out a hand to touch her son, the way mothers do. His steady, low breathing had a kind of soothing effect on Elizabeth. It was almost enough—not quite, though—to drive out the fear.

Creak! There it was again, a similar alien noise. This time like a footstep on the stairs. Something unassociated with the wind. It was most definitely an indoors noise.

Elizabeth reached for her cigarettes and lit up. A cigarette was her Valium. She drew on it heavily and took it all down, something she rarely did. That's when she saw the pale, yellow shaft of light under her bedroom door. A moving light, obviously the beam from a torch.

Her first impulse was to scream, but her second thought was to protect her little boy from the demons of the night.

She was just creeping from her bed when the bedroom door started to open. Suddenly, she felt so helpless. She

*In the beginning,  
the suspect came  
up smelling like  
a rose, but then  
the victim  
released a piece  
of information  
which pinpointed  
the guy's  
whereabouts  
beyond any  
shadow of a doubt*



**Det. Insp. Harry Lomax took charge of probe into shocking case of woman who was raped, her 5-year-old son murdered**

didn't own a weapon. It was too late to start thinking about making a phone call.

A split-second later, she was blinded by the torchbeam which was flashed in her frightened face. As her mouth opened to scream, she was silenced by a sickening blow to the forehead, which sent her toppling backward on to the bed, waking her son, who began crying: "Mommy! Mommy!"

Paralyzed by pain, Elizabeth could only whimper: "Please! Please!" Whereupon she was bludgeoned twice more, this time on the side of the head.

Her attacker hadn't said a word. Now Edward was shaking his mother, sobbing: "Mommy! What's happening, Mommy?"

Before he could say another word, the little boy was felled with a mighty blow to his fragile skull—a sickening, sadistic attack that lasted until the child was dead.

Through a haze of searing pain, the boy's mother heard the intruder mutter in a deep, muffled, breathless voice: "Now it's your turn, bitch. This is all dead bitches are good for."

His breath was brushing Elizabeth's face. He was arched above her, but she couldn't see a thing. Then he was inside her, pushing and panting. "Filthy, dead bitch!" he swore as he rolled off the bed, satisfied.

Elizabeth lay there for 13 hours, until her husband returned from London at 4 p.m. on April 14, 1983. She had slipped into unconsciousness and her husband believed that both his wife and son were dead. He was in a state of hysterical shock when he called the police. The time of his call was recorded at Liverpool City Police Station as 4:10 p.m.

Twenty minutes later, police surgeon Dr. Monty Fuller was saying to Detective Inspector Harry Lomax: "This woman's alive. Only just. I can't find a pulse, but there's breath. Strong enough to mist my



Earlier photo of young murder victim Edward Gregg, who was clubbed to death. His mother, Elizabeth, was then raped

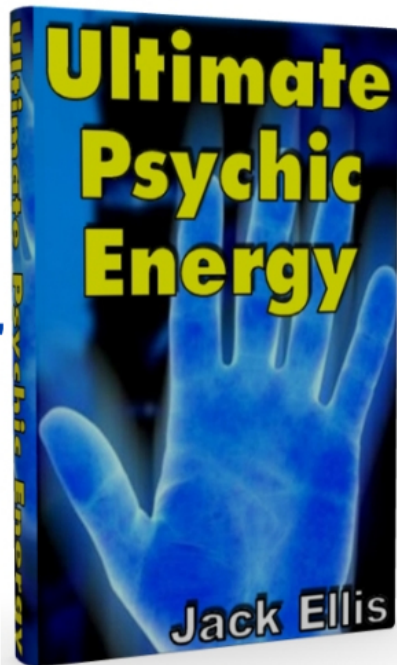
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glasses when I hold them to her mouth.”

“What about the boy?” Lomax asked.

The doctor moved to the boy. A minute later, he shook his head, saying: “Dead. Poor little devil!”

Elizabeth’s husband was beating his head against the bedroom wall. He was given a shot to numb his senses, but not a big enough dose to knock him out. “I want him fit for questioning,” Lomax told the doctor.

The ambulance arrived at 4:35 p.m., and Elizabeth Gregg was rushed to the Liverpool Royal Infirmary, where a highly-skilled life-saving team swung into action.

Meanwhile, back at the Gregg’s elegant, three-year-old house, the doctor was examining the dead boy in more detail. Around him were a squad of forensic detectives, police photographers, fingerprint experts and uniformed officers.

Hovering in the background was a dark-suited representative of the coroner’s office, waiting to stake his claim to the body when the doctor had finished his preliminary examination.

Dr. Fuller was packing his bag at 5 p.m., going into a corner of the largish bedroom with Lomax and telling him: “I would estimate that the boy’s been dead roughly 12 hours.

“He’s been battered about the head by a blunt, heavy instrument. The skull’s completely crushed in places. I’m sure he died instantly.

“It would also seem that the woman was a victim of the same attack. It’s a miracle that she’s still alive.

“There was no evidence of blood behind the fingernails of either victim, which suggests that neither of them was able to put up any sort of fight.”

Forensics men were intrigued downstairs. There was no evidence of any kind of forced entry. No broken window, no damaged door, no sign of any pressure on a weak point in the house’s structure.

“He came in the front door and straight up the stairs,” the head of the Forensics unit told Lomax, pointing to mud marks on the carpet.

“I’m hoping we’ll have a footprint that will tell us more than merely the size shoes he takes. With luck, we’ll know something about his height and weight. We may even know the day on which he bought his last pair of shoes—and from which shop.”

Detective Lomax was suitably impressed.

Fingerprint experts were busy at work



Investigation centered on gun buff Ronald Waldron, an admitted terrorist

on the front door, paying special attention to the brassware.

Neighbors were questioned but no one had heard a suspicious sound during the night. They all referred to the storm and pointed out that there was so much noise from natural sources that even machine gun fire would have gone unnoticed.

The Greggs’ home lay back from the main road and was hidden behind trees and a high wall, affording the house a high percentage of seclusion. Lomax was not at all surprised that he was grubbing around for witnesses.

Lomax asked his partner to put out a notice to all patrolmen in the city asking if anyone had noticed a vehicle parked near the Gregg house during the night of the crime.

“You never know,” Lomax explained, “something might have attracted a patrolman’s attention, something slightly suspicious and yet not enough for him to make a report. Surprising the times a case is solved that way.”

The inspector then turned his attention to Mr. Gregg. “Are you feeling fit enough to come downtown with me?” It

was more an order than a question.

At city police headquarters, Gregg was plied with black coffee and kept up-to-date with his wife’s condition. After a call to the hospital, Lomax was able to tell Gregg: “Your wife’s undergoing emergency surgery at the moment. X-rays have revealed a number of fractures to the skull. She’s also lost a considerable amount of blood. The hospital has promised to keep us fully informed.”

“At least she’s still alive,” Gregg muttered. “But my son! I don’t understand. I can’t begin to think straight. I can’t believe this is happening to me. It’s a nightmare.”

They were the kind of words Lomax had heard a thousand—or more—times before...especially from killers. He could not afford to have sympathy for Gregg—until he was 100 per cent sure that the man wasn’t responsible for battering to death his own son and attempting to murder his wife.

“Just a few questions,” said Lomax, meaning something rather different.

A detective sergeant started taking notes. The interview was being con-

ducted in Lomax's office, a brightly lit room, all windows, glass panels, strip lighting and cold, gray metallic furniture, on the third floor of the modern building.

Rain lashed out against everything. Officially, it was spring, but no one had told the weather. The central heating was still turned on full and Lomax had unloaded his jacket. His shirtsleeves were rolled back and his collar button was missing. He looked every bit the hard-nosed cop he is.

Equally, Gregg bore all the trademarks of a young executive. Someone who was going places, climbing ladders—both careerwise and socially. He was clean-shaven, smartly dressed and confident, despite the fact that he'd been crushed by the events of that day.

"I want you to tell me about your movements last night and this morning?" was the first official question from Inspector Lomax.

"I was in London for the night," Gregg replied, slowly, painfully, clearly finding it difficult to concentrate.

"I need a lot more than that," said Lomax, when he realized that the suspect believed he had completed his answer. "What time did you leave for London?"

"Around nine yesterday morning."

"Did you travel to London by train or car?"

"Neither. I flew."

"Surely you know the exact time of departure, then?"

"It was the nine o'clock shuttle."

"British Airways?"

"Yes."

"Arrival time?"

"It takes just one hour to Heathrow."

"Then what?"

"I was picked up at the airport."

"You mean by a company car?"

Long pause.

"No...a friend."

Lomax said: "You mean a girlfriend?"

Longer pause than ever, before: "I'm afraid so." Which was followed by a spasm of weeping.

"You mean, there was no business trip?"

Shaking his head as he answered: "No, no business trip."

"But your wife thought you were going on a business trip?"

"Yes, that's why I feel so awful. My son's dead because of my..." He didn't finish the sentence.

"Because of you cheating your wife?" Lomax suggested, to which the suspect made no comment.

"How long has this affair been going on?"

"Almost a year."

"So, it's pretty serious? It's not a casual fling?"

"I'm so ashamed."

"That's no answer. You haven't answered my question."

"It has been serious. I don't know now...I don't know what to think. All I can think about at this moment is my son. I loved him. I would willingly have died for him."

Elizabeth's husband was then asked for the name of his London girlfriend and he readily volunteered her identity, plus her address.

Lomax then continued with the questions. "So, you arrived at Heathrow Airport at ten a.m.?"

"That's the time the plane was due in, but there was a half-hour delay."

"Okay. Let's say you were picked up at 10:45. What then?"

"We drove to her place?"

"And stayed there all day?"

"Until the evening, when we went out to dinner."

"At what time?"

"Around eight. We'd booked a table for 8:30 at our favorite restaurant, the L'Opera in Great Queen Street."

"Was the table booked in your name?"

"Yes, it was."

"I assume you'd be remembered?"

"There's no doubt about that."

"Okay, so you ate out. What happened next?"

"We went home to her place."

"What time would that have been?"

"Hell, I don't know. I wasn't watching the clock all night. I'm not sure I like this line of questioning. Anyone would think you believe I battered my own little boy to death. Why aren't you out there hunting the maniac who did this to my family? I can't help you catch the bastard. I know less than you do. You're not doing anything except talk! This is pathetic! You're pathetic!"

Emotion was getting the better of the suspect and his outburst did nothing to change Lomax's attitude or approach. Neither did he in any way harden toward the husband. He understood the anger and he took it in his stride, as one would expect of such an experienced homicide investigator.

"I'm not asking for precise times," Lomax pressed on, "but you must have some idea."

The suspect rubbed his eyes, shook his head despairingly, before replying: "We

(Continued on page 48)



Det. Sgt. Jim Mitchell worked with Inspector Lomax in murder investigation, which hinged on suspect's garlic breath

# ARIZONA'S SHOCKING CASE OF THE RERUN MURDER

**Phoenix detectives probing a so-called suicide knew no one shoots himself four times, but those four slugs in the victim's body struck a familiar chord...**

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by **CHANNING CORBIN**

Special Investigator for  
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

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**I**T WAS JULY, 1974, one of the hottest months of the year in Phoenix, Arizona, renowned for its record-breaking high temperatures during the summers, which are essentially seven or eight months long. A prime purpose for this backtracking is to examine in considerable detail a crime that was committed in Phoenix on July 26th of that year. Another is to introduce the principal characters involved—the victim and the perpetrator, the trial and a smattering of the aftermath.

The only detail that has been changed in this review of the circumstances surrounding the slaying of Roger Arnold Sr., age 19, is the first name of the individual later charged by Phoenix police in the death of Mr. Arnold. For present purposes, she is identified as Alma J.

Arnold, the 21-year-old wife of the decedent.

Although her husband was three years younger than she, Alma J. and Roger Arnold had been married long enough for him to sire two beautiful infant boys prior to his untimely demise. Roger was employed as a mechanic with a Phoenix trucking firm. In 1974, there was every indication that the couple's marriage was tumultuous and verging on a break-up.

Alma J. was tied down with two babies born a year apart. The honeymoon was long over with and the novelty of being married had palled as far as Roger Arnold was concerned. It's happened a million times down through the centuries and all over the world. Immature young people mistake passion and fickle infatuations for enduring love and marry. Later, after they're into soiled diapers and pablum, doctor and hospital bills and all the other responsibilities involved in most average marriages, the glow fades and dissension sets in.

Roger Arnold had taken to "messaging

around." His wife was well aware of his infidelity. The other woman was even known to her and she and her husband began to quarrel and bicker. They had argued vehemently on the morning of July 26, 1974, about Roger spending the family's much-needed money having a good time while Alma J. sat at home tending the babies. The argument ended only when Roger left to go to work.

Later in the day, Alma J. left their residence, located in the 5000 block of South 22nd Place, and went to her husband's place of work. It was his payday and she intended to pick up his check before he squandered it on girls and good times.

When she arrived at the trucking firm, she and her husband clashed again, renewing their early morning squabble. It was a hot and sultry day and their tempers matched the high temperatures. Alma J. left the establishment where her husband worked in a rage. Roger followed her for several blocks, perhaps trying to reason with her. It is notewor-

thy that ample evidence turned up later to sustain contentions that he had physically abused, even beaten his wife on more than one occasion during their frequent spats.

As in most such cases, no one ever really knew exactly what took place—except that Alma J. whipped out a vicious-looking .22-caliber pistol and pumped four slugs into her husband's body. He was dead at the scene when police and medics arrived a short time later. Alma J. told the investigating officers that she'd shot her husband in self-defense after he had threatened to strike her with a soft-drink bottle. It was basically what police call a mundane, "smoking gun" type of a crime, with the suspect admitting to the fact that she'd shot and killed her husband.

The problem was that the investigating officers were unable to locate a pop bottle or any broken glass at the crime scene to corroborate Alma J.'s story, nor was she able to offer a plausible explanation as to why she'd been packing a fully loaded pistol when she went to pick up her husband's paycheck. She was duly arrested and charged with murder. In view of the fact that she was the mother of two infants, she was later released on \$2,200 bond. She was indicted and bound over for trial after her preliminary hearing.

On December 10, 1974, a jury, after six hours' deliberation, found Mrs. Arnold guilty as charged of the crime of second-degree murder. Her attorney had based the defense on self-defense factors. The state rebutted with the facts that a woman threatened by her husband with a soda-pop bottle on a public street has the option of fleeing, that four rapid-fire gunshots smack of an infuriated and hate-filled overkill, and, that no trace of a glass bottle of any kind was found at the crime scene.

The case had its pathetic overtones and the accompanying publicity generated considerable sympathy for the accused. Ten character witnesses had testified on behalf of the defense during her trial. One witness who testified was one of the women that the deceased was consorting with prior to his sudden death on the hot sidewalk in Phoenix. She told the court, "I believe Alma J. is a Christian. If she wasn't I'm sure she would have shot me for messing around with her husband."

On January 24, 1975, the convicted murderess was brought back into the Maricopa County in Phoenix to stand before Superior Court Judge Charles L. Hardy who would pronounce her sentence. "This is a difficult decision for me to make," the judge intoned. "I hate to separate a young mother from her small children." Fifty friends and neighbors of

the convicted woman were jammed into the courtroom to hear the verdict. Judge Hardy's pre-sentencing comments pre-saged the fact that a prison term was imminent. Moments later, he informed Alma J. that she must spend 10 years and one day in prison for her crime.

Mrs. Arnold broke down in tears upon hearing the sentence. Many of the spectators openly wept while others grouped together and held brief prayer meetings. "I don't want to leave my babies," Alma J. sobbed as she was led from the courtroom, her bond vacated, to be led to a cell to await her integration into the Arizona penal system.

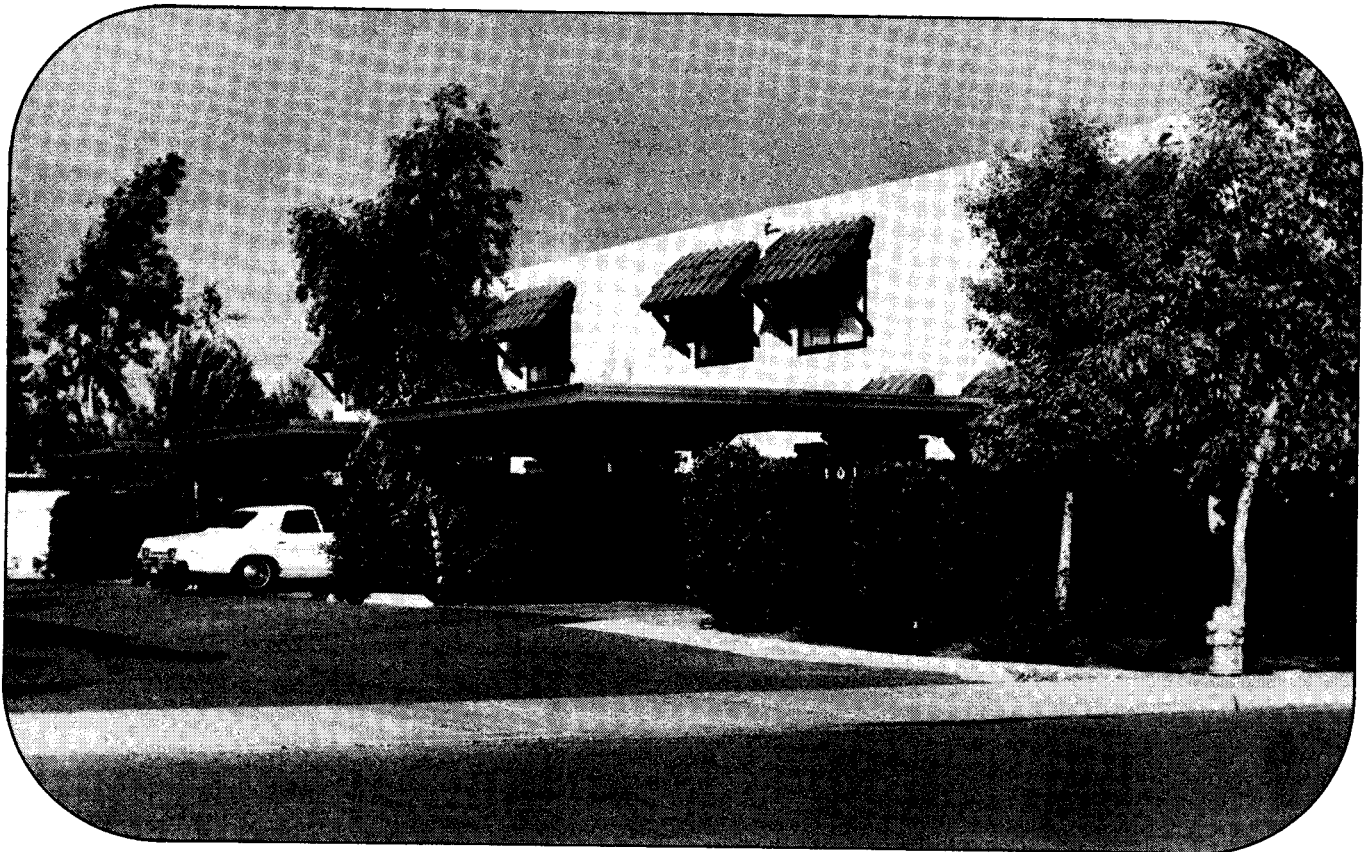
She would later recall that, prior to handing down the sentence, the presiding judge had told her, "I don't regard you as a bad person or an evil person. But I don't think any of us has the right to take another's life."

Alma J. served but three years behind bars on the 10-year sentence imposed before she was released on parole and reunited with her two little boys. Unfortunately, her woeful tale of life behind bars in the wake of that emotional, tearful day in January, 1975, when she was sentenced to a prison term didn't end on a happy tone.

Shortly after her release from Arizona State Pen, Alma J. again chose to gamble with her freedom and further separa-



This house was the location of the slaying of John L. Sellers, 30. He had been shot a total of four times



The apartment house complex where suspect Velma Dickson, 29, had moved to with sons after Sellers' death

tion from her beloved children by breaking the law. She began passing bogus checks. Evidently, she "hung" a lot of paper around Pinal County, Arizona, because felony charges were filed against her for obtaining money on two counts of false pretense (writing bad checks). In December, 1978, she was again convicted and given a jolt of 4-8 years in the pen. She was released on parole on February 12, 1981, having served another three years.

Perhaps it was entirely possible that, like so many of us, destiny had somehow decreed that life had dealt Mrs. Arnold a bad brace of cards which were impossible to play with any hopes of winning. Saddled with two infants at the age of 21 and plagued by a two-timing husband, maybe she'd lost control and allowed anger to take over. Out of prison with a record and two boys to raise and work hard to locate, she'd felt compelled to write bogus checks to buy groceries for their table. No one knows for certain, not even her parole officer, John Miranda of Phoenix.

Now the scene was a fast-food restaurant located in the 3400 block of West McDowell. It was near 11:00 a.m., December 21, 1982, and Velma N. Dickson, 29, a Phoenix, Arizona resident bustled about preparing to assume her duties on the eleven o'clock shift. With-

in minutes of her arrival, the telephone rang and another employe answered it. She heard the very frightened voice of a young boy on the other end of the line urgently, almost tearfully asking to speak to his mother, Mrs. Dickson. The newly arrived employe was summoned to the telephone. After a brief, hurried conversation, she hung up and rushed for her coat in a state of extreme agitation. She paused for a moment to tell the restaurant manager that she was called home because of an emergency.

An instant later she was out the door and headed for her car in the parking lot. She rushed home to a house she shared with her boyfriend, Johnny L. Sellers, age 30, and their five children. Seconds after her arrival at the residence located in the 2600 block of West Cheery Lynn, she discovered four of the boys, aged 10, 11, 12 and 13, wide-eyed and cowering in fear in various parts of the house. The fifth little boy was but a mere babe, oblivious of the ghastly scene in the living room—he dozed peacefully in a back bedroom. Back in the living room, Mrs. Dickson, summoned home by an urgent telephone call from one of the older boys, stared in shock at the body of Johnny L. Sellers sprawled grotesquely on the floor in a copious welter of blood.

