

NEW!

Biggest Detective Magazine Ever! 32-PAGE BONUS!

OFFICIAL RN SEP 8 **DETECTIVE** OCTOBER 50¢
IES

Combined with Actual Detectives

**THE NERVY
RAPE VICTIM
FINGERED
A KILLER**



FOOTBALL IS BACK!

 **SPORTS & HORSE REPORT**

NFL Betting Success 2022

*From Someone Who Selected
Over 60% Winners In 2021*



JHK

Why not get your information from someone who went a documented 63.3% in BetOnline's MEGA CONTEST in 2021?

With NFL BETTING SUCCESS 2022 you'll read exactly how he did it.

No sitting around for hours compiling stats, or taking advice from television personalities who haven't a clue.

Easy to follow situations that win, win, and win again!

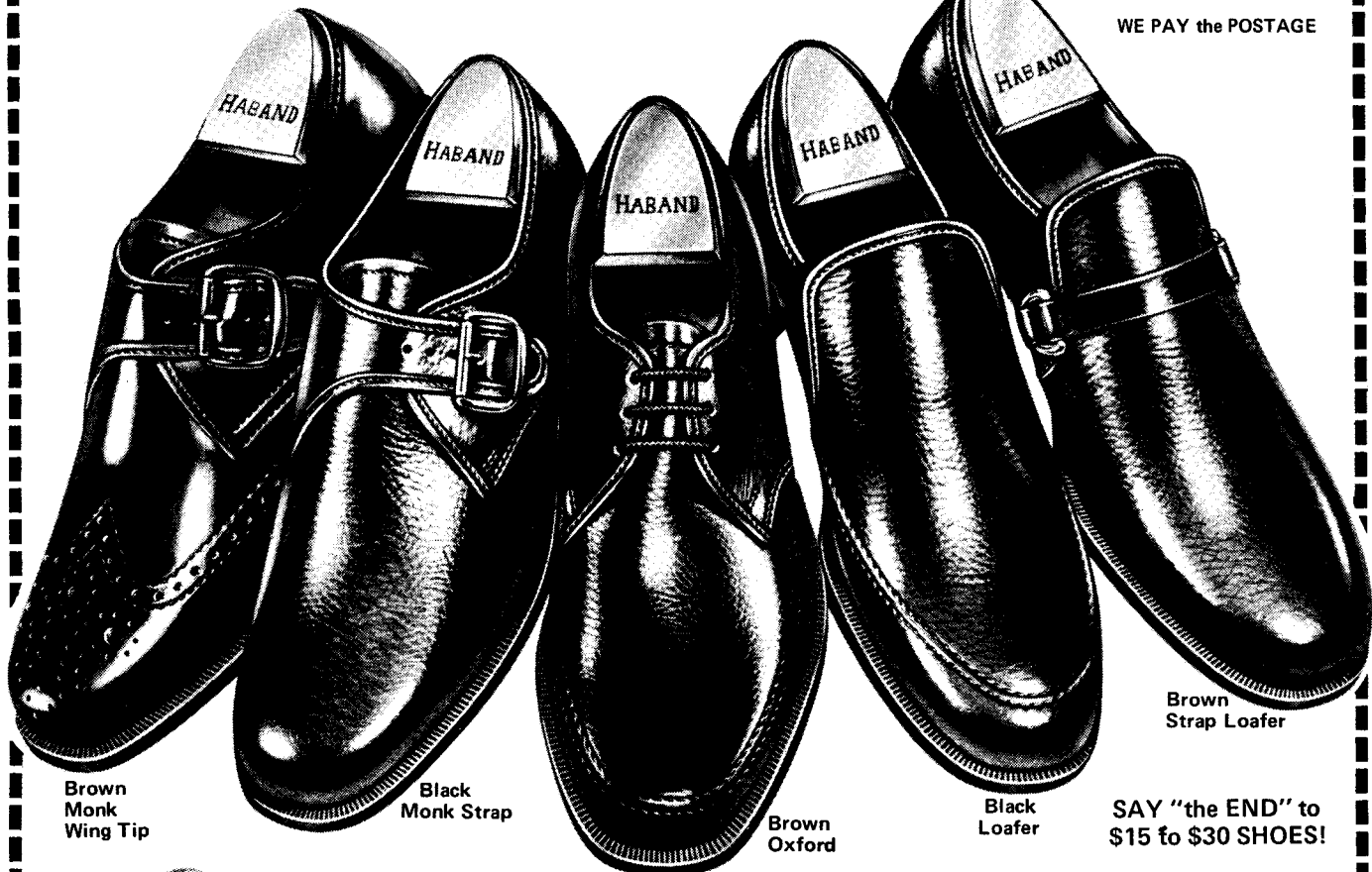
Best of all it's 100% FREE - that's right, just sign up and NFL Betting Success 2022 will arrive in your inbox within minutes.

CLICK HERE

HABAND INCREDIBLE MAN-MADE POLYMERIC

NEW PRICE SHOES 2 pair for 15⁹⁵

WE PAY the POSTAGE



Brown Monk Wing Tip

Black Monk Strap

Brown Oxford

Black Loafer

Brown Strap Loafer

SAY "the END" to \$15 to \$30 SHOES!

Haband NEW PRICE SHOES

CASH IN NOW on these Extraordinary Savings!

The day of the high priced shoe is over. Folks are paying many dollars less, thanks to the miracle new "polymeric" shoe materials. This is no "cheap imitation." It's the **New Price Shoe** that looks, feels and wears as well as any you have ever worn yet costs a fraction of the price.

Please Note: At this price, we are not allowed to mention the famous brand name of this new material. Suffice it to say it looks like top grain leather, performs even better. Why pay more and more? Get in on this astounding low price: TWO PAIRS for \$15.95!

YOU'LL BE SHOCKED WHEN YOU SEE OUR SHOES!

You'll wonder how any such price can be. You get top quality uppers, lifetime laces, life-of-the-shoe PVC sole and heels, flexible support shank in the arch, gentle foam heel cushions, superior detailing, even the new luxury linings!

SIZES AVAILABLE - Is Your Size Here?

	5%	6	6½	7	7½	8	8½	9	9½	10	10½	11	12	13
A														
B														
C														
D														
E														
EEE														



Black Oxford

Today's new man-mades beat the price out of leather, scoff at scuffs, keep better shape, and *Never Need a Shine*. Why spend even one dollar more? Here's something **NEW** - Here's something **PROVEN**.

We will be proud to send them to you for **On Approval At Home Inspection**. Your remittance refunded in full if you do not choose to wear them.

Order by mail or visit our retail store in Paterson, N.J. 265 No. 9th St. Open daily and Saturday until 5 p.m.

Haband **New Price Shoes** 2 pair for **15⁹⁵**

HABAND COMPANY, Dept OD-1
265 North 9th Street
Paterson, New Jersey 07508

O.K. Gentlemen, send me the prs. of New Price Shoes specified. My remittance of \$ is enclosed.

978-41
Name

Street

City

State

ZIP CODE

WE PAY POSTAGE

SPECIAL: 3 pr. 23.45 4 pr. 30.50

Color & Style	How Many	What Size	What Width
Black Oxford			
Brown Oxford			
Black Loafer			
Black Monk Strap			
Brown Monk Wing			
Brown Strap Loafer			

Haband Company

HABAND COMPANY - Operating by U.S. Mail since 1925

the case of the missing coupon

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was from International Correspondence Schools. Inside was their famous Career Kit with 3 booklets that were written especially for people like me. The booklets

explained how I.C.S. had helped thousands of others get ahead on their present jobs—or even find new careers. How they were able to earn higher pay and provide real security for their families.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ICS[®] International Correspondence Schools Division of Intext

ICS, Scranton, Pa. 18515
Canadian residents:
Send coupon to Scranton.
Our affiliate in Canada
will reply. In Hawaii: use
P.O. Box 418, Honolulu.

Take your first step . . . mail this coupon today . . . ICS, Scranton, Pa. 18515.

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

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

Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

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

<p>ACCOUNTING</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (U.S. or Can.) <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting <input type="checkbox"/> General Accounting <input type="checkbox"/> Practical Accounting <input type="checkbox"/> Public Accounting</p> <p>ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING TRADES</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning Estimator <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning Maint. <input type="checkbox"/> Architecture <input type="checkbox"/> Arch. Drawing & Design <input type="checkbox"/> Building Contractor <input type="checkbox"/> Carpenter-Building <input type="checkbox"/> Carpentry & Millwork <input type="checkbox"/> Heating & Air Conditioning with Drawing <input type="checkbox"/> House Planning, Int. Design <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing & Heating <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Arch. Blueprints <input type="checkbox"/> Domestic-Commercial Refrig. & Air Cond. Ser.</p> <p>ART and DESIGN</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Art <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning</p>	<p><input type="checkbox"/> Interior Decorating and Design <input type="checkbox"/> Sign Painting & Design <input type="checkbox"/> Sketching & Painting</p> <p>AUTOMOTIVE</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Auto Body Rebuilding & Refinishing <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Mechanic <input type="checkbox"/> Automotive Diesel-Gas Mechanic <input type="checkbox"/> Auto. Master Mechanic <input type="checkbox"/> Auto. Engine Tune-Up <input type="checkbox"/> Auto. Trans. Specialist</p> <p>BUSINESS</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Advertising <input type="checkbox"/> Advanced Management <input type="checkbox"/> Basic Management <input type="checkbox"/> Business Administration <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Psychology <input type="checkbox"/> Inventory Control <input type="checkbox"/> Managing a Small Store <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel-Labor Rel'n's <input type="checkbox"/> Purchasing Agent <input type="checkbox"/> Retail Business Mgmt. <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management</p>	<p>BUSINESS: SALES</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Real Estate Agent <input type="checkbox"/> Modern salesman <input type="checkbox"/> Sales Manager</p> <p>CHEMICAL</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Chemical Analyst <input type="checkbox"/> Chemical Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Chem. Lab Technician <input type="checkbox"/> General Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Plastics Technician</p> <p>CIVIL ENGINEERING</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Highway Eng. Tech. <input type="checkbox"/> Sewage Plant Operator <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Eng. Tech. <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying & Mapping <input type="checkbox"/> Water-Works Operator</p> <p>COMPUTERS</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Fundamentals of Computer Programming <input type="checkbox"/> COBOL Programming <input type="checkbox"/> Fortran IV Programming <input type="checkbox"/> Digital Computer Programming</p>	<p><input type="checkbox"/> Introduction to System/360 Computer <input type="checkbox"/> Programming the IBM 1401 Computer</p> <p>DRAFTING</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft Drafting <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Drafting <input type="checkbox"/> Blueprint Reading <input type="checkbox"/> Design Drafting <input type="checkbox"/> Drafting Technology <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical and Electronic <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical <input type="checkbox"/> Structural</p> <p>ELECTRICAL</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Appliance Servicing <input type="checkbox"/> Elec. Eng. Technician <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Electrician <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Maintenance Electrician <input type="checkbox"/> Motor Repairman <input type="checkbox"/> Practical Electrician <input type="checkbox"/> Utility Lineman</p> <p>HIGH SCHOOL</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> High School Business</p>	<p><input type="checkbox"/> High School General <input type="checkbox"/> High School Math. <input type="checkbox"/> High School Secretarial <input type="checkbox"/> High School Vocational <input type="checkbox"/> College Preparatory <input type="checkbox"/> Preparatory Course for H.S. Equivalency Exams.</p> <p>MACH. SHOP PRACTICE</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Shop Blueprints <input type="checkbox"/> Tool & Die Maker <input type="checkbox"/> Welding Foreman</p> <p>MECHANICAL</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft and Power Plant Mechanic <input type="checkbox"/> Boiler Inspector <input type="checkbox"/> Principles of Hydraulic, Pneumatic Power <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Instrumentation <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Design <input type="checkbox"/> Power Plant Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Quality Control <input type="checkbox"/> Tool Design</p>	<p>SECRETARIAL</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Clerk-Typist <input type="checkbox"/> Secretary, Legal <input type="checkbox"/> Secretary, Medical <input type="checkbox"/> Secretary, Executive <input type="checkbox"/> Shorthand <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographic <input type="checkbox"/> Typist</p> <p>TV-RADIO-ELECTRONICS</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Cable TV Installer <input type="checkbox"/> Electronics Service Tech. <input type="checkbox"/> General Electronics <input type="checkbox"/> Indust. Electronics <input type="checkbox"/> Com. Radio Telephone License 1st, 2nd, 3rd Class <input type="checkbox"/> Solid State Electronics <input type="checkbox"/> Telephony <input type="checkbox"/> TV and Radio Servicing</p> <p>WRITING and ENGLISH</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> English and Writing <input type="checkbox"/> Free-Lance Writing <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Improvement <input type="checkbox"/> Other (tell us)</p>
--	--	--	---	--	--

W7013J

Approved for veterans for tuition refund. (G.I.'s qualify after 180 days active service)
Accredited member, Nat'l Home Study Council.
Easy pay-as-you-learn plan.
Special rates to members U.S. Armed Forces.
ICS has over 266 career-related courses

OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

Combined with Actual Detective



Vol. 40, No. 10

October, 1971

The Killer Lay in Wait for the Pretty Blonde Nurse

The brutal murder of Karen Brown might never have been solved but for the alertness of a heads-up officer who put a couple of unrelated facts together and came up with a slayer . . .

BY D. M. LAVINE 24

Arizona's Rape-Killer Had a Fear of Death

Police went all out to nab this coldblooded killer of a pretty young rape victim and an innocent young mother

BY THOMAS GRASS 4

Two Deputies Gunned Down In Dentist Office Jail Break

The Flint cops fell in a hail of gunfire and the killers fled—but they needed a miracle to make good their escape

BY PETER OBERHOLTZER 36

The Murderous Blonde Sexpot Is Free to Kill Again

Wherever this Missouri chick is, police theorize, she's with a sex partner—who just might be her next victim

BY FRED A. KINGMAN 12

The Nervy Rape Victim Fingered a Killer

The attractive girl was able to give Florida investigators remarkably coherent information about her assailant

BY W. T. BRANNON 42

Did a Woman Cut Up the Dismembered Gambler?

Indiana probers were asking that question after trying to put several body parts together like a jigsaw

BY BILL ORMSBY 18

The Fat Bank Robber's Favorite Diet Was Money

That was the one irritating certainty as Mid-South detectives and FBI agents joined forces to try and catch him

BY MALLEY J. BYRD 46

Youth's Counter-Culture Revolution:

Doing the Sex Thing at College

Another report on what is happening below the surface of America's youth revolution, and its impact on society

BY DONALD SINGLETON 22

Bonus-Length Feature:

The Killer Played Games With the Police

This hardened criminal was so sure of himself that he deliberately crossed the path of West Coast police

BY CRAIG CALDANIE 48

The Law Couldn't Hurt Him if He Killed Again

New Mexico cops were only too well aware of that fact as they got on the trail of an escaped mad-dog killer

BY BILL G. COX 30

Maryland's Case of Pre-Marital Murder

It was clearly a case of overkill in the murder of a gentle lady only three hours before she was to become a bride

BY CHARLES CARROLL 54

The Sex Deviate "Killed Women For the Sheer Joy of Killing"

It took Vienna police nearly two years to snare the human monster who killed helpless women—and then vanished

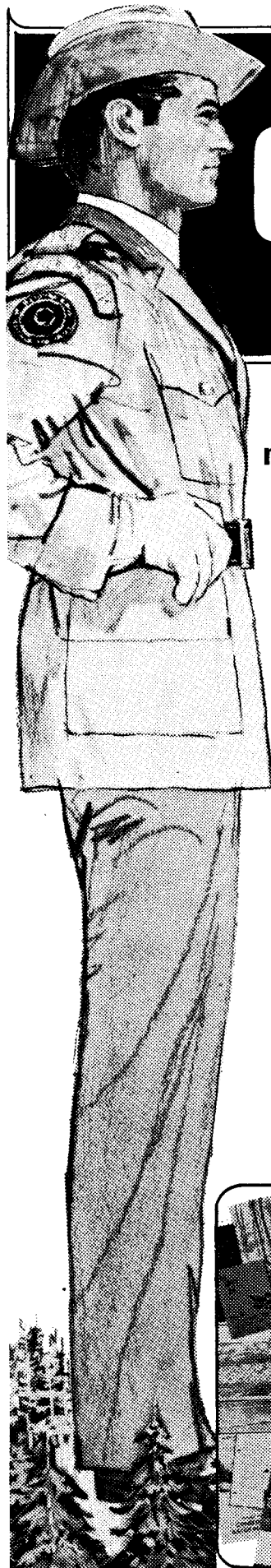
BY JOHN DUNNING 33

Up to the Minute 89

Editor A. P. GOVONI	Managing Editor EDWARD GIBBONS	Asst. Managing Editor RICHARD F. GIBBONS	Editorial Assistant A. B. ALMEIDA
	Art Director FRANK VITULLI	Associate Editor KATHY JACKSON	Editorial Assistant DONNA OWENS

November issue of OFFICIAL DETECTIVE goes on sale September 28th

OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES. Published monthly by TD Publishing Corporation, New York.
EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 206 East 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. Advertising offices also in Chicago and Los Angeles.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: In the United States and its possessions, one year \$5; two years \$9.00; three years \$13.00; Canada, one year \$5.50; two years \$10.00; three years \$14.50. All other countries, \$7.00 per subscription year.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 8 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please forward stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made if you send us your old, as well as your new address. Write to OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES, 153-01 Tenth Avenue, Whitestone, N.Y. 11357.
MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage and will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss, or injury.
FOREIGN EDITIONS handled through International Division of Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. Second-Class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and other post offices. Copyright © 1971 by T. D. Publishing Corporation. All rights reserved. Copyright under the Universal Copyright Convention and International Copyright Convention. Copyright reserved under the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun la Convencion Pan-Americana de Propiedad Literaria v Artistica. Title trademark registered in U.S. Patent Office. Printed by the Fawcett Printing Corporation at Lincolnwood, Illinois, U.S.A.



Your choice of an exciting OUTDOOR CAREER is waiting for you—if you qualify.

Thousands of jobs will be opening up in wildlife management, parks and outdoor recreation, forestry, etc.



These patches represent outdoor careers for which the National School trains you; not the official patches of any State, Federal or private conservation service.

Why spend the best days of your life punching a time clock in an office, store or factory—when you may be able to qualify for one of the thousands of new jobs that are coming up in the great outdoors because of concern for conservation and ecology.

Imagine getting paid for work you'll enjoy

Don't settle for only occasional hunting, fishing and boating trips. Live and work right next to nature—in real *man country*—all year round. Every year there are new openings in State and National Parks, the forest industry, game refuges and preserves, private hunting and fishing clubs and recreational facilities.

Here's how you can qualify... Start now!

The National School of Conservation will help you prepare at home, in your spare time, for an exciting outdoor opportunity. This accredited train-at-home program has been created by experts in the field of conservation. These men have years of on-the-job experience... and they share it with you, through every step of your training. You can even keep your present job as you learn at home... working at your own pace. National School of Conservation is America's oldest established and accredited home-study conservation school; so you *know* you're in capable hands. When you graduate, National School will assist you in contacting public and private conservation organizations and help you explore available job openings.

**Good Pay... Job Security... Low Living Costs—
a great combination!**

You can earn a good living, with advancement possibilities

and raises based on seniority and performance. As a bonus, some jobs include uniform allowances, hospital insurance, pension plans, vacations with pay... and your paychecks come through regularly—good times or bad.

You only live once... make it a life of adventure

The man who wears the insignia of a forestry, conservation, wildlife or park agency is admired by women... respected by ordinary men. He is a man of *action* called upon to rescue people in danger... to enforce our laws and protect our wildlife... to direct citizens in time of emergencies... even lead fire fighting crews. What's more, the conservationist has the satisfaction of knowing that he is serving his country... safeguarding her forests, parks, ranges and wildlife. Future generations will be grateful to him for preserving the natural beauty of our American heritage.

Send for Free Career Guidebook

There are few careers that offer a man such exciting challenges... such rich rewards. But a career like this can be yours—even with no experience or college if you train now. Get all the facts. Mail the coupon for your Free Career Guidebook. There's no obligation and no salesman will call on you. National School of Conservation, 1129-20th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.



"In less than six years I have been a Conservation Aide, a Technician, and now I am a Supervisor. And I tell everyone who asks, I owe it all to my NSC training." *Larry D. Gano, Salem, Oregon.*

"While taking this course, I was with Champion Paper Company... now I am the owner of Bryson Pulpwood Yard, and doing my own forestry work." *Mack Howell, Bryson, N.C.*

"Your course afforded me the position as Ranger-in-Charge of an area, and my present position." *David E. Heck, Asst. Park Supt. Elk Neck State Park, Maryland*



YOUR BIG CAREER KIT **FREE!**

Get all the facts free... without obligation.

Your FREE Career Kit includes:

★ CAREER GUIDEBOOK

Handsomely illustrated book packed with facts about how to start your new life in the great outdoors.

★ FIELD TRAINING INFORMATION AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Describing Camp Minong, the National School's field training camp in Wolf Springs Forest, Wisconsin.

★ "HOW TO FINANCE YOUR EDUCATION."

Complete details on how you can pay for your education through the GI Bill.

Accredited Member of the
National Home Study Council

MAIL TODAY FOR FREE CAREER KIT!

National School of Conservation, Dept. 5310N
1129 20th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

Without cost or obligation, please rush me the complete CONSERVATION CAREER KIT—FREE! This kit includes complete details on how I can qualify at home, in my spare time for an exciting career in the great outdoors. No salesman will visit.

Print Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

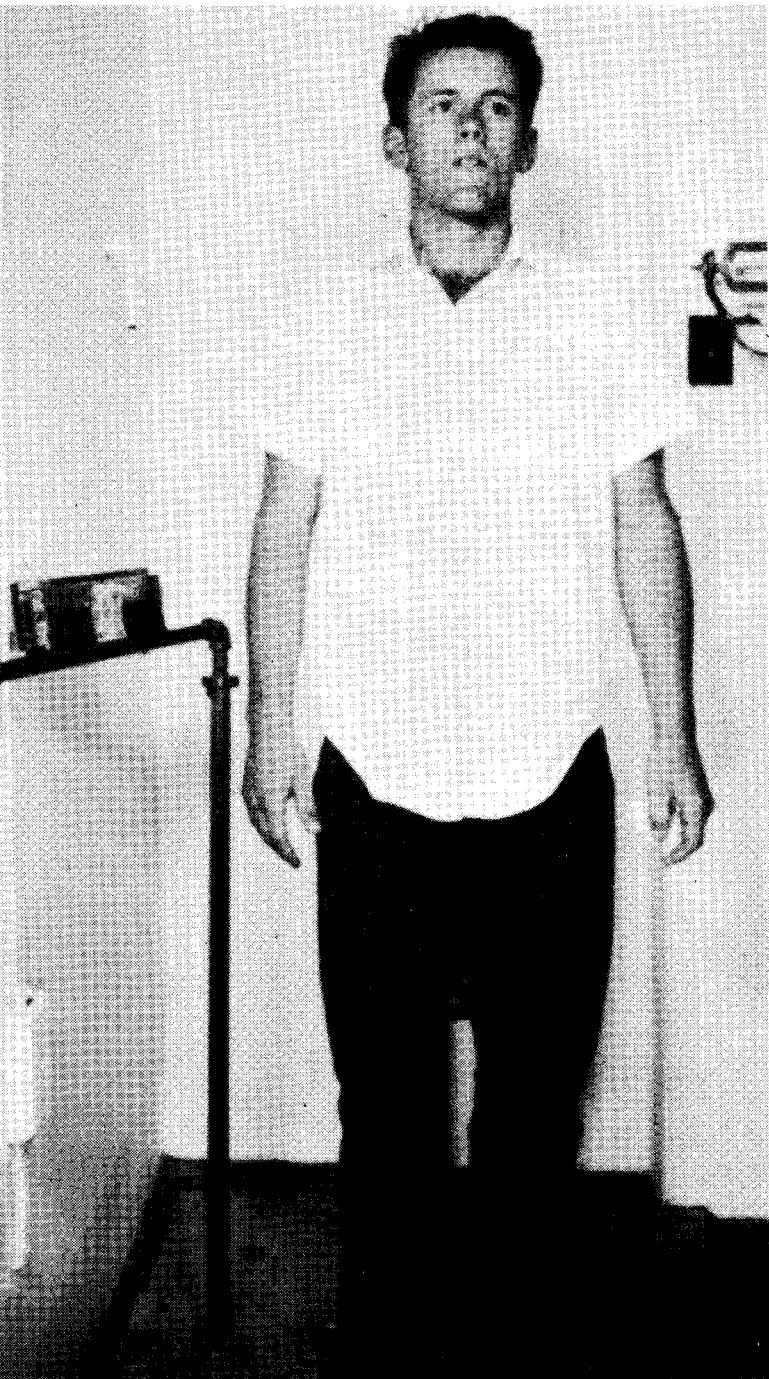
City _____

State _____

Zip _____



FC-41



ARIZONA'S RAPE-KILLER HAD A FEAR OF DEATH

by **THOMAS GRASS**

Special Investigator for ACTUAL DETECTIVE STORIES

THE COURTROOM was filled with the curious public, newsmen and law enforcement and legal officials as the first-degree murder trial got underway on the morning of Thursday, May 27, 1971. Most of the preliminaries had been dispensed with, and presiding Judge John P. Collins of the Pima County Superior Court in Tucson, Arizona was just about ready to allow the prosecution and defense attorneys to begin the questioning of veniremen so a jury could be impaneled.

Suddenly there was a buzz of anticipation from the audience in the small courtroom as the defense attorney for the 24-year-old man charged with two rape-murders asked the judge for permission for his client to address the bench. The judge called the prosecution staff forward and there was a short, whispered conference. After a moment, the judge gaveled for silence and spoke to the elderly court officer standing just a few feet away.

"Bailiff, would you clear the court for a few moments." Then Judge Collins pointed a long finger at a page of legal foolscap on the top of his desk as he resumed whispering to the attorneys. The bailiff urged the prosecutive jurors and spectators to their feet and out of the room.

As the defendant talked quietly with the judge, Lima County Sheriff Waldon Burr leaned back in his chair

(Continued on page 6)

This youth was questioned after cops checked out certain car

***This coldblooded character had slain a pretty young rape victim,
then callously gunned to death an innocent young mother
on the open highway. It was clear, therefore, that
the only death he feared was his own . . .***

Owner-Managers Wanted for Interesting, Exciting Career

*As you Add Servicemen, your Income Climbs
You have Security...Prestige...Success*

Start Full or Spare Time

We are now seeking reliable men, each to become an Owner-Manager of a nationally advertised business in his community.

We will train you . . . help finance you . . . guide you in your own high-profit business.

Duraclean dealers do not try their luck. Their proven methods assured success to hundreds of men throughout 30 countries.

Start full time . . . or spare time *adding your business profit to your job salary* until your business income warrants full time.

You can start a big operation . . . or many start a small full-time dealership with only 1 or 2 servicemen that can bring in \$30,000 *and UP* yearly. As you add servicemen, we furnish and pay for the equipment. You have a very large net profit on EACH man.

You become a specialist in the care of carpets, rugs and furniture . . . a gratifying, interesting, exciting profession.

The coupon brings full facts so you can decide if you want to share in the success of this growing, worldwide organization.

Your service is vastly different.

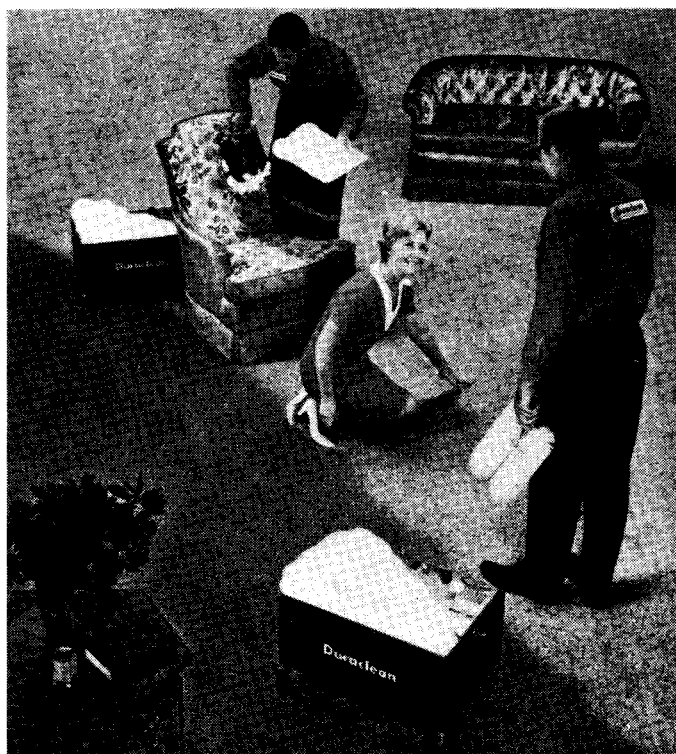
Your carpet & upholstery cleaning service livens fibers . . . revives dull colors, raises pile. It avoids the usual soaking and fiber breaks from a machine scrub. Mild aerated foam, lightly applied, lifts clinging soil.

Scrubbing and do-it-yourself "so called" cleaning drive soil deeper till it seeps back to re-soil the surface.

Your men TAKE SOIL OUT.

Your 7 on-location services erase stains, make fibers resistant to fire and to stain, control static in carpet, mothproof, restore carpet tufts.

If a dealer retires, gets sick, or moves, we help him sell. Dealers resell up to 10 times dealership cost.



We are enlarging this worldwide system of individually owned service businesses. If you are reliable, we invite you to mail the coupon.

It's Easier than You Think to Start Your Own Business

Our booklet shows you the way we help you to get customers *and grow*. See how EACH serviceman can increase a \$12 hourly 1-man gross profit to \$19, then to \$26 and on up.

YOUR Duraclean service is highly recommended by makers of furniture and carpets, by magazine editors and by a well known research laboratory.

Magazine page ads create demand for your services . . . bring you jobs. There are 15 ways to get customers.

Operate from office or your home. You can carry equipment in car trunk till profits buy your first trucks.


Mechanization, automation and mergers wiped out a million jobs since 1960. Your dealership gives you security, prestige, a higher level income . . . a forward-moving future.

Little over a thousand dollars of your own creates a growing, lifetime business that YOU own. We add our own funds up to twice your minimum franchise investment.

Get the facts now . . . TODAY before your location may be taken.

It's said, "Opportunity knocks but once at each man's door." This was that opportunity for hundreds of men. Perhaps it is for you.

You can decide in the *privacy of your home* from facts we'll mail you. So find out now . . . today.

Duraclean® International 

1-370 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015

WITHOUT OBLIGATION send me the free booklet which shows me how I can start a Duraclean business in my spare time without risking my job. No salesman is to call.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State & Zip _____



Pet dog of victim Cindy Winter was guarding body of the 14-year-old girl, sprawled half-nude alongside her bike, when investigating officers arrived

toward the rear of the courtroom and let his thoughts drift back to March 23rd of last year. That was the day his office had become involved in the first of the savage rape-killings.

A phone call to the desk sergeant at the county sheriff's office was placed by a nervous man painting for breath as he gasped, "There's a body out here in the desert, Officer!" The caller continued in a jumbled rush, "It's a girl, a little girl! She's dead. Looks like she was shot. Some of her clothes are off. My horse almost stepped on her!"

Under calm questioning by the desk sergeant, the caller said he'd been riding on horseback in a ravine near the fashionable Oro Valley Country Club golf course when he stumbled on the body. When the horseman mentioned that he touched the body to make sure she was dead and he'd found the remains to be still warm, the sergeant knew he might have a fresh victim on his hands.

Quickly, he determined where the caller was, requested the man to await the arrival of deputies, then set the all-out chase wheels in motion. An alert was broadcast over the emergency "chase" sheriff's frequency, notifying all patrolling deputies of a newly found body. Sheriff's Detective Sergeant John Lyon from Homicide was dispatched to the scene with two carloads of deputies and assistants, and preparations were made to surround the golf course area and set up roadblocks if they became necessary.

Within moments, the deputies were at the murder scene to look for identification and clues. But as Detective Sergeant Lyon and his men piled out of their car they had trouble getting to the body, which lay in plain sight in the bottom of the ravine, just under the branches of a mesquite tree. Before the car door was opened, a large brown dog left his post by the still form and stalked, neck hair bristling, toward the law officers. As they started to move out of the vehicle toward the girl, the dog snarled, then jumped for one of the deputies. Lyon tried to grab the animal and was rewarded with slashing teeth. The dog backed off and stood guard over the girl, barking and snapping at each officer who tried an approach. It was several moments before the dog was removed and the investigators could finally approach the victim's half-nude body.

A few moments later, pathologist Jay Anderson confirmed to Detective Lyon that it was a recent kill.

"The girl's been dead for only a few minutes, John. Probably less than a half-hour."

Suppressing a shudder of violent anger directed toward anyone who would brutally slay such a small, helpless girl, the detective studied what had been discovered thus far. Then he again questioned Anderson from the coroner's office. "Rape?"

The pathologist raised himself from a kneeling position beside the still huddled form. His face was grimly

set. "Looks like it." He wiped his hands on a handkerchief. "Have to make some lab checks to be sure." He motioned for his aides to cover the body and take it to a nearby ambulance for shipment to the morgue. "Death was caused by those puncture wounds in her back and on the neck. Several of them could've been fatal."

"What made the wounds?" Lyon asked.

"Probably a small-caliber gun, twenty-two or twenty-five. But we'll check to make sure she wasn't just stabbed repeatedly with something small and sharp like an icepick."

"Okay. Call the office soon as you have anything definite. We'll look for both kinds of weapons."

Another deputy came up. He had the girl's wallet. "Found it over there in that pile of clothing."

Detective Lyon thumbed through the cards in the pastel-colored bill-fold. Cindy Winter. Fourteen years old. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Winter of Tucson.

Lyon glanced back at his assistants and some of the sheriff's deputies as they scoured the area. The girl's bicycle lay on its side where it had been discovered some 10 yards from the child. A cycle trail meandered down the slope of the ravine as it wound through the desert area near the golf course.

When Sergeant Lyon had first checked the girl she'd been wearing a blouse, part of her torn undercloth-

(Continued on page 8)

MEN! Train at home with us for a BIG INCOME CAREER IN ACCOUNTING

DEMAND FOR ACCOUNTANTS AT ALL TIME HIGH
Train at home in spare time for one of 1000s high pay prestige positions open to Accountants. Or, open your own accounting practice.

Accounting is the most direct road to high level positions in business — more corporation presidents got their start in Accounting than in any other field! And no wonder! As an Accountant you'll be an "insider" on your company's management team . . . the confidential data you develop will be essential to making major corporate decisions and even to handling day-to-day company affairs. The demand for Accountants already far exceeds the supply, as more than 5 million U.S. firms require financial statements, bookkeeping systems, etc. to operate daily. Whatever your previous experience or education — we show you how! Thousands spare time opportunities, too. Now you can grasp this golden ground-floor opportunity.



OPEN THIS DOOR NOW...

Mail coupon-envelope for FREE "Accounting Career Kit"

This fully automatic
ELECTRIC ADDING MACHINE Given To You
... when you train at North American



3 BIG ACCOUNTING OPPORTUNITIES ... choose one or all three!

- 1. ACCOUNTANT—**
Over 1/2 million Accountants plus 1 million full & part time Bookkeepers employed today with business, accounting firms, Government, etc. Demand already exceeds supply by far.
- 2. BOOKKEEPING SERVICE—**
Make good fees keeping books for small businesses. Over 5 million businesses in U.S. today. All need financial statements, bookkeeping service, etc. Ideal part time career.
- 3. TAX SERVICE—**
Earn \$\$\$\$ during tax season, preparing income tax returns at home for friends, neighbors, relatives, referrals, etc.

ACCOUNTING . . .

THE "LAYOFF-PROOF" CAREER Accountants not only command top pay, but gain lifetime security as well. They are not affected by layoffs or recessions. There's *always* a job waiting for the trained Accountant for he is the indispensable man whose work is essential to the operation of every business. Thousands of good Accounting jobs are going begging *right now*. The U.S. Dept. of Labor forecasts 33,000 *new* Accountants and 78,000 *new* Bookkeepers will be needed *each year* for the next ten years. The door is open wide for you now. Mail coupon for FREE "Accounting Career Kit."

OUR "LEARN-BY-DOING" METHOD MAKES ACCOUNTING EASY Our step-by-step method of training shows you how computers and other business machines can simplify your work and make you more valuable to your company. We show you how to "set up books" for every type of business and profession. We reveal the secrets of using computer reports. We even give you a fully automatic electric adding machine which adds, subtracts and multiplies figures in seconds . . . helps you make good money part time while still learning.

Accredited Member
NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL



NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTING,
4500 Campus Dr., Dept. 1156A, Newport Beach, CA 92663

CUT OUT ENTIRE ENVELOPE . . . BOTH PANELS . . .
FOLD IN HALF . . . SEAL (Staple or Tape) AND MAIL

FREE!



Rush me FREE
"ACCOUNTING
CAREER KIT"

MAIL THIS HANDY POSTAGE-PAID COUPON-ENVELOPE . . .

Cut out *entire* Business Reply Envelope (*both* panels) along dotted line. Fill in coupon-envelope. Seal (staple, tape or paste). Mail today! **NO POSTAGE STAMP IS NECESSARY!**

YES . . . send me your FREE "Accounting Career Kit" including 28-Page CAREER FACT BOOK: "Your Future in Accounting."

I understand that there is no cost or obligation on my part, now or ever, and that no salesman will call.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

FOLD IN HALF HERE ↓ SEAL (STAPLE OR TAPE) AND MAIL

Postage
Will be Paid
by
Addressee

No
Postage Stamp
Necessary
If Mailed in the
United States

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

First Class Permit No. 363 NEWPORT BEACH, CALIF.

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTING

4500 Campus Drive, University Plaza

Newport Beach, California 92663

Dept. 1156A

ing and tennis shoes. Her other clothes were in the pile where his deputy had found the wallet containing Cindy's identity. The detective had already dispatched patrol cars to search the area for possible suspects, and detectives were going house to house to question residents in the exclusive homes in this Oro Valley neighborhood. No roadblocks had been ordered since there was nothing approaching a description of a suspect and no apparent witnesses to the murder.

The only thing resembling a clue was a set of footprints in the loose sand. Lyon had ordered plaster casts of the prints, found leading away from the murder scene. However, he knew that because of the sifting sand, they wouldn't be too accurate a measure of even shoe size, and no distinguishing marks had taken in the soil. No weapon had been found yet.

Reluctantly, Detective Lyon turned to his car and headed for the Winters' address as listed on one of the cards he'd studied, knowing the identification must be confirmed and the parents questioned.

The next day, still with no firm suspect in sight, Detective Lyon conferred with Sheriff Burr and other members of the homicide department to discuss their findings in the case thus far.

Lyon reported that the girl's father had positively identified the remains. He said the girl had left home late in the afternoon to bicycle to the Oro Valley Country Club course to meet some of her friends. Cindy had been a student at nearby Canyon Del Oro High School.

"Today," Detective Lyon told the sheriff, "some of my men are checking with Cindy's friends, and looking

over some of her fellow students." He confirmed to Burr that the footprints found at the scene had been small, and could have been made either by a small man or a teenage boy.