Stunned by the gruesome scene, she rushed to the telephone and dialed the

emergency number for the Phoenix Police Department. The dispatcher, skilled at dealing with garbled messages from terror-stricken, semi-hysterical people in dire need of police assistance, managed to obtain the caller's name and address and the fact that suicide was involved. Several patrol units in the vicinity and the paramedics were contacted and dispatched to the house on West Cheery Lynn. Within minutes, the tranquil neighborhood thoroughfare was clogged with official vehicles, including an ambulance and several police units.

Patrolmen and the medical interns who'd rushed into the house swiftly determined that the badly wounded man was still alive. A collapsible litter was quickly brought to his side as the medics rapidly began life-survival measures. It appeared that the victim had suffered several gunshot wounds. Just how many could not be ascertained at the time, but there seemed to be at least three, perhaps four or more entry wounds visible. Sellers was gently lifted onto the litter and carried out to the waiting ambulance to be rushed to the nearby Good Samaritan Medical Center. The emergency room was alerted via two-way radio of the Code-3 run.

Top priority was accorded to administering to the gravely injured, uncon-

*(Continued on page 76)*



## "TELL THE SHERIFF YOU'RE SORRY!"



**S**UNDAY is visitors' day at Fulton County jail in Atlanta, Georgia. Then prisoners usually enjoy visits and free time. But on this particular Sunday, two inmates of the jail were thinking of doing a little visiting of their own.

Sharing the same cell, awaiting trial, were two youths, one 22, charged with two counts of burglary and a 20-year-old booked on seven counts of burglary.

At 10 a.m. they called the guard to pick up a bundle of clothes in their third-floor cell and take it to the laundry for them. When the guard unlocked the door and entered to pick up the bundle, the two youths overpowered him and fled, locking him in the cell.

"I felt something stuck into my back," the guard said later. "One of them said he'd kill me. I was sure somebody'd smuggled them in a knife." Examination of the weapon revealed it actually was a spoon.

The two prisoners, dressed in civilian garb, leaving the guard in the cell, walked downstairs and mingled with the visitors. Later they walked unchallenged through the front door

to freedom, with another group.

Another county officer, unaware of what had happened, was approached by the mother of one of the youths. She came to the jail at 10:30 and asked to see her son. Directed to the third-floor cell block, she found the door locked. She asked the occupant of a nearby cell where her son was.

"He's not here," came the answer. "He escaped a few minutes ago."

The mother went back to the first floor and reported the news to the sheriff in his office. Hurrying up to the third floor, the sheriff found the guard yelling for help. The alarm was sounded, outside doors locked, the building searched, but the pair had vanished.

The prisoner's mother was aghast when the sheriff told her what had happened. "My boy isn't bad," she said, "and he's certainly no killer. Just wait, I'll have him back here by evening."

A deputy sheriff accompanied her home, thinking her son might show up there. Later the mother got a phone

call from her errant son. The deputy listened in. The youth was calling from a drugstore.

"That was a bad thing you did, this morning," the mother scolded him. "I'm ashamed of you. I want you to go right back and tell the sheriff you're sorry."

The son refused. The two argued for about 30 minutes. Finally the youth agreed to meet his mother at the drugstore. "But don't bring a policeman with you," he warned.

The deputy went to the drugstore with the mother. He waited across the street while she went in to talk with her son. When they came out the deputy followed them back to the jail. There the prisoner surrendered and was taken back to his cell.

As he entered the cell block he saw, to his surprise, the other youth who had escaped with him.

"So they got you, too," said his former companion. "I was all right. They'd never have caught me if I hadn't stopped to talk with my mother. Do you know what she'd do? She talked me into turning myself in!"

◆ ◆ ◆

must have been there about three hours. We got through a couple of bottles of wine. Then we had a couple of brandies each with coffee. I guess it was nearly midnight before we left the restaurant."

"You must have been pretty high...both of you." Lomax suggested.

"Yeah, but we weren't legless, if that's what you're implying?"

"No," said Lomax, "just high, merry, mellow, carefree..."

The suspect made no further comment.

"Who drove?"

"I did."

"Were you fit to drive?"

"Not really."

"What was the make of car?"

"A Jaguar sports job."

"Color?"

"White."

"Year of registration?"

"Last year."

He was asked for the car's registration number, but he did not know it, adding: "You'd better ask the owner. After all, it's her car."

"And how long did it take to reach her place?"

"At that time of night, it couldn't have taken us more than half an hour."

"Then?"

"What do you think?"

"I'm asking you."

"We went to bed, of course."

"And?"

"Are you some kind of voyeur? Is this how you get your kicks?"

"You didn't go out again that night?"

"No, inspector, I didn't. We did what lovers usually do when they go to bed together."

"In a Jaguar, you could have driven home to Liverpool in three hours on the motorways (freeways) at that time of night."

"But I didn't, did I?"

"A round trip would have placed you back in your girlfriend's pad at, say, eight o'clock."

"Rubbish! It's bad enough my having to admit to you that I was committing adultery at a time when my helpless, innocent son was being obliterated by some mindless monster and my wife was... Well, I don't know what happened to her. She may die for all we know. You don't seem to have any pity. You don't seem to realize that this is the day I died, too! Don't you understand the kind of guilt I'm having to bear? Can't I

get through to you? Are you made of stone, man?"

"How did you know the time your wife and son were attacked? I haven't mentioned any time to you."

"I heard the doctor telling you in my bedroom. Remember?"

Inspector Lomax looked at his partner, who shrugged his shoulders and muted the words: "Could be."

"You see, sir," said Lomax, remaining low-key, "You no doubt have people who can vouch for your movements at times I couldn't care less about. As soon as we get to the material time, then you have no one to corroborate your evidence, except your mistress, and that won't count for much, will it?"

"I'm through!" the man shouted, jumping to his feet.

"Not yet, you're not," Lomax insisted resolutely. "Answer me this: Where did your company think you were?"

**T**he suspect blushed, quickly replying: "I had two days owed. My boss believed I was at home with the wife. I play a lot of golf and I like to get on the course as much as possible."

"Was your wife ever threatened?"

"Not that I know of. And I would have known."

"Is she having an affair, like you were?"

The question seemed to shock the suspect, as if he'd never even contemplated that she might have been just as big a cheat in marriage as he was.

"Not to my knowledge," he replied, eventually. Then: "I'm sure she isn't. I would have known."

"Does she know about your affair?"

"I don't think so. I hope not."

"Is your wife often left alone at night?"

"No. Only once or twice a month."

"She's never complained to you before about prowlers or Peeping Toms?"

"Never."

"Was it usual for your son to sleep with his mother?"

"When I was out of town, yes."

"Did you attack your wife and son?"

"No, I did not."

The man was detained while more inquiries were made. His fingerprints were taken and his clothes were examined by members of forensics.

From the autopsy, Lomax learned that

both victims had been attacked with a hammer—standard size, shape and everything. Just a common household tool. One of several million in the United Kingdom.

"But this one will still bear bloodstains, however hard the perpetrator has tried to scrub them off," the pathologist assured the inspector.

The pathologist was also able to inform Lomax that the dead boy's mother had been raped, explaining: "She was badly mauled around the vagina. There were still traces of semen, even thirteen hours after the attack."

"You're looking for a man with 'O' Positive blood. Which is very rare, I'm afraid, but the information might prove useful. You never know."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Gregg's condition had stabilized. Doctors were confident that she was over the hill and would soon be on the mend. Although she was still unconscious, the specialist in charge of her case was forecasting a "total recovery," adding: "She's going to make it all the way back."

Inspector Lomax had her guarded round-the-clock. "I want to know the moment she's conscious," he told the team who were conducting the vigil in shifts. "I don't care what the time is. Call me."

Nationwide checks had failed to place the white Jaguar sports car, owned by the husband's girlfriend, in the Liverpool area at the material time. There had been no sighting of such a car parked near his home during the night of the homicide. That didn't mean it hadn't been there, of course. Simply that the car hadn't been observed by any patrolman that night.

The husband's alibi checked out—as far as possible. It didn't clear him, neither was he incriminated. An impasse, a stalemate, had been reached, and he was released, on the condition that he kept in daily touch with the police.

Four days after the murder of her son, Mrs. Gregg opened her eyes and started to remember. And that was the moment when the *real* pain began...

Lomax was in Mrs. Gregg's private room within 15 minutes of being alerted.

One of Lomax's first questions was: "Do you know who did it?"

"I think so," she murmured very faintly.

"Was it your husband?"

"No, no," she repeated herself, also shaking her head. "It was his breath. The smell on his breath. But I still can't believe it."

"Who?" the inspector inquired, eager, bristling.

"I was almost knocked out by the smell of garlic. I've only ever known one person who always smells so much of garlic, and that's Ronnie. Ronald Waldron. He was Edward's uncle."

"Did you see his face?"

"No. The torch was shone in my face the whole time, blinding me. I didn't even recognize his voice, only his breath."

The cops were allowed only 30 minutes with the victim. Outside, they all agreed that the smell of garlic was hardly evidence. After all, on that sort of evidence you could arrest every Frenchman in the world.

However, it was worth a throw of the dice. So, Lomax and his men raided the two-room apartment of 38-year-old Ronald Waldron, of Compton Way, Anfield, Liverpool.

And there, under the floorboards, they found a hammer, which, when examined under a laboratory microscope, was found to contain minute samples of blood, matching the groups of both victims.

His breath also reeked of garlic!

In a sworn statement, admitting all the

offenses of which he was about to be charged, he made the most startling admissions Lomax had ever heard in his entire career.

These are the sections of his statement that stunned the British cops: "For years I've been working for the Special Branch and the British Secret Service.

"To date, I've committed nineteen political killings—sixteen for Palestinian terrorists and three for the IRA.

"I've also committed ten other murders. I would travel to London, be given a gun, be taken to a place where my 'target' was being held, execute him and leave."

Waldron was certainly no stranger to Inspector Lomax. The defendant had been sent to prison for 33 months in 1979 for burning down a Jewish synagogue.

When Waldron appeared before Liverpool Crown Court on Tuesday, November 8, 1983, charged with homicide, rape, and attempted murder, and breaking and entering, his lawyer, Mr. Alex Calveley, told the jury: "If what he says is true, you have a situation where the forces of law and order are paying a homicidal maniac, knowing what he is

capable of, and doing nothing about it.

The judge, Mr. Justice Tudor Evans, after the defendant had been formally convicted on his own admissions, sentenced Waldron to life in prison and to 10 years for the attempted homicide. He recommended that Waldron should serve at least 15 years on the life sentence. Sentencing on the other offenses was deferred.

Throughout the entire inquiry, the only reason Waldron ever gave for the heinous crimes was burglary. "I was after money," he alleged.

Outside the courthouse, Lomax told this writer: "Every time I smell garlic, it will remind me not of Continental cooking, but of murder. This case will go down as the Garlic Giveaway."

★★★

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*Elizabeth Gregg and Edward Gregg 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.*

## Left Gay Floating in Blood! (from page 18)

an extradition hearing would be held and that he would report the details of it to him.

Meanwhile, OPD arranged for the sophisticated laser ionics equipment to be brought into the OPD headquarters for the processing of evidence for latent prints that had been taken at the crime scene in Room 109 of the motel.

As promised, the records of William J. Sakosky arrived in Orlando. His history was a long saga of burglary, assault, theft, driving while intoxicated, and receiving stolen property. At the time of the Carlile murder, Sakosky was on work-release from a Lackawanna County, Pennsylvania prison where he had been serving a one to three year sentence for receiving stolen property.

On Wednesday, November 10th, in a preliminary hearing in Scranton, Pennsylvania Assistant District Attorney Michael Krushinski, using the teletyped information received from Orlando, argued that the 22-year-old Sakosky could be held on the authority of the Florida information. In a dramatic presentation, Detective Charles Borgia took the stand and reported that he had re-

ceived the necessary criminal warrant charging the Scranton young man with murder. District Magistrate Carmen Minora immediately ruled that there was sufficient evidence to hold the accused man for 30 days, allowing time for the arrival from Florida of extradition warrants. Sakosky was committed to the Lackawanna County jail, to remain there without bail until the extradition matters were cleared.

Following the hearing, Sakosky refused to waive extradition and proposed to fight his return to Florida.

As the weeks passed, the accused remained incarcerated in the Pennsylvania jail while in Orlando the processes of justice moved ahead. On Monday, December 13th, the grand jury convened to consider the charges against Sakosky which accused him of having committed a sado-masochistic murder in the motel in Orlando. A true bill was handed down by the grand jury indicting him for murder in the first-degree.

Following the developing aspects of the case, Inv. Mundy, with the assistance of State Attorney Robert Eagan, whose office contacted the District

Attorney's Office in Scranton, moved ahead with the extradition. The governor of Pennsylvania's office was furnished all of the details and legal papers for the procedure. A hearing was held in Scranton on March 28, 1983 on the question of extradition, which was still being fought by Sakosky.

Bob Mundy flew into Scranton to testify at this hearing. Fortifying Mundy in his appearance was Felix, the security officer of the motel who had also journeyed to Scranton to testify. Mundy, who had worked with Felix on previous cases, stated that this security man, "is a valuable" asset to the Orland Police Department. "He has been consistent in working with us and we appreciate and respect him."

Sakosky lost his fight and was ordered by the governor of Pennsylvania to be returned to Florida to stand trial for the murder of Paul Carlile.

Inv. Scoggins revealed that there was a lot more to the murder in Room 109 than was apparent from the crime scene and the initial evidence. After amassing all of the information that he did in cooperation with Bob Mundy, Scoggins stated, "There was no violent fight in that room." He was convinced that the death of the victim was the result of a kinky love explosion. "Carlile never objected

to anything that was done to him," Scoggins stated. "He cooperated in the love-making." Scoggins pointed out that the leather ligatures that were used to bind the wrists and the ankles of the victim were not in that hotel room by accident. "That apparatus was brought to Orlando from Fort Lauderdale," which stressed that this sex ordeal had been planned. The huge dildo also was brought from Fort Lauderdale and had been planned as part of the kinky sex scene that occurred in Orlando.

"Don't be misled," Scoggins cautioned, "into thinking that this was strictly a vengeful murder. It was a sado-masochistic event," that evidently got out of control. Scoggins also pointed out that when the phone was knocked out of its cradle and the room clerk heard noises, they were not, in all probability, noises of a beating. Also when the clerk called the room he was told in a panting, breathless voice that all was okay in the

room. It is Scoggins' opinion that the clerk had interrupted the violent sexual activities that were in progress.

Dr. G. Ruiz, the assistant medical examiner who worked the case, also stated, in reference to the leather apparatus that was used in strapping Carlile to the bed spread-eagled, that "he brought it with him...nobody could improvise anything like that. And this was something made to order."

One of the grim facets of the investigation for Scoggins was his initial work at the scene. When Dr. Ruiz had completed his first examination of the body, determining that this was indeed a homicide, the detective had proceeded to turn the body over on its back so it would lie face up on the bed for the purposes of examination. Reaching under the body with his hands, Scoggins' fingers felt a deep crevice and some heavy, viscous, sticky substance. When he rolled the body over he realized that his hand had

slipped into the carved up arm of the victim. "I felt the raw blood, sticky flesh and the bone of his arm. I've never had such a gory experience even though I've been a police officer for more than ten years."

On Monday, November 14, 1983, a year and a few days after the body of Paul Carlile was discovered in Room 109, Sakosky pleaded guilty to second degree murder to escape Florida's death penalty. He awaits the final disposition of his case, which will occur when he is sentenced by Judge Ted Coleman. The maximum sentence for second degree murder in Florida is life imprisonment.

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#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*Felix 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.*

## Paraplegic Tortured by Girls! (from page 25)

ped by and asked if anything was wrong.

"Everything's okay. Our buddy's just a little drunk," Cindy quoted Tim Elliott as saying.

The girls said Elliott dragged the 200-pound paraplegic into the back of the van and began punching him in order to keep him quiet. The girls then drove to southeast San Diego, where they scored some marijuana and PCP-laced cigarettes called Sherms, before driving back to the cabin in the reservation. At one point, Cindy went back to the van and stabbed Sherwood in the buttocks after he tried to grab her.

It became evident to the teenagers, now half crazed on dope and alcohol, that Sherwood had outlived his usefulness and something had to be done with him.

"Tim choked him out to keep him quiet," Lisa said. "Then this white stuff started coming out of his mouth and Joyce goes, 'We have to dump him somewhere.'"

The girls thought about getting rid of Sherwood in Golden Hill park, near the San Diego downtown, but Joyce decided it would be better to dump him somewhere in the mountains. Before they went looking for a likely spot, the hostage was stabbed three times in the leg and cut on the neck with a knife. Two of the girls held the flame of a cigarette

lighter to his buttocks and legs. Then he was beaten unconscious and his clothes were torn from him to make binders for his arms and legs.

"He was over there saying, 'Please help me', and all this stuff," Lisa said. "Joyce was getting mad, you know. She was kicking him."

After driving around, the group stopped and pulled Sherwood from the car. Bleeding, and his face grotesquely swollen from the beating, the helpless paraplegic pleaded not to be left in a wet, cold ravine as he was pushed half nude down the mountainside.

"He was hollering, 'Help, don't leave me out here'," said Lisa. Then Joyce kicked him down the hill and we left."

Having disposed of the person who had given them so many hours of sadistic fun, the group returned to the reservation to continue their beer drinking and Sherm smoking.

"Tim kinda dropped out of sight after that," Lisa said. "He told us he was going back to his cabin to sleep off a hangover."

No one saw Tim return to his cabin, and shortly after leaving the girls he dropped out of sight. The detectives asked the girls if they knew where Elliott might be hiding out.

"Don't know," Cindy responded. "He never talked much about himself."

Talk, as it turned out, wasn't necessary. Three months after the Sherwood murder, sheriff's deputies in Jefferson County, Oregon found a heavy-set man passed out at a market near the town of Madra. On the way to the county jail the man woke up from his alcoholic slumber and told the officers he was wanted on charges in San Diego, California.

"Sure, pal," one of the deputies laughed.

"No, really I am," the man said earnestly. "My name's Tim Elliott. Give the guys a buzz down there, they'll tell you."

The deputies did, and were surprised to learn that Elliott was wanted on charges of kidnaping and murder.

Said one deputy: "It isn't often that someone wanted on heavyweight charges just comes forward like that. That APB never reached us, and he probably would have walked after a couple of days in jail."

Elliott was returned to San Diego, where he was found over to Superior Court on murder and kidnaping charges. His defense attorney urged the judge to release Elliott, saying that evidence that the defendant was present "at the time the victim became a victim" was lacking. The request was denied and Elliott was held on \$200,000 bail.

In May, Lisa Chavez went on trial in juvenile court for the kidnap-murder of Dick Sherwood. She was found guilty of second-degree murder after a short trial and was placed in custody of the Califor-

nia Youth Authority until age 21.

Cindy Roberts was being held in Juvenile Hall on identical charges, but on June 8th, one day before her trial, she pleaded guilty to second degree murder. She was also placed in the custody of CYA until age 21, when a determination will be made to release her or remand her to state prison. Most likely, she will be released on parole.

Joyce Largo was also a juvenile when the kidnap-murder of Dick Sherwood occurred, but she was ruled unfit to be tried as a juvenile, and was tried as an adult. At her November trial the petite, dark-haired teenager said she was just following Tim Elliott's orders during the beating of Sherwood and the disposal of his body on the mountain top. Dressed in a bright purple dress, Largo said she had smoked PCP laced "Sherm" cigarettes hours before Sherwood was beaten and that they made her feel "like I was really tough."

She said she followed Elliott's orders because she was afraid of him, and because Elliott had a "crazy" look and had threatened her and her family.

"He told me to promise him that if we got stopped by the cops not to say anything and take the rap because I was too young and nothing would happen to me" she testified.

During the trial, a tape recording was played, during which Detective Norm Crawford asked Largo: "You kind of like beating him up, didn't you? Did you think he was going to die?"

Largo responded that she didn't care what happened to Sherwood because "he had grabbed my hair and bit me. He asked for it, see. I wouldn't have done nothing to him if he hadn't hurt me. We kicked the shit out of him, beat him up."

Prosecutor Dan Williams then asked Largo why she did not go to Sherwood's aid when he pleaded for help, or on the following day, after Sherwood spent the night in the ravine.

"I thought he was going to crawl to the top of the road and someone would pick him up," she said. "I wasn't in my right mind to help him."

A jury deliberated three days before finding the teenager guilty of first-degree murder of the paraplegic Army veteran. They also found her guilty of robbery, kidnaping and auto theft. Largo, who faces a maximum term of 35 years to life in prison, wept when the verdict was read.

There was no weeping on the part of Tim Elliott when he went to trial in December. Elliott said he accompanied Sherwood and the girls when they went to the San Diego waterfront on March

15th, but he claimed to have been drunk in the back of the van while Sherwood was in the vehicle and that he was dropped off at a friend's house before Sherwood was abandoned in the mountains.

Assistant District Attorney Dan Williams said the small-framed teenage girls could not have lifted Sherwood, who weighed 192 pounds, out of the van without Elliott's help.

"They needed the strength and assistance of Mr. Elliott," Williams said. "It was Mr. Elliott who decided, 'Let's get rid of this guy, let's dump him.'"

The jury agreed, and on December 7, 1983 found the 38-year-old defendant guilty of first-degree murder. Elliott faces a maximum term of 25 years to life in state prison.

The day after Elliott was found guilty, Marguerite Benjamin pleaded guilty to second degree murder in Superior Court.