"What about the dog" another detective asked.

"Here's where we might have something," Sergeant Lyon said. "Her dad said it was her pet. Now, remember the trouble we had getting past the animal to Cindy? I've got doubts any stranger could've gotten to her, even if he'd wanted to take a chance with such a big dog."

Sheriff Burr nodded. "Makes good



Intensive investigative work by Detective John Lyon (above) and Sheriff Waldon Burr paid off in arrest of suspect in the killings

sense. That could well be an indication that the killer knew her, or at least knew the dog." He turned to another of the homicide officers. "Make sure a very careful study is made of all those school kids and the family's friends. Pay particular attention to anyone with a history of sex trouble."

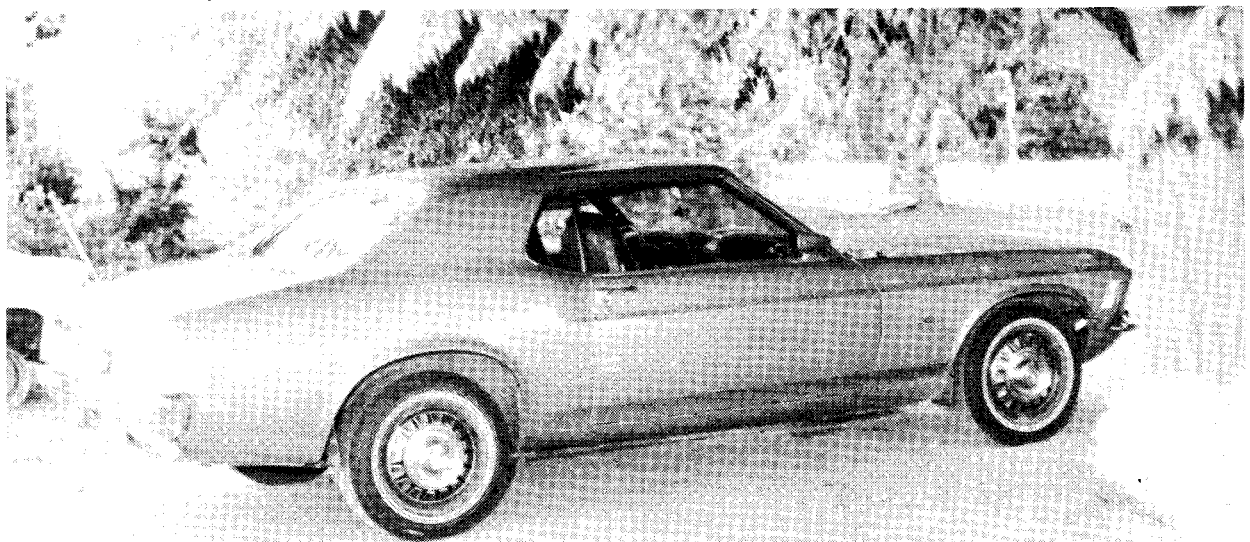
"Check" was the terse response. "And we're following routine in locating all known deviates to see where they were at the time of death."

On the 29th of March, a week after the sex-slaying of Cindy Winter, Sheriff Burr called members of the Tucson press to a conference. First, he confirmed a rumor which some of the crime reporters had been checking that the department had been questioning two suspects in the killing. The sheriff said that the feet of both suspects had appeared to closely match the rough plaster casts of the prints discovered at the murder scene. But as the reporters leaned forward in anticipation with pens poised for names and a possible major break in the case, the sheriff continued, "However, lie detector tests have completely cleared the two individuals of any suspicion. And further confirming evidence clearing the two has already been uncovered. They are completely out of the picture." Then Burr summed up the latest moves by his office, letting the newsmen know that Cindy's bike had been sent to the laboratories of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington, D.C., for a detailed fingerprint examination.

From there, the Winter murder dissolved into routine. There was a check-out of every .22 caliber gun which came to the attention of the department, since pathologist Anderson's final report had shown this as

(Continued on page 10)

This green Mustang was mentioned in statements by witnesses in each of the murders

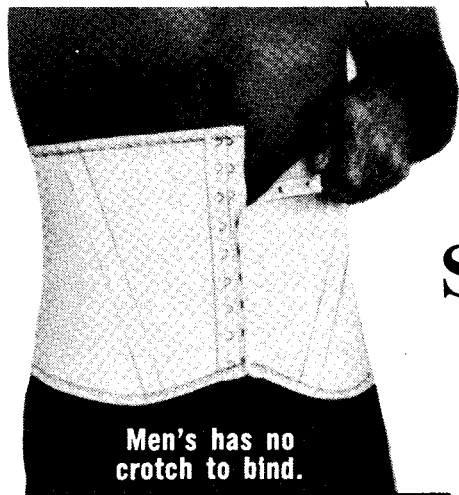


Men and Women, Control Stomach Bulge,

help relieve backache!*

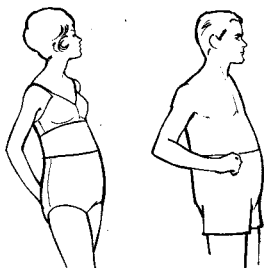
Start to look and feel good again!

SACROTONE



Men's has no
crotch to bind.

FROM THIS



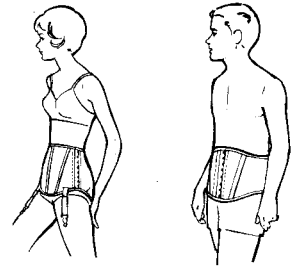
Protruding stomach make you
look thick-waisted, bulgy?

Nagged by back pain and dis-
comfort due to fatigue and
posture strain?



Women's has
4 garters.

TO THIS



Bulge banished! Stomach flat-
tened! Waistline smoothed.
You look inches slimmer.

Helps align your spine. Your
back feels great.*

NOW ONLY

\$4.98

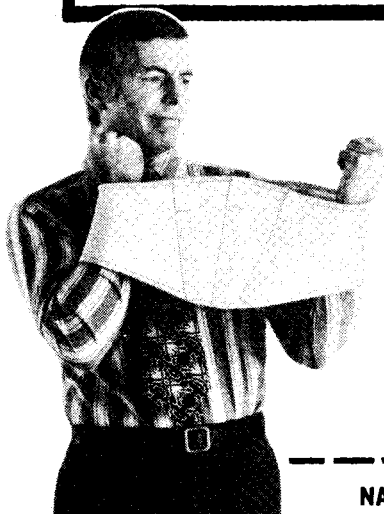
(men's)

2 for \$9.50

Women's \$5.98

2 for \$11.00

*where firm support alone is needed.



Super Powerful, lightweight,
stretchy, Sacrotone is anatomically
designed with flexible steel stays
that bend with you for sure support.

Look Slimmer, Younger... feel bet-
ter with Sacrotone's help. Put it on,
inches seem to disappear. You look
firm and trim.

Enjoy Life Again. Wear Sacrotone un-
detected at work, sports or home.
Machine washable cotton, acetate,
rubber. Adjustable hook-and-eye
closing. Made in Hong Kong.

Men's style 10, even waist sizes 24
thru 52, \$4.98 ea., 2 for \$9.50.

Women's style 12, even waist sizes
24 thru 52, \$5.98 ea., 2 for \$11.00.

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY! MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

NATIONAL HEALTH GUILD, Inc. Dept. 2749, 1500 Finnegan Avenue, Saddle Brook, N. J. 07662

Please rush me Sacrotone. I enclose:

Check (No Cash or C.O.D.'s) Money Order

I'll add 50¢ for Postage and Handling on the
first item and 25¢ for each additional.

STYLE	SIZE	QUAN.	EACH	2 FOR	AMOUNT

Name _____

Address _____ PRINT CLEARLY TO ASSURE DELIVERY _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

POSTAGE &
HANDLING

SALES TAX

TOTAL AMOUNT
ENCLOSED



Prior to rape-slayings, operator of this digging rig was gunned down (arrow)

the size of the lethal weapon which killed Cindy. Detective Lyon and his crews finished their checkout of known deviates and the friends of the Winter family with negative results. Sergeant Lyon had hopes when two men with rape records had loomed as likely suspects but after a week's probing both men's alibis held up and they were written off.

During the second week in April, a story appeared in the Tucson Daily Star which indicated the general public's concern over the thus-far fruitless search for the killer:

"Residents of the north side where a 14-year-old girl was shot to death are raising money in hopes of offering a \$500 reward for information leading to conviction of the killer.

"Residents of the exclusive area say they have raised \$2,000 in reward money and hope to increase it to \$5,000, to help in finding the killer of Cindy Winter, killed last March 22nd."

However, the reward offer led to very few tips, and Detective Lyon was stymied at least for the time being in his search for the murderer.

Then came the second killing.

On May 22, 1970, Mrs. Nancy Harwood of Tucson was driving the family car south of the city, heading for a short vacation with her two children. Mrs. Harwood's four-year-old son and two-year-old daughter were playing happily in the back seat as she drove toward Rocky Point, Sonora, Mexico. That vacation mecca was the destination of Nancy and her friend, Mrs. Virginia Lee Hodge, who were traveling in separate cars.

Mrs. Hodge is society editor of the Arizona Daily Star and her husband is a former newspaperman now working for the University of Arizona Environmental Laboratory at Tucson's International Airport. Both Mr. Hodge and Gerald Harwood were working that week end and unable to accompany their wives on the vacation trip. Gerald Harwood was a University of Arizona graduate student working in biological science research. Nancy taught fifth grade in the Exploratory Learning Center at Miles School in Tucson. The two small preschool children in the car with her were by a previous marriage. In addition to little Jacob and Natasha Harwood, three-year-old Maggie Hodge was riding in the other car with her mother to Rocky Point.

The small town of Sells, Arizona is about 60 miles west of Tucson and halfway to Ajo on Arizona Highway 86. That highway intersects 10 miles south of Ajo with Arizona 85 which goes on to the Mexican border and to Rocky Point.

Mrs. Hodge was driving her car just ahead of the Harwood vehicle at about 2 in the afternoon as the vacation party neared Sells. In her rear view mirror, Virginia Hodge noted a third car following just behind her friend. It looked like a Ford Mustang, green in color, and driven by a young man. Just after passing through Sells, she noticed Nancy pulling her car off the road. A small cloud of dust was kicked up as the car hit the shoulder of the highway, and she saw the Mustang pulling off the road almost simultaneously.

"Oh my," she muttered to her

daughter, Maggie. "I wonder if she's had trouble . . . a flat tire or something?"

Slowing her own car she scanned the shoulder of the highway looking for a spot to pull off, finally noting a widened area where she stopped to wait for her friend. But when a period of several minutes passed and Nancy hadn't shown up, Mrs. Hodge started her engine and turned around to look for her. That's when she noticed the green automobile again. It had pulled up just behind where she had been parked. As she passed the Mustang on her way back to the stopping point of Nancy's car, the young driver waved at her. Self-consciously, she smiled slightly and waved back, wondering if Nancy knew the man.

She was unable to locate her friend. Thinking she might have just missed seeing the Harwood car, she turned around and headed again for Rocky Point. Later, she was to report to police that she'd spotted the green car yet a third time, moving back toward Sells and passing her as she drove south.

It was 4:30 that same afternoon before anyone saw Mrs. Nancy Harwood or her two children. Some two-and-a-half hours after being last seen by Virginia Hodge, three Papago Indians walking about 14 miles west of Sells spotted two young white children playing beside the highway. Lloyd Hendricks, Fernando Campello and Mike Francisco stopped their car as they traveled home from work and questioned the little boy and girl—the Harwood tots.

The four-year-old boy, Jacob, said to Hendricks, "My mommy has been shot," and pointed into the desert.

Hendricks, Campello and Francisco put the kids into their car and spread out, searching the area on foot until Campello found a set of tire tracks.

"Hey!" he called to his fellow workers. "Over here!"

They walked about two-tenths of a mile from the highway and discovered a car stuck in a wash. Mrs. Harwood was lying beside it. She had been shot twice in the head, but she was still alive. Campello ran back and drove their car through the thick brush to the Harwood vehicle. The three Indians carefully lifted the unconscious Nancy Harwood into the back seat of their car. Holding little Jacob and Natasha in their laps in the front seat the men rushed to the Sells hospital.

Mrs. Harwood died before the 14-mile distance was covered. She never recovered consciousness, and she never uttered a word.

Again Sheriff Burr's Pima County office in Tucson was contacted and Sergeant John Lyon was dispatched to oversee the investigation. The chief homicide detective hurried to the Sells hospital where he left one of his men to talk to Jacob and Natasha while the Indians (Continued on page 79)

START YOUR NEW CAREER NOW! WITHOUT OVERHEAD! ANY PLACE! ANY AGE!

UPHOLSTERING JUST ONE

you don't even have to quit your present job!!!

CHAIR can pay you as much as your present weekly paycheck!

Start learning now. At home, or in the garage, in your spare time — no outside classes to attend. If you can tie a knot and drive a tack, you can learn this business, quickly, easily. You start learning the basics right away through the proven MUI Home Training Plan. And before you're barely into it, you can start doing the simple upholstering jobs that are all around you waiting to be done. Chairs, cushions, seats, footstools. Even before MUI students finish their training, people start bringing upholstery jobs to them, and remember—the world is full of furniture that needs fixing and re-upholstering and more is wearing out all the time!

"What started as a hobby, now pays me \$10 an hour"
 Yes, many MUI graduates make better than \$10 an hour turning old wornout furniture into bright new decorator pieces! **Stack it up against what you're doing now!** Are you making \$150 a week? \$200? \$250? Do you put in long hours of dull work, with small raises? Is that the way you want to spend the rest of your life? Just imagine, you can make \$150, \$200, \$250 upholstering just one chair or sofa these days! And if you're the kind of person who likes to work and earn, you can sometimes finish a job like this in a day. That's pay, ... and it beats what most college graduates make!

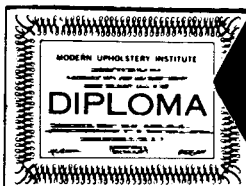
AS YOU LEARN, YOU JUST SLIP INTO THE IMMENSE FLOW OF UPHOLSTERY WORK! Think of all there is! ... Sofas, lounging chairs finished in beautiful fabrics, which MUI tells you how to get at the right price — even leather and all the new vinyls. And then you have built-ins and breakfast nooks, boats, trailers and all the millions of automobiles in America. Yes, you learn all this and more! When we finish teaching you, (in your own home in your spare time) and when you get our California state approved diploma, you know this business ... as a real professional! You will then have one of the most fantastic moneymaking skills in America built into your head and hands! No one can ever take this skill away from you ... and no one can ever fire you, because you're the boss of a business that you can take with you ... You can make big money from then on ... any time, anyplace you want to put out your shingle!

When you read the papers you see there's a strike here, a lockout there. Detroit lays off 150,000 men. A plant is shut down and moved out of state. A new automated machine eliminates 5,000 jobs. They talk about dislocated workers and try to do something about it. What pays the bills if you get caught up in one of these situations? When you know upholstering, life gets very simple and lots of fun. It's simple because where there are people, there are upholstery jobs and lots of them. It's fun because life is fun when the bills are paid and there's money in the bank, even enough to buy those things you've always wanted for yourself.

YOU GET SIX BIG FURNITURE KITS



YOU GET THIS AUTHORIZED DIPLOMA WHEN YOU GRADUATE



MUI IS APPROVED BY THE CALIFORNIA SUPER-INTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION AND IS AUTHORIZED TO ISSUE A DIPLOMA IN UPHOLSTERY.

MODERN UPHOLSTERY INSTITUTE
 Box 899-ERT Orange, Calif. 92669

WORK THE HOURS YOU LIKE TO WORK!!

If you favor a regular 35 hours a week, upholstery lets you do it and make a really fine living. On the other hand, if you're really ambitious and want to work 60 or 70 hours a week, you are starting to talk about some big, big money! The important thing is that the choice is yours, not somebody else's! (Not like when you're working for someone else.) Many students of retirement age just do a few pieces now and then just to keep things nice and comfortable.

TO GET STARTED, JUST GET THE COUPON IN THE MAIL ... TODAY! It costs you nothing to get the information and there's no obligation. No salesman is going to call you. This much and this much only, every successful MUI graduate must do for himself — send the coupon today!

YOU'LL GET A BIG ILLUSTRATED 32 PAGE BOOK ON UPHOLSTERY and the upholstery business, and an actual free sample lesson showing how the fabulously successful MUI system is taught. For your sake and the sake of your future, do it now. Cut out the coupon, fill it out, put it in an envelope and mail it now. Air mail reaches MUI about two days sooner!

ALL THE SPECIAL "TOOLS OF THE TRADE" ARE YOURS ...

THIS FREE UPHOLSTERY BOOK may be the most important information you ever read.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

MODERN UPHOLSTERY INSTITUTE, Box 899-ERT Orange, Calif. 92669

Please send the FREE UPHOLSTERY CAREER BOOK, the FREE SAMPLE LESSON. I understand I am under no obligation whatever and am just sending for the free facts on job and career opportunities in Upholstering and the MUI home training program. I understand that no salesman will call.



APPROVED FOR VETERANS

Name _____ Age _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____



THE MURDEROUS BLONDE SEXPOT IS FREE TO KILL AGAIN!

by FRED A. KINGMAN

Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

During trial of attractive defendant (above and below), defense attorney commented: "I am not here to defend Sharon Kinne's morals. Obviously she likes boys. But that's not murder"



Patricia Jones entered a Thunderbird on the night of her murder. Only four weeks before; Sharon Kinne had bought Thunderbird from Patricia's husband

With a record of five murder trials in two counties, a Missouri chick named Sharon Kinne has been free as a bird for nearly two years after crashing out of a Mexican prison. Wherever she is, police theorize, she's with a sex partner—of one sex or another—who just might become her next murder victim . . .

SUNDAY, December 7, 1969, was a rather pleasant day at La Carcel de Mujeres, a women's penitentiary in Ixtapalapa, Mexico, a suburb of Mexico City. It was, perhaps it should be said, as pleasant as any day can be inside the grim walls of a prison. Crowds of visitors filed into the minimum security institution during the day to reassure the inmates that their families were waiting for them on the outside, pending the day they would be released.

For the two American women held at La Carcel de Mujeres, visiting day was merely another day to be marked off on the calendar, another dismal, lost day of incarceration. One of the women expected no visitors. She had entered the prison only four days before and was not yet permitted to have visitors.

And for Mrs. Sharon Kinne, a 29-year-old Independence, Missouri, woman who was serving a 13-year sentence for murder, the day held no promises either, that is, as events developed, so far as visitors were concerned. During the five years Sharon had been behind bars, her visitors had been few. Occasionally, an American journalist hoping to write a story for an American newspaper about the still vivacious young woman would seek and be granted an interview. But it was always the same. After the interview, Sharon again sank into the oblivion of prison life.

At 5:30 p.m., with the end of visiting hours, many of the inmates began assembling for the Sunday night movie. Not all of the prisoners responded to the movie call. Mrs. Kinne was one of them.

While the movie was in progress, sometime after 6:30 o'clock, there was a three-to-eight-minute blackout in the prison caused by an electrical power failure. When the power

was restored the movie continued to its conclusion and the women were returned to their cells for the night.

It was about 8 o'clock when prison guards made a startling discovery. Sharon Kinne and two other women were missing!

Guards ran through the interior of the prison shouting the names of the missing inmates. Subsequently, two of the women were located—but Sharon Kinne was not one of them.

Guards continued to search the prison and to question other inmates about Mrs. Kinne. Apparently the last time she was seen was about 5 o'clock, when she was observed by a guard walking toward a room in which children of the imprisoned women attended school classes during the day. In rapid succession guards made additional discoveries.

There was a padlock on the door to the classroom, but the lock was open. Next, guards found a leather belt tied to a tree branch at the wall.

To Maria de Lourdes Ricaud, Director of La Carcel de Mujeres, the facts were becoming alarmingly clear. First, there was the unprecedented electrical failure; then, the door that "always is padlocked" but, for some reason, was not locked that Sunday night; the belt on the tree by the wall; and finally, the disappearance of Sharon Kinne!

It all added up to just one thing. At 2 a.m., Mrs. Ricaud notified the Mexico City Judicial Police that Mrs. Kinne apparently had escaped from La Carcel de Mujeres. Police immediately began combing the countryside around the prison, but the attractive young blonde had left no trail.

At first prison authorities thought that perhaps Sharon had disguised herself in some manner and left the prison in the crowd of visitors. But as the investigation continued, the

authorities reached the conclusion that Sharon probably had made her escape just after visiting hours, when most of the prison population was watching the movie.

They theorized that she had crossed a roof to a gas pipe, slid down the pipe to the prison patio, and then entered the children's classroom. From there she climbed out onto a wall and used the belt tied to the tree branch to drop to freedom on the other side of the wall.

There were guardhouses at the four corners of the wall of the prison. It was learned, however, that the guards had left their posts to dump the prison garbage while the movie was in progress. To have followed the escape route suggested by the authorities, Sharon would have passed the dining hall where the inmates were watching the movie. Because of the movie the large windows in the dining hall were covered with heavy curtains.

Carlos Puentes Avila of the Mexico City Judicial Police assumed direction of the search for Sharon Kinne. It was obvious from the beginning that vigilance at the prison that Sunday night had been extremely light; there were, in fact, any number of ways in which Sharon might have escaped.

Avila thought that perhaps she might have bribed one or more of the guards, either with money or a reward of another nature, to leave the door unlocked. He also considered the possibility that a former inmate or another accomplice had helped her flee once she was outside the wall.

He also reasoned that Mrs. Kinne could have dyed her hair, or even disguised herself as a man, and mingled with the visitors who were leaving at the conclusion of visiting hours. Those who had known Sharon

Chief Detective Harry Nesbitt (l.), Sgt. Floyd Delapp examine bullet slug found near body of Mrs. Jones



A .22 caliber slug served as vital evidence at Sharon Kinne's trial. Missing murder weapon and mismatched slugs made the going very difficult for prosecuting attorney

back in her home town of Independence would undoubtedly chuckle over the idea that the sexy, young woman disguised herself as a man!

As the investigation continued, other theories developed. It was learned that a woman who had identified herself as Sharon's mother called her on the telephone from Anchorage, Alaska, at 6:30 a.m. that Sunday morning. The woman was not permitted to talk to Sharon because of the early hour. About a year before Sharon had been permitted to answer a similar call from Anchorage. It was determined that Sharon's mother actually was living in Anchorage.

Prison officials also reported to Avila that Mrs. Kinne received a letter earlier from her mother in which the mother stated:

"No matter what you are you are still my daughter and I will help you in every way as much as I can so that you may be near me."

Photographs of the attractive escapee were distributed in towns and villages near the border and at frontier crossing points. Transportation terminals throughout the country were put under close police scrutiny.

Mrs. Ricaud, the prison director, was grimly confident that Sharon would be captured. "Mrs. Kinne won't get far. She will spend another Christmas with us," she said flatly.

Mrs. Ricaud disputed the conten-

tion that Sharon had bribed one or more of the guards to aid her escape. However, she acknowledged that as a part of the institution's policy supervision at the prison was minimal.

"There are not enough policemen on guard at the walls, since it is our policy not to make the inmates feel overguarded," she explained. "Modern penologists advise avoiding overdramatizing vigilance, especially in women's prisons, to avoid traumas," she added.

Mrs. Kinne was one of the few escapees since the prison had been opened in 1954 and she was the only one in 1969. However, she was not the only American to escape from a Mexican prison that year.

In April, Dykes Askew Simmons Jr., who was convicted of killing three young Mexicans nearly 10 years before, escaped from a maximum security prison for men in Monterrey, Mexico. Simmons first was sentenced to death before a firing squad but the sentence later was commuted to 30 years in prison.

When he was safely back in the United States, Simmons boasted that he had bribed a guard for a key to his cell. Through an accomplice he obtained a nun's habit and makeup to darken his face and walked out of the prison with a crowd of Sunday visitors. He was driven north across the border in the secret compartment of a car. Less than six months later, however, Simmons was slain in a fight in Fort Worth, Texas.

There was a parallel in the two escapes if Sharon Kinne had, indeed,

bribed a guard and then disguised herself as a man and walked out of the prison with the Sunday visitors. Was there also the possibility that she, too, had an accomplice? Could that accomplice have been a former inmate?

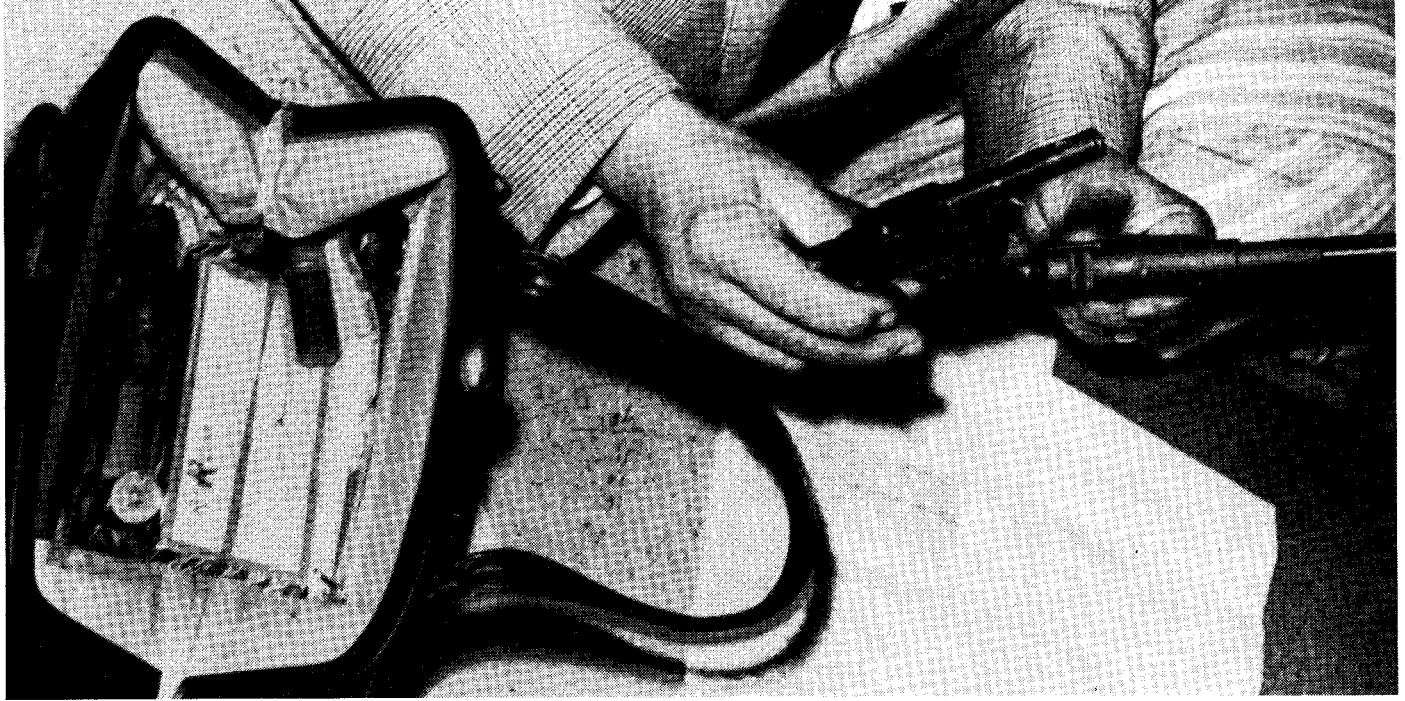
The police learned that Mrs. Kinne had made only one really close friend during the time she was in prison, and that friend was now released. Prison officials said that Sharon was hated by virtually all the other inmates. It seemed likely that if she had assistance, it was the result of bribes and help from the outside.

Sharon's close friend was Molanda Sanchez Lopez. They were the only two women who were permitted to share a cell. All other inmates are four to a cell. There was no official explanation for the privilege granted Sharon and Yolanda, and the ramifications of the association intrigued the police.

They learned that Sharon taught English to Yolanda and the latter taught Sharon to speak Spanish. After her release, Yolanda had often visited Sharon on week ends.

The police learned that Yolanda was last known to be living in the state of Aguascalientes, about 325 miles northwest of Mexico City. Officers went to Aguascalientes seeking Yolanda for questioning about her former cellmate. But, after several days of searching the officers found no trace of either Yolanda or Sharon, nor did they find anyone who could provide a lead to Yolanda's current whereabouts. Apparently she had dropped out of circulation.

There were other theories about the escape. One which police gave considerable credence to was that



After the murder in the Mexican capital, police found cartridges and these pistols in Sharon Kinne's handbag. One belonged to her, she admitted quite candidly, but she claimed that the second weapon was the property of an acquaintance from Chicago

Sharon had assistance from a former police officer named Manuel Hernandez, who had visited her on occasion. Hernandez was being sought by police in the \$15,000 payroll holdup of two government employes two weeks before Sharon's escape. The authorities considered the possibility that Hernandez could have supplied Sharon with a disguise and then waited for her outside the prison wall.

There also was a matter of police prestige involved. The old cliché that Mexican police methods are generally ineffective is not completely valid. American authorities who have worked with Mexican law enforcement agencies have remarked that the Mexican police are highly effective when they want to be.

"When they really want somebody they usually get him," an American police officer observed. "And," he added, "they really want Mrs. Kinne and Hernandez."

In all, officers from four separate agencies had joined in the search for Sharon Kinne. They included the Federal District Attorney's Office; the Mexico City District Attorney's Office; the Mexican Secret Police; and the Mexico City Police Department. The fact that the Mexico City police continued to investigate the escape indicated that they thought Sharon might be hiding some place in that city of seven million persons.

Beyond acknowledging that Sharon could have escaped either by going over the wall or disguising herself as a man, the authorities ordered a virtual news blackout on information they released about the

escape. The Mexican newspapers, however, carried front page stories about Sharon's escape and her bizarre past, which dated back to a murder trial when she was only 19 years old.

The Mexican press referred to the blonde American as "La Pistolera." The name of Sharon Kinne had become almost as popular in Mexico City as it was in Kansas City, Missouri, in the early 1960s, when it was as much a household name as Betty Crocker.

In the space of only four years, Sharon had four trials in Kansas City on two separate murder charges, and yet was still free to make a trip to Mexico City where she subsequently was involved in yet another murder!

Sharon was only 19 years old when she became a headliner in Kansas City—and a widow. Four years before that she had become a bride. It all started on a Saturday night, March 19, 1960.

Sergeant Ed Leahy of the Sheriff's Patrol of Jackson County, Missouri, responded to a call from a "hysterical woman" who said that her husband needed help. When Sergeant Leahy reached the home he found that the husband, James A. Kinne, 25 years old, was beyond help. He was dying from a bullet wound in the back of his head. On the bloodsoaked pillow was a .22 caliber automatic pistol.

Leahy was soon joined by Lieutenant Harry Nesbitt and Sergeant James Browning who attempted to question the wide-eyed, innocent appearing Sharon Kinne. She was virtually incoherent. Standing beside her mother, obviously unable to

comprehend all the confusion and crying, was the Kinnes' pretty little 2½-year-old daughter. When Sharon was unable to control her emotions she was given a sedative by her family doctor and taken, along with her baby, to the home of her husband's parents.

The next morning Sharon was much more composed and able to give officers an account of what had transpired at her home the previous afternoon that culminated in the death of her husband. She said that her husband went into the bedroom to take a nap. About 5 o'clock, when she was taking a bath, she heard the little girl playing in the bedroom where her father was asleep.

"Then, I heard the shot," she said softly.

She had rushed into the bedroom, where she found the baby standing beside the bed and her husband, blood gushing from his head, sprawled on the bed. On the pillow was the automatic pistol.

"Are you saying the little girl fired the shot?" Sergeant Browning inquired incredulously.

Sharon nodded affirmatively. She went on to say that her husband was very careless in his handling of the gun. He left it lying on a lower shelf of a bookcase in the bedroom.

"But what makes you think the little girl would pick it up?" Browning persisted.

In a cool, calm voice Sharon explained to the officer that her husband frequently let the little girl play with the gun. He always unloaded it before he handed it to her to play with, and then loaded it again later. Apparently, when the child saw the gun on the shelf she thought

it was all right to pick it up and play with it. Apparently, the gun had accidentally discharged and the bullet struck James Kinne's head.

Browning shook his head in amazement. It was an incredible story. However, after several more days of investigation the deputies were unable to find any evidence to dispute Sharon's conclusions on the shooting. The Jackson County Coroner ruled that the death of James A. Kinne was accidental.

Hence, Sharon Kinne became a latter day Merry Widow. The benefits from her husband's insurance policies enabled the shapely young woman to outfit herself with a new wardrobe and a shiny, new car. She soon was one of the more popular women in the Kansas City-Independence area. But Sharon's life was soon to take a sharp variation from the happily-ever-after theme. Less than two months after her husband was buried, Sharon was once again involved in a violent death.

At 11:30 o'clock on the night of May 27, 1960, Sharon and a boyfriend were driving along a Lover's Lane in Jackson County. Suddenly, the headlights picked up the form of a woman lying in the tall grass along the lane.

When they stopped to investigate they found that it was a young woman, fully clothed, who had been shot several times, apparently at close range. She was very dead.

Sharon and her friend called the sheriff's office and notified them of their discovery. Subsequent investigation disclosed that the woman was Mrs. Patricia Jones, 23 years old, who had been reported missing earlier that afternoon by her husband. She had been shot four times at close range with a .22 caliber pistol.

The grief-stricken husband told deputies that he reported his wife missing after she failed to come home

Thursday night. He could give no explanation whatsoever for his attractive wife's death. He was positive she was not involved in a love affair, and certain that she had no enemies who would want to kill her.

It was a strange case. What possible motive was there? Not robbery, and it was not a sex killing.

In checking out the neighborhood where Mrs. Jones lived, Lieutenant Nesbitt and Browning learned that Patricia Jones was seen entering a late model Thunderbird the evening she disappeared. The driver of that car was a woman, the officers were told.

It seemed quite likely that the driver of the Thunderbird might have significant information about Mrs. Jones's activities the night she disappeared. The officers concluded that the key to the driver's identity was the Thunderbird, and they undertook to check out all Thunderbird dealers in the area. It was an arduous task, but one the officers moved quickly on.

The following day at an agency in Independence they turned up some startling information. The officers found that on April 30th a new Thunderbird had been sold to a Mrs. Sharon Kinne. It was more than a mild surprise, but nothing compared to the shock the officers got when the dealer introduced them to the salesman who had sold Sharon the Thunderbird. It was Patricia Jones' husband!

In the questioning that followed, it was immediately obvious that Patricia's husband had not attempted to conceal anything from the officers when they questioned him about his wife's murder. No one asked him about Sharon Kinne, and there was no reason for him even to think about her in connection with his wife's death.

But in the light of the new

evidence, the husband was more reflective. He admitted that he had seen Sharon a few times after he sold her the car and that she knew he was married. Still, he found it difficult to believe that Sharon could have had anything to do with Patricia's death.

When Nesbitt and Browning questioned Sharon about her association with Patricia Jones' husband they found her a calm, poised woman completely unruffled by the insinuation that she might be involved in the woman's death.

What about the victim's husband? they inquired.

"Sure, I've seen him a few times. Why shouldn't I? I'm a widow," she retorted.

Lieutenant Nesbitt asked Sharon when she last saw Patricia prior to discovering her body in the Lover's Lane. The woman didn't hesitate.

"On Thursday evening. She got into my car near her home and we drove around and talked."

"About her husband?" Nesbitt inquired.

"More or less," Sharon replied in an offhand manner.

She explained that she told Patricia that her husband was seeing her (Sharon's) sister. She did this, she said, to gauge Patricia's reaction to the implication that her husband was seeing another woman. Patricia took the news calmly and simply remarked that she would talk to her husband about it, Sharon told the officers.

She insisted that she let Mrs. Jones out of her car five blocks from her home and that was the last time she saw her until she found her body. So far as her happening to find the body, it was only a coincidence, she asserted.

In September, 1960, the Jackson County grand jury indicted Sharon on a charge of murdering Patricia Jones. But, that was not the stunner of the day. The grand jury also returned an indictment charging Sharon with killing her husband, James A. Kinne!

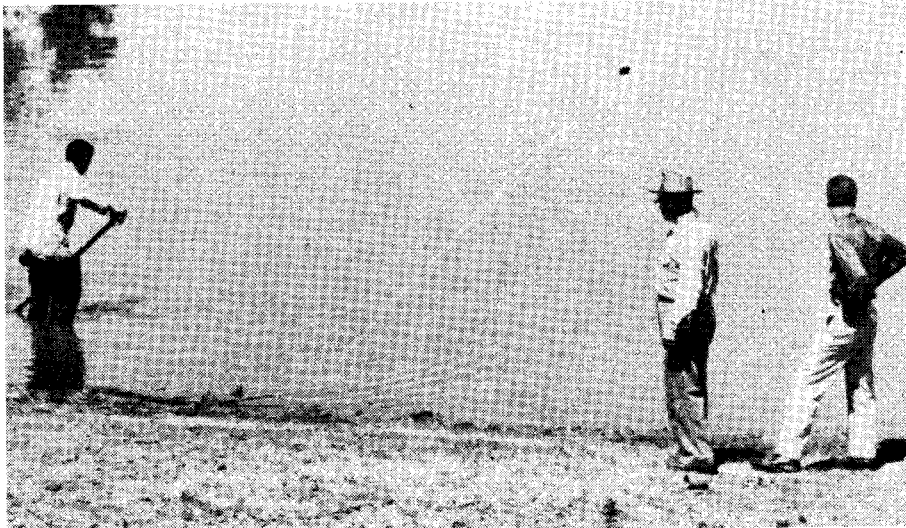
In June, 1961, Sharon went on trial for the Jones murder. Although the County Attorney handled the case admirably, there was a missing link that handicapped him from the very beginning. The state had been unable to produce the weapon which killed Mrs. Jones.

James Patrick Quinn, one of Kansas City's most skillful defense attorneys, argued to the jury that the state's case was all circumstantial.

"I am not here to defend Sharon Kinne's morals. She's a young girl. Obviously, she likes boys. But, that's not murder. If her morals were perfect she would not have been involved in this case. But, she is protected by the presumption of innocence," Quinn asserted.