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#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*Jack O'Brien, Lisa Chavez and Cindy Roberts 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.*

## Manhunt for Priest Killer! (from page 20)

"Looks like it," the detective answered. "Father McBride's wallet is missing. And, you know, it's really not that unusual for motorists to be robbed at gunpoint in that particular neighborhood."

"Any suspects yet?"

The detective shook his head. "Not yet," he said. "We've got men combing the west end right now for witnesses and a decent clue to work with."

The newsmen, too, had men in the field, doing everything they could to piece together the fabric of the slain cleric's life. Father Robert McBride, they would report, was a New York City native who had attended schools on Staten Island before graduating from St. Francis Prep in Brooklyn. He had also studied at Christ the King Seminary in St. Bonaventure, New York, and at St. Joseph's Seminary in Yonkers, New York, where he was ordained a priest at the age of 27 in 1961.

"He was a very fine person, a scholar in literature," recalled the acting president of Sacred Heart University. "He enjoyed his association with the students. The school feels a deep sense of loss and a sense of shock over this tragedy."

"He was a real teacher with a great sense of humor," said another faculty member.

When they learned of his violent death in Bridgeport's west end, friends of Father McBride expressed amazement at part of the police reconstruction of the events leading up to the shooting.

"He'd lived here in Connecticut, in Fairfield County, for twenty-one years," one friend said. "There's simply no way he could have become lost in the city of Bridgeport."

A relative pointed out that Father McBride had been very active in alcohol rehabilitation and abuse programs in the

city, offering his services to persons from all social strata.

"He was a recovered alcoholic himself and worked closely with several chapters of Alcoholics Anonymous," his friend said. "It's very possible he was going to help someone with an alcohol problem when he was killed."

Other friends of Father McBride pointed out that the doomed priest had spent Friday evening attending a testimonial dinner for the sisters of the Congregation Notre Dame in Stamford, Connecticut, the order of nuns who had founded Stamford's Catholic High School a quarter of a century earlier. The dinner was held at the high school, where Father McBride had taught from 1961-1965.

"He arrived here shortly before eight o'clock," one of the sisters recalled, "and he stayed about an hour, leaving with an alumnus of the school."

On Sunday, June 20th, Bridgeport homicide investigators returned to the Wordin Avenue-Bird Street area to hunt for witnesses and clues.

"We knocked on doors and visited a

drinking bar nearby and displayed a photo of Father McBride in an effort to determine if anyone had seen him there prior to the shooting," Lieutenant Buchanan told newsmen that night.

"One woman living close by reported hearing a single gunshot, but nothing else."

The senior investigator went on to say that probers planned to run a comprehensive check on Father McBride's activities on Friday night from the moment he left the testimonial dinner at Stamford Catholic High School until his body was found in Bridgeport. Police would make a special effort to learn the name of the school alumnus with whom Father McBride left the dinner and to arrange an interview as quickly as possible.

Lieutenant Buchanan contradicted earlier claims by the police that the slaying had been the result of a robbery attempt.

"I doubt if McBride carried a wallet," he said. "His pockets were not turned inside out, which would indicate a robbery."

"Whoever killed him saw the nice car he was driving and may have thought he carried a lot of cash and could possibly have planned to hold him up."

"We believe that when the priest displayed the Mace, a liquid spray used by police to subdue people, the gunman fired one shot, killing McBride."

Also pointing to a motive other than robbery, Buchanan said, was the discovery of the ten-dollar bill in one of the victim's pockets.

Lieutenant Buchanan went on to say that the police were actively seeking the assistance of the public in hunting down Father McBride's slayer.

"We could use some help," he conceded. "So far, our intensive investigation is up against a wall with no new developments."

Anyone with information for his men was urged to call the Detective Division at police headquarters. All caller's names, he promised, would be kept confidential.

Also speaking with newsmen was a pathologist who said that, as anticipated, the postmortem examination had shown the cause of Father McBride's death to be a single gunshot wound of the chest.

Late on Monday evening, as Father McBride's body lay in state at the Mother House of the Congregation of Notre Dame on West Mount Road in Ridgefield, Lieutenants Buchanan and Frank Norkowski supervised a team of 10 police officers working overtime to check out a batch of tips. At the same

time, a Connecticut State Police Crime Lab technician was processing Father McBride's 1979 Mazda sports car for fingerprints and other physical evidence at the police department garage behind headquarters on Congress Street.

Also on Monday, police issued a second public appeal for assistance in the baffling case.

Rather than sit back and wait to hear from informants, the homicide detectives took their investigation to the streets. On the chance that a motive more personal than robbery could somehow have played a part in Father McBride's death they sought out for interviews as many of the slain cleric's friends and acquaintances as they could find.

A faculty member at Stamford High School who had known Father McBride for years said that she believed he was slain while visiting people he assisted as part of his work.

"Whenever people needed help he came to them," she said. "He went out of his way to help people who were in distress."

"I don't see how he could have gotten lost," she continued. "He went regularly from Sacred Heart University to the University of Bridgeport every Sunday to say Mass at UB."

"He was supposed to go to the Holy Land on a trip this summer. The current conflict in Lebanon and Israel would not have deterred him."

"If someone needed help, he wouldn't hesitate to help them," she added. "He could face any thing or any person. He never backed down. It's too bad such a non-violent man had such a violent death."

Some of the priest's acquaintances at Stamford Catholic High School recalled him as having an extraordinary appreciation of literature, drama and music.

It was not until Tuesday, June 22nd, that Bridgeport homicide probers received the tip they had been praying for. The caller told them that he had been passing through the Bird Street-Wordin Avenue area early on Saturday morning when he saw a man standing beside a red sports car. Inside the vehicle, on the passenger's seat, was another man with an automatic pistol clenched in his fist.

An instant later, he said, he heard the crack of a single gunshot and the man on the street crumpled to the pavement. The man in the front seat quickly scrambled outside, went through the fallen man's

pockets and then disappeared into the dark night.

"Can you give us an identification on the assailant?" a detective asked hopefully.

The informant assured him that he could.

That evening, as Father Robert McBride's body lay in state at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Bridgeport homicide probers made plans to seek a Superior Court arrest warrant for their first strong suspect in the case, a suspect they had been actively hunting for since the afternoon.

"Who is he?" a reporter asked.

"We can't let you know yet," a detective told him. "If he knew we were on his tail, we're afraid he might pick up and run."

Inspector Anthony Fabrizi, commander of the Bridgeport Police plainclothes division, was not reluctant to say that the suspect was a resident of the P.T. Barnum houses, a man with a criminal record showing a robbery arrest.

At 5:00 that afternoon a team of detectives armed with a felony warrant freshly issued by Judge Aaron Ment hurried to the Bridgeport Hospital emergency room, where they arrested 25-year-old Alan Satawhite on a murder charge. According to Inspector Fabrizi, Satawhite had come to the hospital to see a sick friend.

"He had a loaded gun in his possession and was accompanied by two lady friends," Fabrizi said.

Detectives quickly snapped handcuffs on Satawhite and brought him to police headquarters. Detective Petite and Robert Biroscak led him to the booking area where he was ordered held in a second-floor lockup under \$300,000 bond pending arraignment.

In addition to felony murder charges, Satawhite was also charged with carrying a pistol without a permit. Because a small amount of marijuana was found on his person, he was charged additionally with possession of marijuana, possession of narcotics and possession of narcotics with intent to sell.

Satawhite, who had been released from the Connecticut State Prison in Somers barely three months before his arrest, was interrogated by Inspector Fabrizi and Lieutenants Buchanan and Norkowski in the hours after his arrest.

"He just wouldn't talk to us, or provide us with any statements," a disappointed Fabrizi said later.

In fact, Satawhite was so reluctant to converse with the law that detectives had no idea of how he had come to Bridgeport

Hospital with his companions.

"He had no keys in his pockets to indicate he may have had a car," Fabrizi said.

Fabrizi complimented Bridgeport homicide investigators for bringing a quick end to the case. "Our detectives did lots of leg work day and night on this case since we got word of the killing," he said.

Satawhite "offered no resistance when taken into custody by Detectives Richard Petite, Robert Biroscak, Michael DeCarlo and Leo Krusinski."

Fabrizi refused to comment on the type of weapon confiscated from Satawhite or the make of gun used in the shooting of Father McBride.

"Robbery," Fabrizi pointed out, "was apparently the motive, and we have no reason to believe that more than one person may have been involved."

Other officers said that they now believed that Father McBride had picked up Alan Satawhite "in the downtown area

and took him to the Barnum project area," where he was slain.

Detective DeCarlo told reporters that the weapon seized from Satawhite was "possibly" the murder gun. He added that Satawhite had accompanied a friend to the hospital emergency room for an unknown reason. Police reportedly had been keeping him under surveillance all day before moving in for the arrest.

A year later, in the summer of 1983, as his client's trial date drew near, Alan Satawhite's attorney expressed confidence in Satawhite's defense against the murder charge. However in August, after conferring with a relative, Satawhite abruptly announced that he wanted to change his innocence plea.

On Monday, August 22nd, as the state was preparing to argue a rash of pre-trial motions, Alan Satawhite formally withdrew his innocent plea and entered a plea of guilty to first-degree manslaughter in the death of Father Robert McBride. The plea was entered under the Alford Doc-

trine, which means that the suspect did not admit his guilt, but conceded that he might be found guilty if he went to trial. Satawhite also pleaded guilty to carrying a pistol without a permit under the Alford doctrine.

Speaking with newsmen, Assistant State's Attorney Henry Lyons said that he would recommend a 15-year prison term when Satawhite's case came up for sentencing.

"Because of the problems faced by the state in proving the defendant guilty beyond a reasonable doubt," he said, "conferences were held with the court and defense counsel and a compromise was reached which the state believes is fair to all parties involved."

On Friday, September 23rd, acting upon Assistant State's Attorney Lyons' recommendation, Superior Court Judge Robert Callahan formally sentenced Alan Satawhite to a 15-year term to be served at the maximum security prison at Somers. ★★★

## Shrouded Her Body in Flames! (from page 31)

apartment that it was impossible to obtain the necessary trace chemical to determine beyond a shadow of a doubt whether some accelerant was used.

Nevertheless, Inv. Jordan was skeptical that it was accidental. When he and others came to the doorway of the apartment, they had found the door unlatched from the inside. This indicated that someone else probably left the scene prior to the death of the victim. If it had been an accidental fire, say, with a cigarette burning out of control from the sofa, while the resident slept, the locks on the door normally would have been fastened.

The victim was found lying on her side, charred to death in what must have been some terribly agonizing last moments. What convinced Inv. Jordan that this was a malicious crime of violence were the wires which bound together her hands and feet and which tied both pairs together.

The body was transported to the Medical Examiner's Office in Baltimore and examined. In addition to the large laceration of the left leg of the victim, believed to have been cause by broken glass as she crashed through the balcony door, examiners discovered additional evidence of criminal activity. She had been raped. Also, evidence of soot in her

lungs confirmed she was alive after the fire was started.

There was some question initially who this black-haired, brown-eyed woman was, who weighed 129 lbs. and stood five feet seven inches tall. Initially it was thought that she was the same person who rented the apartment, but this was quickly sorted out when it was learned that the actual lease holder was the victim's sister. Victim Peggy Naomi Green was a 31-year-old single mother of one who was staying in her sister's apartment while the sister helped attend to a sick person in another home.

Inv. Jordan's survey of the apartment revealed also that the fire had lasted about 20 to 25 minutes, and that it had burned much more slowly before Ms. Green crashed through the glass door to the balcony. Once the balcony door was opened, the fire had burned ferociously at temperatures from 1,500 to 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit because of the unlimited availability of oxygen. Thus, in her attempt to escape, Peggy Green had inadvertently fueled the fire which consumed her.

There was additional information which was of interest. Many items in the bedroom appeared as if they were dumped from drawers, in a fashion reminiscent of ransacking. Was it possible

she wasn't just murdered and raped, but robbed as well?

The investigation was joined by members of the Prince George's County Criminal Investigation Bureau, and included Evidence Technician Ralph Green, Detectives B.R. Hinds, D.P. Murphy, B.D. Gentile, William T. Whigham, Robert E. Kennedy and Pfc. John Lindsay. These and others were to be responsible for a canvass of the apartment building and the ensuing investigation.

One interesting account which surfaced through the survey of evacuated residents was that of a woman who said she was awakened at 3:45 a.m. by what sounded like a violent struggle. Since she was in the apartment directly above the sounds, she heard the struggle begin first in the downstairs living room, then proceed to the bedroom. She was so terrified by the intensity of the struggle that she was ready to call the police, but a relative told her not to get involved, and she desisted.

The struggle continued for another 10 minutes and alternated from bedroom to living room. She said she heard glass breaking and furniture being knocked about, and then a muffled voice yelling "Help."

It was at this point that she overcame the relative's objections and called the police. This then was the explanation for the police call which was placed before the fire alarm.

The victim's sister wasn't able to sup-

ly investigators with any direct leads to suspects. The last time she spoke with Peggy was several days earlier and the conversation had included no mention of any problems. But she supplied them with several names of Peggy's friends.

The babysitter and her sister likewise had no suggestions in this regard, but they had been in touch with her closer to the time of the tragedy. Peggy had come over to the babysitter's house at noon the day before and remained there until about 7 p.m. Then she had left, mentioning that she was hoping to meet a new boyfriend she was dating. She had taken a D.C. city bus from a nearby corner back to her home in Prince George's County. This account was confirmed by the babysitter's sister.

Someone living near the victim reported to investigators that earlier in the evening, about midnight, she had seen Peggy get into a red and white van outside the apartment building. She was with several others at the time. This was several hours after she had left the babysitter's and had returned home.

A girl friend of Peggy's identified through the previous contacts told the investigators that Peggy was planning on meeting her boyfriend, after she returned from the babysitter's, but that apparently he had stood her up. It was then that she had decided to join her girlfriend and some other friends in a party of their own.

The girl friend said that two others had initially joined them at Peggy's apartment, a guy and his girl friend. He owned the red and white van, Peggy's girl friend said. Initially they had been just visiting in the apartment in the earlier part of the evening, but as midnight approached, the guy had taken Peggy and the girlfriend to a nearby liquor store where they were going to buy something to drink.

When they arrived at the liquor store, Peggy was outside the van talking to two young men in the parking lot. They seemed to be enjoying a friendly conversation, and by the time the girlfriend came over to see them, she was introduced by Peggy to the guys known as Bo and Donnie. They were both slim, somewhat short black youths who seemed to be in their late teens if they weren't already in their early twenties.

Since the general consensus was that more made the party merrier, Bo and Donnie were invited to accompany the three back to the apartment, and they hopped in the van with them.

The girl friend told investigators that everything at the party for the next three

hours or so had gone splendidly. There was lots of friendly conversation, some light to moderate drinking, and good-natured dancing. All in all, while she and the other couple remained there, the party had been in good taste and was simply clean-cut fun.

The sleuths wanted to know when the girl friend had left, and under what circumstances. Everything had been going all right, she said, so they had left Peggy about 3:30 a.m. alone in the company of the two known as just Bo and Donnie. The girl friend said she had no idea they could have possibly done anything like this, there were no hints of such actions, and neither did she know where they could be found or what their last names were.

Detectives took this information and went directly to the liquor store where they had linked up with Peggy and her friends.

Fortunately it was not difficult to identify these two persons, because one of them had worked at the store in the past and was known to the present employees there. As a result, an alert was put out for both Kevin Keith Bennett, known as Bo-Bo, and for Donald T. Maziarz, called simply Donnie.

Initially it was a chore finding the two, but some information was provided that a friend of Donnie's might be helpful in finding one or both of them.

The friend said that he had come to the liquor store with both Donnie and Bo-Bo, or that they were all there at the same time. His girlfriend was with him, and they too were invited to accompany Peggy Green and company to the apartment, but they declined to participate because they had some plans of their own.

The next time they saw Donnie and Bo-Bo, they said, was at about six o'clock the following morning when the pair had dropped by at their apartment for a short visit. They were there for only 15 to 25 minutes, and then had left after talking privately with Donnie's male friend.

Early the next day, on November 25, 1982, both Donald Maziarz and Kevin Keith Bennett were rounded up and brought into C.I.B. headquarters for questioning. After a short time, both were informed they were under arrest for the rape, robbery and murder of Peggy Green. About the same time also, Det. Hinds recovered Maziarz's windbreaker jacket and other items from his residence.

Before a court commissioner, both

were informed that they would be charged with those crimes and that the Prince George's County State's Attorney would be seeking to have the death penalty imposed for both defendants. While Donald Maziarz remained composed and even amused during the proceedings, Bo-Bo Bennett collapsed upon hearing the news of the prosecutor's intention to seek the death penalty.

In the early fall of 1983, shortly before he was to have stood trial, Kevin Keith Bennett decided to have a conference with Assistant State's Attorney David Simpson, who was prosecuting the case.

When Bennett's trial opened, his defense attorneys indicated he would plead guilty to both murder and rape charges. Because of his plea, instead of receiving the death sentence, he was slapped with a life plus 10 years prison term.

During the proceedings it was clear, at least to Bennett's account of the events, that Maziarz was the principal actor. As stated by Pros. Simpson, Bennett was in it for the rape and robbery but not for the murder. In any case, here is Bennett's account of the events of the night after the other members of the party left him and Maziarz alone with Peggy Green.

Over her strenuous objections and physical resistance, the two had raped her in turn. Bennett's statement was that while he was raping her, Maziarz was turning the bedroom upside down in search for valuable jewelry. Finally Maziarz returned from the bedroom and gave Bennett a pair of car keys.

"Here are her car keys," he said, handing them to Bennett, who went outside the apartment building in search of the car. When he returned he was surprised to find that Maziarz had turned on all of the stove burners in the apartment's gas range. He also saw a glare on the wall and a string of lit matches on the floor, which he stamped out with his feet.

"What are you doing?" Bennett said he asked Maziarz.

Bennett was told Peggy Green had kicked Maziarz in the groin and that he (Bennett) should tie her up. Maziarz then proceeded to rip telephone wires and appliance cords out of walls. It was then also that Maziarz expressed his intention to burn the apartment out.

Soon after, the apartment's smoke alarm went on, and Maziarz smashed it into silence with his fist. This bit of information was confirmed by the lengthy report from the fire investigation.

Peggy Green's resistance, especially the kick to Maziarz's groin, had also brought some retaliation. In addition to



being bound, she was beaten and a gag stuffed into her mouth.

After this, the two grabbed a television set in the apartment, lit the fire in the living room and disappeared down a back stairway of the building, leaving Peggy Green to burn to death.

As Maziarz' trial approached, Pros. Simpson got no similar indications as he had from Bennett that Maziarz would attempt to cop a plea in order to avoid the death penalty. A very important part of this situation also was that Simpson believed that Maziarz was the primary villain. In short, he believed Bennett's account of the events, and Maziarz offered no other version.

At the arraignment, Pros. Simpson reflected, "Maziarz acted like it was a joke, while Bennett collapsed on the floor." The prosecutor also noted that the information about lighting the fire was substantiated by Maziarz's friend, to whom Maziarz had told the same story. In addition, Bennett had submitted to a lie detector test on his account of the events and had come clean with no indications of deception.

Under Maryland law, Pros. Simpson noted, "You have to prove that the defendant was the one to do it (kill or set the fire that killed)." In Bennett's case, then, there would have been no legal grounds for death penalty prosecution. But for Maziarz there was.

After presentation of his case to a Prince George's Circuit Court, Judge James M. Rea convicted Maziarz of rape, robbery, and arson murder. A hearing was scheduled several weeks later on Simpson's request for imposition of the death penalty.

At that hearing in January, 1984, Defense Attorney Thomas Saunders argued that Maziarz was a walking time bomb waiting to explode, and that Maziarz himself was a victim of neglect, abuse and criminal behavior. "His is the life of being a constant victim," Saunders said.

As a defense witness, a clinical psychologist testified that Maziarz had had an extremely deprived background, his descriptions of the young defendant's past were so lurid as nearly to overshadow the gravity of the crimes for which he was just convicted.

As the eighth of 13 children, the doctor testified, Maziarz grew up in a family sired by numerous fathers, none of whom remained for any length of time with the mother. As he explained it, as soon as a boyfriend of the mother learned that she was pregnant with the child of a previous lover, he would abandon her.

Maziarz himself was abandoned with

most of his other siblings and half-siblings at the age of 2½ when the mother left the home for Chicago with money given to her for Christmas presents for the children by another boyfriend. At that time the children were left in the care of a juvenile. As a result of this, they were removed from the mother's custody and placed in the care of a supposedly comfortable and loving foster home.

Living in the foster home for the next 4½ years, from the ages of 3½ to 8, Maziarz as well as his siblings were subjected to physical, emotional and sexual abuse. These comments were puzzling, admitted the psychologist, because the home was a luxurious one and for years, it seemed, social workers were impressed by the foster parents and the environment they provided for 10 children and three adult outpatients from a hospital for the criminally insane.

Going through a large stack of school, social worker and other reports prepared by a myriad of agencies, the doctor noted that teachers familiar with Maziarz and his siblings were deeply disturbed by the problems that the youngsters seemed to be encountering.

Some of the accounts related that the children were forced to work in an outside garden at an extremely young age, and when they failed to perform what was considered enough work, they were locked out of the house at night. Young Donald, the psychologist said, was the one who was locked outdoors the most, and as a result he learned to survive by eating acorns and by stealing dog food.

Back inside the house, the youngsters were beaten with boards while they were naked, until they either urinated and defecated. One child, not Donald, who was told not to touch fire was found with matches and her hand was deliberately burned by the foster mother, the doctor testified. The foster mother also had a habit of practicing witchcraft and burning candles and incense.

As for the foster father, he was accused of raping, fondling and sexually abusing the very young girls, and of sodomizing the boys, which included young Donald. During an incident in which one of the girls was being molested, the psychologist said, Donnie Maziarz had tried to defend her from the foster father but had simply gotten his teeth knocked out with an object such as a hammer. The psychologist said the children were told they would get into trouble if they told anything about these

activities to any other adults.

When the foster boys were unfortunate enough to have wet their beds, they were later forced to urinate into cups and drink their own urine as punishment, he told the court. He said also, "There is physical evidence to support it (rape of the young girls). There is sexual evidence of penetration of the children."

Maziarz' teachers felt he needed a lot of special attention. The defendant had been held back from kindergarten because no one would take him to the school bus stop. But in addition to that, he and the other children were extremely secretive and seemed usually to be dressed inappropriately. Even though the teachers felt and told others that they believed Donald needed to be removed from the environment as soon as possible, the doctor noted that he was in fact one of the last if not the last of the children to be taken from the home.

For the next five years young Maziarz was in and out of numerous juvenile institutions, when he was not at home. When he was home, he was disowned by his stepfather, who constantly repeated that he was no kin of his, reputedly because of Donald's lighter skin.

At one point during the psychologist's testimony, Judge Rea commented, "It sounds like something out of the Marquis de Sade, not that I've ever read any of his works." The jurist asked the psychologist whether he thought any of these stories had been made up. The witness said no.

His account also mentioned chronic drinking problems of the defendant's mother and stepfather, his older brother's sodomizing of him and of other serious family problems.

At 13 years of age he left the home for long periods of time, sleeping in apartment building laundry rooms, in abandoned cars and in the homes of neighbors. Frequently he had to steal to get money for food.

Yet, in the structured environments of juvenile facilities run by the state, Maziarz performed his chores diligently and was generally well-behaved, except when it became time for him to leave. "A very hard worker, does a good job," were some of the reports on his activities made available to the psychologist.

In his late teens Maziarz finally seemed to have found some of the security of a loving home when he was taken in by the wife of a small variety store owner. He had befriended her because he had offered to perform odd jobs in and around the store, and gradually he worked his way into a fairly regular job as a store clerk. It was about this time also that he

reported receiving the first gift ever in his life: a portable AM-FM radio recorder. This seemingly happy situation was interrupted, however, when the woman's husband was shot to death during an armed robbery, and her own son was seriously wounded. Nevertheless, this trauma for the woman opened up new opportunities to Donald for increased responsibility in the store.

For about a year and a half this continued, with the defendant opening up and running the store, while living in the woman's house, when gradually his behavior began to get erratic. The woman sensed that Donald was getting increasingly involved in drugs and alcohol.

This situation gradually deteriorated until the final act involving the crimes against Peggy Green.

Defense Attorney Saunders argued, however, that in a wider context, these were not really Donald Maziarz fault:

"By the time he was eight or nine," he said, Maziarz "had had no opportunity to develop a sense of ego, identity, safety, control of his life, a feeling he worth a damn or that anybody cared about him."

While Donald Maziarz' life remains in the hands of Judge Rea and of the Maryland Court of Appeals, briefly, for not quite 24 hours, he was a free man following his conviction for murder and rape.

Due to a scheduling mixup between

the courts and the jail authorities, Maziarz was brought to the courthouse on a day he was not supposed to go, and he managed to have his handcuffs removed. He then slipped unobtrusively past guards posted at the courthouse exits.

For hours, police and correctional officials were in a frenzy. But Maziarz was recaptured without incident not far from the neighborhood where he had spent part of his event-scarred and stormy youth. For this beleaguered man-child, the additional criminal charge of escape seemed hardly to make any kind of difference.

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## Slaying of the Bankers (from page 29)

Other townspeople told the investigating officer that Jenkins had moved to Texas after the 1980 foreclosure on his farm. Still others told Thompson that Jenkins had recently returned to the Ruthton area.

As officers continued the probe into the double murders, they were told that Jenkins was one of approximately 200 farmers who had met to protest the foreclosure on another farm in that part of the state. The protest was led by members of the American Agriculture Movement and another organization, called Minnesota Citizens Organizations Acting Together, the MCOAT.

A neighboring farmer who lived across the road from the farm where the shootings occurred told one officer that "Rudy was a nice guy, but that he was putting a lot of pressure on farmers right around Ruthton on account of loans and other debts. One farmer called the ambush killing a "message to the nation."

The mayor of Ruthton said that Jenkins was a hard worker who loved to milk cows but didn't have the money to buy cattle.

"Every time he tried to get a loan, the lender in town referred him to the Ruthton bank and they shut the door on him," the town official said.

A further investigation showed that Lincoln County court records revealed that Jenkins had lost four civil suits filed against him by businesses since 1973 for delinquent bills.

Sheriff Thompson wondered if it was possible that the slayings had been done in retribution for the foreclosure on Jen-

kins' land three years before. Had Jenkins or his son, or both of them, done the shooting to settle a grudge that they had harbored since the bank had repossessed the farm?

Thompson checked with Brownwood, Texas authorities and learned that the elder Jenkins had lived in Brownwood until July of 1983, and had worked for the Brownwood Independent School District as a maintenance man. However, neither Jenkins nor his son, who had been identified as Steven Jenkins, 18, had been seen by anyone in Brownwood since summer. The Texas lawmen were alerted to be on the lookout for the pair, should they return to that state.

Meanwhile, the investigating officers went to the Hardwick community to find the residence of the Jenkins men while they were in that area. Armed with a search warrant, Rock County sheriff's deputies accompanied Thompson to the farm located about two miles northwest of Hardwick. The search yielded a .22-caliber rifle, two other weapons, one a .22-caliber, and the other a .30-30, and also ammunition for a shotgun.

The sleuths also took possession of a handwriting formula for nitroglycerin, books instructing how to make bombs, shells with powder removed and some personal papers belonging to James Jenkins.

The probe into the life style of the two fugitives convinced the sheriff that they could be looking for two armed and dangerous men.

On Saturday, October 1st, Sheriff Thompson issued felony warrants for the arrest of James Jenkins and his son

Steven, the charge was second-degree murder.

A continued investigation into the life of the two wanted men led the lawmen to information that the younger Jenkins had a fondness for weapons and explosive devices. A Ruthton resident, a blacksmith, revealed that Steven Jenkins had brought some empty grenades to his place and asked him to close the end of them for some lamps that he was making.

It was late Sunday when the Minnesota double-slaying mystery came to a surprising climax, several hundred miles from the southwestern corner of that state.

In Central Texas' Cottle County, Sheriff Frank Taylor met an extremely upset young man. The youth arrived at the sheriff's office in Paducah, wearing combat boots, and green army fatigues. The sheriff could see immediately that he was looking into the face of a very troubled youth.

When Taylor asked his name, he answered, "Steven Jenkins." In a gentlemanly manner, Jenkins told Taylor that he came to him because he and his father had run out of money and that his father was so despondent that he was talking suicide. He told the sheriff that his father told him to go to town and turn himself in.

On the way to the farm, Sheriff Taylor heard young Jenkins' story. The farm was located off U.S. Highway 83, about four miles north of Paducah. They were too late to prevent the suicide of the father. James Lee Jenkins was found by the sheriff lying on the driveway, fatally shot in the head. A .12-gauge shotgun lay nearby.

The lawmen gathered at the death scene could see that there was no house on the abandoned farm. Only the founda-

tion remained and a garage where the Jenkins pair had slept on Saturday night.

Steven Jenkins admitted that he and his father had no destination in particular, but that they were just running from the authorities.

He told Sheriff Taylor and Texas Ranger Leo Hickman, who had been summoned from Childress, about 30 miles north of Paducah, that he and his father had eluded the Minnesota lawmen by escaping into South Dakota, securing a license tag registered in that state, and driving to Texas during the daylight hours. They stopped at night, and had arrived at the deserted Paducah farm on Saturday night, only two days after the slayings in Minnesota.

The justice of peace was called to officially pronounce James Jenkins dead, in accordance with Texas law, and the body was moved to the mortuary while Steven Jenkins was taken to Cottle County Jail in Paducah to be held until Minnesota authorities could be contacted.

Ranger Hickman and Sheriff Taylor searched the pickup which Steven had driven into town and recovered several weapons, including an M-1 carbine, grenades, machetes and ammunition.

On Monday, Sheriff Thompson arrived in Paducah to pick up Steven Jenkins, who waived extradition. The sheriff remained in Texas long enough to gather information on the Jenkins pair.

Brownwood Police Chief Vic Fowler said that James Jenkins had been in Brownwood two or three weeks before. He had come to that town to pick up a travel trailer. Fowler told the Minnesota lawmen that about eight months previous to that date James Jenkins had purchased a .22-caliber revolver at a gunshop in Brownwood.

In a conversation with Cottle County Sheriff Taylor, Sheriff Thompson was told that the younger Jenkins had said that he had seen his father kill the bankers in Minnesota.

On Tuesday in Litchfield, funeral services were held for Deems Thulin. Final rites for Rudy Blythe were performed in Pipestone.

The report of the forensic pathologist, who worked out of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, was ready. It revealed that Blythe was killed by four bullets fired from a high-powered rifle. Thulin died when he was shot once in the left neck by the same type of weapon, the report said.

Sheriff Thompson arrived back in Ivanhoe on Wednesday with his prisoner, Steven Jenkins.

Before they left Paducah, Steven was

arraigned before Justice of the Peace Jewel Biggs on two counts of second-degree murder and his bond was set at \$50,000 on each count.

When Jenkins and Sheriff Thompson arrived in Ivanhoe, the suspect was wearing handcuffs and was dressed in a gray sleeveless shirt and baggy olive drab pants. He was taken to Lincoln County jail. The next day he was transferred to Lyon County jail in Marshall, to face arraignment in county court there.

The felony arrest warrant issued on Saturday listed the charges as two counts of second-degree murder. To change that to first-degree in order that the death penalty could be given in case of conviction, Minnesota law requires that a grand jury hand down a formal indictment, listing the charge as murder in the first degree.

Marshall residents described Steven Jenkins as shy and friendly. He had attended school in Marshall until he became a dropout. He had never been a troublemaker or caused a disciplinary problem, school officials told authorities. He wanted to join the Marines, but when he tried to enlist, he was not able to pass the physical examination because of a ruptured spleen, the lawmen were told. Perhaps that explained his custom of wearing army clothes, the lawmen reasoned.

The Minnesota Bureau of Criminal

Apprehension secured permission from the relatives of James Jenkins to have his body exhumed. The bureau asked for this because the members wanted to determine if the elder Jenkins had diabetes so bad that he would be unable to shoot straight because of the possibility that the disease could cause poor eyesight.

On Friday, October 28th, the Lincoln County Grand Jury handed down a six-count indictment, against Steven Jenkins—two counts of first-degree and four counts of second-degree murder.

The first-degree indictments alleged that Jenkins had "willfully, wrongfully, intentionally and with premeditation caused the death of Blythe and Thulin while committing or attempting to commit the offense of aggravated robbery."

The third and fourth counts accused Jenkins of a second-degree offense, of aiding, advising and conspiring with another to cause the deaths of the two bankers.

The fifth and sixth counts in the indictment alleged that the deaths were reasonably foreseeable as a probable consequence of the attempted commission of the said felony.

Bond for Jenkins was reset at \$150,000 as a result of the indictment. Steven Jenkins remains in jail in lieu of bond, at the time of this writing. He must be presumed innocent of all charges until such a time when he may be proven guilty by due process of law. ★★★

## Who Put Slug in the Heart? (from page 10)

place on January 7th at the corner of rue la Charonne and Boulevard Voltaire.

Inspector Herault, who was just lifting his coffee cup to his mouth, paused and set it back down again. It was remarkable, he said, but he himself had been in the rue de Charonne on that same date and had had a peculiar encounter. What time had the murder taken place?

Inspector Ballard said that, insofar as it had been possible to determine, the murder had taken place at almost exactly 7:30 in the evening.

"In that case, I think that I may be able to give you the license number of the murderer's car and his description," said Inspector Herault. "I turned in a report on this at the time, so it must be somewhere there, floating around the department, but, briefly, here's what happened."

According to Inspector Herault, he

had been driving down the rue de Charonne at approximately 40 minutes past seven in the evening of January 7th. Suddenly, a blue Simca 1100 had shot past and cut in front of him so dangerously that he had had to brake sharply.

In such cases, the Parisian driver normally shakes his fist and yells insults, but Inspector Herault, although retired, was still a police officer at heart, and he promptly gave chase, caught up with the Simca and forced it over to the curb. It was his intention to give the driver a good talking to, and he got out of his own car and walked over to the driver's side of the Simca.

He had found himself looking straight into the black muzzle of what he instantly recognized as a .9 millimeter gun.

Neither the driver nor his passenger, both men in their 30s, said a word, but the inspector got the idea. Turning on his

heel, he marched back to his own car and drove off. He had not given the impression of looking carefully at the men in the Simca, but his experienced investigator's eye had taken in a great many details in an instant. The eye had also registered the license number of the Simca and he noted it down on the back of an envelope so that he would not forget it.

Inspector Herauld had driven directly to police headquarters and reported the incident in detail, describing both men and the car. The Simca was almost new, but dirty. The men were fairly dirty too, but comparatively good looking. The driver had worn a long, black, drooping mustache. The other man had been clean shaven. As he had only seen them sitting down, Herauld could not estimate their heights, but said that they were of normal, physical build, neither fat nor thin.

**H**e described the clothing in detail and said there had been a folded car rug or blanket lying on the back seat of the car. It had had a brown and blue plaid design.

It had been at precisely the time that Inspector Herauld was making this report that Inspector Ballard, Sergeant Bonnevoi and Dr. Leclerc had been hurrying to the scene of the shooting of Bernard Bourles.

Inspector Ballard realized immediately the significance of this incident. Bourles had been cut down with a .9 millimeter revolver bullet fired, undoubtedly, from a car. Within less than 10 minutes at a distance of only some three blocks away, Inspector Herauld had been threatened by two men in a car with a .9 millimeter revolver. If it was a coincidence, it was an astonishing one.

Instructions were, consequently, sent out to all units in the Paris area to keep an eye out for the blue Simca 1100 and Sergeant Bonnevoi went personally to the city of Rouen, 40 miles to the northwest of Paris, as the license number showed that the car was registered there.

Neither the inspector nor the sergeant expected that the owner of the car would prove to be the murderer of Bernard Bourles, and they were quite right. The owner was a respectable heating system installer, married and the father of three children. He had been at home on the evening of the shooting, and there were a number of witnesses to testify to it.

As for the car, it had been stolen on the 6th of January and had been reported stolen to the Rouen police on the morning of the 7th, 12 hours before the murder had taken place. It had still not been recovered.

The Paris police were able to recover it. It was found two days later parked in the rue Leone Frot only a few blocks from the scene of the murder of Bernard Bourles and the encounter with retired Inspector Herauld. It had been wiped so clean of any possible fingerprints that it was practically polished, and it was returned to the owner in Rouen in good condition.

Once again, the murder had taken on the aspect of a professional, gangland killing. The heavy caliber weapon, the car stolen the night before, the elimination of fingerprints and abandoning of the vehicle almost immediately all pointed to a team of professional killers. This, however, left the investigation exactly where it had been before. Although the killers had identified themselves as professionals by the elimination of all traces of their identity, their very professionalism made them impossible to trace.

Except for one rather slim possibility: Why had the murderers gone 40 miles away to Rouen to steal the car? Professional killers normally steal the vehicle they are going to use in a killing, but they seldom bother to go so far away to steal it. There are plenty of cars in Paris and its suburbs, and hundreds of them are stolen every day. Why go to Rouen?

In the inspector's mind, this could only mean the killers had had some connection with the city. Perhaps they had been members of the underworld there. If there was a team of hired killers working out of Rouen, then, the Rouen police would presumably know it. They might not have the evidence to make an arrest, but their sources of information would have long since tipped them off. Herauld's description of the two men in the Simca had been as precise as only a trained observer like the retired investigator could make it. It was possible that it would be enough for an identification with the Rouen police.

Inspector Herauld, therefore, spent a considerable number of happy hours with the police artist who compared drawings of the fugitives on the basis of the inspector's descriptions. They were then altered and improved until Herauld was quite satisfied that they were good likenesses.

Taking the drawings, Sergeant Bonnevoi set off for Rouen and remained there for three days in close consultation with the Rouen Department of Criminal Investigations.

When he returned to Paris it was to say that the Rouen Department of Criminal Investigations had not been able to help him very much, but that the Rouen Vice

Squad had. The driver of the Simca who stuck the .9 millimeter revolver in Inspector Herauld's face was apparently a 37-year-old pimp named Alain Pigers.

Pigers was a native of the little town of Elbeuf just to the south of Rouen and still lived there. He was not there now. The last time he had been seen in Elbeuf was on January 8th, and he had not been there since. He had apparently abandoned his comfortable home, its contents and the source of his income, two attractive and highly successful prostitutes named Anne-Marie and Marie-Jo.

This report produced great satisfaction for the inspector. Marie-Jo was the name of the prostitute whom Bernard Bourles had been taking out to dinner and he did not doubt for a moment that this was the same girl. He also did not doubt that Pigers was the murderer. Obviously, there had been a conflict. Marie-Jo had, perhaps, been asked by Bourles to marry him and had accepted. This would represent a serious financial loss for Pigers and he had reacted accordingly, eliminating his rival. Then becoming alarmed, possibly by the encounter with Inspector Herauld, he had lost his nerve and fled.

The question was: where? The inspector thought that Marie-Jo and Anne-Marie might know and great efforts were made to locate them.

**I**n the case of the 26-year-old Anne-Marie, no great efforts were required. She was still working her beat in Bouve van Sone and living in a small studio apartment on the edge of the forest. Anne-Marie did not, however, know where Bernard had gone. There was no doubting her sincerity. She was madly in love with the mustached professional pimp and more anxious to locate him than the police were. She did not, apparently, even know that Bourles was dead or that any person by that name existed. She did know that 29-year-old Marie-Jo had been having a romance of some kind with another man, but she thought that he was merely a rival pimp trying to take over a good earner from Pigers' stable.

Anne-Marie had been working for Pigers since 1974, one year less than Marie-Jo. Like Marie-Jo, she came originally from Rouen and, like Marie-Jo, she had been a waitress at the time that she met Alain and fell madly in love with him.

Marie-Jo, she said, had no longer been in love with Alain and had been holding out on the receipts. These had

been turned in once a week to Alain at his villa in Elbeuf. Neither of the girls had, however, ever lived there. They had maintained studios on the edge of the Bouve van Sone and Alain had come down from Elbeuf to favor them alternately with his attentions.

Anne-Marie had spied on Marie-Jo and reported that she was holding out on the receipts and also consorting with what she thought was another pimp. She was jealous of her and was hoping that Alain would get rid of her altogether.

Alain, of course, had no intention in the world of parting with a good earner as Marie-Jo, but he had gone down in November of the preceding year and had beat her up once or twice in an effort to cause her to act more reasonably.

This had had the opposite effect, and somewhat around the middle of December, Marie-Jo had disappeared altogether. Alain had gone to check the studio which she rented and had found that she had taken everything she owned with her. He had been furious and felt that he had been hijacked.

He had hunted all over Paris for his runaway slave, but, insofar as Anne-Marie knew, had had no luck in locating her. She thought that the other pimp had probably taken her off to another city, possibly Marseille or some other place in the south of France.

The "other pimp" had, as the inspector knew, been Bernard Bourles, who had had no intention of putting Marie-Jo to work on the streets and might even not have known that she was a prostitute. The question was: Where was Marie-Jo now? Had she also been murdered?

At the moment, there was no answer to this question and there was also no answer to another question which had occurred to the inspector. If it had been Alain Pigers who had shot down Bernard Bourles at the corner of the rue de Charonne and Boulevard Voltaire, how had he known that Bourles would be there? Bourles had had no reason to be in that area at all, neither professional nor private, insofar as it had been possible to determine. Pigers would, however, have had to know that he would be there and at a specific time or he could not have driven past and shot him down. The fact that he had stolen the car only the day before indicated that the murderer had been able to plan in advance the time and place that the murder would take place.

It was now more important than ever that Marie-Jo, if she was still alive, be located and, for this, the inspector called upon the services of the Vice Squad. Marie-Jo had been a prostitute for six

years and there was little doubt but what, if she was still alive, she still was one. Practically speaking, there was no other very good way that she could hope to make a living.

Although there are a great many prostitutes in Paris, there are also a great many officers attached to the vice squad and, now equipped with the knowledge of Marie-Jo's last name and pictures of her recovered from Pigers' villa, they were soon able to determine that she had shifted her beat from the Bouve van Sone to expensive, exclusive Avenue Foch. There, she was taken into custody and brought to police headquarters, where she told the police that she knew that Bernard was dead from the newspaper reports and she assumed that it was Alain who had killed him. She did not, however, have any evidence of this.

**B**ourles, she said, had known that she was a prostitute, but it had not made any difference to him and he had wanted to marry her. She was no longer in love with Pigers, was sick and tired of prostitution in general and even more sick of handing over everything she earned to the pimp. She had, therefore, agreed and, in December, had moved in with Bourles at the apartment in the rue Sainte Marie.

Unfortunately, Alain had eventually succeeded in finding her. He had not been able to harm her physically, because he was afraid of the formidable Bourles, but nothing on earth was able to convince him that Bourles was not taking Marie-Jo away in order to enjoy the income from her activities himself. A true pimp, he could not imagine any relationship between a man and a woman other than that of pimp and prostitute.

There is a professional code of ethics for such situations among the French pimps and Pigers had come around with his records of Marie-Jo's earnings and had demanded the equivalent of \$10,000 in cash as compensation for the loss of her services.

Among pimps, this would have been a reasonable offer. Bernard Bourles was, however, not a pimp and he had refused, saying that Marie-Jo was a free individual and could do what she liked. She was not Pigers' property.