The jury deliberated only an hour and 15 minutes before finding Sharon not guilty. (Continued on page 64)

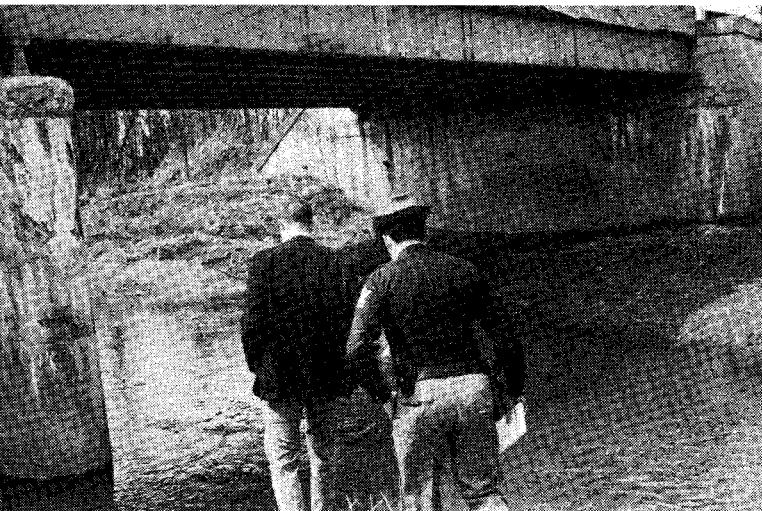
Intensive search for the weapon used in the second slaying to involve the deadly blonde mother failed to turn up that vital piece of evidence



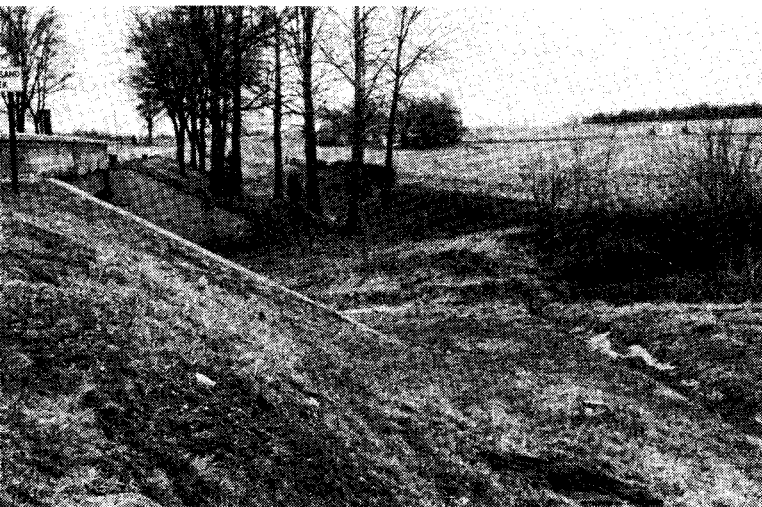


Questioned about the husband of a slain woman, Sharon said: "Sure, I've seen him a few times. Why shouldn't I? I'm a widow"

The body parts, found weeks and miles apart, had to be put together like a jigsaw before Indiana probers could establish the identity of the torso murder victim. Soon after that was determined, they found reason to wonder:



Detective Allen (left) and Sheriff McKinney search for clues along Little Sand Creek, where first section of human body (under blanket in photo below) was spotted by passing motorist



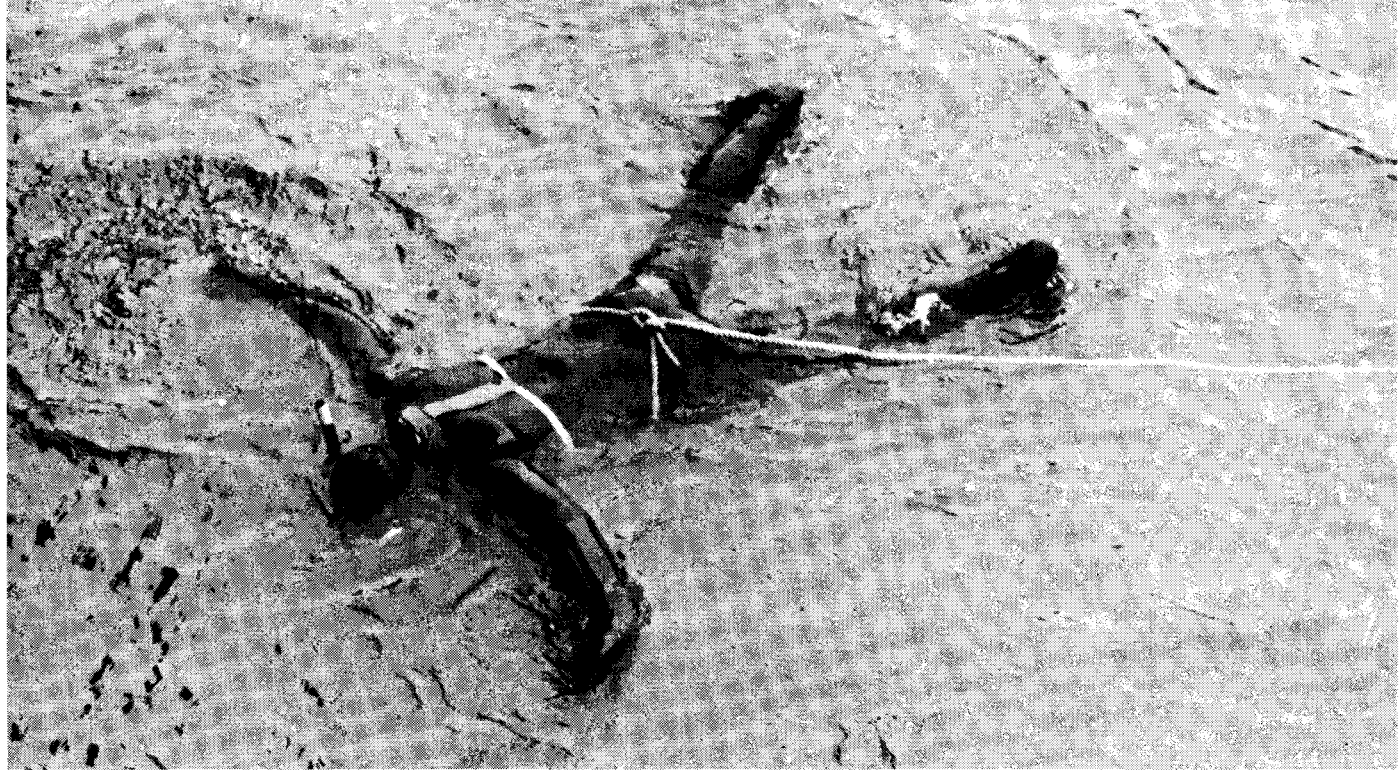
DID A WOMAN CUT UP THE DISMEMBERED GAMBLER?

by **BILL ORMSBY**

Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

Ten days after the first gruesome find, a man's rib cage was discovered near this bridge in an adjoining county





Police scuba diver probed waters in bridge area for other parts of body, but current was too swift for thorough search

IT WAS shortly after 3 o'clock on the afternoon of March 16, 1971, when Indiana State Police detectives and deputies out of the office of Bartholomew County Sheriff Jim McKinney began investigating one of the most gruesome and bizarre murder cases ever handled in the Hoosier State. Although homicide investigators generally have a body to begin with, Sheriff McKinney and his fellow officers only had about one-third that much in this particular grisly case. Aside from determining the victim's sex, it was the worst third of the human anatomy to start with for identification purposes, since it was that portion from just below the navel to the knees. It was the torso of a white male, discovered on the east side of U.S. 31 about seven miles south of Columbus by a Seymour motorist and his 17-year-old son.

"Something was wrong with the car," the shocked parent told Sheriff McKinney and state police Detective Sergeant Robert Allen, "and I pulled off the road to see what was wrong with it. While standing here trying to decide what to do, I saw the body lying there on the embankment. At first I didn't know what it was. Then I walked down there to get a closer look. God, it made me sick!"

The witness told McKinney and Allen that he sent his son in search of a farmhouse from which to phone the sheriff's office.

Arriving on the scene shortly after the appearance of Sheriff McKinney and Sergeant Allen were County Coroner Kenneth Schneider, techni-

cian Paul Jewett and Sergeant Dale Swider from the State Police, and several sheriff's deputies. The first officials to examine the nude torso closely were Coroner Schneider and Technician Jewett. Schneider said that although it would take laboratory analysis to narrow down the victim's age, he theorized that the man was "about middle age, give or take a couple of years."

"Any idea how long he's been dead?" Sergeant Allen asked.

"Not too long," the coroner said. "Rigor mortis has not completely set in. I'd say, offhand, death occurred in the past twelve hours or so, maybe as recent as the last five or six."

The torso lay about 20 feet off the roadway on a gently sloping embankment which ran down to a drainage ditch about 30 feet south of Little Sand Creek. While McKinney, Schneider, Allen and Jewett were examining the body and discussing the weird case, deputies and state troopers roped the scene off and began searching the immediate area for evidence. Although the butchering job on the human corpse appeared to have been done with a jagged-edged instrument, the officers noticed that the cuts through the joints were done rather neatly, as if a different tool had been used to cut the tendons and muscles which once held the parts together.

"It looks like that whoever did this may have had some experience in dressing out wild game," one officer said.

"Yes, there's not much damage to the bones," the coroner said. "They

cut neatly between them in the right places."

The lawmen, each of whom had years of experience examining bodies at the scenes of horrible auto accidents and other disasters, were impressed by the lack of blood on and around the severed torso. Unable even to find bloodstains on the remains, they concluded it had been washed thoroughly before being transported to its resting place.

"From all appearances, the body was probably drained of blood before it was cut up," Coroner Schneider offered.

After the body and surrounding area were diagrammed and photographed by Technician Jewett, the torso was removed to Marion County General Hospital at Indianapolis, about 50 miles north of the scene. In the meantime, Detective Sergeant Allen radioed his commander at the Seymour post, Lieutenant Robert Pond, and requested assistance to search the area for evidence and to man roadblocks in attempts to locate possible witnesses. Sheriff McKinney also advised his dispatcher to contact every available man and within the hour, more than 30 state and county lawmen were at the scene. Also pressed into service was the State Police helicopter, which skimmed low over the countryside the remainder of the day while a spotter attempted to find other parts of the victim's body.

In the meantime, teams of troopers and deputies fanned out from the scene, walking the banks of Little Sand Creek, scanning the embank-

ments and culverts along U.S. 31 and searching the nearby fields and woods in a vain attempt to find the rest of the butchered man.

About an hour after the posse struck out, a pair of deputy sheriffs located a blue plaid shirt in a ditch along the highway, nearly a half-mile from where the man's torso was found.

"What do you think?" Sheriff McKinney asked Sergeant Allen as they examined the garment.

"I don't know for sure. But it's got some stains on it that need to be checked out," the state detective replied. "What was the waist measurement on the body? Do you recall?"

"Thirty-six inches, I believe," the sheriff said, flipping through his notebook. "Yes, just a hair short of thirty-six, according to my notes."

"There's no size tag on this shirt, but from the looks of it I'd say it's too small for a man with a girth like that. But it's worth looking into," Sergeant Allen said, as he filled out an evidence tag and clipped it to the discarded shirt.

And then about dusk Sergeant Allen and Sheriff McKinney were notified that another man's shirt had been found along U.S. 31 about three miles south of the crime scene. It was a red plaid shirt which had been discarded on the east side of the highway only a few feet from a bridge which crossed Big Sand Creek. The garment appeared to be about the size the dead man might have worn, so it too was tagged for later examination at the state police crime laboratories at Indianapolis.

When darkness settled over the

rolling countryside of southern Indiana no other evidence of consequence had been found and the search for the missing parts of the body was postponed until the following morning. Throughout the night, however, at checkpoints along U.S. 31, deputies and troopers stopped all passing cars in an attempt to find somebody who may have seen suspicious activities in the area during the day. By mid-evening the police departments at Columbus and Indianapolis were being flooded with calls from friends and worried relatives of missing persons, requesting further information about possible identifying marks on the torso. Even though officials could be of little help to the frantic callers, they nevertheless took down all the information they could get on the missing persons to make comparisons in the event other parts of the body were found.

The following morning, Sheriff McKinney and Sergeant Allen regrouped their search party and enlisted conservation officials and state police scuba divers to scan the bottoms of Little and Big Sand Creeks. In the meantime, the two lawmen heading the investigation had been informed by Dr. James A. Benz, pathologist at Marion County General Hospital, that preliminary tests indicated the torso was that of a man 25 to 35 years old. Dr. Benz said the body hair was dark brown, and if the missing parts of the corpse followed the general bone structure and fleshiness of the severed torso, he suspected the victim weighed between 190 and 200 pounds. The victim had Type O-positive blood, the pathologist said. Dr. Benz told McKinney and Allen that he could not locate any birthmarks or identifying surgical scars on the torso. X-rays taken by radiologists did not reveal any broken bones.

What appeared to be the first major break in the mystery came about 8:30 that morning when the dispatcher at the Seymour State Police Post received a frantic call from a young Reddington mother who said she had just witnessed a man "trying to kill my baby!" The message was immediately radioed to Sergeant Allen, who was with the search party, and within seconds he had a half-dozen police cars enroute to Reddington, located on U.S. 31 only seven miles south of where the torso was found.

The panic-stricken young housewife told Allen that she had scared off the would-be "killer" and said he fled on foot across the road toward the Christian Church, located across the road from her house. Troopers and deputies surrounded the church while a team of detectives armed with shotguns inched their way from door-to-door and window-to-window to see if the assailant might have forced one of the openings. When it was learned that the doors and windows were locked, an officer was sent



Detective Allen and Sheriff McKinney checked items of evidence in the grisly dismemberment slaying case, and (below) reviewed progress of probe with other officials



to the parsonage to get a key. Meanwhile, patrol cars covered the surrounding gravel roads to cut off the intruder's escape in the event he broke out of the woods and farm fields adjacent to the tiny community. The fugitive was never seen, however, and police could find no indications that he had entered the church.

The horrified young mother, crying and pressing her baby to her bosom, told Detective Sergeant Allen that she was working in the backyard when the intruder apparently entered the house from the front door.

"I heard the baby start crying," the woman said, "and then all of a sudden it quit. I went in to check on him and found this man pressing a pillow against its face. I was so scared that at first I couldn't do anything. Then I started screaming and the man pushed me aside and ran out the door."

"Did you get a look at his face?" Sergeant Allen asked.

"Yes, and I'll never forget it—never!" she replied.

She said the man was white, about 35 to 40 years old. She said he had "dirty blond" shoulder-length hair and was about six feet tall.

"How was he dressed?" Sergeant Allen asked.

"He had on a black jacket and dungarees. I didn't notice what kind of shoes he wore but his footsteps sounded kinda soft when he ran through the house like he might have had sneakers on." She said she had never seen the man around the village before.

Several drawers in the child's bedroom were pulled out, leading Sergeant Allen to believe the woman had surprised a transient burglar who probably saw her working in the backyard and presumed he'd have time to make a fast haul before she came back in.

"He apparently made the mistake of starting in the baby's room and woke the child up with his ransacking," Allen told newsmen. The state officer said that although an alert was put out on the intruder, he doubted that the man was involved in the torso case. After assuring the frightened woman that police would keep an eye on her house and continue their search for the culprit, Sergeant Allen returned to the task of directing operations in the search for the missing parts of someone's body.

From officers manning the roadblocks, Allen learned that several people recalled seeing cars parked near the Little Sand Creek bridge prior to 3 p.m. Tuesday but nobody was able to give police a description on the autos. Later in the day, the state police detective and several troopers canvassed business establishments and residences in the nearby tiny villages in hopes of finding somebody who may have seen something helpful while traveling along U.S. 31, the main thoroughfare to the

larger cities of Columbus and Indianapolis. But by nightfall the case was at a standstill and the butchered man was still unidentified.

At the suggestion of officials at Marion County General Hospital, arrangements were made the next day to take the torso to Washington, D.C., where authorities at the Smithsonian Institution Division on Physical Anthropology agreed to examine the evidence in an attempt to determine the victim's height, weight and other characteristics which might help lead to the man's identity. The torso was packed in ice and put on a plane bound for Washington that afternoon with state police Sergeant Dale Swider and Technician Paul Jewett.

While awaiting the results of the tests in the capital, police in Indiana continued their search for the missing body parts and studied the missing persons reports which by then were coming from all over the region, including cities in Ohio, Kentucky, and Illinois.

"We also reviewed our case reports on two other bodies which were found on roadways near Columbus in the past year to see if there might be a connection between the three cases," Sergeant Allen said later.

One was the mysterious slaying of 50-year-old Dallas Tolson, a hitchhiker from Virginia whose gunned body was found December 1, 1969, lying on Interstate 65 near Columbus. Mostly because of the time lapse between Tolson's murder and the torso case at hand, police doubted that there was a link between the two cases. But they weren't so anxious to immediately rule out a possible connection between the next incidents, since they had occurred within 25 miles of each other and only three weeks apart.

It was about 6:45 a.m. on February 23, 1971, when State Trooper James Theobald came across the half-nude body of a man lying in the middle of Interstate 74 near Greensburg, which is less than 30 miles due east of Columbus. Since the corpse was within 30 feet of the Moscow Road overpass, police theorized it had been tossed from the bridge above. The body was clad in five sweatshirts, a sport shirt and undershirt. Missing were the victim's pants, undershorts and shoes.

There was no identification on the body and the face was so mangled, apparently from being run over, that it was not until March 2nd that police knew whose murder they were investigating. The victim was identified through FBI fingerprint records as Lionel J. Thibeault, a 21-year-old North Brookfield, Massachusetts resident who was hitchhiking around the country. Death was attributed to a pair of .22 caliber bullet wounds, one near the heart and another in the back.

According to the victim's parents, the youth left home on February 2nd, hitchhiking toward New Orleans, Louisiana, to witness the annual



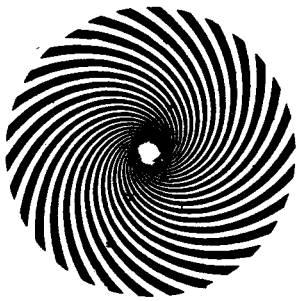
Beverly Jean Landers, here being fingerprinted by police matron, was quizzed about missing husband

Mardi Gras. Thibeault was arrested February 17th in Clearwater, Florida, on vagrancy charges that resulted in the fingerprints which eventually led to his identification in Indiana.

Although police never determined exactly where the young man was slain, they theorized that he was shot to death near the entrance of the Shiloh Cemetery, about three miles north of where the body was found. The assessment was made after police found a smashed pair of metal-framed eyeglasses, a harmonica and a trail of blood at the gateway to the graveyard. Investigators followed the blood for about a 100 feet, to a point where it was apparent that the victim fell and bled profusely. Although Thibeault's Type A blood matched that found in the cemetery, police said it was not proof-positive that the youth was slain in the burial grounds.

"We always felt that he was, though," said Trooper Thomas Strader, who headed the investigation on special assignment. "We were of the opinion that he was shot first during a struggle and then was gunned in the back when he fell while trying to get away from his assailant. Because there were no drag marks near the large pool of blood, we presumed the victim was then carried back to a car. That was one aspect of our theory we never could substantiate."

At this writing, police were still pondering this and numerous other theories, since the case was still unsolved, along (Continued on page 69)



**YOUTH'S
COUNTER-CULTURE REVOLUTION
... THE WAY IT IS ...**



DOING THE SEX THING AT COLLEGE

"... I don't want a love affair ... I just like sex, not love.

*So whoever's not busy, that's my date for the night. That way I still have
some energy left over for my studies."*

by **DONALD SINGLETON**

On Special Assignment for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

MILLIONS of members of today's youth counter-culture have turned the nation's college and university campuses into vast arenas where free love is as commonplace as free thought used to be, and where wide-open drug use has replaced the beer-and-booze partying of the recent past.

On many campuses, girl students and boy students literally live together in official dormitory housing with the tacit approval of administration officials. And, where dormitories have been designed to house four, eight or even 16 students in one room, these arrangements frequently are turned into communal love pads, complete with group sexual relations, group drug-taking and—the kids are quick to point out—group study sessions.

Even at colleges which have clung to such old-fashioned ways as maintaining separate dormitories for men and women, there usually are off-

campus communes clustered around most of the larger academic institutions for those who want the free-love lifestyle of the counter-culture revolution.

Most of the universities which offer or approve of these new living plans claim there have been no ill effects. No student is forced to participate in any coeducational activity, the administrators say, and in many colleges, living arrangements and visitation rules are established by student vote at the beginning of each semester.

"What the hell," says an assistant dean of students at one Ivy League college, "the kids are no babies. They're seventeen or eighteen years old when they arrive here, and they're far more worldly than our generation ever was at their age. Some of them have been to Viet Nam and back. And they're paying to come here. It's their education, their bodies, their lives. So where do we come off trying to cram our moral values down their throats?"

Others are more concerned. A sociology instructor at a Boston university, for example, has forbidden his own daughter to live in coed dormitory housing at the Midwestern college she attends. "Social institutions are constantly changing, and that's fine," he says. "But change

usually comes slowly, in an evolutionary way. Things are changing so fast on these campuses today that I'm really worried. This could have a tremendously negative impact on the whole culture when these kids graduate and go out into the world with their campus morality."

The students scoff at such concern. Of the dozens of students I interviewed in researching this article, nearly all felt that adult criticism of the counter-cultural lifestyle stems from simple sour grapes.

"The old grayheads who act so shocked about open dorms and communes and stuff like that, they're just envious," said a blonde sophomore who lives in an off-campus commune in a Brooklyn brownstone. "Most of them spent their whole college careers trying to cop a cheap feel under somebody's raccoon coat, or getting bombed on beer in the rumble seat of an old rattletrap. When they see their kids doing it right up front—out in the open—it just blows their minds."

"It's true," agreed the young man whose head rested in her lap. "I used to hear my old man swapping stories with his friends. He used to brag like hell about the night he and his roommate managed to smuggle two girls into their rooms. You know, two town girls. But now, he thinks

Author Donald Singleton won the 30th annual Heywood Brown Award of the American Newspaper Guild for his series in the New York Daily News dealing with problems of crime in New York City.

*“ . . . the only people who don't have sex are a few weirdos
who get their kicks in others ways. Chastity is from another age . . . the word
for yesterday. The word for today is 'fun.' ”*

everybody who wants to live in a coed dormitory is some kind of a degenerate. If he knew I was living here with all these brothers and sisters, he'd flip out. You know where he thinks I'm living? A fraternity house.”

The 14 “brothers and sisters” in the Brooklyn commune all qualified as members of the counter-culture, as opposed to the more “straight” members of the academic community. All of them wore their hair extremely long, and all were dressed in the funkiest clothing imaginable. The girls wore no bras under thin cotton tee shirts. Patched, fringed and torn dungarees were the uniform of the day.

They weren't all college students, either. Two of the men had graduated the previous year, and were just “hiding out from the draft,” they said. And one of the women had never been to college in her life—at least not as a student. She worked in the cafeteria at Brooklyn College. The rest attended various institutions in New York City, commuting from their commune headquarters by subway.

But it was the commune, not the campus, that seemed the center of their lives in New York. After classes, they all rushed back to “the house” to read, talk, eat or sleep. And to enjoy sex in many variations.

“I guess you could call our arrangement free love,” said the blonde. “The way it works is this: If it makes you feel good, and it doesn't hurt anybody, then go ahead and do it. And if you feel like doing it with three people, or four people, and they feel like doing it with you, great.”

“It's not like a twenty-four-hour orgy, or anything like that,” added a girl with long, dark hair and long,

thin legs. “We've got plenty of other things to keep us busy, like shopping and studying and cooking. But there's time for love, too. It's great to go to sleep with somebody's arm around you. You shouldn't have to get married and all that nonsense to be able to enjoy that feeling.”

“That feeling” is not only enjoyed in off-campus communes, either. In fact, it is available to millions of students in on-campus dormitories, at those colleges and universities which have adopted policies permitting co-educational living. Usually, there is no written policy which encourages or even allows young men and women to sleep together. But the policies are so liberal that it is a foregone conclusion that the campus beds are used for a great deal more than sleeping.

Consider the following statements of university policy.

From Donald E. Koue, of the office of Public Information of the University of California at Berkeley: “In residence halls on the Berkeley campus, we essentially have no fixed visiting rules. The students of each dormitory make up their own rules at the beginning of each term and are responsible for upholding those rules. The campus administration itself does not play ‘parent.’”

From Robert M. Friedberg, of the Office of Public Information of Columbia University in New York City: “The office of the assistant dean for residence of Columbia College, the men's liberal arts college of the university, relates the following: In 1968, the Undergraduate Dormitory Council passed so-called ‘open parietals’—unrestricted visitation by women in the men's dorms—on the condition that the guests sign in. In 1969, the sign-in requirement was

abrogated, but a prohibition against ‘extensive cohabitation’ was imposed. In the year just past (1970-71), one floor of a Columbia College dorm, Carman Hall, was ‘co-educated,’ eight girl engineering students moving in and living in suites of four girls each, each suite having its own bathroom.”

Friedberg continues: “A few weeks ago, the Undergraduate Dormitory Council, in cooperation with Barnard College (a Columbia affiliate) and under the jurisdiction of the Columbia College deans, voted to exchange 52 Barnard women for 52 Columbia men. In the coming academic year (1971-72), then, men will be living in the apartment dorms on mixed (sexually) floors; the women will be living in a regular (not apartment) dorm, also on mixed floors. Thus, in the Columbia College Livingston Hall, women and men will live on floors 3, 5 and 7; women will use the bathrooms on those floors, men the bathrooms on 2, 4 and 8 . . . any problems that arise in coeducational living can be decided, by the student's choice, either by a judicial board or by the appropriate dean's office. . . .”

From Pam Shingler, news editor of the Office of Public Relations, University of Georgia: “Though the university owns no coed housing facility, there is adjoining the campus a privately owned coed dormitory. Formerly a men's dorm, Oglethorpe House has been coeducational for about two years. Previously the sexes have been segregated by floors. That is, floors one through five housed men and floors six through nine were for women only. Beginning this summer quarter, however, the facility goes completely coed with men and (Continued on page 86)

The seeds of the “new morality,” strewn across America on the winds of change, germinate and sprout among our youngsters during the restless high school years, but come to full flower when the young people, freed at last from parental supervision, reach the college campus. This is the subject of this month's report in our series on what is happening below the surface of the youth revolution. Again we stress the fact that truth is our objective in this series, truth which will give insight and understanding, and hopefully, enable us to narrow the ignorance gap that makes communication with our young people difficult, or impossible.

—THE EDITORS



Northwest homicide investigators established that
THE KILLER LAY IN WAIT
FOR THE PRETTY BLONDE NURSE



Wallet (above) belonging to the young victim (inset) was found at scene of murder near highway



Illustration by Rick Ellis

The brutal murder of Karen Brown might never have been solved but for the alertness of a heads-up officer who put a couple of unrelated facts together and came up with a slayer . . .

THE MORNING of February 11, 1971 had begun as most of the days in the Pacific Northwest at that time of the year. The evening before there had been a drizzle of rain, later replaced by a brisk wind that had blown in off the coast and found its way over the Olympic mountains and down into the foothill regions of Puget Sound.

At the end of one of the long fingers of Puget Sound lay the Kitsap County seat of Port Orchard, a town of 3,500 persons. The peaceful setting of the small town along the shoreline belied the tragedy that was soon to be discovered.

At the early hour of 7:58 a.m., Sheriff's Dispatcher Max Abrams picked up the ringing phone. "You better get someone out here," the voice said over the phone. "There's

a girl's body lying just off the road. She looks dead." After getting directions, Abrams immediately passed the information to Chief of Detectives Bill Clifton, who had just come into the office.

"Don't take off your overcoat," said Abrams. "This guy on the phone is really upset. Said it looked like a young girl, but couldn't give any further information."

"Get I.D. on its way, I'll be there in 5 minutes," the detective chief said as he was leaving.

The drive from Port Orchard carried the officer out of the small town and onto the main highway feeding to the larger metropolitan area of Tacoma, Washington, a bare 30 miles away. Within a mile of the city limits the terrain had turned into one of stately fir trees and gently sloping

fields of beautiful green pastureland.

Sergeant Bob Cooper, who had heard the radio crackling with messages, had headed for the scene and both patrol cars eased off the highway and started the climb up Mulenix Road. A bare half-dozen homes dotted the side of the intermediate roadway. This connecting road between the main highway and the south end of Kitsap County was one of the main traveled byways that fed the steady stream of cars, during the daytime, to the more populated industrial areas where many of the residents worked. However, at night it could only be described as lonely. The lack of homes and streetlights made it seem as though the road itself was cut right through the middle of nowhere.

As the officers made the top of the rise, they could see a parked school bus and a passenger car sitting alongside the blacktop. As they eased off the pavement, a tall young man approached Detective Clifton's car, apparently in a state of shock. He was holding his stomach and gave the appearance that he was ill. "She's over there," he stated as he pointed to a spot about 50 yards down the road. "It's awful, she's been beaten; I'm sure she's dead."

"Take it easy," Clifton said. "Are you the person who found the body?"

"Yes, I was driving to work at an oyster plant and going slow. I passed the bus that was sitting off the road and when I got right here in the road I glanced over and saw something white. I got curious and stopped to check. I crossed the ditch and then I seen her. It was awful."

The pale man then stated that his name was Don Stephenson; he was 20 years old and lived in Port Orchard. He stated that after finding the body he ran to the bus parked a short distance away. He told the driver and then both men stood by until the arrival of the officers. The bus driver, Clem Martin, said that it was usual for him to pull the bus off in the wide spot of the narrow road for short periods of time if he was ahead of schedule. He told the officers that he did notice Stephenson's car come down the road and pass him and then slowly stop. He verified that the driver got out of the car, crossed the road and then ran back to his parked school bus.

Meanwhile, Detective Chief Clifton had Sergeant Cooper talk to Stephenson while he went to the scene of the body. There was no doubt about the girl being dead. She lay face down about 30 feet from the edge of the road, her body clad in a nurse's white uniform. Her face was hidden by bushes and tall grass, and



Key lawmen in the investigation into brutal murder of Nurse Karen Brown were Sheriff Art Morken (above), Detective Chief Bill Clifton (left) and Undersheriff Glenn Pendarvis (right)

her hair was a mass of blood. He rushed back to the car and issued orders for more help.

The help soon began arriving in the form of Undersheriff Glenn Pendarvis, Detectives Kenneth Berg, Vern Youngs, Jack Dean, Dave Morgan and Charles Wolfe and Deputies Marven Parks, Bart Bush and Gary Wernet. Soon to arrive were Identification Officers Les Cline and Jay Mossman.

An immediate securing was made of the area around the body with everyone instructed to stay away from the girl's body. Officers were hurriedly sent to the nearest intersections to turn cars away from the busy scene. Sergeant Cooper had meanwhile taken down the information from Stephenson and approached Clifton.

"I think I got it all, and this guy don't feel good—can we release him to go home?" he asked. "Go ahead, but tell him to be available. I also want Charlie Allen out here, if he can make it," said Clifton.

The reference was to Sergeant Charles Allen, the Identification Officer of the Bremerton Police Department. His patience and more than 20 years of experience had been invaluable on many other occasions to the law enforcement men of Kitsap County.

It was then that a radio message had the detectives splitting their forces. A patrolman had called and stated that about one-half mile from the murder scene he had found a two-tone Buick sitting back in the brush. It had been driven over a log and it appeared that an attempt had been made to hide it from view. He also reported that there were signs of blood smears inside the vehicle. Four detectives sped to the nearby

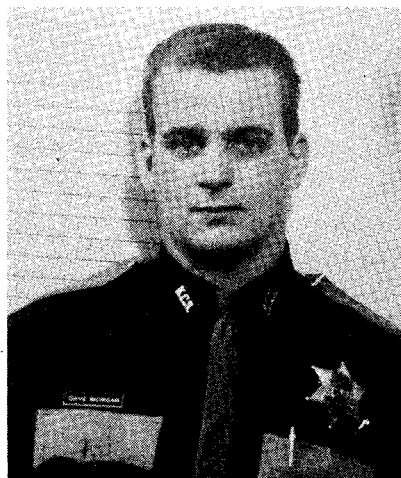
area and soon reported that there were definite signs indicating that violence had indeed taken place inside the car. The vehicle itself was not touched by the officers, who began an immediate search of the area around the car.

Meanwhile, Charles Allen and his assistant, Richard Forrester, had arrived, and the importance of the two teams of identification became evident as there were now two vital scenes to be searched and preserved. The investigators at the murder scene had now been bolstered by the arrival of the popular sheriff of Kitsap County, Arthur Morken. A veteran of 37 years law enforcement, Sheriff Morken was soon filled in on the details of the grisly slaying. All indications were that the girl had been brutally bludgeoned to death with some heavy object, perhaps a rock.

"Who is she?" asked Morken.

"We don't know yet, Art," replied

Detective Dave Morgan, here in his patrolman's uniform, arrested prime suspect as probe narrowed in focus



Officer Pendarvis. "Maybe we can get a break if the boys at the car down the road can come up with something."

"The quicker we find out," remarked another officer, "the sooner we can start backtracking her." To the officers, it seemed that hours had gone by since the initial call came into the office. But a check of the time showed that only 30 minutes had gone by since the arrival of the first officers. The overcast skies were threatening rain as the details of men gently picked their way around, trying to pick up some shred of evidence in the brutal slaying. The body was being left in its original position awaiting the arrival of Coroner Mel "Bud" Morrison, newly elected to that office and a former 20-year veteran police officer. He soon arrived with his chief deputy, Jerry Bernier.

Detectives at the scene of the abandoned car soon hit paydirt. While the surrounding area was being searched, they had found a purse, wallet, notebooks and other smaller items that had been apparently thrown there by the murderer. They had also found a driver's license with the name of Karen Brown on it. It bore a local address in south Kitsap County.

"Get out there fast," ordered Clifton, "it's going to be a nasty detail but we've got to have information. Find out where she's supposed to be and how long she's been missing." He handed the license to Detective Berg and Youngs. The officers were not happy with their upcoming confrontation with the family, but knowing it had to be done, they sped off in the direction of the address.

"That's the toughest part of this business," remarked one officer as they watched the police car disap-



When officers searched suspect's bedroom, they found some of his clothing with incriminating bloodstains

pear in the distance. While the girl's body was being processed by the coroner and measurements were being taken, the area on the main road was getting a close scrutiny. What the officers found gave mute evidence to the violence that had taken place on the darkened side road.

Tire tracks on the opposite side of the road where the body was found showed that two cars had been parked in the soft dirt. From where it appeared the front car had been stopped, there were two telltale marks in the soft dirt. Two drag marks were very plain. The impressed drag marks ran about 10 feet and then turned onto the black pavement. Across the road they continued again just off the side of the pavement and down into the two-foot ditch. The drag marks then went up the bank and faded out into the grassy area. The body lay just a short distance away. A check of the girl's body showed that the back of her heels were grimy with dirt and her socks had been torn almost completely from her body. There was no doubt that something violent had happened in a car, resulting in her being dragged into the bush. Impressions of the tire treads and measurements were being carefully taken of shoe prints left by the murderer.

Now the officers had a name, and along with it the nurse's uniform, and detectives were sent to back-track her activities. The uniform bore an arm patch showing that the girl was a student at Olympic Junior College in Bremerton. At the college they found that Karen Brown was registered and the night before had been scheduled to be at the local hospital, where she worked nights. The officers hurried to the hospital and made

contact with her supervisor. They learned that Karen Brown had attended class along with other members of her class. She had been seen leaving the hospital about 8 p.m. but had not been seen getting into her car. The girls in her class all stated that she had acted normal and never mentioned any troubles or fears. She had mentioned once about her car breaking down on the lonely stretch going home, and feared this happening again.

"I wonder if that's just what happened," mused one detective. "Could she have had trouble last night and the wrong guy came along?" "Sounds logical," said another. "Let's get back to the scene and pass on what we've got."

Meanwhile, back at the murder site, the I.D. officers were just finishing taking their pictures and measurements. Coroner Morrison estimated that death had taken place around 9 o'clock the previous night. The girl's body was removed and taken to Port Orchard for further examination.

"We've got to preserve this car," stated Sheriff Morken.

"No one has even touched that car, Sheriff," said Undersheriff Pendarvis. "We've got a wrecker coming out and we're going to lock it up with inside security until we can go over every inch for details. We feel now the murder, or the start of the murder, took place inside the car."

This reasoning was borne out by the appearance of the inside of Karen Brown's car. Blood splatters were visible in both the front and back seat as well as on the insides of the windows. A broken glass lay in the back seat. The inside door handles bore bloodstains as did the outside door handle on the passenger side.

By now the early morning overcast had been shoved aside by the rising sun that had burned its way through the haze. Small risings of steam were emanating from the damp earth where the sun forced its way through the tall fir trees.

Detectives Youngs and Berg had arrived back at the scene. "It was rough having to tell the family," stated Youngs, "but I think we got a pretty good lead."

"At least it's a start," agreed Berg. "We found out that Karen had been married for a short time, but just a few days ago her former boy friend came home from the service. There could have been some hard feelings. He's on leave but has been seen in this area by the family, even though he doesn't live around here any more."

"Find him as soon as possible," ordered Clifton. "Take off the roadblocks on Mullenix and send every car possible out south. We've got to find this guy right away."

"We did find out he's back in town again and he was seen this morning in a '53 Ford with another guy," said Youngs. "And they were seen near the parents' home," continued Berg—"and Karen lives right next door."

The small fleet of police vehicles soon started canvassing as much area as possible in an attempt to find the ex-suitor of the deceased girl. Detectives searching files at the sheriff's office were advised that the husband, Gary P. Brown, had arrived at the office and wanted to talk to them about his wife's death. He related as many details as he could remember, even though suffering from grief over the news of his wife's death.

"It doesn't make any sense," the grieving husband related. "I know

Have You Ever Wanted To Influence The People
Around You... Without Even Saying A Word?



These Methods Are Not Impossible... Not Illegal...
But They Might Scare The Sh*t Out Of You!

CLICK HERE TO LEARN MORE!

for a fact that Karen would not stop her car willingly on that stretch of road. She's always expressed concern about how lonely it is in that particular area. The only things that would make her stop is for a friend she would recognize or if the car broke down. She was pretty nervous about being alone in a car; I just know it has to be something else."

He continued: "Karen was really concerned about making good at the college and at the hospital. She used to talk about being on the floor of the hospital and how she felt at times that she was not progressing as fast as she wanted to. Sure, she didn't show up at home last night but she has done this before. You've got to understand that after a full day at the school and then working at the hospital, she got exhausted. One of the girls in her class lived in town and they were great friends. When Karen worked late and had an early class she would stay with a girl friend."

While the questioning of the husband was being held at the crime scene, the police cars kept up their steady patrolling of the roads south of the murder scene in an attempt to find the ex-suitor. A call came into the office that he was now at a local store, seven miles from the murder site. Three patrol cars were minutes away and soon had the car in question, and both men were interrogated by the investigators. But this lead soon reached a dead end. Both men had been together the previous evening and had been in the presence of friends, playing cards from 7:30 p.m. until early in the morning. Karen had been seen alive at 8:00 p.m. After checking with the other card players and inspecting the vehicle they were in, police turned the pair loose.

The next lead came as the result of a close alliance between Kitsap County and Pierce County Sheriff's

office personnel. Pierce County is the neighboring division line and surrounds the large city of Tacoma. A close association had been held for years due to the many hundreds of cases that were worked by an officer from each department, due to numerous criminals operating in both jurisdictions. George Janovich, chief of detectives of Pierce County, a popular and extremely capable law officer, had heard of the murder over his "Scanner," a fairly new innovation in police circles. He instructed Detective Bill Regan and Deputy John Patterson to aid in the investigation. Aside from just wanting to offer their assistance, the Pierce County deputies had a very important reason for speeding their cruiser to the scene. They arrived at the busy scene at about the hour of 11:00 a.m. and told their suspicions to Sheriff Morken and his detective staff.

"It's not much," stated Detective Regan, "but we felt that we better check and at least pass on the information. On the day of the murder, at about 9 a.m., we had a report from a lady that as she was approaching the Narrows Bridge she looked in her rear view mirror and noticed that a black and white car was behind her and there were lights blinking on and off as though it were a police car. She immediately pulled off the side of the road and the car pulled in behind her. This man got out, approached the car in a calm manner and than all at once he yanked open the door and grabbed her around the neck with his hands. The lady stated that he choked her with great force but somehow she managed to fight him off and he ran back to his car and sped off."

"Did she give a description?" asked Detective Chief Clifton.

"She did," stated Patterson. "He's in his early 20's, tall, good looking, dressed well and neat, short hair."

"This could be important," stated

Undersheriff Pendarvis. "We just took a close look at the girl's neck and there are definite signs that she had been choked with some force, in addition to the bludgeoning."

"Did she get a good look at the car this guy was driving?" asked another officer. "She couldn't give a make on the car but she stated it was black and white, in good condition and there were some sort of lights in the front of the car that blinked on and off," answered Patterson.

"Not only that," continued Detective Regan, "but at 2 p.m. yesterday we had another one. This lady stated that she was driving toward the main highway on a small side road and suddenly looked in the rear view mirror and saw some sort of lights blinking behind her. She, too, pulled off onto the side of the road, thinking that it was a police car. She stated the driver, a man, came up to her car, pulled open the door and immediately grabbed her around the neck with his hands. This was only a few miles from the first attack. Anyhow, she fought him and managed to break his grip, then slid across the seat and got out the passenger door. She said he caught up with her and again attacked her and forced her to the ground."

"How did she get away?" asked another officer. "She figured she was done for," answered Patterson, "but at this moment a pickup truck came down the road and pulled up, just a short distance away from her car. She said the guy then let go of her and ran to his car and sped away."

"How about description?" asked Morken.

"She was shook up real bad," stated Regan, "but she said the car was black and white, in good condition and she also said the attacker was a young, tall, good looking white man with neat hair. She also said that she could recognize him for sure."

An important clue in the case was this car with a toy cat which flashed turn signals with its eyes from rear window



"Did she give any more description on the car?" asked Clifton. "Did she notice anything odd?" "Just one thing," said Patterson, "she stated that when the car sped away after the attack, she noticed that there was a small toy animal in the back window, like a white cat, and that it had two eyes that lit up, and they were also blinking off and on when the car disappeared down the road." "This is not unusual," said another officer. "I've noticed a lot of them lately. They hook them up to their turn indicators to show which way the car is going to turn."

The group of grim-faced officers were now sure of one thing. That was the fact that all the leads had been checked up to this point and the only thing they had to go on was the information supplied them by Pierce County.

At this time another valuable report came in to the officers at the murder scene. Captain Carl Skaggs of Pierce County had been in the area just a few miles from the murder site. He arrived just a short time later and reported that he had just chased a black and white vehicle, with a white toy cat in the rear window. He stated that he had been headed north on the main highway and noticed the car going in the opposite direction. He turned and gave chase but lost the suspect vehicle just a few miles from the murder scene. "All I can tell you," related Skaggs, "is that the car fit the description perfectly and the guy driving appeared to be young, with short hair."

"We've got a lead to follow," stated Clifton, "but it's a slim one. This guy doesn't seem to work, as he's been seen in the morning and afternoon both. Maybe he's just rolling around. I can't see him rolling around today, if he's the guy Skaggs spotted, but maybe we're after some sort of a nut."

"Maybe he's just driving around aimlessly," stated Pendarvis. "If so, we'd better get as many cars on the road as possible."

The main flow of traffic had been restored to Mullenix Road as the day wore on into the early afternoon. The many vehicles of the different police agencies aroused the curiosity of the passing motorists as they traveled back and forth from Port Orchard to South Kitsap County. Orders had been given and one by one the units pulled away from the murder scene with one thought in their minds. Find the black and white car with the toy cat in the back window.

Meanwhile the information had been passed through the law agencies of Kitsap County along with the request that an immediate assistance was needed. It was felt that if the area were flooded with police vehicles, the possibility of turning up the suspect vehicle was greatly enhanced and maybe they could get lucky.



Bremerton Sun Photo

Flanked here by detectives, this young man was asked some searching questions

Strengthened by units from the Pierce County Sheriff's office, the Washington State Patrol and the State Game Department, the methodical searching for the suspect began. Slowly at first, and then stretching out into the sparsely inhabited areas. Every available car from Kitsap County Sheriff's office was thrown into the search. Officers who had just finished graveyard shifts were slowly arriving and were soon detailed to certain areas. Every main intersection had been posted with cars as they looked for any car passing that fit the description given by the neighboring county.

The next four hours were taken up with tremendous activity as the different patrol cars stopped one vehicle

after another. Some of the stops were enough to warrant interest while others were just routine. Slowly the time passed as the men went without lunch or dinner. They all realized that the most important hours of any major investigation are the early ones and they were all dedicated to finding the suspect car before night set in on Puget Sound.

"We've got another problem coming up shortly," remarked one officer. "That Bremerton Navy Yard is going to release at 4:30, just a few minutes from now, and when they do, this area is going to be flooded with so many cars we'll have to give it up for tonight."

The persistence of the officers of Kitsap County was soon to pay off in startling (Continued on page 62)

New Mexico police on the trail of an escaped mad-dog murderer who had been serving time for two spectacular slayings were haunted by the chilling realization that

THE LAW COULDN'T HURT HIM

SOMETIME in the black pre-dawn period between 3:50 and 6 a.m. on Monday, May 10, 1971, the break occurred. The dark figure first moved stealthily, then agilely from the cell-house, across the prison yards, avoiding lighted areas. Suddenly, with the spring of a jungle cat, the shadowy form was on and over the first of two 18-foot fences topped by three strands of barbed wire that could rip the flesh like a hundred razors. A brief spurt of speed, then up and over the second and final barrier. Almost unbelievably, the desperate dash to freedom had taken a mere matter of seconds.

The one-man bustout at the New Mexico State Penitentiary—which is located amidst desert mesas on the southern outskirts of the state's capital, Santa Fe—was discovered at the 6 a.m. prisoner check. Officials found that the missing inmate had cut an 8-by-12 inch opening in the bars of

his single cell, apparently using a hacksaw.

Then, the escapee either dropped to the ground, or climbed to a nearby roof from the cell window, from where he managed to gain access to the two high outside fences. He scaled these without being seen from the nearby guard outposts.

The fugitive con was identified by prison authorities as 24-year-old Bobby Gene Garcia, formerly of Tucumcari, New Mexico, who was serving two life sentences for a shocking double murder in 1966 in his home town. It was the nature of these slayings—and some statements made thereafter by the convicted killer—that set off one of the most intensive manhunts in recent New Mexico history following the discovery that Bobby Gene Garcia had "hit the ground." These circumstances, plus the con's record of violent conduct

during his trials and later prison confinement, left residents in several parts of the state—notably Tucumcari—highly nervous upon learning that Garcia was at large.

Like a kaleidoscope of scenes from a horror movie, the events of that terrible autumn day of November 9, 1966 undoubtedly flashed through the minds of those persons who were closely involved in the case as news of the prison break spread.

Episodes were graphically etched on their minds, such as the ruthless shooting down of Garcia's sister-in-law . . . His one-man raid on the City Hall-Police Department building, where he wounded two city police officers—one fatally. His taking of a woman desk clerk as a hostage and his terrifying flight with her along the city's streets as police officers tried to close in . . . The subsequent jail violence and escape attempts by Garcia before and during his murder trials.

Then, to further agitate the nerves of those who remembered, there were Bobby Gene Garcia's uttered statements, made at various times after the double murder and recorded by the press:

"I have no remorse whatsoever . . . Nobody meddles in my business!" This, after he told on the witness stand of cold-bloodedly gunning down his sister-in-law.

And there was his raging retort when he was led under restraint from the courtroom following his conviction and sentencing in one of the slayings:

"You better pray I die! I'm coming back—as long as there's breath in my body, I'm coming back!"

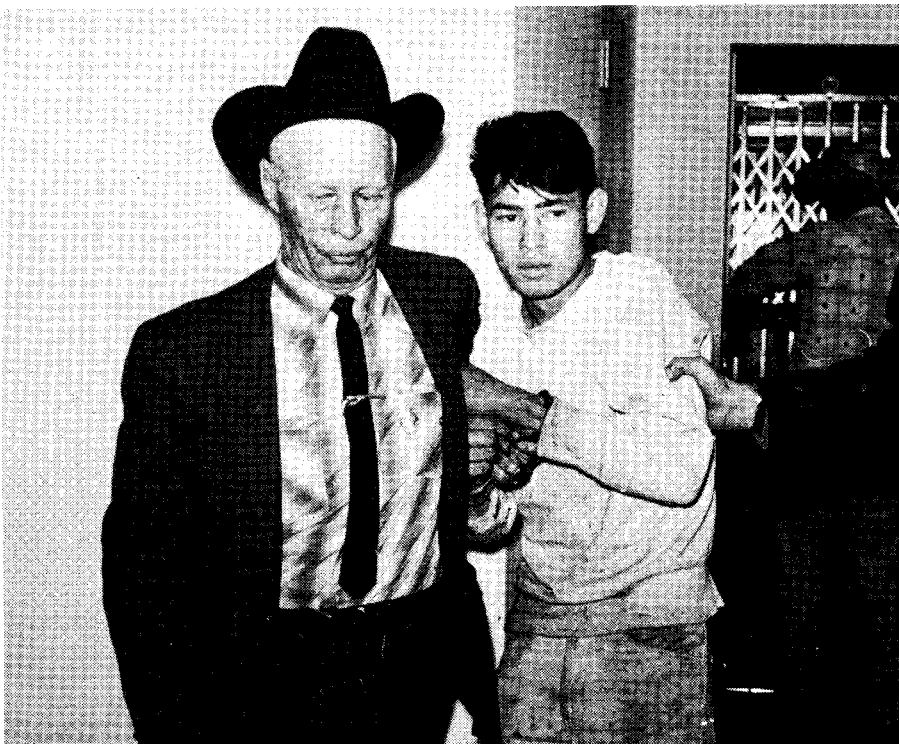
This warning was directed at the judge who had pronounced sentence.

Also remembered were the words of Bobby's father from the witness chair:

"He would prefer to be dead rather than living a living death in prison."

Now, on this Monday, May 10, 1971, Garcia, described by officers and prison officials as "dangerous and desperate," was out of the walls.

When wild and woolly manhunt ended, Garcia (r.) was in Sh. Moncus's custody



by **BILL G. COX**

Special Investigator for **OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES**

IF HE KILLED AGAIN

Since he already was pulling two life sentences, he really had nothing to lose if he resorted to more violence. Originally, he had received the death sentence for one of the murders, but this was changed to life when capital punishment was abolished in New Mexico by a state bill passed in 1969. Thus, the most the escaped killer-con could get for further crime—no matter how violent—was “life.”

Searchers found Garcia's tracks leading eastward from the last fence around the prison to New Mexico Highway 10. There the footprints ended.

Roadblocks were thrown up throughout the area and a spotter plane and a helicopter took to the air to assist searchers on the ground.

Perhaps it was appropriate that the fugitive being sought had the tattoo of a shark on one arm, for his viciousness had been attested to on

the Wednesday evening, November 9, 1966, in Tucumcari, New Mexico.

Ironically, as Garcia would testify later, the fateful hours started as a walk to quiet his nerves.

“That's the way my nervousness goes away . . . by walking,” Garcia would tell a jury later. “I decided to go speak to my wife.” The reason for Garcia's “nervousness” also would be revealed by testimony: Namely, that the sheriff was hunting for him on that Wednesday afternoon in 1966. Garcia learned from his father, with whom he had been loading a trailer, that Quay County Sheriff Claude Moncus was seeking him.

Garcia took off on foot, deciding to go to the home of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Annie Apalacio, to talk with his pretty, estranged wife, Delores, who was staying there.

At his mother-in-law's residence

One of Ch. Moore's officers was killed, another wounded in the one-man rampage



Garcia, who met couple of mini-skirted girls during his brief period of freedom, said, “It was love at first sight—twice”

on East Turner, Garcia found his wife, her mother, his sister-in-law, 29-year-old Mrs. Josie Baker, and Mrs. Baker's daughter, who was in the living room, holding Garcia's baby daughter. Also present were other children of Josie's and of Mrs. Apalacio.

Entering the three-room house, the agitated Garcia asked his wife if she wanted to go back to him. His wife replied, “No.”

As related by witnesses later, Garcia next went into the kitchen, where his mother-in-law was working.

He pulled a pistol from his shirt. Mrs. Annie Apalacio cried, “Leave them alone, Bobby!”

Garcia pointed the gun at his mother-in-law and fired, but the woman managed to duck and the slug struck the sink. Screaming and covering her ears with her hands, Mrs. Apalacio ran from the house with some of the children, seeking refuge at a neighbor's home.

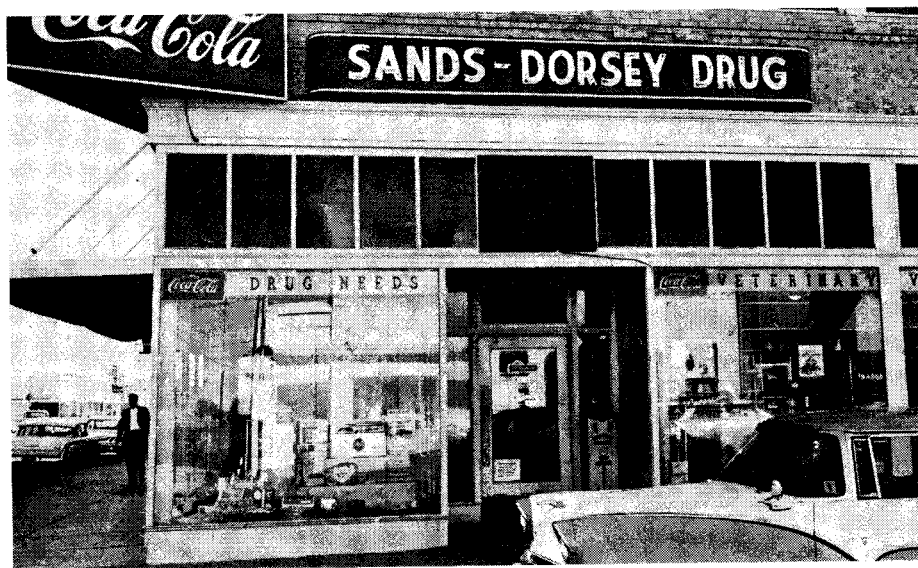
Garcia, in the meantime, entered the bedroom of Mrs. Apalacio's house and confronted his sister-in-law, Josie Baker.

“You're the cause of Delores and me breaking up!” he shouted.

“No, Bobby—no, no, no!”, the



Ch. Moore (r.) and other officers sought to trace shotgun used to kill one officer, wound another, before murderer was cornered in drug store (below)



terror-stricken young woman cried. It was after the last "no" that Garcia started shooting at Mrs. Baker. The screaming woman fell to the floor. "I told you I was going to shoot you," Garcia said.

Then he went back into the living room, took his terrified wife by the hand and led her out the front door, threatening to get a shotgun and "shoot you all," Judy Baker later testified.

The frightened teenager ran to her mother's crumpled form, crying, "Mama, wake up!" But Josie Baker didn't move.

Neighbors placed a call for police, and Mrs. Apalacio—after seeing Garcia flee with his wife in tow—returned to the house to find her other daughter dead on the floor.

The call for help came into the Tucumcari Police Department located on the second floor of the City

Hall building at 5:50 p.m. Present in the glassed-in radio room immediately to the right of the second landing of the stairway leading to the police department lobby were Desk Sergeant Jerry Wignall and Mrs. Mary Simpson, desk sergeant-clerk. Mrs. Simpson, who was busy working on some reports, heard Sergeant Wignall give the call to police units that officers were needed at the East Turner address.

Patrolman Max Crespin, who was driving along West Main Street, heard Police Captain Gordon Edwards reply that he was responding to the call. Crespin picked up his radio mike and advised headquarters he would be "10-4" on the same call as a backup unit. He made a U-turn at Third and Main and headed toward the address. Turning onto North Monroe, Patrolman Crespin saw a man he recognized as

Bobby Gene Garcia run to the door of a deserted building. A young woman whom he didn't know was with Garcia, Crespin observed. The officer wondered what was going on, but he was almost at the East Turner address and didn't stop to find out.

Again he got on the mike and asked Captain Edwards, who had pulled into sight, "Is this the house behind the alley?" The captain answered it was.

As Patrolman Crespin pulled up to the small house and Captain Edwards, accompanied by Patrolman Keith Morris, also parked, they were greeted by a small boy. The crying youngster who met them sobbed that Bobby Garcia had shot his mother and ran away, taking Delores Garcia with him.

Crespin told Captain Edwards and Morris he had seen Garcia and a young woman running into an old garage building nearby.

"I'll call an ambulance—you wait here for it," the police captain told Crespin.

Contacting headquarters, Captain Edwards gave a terse message: "Car 2 to PD . . . Dispatch an ambulance over here . . . Annie Apalacio has been shot." At that point, the officers, who knew the address was the home of Mrs. Apalacio, assumed it was she who had been shot.

As Edwards and Morris sped away to look for Garcia, Patrolman Crespin entered the house and examined the shooting victim on the floor. He immediately saw that the woman, who apparently was dead, was not Annie Apalacio. He returned to his car to notify the dispatcher. He tried twice, but received no answer.

At about the same time, Captain Edwards spotted Bobby Garcia's wife running along East Main Street. The crying woman told the officers her husband had left her and headed toward City Hall.

In the second-floor radio room at the Police Station, above City Hall, Mrs. Simpson was finishing up her reports when she heard Captain Edwards's request to send an ambulance. Hearing this, she told Wignall, "You call the ambulance and I'll call the chief."

As a matter of routine, Police Chief J. Bronson Moore is notified of all major crimes, as are the other top law enforcement officers of the county in order that the investigation may be coordinated by all agencies. Besides the police chief, this includes the district attorney, sheriff and the State Police supervisor for the area.

Sergeant Wignall was busy on the radio and telephone and Mrs. Simpson was calling on another line when she heard a commotion on the stairway from the first floor to the police station lobby. She assumed it was her son, Ralph Murray, and Assistant Radio Dispatcher Steve Grau, returning. (Continued on page 76)

THE SEXUAL DEVIATE "KILLED WOMEN FOR THE SHEER JOY OF KILLING"

by JOHN DUNNING

Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

It took Vienna police nearly two years to snare the human monster who struck his female victims without warning—beating, knifing, stripping, strangling helpless women—then vanishing like a will o' the wisp. But then he made two mistakes in a row . . .

THE DEADLY SERIES began on the Monday after Easter, 1969, but, of course, at that time no one realized that it was a series. Vienna, Austria, like most large cities today, is not a particularly safe place to live. Women are attacked, people are murdered. Sometimes the police succeed in bringing the murderers to justice, sometimes not.

The murder which took place on Easter Monday in Vienna's Karl-Schweigerhof Lane did not, however, offer the police many possibilities for investigation. 78-year-old Eleonore Heinemann had been found sprawled in the entrance hall of the building where she lived. She had been killed by seven stab wounds from a very large kitchen knife which the police found lying beside the body.

The kitchen knife was a perfectly ordinary kitchen knife which could be

purchased in almost any hardware store and there were no other clues as to the identity of the murderer. Worse yet, no trace of a motive could be established. Mrs. Heinemann was an elderly widow, living alone, and she was very poor. There was no one who benefited in any way from her death and she could not have been robbed, for she possessed nothing worth the trouble of stealing. What little money that she did have was found in the pocket of her dress. It had not been disturbed.

The Vienna Department of Criminal Investigation added another folder to the file of unsolved cases and the matter was forgotten. It was not that the police were lax, there was simply nothing to investigate.

No further inexplicable murders occurred during the summer of 1969, but then, on the 17th of October, Mrs. Maria Lechner was found dead

in the kitchen of her home at 3 Kardinal-Nagl Square. The 67-year-old woman had been strangled with a scarf and a nylon stocking. Nothing had been taken from the house and there were no clues as to the identity of the murderer. Police investigators were, once again, unable to discover any motive whatsoever.

The unsolved Lechner murder joined that of Eleonore Heinemann, but the parallels in the two cases did not go completely unnoticed. At the headquarters of the criminal police, Inspector Johann Konrad was troubled by an uneasy premonition.

"I just wonder if the Heinemann and Lechner cases could possibly be connected," he said to his assistant, Detective Sergeant Leo Rademacher, who sat at the desk opposite. "Both of the women were old, both were killed without any apparent reason whatsoever and there were no clues to the



Alois Gruenstaeudl (above) was questioned during probe in which Angela Taublaender (right) fingered a prime suspect

murderer in either case. I have the feeling that there may be some kind of a madman running around here in Vienna, killing women for the sheer joy of killing. Probably a sexual deviate, but not in the customary sense."

"If that's true," said the sergeant, "then we can expect more cases of this nature. If the newspapers recognize it as a series, things are going to be very difficult for us. We haven't a single line of investigation that we can follow."

The fears and premonitions of the two police officers were soon to be realized. On December 31, 1969, another report of a murder was received at headquarters. This time, both the inspector and his assistant went immediately to the scene.

In the old apartment building at number 8, Piarist Lane, Mrs. Angela Simon lay strangled in her own bed. The scarf which had choked out her life was still knotted tightly about her throat and Dr. Carlo Bronski, the Vienna police medical officer, was engaged in an examination of the body.

"Any indication of a motive, Doctor?" asked the inspector. He was a dark, haggard-looking man with deep creases across the forehead and at the corners of his mouth. "Sex, perhaps?"

The doctor shook his head. "Not in the usual sense," he said. "The motive may have been sexual gratification, but it was gained through the act of killing and not in the usual manner. According to her papers

over there, she was 78 years old, which would make her not too sexually desirable to the average man."

The young, blond and very stoutly built Sergeant Rademacher had been going over the apartment while the doctor and the inspector were speaking. He now came over to report that nothing appeared to be disturbed. "as a matter of fact," he said, "as far as I can see, there's nothing in the place worth stealing. My guess would be that she's a widow on a small pension and that she had almost nothing."

"As was the case with Lechner and Heinemann," said the inspector. He turned back to the doctor. "Did you examine the bodies in those cases, too?"

The doctor stopped working and thought for a moment. "Lechner and Heinemann," he said. "If they were murdered, I did. Let me see now. Both elderly widows, weren't they? If I remember rightly, the cases were never solved."

"Precisely," said the inspector, "and now here is a third one. However, there's more to it than the fact that all three were elderly women. In the other two cases, there were neither clues nor any trace of a motive. I'm afraid that it's going to be the same thing here. What would you think that signified?"

"A series," said the doctor promptly. "Some kind of a lunatic or a person with severe sexual problems who can gain satisfaction through the suffering and death of others. Fortunately, it's not a common aberration,

but it does crop up every once in a while. If that is the case, you can expect the series to continue."

"Exactly what I'm afraid of," said the inspector. "What's more, I'm faced with something of a problem. Neither the Heinemann nor the Lechner case got much publicity in the newspapers. This one probably won't either. On the other hand, although it's going to make things a lot more difficult for us, I think that the public should be alerted. If there is such an unpredictable killer operating here in Vienna, the women should know about it and take whatever precautions that they can."

After an investigation into the affairs of Angela Simon which provided no plausible motive for the murder and following a careful examination of the apartment which yielded no more clues than had the previous cases, the inspector held a press conference. It was, for him, a somewhat embarrassing occasion, as he was forced to admit that the police had been completely unsuccessful in solving any of the three cases. The results were, however, as he had intended. All of the newspapers gave extensive coverage to the mysterious series of killings. The murderer was variously described as the Sex Wolf of Vienna, the Strangler in the Night, and the Viennese Werewolf. By the evening of the day following the appearance of the stories in the newspapers, there were few women in Vienna who were willing to go into the basement of their own buildings. Doors

were barred and hardware stores reported an immense increase in the sales of chain safety locks.

Despite all of this, there were women who had to go outside of their apartments. There were some who even had to go to dark coal cellars. This was the case with Mrs. Francisca Hermann. The 69-year-old woman was a dealer in coal and, since the coal was kept in the cellar, she had to go there occasionally to get it.

On February 6, 1970, Mrs. Hermann was discovered dead in her coal cellar at 13 Hietzing Main Street. She had been beaten unconscious and gagged so savagely with a piece of cloth that she had strangled on the gag while still unconscious.

"I think that you had better come out and take a look at this yourself, chief," said Sergeant Rademacher, coming into the office after a preliminary survey of the scene of the crime. "The original report was that she was robbed, but her nephew has now checked the place out and he says that nothing is missing. It seems that she kept a certain amount of money on the premises, but it wasn't very well hidden and it's still there. My impression is that it's our sex wolf again."

The inspector got up hurriedly from his desk. "No clues, I suppose?" he asked.

"Well, as a matter of fact," the sergeant replied, "this time there seems to be. We've got a squad of technicians working out there now, and before I left they had already discovered some adhesive plaster such as is used in bandages and which they say doesn't belong in the house. They also found a baby jacket at the scene near the woman's body. She was 69 years old, so it seems hardly likely that it belonged to her."

"A baby jacket?" said the inspector. "What kind of a clue is that, anyway? I doubt very much that the sex

wolf is a baby or, if he has children, that he takes them around with him on his murder excursions."

"I don't know about that," said the sergeant, "but the technicians say that it is a definite clue and that it has something to do with the murder."

By the time that the inspector and Sergeant Rademacher reached the house in Hietzing Main Street, the technicians had also discovered something else. "There are traces of ether on the floor here and also on the woman's face," said the technician in charge of the group. "What appears to have happened is that the murderer followed Mrs. Hermann into the coal cellar or he may have been waiting for her to come down. The entrance is there in the hall of the building here and it would be possible for someone to come in off the street and go down to the coal cellar without being seen. When she came into the coal cellar, he probably clamped the baby jacket which was soaked with ether over her nose and mouth in an attempt to put her to sleep. For some reason or other, this didn't work and he used his hands and some hard object which we think may have been a piece of coal to beat her into unconsciousness. He then gagged her so tightly that it almost amounted to a strangulation and left. There's no indication that he ever entered her apartment at all."

"Well, let's go down and take a look," said the inspector. He followed the technician down the stairs to where the body lay sprawled on its back. Dr. Bronski had just completed his examination and was trying to slap the coal dust off of the knees of his trousers.

"So here we are again," remarked the inspector. "What do you think of this one? Is it another one of our series?"

"Hard to say," said the doctor. "There are slight differences in the



Gertrude Hanek, who survived a terrifying attack by the Sex Wolf, shows how she used set of keys and cardboard carton, at her feet, to fight him off

modus operandi, but there are a good many parallels, too. I suppose the most significant thing is the apparent lack of motive. Unless you are able to find someone who had a good reason for killing this woman, then I would say that it probably is the same man who killed the other three. The manner in which he kills them doesn't seem to matter too much to him. If you'll remember, Mrs. Heinemann was stabbed, but the other two were strangled. The only thing that seems uncharacteristic is his leaving before the victim was dead. I have been assuming that his motive in the killings was a perverse pleasure in watching the women die. But if he merely gagged her and then left before she was dead, that would conflict with my theory."

"But did he leave before she was dead?" said the inspector. He had been looking at the corpse. "From the way that that gag is forced into her mouth, it's very little different than if he had put it around her throat. He must have realized that it would kill her. Perhaps he merely prolonged his pleasure by standing here and watching her as she died relatively slowly."

"That's very possible, of course," said the doctor. (Continued on page 57)

Newspaper editorials attacked police for not solving vicious murders by "Sex Wolf of Vienna." Two of his victims were Ingrid Fraundorfer (l.) and Otilie Flugler



The officers fell in a hail of gunfire from the prisoners who had gotten the jump on them, and the criminals were long gone before help arrived. But with one lawman dead, the killers needed a miracle to make good their escape

IT WAS A SIGHT seldom seen by citizens of Flint, Michigan—or anywhere else, for that matter. The time was a few minutes past noon on Tuesday, April 6, 1971, and the scene was the rear of a building that housed a dental clinic on East Dewey Street near the intersection of North Street.

Directly across North Street from the dental clinic was the playground of the Parkland School, which adjoined it. It was the noon recess period and many children had been cavorting in the playground until they heard noises that sounded like gunfire in the dental office.

Now, the children had stopped playing and were huddled in small groups, looking across the street at the building where they had heard

identified himself as Jesse Bailey. He said two deputies had been shot and two prisoners had escaped. He said the wounded deputies were at the dental office of Dr. Wrex Weaver Jr., and that the prisoners, Charles Macklin, 23, a Negro male, and James E. Chipman, 22, a white male, had last been seen running on North Street.

Bailey, 30, facing two charges in connection with a 19-year-old girl—one of rape, the other of assault with intent to rob—said he would wait for the deputies.

Across the street, Dr. Weaver had telephoned the Flint city police. Almost immediately, the wail of sirens could be heard and in minutes, official cars began skidding to stops on Dewey and North Streets, around the dental clinic.



Deputy Sheriff Ben Walker said he thought day shift too quiet after working nights. Several days later he was slain . . . in broad daylight

TWO DEPUTIES GUNNED DOWN

the gunfire. They also heard a woman scream.

A man came from the back door of the dental building and ran across nearby North Street. He wore the green coveralls assigned to prisoners in the Genesee County jail in Flint.

But he wasn't running to escape. He ran past the playground toward the nearest house. He met a man who apparently had been attracted by the sounds of gunfire and shouted at him: "Call the police!"

But the man disregarded him and went on across the street towards the dental office. The prisoner continued on to the nearest house, where he was permitted to use the telephone.

He called the office of Genesee County Sheriff Thomas E. Bell and

Among those arriving at the concrete block building were Lieutenants Frank Carey and Harry Armstrong and Detective George W. Boulter of the sheriff's police; Flint city police Lieutenant Francis D. Folaron and Patrolmen Kim Tibbits and Harvey R. Beaucamp; Lieutenant James Gorman, chief of Flint homicide detectives, ace Detective Don Hatchew, and many others.

While a few anxious parents sought out their children in the playground and teachers kept watch over the other youngsters, a crowd of curiosity seekers had begun to gather. Uniformed police urged them back across the street.

Outside the dental building, leaning against the southwest corner, was

Deputy Sheriff Harry G. Abbott, 36, bleeding profusely from a wound in his chest. An ambulance already had been summoned and moments later, attendants rushed the wounded deputy to Hurley Hospital.

Bailey, the prisoner who made no attempt to escape, told the officers that the two escapees had run north on North Street, but they couldn't have gone far because such a short time had elapsed. Lieutenant Gorman and others radioed the sheriff's department and the Flint Post of the Michigan State Police and roadblocks were set up, effectively blocking off escape routes from the city.

Then the officers went inside the building, where they found Dr. Weaver bending over the prone fig-



Police began an intensive house-to-house search (above) even before the body of the slain officer had been removed (below)

IN DENTIST OFFICE JAIL BREAK

by **PETER OBERHOLTZER**

Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES



ure of Deputy Sheriff Ben R. Walker, 35, who also had been shot in the chest. He rested in a pool of his own blood and he was motionless.

There was no indication that he was breathing, and after a few standard tests all proved negative, it became obvious that he was dead.

Walker was married and the father of three children, ranging in age from one to nine, and he was known as a dedicated policeman. The bad news was conveyed to his wife by another deputy who had been a close friend of the slain officer.

At the scene, while technicians processed the dental office, taking pictures, making measurements, dusting for fingerprints and taking blood samples, plans were formulated for an intensive search for the two fugitives.

The city had been completely sealed off and it seemed improbable that the two suspects had managed to reach the city limits before the roadblocks were set up.

News of the slaying of Deputy Walker and the shooting of Deputy Abbott spread rapidly by word of mouth and by news flashes on radio and television. Within half an hour, more than 100 deputies, state troopers and city police were at the intersection, receiving assignments.

They were assigned in teams of twos and threes, first to check out the numerous tips that had been telephoned to police headquarters, to the sheriff's office and to the state police.

While the tips were being checked out, Dr. Weaver, Jesse Bailey and other witnesses were questioned about what had happened. Dr. Weaver said that he regularly worked on prisoners from the county jail. Today, appointments had been made for three men—Bailey, Chipman and Macklin.

Dr. Weaver said that Bailey already had been treated and had been taken across the hall to a laboratory room, where the other prisoners were held. He said that he didn't see the shooting, but that he heard shots after he had partially opened the door and called for the deputies to bring in the next patient. He said he believed the deputies had just taken the handcuffs off the two escapees when the officers were assaulted. Dr. Weaver said he heard sounds of scuffling just before the shooting and when he looked out, Deputy Walker lay in the hallway between the laboratory room and the treatment room. The two prisoners he was to treat fled through the front door, the screams of the receptionist ringing in their ears.

When the receptionist was questioned, she was so excited that she had to be given a sedative. She had been in the waiting room and hadn't seen the shootings.

Dr. Weaver said that one of the prisoners, Chipman, had been there before, and knew the layout of the



Police officials said they learned this man had been the brains behind attempted escape which he had been planning for more than four weeks

offices, as well as the routine. This led Lieutenant Gorman to believe that the escape had been planned some time before.

Meanwhile, word came over the police radio that the two men had been trapped in a garage several blocks north of the dental office on North Street. Police cars quickly converged on the scene and officers jumped out.

There had been a report that someone had heard a call for help from the garage, which was on North Street just north of East Stewart Avenue. Moving cautiously and with guns drawn, the policemen opened the garage door and looked inside. There was very little in it, not even a car. The escaped prisoners certainly were not there.

Disappointed, the officers turned back to their cars to leave, but turned back when someone shouted from an upstairs window that the call for help had come from the house, not from the garage.

The policemen went to the door of the house and a woman met them. "It might have been my kid," she said. "I just got done beating him."

The tearful youngster could be seen just behind his mother and the officers decided this was the answer. They went back to their cars, listening intently to the police radio for the next alarm.

Meanwhile, Undersheriff Norman Harlan, Lieutenant Gorman and other top brass discussed the possibility that the fugitives had managed to leave the city. They decided there had not been time for the two to get away. They would have had to steal a car, but there hadn't even been time for this before all the exits from Genesee County had been sealed off. Also, the state police had been alerted and all highways in Genesee and adjoining Lapeer County were being watched.

Jesse Bailey was questioned about what had happened and gave this account:



Police hustle James Chipman into cruiser. Young Flint native was being held on a murder charge when he attempted to escape

That morning, he said, he got on a jail elevator with Macklin. Macklin asked him how he was doing.

"I told him okay," Bailey said. Bailey said he also told Macklin that he thought he would be able to get out of jail on bond soon.

Then, Bailey said, Macklin bent over to tie his shoe. This was a device to talk in a low tone to Bailey without being overheard. "Me and my buddy are going to make our own way," Macklin said from the side of his mouth, in a tone that could not be understood by jail guards. It meant they planned a break.

"Was he inviting you to go along with them?" asked Lieutenant Gorman.

Bailey said he didn't think so.

"Why didn't you report the planned break then?"

Bailey replied that there had been a lot of talk previously in the jail about making a break. There was no reason to believe this would be any

more than just talk, as all the other occasions had been.

After they got off the elevator, Bailey said, he was put in a jail bull pen with Macklin, where Macklin continued to talk about the break. He said that Macklin told him if Bailey's name was called first, that Bailey should stall and let Macklin and others go first.

But Bailey said he didn't follow Macklin's orders. Bailey said that when a deputy called out: "Dentist," Bailey jumped up and went out first.

Bailey told the officers that he, Chipman and Bailey were taken to the dentist's office together by Deputies Walker and Abbott. He said that he, Chipman and Macklin were handcuffed together in the back seat of the sheriff's police car and rode to the back of the building near the intersection of North Street and East Dewey Street.

The sheriff's cruiser was parked in a space in the rear of the building and the two deputies and three pris-

oners entered through a back door leading into a hallway that separated the reception room and a laboratory room from the dentist's treatment rooms.

For the three prisoners, Bailey said, the treatment room served as a reception room. Bailey said he sat down on a stool and complained that it was too hot in the room. He said that Walker went to the back door and opened it to let more air in.

Walker paused to let the receptionist know that the three prisoners were there. She went to one of a number of treatment rooms to inform Dr. Weaver, then returned to her desk in the main reception room, used by the public to wait their turns.

When Walker returned to the room, he noticed that the prisoners appeared to be uncomfortable, Bailey related. Abbott had been handcuffed to Bailey and these handcuffs were removed, he said. But Chipman and

Macklin were still handcuffed together.

Bailey said it was around noon when he was taken into one of the dental operating rooms and treated by Dr. Weaver. When the dentist had finished, Bailey said, he was returned to the laboratory room where Macklin and Chipman were held.

It was then, Bailey said, that Dr. Weaver called for another patient from a partially open door across the hall. Walker had been standing with Chipman and Macklin in the laboratory room, Bailey said.

When the dentist called for another patient, Bailey related, Walker removed the handcuffs that had held Macklin and Chipman together.

Bailey said that Chipman was the first to act. As soon as the handcuffs were removed he attacked Walker and, moments later, Macklin jumped Deputy Abbott.

Bailey said that he backed out of the way and watched the scuffle.

He said that Chipman and Deputy Walker were engaged in what proved to be a life-and-death struggle, wrestling to the floor, with Chipman on top. Bailey said that Chipman seemed to be trying to take the deputy's gun, which was in a holster on his hip. At the same time, Deputy Walker was trying to get at the gun, either to hold on to it or to draw it, Bailey said.

While this was going on, Bailey related, Macklin pushed Deputy Abbott against the wall and they began struggling with each other. Bailey said that Abbott's pistol was under his belt and as the two men scuffled, Abbott seemed to be getting the better of Macklin.

Then, Bailey said, Macklin managed to get away from Abbott. Macklin had gained possession of a can of Mace that the deputy carried. Bailey said that Macklin squirted the Mace into Deputy Abbott's face, then turned and squeezed the can again, shooting a stream of the chemical into Bailey's face.

The chemical made his eyes water and smart, Bailey said, and he went out the back door into the open air, where he began rubbing his eyes, trying to rid them of the temporarily blinding chemical.

He said he had been there only a few moments when Deputy Abbott, who had suffered the first shot from the Mace can, came out the back door, leaned against the building wall and began rubbing his eyes.

Then, Bailey claimed, Deputy Abbott spotted him. He said the deputy pointed the gun at his head and said: "Don't move."

"I told him I wasn't going anywhere—that if I had wanted to I could have gone," Bailey said.

It was at this time that the attention of both the prisoner and deputy Abbott was attracted by sounds coming from the dental clinic. Bailey said he heard a shot that had been fired inside the office, then a woman, presumably the receptionist, began to scream.

Seconds later, Bailey said, he looked at the back door and saw Macklin standing there with a .38 caliber revolver in his hand. He said it looked like the service revolver that Deputy Walker had carried.

Bailey said that Deputy Abbott was facing the back door. He said that Macklin, still holding the gun,

looked from the Deputy to Bailey, then back again at Abbott.

Next, Bailey related, he heard a shot and saw Deputy Abbott fall backwards.

"How many shots were fired?" asked Undersheriff Harlan.

Bailey replied that he thought that only two shots had been fired. But both apparently had been fired point-blank. The first shot—the one that struck Deputy Walker—apparently penetrated his heart.

Word came from Hurley Hospital that a shot had been fired point blank at Deputy Abbott, too. He had suffered a through-and-through wound, the bullet entering his chest just above his heart and exiting through his back. Hospital officials said that Abbott's condition was regarded as critical. He was in surgery and the doctors were hopeful that his life could be saved.