Pigers did not agree. There had been one meeting between Bourles and Pigers in a cafe at the Place de la Nation, during which no agreement had been reached. A date for another meeting had been set up, but Marie-Jo did not know when it was.

The inspector did. It had been for the

evening of January 7th at 7:30 and the place had been the corner of rue de Charonne and Boulevard Voltaire. The question of how the murderer had known when and where to find his victim was now answered.

The question as to where Pigers had gone was not. The only information that Marie-Jo could provide was that she thought that he had certain business connections in Toulon, the French port on the Mediterranean to the east of Marseille.

This was not much of a lead, but the inspector immediately got in touch with the Toulon gendarmerie and advised them of his problem, sending down pictures and fingerprints of Pigers which had been recovered from his house in Elbeuf.

The matter was handed over to Captain Jean-Pierre Rochefort, a large, pleasant-faced man with a long record of success in tracking down fugitives in his area.

The captain was not, however, able to track down Alain Pigers. Whether he was in the area or not could not be said, but, if he was, there was no trace of his address.

Captain Rochefort had, however, not exhausted all of his resources and, turning to his colleagues in the Department of Criminal Investigations of the Toulon police, he had the word passed to the network of informers that there would be a rather generous compensation for anyone who could turn in Pigers' address.

Twenty-four hours later he had it—the informant, with total lack of logic, first telephoning in the information anonymously and then coming in personally to collect the reward.

The important thing, however, was that the information was accurate and Pigers was taken into custody. Arrangements were immediately made for sending him back to Paris, but even before he had left Toulon, he had made a statement admitting to the murder of Bourles. Bourles, he said, had been a pimp who did not play the game according to the rules. He had taken away Pigers' property and he had not wanted to pay for it.

Back in Paris, Pigers repeated his statement and named as his accomplice 36-year-old Daniel Jean.

Jean had not fled Paris and was quickly taken into custody. He was also a professional pimp and as indignant as Pigers was over what he considered to be Bourles' unethical conduct. Although he had not actually shot Bourles, he had been present when Pigers did and was

charged with acting as an accessory to homicide.

Alain Pigers was charged with premeditated murder and, having been formally indicted by the examinations judge who, in France, acts in the place of a grand jury, was ordered held for trial.

Pigers had apparently believed that Bourles' alleged theft of his property could serve as a defense for homicide or, at least, provide extenuating circumstances for a light sentence, but, having spoken with his legal counsel, apparently came to the conclusion that the court would not regard the matter in this light. He consequently changed his plea to not guilty and repudiated his confession.

This might have posed a problem, as the police had no physical evidence. The murder weapon was missing and Pigers had said that he had thrown it into the Mediterranean. The government was now socialist and very lenient with the accused. A claim of confession extracted through police brutality was now almost standard procedure for any felony charge, and the socialist-dominated courts very frequently took the word of the criminals over that of the police. If the confession were not allowed, Pigers might well go scot-free.

Unfortunately for Pigers, there was an eyewitness in the form of Daniel Jean, and he had not repudiated his confession. Having less to lose than Pigers, he was not taking any chances and, after a little bargaining which brought him promises of a largely suspended sentence, he agreed to testify against his former colleague.

Advised of this, Alain Pigers once again changed his plea to guilty and said that he killed Bourles out of jealousy. His love for Marie-Jo had been such that he could not stand to see her taken away by another man.

It remains to be seen how much of this very unlikely claim will be accepted by even a socialist court.

★★★

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*Marie-Jo, Anne-Marie, Jerome Herault, Robert Ballard, Gerard Bonnevoit, Hercules Leclerc and Jean-Pierre Rochefort are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Fictitious names have been used in order to comply with French police regulations.*

## Stabbed 40 Times? Butchery! (from page 33)

Sometimes the younger woman shared the living quarters with other female members of the family who found it convenient to stay in San Francisco for a while. That was the case on December 21st when another family member, who had been staying at the 44th Avenue home, left that evening with the younger woman.

Both of the younger women were at an age when they would date considerably, while June Pierre, at 59 a longtime and respected employe of the Pacific Telephone Company, could not keep up with their pace.

Also, both young women worked for perhaps the most prominent promotor of rock concerts, and other musical events, in the San Francisco Bay Area, and were consequently occupied by their employment on many weekends.

That may explain why the younger women's employer decided to hold the company Christmas party on a Tuesday night, rather than the weekends favored by more conventional business enterprises.

Both the young women went to the same party that night, but only one of them returned to the house on 44th Avenue. She arrived in the avenues at about 3:30 a.m. on the morning of the 22nd and went promptly to her quarters. There was, as she entered the small door at the side of the garage, one item which disturbed her slightly.

The door was ajar. She wondered who had been careless enough not to lock it, knowing that not even that quiet residential area was immune from burglars. She carefully closed and locked it behind her.

The young woman changed her clothes and showered and then she decided a journey to the kitchen would be in order. She ascended the narrow flight of stairs leading to the main portion of the residence, not noticing the dark blotches on the wall as she moved up to her destination.

As she opened the door at the head of the stairs, and moved into the main house, the young woman saw that the kitchen light was on. If that bit of

carelessness irritated her, she did not have time to reflect on the matter.

The young woman entered the kitchen—and screamed. She screamed again and again. Finally she regained enough composure to find a telephone and call another relative.

June Pierre was lying, face up, on the kitchen floor, staring sightlessly at the brightly lighted ceiling. Both the woman and the room was liberally splashed with blood. Even so, it did not occur to the young woman who found her that she might be dead. She called the fire department next and asked for help.

By the time Inspectors Ed Erdelatz and Jeff Brosch from the Homicide Detail, San Francisco Police Department, arrived on the scene, it had been well secured by the patrolmen who had been summoned to the residence by the firemen who answered the young woman's call for help.

Securing the area had not been overly easy for the patrol officers. There had been an immediate response from June Pierre's relatives following the young woman's first telephone call and at least a half dozen of them had rushed to the house on 44th Avenue.

The body of June Pierre had not been disturbed. Firemen responding to the call immediately realized she was dead and promptly summoned the police. She was lying on her back in her night dress, a handsome woman in late middle age, one arm lifted above her head and bent at the elbow, as though she might have been warding off a blow, the other at an angle beside her body.

The kitchen was covered with blood. It had splashed against the walls, sent the little comet-tailed spatters streaking across cabinets, gathered in pools in the sink, spread across the drain boards and puddled on the kitchen floor.

At first glance, the cause of the woman's death seemed obvious. She'd been stabbed again and again and again. The killer, it seemed to anyone who saw the body, had to be insane, or seized by a blind fury of unmatched violence. Mrs. Pierre had not been murdered; she had been butchered.

The scene of the murder puzzled Inspectors Erdelatz and Brosch at the start of the investigation. There had been a violent struggle in the kitchen—that story was written in blood alone. Yet the life or death battle was apparently confined to that room.

A search of the house for some other sign of violence revealed none.

The residence on 44th Avenue, like

most of the houses in that portion of The Avenues in San Francisco, was fairly large. It rose from the combination basement garage, where the young woman who reported the murder lived in secluded quarters there, to a floor which was actually only the main level designed totally as living quarters.

The front door would normally be approached by a dozen steps leading from the street to a small porch. Inside there was a little entry hall and the upper level of the house. In the tradition of the times it contained a full living room, dining room, and kitchen, all of them spacious, and another small room which served as a spare bedroom.

The steps to the front door did not rise directly from the sidewalk, but were set back a short distance, starting at the front wall of the house and rising to the porch about a third of the way back along the side of the structure. Like most San Francisco middle class homes constructed in that era, the walls of the homes on 44th Street abut each other so closely it is hard to understand how carpenters put them together.

The living room of the house was actually in front of the entrance, extending out over the sidewalk with a series of the large, multifaceted bay windows for which San Francisco was once famous, facing the street. The dining room was behind that, as was the kitchen and the bedrooms, including that of the dead woman, in the rear of the building.

A second entrance to the home, much closer to the street than the formal front door, was located beside the garage. It was the entrance used by the younger relative of the dead woman and one which would be visited frequently because the mail slot was located there. It was also directly adjacent to the street.

A rear door, leading from the long, narrow back yard to a service porch, was the only other entrance to the home. None of these doors showed any sign of having been forced open. Neither did any of the windows which, by the very nature of the architecture, were mostly eliminated as possible points of entry. The bay windows in front were well above the street; an intruder would be obvious. The back yards in that portion of San Francisco are difficult to approach.

The detectives checked the dead woman's bedroom and discovered the covers were turned down and the sheets slightly rumpled, indicating she had

been asleep, or at least in bed, at the time she arose and met her murderer in the kitchen.

Shortly after they arrived at the residence, Inspectors Erdelatz and Brosch were joined by Identification Technician Matt Perez, who photographed the murder scene in detail and began a search for latent fingerprints. The detectives pointed to a large puddle of blood on the sink where a palm print was clearly outlined. "If we can find out who made that print, we'll have our murderer," one observed.

Checking through the rest of the house, the detectives discovered a trail of blood led from the kitchen to the stairs leading to the downstairs living quarters and the door beside the garage. The obvious conclusion was that the blood had been left as the killer traveled down the stairs and out of the building. The detectives did not ignore the possibility, however, that it could have been made by someone familiar with the downstairs living quarters who had descended to them intent on washing away the gore. They noted the shower there had been recently used. There were bloodstains on the stairwell wall as well as the steps themselves on the way to the garage level.

Once Technician Perez had photographed the crime scene completely, the detectives asked the members of the family present—by then a half dozen of them had gathered at the house on 44th Street—to check and see if anything was missing.

Although they looked through all the rooms, and were thoroughly familiar with the house, none of them noticed anything gone.

The detectives' next move was to question the members of the family individually, starting with the young woman who had discovered June Pierre's body. She had recovered some measure of composure by then and told in detail how she had arrived home, showered, then gone to the kitchen and found the murdered woman lying on the floor. Her demeanor, and the story she told rang true enough to the investigators, and explained the recently used shower.

She was, the investigators knew, far from the clear. They had no way of knowing whether the girl, who was just past 17, had showered after the murder was committed and disposed of blood-stained clothes before calling another relative of June Pierre and the fire department.

"It's strictly routine," Detective Erdelatz explained. "But we'd like you

to have prints made for elimination purposes and, just to make sure you're telling the truth, we'd like to have you take a polygraph test. The fingerprints are routine. We have to eliminate the prints of people who frequent the house to find out what strange prints are present. And the polygraph is just a matter of insurance. As long as you are telling the truth, it will help verify your story and give us one less item to worry about."

The girl agreed to both suggestions. Asked if she knew of anyone who might want to harm June Pierre, she could think of one off the top of her head. She explained that might not be a matter of wanting to harm the murdered woman. Instead, she indicated, the person she suspected of the murder was a deranged acquaintance of the dead woman. Her name was Annabelle Lee.

Asked to account for her activities that evening, the young woman said she had attended the party given that evening by the rock concert promoter who employed her. She said she had left early in the evening with another relative, who had been staying with her in the downstairs living quarters for the past few days. When Inspector Brosch asked her where the young woman was when she came home, the girl replied that her companion had left the party with some friends, after explaining she would not return to the house on 44th Avenue that evening.

The girl said she had not thought much about the arrangement because the relative normally stayed in an apartment she rented on the Oakland side of the San Francisco Bay, and added that she had not seen her erstwhile roommate for some time before leaving the party.

The name, Annabelle Lee, was one Detective Erdelatz and Brosch would hear frequently during the next few days. As they interviewed one relative after another they discovered there was one opinion they shared unanimously. Annabelle Lee was the prime murder suspect. She was, apparently, the skeleton in the closet whose connection to them haunted a closely knit, middle class family.

From one relative they learned that Annabelle Lee had been arrested, not once, but several times. The relative could not remember what the charges were but appeared to think they were pretty bad. Another relative told the detectives Annabelle Lee had spent time in a mental institution and had only been released after spending considerable time there.

All of them agreed that June Pierre was terrified where Annabelle Lee was concerned. She was, they said, so frightened of the woman that she would not let her in the house. On the rare occasions when the woman appeared at the house on 44th Street, Mrs. Pierre would not let her inside, but communicated with her through a crack in the door while Annabelle stood on the porch.

The finger of guilt was pointed at Annabelle Lee by every member of the family that morning. It was an opinion they shared in common regardless of any other factor. As far as any of them knew, June Pierre had no enemies, unless Annabelle Lee could be considered one.

Even on that point the family's opinion was unanimous. Annabelle Lee's mental condition eliminated her from consideration as an enemy. *Menace* was the term they were inclined to share when describing her.

The session with the relatives lasted well into the 22nd and left the investigators with a lively desire to make contact with Annabelle Lee. But if the relatives were unanimous in pointing to her as the most likely murder suspect, they were equally so in their inability to produce her address.

All of them admitted to having known the woman for years. But not one of them knew where she lived. "She hangs out on the North Beach a lot," one of them told the detectives. "If anyone knows where she lives the people in the bars or restaurants around Broadway will probably be the ones."

One more question, which bothered the investigators, was how the killer had managed to enter the house on 44th Avenue and obviously surprise its owner, who appeared to have been in bed at the time. The young woman who found the body answered immediately.

It would be easy, she explained, for anyone who knew the house well, to get in without a forced entry. The door at the side of the garage, downstairs, could be opened simply by reaching through the mail slot and turning the knob from the inside.

"Who knows about that except you?" Inspector Erdelatz demanded.

The young woman said a lot of people did. Most of the members of the family said they were aware of the mail slot method of entry when the house was locked. "Whenever June or one of the young women staying with her locked themselves out, they used the mail slot," they explained.

"Then any one of you could have let yourselves in and then gone back out, using the mail slot to get into the house initially," Inspector Brosch said. The family members indicated that was right.

"We already know the killer either left by the downstairs door or stopped to wash off there on the way out," Inspector Erdelatz noted. "Now we found out that any one of you could have let yourselves in the same way. How many people knew about the mail slot?"

The members of the family indicated that several of Mrs. Pierre's friends, and friends of her relatives who used the lower living quarters, probably were aware of the slot.

"How about Annabelle Lee?"

The family members were not sure whether the woman knew about the mail slot, but they suspected she did. "There was a time when she was close to June Pierre," one of them explained. "I'm sure she knew about the slot."

By the time the interviews with the family were concluded, and the crime scene thoroughly processed, the day was pretty well gone. Inspectors Erdelatz and Brosch, returning to their headquarters at the San Francisco Hall of Justice, reviewed the case.

They were aware of the fact that the young woman who had found the body could not be eliminated as a suspect until her palmprint was compared with the one etched in blood that Technician Perez had lifted from the sinkboard in the kitchen.

Also, any one of the dead woman's relatives or friends who knew about the mail slot as a method of entering the house when it was locked would have to be eliminated, one by one, through the same palmprint.

But they had listened throughout the day to tales about Annabelle Lee and, due to the savage violence of the crime, were inclined to regard her as their prime suspect. The nature of the crime itself, with the multiple stab wounds which had been obvious when the body was discovered and which were verified when the coroner's deputy arrived and removed it, indicated the murder was the work of a deranged person.

A burglar surprised in the kitchen would not have staged such a savage attack, Inspector Erdelatz reasoned. If he had attacked the woman at all, he would have satisfied himself with a few, quick, lethal slashes and left. The chances were greater that a surprised burglar would simply have run when he was discovered.

The investigators took note of the fact

that had June Pierre recognized the intruder, she might have been killed so she could not identify the person. But from what they had learned that afternoon, there was only one suspect who would arouse enough fear and antagonism in the dead woman to ignite the attack. That suspect was Annabelle Lee.

Inspectors Erdelatz and Brosch went to the Identification Bureau and secured the booking record of the woman. They discovered that Annabelle had been arrested several times, mostly for relatively minor offenses. The most violent crimes with which she had been charged were disturbing the peace and resisting arrest. Although the record made no mention of it, the investigators verified the fact that she had been confined to a mental institution for a considerable length of time.

Early the next morning a pathologist examined June Pierre's body and told the investigators what they were already pretty sure they knew. The woman had died of repeated stab wounds in the chest and stomach, any one of which was severe enough to have killed her.

The pathologist's report was startling in one respect: June Pierre had been stabbed a total of 40 times. To the detectives that sounded like the work of a maniac.

That same morning, the detectives made arrangements for a polygraph test to be taken by the young woman who had discovered the body. They also arranged for members of the family who had hurried to the scene to have finger and palmprints taken for comparison and elimination purposes. While Technician Perez and his fellow crime scene specialists worked with them, Detectives Erdelatz and Brosch turned their attention to the heart of the matter.

The investigators had two directions in which they could move. They could begin a series of interviews with June Pierre's more distant relatives and friends, and fellow employes at the telephone company, searching for a clue which would lead them to the killer, or they could follow the obvious clue and attempt to find Annabelle Lee.

The woman was far too good a suspect to resist. The detectives were sure that when they found the person who made the palmprint Technician Perez had lifted from the sink board in the kitchen of the house on 44th Avenue, they would have their killer, or at least someone who had witnessed the murder.

The drying time for blood is relatively short, and only a few moments after June



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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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Pierre's blood puddled on the drain board, it would have been impossible to make the excellent print the technician had been able to secure. Whoever made that palmprint had to have been present when the woman was killed. Both Inspectors Erdelatz and Brosch were fairly sure the same person was the murderer, or at least an accomplice.

If Annabelle Lee had murdered Mrs. Pierre, as most of the dead woman's relatives were sure she'd done, all that was required to solve the case was to find the woman and compare her palm print to the latent impression taken from the house on 44th Avenue. After that it would be up to the courts to decide whether the suspect should spend her life in prison or a mental institution.

Most of Annabelle Lee's brushes with the law had been in San Francisco, so detectives contacted the officers who had arrested her, hoping they could provide some information about the woman's character and where she might be living.

The beat patrolmen who had taken her to jail were unanimous in their opinion of the woman. "You wonder why she's wandering around loose," they agreed. "She doesn't make any sense at all. But then you tell yourself she's one of those borderline cases, the kind you see so many of in the Tenderloin and up around Broadway, and down along skid row, and that you just have to live with them and haul them off to jail when they raise enough hell."

They also agreed that if Annabelle Lee was in the city at all, she would be living somewhere near Broadway on the fringe of the North Beach.

"You know there are a lot of cheap rooming houses and apartments around there," the patrolmen reminded the investigators. "You'll probably find her in one of them. But it won't be easy. Ask at the bars and coffee shops. Some of the people there will know her."

Broadway in San Francisco from Sansome Street to the tunnel which burrows through Russian Hill just beyond Powell, is a wondrous combination of the slick and the sleazy. Two of the city's best known restaurants face each other across Broadway at Kearney.

Less than a half block away, Finnochio's garish sign lures streams of tourists to a second floor night club where they can watch "female impersonators." At the other end of the block, Carol Doda struts her big bosomy stuff at The Condor.

Underneath Finnochio's, some of San Francisco's best known citizens meet and

sip scotch or bourbon or Irish Coffee or sit at outdoor tables warmed by overhead radiant heaters, eating exotic sandwiches and watching the tourists trek toward the night club. Between all these, and stretching for several blocks on either side of them, are a succession of bars, hot dog stands, adult book stores, strip tease reviews, magazine racks, restaurants and coffee shops of every description. Some are eminently respectable. Others are tawdry. They do business side by side, each, outwardly at least, oblivious to the other.

Telegraph Hill rises above one portion of this area and Russian Hill the other and on them, near Broadway and even higher, stand the ancient buildings of old San Francisco, many with roots leading back to the 1906 earthquake and beyond. If there is a cheap rooming house or apartment house in that portion of the city, it will be in those aging buildings.

It was along Broadway that Inspectors Erdelatz and Brosch began their search for Annabelle Lee, moving from hot dog stand to coffee shop to pool hall to bar, trying to pick up the trail of the woman who was suspected of the murder of June Pierre.

Picking up the trail of Annabelle involved the tedious work every good detective knows is the major part of his job. In effect, as they moved along Broadway, Erdelatz and Brosch were knocking on doors—perhaps the most primitive, but more often than not the most effective part of an investigator's job.

Of course, when someone answered their knock, the probers had questions to ask. They did not go to Broadway unprepared. From the identification bureau they had procured arrest photographs of Annabelle Lee. A member of June Pierre's family had also provided them with a photograph, taken during happier days.

The detectives started their tour on lower Broadway, where the street drops abruptly toward the Embarcadero and provides an entry to the skyway which rims the eastern edge of the city, taking traffic to the Bay Bridge or the Bayshore Freeway.

They moved from there up the street, toward the frenetic two-block stretch where it intersects with Montgomery, Kearney and eventually Columbus Avenue, the diagonal artery which leads from the heart of the city's financial district to Fisherman's Wharf.

The work was slow and discouraging as bartenders, waitresses, doormen,

countermen and vendors examined the photographs of Annabelle Lee and shook their heads. At the end of their first day of searching, the detectives had not talked to a single person who had seen the murder suspect.

Detectives Erdelatz and Brosch learned, on their return to headquarters, that the young woman who had discovered June Pierre's body had passed her polygraph test and that a comparison of her palmprint with that lifted from the drain board at the murder scene was negative.

"They were not even close to being the same," Technician Perez told the inspectors. He added that none of the other relatives' prints which had been taken for comparison purposes matched the latent print which had been etched in blood.

That news made the two detectives more determined than ever to find Annabelle Lee. They focused their attention on bus drivers who might have been driving the routes the suspect would have had to have taken to travel the seven miles from 44th Avenue to the vicinity of Broadway. The woman would have had to transfer several times and, because her behavior was described as being always erratic, the detectives believed the drivers might remember her.