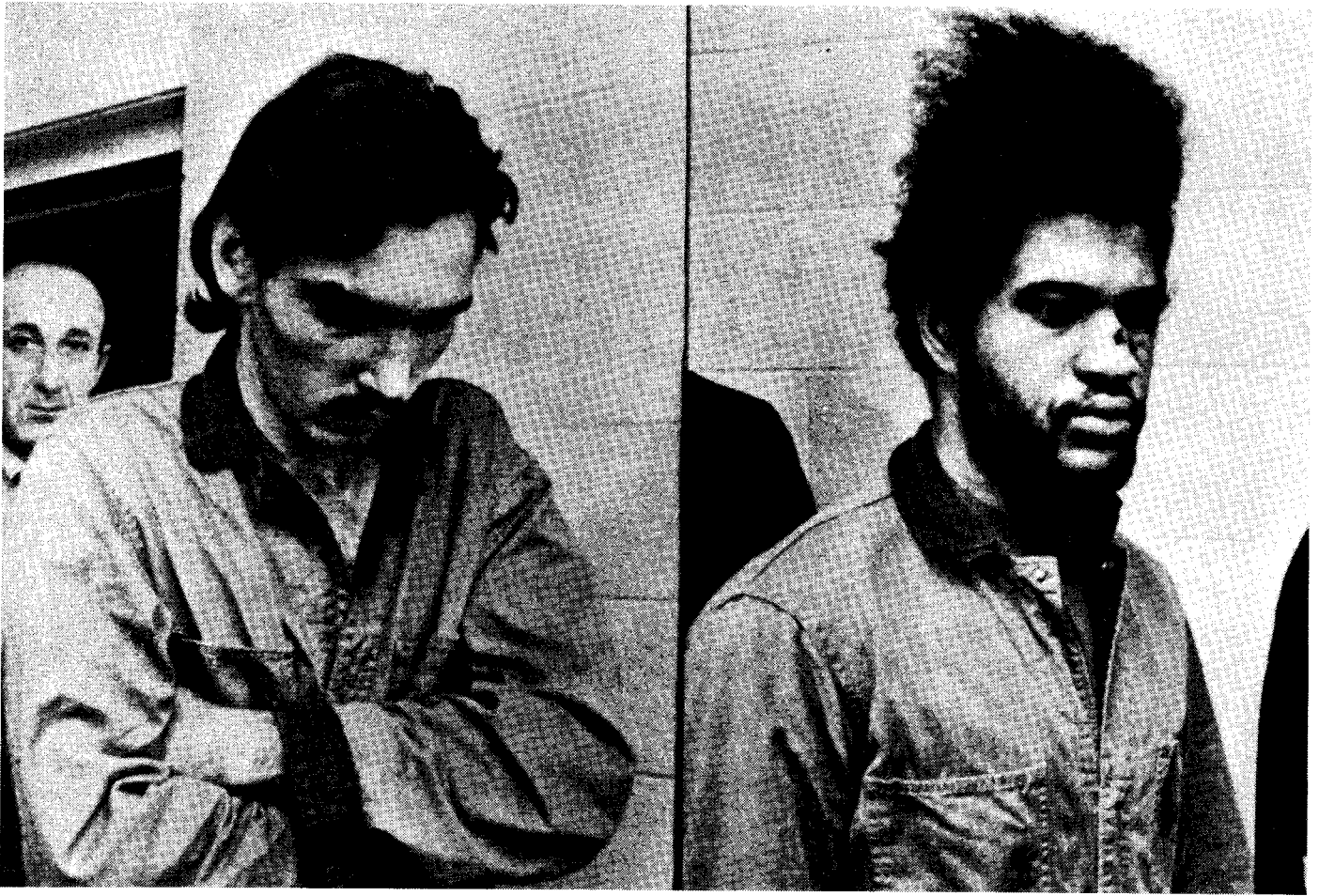
Meanwhile, a report came over the police radio that one of the fugitives had been seen running between houses on East Gillespie Street. Within moments, a dozen police cars were lined up, and the area was surrounded. A resident of the area pointed to a house in the middle of the block and said he thought the man had gone in there. While a dozen policemen, shielded by their cars, crouched with loaded shotguns, rifles and pistols, others ran towards the house with guns drawn.

Two Flint city patrolmen decided on the side door of the house and approached it cautiously. One of the officers kicked the door open and slipped inside, his gun ready. While his partner waited at the side door, and others kept the house sur-



Sheriff Ron Stanley (l.) and Lt. John Gorman (below) directed intensive search involving more than 250 officers in hot pursuit of Deputy Walker's killers...





Investigators agreed that even a brave man would balk at sitting in a dentist chair. But they didn't condone the fight these two men put up which resulted in one man dead, another seriously wounded and several people in shock

rounded outside, he went through the small house and searched every cranny.

Finally, he emerged through the front door and said nobody was in the house.

This was the beginning of several house-to-house searches. The man who had been reported running between the houses still had not been accounted for. What had happened to him?

After a huddle, it was decided to search every house in the block. While the majority of the officers stayed at their positions behind their cars, several other policemen went to the first house in the block and asked the occupants to evacuate it to give them an opportunity to search for the fugitives.

After all known inhabitants had left the house and waited behind the police lines, the officers went in and began a room-by-room search. Nobody was found hiding in the house and the procedure was repeated at all the other houses until every room had been searched.

Then the residents were allowed to go back into their homes. But they were advised to keep their doors locked until the fugitives had been

captured and were safely in custody.

The questioning of Bailey and other witnesses continued as the number of men in the search swelled with each passing minute. Among those responding to the scene were off-duty deputies and policemen as well as many former deputies—some who had retired, others who had taken other jobs.

Overhead, a State Trooper rode in a state police helicopter with binoculars and air-to-ground radio. The chopper huddled just over rooftops while the trooper scanned every person who was not undercover.

With police practically flooding the north side area of offices and apartment buildings, the top brass pieced together the preceding events in the hope that the information might turn up some clue as to where the two escapees had gone.

Bailey said that after he heard the shots and saw Deputy Abbott fall backwards, he ran across nearby North Street and shouted to a man to call the police. But the man was headed in the direction of the dental building and didn't stop. Bailey said he went on to a house, where he was allowed to use the telephone to notify the sheriff's department.

Then he went back across the street and waited for the arrival of police and deputies. He said he was unable to add anything to what he had already told the officers. Bailey was taken into custody by deputies and returned to the Genesee County jail.

Another witness at the scene was a man who had gone to the dental clinic for treatment. He said he was in a dental chair in one of the treatment rooms, waiting for the dentist, when he heard unusual sounds emanating from what he knew was the laboratory room.

The patient said he got out of the dental chair and went to the open door of the laboratory room down the hall. He said he saw Chipman and Deputy Walker wrestling on the floor.

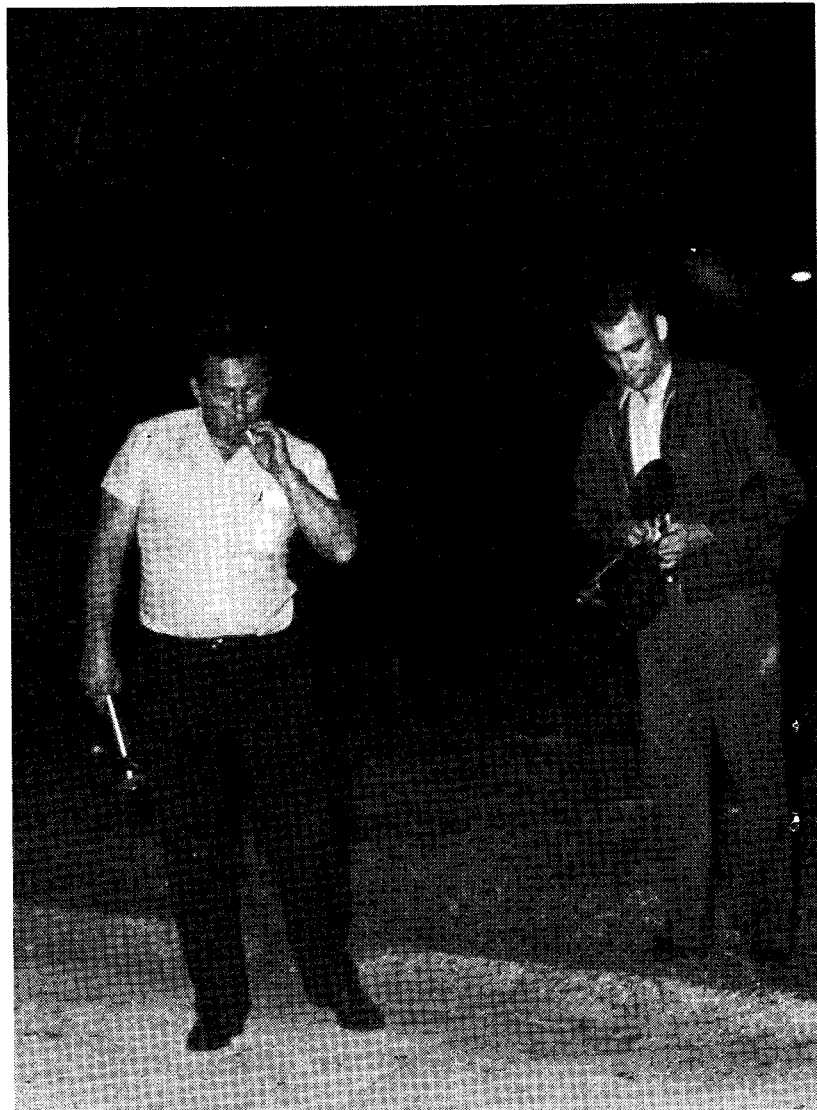
After standing a few minutes watching the two struggle, the patient said that he saw Deputy Abbott begin to scuffle with Chipman.

The patient added that he saw Macklin then and Macklin had a can. He used it to squirt something at Deputy Abbott. The patient said Chipman and Walker were still struggling on (Continued on page 74)

THE NERVY RAPE VICTIM FINGERED A KILLER

by **W. T. BRANNON**

Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES



As police investigated the fatal shooting of a clerk in a store holdup, Technician Joe Peak, shown at right in photo above and with his back to camera in picture at left, processed scene for clues, conferred with probers

He probably thought she so shaken up when he dumped her after sating his lust that she wouldn't remember a thing, but despite her harrowing ordeal the attractive girl was able to give Florida investigators remarkably coherent information which later linked her assailant to a cold-blooded killing

THE CALL CAME to the New Port Richey Station of the Pasco County sheriff's department from a man in a pay phone booth in Holiday, Florida, a new community, small but growing rapidly, whose limits begin just a few feet north of the line between Pinellas and Pasco Counties.

The caller said that he and two companions had stopped at the 7-Eleven store on U.S. Highway 19 in Holiday to make some purchases, but found nobody on duty. Then they went behind the counter and found the clerk, apparently dead, his head resting in a pool of blood, on the floor behind the magazine counter. It was then a few minutes past 10 on Tuesday evening, March 2, 1971. "Okay," said the dispatcher. "Please stick around and we'll have some men out there right away."

New Port Richey is a resort city on the Gulf of Mexico with a normal population of about 7,000; that was almost doubled on March 1st, which was the height of the winter tourist season. It, too, is on U.S. Highway 19 and is only a few miles from Holiday.

Minutes after the call came in, Sergeant Robert Samples of the Pasco County sheriff's department skidded his car to a stop in front of the 7-Eleven shop, one of a chain of several hundred throughout Florida, all known as convenience stores. The name is derived from the fact that all the stores are open from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. They stock beverages, perishables and staples that people are most likely to need when other stores are closed.

Like all the 7-Eleven stores, this one had parking spaces in front as well as 10-foot paved parking areas on both ends. Although Sergeant Samples was there in less than five minutes, a crowd had gathered and now milled around outside.

Sergeant Samples was followed quickly by other deputies who immediately roped off the front of the store to keep spectators from spoiling possible evidence. Shortly afterward, Sheriff Basil Gaines arrived from Dade City, the Pasco County seat.

On arrival, Sergeant Samples had hurried inside the store and the three men, one of whom said he had made the call, pointed to the magazine counter. Behind it, Samples found a middle-aged man lying face down on the floor in a pool of what obviously was his own blood.

Sergeant Samples made a preliminary examination and determined that the man was dead. Wounds indicated that he had been shot at least twice in the back of his head.

Sheriff Gaines arrived and after a cursory examination, he went to the phone and called Pasco County Judge William Seaver and told him of what had been found. Judge Seaver said he would be there in a few minutes and would act as coroner in accordance with Florida law.

Searching the store, the officers found the cash register drawer open and all the currency was missing. Near the telephone was the name of the manager of the store and his home phone number. Sheriff Gaines called him and told him of the tragedy. He said he would come at once.

Meanwhile, Chief Investigator Dennis Quilligan and Investigator George Kern who worked for State Attorney Jim Russell of Pinellas and Pasco Counties arrived to assist in the investigation.

Also at the scene was Technician Joe Peak of the Pasco County sheriff's identification section. He made pictures of the exterior of the store, then went inside and took closeup pictures of the victim and the scene behind the counter, as well as the

cash register drawer that gaped open.

Investigator Quilligan examined the pavement in the parking areas and found skid marks at the south end of the store, as if someone in a car, the killer perhaps, had taken off at a high rate of speed.

Technician Peak was summoned and the skid marks were photographed, measured and sketched. The pictures and measurements would be compared with the tires of a car driven by any suspect the officers might find later.

The 7-Eleven store was located only about 300 feet from the Pinellas County line and two veteran homicide investigators of the sheriff's department, Detectives Robert Somers and "Hap" Hazzard, offered their services.

The Pinellas County detectives as well as Agents Quilligan and Kern recalled the case of a stickup pair they still were investigating. The prior Saturday night, a white male-female couple had stuck up two stores in Pinellas County and escaped with all the currency in the cash register in each.

The modus operandi in both cases was the same: The couple waited until there were no customers in the store and one clerk was on duty. Then they went in and the man, who had a gun, waved it at the clerk and ordered him to lie face down behind one of the counters.

While the woman rifled the cash register, the man stood over the clerk with a gun, threatening to kill him if he moved. As soon as the girl had all the money, the pair took off, after telling the victim that he would be shot to death unless he stayed on the floor in the same position for five minutes.

About 15 minutes before the three men had walked into the 7-Eleven store and found the clerk dead be-

hind the magazine counter, the male-female team had robbed a convenience store in New Port Richey and fled with about \$50 from the register. The New Port Richey city police were investigating that case when the call came in to the sheriff's station.

There seemed no doubt that this was the same couple who had stuck up the two stores in Pinellas County on Saturday night. The girl was described as about 19 years old, with long blonde hair. She had attractive features and blue eyes and was what even the victims characterized as stacked: She was about five feet six inches tall and weighed about 130 pounds.

She had a becoming suntan and there was only one thing to distract from her looks: She had a runny nose.

Her companion was described as about six feet tall, weighing 160 pounds, with long, dark hair. The victims estimated he was about 25 years old.

After the Saturday night robberies, Pinellas County sheriff's detectives had received word that the male-female combo had first struck in Fort Myers several days before. They had followed the Tamiami Trail northward to Bradenton and Palmetto, then apparently had picked up U.S. Highway 19, crossed Tampa Bay on the Sunshine Skyway, and continued north through Pinellas County.

Were the blonde and her companion responsible for the shooting death of the clerk in the 7-Eleven store? It was known that they had robbed a convenience store in New Port Richey, about four miles away 15 minutes before.

But there was one difference between this and all the others. In the previous robberies, the couple had threatened to kill the victim if he resisted, but there had been no actual violence.

The police of New Port Richey reported that the victim had given the same description of the male-female robbery team as in the other cases. On the chance that they had killed the 7-Eleven clerk, Sheriff Gaines and Chief Quilligan broadcast an alarm to sheriff's departments in Pinellas County to the south, Hillsborough County to the east and Hernando County to the north. Known facts of the murder also were broadcast.

The manager of the store arrived and identified the victim as Daniel J. DeVries, 43. After Technician Peak had dusted the cash register for fingerprints, the manager checked the tape and said that about \$148 was missing.

Judge Seaver, acting as coroner, arrived and examined the body. As required by Florida law, he made a sketch of the area behind the counter, showing a rough outline of the body on the floor. Then he authorized removal of the body to the morgue to be held for an autopsy the next morning.

About this time, a message was received from the office of Hillsborough County Sheriff Malcolm Beard. He reported that a call had just been received from a girl who said she was a clerk in a convenience store on the northwestern outskirts of Tampa.

The woman said two men had entered the store about 10:15 p.m., had taken about \$50 from the cash register, then had kidnaped her. She

had been taken to an obscure section north of Tampa, where she had been raped by one of the men. Then she had been taken to the intersection of Sligh and North Hines Avenue, where she had been released.

She had called the sheriff's office from the nearest telephone and now was waiting at Sligh and North Hines. A deputy cruising in the area had been notified by radio and a detective had been dispatched from the sheriff's office.

Although two men had been involved in this case, Sheriff Gaines and Chief Quilligan realized they could have been part of a three-member gang and that the blonde could have waited elsewhere while the pretty young clerk was being raped.

The Hillsborough County Deputy who was dispatched to meet the victim at Sligh and North Hines Avenues was William D. Law. He was followed shortly by Sheriff's Detective Robert Cole. The attractive young victim, who said she was 21, was still shaken and distraught by her harrowing experience, but she was remarkably coherent. She told the officers that the two men had escaped in a 1971 white over light blue Pontiac LeMans.

She said the last three digits of the license number were 449 and that it was an Arizona license plate. This information was called in to the dispatcher who immediately began broadcasting an alarm for the Pontiac carrying two men and possibly a blonde girl.

Then the rape victim was taken to headquarters, where she gave a full account of what had happened:

The girl clerk was alone in the store at 10:15 p.m., when one bandit entered and brandished a gun. He took about \$50 from the cash register, then handed it to the girl and told her to put it in a paper bag. She did so, and he stuffed the bag in his pocket.

Then the bandit waved the gun menacingly again and ordered the girl to go outside and get in the passenger side of the front seat of the Pontiac. Another man was behind the wheel but it was dark and she didn't get a very good look at him.

"Do you think you can identify the other man if we find him?" asked Sergeant Cole.

"Yes, I'm pretty sure I can," she replied.

She said that the man with the gun got in the back seat and kept it pointed at her as the car began moving.

"Do you know what kind of gun the bandit had?" asked Detective Cole.

"Yes," the girl replied. "It was just like yours."

Detective Cole took his gun out of its holster. It was a snubnosed blue steel .38 caliber revolver. He held it out so the girl could take a good look at it.

Deputies Carter (l.) and Schoenbrun spotted stolen car, a key clue



"Was the gun the same color as this?"

"Yes," she replied.

"The same general length and size?"

"Yes, it was."

The young woman said that as they rode, the two men told her that they had stuck up a store near New Port Richey a few minutes before. They said the male clerk had been shot twice in the back of the head and they didn't have anything to lose.

"We mean business," she quoted the man in the back seat as telling her. "You better do as we tell you or we'll kill you, too."

They were in a deserted section outside the city now and she was ordered to climb over into the back seat. She said the man in the back seat had the revolver and he threatened to kill her and her children if she gave him any trouble. She said he was just guessing that she had children.

It was then that the man raped her. Afterward, she was driven to Sligh and North Hines Avenue. The men stopped the car and said they were going to release her. But the one who had raped her told her he would shoot her if she tried to get the license number as the car was leaving.

Despite the threat, she did try to get the license number, but had succeeded only in getting the last three digits, 449, and noting that it was a 1971 Arizona license plate. Then she went into the house in which she had been dropped off and telephoned the sheriff's office.

She was unable to describe the man who was driving except that he appeared to be tall and muscular with dark hair. The man who had assaulted her, she said, also was tall and muscular with dark hair. She estimated he weighed about 200 pounds.

However, she said that neither man had long hair, and that pretty much ruled both of them out as the male partner of the man-woman team that had been robbing stores from Fort Myers to New Port Richey, the latest one that very night.

After she had made her statement, the girl was taken to a hospital, where she was examined by a doctor and it was confirmed that she had been raped. She was treated and released and the deputies took her back to the store from which she had been kidnaped. The cash register and other likely spots were dusted for fingerprints. The only ones on the register were those of the girl herself. Others were not immediately identified.

Then the girl locked up the store, and the deputies escorted her as she drove home to see that she arrived safely.

The following morning, Major John Salla, chief of the sheriff's criminal investigation division, assigned De-

tectives Cole, Buford Knowles and Norman Bedingfield to the case. An alert was broadcast for all cruising patrolmen to watch for a 1971 white-over-light blue Pontiac Le Mans, with Arizona license tags bearing the last three digits, 449.

The following morning in Holiday, Investigators Quilligan and Kern were back on the job, assisting Pasco County Sheriff's Detective Jim McCall. Assistant State Attorney James McClain, who handles most Pasco County prosecutions, also joined the detective.

An appeal had been made for witnesses to contact the officers and the investigators stationed themselves at the 7-Eleven store to question customers who came in. Most of them said they had not been there the night before. A few had been in the store the evening of the slaying, but the time was from one to three hours before DeVries was shot.

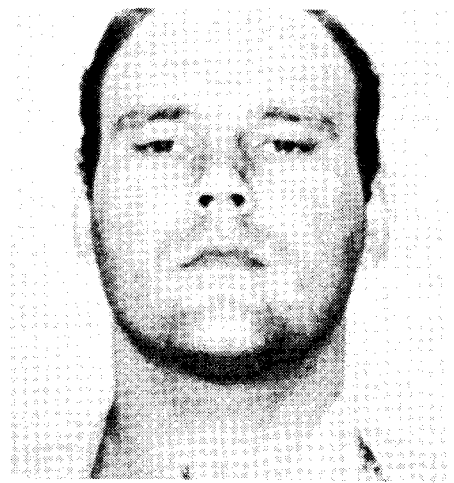
Meanwhile, Technician Joe Peak was joined by another Pasco County technician, Jim Murry, and the two men dusted all likely spots for prints that Peak had missed the night before. Some of the prints were those of the victim, but others could not be identified.

After the body of DeVries had been formally identified by a relative, Dr. John R. Fegel performed the autopsy. He reported that two .38 caliber bullets had entered the back of the victim's head. Both were removed and turned over to Sheriff Gaines. They were sent to the Florida Bureau of Law Enforcement at Tallahassee, where ballistics specialists said they appeared to have been fired from a Smith & Wesson revolver. The slugs were held for ballistics comparisons if a suspected weapon were found.

The questioning of potential witnesses—customers of the 7-Eleven store—continued, and finally the investigators found a young couple who had been in the store about 10 p.m., on the night of the murder. The petite blonde girl, only 15 years old, said that she had been driven to the store by her husband.

Both said that as they drove up to the front of the store, the husband first stopped at the south end in front of a blue Pontiac that was in the parking lot at the south end of the store. They said the blue Pontiac had been backed in. While the young housewife went in the store, the husband moved his car so that the Pontiac could get out if the driver wanted to leave before they did.

Both told the investigators that they had noticed that the blue Pontiac had Arizona license plates, but they hadn't noticed the number because there seemed to be no reason to. It was not unusual to see a car with an out-of-state license. During the height of the tourist season, there are almost as many cars with licenses from other states as those with Florida tags.



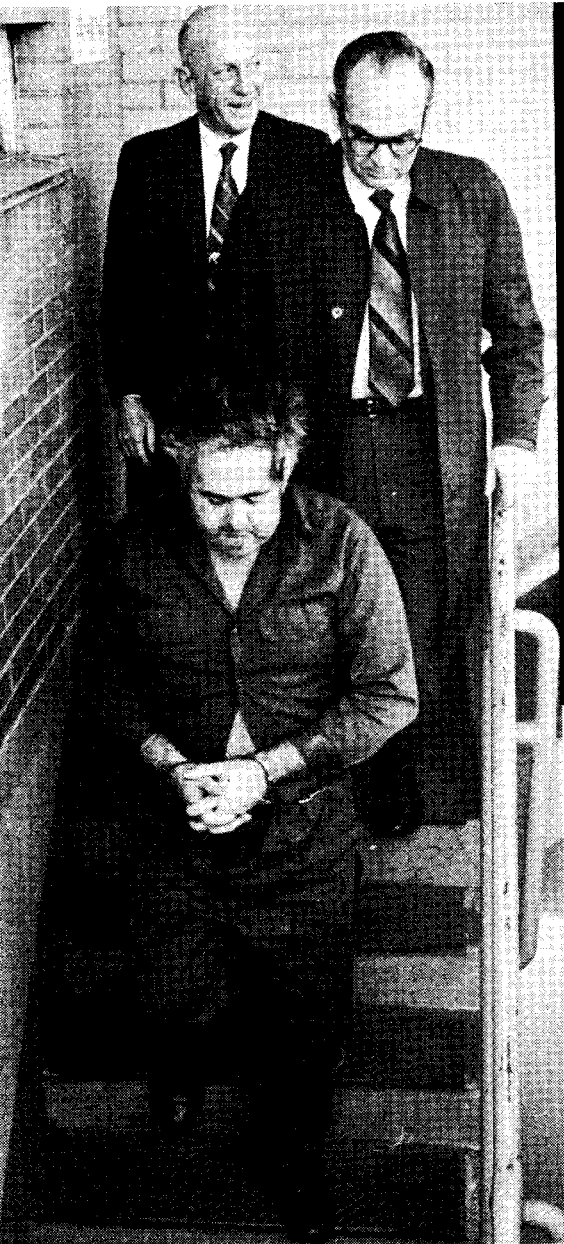
Certain leads turned up by top investigators in the case led them to quiz Kenneth Stringer and Jim Brown (below)



The young wife had gone into the store to make a 56-cent purchase, she said, and besides herself and the clerk, a man was in the store and she said he got a "fairly good look" at him. The description she gave matched that of the man who had raped the convenience store clerk in Tampa about an hour and a half later. The young housewife said she believed she could identify him if she ever had the opportunity.

The couple said the man was still in the store when they left. The blue Pontiac was still in the parking area at the end of the store when they drove away. They said there might have been a man behind the wheel, but it was dark and they hadn't bothered to look. (Continued on page 67)

Trying to track down the ringleader in a series of bank heists
in the Mid-South, FBI agents and local officers had little
to go on except one irritating certainty:



Handcuffed Johnny Pace came under scrutiny by police because he fit description of "big, fat" bandit

THE FAT BANK ROBBER'S FAVORITE DIET WAS MONEY

by MALLEY J. BYRD

Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

A SUCCESSFUL bank robber can afford to be a swinging dude. And, according to all accounts, that's what the burly mechanic from Joelton, Tennessee was—a real swinger.

He would knock off a bank, go to Nashville and get him a woman, then head for the bright lights out west. And on the way he would spend money like it was going out of style.

The way one of his female traveling companions put it, "he was always ready to bust a big bill."

Such a life style can be habit-forming. People with habits are predictable. And indulging in the high life wasn't the only regular practice the big mechanic adopted.

He developed a modus operandi for robbing banks that must have become almost second nature. By the time he heisted a half dozen, he had the method down pat, and he was leaving his trademark on each one.

Not that he left a calling card or anything so crude, but he went about each robbery in exactly the same way. And he couldn't disguise the fact he was a big man with a large pot belly.

Each bank was located in a small town in Middle Tennessee. Each was robbed shortly before or after the noon hour. And each time the holdup man made customers and employes lie face down on the floor, stand in a closet or hug the wall.

There were other similarities. The big holdup man always used a stolen car for a getaway vehicle, then abandoned it later. And each time he had an accomplice, but whether it was the same man remains his secret. He hasn't said.

By the time Federal and state authorities ended the holdup wave, it numbered seven. And the total known loot came to \$170,000. There may have been others. These were the robberies in which charges were eventually filed.

The big holdup man's modus operandi wasn't so glaring at first, perhaps because he refined it a bit on each job until he developed a stan-

ders took off, leaving frightened customers and employees spread-eagled against the walls. Several people saw the getaway car roar out of town, but it was never found.

On February 7, 1969, two holdup men walked into the Capital City Bank of Goodlettsville, a Nashville suburb, and ordered everybody there to stand with their faces against the wall. Then they looted the tellers' cages of \$10,146 and made their getaway.

Mrs. Myra Hunter, a teller, said she couldn't identify either bandit, but the general description she gave of one matched that given by people who saw the two gunmen in New Johnsonville. Mrs. Hunter was almost charitable toward one in that she called him "a portly gentleman."

The description had nothing to do with his manners, only his size. And again he was reported wearing dark sunglasses. This time he had a blue bandanna handkerchief over his face. His companion's description was vague.

Apparently the portly holdup man was beginning to develop expensive tastes.

Whereas three months elapsed between the first two robberies, it was only a month before he and a companion struck again.

And this time one of the marked peculiarities of his MO became more obvious. It involved his method of reaching and fleeing the robbery scene.

Leslie C. Owens of Madison, Tennessee decided to go fishing on March 8, 1969. He drove to Cuba Landing on the Tennessee River, towing his boat on a small trailer behind the automobile. Then he launched the boat and left the car and trailer parked at the water's edge.

When he came back the trailer was sitting where he left it. The car was gone. Since he had the keys in his pocket it seemed reasonable to assume the thief had "hot-wired" it. Bits of insulation stripped from an electric cord supported this theory.

Next day two robbers, "one a man with a large frame and a very large stomach," strolled into the Northern Bank of Tennessee at St. Bethlehem just before noon and ordered all the employees to stand in a large closet.

Mrs. Betty K. Rone, bank receptionist, made a mental note of the fact the bigger bandit wore sunglasses, a blue and white polka-dot bandanna over his face, and a slouch hat pulled down to his eyebrows. Both wore gloves.

The bank employees stayed in the closet until silence in the lobby told them the robbers were gone. Then they came out, alerted law enforcement agencies and took inventory. This time the take was \$32,000.

Later in the day the car stolen from Cuba Landing was found abandoned near St. Bethlehem. It had been damaged in a most unusual manner.

The lock on the car trunk had been punched out, and the air filter removed from the carburetor and placed inside the trunk. FBI agents who examined the car speculated on the reason for such a strange procedure.

Removing the air filter wouldn't have any bearing on "hot-wiring" a car, which had been done to this one. Special Agent Don C. Birdwell theorized the procedure was intended to give the car more speed by allowing an increased air flow into the carburetor.

The \$32,000 loot from the St. Bethlehem stickup (*Continued on page 82*)



dard procedure. The first stickup came on November 1, 1968, at the New Johnsonville branch of the Bank of Waverly.

It was 11:40 a.m. when two bandits armed with pistols and wearing gloves walked in and confronted James Larry Crawford, a teller. One man, obviously the leader, wore sunglasses and a cap pulled low on his forehead.

Crawford noticed the leader had "a pot stomach and a heavy beard." The other, a slight, nondescript individual, had no particularly distinguishing features.

Crawford studied the heavy-set man closely. Later he would identify the high-living mechanic from Joelton as that person. So would a female employe of the bank.

With \$11,401 in loot, the two rob-



Despite handcuffs, Pace shows fast pace here trying to avoid cameraman

BONUS-LENGTH FEATURE

The irrefutable evidence of murder was still fresh in his car, but this brash, hardened criminal was so cocky and sure of himself that, with the opportunity to escape scot-free, he deliberately tempted fate and virtually dared the cops to prove he was guilty of anything

THE KILLER PLAYED GAMES WITH THE POLICE

by **CRAIG CALDANIE**

Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES



THE STATE of California has produced some of the most spectacular murderers and murder cases in America, sometimes in such profusion that they vied with one another for headlines. In such instances, the one which had broken first received the major share of publicity, and another murder, though equally sensational both in commission and solution, became a big story only in the immediate area of the crime scene.

Sometimes, too, a case was short-changed by the press because its developments, while startling in their own right, did not break fullblown in one shocking revelation; they came in piecemeal fashion, an item today,

Murder probe was launched when cops opened the rear trunk of this car and one said: "It smells like death . . ."



Police bullet struck fleeing Mike Cavanaugh in rear end, but he still put up a fight and had to be handcuffed

another a few days later, then nothing for another considerable space of time. From an editorial standpoint, interest in a great criminal case must be sustained from day to day to merit front-page treatment.

It was something of that nature which was responsible for the fact that the case of Michael Timothy Cavanaugh, although one of the most remarkable homicide cases in the annals of Western crime, is almost forgotten, except among police officials who were immediately concerned with it and remember Cavanaugh as one of the trickiest criminals ever encountered in their long careers. It was a case that forced them to pit all the intelligence, skill and resources at their command against one of the most dangerous lawless types in the

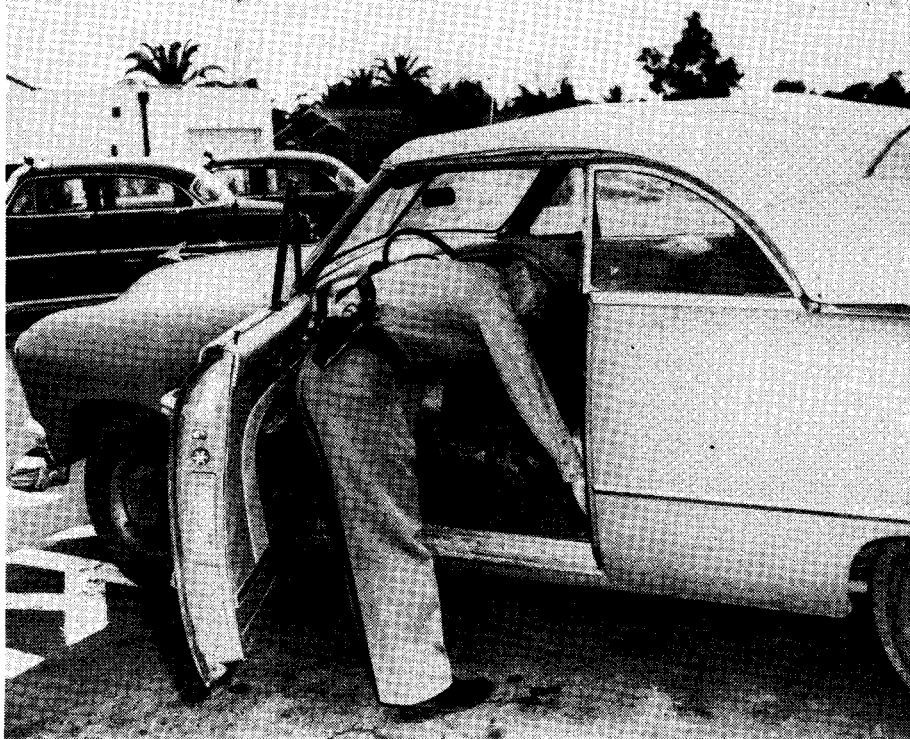
book—a hardened criminal and glib con man so cocky and sure of himself that, with the opportunity to escape scot-free after a crime, he deliberately let himself be seen and virtually dared police to prove he was guilty of anything.

This was the pattern of the case from the very outset. If Tom Black, the "hit and run victim," had not been brought to the emergency room of Denver's St. Luke's Hospital on that drizzling Wednesday night, July 29, 1953, in all likelihood he would have been dead before anyone found him. And though his injuries may have been regarded as the product of something more than a vehicular accident, it is highly unlikely that any lead would have been found to his assailant.

What actually happened made it a different sort of case altogether.

The hands on the white-faced clock above the reception desk in St. Luke's emergency room stood at 11:48 when a husky, curly-haired six-footer burst through the double swinging doors and cried, "I got a guy in my car who's hurt bad! Picked him up on the highway—hit and run, I think. You better send somebody out here with a stretcher."

An interne standing within earshot signaled to a couple of orderlies, who, without further instructions, picked up a litter and headed outside to the parking area. The big man went with them. He was wearing khaki chino slacks and a sport shirt—white with bright red and blue knitted designs. There was blood on one sleeve.



Cops examined interior of suspect car looking for clues to identity of owner

As they all went out the emergency room door, the girl at the desk picked up the phone and called the Denver police. "This is St. Luke's emergency," she said. "They're bringing in a hit and run victim."

That was all. At headquarters, the desk sergeant relayed the message to the radio dispatcher. He checked his chart, then called an order to a radio patrol car nearest the hospital. Manning it were Patrolmen Julian Bender and Bart Alexander, who heard the message, "Proceed to St. Luke's emergency room. Investigate hit-and-run victim."

At the hospital, the orderlies had removed an injured man from the car in the parking lot, put him on a

litter, and carried him inside, where they transferred him to a wheeled surgical table, then rolled it and its bloody burden into the examining room. The nurse at the desk called the big man who had brought the injured man in.

"We'll need some information from you," she said, spreading a form before her and picking up a pen. "What is your name, please?"

"What do you need my name for?" the man asked petulantly. "I'm just passing through town. I found the guy on the road and brought him in. Isn't that enough?"

A doctor standing nearby intervened. "We're required to get this information in a case of this kind," he said quietly. "It's just a formal-

ity. The nurse only has a few questions. I'm sure you won't mind."

Mollified, the big man said his name was Ralph R. Welch, from Tucson, Arizona. "I'm on my way back East, to Columbia University in New York. I saw this fellow lying in the street and thought it was my duty to pick him up and bring him here."

He was vague when asked to pinpoint the exact location where he had found the injured man. When the nurse had gotten as much information out of him as she could, she asked him to wait around for a little while.

"What do I have to wait for now?" he asked belligerently. "I told you everything I know."

"The police have been notified," the nurse responded. "The law requires it in these cases. They'll be here any moment now. They will want to ask you some questions, since you're the only one who knows anything about it."

A jaw muscle twitched in the big guy's face. His eyes narrowed and he seemed thoughtful for a moment. "Okay," he drawled then. "I'll stick around."

Patrolman Bender and Alexander came through the double doors only moments later. Welch got up from his chair and reached the reception desk only a step behind them. The nurse was saying, "That's the man who brought him in. His name—" she paused to look at the form she had filled out—"is Ralph R. Welch." She handed Bender a carbon copy of the report.

The big man didn't give him time to read it. "Say, officers, can't I leave now?" he demanded. "I just brought this fellow here. I found him in the street. They told me I had to wait, but I don't know a thing more about him than I told the girl, and I've got to get away. I'm in a hurry."

The two officers looked him over. They saw a tall, sturdily built man with a strong, roundish face topped by dark blond curly hair. The blood spots on his shirt held their attention for a moment. They noted his air of impatience.

"You'll have to wait a few minutes more, Mr. Welch," Officer Alexander said. "We'll have to get your story for our report. We won't take long."

"But I just gave her all the information I know," Welch protested irritably. "You can get it all from her."

"Can't do it that way, sorry," Alexander replied easily. "We have to get it first-hand. Just wait here a minute. I'll be right back."

With a barely perceptible nod to his partner, Alexander walked into the examining room to look at the injured man. Patrolman Bender kept a watchful but unobtrusive eye on Welch.

In the examining room a doctor was working rapidly over the man on the table. "How's it look, Doc?" the officer asked.

Check with Arizona authorities revealed the car had been stolen



Dr. Robert J. Shearer looked up briefly.

"This man may die without regaining consciousness," he said. "I don't like the looks of him. Besides, this isn't a case for a private hospital. This is for General, and for you fellows.

"We don't know anything about this man, or the circumstances. The only thing we found on him was that identification card." He nodded toward a chair, where an ID card rested atop a heap of bloody clothes.