That portion of the search netted them nothing. Detectives Erdelatz and Brosch returned their attention to the employes of the establishments along Broadway, working their way past Montgomery, Kearney and across Columbus. The process was slow and time consuming, as they showed the woman's photograph to everyone available, from cab drivers to party girls.

As they moved through the bars and coffee shops along Broadway between Montgomery and Columbus the investigators began to believe they were on the right track. A counterman at one of the small coffee shops looked at Annabelle Lee's picture and said he had seen the woman in the area, but he had no idea where she lived.

Shortly thereafter, a bartender recognized the woman. She had remained sharp in his mind because he had refused her service a few days before the detectives questioned him. "I think she lives just down the street a couple of blocks one way or another," the bartender said. "I've seen her go by several times."

One at a time the detectives found people who had met Annabelle Lee, at least casually, as they approached Columbus Avenue. She had either been seen by them, talked to them, bought coffee or

liquor in their establishments, or just passed by frequently.

Finally, they hit paydirt. As they entered the lobby of a shabby little hotel west of Columbus and moved through it to the desk, they showed one of the arrest photographs to the clerk, who looked at it for a moment, then nodded his head.

"Yeah, I know her," he told the detectives. "She got a room right upstairs. What's she done?"

"We don't know if she's done anything. Is she there now?" the investigators asked. The clerk checked the keys in the boxes behind him. "I think so," he replied. "Do you want to see her?"

Inspector Erdelatz nodded, grinning a little at the superfluous question. The clerk gave the woman's room number and they moved upstairs, walked along a dark and aging hallway which was covered with a threadbare, ancient carpet, and knocked on the door. A woman's voice demanded to know who was there. The investigators had found Annabelle Lee. But finding her and questioning her were two different matters.

**T**he woman opened the door and let the officers into her dingy room when they identified themselves. But questioning her in any rational matter seemed to be completely impossible. Annabelle Lee not only claimed to have no knowledge about June Pierre's death; she also broke down and sobbed after claiming she had heard the news for the first time.

From that point, she moved through several stages, none of them, as far as the detectives could see, rational. Her mind wandered away from the subject of June Pierre's death and then back to the murder investigation. She moved through a variety of moods in rapid succession, and her conversation wandered hopelessly.

Eventually Inspector Erdelatz caught her attention long enough to tell the woman he wanted her to come to police headquarters with him long enough for comparison fingerprints to be taken.

"Believe me, without that palmprint we would have been dead," he recalled later. "There was no way we could run a polygraph test on that woman. She was beyond anything like that."

Looking around the room, Detective Brosch found some clothes soaking in water in the bathroom and pointed them out to his companion. They explained to Annabelle Lee they were going to have to take the clothes for testing, just in case they were bloody. That disclosure

brought an emotional outburst from the woman.

Annabelle told them, somewhat incoherently, she had not been near the home of June Pierre for a long time nor had she seen her, although they had been very close in the distant past. She objected to the implication that she might somehow be involved in the crime and, for a while, became abusive.

The investigators explained to her that the confiscation of the clothes, and taking her to headquarters for fingerprint comparisons, were strictly formalities which would, if the tests were negative, clear her, but the woman was difficult if not impossible, to reason with.

The prospect of taking her across town to the Hall of Justice, a couple of miles through some of San Francisco's heaviest traffic in an unmarked police car, was not appealing. The detectives considered calling in a squad car, which was equipped for hauling prisoners, but abandoned the idea. They believed they could keep the woman calm enough to get a decent palmprint.

By that time, having observed the woman's mental condition, the Inspectors were inclined to believe the members of June Pierre's family. If anyone was a likely suspect in the murder of the woman in the house on 44th Avenue, it was Annabelle Lee. What remained was a formality. If a positive comparison of the bloody palmprint was made, the case could be solved. Then the disposition of the fate of Annabelle Lee would be a matter for the courts to decide.

Eventually, Detectives Erdelatz and Brosch were able to coax the woman downstairs and into the rear seat of their unmarked car. Then they proceeded to the Hall of Justice, radioing ahead for Technician Perez to meet them there.

Annabelle was taken directly to the identification section of the San Francisco Police Department. On the way to the section the detectives were joined by several uniformed officers as a precaution. When her palmprint were taken the woman was escorted to an interrogation room.

The detectives waited tensely while Technician Perez made his comparisons. The time passed slowly. Eventually the telephone rang. The technician was on the telephone asking that the subject be returned for further impressions.

Annabelle Lee was taken back to the identification section and more fingerprints were made. Inspectors Erdelatz and Brosch returned to the interrogation room with Annabelle.

There was another long wait. The de-



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tectives made no further attempt to question the woman, feeling it would be useless. She continued to talk, rambling from one subject to another. Eventually, Technician Perez appeared in the main office of the Homicide Detail. He went to the door of the interview room and indicated to Inspectors Erdelatz and Brosch that he wanted to talk with them.

While Inspector Brosch stayed in the room with Annabelle, Inspector Erdelatz went into the outer office to speak with Technician Perez.

"What's the story?" he inquired.

"I don't know whether that woman killed June Pierre or not," Technician Perez told him. "I do know I've compared that latent we took from the drainboard on 44th Street, which, as you know, is so good it can be seen clearly with the naked eye, with two sets we have taken from her and they just don't match. She did not make that palmprint."

Inspector Erdelatz shook his head.

"Are you sure?"

"As sure as I can get, and that's pretty sure. I've examined that palmprint every way possible. It just doesn't match the prints we took from that woman," the technician said.

"I know you know if anyone does," Inspector Erdelatz said.

The technician showed the inspector the photographs of the latent print taken from the drain board at 44th Street and the two sets of prints taken from Annabelle Lee. "You can see for yourself," he said. "It doesn't take an expert. They're not even close."

Inspector Erdelatz shook his head. "Well, that does it," he said. "Back to square one."

The detectives returned Annabelle Lee to her dingy room on Broadway with apologies. "Everyone who knew June Pierre is a suspect," they explained. "We have to get comparison prints from everyone." They explained to her that, to complete their investigation, they would have to process the clothes they had confiscated but added that they would be returned to her, cleaned and pressed, in a short time as long as nothing was found on them which would connect them with the murder.

Tests on the clothes, as Inspectors Erdelatz and Brosch suspected, proved to be negative. For the moment at least, Annabelle Lee was eliminated as a suspect. The detectives turned their attention to other members of the family.

Although Annabelle had been eliminated as a suspect, the investigators were sure the murderer was someone who was

either related to the dead woman or who knew her well. They were convinced that the point of entry had been the door beside the garage and that the person who committed the murder was familiar with the mail slot as a method of entry into the house when it was locked. They could not explain the repeated stabbing, which they referred to as an "overkill."

"It could have been the work of a maniac," Erdelatz reflected later. "With Annabelle Lee in the picture, it was logical to assume it was the work of a deranged person. But a lot of times those things are emotional. A frenzy of some sort, or an emotional sort of a thing, you know, lovers or something like that."

The investigators were still fairly sure they would solve the crime. They had the one piece of evidence they considered vital—the fingerprint etched in blood. Coupled with the knowledge that the killer had to know about the mail slot, Inspectors Erdelatz and Brosch believed they faced a long and difficult process of elimination, but the killer would show up. Forced to re-evaluate the case, they decided to go back to the beginning. They would pick the story up where the body was found early on the morning of December 22nd.

Returning to the 17-year-old girl who had discovered June Pierre's body, the detectives requested another interview with her. They asked her to go into the evening in depth, telling everything she remembered that had happened, both before and after the murder.

The young woman reviewed once more the events which had started when she left the house with the relative who had been staying in the downstairs quarters with her early on the evening of the 21st. She said the other relative had been staying at the house on 44th Avenue for about a week, which she frequently did when she was employed on that side of the bay by the rock show producer.

Later that evening, she said, she had been told by the other woman that she had a fight with her boyfriend, but was leaving the party with another group and would not be home.

The 17-year-old said she had returned to 44th Avenue at about 3:30 a.m. and parked her car beside the house. She told the inspector she had noticed the entry door beside the garage was open at the time she went into the house and that she had closed and locked it behind her.

Once again, the young woman told how she had showered and changed her clothes before climbing the interior

stairs. It was dark when she went upstairs, she said, and she did not see any blood on the walls. When she went inside, she said, she saw the light in the kitchen, then the blood on the floor and June Pierre lying there.

"Actually, I didn't know she had been stabbed until the police told me," she admitted. The girl said she had been so thoroughly frightened by the incident originally that she was not sure of anything except calling first a relative, and then the fire department.

Inspectors Erdelatz and Brosch contacted the other woman who had been staying at the house of 44th Street later that day and asked her to review the events of the evening.

The woman said she had gone with her younger companion to the party thrown by the producer in a large ballroom on Battery Street near the San Francisco waterfront. There she said she had met her regular boyfriend, but the meeting had not been pleasant.

She said she had been displeased with the young man for not asking to take her to the party, and that eventually they had a furious argument that ended when she slapped him and he threw a drink in her face. Later, she said, she had left the party with other people, after explaining to her younger companion that she would not be returning to 44th Street.

Eventually, she said, with the party over and her work on the San Francisco side of the bay finished, she had returned to her apartment in Oakland. She was, she said, one of the last of June Pierre's relatives to hear about her death, mostly because she had been with friends where she would not be normally contacted.

The young woman said she had been originally upset with her boyfriend because she believed he had not invited her to go with him to the party in the hope that he could pick up someone else while he was there. The fight had become worse and worse until it had ended with the slap and the drink-throwing episode and with both of them exceptionally angry.

As they had with the rest of the family, the detectives asked the young woman to come in and have comparison prints made. They also asked her if the young man she had argued with had known about the mail slot entrance to the house on 44th Street. She replied that he did, that she had used it in front of him several times. But she could not think of any reason for him being there on the night of the murder after the bitter quarrel between the two of them. Inspectors Erde-

latz and Brosch agreed that such a visit was unlikely.

By that time the investigation into the murder of June Pierre had been reduced to a process of elimination. Still sure they could find the killer if they could find the right palmprint, the detectives continued to make comparison prints of anyone who knew about the mail slot or who visited June Pierre with any degree of frequency.

They visited the telephone company and questioned June's fellow employees and supervisors, discovering she was well thought of and well liked and a highly unlikely candidate for murder. Several of her close friends, also interrogated by Inspectors Erdelatz and Brosch, mentioned Annabelle Lee as a possible suspect, but were told she had been pretty well eliminated by the fingerprint check.

One by one, more and more friends and relatives of the murdered women submitted to comparison fingerprint tests. The palmprint etched in blood remained unmatched. Among others asked to report to the Homicide Detail in San Francisco and submit prints was the young man who had quarreled with the young woman who had left the house on

44th Avenue and not returned on the night of the murder.

By that time the investigators had a pretty good idea about when the crime had been committed. They knew that June Pierre had talked to a relative on the telephone at about 10:30 the night of the 21st. She was found at 3:30, or close to that, by the 17-year-old girl who lived in the downstairs quarters.

The pathologist estimated that the victim had not been dead for more than an hour or two, if that, when she was found. The girl who found the body might have been preceded by the murderer by a very short time.

Responding to the call by Inspectors Erdelatz and Brosch, the young man who had quarrelled with the young woman who had left the house on 44th Street with the 17-year-old on the night of the 21st came to the Hall of Justice in San Francisco.

He was fingerprinted routinely, as were all of the people familiar with the mail slot in the house on 44th Avenue, and then questioned by the detectives in the homicide detail. He verified, almost word for word, the story about the quarrel at the party as originally told by the young woman, and was released. A short

time after he was gone, Inspectors Erdelatz and Brosch were contacted by Technician Perez.

"Have you still got that guy you took the last set of prints from?" the technician wanted to know.

"No. We didn't have any reason to hold him," he was told. "He's been gone for a little while now."

"Well, you'd better get him back," Perez said. "He's your killer."

"Are you sure about that?"

"If you don't believe me, come on up and look," the technician said. "He made that fingerprint in blood on the drainboard. He had to be there when June Pierre was murdered."

Inspectors Erdelatz and Brosch first contacted their own communications bureau and issued a warning for the city police to be on the lookout for a blond, mustached young man, with long, curly blond hair. His name was David Kanuse.

They then contacted the police in Hayward, Kanuse's home town across the bay, and asked that surveillance be kept on his home there. "We're getting arrest and search warrants," they concluded. "We just want to nail this guy before he gets away."

The investigators were midway



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through the process of procuring the search and arrest warrants when Hayward police contacted them and said Kanuse had been picked up by patrolmen as he drove away from his home there.

"We told him he was being held on suspicion of murdering June Pierre," they said.

"What did he say?" Inspector Erdelatz asked.

He was told Kanuse had responded with a four-letter word, best known for its use by golfers after a bad shot.

Inspectors Erdelatz and Brosch crossed the bay and searched Kanuse's home before picking him up at Hayward Police Headquarters. Among other things found, in a bureau drawer in his bedroom, was a letter to relatives. It said simply he was responding to a call by the San Francisco police and that he did not expect to return.

The note explained that he was involved in a murder and that it had been weighing heavily on his mind lately. He had expected to be arrested when he arrived at the Hall of Justice in San Francisco.

"You would never have known it to talk to him," Inspector Erdelatz remarked later. "He was cool as a cucumber when we questioned him."

Kanuse was taken from Hayward to San Francisco by the investigators and then to an interview room in the Homicide Detail. Confronted by the letter, and the fact that the incriminating palm print had been found on the drainboard, he was, after having been read his rights, asked to explain them.

The young man told the police he had been badly upset by the encounter with his girlfriend at the concert promoter's party and had eventually gone to the house on 44th Street early on the morning of the 22nd looking for her. Having let himself in, using the mail slot to open the locked door, he had found no one in the downstairs living quarters and ascended to the kitchen.

There he was confronted by June Pierre, who promptly told him to leave. She had not, he explained, approved of his relationship with her relative.

"Why did you stab her?" he was asked.

"I guess when she yelled at me...that was just it. She wanted me out of the house...And when she went to the drawer (referring to a kitchen drawer) I just knew I had to kill her...you know, because she would testify that I had tried to kill her."

"Then you killed her so she wouldn't testify?"

"I guess," he replied. "You know I had already started the worst...I thought, 'it's already bad enough now.' Its even worse that she's dead, I'm sure of that. I don't know how bad it's going to be but..."

"She yelled once, 'I'm dead,' and then I knew I had to kill her."

At that point David Kanuse confessed in detail the senseless murder of June Pierre, who had apparently heard him when he arrived in the kitchen and surprised him there.

It was January 16, 1983. Inspectors Erdelatz and Brosch—and Technician Perez—had been working on the case of the perplexing palmprint for almost a full

month. It ended as they had been sure it would when the print was discovered—with the killer in custody.

David Kanuse was found guilty of the second degree murder of June Pierre on September 16, 1983. He has been sentenced to from 16 years to life in prison and is now serving his time in a California Adult Authority. ★★★

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*Annabelle Lee 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.*

## Guy Dumped Like Garbage! (from page 39)

and had Fox and one of his salesmen view it. Without hesitation, both viewers selected Strickland's photograph as being the person who called himself William Pennant during the transaction.

Meanwhile, the VW pickup originally owned by William Pennant was recovered by the FBI from a VW dealer in Chattanooga, who had purchased it from Fox. A salesman employed at the VW lot called Special Agent Nix's attention to a strong chemical odor inside the VW truck.

Again the NA Campgrounds near Joplin, Missouri, was visited; this time by FBI Agent Steve Funderburk. The manager was interviewed in an attempt to pick up leads as to what happened to the real William Pennant from that point on. When the records of the campground were gone over for the time period he was registered there, the agents made a startling discovery.

Registered on August 4-5, 1981, was a James Strickland, who was driving a 1961 Chevrolet schoolbus modified into a mobile camping unit for traveling across country. The vehicle carried a West Virginia license plate number OX-9044, which was checked and it was determined that it was registered to a James Strickland.

Agent Funderburk speculated that the Stricklands had been at the campgrounds when the Arizona man had arrived and registered for an overnight stay. They had probably visited with him and learned that the elderly gentleman was traveling alone without any relatives closer than New York and Arizona. Taking in the late-model Volkswagen pick-

up and the splendid condition of the older RV mobile home, the couple probably let their greed take control of their thoughts.

Since Strickland had come into possession of the VW truck, the investigators theorized that he had had the mobile home unit and might have camped at other NAs across the country. The FBI issued an alert to the NA headquarters and had a bulletin sent to each of its campgrounds across the country. Part of it read as follows:

"...Mr. Strickland is also known as James Paul Williams Jr., James Williams and William Pennant. Lilly (possibly Lillie or Lily) Strickland and four children may be accompanying him. They may be using a Mastercharge credit card in the name of William Pennant.

"If you spot them, call your nearest FBI office. The number should be on the first page of your telephone directory. Do not alarm them or try to take any action yourself."

Acting on a tip, a FBI special agent working out of the Chattanooga office drove about 15 miles across the nearby state line into Georgia and visited an NA campground near Ringgold, to review their records on October 14, 1981. He learned that during the period of September 30th, through October 2, 1981, a party of six people registered under the name of William Pennant, with an address in the 600 block of Rosemont Avenue, in Tucson, Arizona. This party occupied space 16 at the campgrounds in a 1972 Apollo motor home bearing Arizona license plate number RRY539.

Five days later, on the 19th, Special

Agent Nix accompanied the other agent on a return trip to the campgrounds outside Ringgold. They spread out a photographic lineup which included a photo of James Gilbert Strickland and had the assistant manager and a female clerk employee study them.

"Take your time," said one of the agents, "and see if you see the person who represented himself as William Pennant."

Both of the women quickly picked out the picture of Strickland without hesitation. In addition, the clerk advised Special Agent Nix that the person in the photo was seen by her driving a white 1981 Volkswagen pickup truck earlier on August 1, 1981; then later the same day, an old green-over-white Blazer four-wheel drive vehicle while staying at the campground. This was the day of the transaction between auto dealer Fox and the man in the photo—James Gilbert Strickland.

On the 21st of October, United States Magistrate for the Eastern District of Tennessee, Roger W. Dickson, issued arrest warrants for James Gilbert Strickland and Lillie Marlene Strickland, both 34 years old. They were charged with the

interstate transportation of a stolen motor vehicle.

The pair was not apprehended, however, until February, 1982—still living in the mobile home and staying in RV campgrounds across the country. By this time, the Strickland couple had also been charged with selling a known stolen vehicle, the Pennant Volkswagen truck.

During the month of March, a federal grand jury in Knoxville, Tennessee studied the evidence and listened to the testimony presented by Assistant U.S. Attorney John Littleton in connection with the Stricklands and the theft of William Pennant's motor home, his VW truck, as well as other complaints of stolen property. Indictments were returned by the federal grand jury charging the pair with the interstate transportation across the state line from Kentucky into Tenn., and selling a known stolen vehicle.

One of the numerous stories told by the Stricklands as to the manner in which they had come to be in possession of the Pennant vehicles was that the "old man" had suffered a heart attack and they had dumped his body out. They insisted that Pennant had invited them to travel around the country with him be-

cause he had grown tired of traveling alone.

Although Strickland took FBI officials on a trip to the Louisiana site where he had supposedly taken the body from the RV motor home and dumped it, the body was not found in the area.

The couple, described by authorities as drifters, had four children who were placed in the custody of Tennessee Human Services Department. Strickland was also found to be wanted in Florida for parole violation. He had a very extensive criminal record and had been in and out of prison.

Before their trial on the indictments took place in early May, 1981, both of the Stricklands appeared before U.S. District Judge Frank Wilson and entered guilty pleas to the charges against them. The federal judge accepted the pleas and scheduled sentencing for Tuesday, May 25th, for Mrs. Strickland and Friday, May 28th, for her husband.

When the date of the sentence hearing rolled around, defense attorney Ray Ledford requested that Judge Wilson give Mrs. Strickland a suspended sentence or a prison term less than the 18 months recommended by the U.S. Attorney's office in Chattanooga. Neverthe-

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less, the judge sentenced her to the recommended 18-month term in federal prison on the charge of selling the VW truck.

That following Friday, Strickland appeared before Judge Wilson and was sentenced to five years on the same charge. In addition, Strickland was sentenced to a two-year term, to run consecutive to the five-year term, on information charging him with transporting Pennant's motor home from Kentucky to Tennessee.

Although murder is not a federal offense, the federal agents had continued to interrogate the Stricklands about the missing owner of the two vehicles. Finally, the couple told of being at the NA campground on the same day as Pennant and becoming acquainted with the elderly traveler. When they learned that Pennant was from Tucson, Arizona, and was on his way alone to visit relatives in the East, they decided to rob him, according to their statements to the FBI.

Both Strickland and his wife were surprised when Pennant put up a struggle after that first blow with a tire tool. They kept striking him until he crumpled to the floor of the motor home and lay still in the rapidly forming pools of his own blood.

With his wife driving their schoolbus-camper, Strickland commandeered the RV motor home with the VW pickup truck hooked on behind. For three weeks, Strickland told the FBI, they drove on a trip with the body of Pennant, selling their schoolbus for what they could get on a fast deal.

The trip ended at Lake Charles State Park in northeast Arkansas, about 40 miles northwest of Jonesboro, where, with a six-inch bladed knife, Jim Strickland proceeded to dismember the body

and put the parts in three dark-colored plastic trash bags. According to the Stricklands, the three plastic bags were placed in a nearby trash dumpster. However, they said they threw away the false teeth of the victim, the hunting knife and tire tools in the area where the motor home was parked.

Contacting the Lawrence County, Arkansas Sheriff's Department and Third Judicial District Prosecuting Attorney Jim Stallcup in Arkansas, FBI special agents set up a search of the park area with the assistance of directions from Strickland.

"A search was made of that area designated 49-4 in the park," stated Stallcup, "by the FBI, Arkansas State Police, Lawrence County Sheriff's officers and Lake Charles officials, but the search was unsuccessful.

"Anyone finding or anyone who has found a set of false teeth, or the hunting knife and tire tools in the park or anyone who was in the park on August 21, 1981, and noticed an unusual odor, should contact the Lawrence County Sheriff's office."

Meantime, FBI officials had also met with the Newton County authorities in Missouri and turned over information regarding the bizarre case to them for investigating and prosecuting the murder segment. Since the killing itself had occurred in Newton County, it was under that jurisdiction.

"The first thing needed is a body," declared one of the FBI agents. "The contents of the dumpster were picked up and transported to the Lawrence County landfill just off Arkansas State highway 25, east of Walnut Ridge."

Following a review of the FBI information turned over to them, Newton County authorities to discuss the case. At

the meeting, Lawrence County (Arkansas) Judge D.S. "Rosie" Foley told the Missouri county law officials that the Lawrence County Road Department would furnish the search team with a backhoe to use in opening a landfill trench that had been used in August, 1981. Newton County officials agreed to pay a fair-market rental rate, and Lawrence County would furnish an operator for the machine.

"According to the information given by the FBI," said a Lawrence County official, "the body parts were placed in the dumpster on August 21st or 22nd. We have checked the records of the landfill and have staked out the trench that was being used at that time."

Prosecutor Stallcup told the Newton County authorities that he would not prosecute the case in Lawrence County because "the crime committed by the suspects in Lawrence County in connection with the incidents in a Class D felony of abuse of a corpse, which carries a penalty of only up to six years, and possibly parole in 12 months.

"Since I won't be prosecuting the case, I'll release all evidence of the case to you for use in a murder prosecution."

Late Monday afternoon, June 28, 1982, Sheriff Abramovitz, Prosecutor Lentz and nine Missouri lawmen arrived in Walnut Ridge, and met with Stallcup, Lawrence County Sheriff Gene Matthews and several of Matthews' deputies. The search operation in the landfill was to begin Tuesday morning, directed by Sheriff Abramovitz. Although he did not take part in the search operation, Lentz was at the search site as an observer until about 10 a.m., then he boarded a plane and flew back to Neosho, the county seat of Newton County, Missouri.

At Neosho, Lentz told the news media, "The first step is to locate the body, then the second step will be to identify it as that of the missing person."

He described the trench as about 50 feet in length, 25 feet wide and 18 deep that the law officers would have to dig through in search for the body remains of the missing Arizona man.

"Newspapers being recovered," Lentz said, "indicate that it is the trench that was being used when the body was placed in the dumpster at the park. I'm optimistic that our search will recover the body."

It would be a rugged task at any time of the year, but the heat of summer made it worse to bear. The officers were clad in vapor-proof plastic suits and boots, besides wearing gas masks to protect them from methane gas which is sometimes

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released from the decomposing garbage. As the backhoe excavated the refuse from the trench, the searchers carefully poked, pulled and combed through it with hands and pitchforks.

Meanwhile, on that same Tuesday, Special Agent Nix from Chattanooga and Agent Funderburk testified before a Newton County grand jury. Later, in early July, the grand jury returned murder indictments against Lillie Marlene and James Gilbert Strickland.

By Tuesday evening in the search area of the landfill, the 100-degree temperature and high humidity appeared to be taking its toll on the officers. On Wednesday morning, the Missouri task force was joined by fresh recruits from the Missouri Highway Patrol, as well as officers from the Arkansas State Police. Lawrence County Sheriff Gene Matthews and his deputies had already been assisting in whatever manner they could.

The material in the trench was so compacted it was difficult for the searchers to sift through: therefore it was suggested that a drag line bulldozer be utilized along with the backhoe to break it up more. A sum of \$1,000 was set aside by the Newton County Court to help fund the search, but that was a rather small

amount compared to the expense being encountered. It would not last long...

On Thursday afternoon, Sheriff Abramovitz saw that his searchers were exhausted and the project was going nowhere. All they had to show for their almost Herculean efforts were a few small bones, discovered earlier that day. These were forwarded to the State Crime Laboratory at Columbia, Missouri, for identification.

During a news conference on Friday, the following day, Sheriff Abramovitz said that he felt good about the search, even though no definite evidence was found.

"I am especially happy about the way my deputies, Sheriff's Reserve officers and members of the State Highway Patrol worked, and they received extremely good cooperation from the Lawrence County Sheriff's Department. They worked in 100-degree temperatures in vapor-proof suits and respirators.

"It was a very hot, dirty job, and we moved several thousand tons of debris from this one trench."

Sheriff Abramovitz told the news media that he would be conferring with Prosecutor Lentz and others before determining what the next course of action

would be. "There will probably not be any more searching until the laboratory makes a report on the bones," he added.

However, when the crime lab did issue a report on the results, the tests had shown them not to be of human origin.

In mid-September 1982, Lillie Strickland, who had been serving time in a federal prison in Lexington, Kentucky, was brought back to Neosho to face charges in the death of Pennant. The charge had been reduced from capital to second-degree murder, on which she was arraigned on Monday, September 20th, before Circuit Court Judge George Henry. She was specifically charged with striking Pennant. Trial was set for December 6, 1982.

Another trial was set for December 8th on the three counts of stealing—Pennant's motor home, truck and traveler's checks. She was held without bond.

Instead of going to trial on any of the charges, however, Mrs. Strickland pleaded guilty to all of them. She was sentenced by Judge Henry in Circuit Court to 10 years on the murder charge and seven years on each of the three counts of stealing, with the sentences to run concurrently.

A few days later, Mrs. Strickland was

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turned over to the U.S. Department of Justice for completion of the federal sentence.

Her husband, James G. Strickland, was brought back to Newton County on Thursday, September 30th, from Ashland Kentucky, where he is currently serving a state prison term of seven years. He was immediately arraigned in circuit court on a charge of capital murder and the three counts of stealing. Trial was set for January 4, 1983; then later charged and the case moved to McDonald County, adjacent to Newton on the south, on a charge of venue.

Attempting to avoid the death penalty on the capital murder charge, Strickland pleaded guilty to first-degree murder on Friday, March 18, 1983. Appearing before Judge Don Killebrew, he also pleaded guilty to the three counts of stealing.

Strickland was sentenced to life imprisonment on the first-degree murder charge and seven years in prison on each of the three stealing counts. All of the sentences were to run consecutively to the seven-year sentence imposed in federal court in Tennessee on charges of interstate transportation of stolen property.

"To my knowledge," said Prosecutor Lentz, "this was the first case in Missouri of murder charges being pursued in the absence of a body. I found no precedence in Missouri and relied on an

Arkansas case which was tried on the basis of a confession, without a body."

Both Strickland and his wife gave statements to the FBI admitting to the murder of Pennant. In the absence of statements by the defendants, conceded Lentz, it is unlikely that the case could have been tried.

On Tuesday, April 12th, Strickland was transported from the McDonald Jail in Pineville, Mo., to the Neosho Airport arriving at 7 a.m. McDonald County Deputy Sheriff Don Schlessman and Jim Bell were returning him to a federal penitentiary at Ashland, Kentucky. After taking off from the Neosho airport, they flew to Huntington, West Virginia, which is only a short distance from the federal prison. McDonald County Sheriff Lou Keeling was part of the escort to the airport, but remained behind when the flight began.

Prior to the departure, Strickland said: "I'm sorry for all the trouble and expense I've caused in this area and for the murder of Pennant. I tried to be somebody I wasn't." ★★★

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*George Fox 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.*

## Rampage of the Wacko! (from page 37)

time he shoots his gun," said another neighbor.

In the meantime, Dr. Larry Lewman performed the autopsy on Marleen Godleske and concluded that she died from four gunshot wounds from a weapon "of approximately .38-caliber." She had been shot three times in the head and once in the chest. "Any of the three were fatal," said Dr. Lewman, referring to two bullets in her head which had penetrated the victim's brain and one bullet to the chest which "passed through both lungs and severed the aorta." The fourth bullet wound was "superficial to the chin."

Meanwhile, according to police, Gary Godleske made a daring escape attempt from Willamette Falls Community Hospital. According to reports, Godleske struggled with a deputy who had been guarding him and fled through a hospital

emergency door. But the escape was short-lived because, when he exited through the emergency door, Godleske ran straight into a moving pickup truck. Fortunately for him, the impact only caused cuts and bruises. He was taken back into custody without a struggle, and added security precautions were taken just in case he tried another escape.

According to Lt. Lonnie Ryan, public information officer for the Clackamas County Sheriff's Department, Godleske was charged the next day with one count of murder and five counts of attempted murder. Additional charges were being considered, and could be filed at a later time. Although detectives had begun to zero in on Godleske as their chief suspect while investigating at the mobile home, they hadn't formed any real opinions until Godleske returned and opened fire on them. Police were reluctant to release

many details surrounding the case, but did state that Godleske had told a close relative that his wife was dead, which prompted the cops to center their sights on him as the likely perpetrator.

Out of intensive care following surgery for the bullet wound to the stomach, Sgt. Jack Lowery was listed as having improved to fair condition. He was allowed interviews with reporters, and told his side of the story of the shooting incident at the mobile home. It should be noted that Lowery has been a police officer since 1959 and has been with the Clackamas County sheriff's office since 1967 and, according to him, the last time a Clackamas County deputy was shot in the line of duty was in 1906.

"I remember an officer yelling and then turning and seeing the suspect (Godleske)," said Lowery as he recalled the shooting spree. "I don't remember whether I saw any flash from the gunfire, but I felt like I was getting hit in the stomach, I supposed like a horse would kick you. Then I went down. I saw Detective Frazell go down, and I asked if he got hit. He asked me where I got hit, and I said, 'Right in the stomach.'"

"I tried to move my legs and toes," continued Lowery, "just to make sure everything was still working, and then I waited for help to get there." Lowery said Deputy Shackelford saved his life, by warning of the approaching gunman. "If he hadn't yelled, I wouldn't have turned, and I probably would have got it right through the side." Lowery also said that the experience had not discouraged him about his work. "I'm a street cop, and I have been for twenty three years. This is an isolated case. I've gone through twenty three years without it ever happening. If I go another twenty three, I probably will have retired first. This happens to officers all over the United States every day. A lot of them aren't so lucky."

During the emergency surgery, doctors removed much of his lower intestine. "They said I could do without that," he said jokingly.

The investigation into the murder of Marleen Godleske continued when Detective Terry Schaffer, with the sheriff's department, went to Willamette Falls Community Hospital to interrogate Gary Godleske. According to Schaffer, the last thing Godleske told him he remembered before the automobile accident was that he'd been bowling the night before.

"He said that he had been told that his wife was in a different hospital," said Schaffer. "He said why wouldn't anybody tell him what was going on. In the

next breath, he switched to another topic. He said he was having bad dreams about being in Korea.

"He referred to his wife in the past tense and never used her name," continued Schaffer. "He said he loved her and she loved him and he would never hurt her." The detective said that Godleske then began "thrashing around, became very tense." Schaffer said Godleske told him that his wife, Marleen, was planning to leave him, and that she had so told their 11-year-old boy. "He told her he didn't want her to go," said Schaffer. "Then he said again, 'I'd never hurt her.' Then, quote, 'I'd never kill her.' end quote," said Schaffer.

According to detectives, a note was later found inside Godleske's crashed car. Apparently it was a suicide note which read: "I know this is dumb, but Marleen and I are at peace now." The note would be used as evidence.

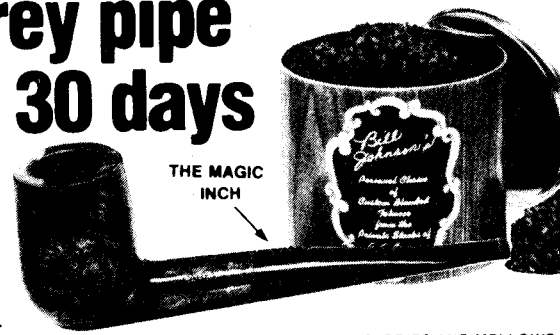
All in all, Godleske was charged with the murder of his wife Marleen, also with five counts of attempted murder stemming from the gunshots he allegedly fired that injured Sgt. Lowery and Detective Frazell, and the shots fired at Deputy Shackelford, and the Oregonian reporter and photographer. An additional charge of second-degree escape was filed due to his alleged attempt to flee police custody at Willamette Falls Community Hospital. Godleske pleaded innocent to all the charges, and requested that the court appoint him an attorney. Mike Bailey and Marc Sussman of the Metropolitan Public Defender's Office were named as defense counsel.

Before Godleske's trial could get under way, however, it was pointed out by Clackamas County District Attorney James O'Leary that his office could not prosecute the case due to a conflict of interest and, as a result, the prosecution would be handled by Paul Silver and Helen Smith of the Multnomah County district attorney's office. O'Leary explained that the conflict of interest arose because Chief Criminal Deputy J. Ross Cravens, Deputy District Attorney John Mahr and Investigator Tom Kusturin, all of whom were associated with the Clackamas County district attorney's office, were present when Sgt. Lowery and Detective Frazell were shot and would likely be witnesses for the prosecution at Godleske's trial.

"This sort of thing is not out of the ordinary," said O'Leary. "Clackamas, Multnomah and Washington Counties and, to some degree, Marion County, have historically assisted each other when conflict cases arise."

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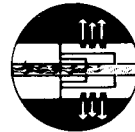
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Meanwhile, motions submitted by Godleske's attorneys which indicated they would present a defense of "mental defect or disease," Oregon's equivalent to an insanity defense, and "extreme mental or emotional disturbance." By filing the motions, Bailey and Sussman made it known that their defense of Godleske would be relying "on mental disease or defect which excludes (the defendant's) responsibility for criminal conduct" regarding his wife's death and the wounding of the sheriff's deputies.

On Monday, July 18, Gary Ray Godleske went on trial in the packed courtroom of Clackamas County Circuit Court Judge Howard Blanding. Godleske waived his right to a jury trial, preferring to let the judge decide the case against him.

"It was a marriage gone bad," said Helen Smith, Multnomah County deputy district attorney, in her opening statements. "He is a man who refused to deal with the breakdown of his marriage. He planned to kill his wife." Smith contended that Godleske shot his wife at their mobile home near Estacada, drove to his son's school and took the boy out of classes and then went to the home of a close relative. Smith said that Godleske told his relative that he had "shot Marleen, "and was heading for the hills," leaving his son with his relatives "forever." Smith told the judge that Godleske "made a conscious decision to kill his wife" after she informed him of her intent to leave him.

Smith told the judge that Godleske's relative called the sheriff's office and reported that a possible homicide had been committed at the Godleske mobile home. When the authorities arrived, they found Marleen Godleske dead in the couple's blood-spattered bedroom "with two gun shot wounds in the head, one in the chin and another in her torso," said Smith. Smith recounted the rest of the events of that fateful day for the judge, stating that Godleske returned home at 12:30 p.m. and opened fire upon the officers investigating the homicide, "then took off down the road" with deputies in pursuit. After running several cars off the road, said Smith, and firing shots at a newspaper reporter and photographer, he ran his car off the road and was captured. At the time of his arrest five weapons were found inside his car—two rifles, shotgun, an automatic pistol and a revolver. "The issue is the defendant's intent," said Prosecutor Smith.

"Rather than send him to the Oregon State Penitentiary," said defense attorney Bailey, "it's our position he should be sent to the Oregon State Hospital and be treated there until he is no longer a danger to himself or to others." The defense attorney said that psychiatric testimony would be presented, and that he would defer his opening statement until after the prosecution completed its case against his client.

Sgt. Lowery, Detective Frazell and Deputy Shackelford testified for the prosecution, using charts and diagrams to describe the events that occurred at the Godleske mobile home on January 7, 1983.

"I was still taking that whole picture in when I felt the impact," said Sgt. Lowery, who also described finding Marleen Godleske's bullet-riddled body in the bedroom of the mobile home. "I don't recall the sound of the weapon," he said as he described how he, Frazell and Shackelford were shot at from the moving vehicle Godleske was driving. "I knew I'd been hit good. My body was instantly numb on the right side," said Lowery. Lowery also testified that a relative of Godleske arrived at the scene while officials were investigating the homicide. "Did he do what he said he did?" Lowery said the relative asked him. "I said, 'Yes. It appears he did.'"

Deputy Shackelford testified that he fired two shots at the red Volkswagen Rabbit that was fleeing the scene after the shooting of Sgt. Lowery and Detective Frazell, that he pursued it at speeds up to 85 mph until it flipped on its side in the open field near the Logan area. Frazell, who had been wounded in one of his legs, accompanied Shackelford in the chase, and both deputies identified Godleske as the person they found injured in the overturned Volkswagen.

Clackamas County Sheriff's Deputy Edward J. Claridge took the stand and testified that he accompanied Godleske in the ambulance that took the suspect to the Oregon City hospital. Claridge said he was ready to take a "dying declaration" in the event that it appeared that Godleske would die from the injuries he had sustained when he wrecked his car.

"He stated, 'Let me die, let me die,' and then he would groan some more," Claridge testified. "'Where am I? Why did I wreck my car? Where is my son? Where is my wife?'" Claridge quoted Godleske as having said repeatedly during the trip to the hospital.

The defense brought out the fact that Godleske's blood alcohol level was .14 when he was taken into custody and tre-

ated at the hospital for his wounds, which made the defendant legally intoxicated due to a new Oregon law that sets .08 as the level at which a person is considered too intoxicated to be operating a motor vehicle. As a foreshadow to their psychiatric defense, attorneys for the defendant brought out the fact that Godleske had placed suicide notes in his car.

One of Godleske's relatives testified that he had advised Godleske for at least 10 years to leave his wife Marleen because she "was runnin' around" and purportedly had a drinking problem. The relative also stated that Godleske had brought his son to their house the day of the slaying, and told his relatives that he was going to leave his son with them forever.

"I'm going to leave the boy here," the relative quoted Godleske as having said. "And I said, 'How come?' He said, 'Because Marleen drives me crazy and I shot her.' I said, 'You ought to turn yourself in to the law.' He said, 'I'm going into the hills. I'm not going to jail,'" the relative testified.

Another relative testified that "just about everybody in Estacada" knew about the extramarital affair Marleen was having, except for Gary Godleske. The relative also told about the defendant's possessiveness towards his wife, that "the only person Gary confided in was Marleen that I know of. Sometimes we even thought Marleen was a possession because he was so protective of her."

At the time of his wife's death Godleske was suffering "from a borderline personality that made it impossible for him to conform to the law," said defense attorney Mike Bailey to Judge Blanding during his opening statements. Bailey also stated that during most of their marriage Godleske's wife had engaged in extramarital affairs. According to Bailey's statements, Godleske had not accepted the affairs and had denied that they occurred until his wife purportedly told him, "I don't love you. I don't want to be married to you," said Bailey. "To the defendant, Marleen Godleske was a virginal angel on a pedestal," added Bailey.

Bailey told how Godleske allegedly struck his wife with a rock but, after noticing the blood, he shot her. Bailey told the judge that Godleske had often "put wounded animals out of their misery." Bailey told how Godleske had turned on the gas inside the mobile home after the shooting, that Godleske then went into the woods with the intent to

commit suicide but, fearing that animals would eat his body, Godleske returned to the mobile home and discovered the police there. "His whole life was over. Marleen Godleske was his whole life," said Bailey, who also told the judge that Godleske's alleged escape attempt from the hospital after being captured was in fact an attempt at suicide by running in front of a moving truck.

The next day Godleske's defense attorneys presented video taped interviews between Godleske and psychiatrists made after his arrest. A Portland psychiatrist, testified for the defense that Godleske was "not capable of forming the intent to actually execute his wife." He testified that statements made by Godleske during interviews displayed a child-like view of himself, illustrating that Godleske was not only financially dependent on his wife, but was emotionally dependent as well. The psychiatrist told the court that it was likely Godleske felt rage when his wife told him she planned to leave him and, when the victim passed out from drinking the morning she was killed, Godleske had time to fantasize about the things that would happen in his life if his wife left him. Videotapes were played for the judge of interviews between Godleske and the psychiatrist, and sobs from the suspect could be heard as he spoke.

"I just started hitting her (with a rock)," Godleske stated on the videotape. "I hit her as hard as I could. She woke up screaming. I thought she would die. I tried to get as close as I could (with the gun), so she wouldn't suffer. I didn't think about killing her. I just did it. I didn't want her out of my way. I wanted her with me." Godleske also said on the tapes that he shot their two dogs, made plans to burn down the mobile home and to kill himself. He also spoke of returning to his mobile home and finding the police there, of how he began shooting at the sheriff's deputies.

"I was shooting at cars because they were there," Godleske said on a videotape. "They shouldn't have been there. I wanted to get back to my wife. I didn't know how much time had gone by. I didn't know why the cars were there." Godleske was asked by the psychiatrist on the tape why he had returned and Godleske replied, "So I could be with her when I died."

The psychiatrist told the court that Godleske's statements were an "expression of gross breakdown in reality testing. He was so involved with this woman and so dependent upon her that it meant total psychological annihilation"

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for the defendant. Under cross-examination by Prosecutor Silver, the doctor testified that Godleske could not "be classified as suffering from a borderline personality disorder," conflicting with defense attorney Mike Bailey's claim that "once in a while people who are borderline go south of the border and are psychotic. This wound (caused by the blow from the rock) bleeds like the dickens. This guy is whacked out. He thinks he's killed her so he shoots her. The guy's crazy," said Bailey.

A psychiatrist who testified for the state near the close of the trial testified that Godleske wasn't suffering from a mental disease or defect at the time he shot his wife. "I have no doubt this man has never been psychotic. His behavior was goal directed. He took the time to think, deduct what his next step would be," said the psychiatrist.