Officer Alexander walked over and picked up the card. "Tom Black," he read aloud. There was no address. Alexander picked up the trousers. "His pants pockets are turned inside out. Is that the way he was brought in?"

"That's right," Dr. Shearer said. "No wallet, no money, nothing but this card. And there's another thing you might note. . . . Look at this V-mark cut into the flesh where his left hand is broken. As though he was hit with a steel bar of some kind, maybe a jack handle. This doesn't look like a hit-run case to me. Looks more like he was beaten, then maybe thrown from a car."

The patrolman picked up the telephone and called Denver General Hospital, requesting an ambulance immediately to transfer the patient to the city hospital. Then he returned to the reception room where the big man was waiting, with obvious impatience, under the watchful eye of Patrolman Bender.

"All right," Alexander said, "let's start from the beginning. Tell us all about this."

"My name is Ralph Welch, Ralph R. Welch," the big man began with manifest annoyance. "I'm from Tucson, Arizona. I'm on my way to New York. I'm going to Columbia University there. I saw this guy lying in the street. He was hurt. I picked him up, put him in my car, and brought him here. I'm a good Samaritan."

"What street? Where did you find him?"

"How the hell would I know what street? I'm a stranger in town. I thought the guy might be dying, so I figured I better get him to a hospital fast. I maybe broke your speed limits getting him here. I didn't stop to look at street signs. The guy was bleeding like a pig all over my car, and look at my shirt here—see that blood? It's ruined."

"How did you happen to find this hospital?" Patrolman Alexander asked.

The question seemed to catch the big man offguard. He stammered "Why—why—there was a little boy passing by—I asked him where the nearest hospital was. He directed me here."

The officers exchanged quick glances. Up to this point, Welch's story was credible, even if vague. The vague points might have been explained by the man's unfamiliarity

with the city, however. But his story about a little boy wandering around the streets at midnight on a stormy night—that was hard to swallow. Alexander immediately thought of the victim's turned-out pockets. Robbery? It was a distinct possibility.

"Let's see your identification," he said brusquely.

"Sure," the burly character replied surlily. He fumbled for a moment in the hip pocket of his trousers. Then produced a wallet. More fumbling in the identification pockets, and then he handed over an automobile insurance card bearing the name of Ralph Robert Welch, with an address on West Alturas Street in Tucson, Arizona. Next he handed them an automobile registration card, made out for a 1961 Ford convertible, issued to the same name.

"Do you have a driver's license?" Alexander asked him as Patrolman Bender copied down the information from the first two credentials offered, and into his notebook.

Welch flared belligerently. "Say, what is this?" he demanded angrily. "Here I try to be a good guy and help out someone who's hurt, and you fellows treat me like I'm a damned criminal! I haven't got all night to—"

The interruption was caused by the arrival of the ambulance from General Hospital. The officers suspended the questioning briefly while they watched the injured man loaded aboard. When the city ambulance drove away, they returned to Welch.

"Let's go take a look at your car," Officer Bender said.

Again the big blond man exploded angrily. "What kind of a deal are you guys trying to pull?" I'm no cheap crook. I—"

"Take it easy, fella," Bender said. "We'd just like to take a look at it—for the record. What's wrong with that? You've got nothing to hide, right?"

Flanked by the two officers, Welch started out the double doors, but as they reached the loading platform outside, he suddenly wheeled and started to walk away. Officer Bender reached out and grabbed him by the arm.

"What's coming off here?" Welch protested. "Are you guys arresting me? And what for?"

Bender clutched his arm firmly and said evenly, "Stop being a tough guy, Welch. We just want you to stick around for a while. The detectives might want to question you. Now, let's go look at your car."

The light green convertible, bearing Arizona license plates, stood gleaming in the rain, front wheels to curb. Its top was up. Patrolman Alexander opened the front door and turned a flashlight on the interior. At that instant, the muscular suspect suddenly wrenched himself free of Officer Bender's grasp.

"To hell with you guys!" he yelled.



Master Sergeant Ralph Welch was murdered and his body stuffed into trunk of his own car by the killer

"I'm not sticking around while you snoop in my car!"

The words were hardly out of his mouth when he was sprinting down the street, with the two officers in hot pursuit, shouting for him to stop as they drew their service pistols. They were hampered by their bulky raincoats, however, and it looked like they would lose the man as he disappeared around the corner and headed up Twentieth Avenue. They saw him pull out his wallet as he ran.

"Stop or we'll shoot!" both officers warned.

Screams suddenly filled the air as the chase swept by a group of young nurses just coming off duty.

Now the fleeing man darted recklessly across the street and brakes screeched as oncoming cars narrowly averted running him down. He disappeared around another corner, but the officers caught sight of him again as they followed him down the new street. He was nearly half a block ahead of them, but the gap was widening. Again they yelled a warning to stop or they would shoot. Welch ignored the warning.

Each officer fired a shot in the air over the fugitive's head. He kept running. Then they took aim at his legs and fired again. Welch went down, tumbling forward under the momentum of his own flight.

When Bender and Alexander reached him, he was cursing and

struggling to rise and continue his attempt to escape. One bullet had struck him in the right buttock. The wallet was still clutched firmly in his hand, and he continued struggling so violently that they had to put handcuffs on him.

While trying to determine the extent of his injury as they awaited an ambulance, they found that the bullet which had hit him had passed right through a folded checkbook in his hip pocket. The checks in it were imprinted with the name, Tom Black.

"Looks like he had good reason to run," Officer Alexander observed grimly, still panting from the exertion of the chase. "Either he beat and robbed that guy he brought in, or he rolled him while he was lying there."

Moments later the area was filled with police vehicles, as radio cruisers and detectives, alerted by the hospital staff when the chase began, responded to the alarm from headquarters. Even handcuffs did not deter the muscular fugitive from struggling and it required the efforts of four men to load him into the General Hospital ambulance.

Patrolmen Bender and Alexander filled in the detectives on what had transpired thus far, and the group of officers returned to the hospital parking lot to examine Welch's convertible. They noted immediately that the chrome grille work on its front end was newly damaged; it looked like it had run into a car which stopped ahead of it.

They found a profusion of blood on the front floor mat and on the leather covers of the right front seat, obviously where Black, the injured man, had been placed for his journey to the hospital.

On the floor of the rear seat they found a bumper jack, the handle of which ended in a V-shape. Detectives put the jack and its handle in their car for delivery to the crime lab, where it would be examined in detail. Patrolman C. E. Myers then was assigned to drive the convertible to headquarters. The other police vehicles followed him in.

Before they reached the station, however, the convertible became mired in a mudhole, and the other officers stopped to help Myers free the car. Myers went back to the trunk, to see if it might contain a shovel, but he had hardly opened it when he recoiled. A nauseating odor rose from the trunk compartment.

Later Myers said, "When we opened that trunk, we smelled death right off."

Another detective who was present added, "And in view of what had happened, it smelled like murder."

The veteran officers had no doubt about the nature of the sickly-sweet stench in the trunk. It could only have been caused by one thing—decomposing flesh. There was no body in the compartment now, but there must have been one there not long since. At the moment, all they

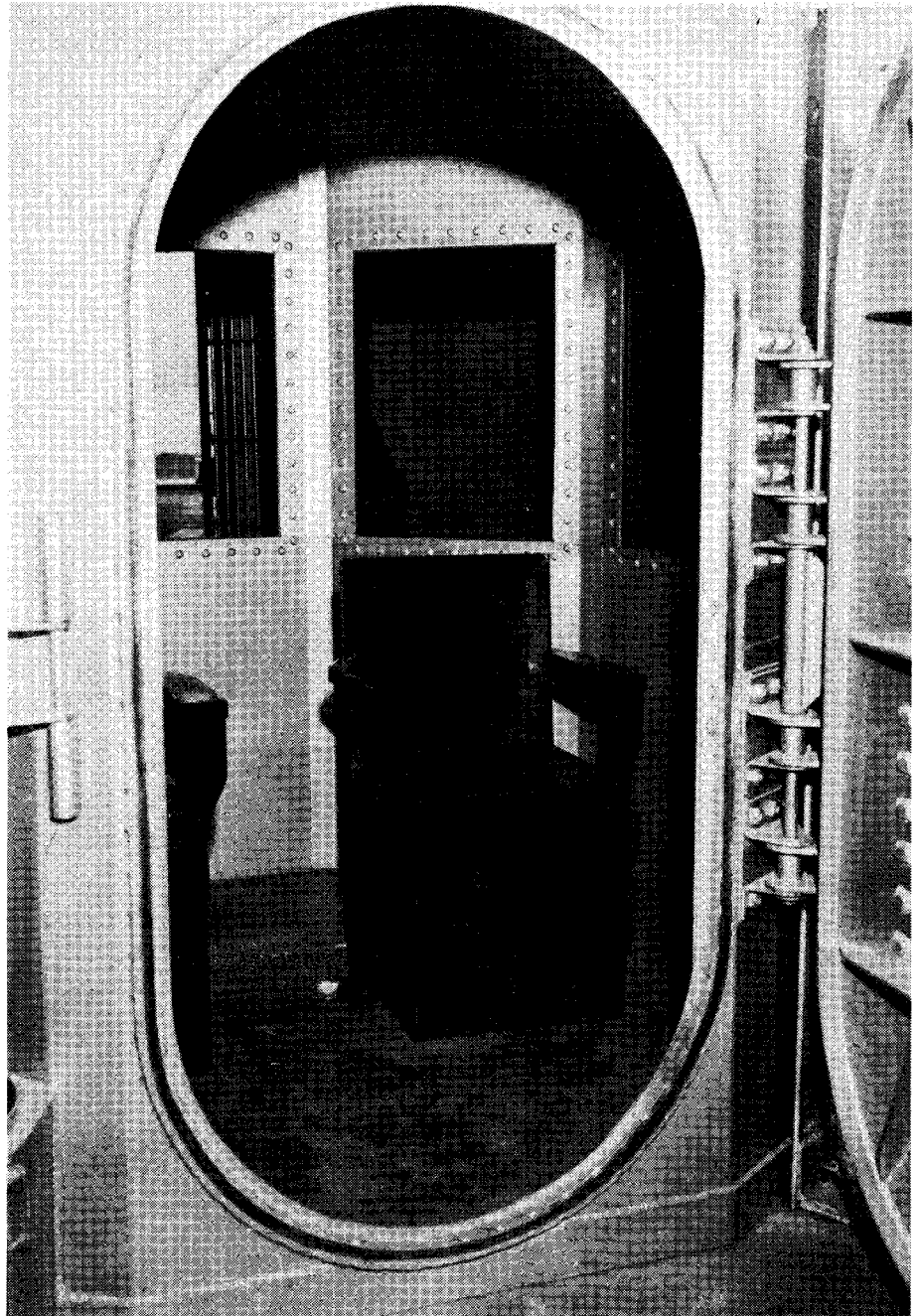
could see was a wealth of caked and dried stains in the bottom and sides. It would require laboratory analysis to make it official, but they were sure it was blood. There also was a scattering of leaves and gravel littering the trunk compartment.

Obviously, of course, the dried bloodstains could not have been made by Black, the "hit-run" victim brought to the hospital that night. The same question therefore, was in the minds of every officer on the scene: Had there been another attack, ending in murder?

Chief of Detectives Captain William E. Flor was called at home and

awakened to be filled in on the details. "Looks like we've got hold of a big one," one of his men concluded. Flor dressed hurriedly and came to headquarters, where he found Lieutenant James E. Shumate, head of the crime laboratory, examining the blood-stained convertible in the police garage.

While awaiting the results of this examination, Catpain Flor dispatched a fingerprint team to the hospital. The team found its work cut out for it; Welch, still full of fight, had to be strapped down and subdued with a sedative before they could get his fingerprints. They had less trouble



Gas chamber of San Quentin prison's Death Row loomed for the murderer

with Black, the "hit-run" victim.

Both sets of prints were run through the Denver Police Department's identification division, with negative results. The files contained nothing on either man. Captain Flor ordered copies of their prints rushed to the FBI in Washington for comparison against the federal bureau's master files. He also ordered "a make" on the convertible's license plate number through Arizona State Police headquarters in Phoenix.

"Let's see what Welch had on him," Flor said next. He was handed the bullet-pierced checkbook belonging to Tom Black, and the wallet be-

longing to Welch. In the latter, he found \$180 in cash, as well as a United States Marine Corps certificate stating that Master Sergeant Ralph Robert Welch was honorably discharged on May 18, 1953. That was only a few days more than two months earlier.

An Arizona driver's license and other papers all bore Welch's identification. Captain Flor shook his head sadly. "Just out of the Marines and going haywire like that. He's got a wife and kid, too—pictures of 'em here." He held out a few snapshots showing a pretty blonde woman holding an infant.



Cavanaugh readily agreed to take "truth serum" test proposed by police

Captain Flor picked up the telephone and asked the operator to get him Tucson police headquarters, where he was connected with Captain James D. Allaire. Allaire copied down all the information Flor could give him about Welch and promised to run an immediate check on the man at the West Alturas Street address.

By the time Flor had finished talking to Tucson, Lieutenant Shumate was ready with his report on his examination of the Ford convertible. He had done a meticulously thorough job, assembling specimens for analysis, compiling copious notes, and taking both black and white and color pictures of the trunk interior and other parts of the car.

"There's no doubt that a decomposing body was carried in that car, and not too long ago," Shumate informed Captain Flor. "I've collected samples of dried blood, hair, and shreds of tissue. There's fresh blood on the jack handle—also hair, but that probably came from Tom Black. These other traces are older.

"And I found these in the back seat."

Shumate dropped a couple of objects on the captain's desk—a pair of sun glasses, with blood-encrusted frames and cracked green lenses; and a broken piece of removable gold dental bridgework.

"How do you figure it?" the captain asked.

Lieutenant Shumate shrugged. "It looks to me like someone was killed in the back seat, then put in the trunk, carried for some days—no telling how long—and later thrown out. I've taken samples of the gravel and leaves—they're from some sort of evergreen tree, and not very old.

"They might give us a lead to where it happened. I'm sending all the samples and data back to the FBI lab. Do we have any idea who the victim might have been?"

Captain Flor shook his head negatively. "As yet, we've got very little to go on. Both fellows are still unconscious—we had to knock out the big guy with a shot to get his prints."

"But if Welch's story is true—that he drove up here from Tucson and was just passing through—the murder could have been committed almost anywhere in Arizona, Utah, or Colorado—maybe even in Mexico.

"And as for the victim, it could be he came from any one of those places—or none of them." He pointed to a thick sheaf of missing persons circulars on his desk. "We might get a lead when we hear from Tucson, or when we can talk to Black and the big guy."

A call to Denver General elicited the information that Tom Black's condition was critical. He had a serious skull fracture, and his left hand was broken, possibly suffered as he attempted to ward off blows from his assailant. Black was at that very moment (Continued on page 92)

Maryland's Case of Pre-Marital Murder

Three hours before she was to become the bride of a "confirmed bachelor," Mary Finn was savagely beaten to death. Money and jewels were stolen, but if robbery had been the only motive for the slaying of the gentle lady, it was clearly a case of overkill

by CHARLES CARROLL

Special Investigator for ACTUAL DETECTIVE STORIES

UNLIKE most of the guys who worked the night shift with him at the Baltimore steel plant, John K. Zigler was not much of a drinking man. Only rarely did he stop in at the tavern near the plant when they quit around 7:30 every morning. But that Saturday morning of July 1st was a rare occasion, and this time it was John who had suggested to a couple of his closest friends that they join him for a few drinks before they went home.

"I'm buying," he announced. "After all, it's a special occasion."

It was indeed. It was Zigler's wedding day. His pals knew about that, of course, and when they reached the tavern, Ziggie came in for a lot of good-natured kidding, as might be expected. For John Zigler was no ordinary prospective bridegroom; he had been a bachelor all his life, and only now, at the age of 64, had he decided to take a wife.

Ziggie was a good sport. He took the ribbing well, and he bought a couple rounds of drinks for several other fellows at the bar who worked at the factory. Ziggie could afford it. Everyone knew that. He was no miser, but his friends knew that he was prudent with

money and had salted away a tidy amount in the years of his bachelorhood. He stayed at the bar with his friends for a little over an hour and left amid a profusion of congratulatory handshakes. Then he walked the short distance to his second-floor apartment where the woman who would become his wife three hours from now was waiting for him.

"Mary!" he called eagerly as he opened the door of his flat and stepped in. "Mary—"

The sound suddenly froze in his throat. Mary Finn, his fiancée, scantily attired in her nightclothes, was sprawled beside the living room divan. One clutching hand outflung across the sofa partly raised her side off the floor. Her hair, streaming down over the left side of her face, was grotesquely matted with blood, more of which had streamed down over her back and shoulder.

John Zigler's screams brought neighbors on the run, one of whom ran to a phone and called the police. Within a matter of minutes, the street in front of the two-story row house on North Castle Street was clogged with official cars, not to mention a steadily swelling crowd of people attracted by the police activity.

Captain Oscar Koch, Lieutenant Christian Butt and Sergeant Ed Even had to force their way through.

Just outside the murder apartment, they passed Zigler, mumbling over and over, in a state of apparent shock, "She's dead! She's dead!"

Some of his neighbors were trying to comfort him.

Captain Koch took one look at the body and commented that the woman appeared to have been dead for several hours. Sergeant Even, who had knelt beside the corpse to examine it, said, "She was beaten on the head. Hit again and again till she died. Looks like her skull was fractured."

The officers noted a trail of blood spots leading to the door, which suggested she had tried to get to the door to call for help. They also found a good deal of blood in the kitchen. A shutter in a window overlooking a rear porch had been jimmied and the screen forced open. This, then, was how the killer got in. He could have left the same way, or by either the front or rear door.

Next they found ransacked drawers. An empty billfold and a woman's handbag, their contents scattered, lay atop a buffet.

The officers who had first arrived

at the scene were now joined by the Baltimore homicide chief, Captain William C. Feehley, Captain of Detectives Henry L. Kriss, Lieutenant Stewart W. Deal, Detective Sergeant George Bryan and Detective Joseph Mahrer. The deputy coroner came in with them. Captain Feehley assumed command of the investigation as soon as Koch had briefed him on what they had learned thus far. Feehley then turned to Zigler and asked him who the victim was.

"My fiancee," Ziggie said brokenly. "We were going to be married today, at noon." He added that the wedding originally had been set for the previous Thursday, but they had postponed it. "Now it's postponed forever," he concluded with a sob.

The victim was Mary M. Finn, Zigler said. She was in her late fifties. "I had a feeling something was going to happen," he added.

Asked to explain, he said that until quite recently, he had been sharing his apartment with Preston and Agnes Beck, who moved out because of his impending marriage. Since then, the place had been empty at night and he had noticed marks on the door lock, as though someone had been trying to break in. He said this had happened twice.

Inasmuch as he kept valuables in the house—defense bonds, stocks, and a considerable amount of cash—Zigler said he thought it would keep the burglars away if the rooms were occupied. He had asked Mary Finn to move in. He never dreamed it would be dangerous for her.

At Captain Feehley's request, the grieving steel worker checked the apartment to determine what might be missing. His cache of valuables, he reported shortly—bonds, stocks and cash—was intact. But something else was gone.

"I gave Mary \$600 in cash last night," Zigler said. "She put it in a wallet in her pocketbook. Both the money and her diamond engagement ring are missing."

"Anything else?" the captain asked.

Zigler made another search of the entire flat, then reported, "It's not important, but I had a glass jar filled with dimes. I kept it on a shelf here—but now the jar is empty."

Feehley told the technicians to check the jar carefully for fingerprints.

The deputy coroner's report was brief. He said the victim had been bludgeoned to death with a blunt instrument. Rigor mortis had set in, and he estimated the time of death to be somewhere between 5:30 and 6:30 that morning.

Reports now began to come in from detectives Captain Koch had previously assigned to canvass the apartment house and the surrounding neighborhood. They found several neighbors who said they thought they had heard screams around 5:30. Some said they seemed to come from the Zigler apartment, but they had

discounted this because they thought Ziggie was away at work and the place was empty; they didn't know his fiancee had moved in.

Captain Feehley now assigned a detective team to locate the couple who had shared Zigler's apartment with him till recently. They hadn't left a forwarding address, but Zigler gave the officer the names of some neighbors with whom they had been friendly. In the meantime, Ziggie's story had been checked out and the captain eliminated him from suspicion.

The Becks, Zigler's recent tenants, were located in Essex. Questioned about visitors who had called on them while they resided with Mr. Zigler, they named several and provided their addresses.

Two fingerprints had been found at the murder scene, but they were not very promising. There was some doubt whether they would be good enough even for comparison purposes. The glass jar which had held Ziggie's collection of dimes bore no prints at all.

Of more interest, though, was the report that two distinct blood types had been found, Type AB and Type O. Mary Finn, the victim, had Type AB. This posed the possibility that the killer had Type O, and had been wounded in the struggle with his victim, who had probably inflicted a deep scratch on her assailant. Fingernail scrapings taken from the dead woman seemed to confirm this theory.

Late that afternoon came another development. A late model sedan was found abandoned near the railroad depot, and in a routine check on its ownership, the owner was found to be a car rental agency at Essex. The agency said the car had been rented by Donald H. Brooks. An alert desk sergeant spotted the report and passed it along to Captain Kriss.

Donald H. Brooks was a relative of the Beck couple who used to live with Zigler, and was one of those persons named by them as an occasional visitor there. A hasty check of the files showed that Brooks had served a five-year term for burglary. From his parole officer, probers learned he had married after leaving prison. He supplied names and addresses of his relatives.

"His record doesn't make Brooks a murderer, any more than Fontana's injured hand makes him guilty," Captain Feehley observed. "But I'd like to know if Mr. Brooks has Type O blood. Let's find him."

This proved to be easier said than done. Brooks' wife had left him. None of his relatives knew much about him, although it was learned the ex-con had recently sold his wife's furniture for \$215.

This information caused Lieutenant Butts to speculate, "If Brooks had that much money, it doesn't figure that he'd pull a heist so soon."

In the meantime, Captain Feehley

had been advised by John Zigler that his slain fiancee's diamond engagement ring had not been stolen by the murderer after all. He had found it in a hiding spot, along with some other valuables, which Mary Finn apparently had used to protect her jewelry.

The search for Brooks continued, with little progress. He seemed to have vanished from all his known haunts. No one had seen him. Feehley ordered re-questioning of all his contacts, and out of this came the previously unknown information that he had been dating a girl whose first name was thought to be Martha, and who was believed to reside on South Ponca Street in Baltimore.

It was pretty vague, but it was all they had to work with, so Captain Feehley and Lieutenant Deal began ringing doorbells on South Ponca Street. Five hours later, at the very last house on the street, they found a householder who said his daughter's name was Martha.

"Could we talk to her?" asked the lieutenant.

"Well, you could if she was here," the home owner said, "but she's not. She's probably at work now, but this evening you might find her at her place around the corner. She and her husband have been living there ever since they were married a few months ago."

It looked like a forlorn hope, but Feehley and Deal didn't rule it out. That night they called on Martha. She had never heard of Donald Brooks, she insisted. They believed her. She didn't even come close to resembling the description of Brooks' girl friend.

Now they went back to their informant. At their request, she accompanied them back to South Ponca Street to help them find "Martha's" house, which she had seen once when she was with Brooks as he drove the girl home. She pointed out the house.

The landlady said she had no Martha living there, but she'd been thinking since the officers' last visit. Could the girl they wanted be named "Marjorie?"

"I've got a Marjorie Coyne living here," she volunteered.

"That's it!" the informant exclaimed. "I remember now—I made a mistake. Her name is Marjorie, not Martha."

Then came news of another mistake. The landlady, too, had made a slip of the tongue. She no longer had Miss Coyne as a roomer; Marjorie had moved out this very day.

"A man rang the bell shortly after six this morning," she related, "and said he wanted to see her. She came down and spoke to him, then hurried to her room and dressed. She left with him, and around nine o'clock they came back in a car. She was carrying a brand new blue suitcase. She went to her room, packed the bag, and her own, and left. Said she was going to New York, 'cause her sister was sick and needed help."

Asked to describe her roomer's male companion, the landlady gave a description that fitted Donald Brooks like the proverbial glove. Captain Feehley and Lieutenant Deal hurried back to headquarters and turned a dozen men loose on Brooks' trail. Inside of three hours, they had found the luggage shop in Essex where Brooks had purchased a blue suitcase that morning. They also found a ticket agent at the railroad station who had sold a train ticket to New York City to a man fitting Brooks' description. The agent seemed pretty certain Brooks was alone, however. He had not seen any woman with him.

"So they split up," Captain Feehley mused. "We can't be sure of his reason, but Brooks and this Marjorie gal are traveling separately, one by train, the other by bus, probably."

He called New York City police, filled them in on his problem, and asked for any help they could provide.

On the heels of this development, came news that put the first suspect, Augie Fontana, in the clear. Detectives had found a bartender who told them about Augie getting a cut on his hand during a recent fight in his ginmill. Captain Feehley, left now with Brooks as his only suspect, ordered his men to concentrate on this angle with renewed intensity.

They did so, with fruitful results. For one thing, associates of Brooks expressed the opinion that the ex-con had gone through the \$200 he got for his wife's furniture before he left for New York. He must have financed that trip for his girl friend and himself some other way.

"Don always went through money fast," the informant said. "He loves to take gals out and buy fancy clothes for them, and for himself. I know he bought an expensive wrist watch after he sold the furniture, but the last time he was here he was broke and didn't even have the watch. He borrowed half a buck from me."

Feehley considered this information of vital significance. If Brooks, just a couple of days before the murder of Mary Finn, had been so hard up he had to borrow a measly half dollar, where had he come into the money with which he'd rented a car, bought a new suitcase, and railroad and bus tickets for New York?

The captain had a strong suspicion, but he still needed proof. He sent men out to get it. Within the hour, a detective called in to say he had found the jewelry store where Don Brooks had bought the wrist watch on June 10th.

An hour later, another detective called in. Working the pawn shop detail, he had located the establishment where Brooks had pawned the watch on June 21st.

"He came in and redeemed it on the morning of July 1st," the detective added.

"That's the day Mary Finn was murdered," Captain Feehley ob-

served grimly. "An interesting coincidence."

The captain now issued a new bulletin for the benefit of New York City police, including in it a few details learned since the last one about places in the northern city which Brooks might be likely to frequent. At the same time, every beat cop and detective in Baltimore and environs had been supplied with a mug shot of the elusive suspect. But three weeks passed with no sign of the paroled burglar.

Then, shortly after noontime on July 27th, Lieutenant Edward Dunn and Sergeant Charles Marks, on a routine patrol along Philadelphia Road, approached a trucking company depot. Dunn had arrested Donald Brooks once before and knew the man well. He had been conversing idly with Sergeant Marks when suddenly he paused abruptly.

"Stop the car, Charlie!" he exclaimed.

Dunn leaped out of the cruiser before it stopped rolling and sprinted toward a tall, husky man walking into the truck depot. He grabbed the man by the arm and swung him around.

"Hello, Brooks," he said. "We've been looking all over for you."

"What for?" Brooks demanded.

Dunn didn't bother to reply. He quickly frisked the suspect, and his hand touched an object which turned out to be a heavily-taped blackjack.

"Pretty little toy," the lieutenant observed dryly. "What do you need that for?"

"I've been working on the trucks," Brooks replied easily. "I keep that for protection."

At headquarters, Assistant District Attorney John H. Weiss, and Captains Feehley and Kriss interrogated Don Brooks about the Mary Finn murder.

Brooks reacted with an air of aggrieved innocence. "Who would murder that poor woman?" he exclaimed.

"We think you may have," Captain Feehley replied levelly. "Or at least you know something about it."

The tall ex-con vigorously denied the accusation. Now his attitude changed to what at first glance appeared to be a spirit of cooperation. He talked freely, and at length. It did not escape his questioners, however, that his gabbiness stopped short of anything specific which might link him to a crime, any crime.

Brooks freely admitted he had gone to New York, but he insisted it wasn't with Marjorie Coyne. He said he had stayed there only a few days. He claimed he had financed the trip with money he had won in a crap game with a bunch of servicemen—he thought they were stationed at Fort Meade—and some professional gamblers.

Where did this game take place?

Brooks gave the approximate location, but only approximate. How much had he won?

"Around three hundred and fifty bucks," Brooks answered. "I was

really hot that day."

It was an interesting story indeed, but there was scarcely a line of it which could be verified, a significant fact which was not lost upon his interrogators. At the moment, Brooks had only a small amount of change in his pockets, less than \$2. He didn't even have the watch he had redeemed on the day of Mary Finn's murder.

In the meantime, examination of Brooks' prison records had disclosed that his blood was Type O, the same type as that presumed to have been left at the murder scene by Mary Finn's slayer. His blackjack was carefully analyzed, but no trace of blood was found on this lethal instrument.

"It could still be the murder weapon, though," Captain Feehley observed. "He could have peeled off the old tape and wound new stuff around it."

However, intensive questioning failed to shake Brooks' story. He told it, over and over again, like a schoolboy's well-rehearsed recitation. The investigators were keenly aware of the fact that they could not prove a murder case against the ex-con. The only thing they actually had on him was a charge for possession of a blackjack.

Captain Feehley booked him for this, and he was tried for the charge before Judge J. C. Smith, who found him guilty and sentenced Brooks to 90 days in jail.

This, at least, allowed the Baltimore probers a breathing space during which they could seek to accumulate more specific evidence against Brooks in the murder of Mary Finn.

Meanwhile, Captain Feehley requested New York City police to try to find a pawnshop where Brooks may have pawned his watch. The assignment occupied Manhattan detectives of the pawnshop detail a little less than 24 hours, and their information proved that Brooks had lied when he claimed he had stayed in New York only "a few days." The fact was that he had borrowed \$10 on his watch from a Manhattan hock shop on July 25th, just two days before he was finally arrested in Baltimore.

But that lie didn't prove he was a murderer. Captain Feehley became convinced that he needed Marjorie Coyne before he could hope to prove his case. Brooks had lied about the length of his stay in New York City. He also, in all probability, had lied when he said he hadn't gone there with Marjorie. Feehley now pressed the search for the elusive Miss Coyne.

The captain finally got a lead on this young lady when her former landlady called him to report the receipt of a letter from Marjorie, dated August 22nd and mailed from New York City, asking that any mail which might have come for her be forwarded to an address in the Bronx.

Again Feehley called New York police and detectives of that city,

(Continued on page 92)

The Sex Deviate . . . (from page 35)

It hadn't occurred to me before that he might have remained here until she was dead. Actually, that would have been a much more logical thing for him to do. If she wasn't dead, and someone found her in time, she could have identified him."

"About how long do you think it would have taken for the gag to have killed her?" said the inspector.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Not very long," he said. "particularly if she was unconscious at the time. Ten minutes, fifteen minutes, it's very hard to say. She wasn't a young woman of course, and she was rather corpulent. I'd say not more than fifteen minutes at the most."

"Did you turn her skirts up like that or was she found that way?" asked the inspector. "Our sex wolf has never shown any interest in the genitals of his victims up to now."

"The skirts were turned up that way when she was found," said the doctor, "but it's impossible to tell whether the murderer turned them up or whether she kicked them up herself in her death struggle. He didn't remove her underwear because she apparently wasn't wearing any. There are no marks on the genitals and there was no attempt at penetration."

"Probably accidental, then," said the inspector. "Well, at least we have a few clues this time. I don't know how we're going to trace ether or adhesive plaster or a baby jacket, but we'll try. Did the technicians find any fingerprints, Leo?"

"Hundreds of them," said Sergeant Rademacher. "There have been, apparently, a great many people down here in this coal cellar. As I understand it, Mrs. Hermann was too old to carry the coal up herself and she let the customers come down and get it. They've left their fingerprints everywhere and, of course, there's no way of knowing if any of the prints are those of the murderer."

"Perhaps I'm being pessimistic," said the inspector, "but I have a feeling that the fellow has given us the slip again. See to it that the newspapers are informed. They're going to crucify us, but our first duty is to see that the public is kept on the alert as much as possible. It's also possible that someone may report in with information which will help us in the investigation."

As the inspector had anticipated, the police were attacked by the press. It was pointed out that four elderly women had now been brutally murdered in Vienna in less than a year and that the police had made not the slightest progress in solving any of the cases. There was a great deal of speculation as to the identity of the sex wolf, ranging from prominent members of Viennese society down to street sweepers. Several persons wrote in to the newspaper claiming to be the sex wolf themselves. Their claims were investigated and it was found that they were not.

At the same time, the wide public-

ity given to the murders brought a veritable flood of information into police headquarters. Some of it was from persons as obviously deranged as the sex wolf himself and who believed that God was punishing Vienna for its sins or that the Martians had landed and were systematically wiping out the population, presumably beginning with the older women. These reports made interesting reading for the junior members of the Criminal Investigations Department, but they were not very helpful.

Some of the information was, however, of a more serious nature. As Inspector Konrad was aware, there are a great many cases of attacks on women which go unreported. If the woman is unharmed, she is often embarrassed about going to the police and she sees no point in getting herself involved in a criminal investigation which might take up a good deal of her time and result in publicity and no personal benefit.

These unreported cases of attacks on women now began to pour into the headquarters of the criminal police. Even the inspector was astonished at the vast number. Within a period of approximately one year, over 120 women had been subjected to some kind of assault in the city of Vienna. Some of them had suffered comparatively serious injuries, but the matter had never been reported to the police.

"It's only when something like this happens that you realize how dangerous it is for a woman living in a big city," remarked the inspector. "The impression we get here at the station is that the sex wolf never fails because the only time we are called in is when he has killed his victim. In actual fact, it could very well be that a great many of these attacks were carried out by this same man, but that he didn't succeed as he did in the cases where the woman was murdered. I trust that you're processing all of these reports carefully?"

"Carefully and as quickly as possible," said the sergeant. "I'm sending out teams of interrogators in every case where the informant has given their address or where we have any means of locating them. I'm in hopes that we can establish a pattern, possibly even a district in which the sex wolf prefers to operate. We're also making up composite pictures from the descriptions of the women who were attacked. It will have to be more than one picture because in some cases the descriptions are so much at variance that it could hardly be the same man."

"I don't think you'll get very far with the district," said the inspector. "If you'll remember, the four women who were murdered were in very widely separated parts of town. I don't think that our sex wolf is particularly attached to any one district. He seems to rove all over Vienna at will. The pictures are a good idea,

though. If we can get a good enough composite photograph, we'll have circulars printed and distribute them throughout the city."

The task which now faced the sergeant was one of those endless exercises in detail work which, although far from glamorous, make up a very large part of criminal investigation and which result in the solution of far more cases than the spectacular exploits of the Fearless Fosdick types in fictional crime stories. All of the hundreds of possible leads had to be individually investigated, reports had to be made by the interrogators and the contents of these reports had to be analyzed and correlated. Physical descriptions of the assailants were sorted out and turned over to the police artist who attempted to build up a composite picture from them. Obviously the large number of attacks could not possibly have been carried out by a single man within the space of a year and, as a result, the sergeant ended up with not one composite picture but more than a dozen.

"A dozen pictures are worth no more than none at all as far as the sex wolf murders go," said the inspector. "Have you been able to develop any patterns at all in the attacks that would permit tying certain groups to any one certain picture?"

"We've tried to do that," said the sergeant, "and the files have been sorted out according to which composite picture they come under, but the whole thing is very vague. It's obvious that there's a certain amount of overlapping and in many cases we have either no description of the assailant at all or only one so imprecise as to be nearly worthless."

"And if you had to make a choice," said the inspector, "which composite picture and which set of files would you say could be best ascribed to our so-called sex wolf?"

"This one here," said the sergeant, holding out an artist's drawing. It was that of a young, rather full-faced man with heavy sideburns and his hair parted on the left side. "This is the one who fits best to the descriptions in all those cases where there was not apparent motive. In most of the others, the women were either robbed or raped or the assailant at least attempted one of the two. With this fellow here, there was never any motive that we could trace, and since that was the way it was with the four murders, I would pick him."

"But of course you don't know who he is or where he is?" said the inspector. "If that is our sex wolf, he may have cleared out of Vienna altogether. You notice that its been nearly 10 months now and we haven't had another murder that really fits the pattern."

The sergeant was well aware that there had been no further reports of murders that corresponded to those of Eleonore Heinemann, Maria Lechner, Angela Simon and Francisca Hermann. Throughout the entire year of 1970, the police had been on the alert, but, although there had been murders, they had been of a

different nature with a clear-cut motive and, in most cases, the criminals had been brought to justice. On several occasions, the press had set up a cry that the Sex Wolf of Vienna had finally been captured, but the police knew that the man who had been taken into custody was not the one they were seeking.

"Perhaps he has left Vienna," said the sergeant. "What with all of the publicity in the newspapers and the fact that we have been very much on the alert this year, he could have become frightened and decided to try his luck somewhere else. Have there been any reports of a series similar to this starting up somewhere in Austria?"

The inspector shook his head. "I thought of that, too," he said. "When six months had passed after the Hermann case and we hadn't had any new reports, I sent out a nationwide circular to all police chiefs, warning them that they might expect an unwelcome visitor from Vienna. So far, there's been no response. The other possibilities would be that he has left Austria altogether or that something has happened to him. It's always possible, of course, that he's been accidentally killed, say in a traffic accident."

"I sincerely hope so," said the sergeant fervently. "It's only another month until Christmas and, if he doesn't show up by then, I'll begin to feel that we are in the clear. We're still pushing the investigation of the reports that came in, but, to tell the truth, there doesn't seem to be a sound lead in the lot."

On December 1, 1970, Mrs. Otilie Fluger was found dead in her coal cellar at 7 Burg Lane. The 59-year-old woman had been killed with 16 separate stab wounds by a very large knife.

"Well, I see you didn't make it until Christmas, Leo," said the inspector, coming down the basement stairs to where Sergeant Rademacher was directing the activities of a team of technicians and Dr. Bronski was carrying out an examination of the corpse on the spot.

"No, I'm afraid not," said Rademacher worriedly. This one seems to fit the pattern perfectly. There are no clues and there's no indication that the fellow was in any part of the house except the coal cellar. It definitely wasn't robbery. Mrs. Fluger wasn't as poor as the previous victims. There are quite a number of things in the house worth taking, but we can't find anything that has been touched. She was, however, a widow the same as the others."

"And what is your opinion, Doctor?" said the inspector, walking over to where Dr. Bronski was kneeling beside the body. "Is it part of the pattern?"

The doctor looked up. "I'm afraid so," he said. "The woman wasn't molested sexually, although she is still quite an attractive woman, and the only difference that I can see in this from the other cases is that she apparently put up quite a struggle.

The whole place is covered with blood. The murderer must have chased her around the basement stabbing her with the knife until she finally dropped. I can't say whether it was deliberate or not, but few of the stab wounds are in vital organs. She died, more or less, from loss of blood."

"It would seem to me that she would have screamed her head off," said the inspector, tuning back to Sergeant Rademacher. "Have you checked with the neighbors to see if anyone heard anything?"

"We checked," said the sergeant, "but this cellar is fairly deep and the nearest neighbor is on the second floor. We tested it out. I had one of the technicians stand down here in the basement and yell as loud as he could while I stood up in the entrance hall. I could just barely hear him and I probably wouldn't have noticed it if I hadn't known that he was yelling down there. I think maybe that our sex wolf picks coal cellars for that reason."