During closing arguments, Prosecutor

Silver stated that if the court found Godleske insane, "the court condones divorce by murder. Is the end of a marriage sufficient reason to excuse an otherwise intentional killing? Is divorce sufficient provocation for one spouse to kill another?" he asked.

Following a half hour recess, Judge Blanding ruled that Gary Ray Godleske was guilty of the murder of his wife Marleen. He was also found guilty of attempting to murder Sgt. Lowery, Deputy Shackelford and the newspaper reporter and photographer. He was found guilty of second-degree escape charges, and guilty of fourth-degree assault charges stemming from the wounding of Detective Frazell. Godleske was found not guilty of attempting to murder Frazell and not guilty of first-degree assault against Sgt. Lowery.

On Monday, November 21st, Gary Godleske was sentenced to life in prison

for the murder of his wife Marleen. In addition to the life sentence, Judge Blanding sentenced Godleske to maximum terms of 20 years on each of the three convictions of attempted murder against Sgt. Lowery and Deputy Douglas and the reporter and photographer. It should be pointed out that the charges involving Godleske's attempts to murder the reporter and photographer were merged into one.

Judge Blanding also sentenced Godleske to serve up to five years in prison for his escape from Willamette Falls Community Hospital, and one year in the Clackamas County Jail on the assault conviction involving the wounding of Detective Frazell. Blanding did not order the sentences to be served consecutively or concurrently, leaving that decision with the State Parole Board. "The length of incarceration should be determined by the parole board," he said. ★★★

## Arizona's Rerun Murder (from page 46)

scious victim by all police and medics who'd arrived at the scene of the reported suicide. With the victim now enroute to the hospital in what appeared to be a race with death, police at the scene turned their full attention to determining the circumstances surrounding the incident. Even to the most inexperienced rookie, several factors noted at the scene did not jibe with the initial report they'd received of a suicide at the given address.

The most glaring inconsistency was the marked absence of any type of a firearm near the critically wounded victim's body. A casual examination of the living room also failed to turn up a gun of any kind. Second, rarely do suicide victims shoot themselves more than once. Once in a great while, what are called hesitation shots are fired. These are shots which go astray when the victim involuntarily jerks the gun muzzle off target at the moment the trigger is squeezed in a reflexive action touched off by the brain in a subconscious attempt to prevent self-destruction. Occasionally, determined suicidal victims have been known to shoot themselves twice after being left conscious from the initial wound.

Never, as far as is known, have persons attempting suicide shot themselves four times, as was reported from the emergency room at the Good Samaritan

Medical Center where Johnny L. Sellers died a short time after his arrival without ever having regained consciousness. Doctors who'd fought to save the gunshot victim's life remarked that the decedent's wounds appeared to have been inflicted by a .38-caliber weapon, with qualifying comments that this fact could only be confirmed at the time of the postmortem examination.

When Johnny L. Sellers succumbed to his multiple bullet wounds, the case immediately became a full-fledged homicide investigation. Lieutenant Charles Hill of the Phoenix Police Department homicide detail assumed one of the lead roles in the probe. Mrs. Velma Dickson, having regained her composure somewhat after being called home from work to find her live-in sweetheart sprawled on the living-room carpet in a profusion of blood, told police that she'd jumped to a conclusion in her usage of the word "suicide" during her telephone call to the police department. It was a perfectly plausible explanation. This was before she'd questioned the boys.

The crime scene was thoroughly processed and photographically recorded. The living room was subjected to a methodical search, during which a crucial piece of vital evidence was discovered hidden behind a cushion on a divan. It proved to be a .38-caliber, six-shot revolver with four recently ex-

pected, empty cartridge casings in the rotating chambers of the cylinder along with two live, unfired rounds. It was later ascertained that the weapon had been wiped clean and that no latent fingerprints could be raised. It was processed, marked and tagged and prepared for transmittal to the police crime lab. It was hoped that the slugs recovered from the victim's body during autopsy could also be submitted to ballistics for comparison purposes.

Phoenix homicide investigators had gently but meticulously questioned the four young boys who were purportedly inside the house when the shooting had occurred. Although the youngsters were all of school age, they were at home because of the Christmas vacation. Police learned that the two boys, aged 12 and 13, were the sons of the victim, an assembly-line worker for Honeywell, by a former liaison.

The infant boy child was the issue of the relationship shared by Mrs. Velma Dickson and Sellers. The other two boys, ages 10 and 11, were hers by a previous marriage. The older youths all appeared to be well mannered, polite and intelligent. While questioning the boys, the probers were told that Sellers was shot by a man who'd forced his way into the house through a rear door shortly after Mrs. Dickson had left for work at about 10:50 a.m. The assailant was described only as wearing blue shoes.

Police further learned from the boys that the two younger ones had witnessed bits and pieces of the incident, but that

they were unable to provide any kind of a useful description of the armed assailant. The two older boys, Seller's sons, were asleep in a rear bedroom, but were awakened by the barrage of gunshots which they described as sounding like blows from a hammer. With the mortally wounded victim lying on the floor, gasping and writhing in pain, one of Mrs. Dickson's badly frightened boys had made his way to the telephone and dialed the telephone to call his mother at her place of employment.

An interview with the manager and other employes at the fast-food restaurant where Velma Dickson worked confirmed the boy's statement. The manager remarked that after her hasty departure upon having received the emergency call, Mrs. Dickson had called again later in the day to say she wouldn't be returning to work that day because her boyfriend had shot himself. The probe into the murder of Johnny Sellers had assumed a variety of inexplicable twists which confounded those assigned to the investigation. One of the most salient questions which begged for an answer was—why had the killer left the death gun behind?

Investigators were able to come up with at least one logical answer. Professional hit-men often prefer to dispense with the death weapon at the most opportune moment. Four shots fired from a .38, even inside a house, do create an audible racket. Perhaps Sellers' slayer had not wanted to risk leaving the scene with the gun on his person in the event that an alert neighbor had summoned the police and he was stopped and frisked. The simplest solution would be to wipe the revolver clean to obliterate prints, conceal it and flee.

This question, however, posted yet another. Who wanted the victim dead bad enough to risk entering his home in broad daylight to pump four slugs into his body with four observant, coherent young boys on the premises? Whoever it was, his or her timing was excellent, inasmuch as Johnny Sellers' live-in paramour had left for work a short time earlier. Was it possible that the slayer was watching the house from the alley? If so, he must have had a car parked there for his getaway. It was too bad that the two boys weren't able to provide more descriptive information. Lieutenant Hill decided he and his probes would have to hit the street and scratch for it.

A team of sleuths was delegated to visit the victim's place of employment to interview his supervisor, co-workers and known friends. A neighborhood canvass

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was launched for the purpose of questioning everyone who was at home on the morning of December 21st, especially between the hours of 10:00 and 11:00 a.m. Velma Dickson was quizzed extensively as well. Sellers was all right when she'd left for work, she told them. She knew of no enemies he might have had who hated him bad enough to want him dead.

Why, she was asked, had she mentioned the word suicide during her initial contact with the Phoenix police dispatcher? Why, also, had she told her boss later that day that she wouldn't be back in for work because her boyfriend had shot himself? She finally admitted that she and Johnny had quarreled on the morning of the day he was fatally shot, before she left for work. Queried as to the basis for their argument, Mrs. Dickson replied that their spat was over financial affairs. They'd pooled 2 families during the course of their relationship and spawned an addition. It takes a bundle of money nowadays to feed and clothe five growing youngsters. Lots of people bicker about how to get the most value out of a dollar.

In any event, upon her return home to find her lover lying on the living-room floor, his clothing and the carpet saturated with gore, she'd automatically leaped to the conclusion that he'd grown morose and despondent after she'd left for work and attempted to take his own life in a fit of depression. When shown the .38-caliber revolver found concealed in the sofa, she told police that she never saw the gun before and was not aware that Sellers even owned a handgun. Members of the Phoenix investigative bureau were beginning to experience a bit of professional frustration.

In the detectives' astute estimation, nothing in the Sellers murder case was coming together quite as it should. They'd listened to several sombre young boys who told them about the man who'd entered their house through the rear door and fired a volley of shots into the victims. They had seen the man but were frightened and had run and hidden themselves in their bedrooms. They hadn't come out until all was quiet again. When they'd cautiously crept back into the living room, they had found the victim down, bleeding badly. At one point, before they could call their mother, Sellers had raised his head, groaned and pleaded for help. They had seen the assailant, they told police, and knew which door he'd used to enter the house. As for a description, all they were able to relate was that he was "a man wearing some

kind of blue-colored shoes."

It had been confirmed that Mrs. Velma Dickson was at her job when she'd received an urgent call from one of her sons shortly after the shooting and left work in a rush. Her call to the Phoenix PD was logged within a time-frame that coincided with the driving time from her place of employment to the house located on West Cheery Lynn. Phoenix police were entirely unsuccessful in their endeavors to locate anything in the victim's past indicative of the presence of anyone even remotely fitting the profile of an arch-enemy, anyone who hated the decedent enough to go to the extremes involved in his slaying.

**J**ohnny L. Sellers, at the age of 30, was an average, hard-working individual who'd had his share of bad luck in a broken marriage, which left him with two boys to raise in the wake of his misfortune. He'd met Velma and they found that they had quite a lot in common, an attraction for each other, and had decided to team up, fight life's battle together. Maybe things would come easier with both of them working and pooling their resources.

Robbery had long ago been ruled out as being a viable motive. Nothing had been stolen from the house. It was only during the tedious canvass of the surrounding neighborhood that the tenacious Phoenix sleuths assigned to the baffling case developed their first really useful leads.

Lieutenant Hill had minced no words when he'd stressed that this aspect of the investigation be accomplished with the highest degree of acumen possible. If no one was at home at the time of their first visit, the team of detectives would return. It was imperative that everyone within view or earshot of the house in which the four booming shots were fired that morning be interviewed. Someone outside the home occupied by Mrs. Dickson and the victim had to have heard those shots. Had they looked out their window? If so, had they seen the purported gunman? Had they seen a strange car parked in the alley behind Sellers' residence or anywhere nearby? These were but a few of the questions that Hill wanted answers to.

Phoenix police were unable to locate anyone who'd seen a stranger fleeing the house on Cheery Lynn, nor had any of the neighbors seen or heard a car driving down the alley between 10 and 11 o'clock on the morning of December 21st. Several neighbors were located who thought they'd heard what sounded

like muffled shots, which they had taken for a car backfiring. Some of these witnesses felt sure that Velma N. Dickson had left her house for work in her car shortly after they'd heard the gunshot-like noises. No one interviewed appeared to have known the couple well. The house they lived in had been vacant for quite some time before they'd moved into it. Most of the neighbors assumed that they were married, with both working to support five children. None of those who were interviewed were able to state specifically that they'd noted any actual furor or hubbub around the house.

None had seen or heard any running, screaming, panic-stricken children nor any sounds of the argument mentioned by Mrs. Dickson. Just those explosive noises with the certainty that she had left afterward and not before.

If what the witnesses located throughout the neighborhood said was true, perhaps Velma Dickson was attempting to play the detective's for a bunch of patsies. If the neighbors were correct, she was inside the house at the time those four slugs slammed into Johnny Sellers' body. Her own two sons were up and about at the time. The other three were still abed and asleep. In essence, the information developed during the neighborhood canvass now made it possible to view Velma in a new light, as a potential suspect.

Mrs. Dickson was again questioned extensively and confronted point-blank with the accrued information, part of which was authenticated by written statements. She blandly denied any implication in Sellers' death and clung to her original story. It wasn't necessary, on her part, to point out that three of the older boys in her household plus her boss and co-employees had already confirmed her whereabouts during those fleeing seconds it had taken for Sellers' slayer to shoot him four times. In his or her haste, whoever had shot him left him alive.

It was during this phase of the perplexing case that Phoenix police delved more deeply into Velma Dickson's own background. In light of existing conflicting information, they became determined to learn everything they could about the fast-food employe's past. They learned that she had been married at least twice prior to her forming a liaison with the victim. They learned also that she was a parolee out of Pinal County after having been released from the Arizona State Pen on February 12, 1981, where she'd served time for writing bouncing checks.

Digging just a mite deeper, they learned, to their astonishment, that Vel-



ma Dickson was convicted in January, 1975, of second-degree murder, after being convicted of pumping exactly four slugs from a pistol into her then husband, Mr. Roger Arnold, as the apparent culmination to an argument. Yes, Velma N. Dickson and Mrs. Alma J. Arnold were one and the same person.

None of Mrs. Velma Dickson's criminal past was related to the current investigation conducted by the Phoenix police department between December 21, 1982 and January 18, 1983. The one inescapable fact which did exist was that the latter case amounted to an almost exact replay of the second-degree murder of Mr. Roger Arnold, 19, with but a few minor exceptions. If, after that tearful courtroom scene, replete with impromptu prayer meetings and her sobbing pleas for mercy, Velma had actually decided to settle another family quarrel in the same manner, she'd used a heavier-caliber weapon and had the presence of mind to shrewdly concoct a viable, solid alibi.

Phoenix police found themselves at somewhat of an impasse. The only primary discrepancy they'd managed to develop was a smattering of testimony that tended to refute the suspect's alibi as to where she was when Sellers was shot four times in the living room of the home they and their children shared. Phoenix police had to know if the phantom gunman wearing blue shoes described by the children existed or, if they'd been deliberately misled, as they now suspected. They took their case to the Maricopa County District Attorney, who assigned the matter to Deputy D.A. Sydney Davis. The deputy prosecutor reviewed and evaluated all of the evidence gathered. He apprised police that he felt somewhat as they did and that he was willing to give it a shot.

On Tuesday, January 18, 1983, Velma Dickson was arrested by Phoenix police in connection with the shooting death of Johnny L. Sellers. She was booked into the county jail, where she was held in lieu of \$20,550 bond. After her arrest, she was additionally interrogated, but she persistently adhered to her original version of what had taken place on that morning just three days before Christmas. She and her boyfriend had argued about money and expenditures. Nothing serious. Just a quarrel, like all struggling couples trying to make ends meet have when tempers are frayed. Everything was all right when she'd left for work. She had received the call from her son urging her to hurry home, that something terrible had happened. When she

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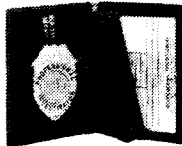


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rushed into the living room and saw Johnny on the floor, she'd jumped to the conclusion that he had committed suicide.

The revolver found behind the cushions on the divan? It could have belonged to Sellers—she wasn't sure. She hadn't ever touched it. It was now far too late to conduct certain scientific tests devised to determine if a person has fired a handgun recently. Such tests must be done almost immediately after the commission of the crime to be effective. Mrs. Dickson had already moved to a new address located in the 2700 block of West McClellan at the time of her arrest.

The Maricopa County District Attorney held Mrs. Dickson just a few days on the murder charge before he was ruefully obliged to instruct that she be released because of insufficient evidence. The boys who had told police that they'd seen a man rush into their home that morning in December, 1982, and shoot Sellers were re-interviewed while the suspect was incarcerated. They, too, had adhered to their original story. That tenuous, fragile thread which police had hoped would hold the case together was broken. Those who were certain they'd seen Mrs. Dickson leaving her home after the explosive sounds could have, somehow—must have been mistaken. Phoenix police announced that they would pursue the Sellers murder investigation along other lines.

The official zeal suffered a severe setback when Velma Dickson, the probers' prime suspect, nonchalantly strolled out of the county jail, headed for her apartment on West McClellan. Having now scanned her rap sheet, they saw her as being perfectly capable of committing a crime of violence, including that of murder. They felt certain, too, that she'd had the opportunity and undoubtedly a motive, whatever it might have been, to put four slugs into Johnny Sellers.

But—she did have an air-tight alibi, one they were unable to refute beyond all reasonable doubt. The Johnny L. Sellers, homicide case file folder was stamped unsolved and appropriately filed. Often, however, those who think they're home free slip up. It was something for probers to hope for.

Phoenix police didn't have to wait nearly as long as they'd figured for Mrs. Velma Dickson to make a rather unusual mistake. On Monday, April 11, 1983, she was at home preparing to do the family laundry when she discovered that she needed some bleach. She called her 11-year-old son to her and gave the boy 85 cents, instructing him to go to a nearby

supermarket and buy a bottle of bleach. The obedient lad hied his way off to the store. He was dismayed upon his arrival to find that the cheapest bottle of bleach cost close to \$2.00, far more than his temperamental mom had given him. He ran back home and told his mother about the disparity in the price of the product she'd sent him to buy. In response, she grabbed the kid and gave him a whipping, during which she banged his head against a wall, gouged his eyes and kicked him in a fit of anger. Then she told the sobbing child to return to the store with the 85 cents and buy the bleach she wanted—or else she would kill him!

Badly brutalized and chilled by the threat that rang in his ears, the boy went back to the store. He knew full well that his mom could kill. He'd seen her do it once about three and a half months ago and he'd lied and lied ever since to protect her and because she'd threatened him with the direst of consequences if he didn't do as instructed. There was another factor involved, too—he'd loved his mother and hadn't wanted to see her put in jail because of what she'd done. He did a lot of thinking on his way back to the store. He still had just 85 cents and knew it wasn't enough to buy the bleach. When got to the supermarket, he used 20 cents to make a telephone call to the Phoenix police department. From the sleuths' point of view, it was money well spent.

Stubbornly, he stayed on the line until he was connected with someone in a position of authority. Then, he poured out his fantastic, almost unbelievable

story. He was instructed to stay right where he was until an officer arrived. He promised that he would. In the meantime, his mother, a bit anxious now at the boy's failure to return home, sent his 10-year-old brother to look for him. He found his older brother at the supermarket talking to several police officers, and he also made a decision. He walked up, stood at his brother's side and confirmed his tragic tale.

It took a lot of pluck, but both boys told police how they'd heard their mother and Sellers arguing loudly in the living room. Suddenly, there'd been four deafening gunshots. They rushed into the room and saw their mother wiping the revolver clean before hiding it in the divan. She crisply instructed them to "wait until the big hand on the clock points to one," and then to call her at work. She also instructed them in no uncertain terms to tell the police that a man wearing blue shoes had rushed into the house and shot the man on the floor. Programmed to obey her every dictate, they'd obeyed.

Both boys were rushed to the police station. The file on the Sellers case was pulled and an arrest warrant was drafted for Velma N. Dickson on a murder charge. The astounded woman was taken into custody for the second time without incident in connection with the death of Johnny Sellers. The Arizona State Child Protective Services agency was contacted and requested to enter the case on behalf of the children. Only Mrs. Dickson's two boys were living with her at the time she was re-arrested. They and

## MYSTERY BEHIND THE COVER STORY

The young woman on our cover made two serious mistakes: 1) she walked alone through an area that was unfamiliar to her, and 2) she failed to be alert to the people around her.

The photograph is not intended to portray a specific story in this issue, but it does point up the problem of many young people in our society today, namely that they are not street-wise enough to know when they are in danger.

The woman here saw the man with the chain, but assumed he was a workman doing a job. He was not. He crept up behind her and tried to use the chain as a garrote. Fortunately, she was rescued by cops in a patrol car. At a police precinct later, friendly detectives told her to do what they do when walking a street. They stay near the curb and eyeball everything in front of them and on both sides of them. Make no assumptions about anything seen. Be wary at all times, and always look as though you have a destination in mind. ★★★

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the two eldest children of the victim were questioned. It developed that one of the Sellers boys also had pertinent knowledge which he, too, had previously withheld from the police.

Unexpectedly, the prosecution now found itself with three coherent eyewitnesses, perfectly able to testify in a courtroom that they were induced through threats and intimidation to make false statements to Phoenix police to support the suspect's cunningly contrived alibi. Velma Dickson was indicted on one count of second-degree homicide and ordered bound over for trial. She continued to maintain her innocence. Her trial proceedings began in mid-September, 1983, in the Maricopa County Superior Court. Three awed boys aged 10, 11 and 12 were the state's star witnesses. The oldest boy became ill on the witness stand while testifying about some of the circumstances surrounding the slaying of his own father on December 21, 1982. Under cross-examination, the defendant declared that each of the three boys was lying and that she was the only one testifying who was telling the truth. She still stuck to her original story. She denied abusing the boy who'd initially contacted the police with the story that had blown the case wide open. Velma proclaimed that she was innocent.

Mrs. Dickson was represented by a public defender during the proceedings. When it became readily apparent that the case was definitely going the prosecution's way, Velma and her counsel took the wraps off the ultimate ploy—she told the court that it was one of the boys who had fired the four lethal shots into the slain man's body. She softened the accusation somewhat by implying that the act was most likely an accident. It was brutal but ineffective. The jurors spent a day and a half deliberating the case before reaching a verdict of guilty as charged. Velma's past criminal record was kept from the jury.

The twice-convicted murderess was now truly under the gun. As a parolee, she faced a mandatory life term without the possibility of a parole for 25 years. As before, she pleaded for mercy and asked for probation, saying her sons needed her at home. In reality, both were found to be deathly afraid of their violence-prone mother, the woman who'd slain their own dad when they were infants. Judge I. Cantor imposed the mandatory life sentence on October 31, 1983. She is serving her term in the Arizona State Prison System. Her sons are well cared for in a foster home. ★★★

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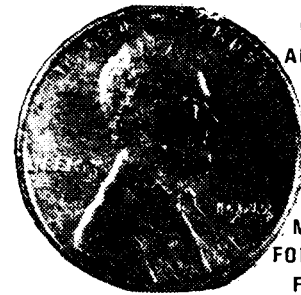
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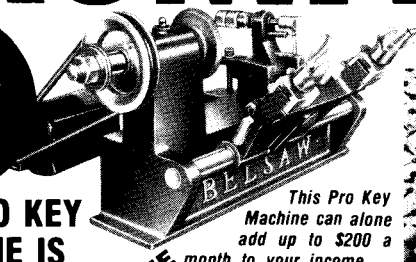
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