"Well, give it the full treatment," said the inspector. "Check all her connections to see if there was anyone who might have wanted her dead. Check to see who inherits whatever she owns. Go over the whole place with a finetooth comb. The fellow has to leave a clue somewhere sooner or later."

"I don't think so," said the sergeant discouragedly. "I think that he doesn't leave any clues because he comes for just that one purpose, to kill a woman, and he does that and then goes away. He's probably been sick or something and now the whole business is going to start all over again."

The sergeant's words were prophetic. No clues were discovered at the scene of the murder of Otilie Fluger. No one could be found who benefited in any way from her death and the heirs to her modest estate did not even live in Vienna but in Salzburg at the other end of the country. The sergeant even checked to see if they had been in Salzburg on the day of the murder. They had been.

Ten days later, on December 11th, the Sex Wolf of Vienna struck again. The choice of place was stunning in its audacity. Mrs. Ingrid Fraundorfer had been stabbed to death in the basement of the house at 3 Kardinal-Nagl Square, the same house in which Maria Lechner had been killed in her own kitchen. Mrs. Fraundorfer was 32 years old and her husband had been at work at the time of the murder. There was no evidence to indicate that the killer had made any attempt to enter the apartment.

"Our sex wolf appears to be a man with decided preferences in women," said Dr. Bronski to the inspector and Sergeant Rademacher who were standing with him beside the corpse. "This is the first time that the victim has been comparatively young and pretty and this is the first time that he's taken the trouble to strip her naked. The stripping was done after she was killed, however, and there is no in-

dication that he actually attempted any sexual act on her. I don't think that this had anything to do with his basic compulsion to kill women. I imagine it was an act of simple curiosity. The woman was young, attractive and dead, so he stripped her to see what she looked like. A very interesting case, this fellow. If you ever catch him, I expect he'll make it into a good many textbooks on criminal psychology."

"If we ever catch him," said the inspector, "he'll make it into some place other than that." He turned to Rademacher. "No clues, I suppose?"

The sergeant made a noncommittal gesture. "We're looking," he said. "So far, there's nothing."

"I simply don't understand it," said the inspector. "Here the whole city is up in arms, the press is full of all kinds of horror stories and this fellow calmly walks into a building where he has already killed one woman and kills another. No one sees him, there are no clues, there is no motive—it's as if the city was completely without a police force."

"He's got to make a mistake sooner or later," said the sergeant doggedly, but he didn't sound very convincing.

As it turned out, the Sex Wolf of Vienna had not made any mistakes in the murder of Mrs. Fraundorfer. There were no more leads than there had been in the other cases. Exactly one week later, on December 18, 1970, the mysterious killer made his first mistake. It was, however, not immediately fatal.

Forty-eight-year-old Gertrude Hanek survived. Finding it necessary to get something from the basement, she wasn't enthusiastic about the trip and he was vastly relieved to meet on her way down two elderly ladies from the apartment building coming up.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Hanek," called one of the old ladies. "It's quite safe. We've switched on all the lights and looked everywhere and there was no one down there."

The old ladies had *not* looked everywhere.

Mrs. Hanek completed the task she had come down to do in her section of the basement and came out, closing the door behind her. She had just locked it and was beginning to turn around when she saw the man standing silently looking at her and realized that she was looking death in the face.

"Who are you?" said Mrs. Hanek sharply. "What do you want down here?"

The man smiled, a wet smile of horrid anticipation and stepped forward.

Mrs. Hanek acted quickly. There was a large, empty cardboard carton standing on the floor nearby and she scooped it up and threw it in the direction of the man's legs. The man merely laughed, vaulted easily over the carton and the next moment his hands closed on her throat.

With the desperate strength of a woman who knew she was only minutes away from death, Mrs. Gertrude Hanek brought up the heavy bunch

BREAKTHROUGH: New System Allows You To Communicate With Others Using The Same Methods As The World's Most Notorious Cult Leaders!

This Amazing Course Shows You How To Model Their Techniques - And How To Make Them Your Own!

If You Study One Persuasion Method This Decade, This Should Be It...

BEYOND MIND CONTROL



Click Here To Discover More



MARK JEWELERS

9041 W. PICO BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90035

25 Years Service To Military Men

If coupon is clipped send orders to Mark Jewelers,

EMBLEM RINGS

For All Services Including Vietnam
For Army and Marines

10k White or Yellow Gold
Extra Heavy

SEND NO MONEY

15 DAY APPROVAL

100% GUARANTEE

NO INTEREST



LINDE SYNTHETIC STAR SAPPHIRE
\$199
Red, Blue, Green, Black or Purple
\$9 Twice Monthly
22 payments \$9
1 payment \$1
11½ MONTHS TO PAY



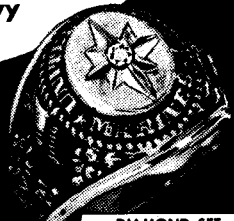
CAPRICORN
\$169
Synthetic Star Sapphire with 7 diamonds. Red or Blue. 14k gold.
\$9 Twice Monthly
21 payments \$8
1 payment \$1
11 MONTHS TO PAY



DIAMOND ON STONE
\$109
Red or Blue
\$6 Twice Monthly
18 Payments \$6
1 payment \$1
9½ MONTHS TO PAY



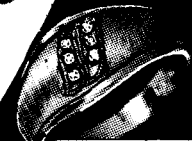
CHAMPION
\$69
Only with initial and Diamond
10k yellow gold.
\$5 Twice Monthly
13 payments \$5
1 payment \$4
7 MONTHS TO PAY



DIAMOND SET
\$99
\$5 Twice Monthly
19 payments \$5
1 payment \$4
10 MONTHS TO PAY



GEMINI
\$119
Initial with fine diamond.
14k gold.
\$6 Twice Monthly
19 payments \$6
1 payment \$5
10 MONTHS TO PAY



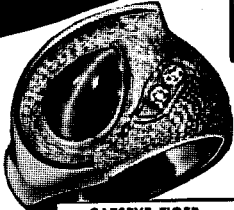
LOHENGRIN
\$69 ea.
6 diamonds in each ring.
\$5 14k gold.
\$5 Twice Monthly
13 Payments \$5
1 payment \$4
7 MONTHS TO PAY

STONE SET
\$89
Red or Blue
\$5 Twice Monthly
17 payments \$5
1 payment \$1
9 MONTHS TO PAY



MUSTANG
\$69
Synthetic Birthstone
2 diamonds. 10k yellow gold
\$5 Twice Monthly
13 payments \$5
1 payment \$4
7 MONTHS TO PAY

ADVENTURE
\$110
14k two tone gold setting for fine solitaire diamond.
\$6 Twice Monthly
18 payments \$6
1 payment \$2
9½ MONTHS TO PAY



CATSEYE TIGER
\$79
10k gold. 2 diamonds
\$5 Twice Monthly
15 payments \$5
1 payment \$4
8 MONTHS TO PAY



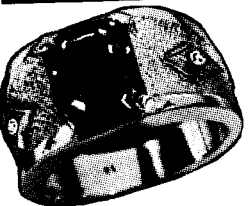
ANITA
\$259
Modern 5 diamond set with Marquise center. 14k gold.
\$12 Twice Monthly
21 payments \$12
1 payment \$7
11 MONTHS TO PAY

NOCTURNE
\$229
17 diamonds. 14k gold.
\$10 Twice Monthly
22 payments \$10
1 payment \$9
11½ MONTHS TO PAY

PARADISE
\$199
11 diamond Ino. 14k gold.
\$9 Twice Monthly
22 payments \$9
1 payment \$1
11½ MONTHS TO PAY



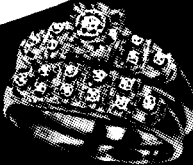
HEARTHROB
\$49
Diamond set. 14k white gold sculptured heart.
\$4 Twice Monthly
12 pmts. \$4
1 pmt. \$1
6½ MONTHS TO PAY



YOUNG LOVERS
\$110
6 diamonds. 14k gold.
\$6 Twice Monthly
18 payments \$6
1 payment \$2
9½ MONTHS TO PAY

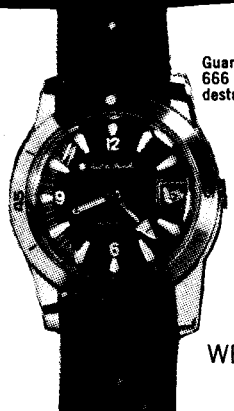


DIVINE LOVE
\$229
Modern diamond solitaire. 14k gold. Fitted wedding band.
\$10 Twice Monthly
22 payments \$10
1 payment \$9
11½ MONTHS TO PAY



LOVE'S GLORY
\$199
17 diamonds. 14k gold.
\$9 Twice Monthly
22 payments \$9
1 payment \$1
11½ MONTHS TO PAY

17 JEWEL WATERPROOF "SKINDIVER" \$110
Guaranteed 100% waterproof. Depth-tested 666 ft. Automatic calendar watch of indestructible stainless steel.
\$6 Twice Monthly
18 pmts. \$6 — 1 pmt. \$2
9½ MONTHS TO PAY

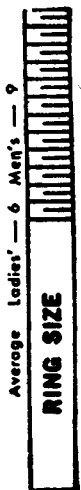


SEND FOR FREE COLOR CATALOG

WE AIRMAIL IMMEDIATELY WORLDWIDE SERVICE

MARK JEWELERS— 9041 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90035

Send me (item) _____ Price \$ _____
(HERS) _____
 White Yellow Size (HIS) _____ Initial _____ Color of Stone _____
PRINT NAME _____ RANK _____
UNIT ADDRESS _____
APO or CITY _____
SERIAL NO. _____ ENLISTMENT ENDS _____
SOCIAL SECURITY NO. _____ ODG-10-71
SIGNATURE _____
HOME ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
Merchandise shown in white or yellow gold unless otherwise indicated
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED — otherwise return merchandise by insured mail



(Continued from page 58)

of keys that she was holding in her right hand and began to hammer the man's face and eyes with them. Fortunately, many of the keys were of the large, old-fashioned, house-key type. The strangler released his grip on Mrs. Hanek's throat and staggered back, clutching at his eyes. In that instant, Mrs. Hanek seized her chance and ran for her life up the basement stairs. She did not stop running until she reached her own apartment and locked herself inside. Even then, she was so badly shaken that she could barely make herself understood to the police switchboard operator over the telephone.

The switchboard operator was, however, able to understand enough to realize that the call concerned the dreaded sex wolf of Vienna and it was immediately switched to the office of Inspector Konrad.

It took the inspector and Sergeant Rademacher less than 12 minutes to reach the house on Moenchhof Street, but the sex wolf had long since departed, leaving only a few drops of his blood on the basement floor as evidence that he had ever been there.

"That doesn't matter," said the inspector. "I hardly expected that he would wait for us to arrive. The important thing is, that he's failed in one of his attempts and the victim will be able to give us an exact description of him. If we ever catch him, she should be able to give us a positive identification."

Mrs. Hanek was indeed able to provide a remarkably accurate description. "He was a young fellow," she said, "very young; I doubt that he was twenty. He was very strongly built, though, and he had a soft, rather boyish face. Heavy sideburns and he wore his hair parted on the left side. He was very neatly dressed and if you saw him on the street you'd take him for a perfectly normal, nice boy. I'll never forget that face though, when he came at me. He was insane, I could tell that he was insane."

Mrs. Hanek was taken to police headquarters where she was shown the composite pictures that had been produced by the police artist. She immediately chose the same picture that Sergeant Rademacher had suggested might be that of the sex wolf. "That's the man!" she said. "It's a very good likeness."

"Well, I don't doubt for a moment that that was the sex wolf," said the inspector after Mrs. Hanek had gone home. "Now, we know what he looks like, but we still don't know who he is or where we can lay our hands on him. That will have to be our next step."

"How do you propose to go about it?" the sergeant asked.

"First of all," said the inspector, "I want to get our circulars bearing this picture and see to it that there is one in every police station and in every post office and railway station anywhere near Vienna. Secondly, I want you to have copies of the picture

made and distributed to every police officer in Vienna. They're to carry it in their pockets and look at it at frequent intervals until we have this fellow safely behind bars."

The circulars were printed and distributed and every policeman in Vienna carried in his pocket a picture believed to represent the sex wolf of Vienna. They did not have much time to familiarize themselves with them because on December 23rd, the Monday before Christmas, an attack took place which was in no way typical of the mysterious killer. It was, in fact, so untypical that at first it was not connected with the sex wolf at all.

Seventeen-year-old Angela Taublaender had been sent on the morning of the 23rd of December to the bank by her employer, the owner of a clothing store specializing in Austrian national costumes. Angela was to bring back the payroll in cash in order that the employes of the store could be paid before Christmas.

On the way back to the store, with more than four thousand dollars in an old battered briefcase, Angela crossed the Cardinal-Nagl Square, the scene of two of the sex wolf's murders. Suddenly, a stocky figure shot out of the arched opening to a courtyard, snatched at the brief case with one hand and began to strangle Angela with the other.

The strangler must have been over-confident, for his grip on the girl's throat was not effective enough to prevent her giving vent to several piercing screams. Immediately, there were shouts in reply from passersby in the square, and releasing his grip on the girl's throat, the strangler tore the briefcase from her hand and fled. He was pursued by several men and seen to go into a house. The men were not willing to follow him inside however, and, a short time later, the police arrived.

The first officer at the scene assumed the crime to be simple robbery, but when he heard the girl's description of her assailant, he was immediately reminded of something and he fumbled the composite picture of the sex wolf of Vienna out of his pocket.

"That's the man!" said Angela Taublaender. "I'd swear it was the same man."

The patrolman immediately notified the switchboard at police headquarters, but the by time the inspector and Sergeant Rademacher arrived at the scene more than a half an hour had already passed since the attack. The men who had pursued the assailant were, however, still guarding the entrance of the house into which he had disappeared.

"Let's just hope there's not a back entrance that let him get straight through and away," said the inspector. "I want this whole district blocked off as fast as you can get it done. I'm going after him."

The inspector, who was well aware that he was probably dealing with a multiple murderer, went through the house with drawn pistol and with the

greatest caution. He was greatly relieved to learn that there was no back entrance except one which opened on a blind courtyard. If the man had gone into the house as the witnesses claimed, he was still there.

Whether he was there or not, the inspector was unable to find him. Many of the doors to the apartments in the building were closed and locked and no one answered the inspector's knock. It was only a half hour later when reinforcements began to pour in from headquarters that a locksmith was found and the doors were opened systematically, one after the other. In a two-room apartment on the second floor, a young man was found sleeping—but he had chosen to sleep in his street clothes and with even his shoes on underneath the covers. The police artist had done a very good job. The likeness was remarkable.

The young man gave his name as Alois Gruenstaeudl and his age as 18. He was taken to central police headquarters where he was intensely grilled and denied all connection with any attacks on women, including the one on Angela Taublaender. In the meantime, however, the brief case containing the payroll from the store had been found in his apartment and Miss Taublaender picked him out of a line-up two hours later. The process was repeated by Mrs. Gertrude Hanek who was also able to identify Gruenstaeudl as the man who attacked her in the basement.

Gruenstaeudl now became more cooperative and admitted to the attack on Angela Taublaender and Gertrude Hanek, but he continued to deny that he was the Sex Wolf of Vienna. The grilling continued throughout the night and, by morning, Gruenstaeudl had also confessed to the murders of Maria Lechner and Ingrid Fraundorfer, both in the house at number 3, Cardinal-Nagl Square. He now no longer denied the other murders, but said that he couldn't remember exactly what had happened.

Gruenstaeudl was taken before the examining judge who serves in Austria in the place of a grand jury and formally indicted on two counts of murder, four more counts of assault, two counts of attempted rape and one count of robbery. He is now awaiting trial and has, in the meantime, been transferred to an institution for psychiatric examination to determine whether he was legally responsible for his acts or not. In the event that he is found to be insane, he will probably be confined to an institution for the rest of his life. ★★

EDITOR'S NOTE:

In order to comply with Austrian police regulations, the following names, as used in the foregoing story, are fictitious: Inspector Johann Konrad, Detective Sergeant Leo Rademacher and Dr. Carlo Bronski.



PRINCESS \$180
Brilliant solitaire diamond set in solid 14K gold.
\$9 twice monthly (for 10 months)



MOONBEAM \$180
9 sparkling diamonds set in solid 14K gold.
\$9 twice monthly (for 10 months)

**GIVE YOUR
LOVE
A DIAMOND**



ANGORA \$220
7 blazing diamonds set in solid 14K gold.
\$10 twice monthly (for 11 months)



COUNT \$150
Fiery diamond set in solid 14K gold.
\$750 twice monthly (for 10 months)



LONDON TRIO \$150
Flaming center diamond set in solid 14K gold.
\$750 twice monthly (for 10 months)



MAJESTIC \$275
7 fantastic diamonds set in solid 14K gold.
\$11 twice monthly (for 12½ months)



ELESIA \$150
Flaming center diamond set in solid 14K gold.
\$750 twice monthly (for 10 months)



VALIANT \$250
5 diamond cluster set in solid 14K gold.
\$10 twice monthly (for 12½ months)



ROMANTICA \$150
8 glittering diamonds set in solid 14K gold.
\$750 twice monthly (for 10 months)

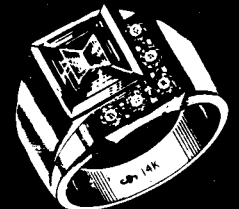


BRIGHTON \$220
5 glowing diamonds set in modern solid 14K gold.
\$10 twice monthly (for 11 months)

**NO CASH
NEEDED**
LIFETIME GUARANTEE
RUSH ORDER
TODAY



HAPPINESS \$200
13 sparkling diamonds set in solid 14K gold.
\$8 twice monthly (for 12½ months)



PRINCE \$125
Man's synthetic birthstone, 5 shining diamonds set in solid 10K gold.
\$5 twice monthly (for 12½ months)

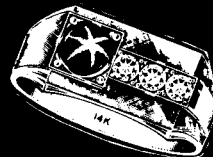


LARKSPUR \$120
6 glittering diamonds set in solid 14K gold.
\$5 twice monthly (for 12 months)



ATHENA \$200
4 shimmering diamonds set in modern solid 14K gold.
\$8 twice monthly (for 12½ months)

15-DAY
FREE
TRIAL
NO INTEREST
OR
CARRYING
CHARGES



BLUE STAR \$220
Magnificent Linde Blue Star synthetic sapphire, 3 dazzling diamonds set in solid 14K gold.
\$10 twice monthly (for 11 months)



ARISTOCRAT \$125
Blazing solitaire diamond set in solid 14K gold.
\$5 twice monthly (for 12½ months)

UNITED DIAMOND SALES • P.O. Box 1203 • Malibu, California 90265

Please rush: Name of Item _____ Price \$ _____
 Ring Size: Lady's _____ Man's _____ Type of Stone (Birth Month) _____
 I will pay \$ _____ Twice Monthly or \$ _____ Monthly
 Print Name _____ Rank _____
 Complete Military Address _____
 APO or City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Social Security No. _____ Enlistment Ends _____
 Home Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 My Signature _____
 Sweetheart or Wife's Name _____
 Her Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Clip out—wrap finger—mark line at arrow point—mail with coupon

RING SIZE

**SEND NO
MONEY**

**RUSH ORDER
TODAY**

**IF YOU ARE IN THE
MILITARY SERVICE
YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD**

If coupon clipped, send order to:
UNITED DIAMOND SALES
 P.O. Box 1203
 Malibu, California 90265
 OD-3
 Diamonds enlarged to show detail.

The Killer Lay in Wait . . . (from page 29)

effects. Detective Dave Morgan sat just a few short yards from the intersection of Highway 16 and Sydney Road, the artery leading from Port Orchard to the main highway. He was talking to fellow officer Gary Wernet and discussing the murder. "I'd give anything right now to get that important break," stated Morgan. "Doesn't look too good, though," remarked the other officer. "Time is against us now. In ten minutes this road will be bumper to bumper with cars, then we're dead."

The realization of the shortage of time was very much on the officers' minds when Detective Morgan looked up and saw a dark green-bottomed car coming in his direction. His curiosity prompted him to scrutinize the car until it neared his position. The first thing he noticed was that there was a young woman driving, and a young man sitting in the front seat as a passenger. As the car neared him he noticed that the top of the car was white. He was momentarily distracted as the car pulled even with him, when the driver waved to him and kept going toward Port Orchard.

"I know her," Morgan remarked to his fellow officer. "She used to be my babysitter." He had barely gotten the words out of his mouth when he looked in his mirror and watched the car pull away from him. He then noticed a toy white cat, sitting upright in the back window.

"I'll be back," Morgan said to his fellow officer. "I just want to talk to them for a minute." With that, he turned his patrol car and within a short distance pulled up behind the green and white car. He had just turned on his red light when the other vehicle pulled off the road to the left and parked in a church lot. Morgan eased up behind the car and slowly got out. The woman driver got out of her car, left the door open and walked back to the police vehicle.

"Hi, Dave," she said. "I haven't seen you for a long time." Officer Morgan then exchanged greetings with her and after a few moments asked her whose car it was she was driving.

"It's mine," replied the young girl. "Who's the man with you in the car?" Morgan inquired. "That's my husband," she answered. "We just got married last month."

As they were talking, Officer Morgan noticed that the man was still in the car and hadn't turned to look in his direction. He gave the appearance of not wanting to look.

"Why did you stop me, Dave?" the young girl asked. "We're investigating a homicide that took place last night," said Morgan. "We're just trying to find a car that we had reason to believe was at the scene of the murder. By the way, where was your car last night?" "Don had it," said the girl, pointing to the man still sitting in the car.

"Where was he?" asked Morgan. "Well, he said he was down in the Olalla area," she replied, and added, "He was sure shook up when he got home last night, some time around nine o'clock." "How come?" asked the detective. "Why was he shook up?"

"Well, he was perspiring and awfully excited. He said that he had picked up a hitchhiker and had gotten into a fight with him after an exchange of words." The girl continued: "I know something happened because he was covered with blood when he walked into the house." The words of the girl struck Officer Morgan like a hammer. He could feel the excitement slowly rising inside his body as he forced his voice to remain calm.

"Do you mind if I meet your new husband?"

"Certainly not," she replied, as she led the way up to the driver's side of the car. The driver's door was still standing ajar. "Dave, I'd like you to meet my husband, Don Stephenson," said the girl as they bent over to look into the car.

As Detective Morgan straightened up his mind was rapidly telling him things. First, this was the man who had reported finding the dead girl, Karen Brown. Secondly, he fit the description perfectly as the attacker who had choked the two women in Pierce County. He stood quietly sifting these things through his mind when his eyes fell on some stacked newspapers lying on the back floor of the car. There was blood on the papers—not only that, Morgan could easily see that there were long strands of blonde hair mixed in with the splatterings of blood.

Morgan quietly informed the girl that he would like her to wait a moment, then he slowly walked back to his car, so as not to appear excited. When he got the mike in his hand he stated briefly to the dispatcher: "Get me some help up here and make it quick; I may have hit pay dirt." He then walked back to the car in front of his police cruiser and walked to the passenger side. He opened the door and stepped back. "Would you get out for a moment so I can talk to you?"

"Sure," Stephenson said, and eased out of the car. "Now listen closely," said Morgan, "I want you to just stand there, don't say anything, just stand there until I tell you to move. You understand?" "Yeah, I guess so," answered the suspect, casually leaning up against the car.

The call made by Morgan over the radio had spurred action within seconds at the sheriff's office, just a matter of blocks away. Morgan's voice had been urgent. The entire detective staff was quickly enroute from all parts of the area around Port Orchard on his first call. Within short minutes, Morgan was surrounded by fellow officers. He quickly explained his suspicions. It was

decided that the suspect would be taken to the sheriff's office for questioning and his car impounded immediately.

"We want to talk to you at the office, Don," one detective stated to the suspect. "Would you accompany us there?" "Certainly," answered the suspect. "I've got nothing to hide; I told you all I know this morning."

Meanwhile, other officers were contacting the newly-elected prosecutor, John C. Merkel, and he immediately left his home to join the investigators at the county courthouse. His quick arrival almost coincided with that of the detective staff and their suspect. He was quickly filled in on details and immediately rushed to his office to prepare search warrants for the suspect's residence.

At 5 p.m., exactly nine hours after the discovery of the slain girl in the wooded section of Kitsap County, Donald Stephenson was sitting in the sheriff's office and being advised of his rights. After the suspect signed that he understood, Detectives Clifton and Berg immediately repeated his rights on a tape recorder, making sure that he understood them perfectly. Questioning then began about the activities of the suspect on the evening of the murder. He at first repeated the same story he had told his wife, the fight he had had with the hitchhiker accounted for the blood on his clothing. The persistent questions soon revealed, however, that parts of the story told by Stephenson were contradictory. He was soon confused about the many versions he was telling, and at exactly the hour of 5:40 p.m. he broke down and started crying. The experienced officers sat quietly as deep, racking sobs coursed through his body. He finally looked up when he settled down.

"Don," Clifton asked quietly, "did you kill Karen Brown?"

"Yes," he answered without hesitation. "Yes, I killed her." He then bent over in the chair and continued his sobbing. He was allowed a few minutes to regain his composure and the detectives immediately started to take a written statement. Shortly after the questioning had begun, at 5:08 p.m., the sheriff's dispatcher received a call. It was from a citizen living only a few blocks from the courthouse.

"My young son just came home a minute ago," he reported, "and he tells me there's a large rock lying in the ditch on our street. I thought I'd better report it, because he says it's covered with blood and hair." I.D. Officer Cline sped to the scene and was shown the rock. There was no doubt that it was covered with blood and fragments of blond hair. He carefully preserved it and rushed back to the office. He reported to Clifton. "This is crazy," he said, "this rock is only about five hundred feet from Stephenson's house. Can it be possible he used it at the murder scene, over three miles away, and then carried it almost home?"

"It's not only possible," Clifton

replied, "it's true. I just left the room where he's giving the statement and he says that he used a rock to murder the girl and gave directions to where he dropped it out of his car. The directions are right where you discovered it."

Other detectives had obtained a search warrant and shortly arrived back at the busy office. Their search had turned up a pair of men's shorts, men's pants, a blue shirt and a coat. All the items had bloodstains on them. They were all carefully put in evidence bags for further study.

At the end of the statement, the suspect was taken before Superior Court Judge Robert J. Bryan, and arraigned.

Later, details in Donald Stephenson's statement were released. He had also admitted that he was the man who had stopped the two women in Pierce County and tried to choke them. When asked how he made the women stop for him, he stated that his car was equipped with four-way flashers and he had merely turned them on behind the women's cars and they pulled off the road. He went on to state how he had come to murder Karen Brown.

"It was about 8:30 p.m. and I was parked near the intersection of the main highway and Mullenix Road when I saw her drive by. I got in behind her and when we reached the lonely stretch I turned on my blinkers. She pulled right over. I intended to open her car door and grab her purse and run. When I opened the door, she recognized me so I hit her and knocked her to the seat. I jumped inside and hit her some more times, but I don't know how many. I ducked down in the seat as a couple of cars passed us.

"I then got her out of the car and drug her across the road and laid her down on the ground. I ran to her car, drove it down the road and into the brush. I searched her purse but found no money. I then ran back to my car and was about to get in and drive away when I heard her moaning. I then got panicky and picked up a large rock from the ditch and went where she was and hit her. I don't know how many times." Stephenson then said that he left there and drove to a gas station in the quiet little town of Port Orchard where he made an attempt to wipe the blood from his clothing, but was mostly unsuccessful.

The entire murder episode had started and ended, even without most of the residents of Kitsap County knowing it had taken place. The public was understandably stunned by the grisly homicide, but were at least solaced somewhat that the murderer was locked behind steel bars.

The morning of May 10, 1971, opened with sunny skies and just a whisper of wind coming off the waters of Puget Sound. The only difference in the Kitsap County Courthouse was the hustle and bustle of people outside the courtroom

train at home for a HIGH PAY JOB IN DRAFTING! RUSH POSTPAID COUPON BELOW!

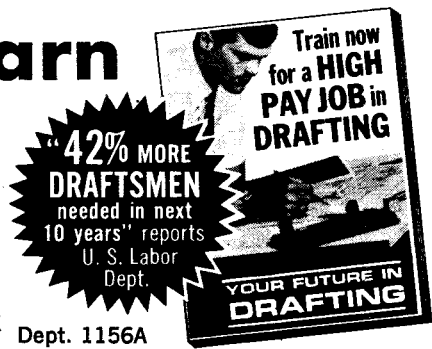
Mail This Handy Postpaid
Coupon-Envelope. Cut out
entire Business Reply Envelope
(both panels) NO POSTAGE
STAMP IS NECESSARY



Now! Learn Drafting at Home

FREE BOOKLET TELLS HOW!

YES... Send FREE 20-Page
DRAFTING CAREER FACT BOOK Dept. 1156A



NAME _____ AGE _____

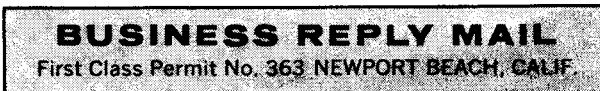
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Accredited Member, National Home Study Council

FOLD IN HALF HERE

SEAL ALL SIDES (STAPLE OR TAPE) AND MAIL



POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF DRAFTING
4500 Campus Drive, University Plaza
Newport Beach, California 92663



CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE... FOLD IN HALF... SEAL ALL SIDES (Staple or Tape) AND MAIL

of the popular and experienced trial judge, Oluf Johnsen. The Olympic mountains stood outlined in the distance as the prospective jurors and onlookers crowded the courtroom as the hour of 9:30 a.m. neared, signaling the start of the trial. The newly-elected prosecutor, John C. Merkel, entered the courtroom, followed by the defense attorney, veteran lawyer James Munro. A hush of voices signaled the entrance of the defendant, Donald J. Stephenson, escorted by Chief of Detectives Bill Clifton and Detective Barton Bush. A scurrying of chairs signaled the entrance of Judge Johnsen, and the trial began.

The defendant, Donald Stephenson, sat impassive as the selection of the jury began amid the heat that was slowly rising in the crowded courtroom. The slow process of impaneling the prospective jurors was to take until 3:55 p.m. the first day due to the careful questioning of the panel regarding the possibility of the death penalty being enforced. The temperature was pushing 74 degrees and the heat waves were clearly defined on the nearby roofs. The first day in the courtroom found Prosecutor John C. Merkel calling only two witnesses before Judge Johnsen ordered a recess until the following morning.

May 11th opened for the court at

8:30 a.m. for arguments concerning the admissibility of statements taken from the suspect. Arguments were heard as was the testimony of the officers. At 9:30 a.m., the jury was returned to the courtroom and the trial resumed. Witness after witness was called to the stand as Prosecutor Merkel carefully laid the groundwork for his first major case in Superior Court. The remainder of the day was taken with testimony from some 26 witnesses for the State of Washington, as Merkel carefully paraded his case to its conclusion. The end of the second day found the State's case near its completion as Judge Johnsen called a recess until the following morning.

During the second day, the only change of demeanor in the suspect came when Merkel stood in front of the jammed courtroom and read out loud the five-page statement taken from Stephenson concerning the death of Karen Brown. It was then, and only then, that the suspect broke down and showed emotion as he lowered his head and sobbed as the details of the actual murder were read aloud.

The third day of the trial started with a cool breeze blowing in the courtroom as the weather changed drastically. The last three witnesses for the State were three FBI agents

from the laboratories in Washington, D.C. One agent testified as to the hairs found on the murder weapon, the rock; another testified as to the type of blood; and the third testified as to a single fingerprint found inside the victim's car by Officer Les Cline of the Kitsap County Sheriff's office. This testimony given described this single print as belonging to the defendant, Donald Stephenson.

The suddenness of this testimony closed the case for Prosecutor Merkel as he rested his case at 10:10 a.m., the third day of the trial. In all, Merkel had called 26 witnesses and displayed 48 exhibits in an effort to show that Don Stephenson had killed Karen Brown. Defense Counsel Munro then called the defendant to the stand and asked him questions about his schooling and service record, and then retired his case. Merkel asked no questions and suddenly the case was ended at 10:15 a.m. on the third day of the trial.

Judge Johnsen then read his instructions to the jury, both Merkel and Munro gave their closing arguments and at 11:37 a.m. the case was presented to the jury.

At 1:15 p.m. the panel returned a verdict of murder in the first degree against Donald Stephenson and he was sentenced to the penitentiary for the remainder of his life. ★★★

"Murderous Blonde Sexpot" (from page 17)

She showed no more emotion at the verdict than she had during the trial. She maintained an appearance of boredom throughout, even during the testimony of the victim's husband when he described his relationship with her.

On January 9, 1962, Sharon went on trial on the second indictment against her, the one alleging that she murdered her husband.

This time the County Attorney unveiled a surprise witness. He was the young man, a former high school classmate of Sharon's, who was with her in Lover's Lane when the body of Patricia Jones was discovered. He told the jury that he had a date with Sharon about two weeks before James Kinne was shot. During the evening, he said, James Kinne was a topic of conversation.

"We were talking about her husband. She told me that she had problems. Then she said, 'Would you kill my husband for \$1,000?' I said, 'Hell, no!' Then she asked if I knew anyone who would do the job for that price," he testified.

"Do you have a feeling that she was serious?" the prosecutor asked. "I believe so now," the witness replied.

On January 11, 1962, after five and a half hours of deliberation, the jury found Sharon Kinne guilty of murdering her husband and assessed her punishment at life imprisonment. But, that was hardly the end. Actually, as it turned out, it was only the beginning for Sharon.

Fourteen months later the Su-

preme Court of Missouri reversed the conviction and ordered a new trial. Sharon was released from prison on a \$25,000 bond.

On March 23, 1964, the third murder trial began. But, that was as far as it went. After the jury was selected, Lawrence F. Gepford, County Attorney, told the court that he was afraid a mistrial should be declared. He had just learned that one of the jurors had once been a client of one of the partners in the law firm with which he was associated.

Although he felt there was no intentional wrongdoing, Judge Paul E. Carver declared a mistrial, adding that he did not want to waste time on a trial which might later be reversed because of one juror.

Thus, on June 29, 1964, Sharon Kinne went to trial for the fourth time. This time, the state produced another surprise witness. She was Sharon's former cellmate at the prison where Sharon was held before the Supreme Court ordered a new trial for her. Her testimony was, indeed, incriminating, if the jury believed it.

"Sharon told me that she hated her husband. She said he was always running to his mother about everything. She said that they'd had an awful quarrel a few days before his death."

"What else did she say?" the prosecutor asked.

"She said that on the day of the murder they quarrelled again. When her husband took a nap she was so

angry she got the gun and shot him."

"Did she mention the baby?"

"Yes. She said the reason she'd said the baby did it was because the police wouldn't do anything to a child," she answered.

"Did she give any reason for these family quarrels?"

"Yes, I don't know how to say it except plain out. She said her husband never satisfied her sexually," the woman said.

The witness' testimony was attacked mercilessly on cross-examination. It was brought out that the woman had three prior convictions. But, perhaps more damaging to the credibility of her statement was an indication that she might be testifying against Sharon because of a lovers' quarrel the two women had when Sharon was released from prison. This introduced the aspect of Lesbianism into Sharon's extremely active sex life.

Apparently, the jury was not convinced by the former cellmate's testimony. After 24 hours of deliberation they reported to the judge that they were unable to reach a verdict. The jury was released and Sharon Kinne, a slight smile on her lips, walked out of the courtroom free on \$25,000 bail.

The fifth trial for the sexy young widow was scheduled for the fall term of court. But it was not held, and the events that followed indicated that Sharon Kinne might not soon go to trial again for the murder of her husband.

On September 18, 1964, instead of being in Jackson County, Missouri, preparing for her trial in accordance

WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET A PAIR OF SHOES FREE—worth \$39.95 at retail—

—as a bonus for just giving friends an opportunity to buy these and other shoes at half the prices charged in stores for equal quality?

By Gordon King



Yes, I'll give you these shoes as a bonus—but what's even more important I'll show you how to make a lot of extra money just writing up orders for the famous Hanover Shoe. I've shown hundreds of men how to make from \$7.00 to \$15.00 an hour in

spare time—evenings, week-ends, or even during coffee breaks at work.

And, right now, if you'll mail your name on the coupon below, I'll tell you how and why I send you my complete money making kits entirely free. No charge, not even a deposit. Just one obligation. You agree to show the Hanover catalog to just ten friends, neighbors, relatives, or co-workers. You don't sell. You just show. Because when other men SEE how much they can save, you can't prevent them from wanting to give you an order.

These are not "claims." These are facts. Look in the store windows at Nationally advertised shoes selling at \$39.95. Hanover offers the identical styles—the identical quality of leather—the identical workmanship at \$22.95. Would your friends "love" to save \$17.00? Check the comparison shown in the column at the right.

Here's another surprise for you: Right now, today, almost all Hanover Shoes that are sold direct to the user are sold by men like yourself who have regular jobs, regular salaries, but who want extra money for spare-time. Most of these men have no sales experience whatever. Hanover quality alone and Hanover price does the selling. And, once worn the Hanover shoe is so great that your customers thank you for telling them about this great value.

Don't take my word for it. Read the actual words of men who have tried taking orders for Hanover Shoes as a spare time way to add needed extra income for family budgets:

D.M. of Maryland: "I've made as much as \$210.00 in one month as a sideline."

H.J. of Illinois: "I made \$225.00 my first month—just in spare time."

M.A. of California: "Today I sold ten pairs in four hours."

As a spare time Hanover salesman, in addition to \$25, \$35 or as high as \$50 a week, you will get Life Insurance—Sick Pay Insurance—Gifts—Free shoes for yourself—Other Benefits.

I am ready now to give this money making opportunity to a few more men. Just your name on the coupon is all I need. No money. No deposit. Not a penny of cost to you. It costs my company more than \$10.00 to put this money making sales kit in your hands. It is for that reason that we want your prom-

ise you will show the catalog to at least ten men. That's your only obligation. No selling. No sales talk. No pressure. No asking for an order. Just show the catalog. If you don't make at least \$15.00 profit for yourself the first ten times you hand the catalog to another man, mail it back to me and forget the whole thing.

FREE SHOES FOR YOU IN A WEEK

But, you see, I KNOW what will happen. Within a week you will have sent at least ten orders. And, when you do I give you a pair of Hanover Shoes entirely free as a bonus. You take your pick of any pair at any price up to \$22.95 (the \$39.95 value) and that pair is yours, free, as my way of marking the day when your tenth order was received.

Many men who "couldn't sell" have found spare time profits with Hanover so good that they've "gone full time." And, some of these men have been so successful that we've promoted them to Selling Managers with income potential of \$1,000.00 a month or more.

You decide how far you want to go. But, right now, send your name on the coupon. Everything I send you is free. Your only obligation is to just "show" the Hanover catalog to ten men. Then, if you're not excited over the money making possibilities, mail it back to me and you will not be under the slightest obligation.

Gordon King

Vice President

THE HANOVER SHOE, INC.
793 Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa. 17331

Gordon King, Vice President
The Hanover Shoe, Inc.
793 Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa. 17331

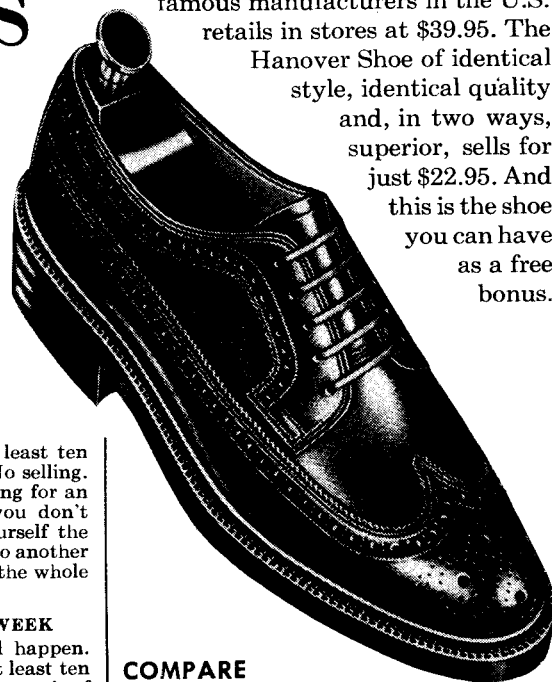
Dear Mr. King:

Send on your sales kit free and postage prepaid. My only obligation is to SHOW the Hanover Catalog to ten men. If the orders they give me voluntarily show that I can make good money in spare time, I will keep the catalog and sales kit and continue showing. If I am not enthusiastic about the profits to be made I will return the sales kit by mail and will owe you nothing.

It is also understood that I will have my choice of a pair of Hanover Shoes—at any price up to \$22.95—(the \$39.95 value) when I have sent in orders for only ten pair of shoes which have been accepted by my customers.

Make this sensational comparison with your own free bonus shoes!

This shoe, made by one of the most famous manufacturers in the U.S. retails in stores at \$39.95. The Hanover Shoe of identical style, identical quality and, in two ways, superior, sells for just \$22.95. And this is the shoe you can have as a free bonus.



COMPARE THESE FEATURES

- Upper Leather.** Both uppers are Barrett's Alpine full grain calfskin.
- Linings.** Both shoes are fully leather lined.
- Outsoles.** Both shoes have full grained oak tanned leather outsoles of the same quality and thickness.
- Heels.** Both shoes have leather heels with steel V Plate for extra wear.
- Innersoles.** Both shoes feature genuine leather innersoles but only the Hanover has a cushion between the outsole and the innersole for added comfort.
- Steel Arch Support.** Both shoes have a steel shank but only the Hanover Shoe has a longitudinal arch cushion as part of its famous Comfort Arch construction.
- Leather Storm Welt.** Both shoes have a leather reverse storm welt running completely around the shoe.
- Laces.** Better looking, longer wearing Cordo-Hyde laces are in both shoes.
- Fit.** Both shoes are made over identical wooden lasts purchased from the same last manufacturer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I have a _____ car. Year _____

My home phone number is _____

I have never sold shoes before.

I have sold shoes for _____

I will work spare time

I'll carry as a sideline

My present occupation is _____

(Continued from page 64)

with the terms of her bond, the shapely Sharon suddenly was back in the headlines, this time in Mexico City. And, as usual, there was a man involved in Sharon's unexpected appearance outside the United States.

That night she went alone to a bar in the Mexican capital. There she met Francisco Paredes Ordonez, a 35-year-old native Mexican who had been naturalized as an American citizen and was a bilingual radio announcer. As was the customary pattern for Sharon and an attractive man, they found they had something in common. So much in common, in fact, that at 9:30 o'clock the couple went to Ordonez' motel room. This, in itself, was no surprise, but what followed was at least unexpected, so far as Ordonez was concerned.

About 30 minutes after Enrique Rueda, the motel proprietor, observed Sharon and Ordonez stroll arm in arm through the motel lobby, he was startled by the sound of two gunshots. As he rushed toward the direction of the shots he bumped into Sharon, who had a pistol in one hand and Ordonez's car keys in the other. When Rueda attempted to intercept her, Sharon leveled the weapon at him. As Rueda whirled to get away, she shot him in the back.

She started to run, but Rueda, although bleeding profusely from the gunshot wound, brought her down with a flying tackle and yelled for help. When police arrived, Sharon was still attempting to break away and flee.

While the woman was being subdued, other officers were directed to Ordonez's room by the wounded motel proprietor. Ordonez was lying on the bed with two bullet holes in his chest. He was dead.

When Mexican police began interrogating Sharon about the slaying they found her with a ready explanation of how she was forced to defend her honor with a firearm. She told them through an interpreter that she had gone into the bar for a drink of water because she felt ill. She switched to brandy because the water did not taste good.

"This man came in and sat down next to me. Maybe you don't understand this, but he was the only man there who spoke English. He said he was sorry I was sick and said he would drive me to my hotel.

"Well, I don't know why, but I believed him. I was dizzy and had bad chills. But when he stopped his car we were at his motel.

"I didn't want to go there at all. I wanted to go home. But I was so sick I couldn't think. All I wanted to do was lie down," Sharon stated.

When she lay down on the bed Ordonez joined her and, she said, attempted to make love to her. She fought desperately to fend him off. When he continued the attack, she asserted, she drew a pistol from her purse and shot him.

She explained the necessity for shooting Ordonez and Rueda with remarkable simplicity:

"I couldn't understand what they were saying. They were speaking Spanish."

The detectives shook their heads. It hardly seemed an adequate excuse for killing one man and gunning down another. But, then, the Mexican detectives had not yet become as well acquainted with Sharon as their American counterparts.

As the questioning continued, the officers got around to asking Sharon what she was doing in Mexico City. That, in itself, was a pretty interesting story.

Seems that after her fourth murder trial ended in June, Sharon became acquainted with a suave, handsome young hairdresser who was a well-established ladies man. Their friendship blossomed, and in September they decided to go to Mexico City and be married. It was while her current boyfriend was out of the room briefly that Sharon decided to go to the bar for a drink of water.

When the officers went to the couple's room they found the slick-haired young man. When he was informed of the "incident" in which Sharon was involved, he was quite ready to leave Mexico and return to the United States. The officers searched Sharon's belongings and found two pistols and a quantity of ammunition. Her erstwhile boyfriend insisted he knew nothing about the weapons. It was decided not to prosecute him, merely to send him back to the United States.

Meanwhile, the Mexican authorities yielded to the insistence of the press and permitted Sharon to appear for an interview. First, though, she insisted on having her hair fixed.

Sharon was calm and charming during the interview but veteran Mexican officers were not fooled. One commented:

"She smiles nicely for the cameras but she is a very cold woman."

A .22 caliber revolver found in Sharon's room was sent back to Kansas City for a laboratory analysis by authorities there. The results of ballistics comparison tests proved conclusively that the weapon was one which had fired the bullets that killed Patricia Jones!

But, that information was too late to be of any benefit to the Jackson County authorities. Sharon had been tried and acquitted in the murder of Mrs. Jones, and under the double jeopardy rule, she could not be tried again for this specific offense! On this murder, therefore, she was home free.

In October, 1965, Sharon was found guilty of Ordonez's murder and sentenced to 10 years in prison. She made the mistake of appealing the decision and on May 16, 1966, a 3-judge Mexican Superior Court, after reviewing the trial record, added another three years, making a total sentence of 13 years.

And still waiting for Sharon in Kansas City was yet another trial for her husband's murder. As of December 7, 1969, however, it appeared

that the State of Missouri would have to wait a while before it had another go at the deadly blonde.

The news of Sharon's escape from the Mexican prison triggered an immediate reaction in Kansas City. Once again, the name of Sharon Kinne was front page news, and more than one reader shook his head in amazement at the story of this petite, demure—but lethal—young woman. The big question now was, where was she and with whom?

James R. Browning, the detective from the Jackson County sheriff's office who had investigated the deaths of James Kinne and Patricia Jones, had his own thoughts on the matter.

"I believe that she has been able to hole up some place where she probably won't be found quickly."

In referring to Sharon's family, Browning added: "I would bet that she doesn't care enough about them to come back here and face that murder charge."

James Menaugh, another detective, felt pretty much the same way. He didn't expect Mrs. Kinne to "head this way."

"She may be kind of crazy but she isn't *that* crazy. I would guess that she went to some country where she cannot be extradited. I think she had connections ready in Mexico to get her out of that country quickly, but not back to the United States."

"We have little doubt that she had an accomplice, but we would rather not say any more about him. We have asked the Guatemala police to look for them," a spokesman for the Mexico City police said a month after her escape.

"She got away clean. As a matter of fact the authorities are grabbing at straws for clues," he said with a shrug.

His statement pretty well summed it up. As these words are written, Sharon has not been seen since 5 o'clock on the afternoon of December 7, 1969. Various theories continue to be offered about her whereabouts. Some think she might still be in Mexico; others think she is in Guatemala, and a few think she might have gone to South America.

But in the final analysis, there is one unchallenged fact: She left no trail behind her, and no one has seen her since she left the prison.

There is one more fact that all those who have known the trim, vivacious blonde will agree upon: Wherever Sharon Kinne is, she is not alone; she will have a companion. Whether she chooses a male or a female may depend upon the mood she is in at that moment.

If her current companion is not aware of her homicidal background, a deadly surprise could be awaiting him—or her. If he or she is, it could well make him or her stop and ponder whether the pleasure of the moment with Sharon Kinne is worth the finality it could ultimately bring.

★★★

The Nervy Rape Victim . . . (from page 47)

This was the principal evidence found in almost three weeks following the murder and rape, although detectives in the three counties continued to run down leads.

The first break came on Saturday night, March 20th, in Tampa, when Deputies William E. Carter and Terry Schoenborn who, like all cruising deputies, had been watching for the Arizona license tag, spotted one with the number, LZL-449.

They took a closer look and noted that the car was a 1971 white-over-blue Pontiac Le Mans. They radioed headquarters and had an answer back in two minutes through the Hillsborough County sheriff's hook-up with the National Crime Information Center. The car had been stolen in Arizona.

As they were writing the information in their notebooks, the officers saw a man and woman come out of a tavern and get into the Pontiac. As they drove away, the two deputies followed closely. At Nebraska and Sword Avenues, the deputies put on their blue flasher and motioned for the driver of the Pontiac to pull over to the curb.

He did so and the two deputies approached cautiously. They asked the man and woman to get out of the car and identify themselves. The man said he was John Sylvester Brown, 24. The woman said she was Deborah Jean Duval.

Asked where she got the car, Miss Duval said she had borrowed it from her nephew, Kenneth Stringer, 24. The couple were advised of their constitutional rights and both agreed to be questioned. Police believed the car almost certainly was the one in which the young clerk had been kidnaped and raped. Both were charged with possession of stolen property and booked into the County Jail.

Assistant State Attorney Jim Yon was notified and obtained a warrant charging Kenneth Stringer with armed robbery, kidnaping and rape. Stringer was arrested on Monday, March 22nd, in Tampa.

Stringer refused to talk after he was advised of his rights and was booked on the robbery, kidnaping and rape charges. It was learned from Arizona officials that he had been released from an Arizona prison about a month before. The car was stolen the day he was released.

Deputies Bedingfield, Capaz, Anthony Marchetta and S. J. Horman talked to one of Stringer's relatives who lived in a trailer north of Tampa and he directed them to a house next door, where they found a Smith & Wesson revolver. The house was vacant.

Three chambers in the gun were loaded. It was turned over to Pasco County Sheriff's Detective McCall, who dispatched it to the Florida Bureau of Law Enforcement in Tallahassee. Ballistics specialists at the state crime lab reported that it definitely was the gun that fired the two

fatal shots into the head of Daniel DeVries.

A lineup was staged at the Hillsborough County sheriff's office and Stringer was positively identified by the girl clerk as the man who had robbed and raped her. The young wife who had been at the 7-Eleven store in Holiday shortly before Daniel DeVries was found dead, also tentatively identified him as the man she had seen there when she made a 56-cent purchase from DeVries.

Kenneth Stringer was turned over to Detective McCall, who returned him to Pasco County. He was held in the county jail in Dade City without bail and Prosecutor McClain presented the evidence to the grand jury. On Thursday, March 25th, Kenneth Lamar Stringer was indicted on a charge of first degree murder in the slaying of Daniel DeVries.

On Friday, March 26th, Stringer was arraigned before Pasco County Circuit Court Judge Richard Kelly, after deputies brought him from the Hillsborough County jail.

Public Defender James L. De Mouilly pleaded Stringer not guilty and moved for a preliminary hearing. But after Prosecutor McClain said the state would agree to bail of \$50,000, the motion was withdrawn.

Judge Kelly scheduled the trial to begin on Monday, April 19th and Stringer was returned to the Hillsborough County jail.

The trial of Kenneth Stringer began as scheduled on Monday, April 19th. A jury of eight men and four women was selected during the first six hours, leaving little time for witnesses. The men who found the body testified, as did the first deputies on the scene.

The star witness the following day was the 15-year-old married girl who had entered the 7-Eleven store about 10 p.m. She said that Stringer was in the other side of the store near the magazine counter and she got a good look at him.

"Have you seen this man at any time since you saw him in the 7-Eleven store?" Prosecutor McClain asked.

"Yes—right now," the blonde witness replied. "He's the man with the yellow shirt and black tie." Then she pointed to Stringer.

Another damaging witness was Stringer's father, who said Kenneth had been staying with him in his trailer north of Tampa. He testified that his son gave him a .38 caliber Smith & Wesson revolver which he wrapped in an old piece of curtain and hid under the steps leading to the front porch of the house next door. He said that when deputies came to see him after his son's arrest, he showed them where the gun was.

The gun was introduced in evidence and Technician Don Champagne, a ballistics specialist with the Florida Bureau of Law Enforcement, was called to the witness stand.

**GET A LOAN
BY MAIL!**
Only \$58⁰⁰
**a month repays
\$1521⁰⁶**

**FAST AIRMAIL
SERVICE**

BORROW \$100—\$300—\$500—\$1000—or as much as \$1500 on your own signature! Friends, neighbors, relatives will not be contacted. NO time off from work—NO witnesses or cosigners.

Select Your Loan Here (Amount Financed)

Amount Financed	36 Monthly Payments	Total of Payments	Annual Percentage Rate
\$117.78	\$ 5.00	\$ 180.	30.00
\$330.22	\$14.00	\$ 504.	30.00
\$528.76	\$22.00	\$ 792.	28.50
\$846.55	\$34.00	\$1224.	25.75
\$1064.42	\$42.00	\$1512.	24.50
\$1521.06	\$58.00	\$2088.	22.00

PAY ALL YOUR BILLS AT ONCE! With only one small payment to make each month and only one place to pay, you'll be able to s-t-r-e-t-c-h your paycheck further than you dreamed possible.

COST-CONTROLLED LOANS! Pay only for actual time you use the money—not one day longer! Borrow from Postal in complete confidence. We are licensed under the Loan Law for our State, your assurance of fair rates and Supervised Reliability.

GET MONEY QUICKLY! We have the money you need waiting for you. ACT NOW! Complete and send us the coupon TODAY!

As soon as we receive your request, we will rush to you by return *air-mail immediately*, in a plain envelope, everything to get the money you need!



POSTAL FINANCE CO.
200 KEELINE BLDG. • Dept. 65-T
OMAHA, NEBRASKA 68102

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

POSTAL FINANCE CO., Dept. 65-T
200 Keeline Bldg.
Omaha, Nebraska 68102

Please Airmail to me FREE in a plain envelope everything I need to get money, so if I decide to borrow I can get the money I need Right Away.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....Zip Code.....

Age.....Amount I Want to Borrow \$.....

Champagne testified that he had made ballistics comparisons of bullets fired from the Smith & Wesson and the two removed from the head of the victim, Daniel DeVries, and he was satisfied that the gun had fired the fatal slugs.

The following day, Wednesday, April 21st, the beginning of the trial was delayed until about 11 a.m. At that time, the Public Defender told

the judge that Stringer wanted to change his plea to guilty.

"Did you shoot him?" Judge Kelly asked.

"No, sir," Stringer replied.

Judge Kelly accepted the plea after Stringer had given a sworn statement to Prosecutor McClain, who declined to give details of the statement. However, McClain said: "A warrant has been issued by County Judge William H. Seaver for John Sylvester Brown for murder in the first degree."

Although McClain declined to say so, it was assumed that Stringer had named Brown as his accomplice in the murder of DeVries. In his statement to Judge Kelly, Stringer admitted being in the 7-Eleven store but denied that he had killed DeVries.

"Did the other man kill DeVries?" Judge Kelly asked.

"I was outside," Stringer replied. "I didn't hear the shots and I didn't actually see him. He told me he shot him."

"Dealing in reality . . . the realities are that the prospect of this defendant going to the electric chair in the reasonable future are remote," Judge Kelly said in sentencing Stringer to life imprisonment instead of imposing the death penalty. "To have done it for forty-three dollars and three cents was just some kind of madness we live with."

John Sylvester Brown, who had been arrested with Deborah Jean Duval in the stolen car, was still in the Hillsborough County jail, where the warrant was served. It had been determined that Miss Duval had not been involved in any of the crimes and she had been released.

Judge Kelly summoned another grand jury in Pasco County and it was empaneled on April 30th. The same day, a first degree murder indictment was returned against John Sylvester Brown.

Meanwhile, on Wednesday, May 12th, Kenneth Stringer, who was to go on trial on an armed robbery charge, was being taken to the courthouse with a number of other prisoners, all of them handcuffed together.

Stringer was on one end and as the guards were momentarily distracted, he slipped out of his handcuffs and ran. Guards could not shoot because of the danger of wounding or killing innocent bystanders. By the time a deputy was free to go after Stringer, he had disappeared.

As word spread by radio and TV that the lifer, who was considered dangerous, had escaped, terror spread with it. Many deputies and police officers surrounded an area around the court house, but a careful search failed to turn up any trace of Stringer.

Twenty-five deputies and 25 city policemen spread out and began combing Tampa, while the alarm was spread to St. Petersburg, just a few miles across the bay. There were numerous stories of Stringer being spotted, but they all were false.

There also were many stories about how he had managed to unlock the double locked handcuff.

The search went on throughout Wednesday night and Thursday. Sligh Avenue seemed to be a favorite street for criminals and deputies were posted at the Sligh Avenue bridge across the Hillsborough River.

Stringer didn't know they were there and they nabbed him late Thursday night as he started across the bridge. He told the four deputies who grabbed him that he had not eaten since his escape. He said he had hidden in a church graveyard before trying to slip across the Sligh Avenue bridge.

The story about his picking the locks on the handcuffs was soon dispelled when it was revealed that Stringer's left wrist was smaller than his right wrist, a fact he had managed to conceal when he was arrested. When he considered the time right, he was able to slip out of the handcuffs because the opening was bigger than his wrists and hands.

Smaller handcuffs were obtained for Stringer's benefit in the future. A new date was set for the robbery trial and Stringer was taken back to a cell in the Hillsborough County jail.

A hearing on the murder charge in Pasco County was held on May 21st. Kenneth Stringer said he would not have made a statement implicating Brown if he could have pleaded guilty without facing the death penalty. He said he believed that he avoided the death sentence by making the statement.

He claimed the public defender told him the prosecution wanted him to make a statement about Brown. "They want you to make a statement about him and they'll save your life," Stringer quoted the public defender as saying.

During the hearing, Brown pleaded not guilty and his court-appointed attorney was given 15 days to file motions. He is presumed to be innocent.

At a hearing on June 1st, Brown's attorney moved to suppress Stringer's statement. Judge Kelly took the motion under advisement and said he would rule later. The trial originally had been scheduled for August, but the prosecutor said he would take an appeal if Judge Kelly rules to suppress. If he lets the statement stand, the defense will appeal, so as this was written, it was not known when Brown would go to trial. Both Brown and Stringer were held in the Hillsborough County jail and various charges—including that of rape in Stringer's case—were pending against them as this was written. ★★★

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Deborah Jean Duval is not the real name of the person so named in the foregoing story. Because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of this person, a fictitious name has been used.

MARKET PLACE

For ad rates write Classified, 100 E. Ohio, Chicago

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

I Made \$40,000.00 Year By Mailorder! Helped others make money! Start with \$10.00—Free Proof. Torrey, Box 318-MT, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.

Double Money-Back if you can't beat horseraces using my system! Strauss-BTX, Brooklyn, New York 11219.

\$200.00 Daily In Your Mailbox! Follow Mailorder Experts. Free Details. Associates, 136-MH, Holland, Michigan.

MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

HOW TO MAKE MONEY Writing Short Paragraphs. Information Free. Barrett, Dept. C-324-Z, 6216 North Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois 60626.

SPARE TIME CASH. Sell famous Hanover Shoes. Samples. Sales Kit Free. No experience needed. No age limit. Big commissions. Hanover Shoe, 779 Carlisle, Hanover, Pa. 17331.

ADDRESSERS AND MAILERS NEEDED. Send Stamp For Information. Lindbloom Brothers, 3636 Peterson, Chicago, Illinois 60645.

WIN CONTESTS! Year subscription, \$4.00. Sample, 25¢. Prizewinner, 1315 Central, St. Petersburg, Florida 33733.

SALESMEN WANTED

AAA-1 Manufacturer has developed new pressure sensitive tape for repairing roofs. Huge market. No deliveries or collections. Free sales kit. Write Eddie Hand Parr, Inc., 18400 Syracuse, Cleveland, Ohio 44110.

EARN BIG COMMISSIONS soliciting delinquent accounts. No collecting or investment. Metropolitan Finance, 1129 West 41st, Kansas City, Missouri.

AGENTS WANTED

1000 Embossed Business Cards \$4.00 Postpaid. Agents Wanted. Discount Printing, 3153 16th St., San Francisco, California 94103.

EDUCATION—HOME STUDY

INVESTIGATION & Claims Adjusting are exciting big-pay professions. Quick, easy-to-learn home-study courses prepares you for all-around investigation jobs. Diploma and job placement service upon completion. Free details. Professional Careers Institute, Dept. 101, 1600 Cahill Ave., Torrance, California 90501.

DETECTIVE COURSE. Free Information. Universal Detectives, Box 8180-C, Universal City, California.

FINGERPRINTING—Investigation. Exciting, secure career. Learn at home. Free book. State age. Institute of Applied Science, 1920 Sunnyside, Dept. 441, Chicago, Illinois 60640.

OF INTEREST TO ALL

STOP SMOKING! New Book Presents Medical and Psychological Method. Money-back guarantee. Send \$1.00, plus 30¢ handling. Haven House, 521 Pathaven, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15243.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

\$10-\$15 Dozen possible sewing Aprons, Lacing Billfolds. Redikut's-50, Richland Center, Wisconsin.

OF INTEREST TO MEN

VACUUM IMPROVES measurements immediately. Illustrated, \$1.00 (Refundable). Aspira, 210 Fifth, NYC 10010.

FISHING—HUNTING—SPORTS

Sport Books found, send wants. Sports, Box 33A, Worcester, Massachusetts 01613.

FREE DISCOUNT CATALOGUE. Hundreds of fantastic money saving bargains for Hunters, Fishermen, Campers, Outdoorers. Sports, Box 1338-S, Burbank, California 91505.

EMPLOYMENT INFORMATION

AUSTRALIA!! Jobs Galore!! Government assisted transportation. Handbook. Free Details!! Write: Associated, Box 17-W101, Lafayette, California 94549.

HELP WANTED

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2000 openings all trades. Construction, Offices, Engineering, Sales, etc. \$700 to \$3,000 month. Expenses paid. Free Information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-C, Miami, Florida 33148.

WORLD-WIDE . . . U.S.A. . . Jobs Galore!! San Francisco New York, Paris, Tokyo, Rome, Mexico City, \$700.00 to \$3,000.00. Paid Overtime, Travel Allowance, Sightseeing!! Write: Global Employment, Box 706-101, Orinda, Cal. 94563.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT . . . Australia, Europe, Asia, South America! All Occupations! \$700-\$4,000 month!! Write: Employment International, Box 29217-RX, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

HEARING AIDS

HEARING AIDS, Batteries. Discount Prices. Rhodes, Box 518-B3, Paducah, Kentucky 42001.

COINS—CURRENCY

PAYING TOP PRICES. Barr Dollars, Coins Bought—Sold. \$1.00 for Catalog, Ederlee, 110-16A Jamaica Avenue, Richmond Hill, New York 11418.

MUSIC—SONGPOEMS

SONGPOEMS WANTED. Top composer with publisher contacts. Share royalties. Midsouth, 10623 Westland, Jackson, Mississippi 39209.

SLEEP LEARNING—HYPNOTISM

SLEEP LEARNING—HYPNOTISM! Strange catalog free! Autosuggestion, Box 24-MX, Olympia, Washington.

HYPNOTISM REVEALED! Free Illustrated Details; Powers, 12015 Sherman Road, North Hollywood, California 91605.

ADVERTISERS—AGENCIES

"SECRETS OF SUCCESSFUL CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING" tells short-cuts to bigger mail response and profits. Includes copy-hints plus where to place your ads and why—and much more. \$2.00 postpaid. Refundable. Free Details about millions-of-prospects for your "offer." Write S. Omessi, Dept. SO-M12, Classified, Inc., 100 E. Ohio St., Chicago 60611.

... the Dismembered Gambler (from page 21)

with the slaying of Dallas Tolson.

State Detective Sergeant Allen said during the torso investigation that after reviewing the case reports on the slayings of Tolson and Thibault he tentatively ruled out possible links among the three cases.

"Since both of the other victims were known to be cross-country hitchhikers," he told reporters, "we felt the murderers probably weren't even in the state during most of the investigation."

When state policemen Jewett and Swider returned from the Smithsonian Institution it was revealed that the anthropologists determined that the victim was in his mid-thirties, was between five feet, eight inches and five feet, 10 inches tall and weighed between 180 and 190 pounds.

On March 24th, State Police Superintendent Robert K. Konkle hinted to Indianapolis newsmen that his crime laboratory personnel, under Captain Ray H. Thompson, were "getting close" to identifying the victim. But he declined to elaborate on the subject.

"There are a lot of relatives of missing persons waiting fearfully for our report," Superintendent Konkle said, "and it would be a cruel mistake to release a name prematurely and then discover we were wrong." He emphasized that what he meant by saying that his men were "getting close" was that laboratory technicians had narrowed the missing persons reports down to less than a half-dozen men whose general physical descriptions appeared to fit the torso found along the highway.

The investigation had continued for another 10 days when Sergeant Allen got a call from Morgan County Sheriff Paul Mason about 7 p.m. on April 4th saying the left rib cage of a white man had just been found about a quarter of a mile south of Mooresville, located on Indiana 67, about 20 miles southwest of Indianapolis. And like the first chunk of human body found, the second piece was also discovered by a man and his teenage son. When Sergeant Allen and Sheriff McKinney arrived on the scene, about 80 road-miles northwest of Columbus, they learned of other similarities between the two incidents.

"The rib cage section was on the east side of the highway and near a bridge which crossed White Lick Creek, very similar to the spot where the other part was found along Little Sand," Sergeant Allen said later.

But that was only the beginning of the gruesome similarities between the two incidents. According to Allen and Sheriff McKinney, the left chest portion of the human anatomy had been drained of blood and apparently washed clean of gore, as was the first section found. The lawmen said that since there was practically no dirt on the piece of flesh and bones, it appeared that somebody had laid it carefully on the creek bank. The officers' theory was strengthened fur-

ther by the fact that there was practically no indentation under the evidence, despite the fact that it was lying on very soft ground.

The state investigator said the rib cage contained a lung and other vital organs but the arm had been neatly severed just below the shoulder joint. Allen was advised later that the bone had been cut with "some type of large-toothed saw."

After searching the banks of White Lick in vain for nearly a mile in both directions from where the rib cage was found, Sheriff McKinney, an expert scuba diver, and two state troopers donned wet suits and plunged into the murky water in search of other parts of the human body. Because of the strong current, the lawmen soon discovered they had a formidable task on their hands.

"Spring rains had the stream nearly out of its banks," the scuba diving sheriff said later, "and we had to be lashed to linemen ashore in order to stay in one spot long enough to search the bottom."

When it became evident that no portion of a human body could remain in one place long in the raging waters, the divers came out of the muddy creek and laid plans to continue their search along the banks further downstream the following day. When darkness fell over the scene, State Police Sergeant Allen and Sheriff McKinney took the newly-found piece of body to the state crime laboratory at Indianapolis.

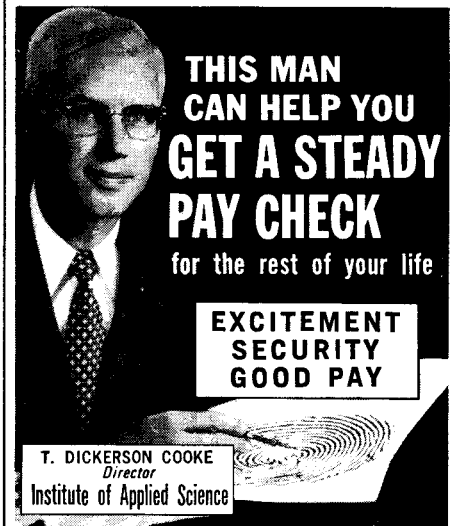
After examining the remains of the unidentified man, lab chief Thompson determined that the rib cage had been separated from the rest of the body with "some type of large-toothed saw." Police said later that the most significant bit of evidence found in the chest portion was a small piece of metal, believed to be a part of a saw tooth.

The next day, Captain Thompson reported that analysis showed that both sections of the human anatomy found along the creek banks had definitely come from the same victim.

"It was somewhat of a relief to know that we were working on the same case, and not two different murders," Allen said later.

Since the latest discovery indicated there was a pattern in disposing of the body parts, Sheriff McKinney dispatched a message to law enforcement authorities in 14 southern counties, requesting them to search around bridge approaches in their respective areas for parts of a human body.

In the meantime, lab technicians continued with the gruesome task of attempting to link up the two pieces of human jigsaw puzzle with one of the numerous men who had been reported missing in the last couple of months. Because of conflicting blood types, birth marks, scars and other identifiable characteristics, the possibility of the two torso sections being linked with the missing persons was



THIS MAN CAN HELP YOU GET A STEADY PAY CHECK
for the rest of your life

**EXCITEMENT
SECURITY
GOOD PAY**

T. DICKERSON COOKE
Director
Institute of Applied Science

Train at Home in Scientific CRIME INVESTIGATION AND FINGER PRINT IDENTIFICATION


There's a thrill in helping to bring a crook to justice through Scientific Crime Detection or Finger Print Identification. With crime figures rising, men and women trained in this exciting work are needed everywhere. The pay is good . . . the security unmatched and opportunity for advancement is assured. We have taught thousands of men and women to step into this important, profitable, exciting profession. Let us teach you at home in spare time to fill a responsible, rewarding, well-paid position. Low cost, easy terms. Learn Investigation, Finger Print Identification, Firearms Identification, Police Photography, Handwriting Identification. Our graduates are employed world-wide by hundreds of leading bureaus and private firms. Cash in on the need for trained experts.

G.I. BILL APPROVED

OVER 800
American Bureaus of
Identification employ
IAS Graduates

FREE!
The famous **BLUE BOOK OF CRIME**

Packed with thrills and money making information about this important job opportunity. Reveals startling "behind the scenes" facts of actual criminal cases. Tells how trained investigators solved them through the same methods you learn at IAS. Explains exactly how you can get started in this thrilling work, easily, quickly. Don't wait . . . it's **FREE** . . . mail coupon today.



INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE
(A Correspondence School Since 1916)
Dept. 7849, 1920 Sunnyside Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois 60640

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON NOW

Institute of Applied Science
1920 Sunnyside Avenue, Dept. 7849
Chicago, Illinois 60640

Without obligation, rush me the Blue Book of Crime and list identification bureaus employing your students or graduates. Include all information on IAS training and easy terms offer. (No salesman will call.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

ruled unlikely.

Although none of the some half-dozen prospective victims were completely ruled out of the case, police concentrated their investigation into the mysterious disappearance of Felix Eugene "Gino" Robinson, a 36-year-old Indianapolis gambler and reputed professional card dealer.

Police said later that Robinson's name was among the more than two score of missing persons reported to authorities shortly after the first section of human anatomy was discovered along Little Sand Creek on March 16th. Investigators said Robinson became a prime suspected victim after the second portion was found and the anthropologists had determined by a "mock-up" what the man may have looked like when he was alive.

Homicide cops working on the torso case said that Robinson's family reported the man missing on March 17th and that when he had not been located by the 19th they retained the services of Private Detective John Lineham, a former chief investigator for the Marion County Sheriff's Department who had resigned and opened the Indiana Research Agency in 1963 at Indianapolis.

The private eye said later in a newspaper interview that after he ran down the missing man's background, physical description and movements up to the night of March 13th, he took the information to state police and told them that there was a good possibility that the section of body found along Sand Creek came from Gino Robinson. Assigned to that phase of the investigation was State Police Sergeant Robert Burcham, who coordinated his efforts with the probester who for nearly 13 years headed up the sheriff's department detective division.

According to information which Private Detective Lineham had gathered before going to state police, Gino Robinson had not been seen since the night of March 13th, at which time he was with his ex-wife at the Goldfinger Tavern, 3203 English Avenue, in Indianapolis. The woman was identified as Mrs. Beverly Jean Landers, a 40-year-old olive-skinned waitress who at the time was employed at Indianapolis' Hideaway Lounge.

During the course of checking out the backgrounds of Mrs. Landers and Robinson, police learned that the couple was married in July of 1970 during a beer party at a small factory where Robinson worked. The wedding bliss lasted less than seven months and the pair was divorced January 20, 1971. For Mrs. Landers, police said, it was the sixth time she had exchanged wedding vows which lasted anywhere from a few months to several years.

Beverly Jean lived the longest with Jack Landers, who fathered several of her children before dying of a heart attack at age 44 in November of 1969, and she re-assumed his name after her divorce from Robinson.

Sergeant Burcham and Detective Lineham questioned numerous friends, relatives and casual acquaintances of the missing man before approaching the woman from whom he had recently been divorced.

"We wanted to find out as much as possible about the recent activities of Robinson and his ex-wife so we could better judge whether or not she was telling us the truth," Lineham said later.

One of Robinson's relatives told Burcham and Lineham that he couldn't locate Gino at his residence on Sunday, March 14th, and that he became gravely concerned about the missing man when he learned that Robinson failed to show up for work the next day at the Elliott-Williams Company, 2900 North Richards Street. Police said the relative told them that he then went to Beverly Jean's home and was advised that she had not seen him.

The next day, the missing man's kinfolk found Gino's maroon 1964 Chevrolet abandoned on a parking lot in the 3200 block of English Avenue. The witness said he waited about 24 hours before moving the car to Robinson's residence at 1409 Spann Avenue. The witness said he went immediately to police after seeing a blazing, eight-column headline in the Indianapolis Star proclaiming that "Torso Of Man Is Found In Ditch."

Investigators Burcham and Lineham spent more than two weeks tracing the movements of Robinson before they decided it was time to talk to Mrs. Landers, the missing man's former wife. The quiz took place on April 6th, two days after the second portion of a human male body was discovered on the banks of White Lick Creek. Police said that although they had no physical evidence at the time to link Mrs. Landers with Robinson's disappearance, they were interested in hearing why she had told the missing man's relative that she had not seen Gino recently, even though employes at the Goldfinger Tavern said the couple was drinking together there on the night of March 13th. The investigators had also taken note that Robinson's abandoned Chevy was found within two blocks of the nightspot.

Confronted with the information gleaned from the tavern employes, Mrs. Landers changed her tune and admitted being in the bar "for a little while" with her ex-husband. She reportedly told police she lied to Robinson's relative because "it wasn't none of his damn business" whether or not she had seen the man.

According to police, Robinson and Beverly Jean broke up their marriage because of his heavy gambling and because of reports that he had been stepping out on her.

"There were also some stories going around that I was cheating on Gino," Mrs. Landers said, adding that "there wasn't no truth to it."

"How did you happen to be with

Mr. Robinson on the night of March 13th?" the waitress was asked.

"He called me and said he wanted to meet me at the Goldfinger that evening," she replied.

"What time was that?" Burcham asked.

"It was early in the afternoon when he called . . . he wanted to meet me at six-thirty," the raven-haired woman replied.

Police said the woman told them that the pair had a few drinks together and discussed the possibility of getting married again. The witness said she told him that she didn't think it would work because "he was so damn jealous." Mrs. Landers said she fought with Robinson almost constantly while they were married but "we started getting along better together after the divorce."

The woman said that after the couple spent about an hour at the Goldfinger they visited several other night spots before going to her neat five-room bungalow at 1365 North Gale Street. She told police that although Robinson was displeased because she didn't have any coffee in the house, they did not argue "to any extent."

"What did you do?" police asked.

"We just talked . . . mostly about his gambling and our chances of getting married again," the woman said. "And then all of a sudden he just got up and walked out of the house."

"Without an explanation?" the cop asked.

"Yes. I supposed he was going after something to eat," Mrs. Landers said.

"Did you say he was walking?" the state policeman asked.

"Yes," the waitress replied.

"Where was his car?"

"I guess back at the Goldfinger," Mrs. Landers said, "We left there in mine and used it all evening."

The former wife of the missing man said that she took some of Gino's clothes to his house the next day and left them with one of his relatives. She said she presumed her ex-husband was there at the time, "although I didn't see him."

"Did you see his car?" police asked.

"No," she replied.

After obtaining a lengthy list of Robinson's gambling buddies and associates, police released the woman but advised her to not leave town. Police said later that the advice was prompted by information from an informant who said that Beverly Jean told a friend of his on March 16th (the day the first section of body was found) that if he still planned on going to Tennessee she'd like to go with him.

During the next 10 days police continued checking out Mrs. Landers' alibi and talking to numerous persons who had seen her and Gino Robinson together on the night of March 13th. Although police declined to relate exactly what they learned from the witnesses, they later said that parts of her story were conflicting and that she was asked to

THIS IS A TRUE STORY*

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

HOW TED VERNON AVERAGES \$20,000 WORKING 6 MONTHS A YEAR NO COLLEGE! NO SELLING! NO EXPERIENCE!

When Ted Vernon* walked to a mailbox that day in his small home town, the things he wanted seemed far beyond his reach. Like lots more money, freedom from his dead-end job, independence and security, a new future.

Chances looked dim. Ted had no college. His only experience was his old job. And he was already past 40.

Yet, when Ted Vernon mailed his envelope, everything he dreamed of suddenly became possible. *It was the single most profitable act of his life.* Yet all he did was mail a coupon like the one at the bottom of this page.

Free book put Ted on road to big income

The coupon brought Ted the same fascinating Free Book you can have in just a few days. It's an eye opener! It tells the story of a world of opportunity all around you in the booming Accident Investigation field.

It was all new to Ted. He'd hardly even heard of Accident Investigation. Yet Ted Vernon felt he had found his perfect opportunity.

And he had! Soon Ted was forging ahead fast in his new exciting career. His first full year he made \$14,768.72. Since then he's averaging \$20,000 working about six months a year. The rest of the time he relaxes and takes it easy.

He learned secrets of success in 30 minutes

Ted skimmed through Universal's Free Book in 30 minutes and changed his life. He learned many money-making facts! But the three big points that headed Ted to his success are:

- Accident Investigation is a \$19 billion dollar industry booming to new heights every year. It's safe from layoff, recessions and automation—accidents continue no matter what.
- More men are urgently needed to investigate some 22 million accidents each year.
- For more than 20 years, Universal's training-by-mail has been the path to success for thousands of men in this high-pay field.

So there it was—the opportunity of a lifetime. Ted grabbed it—fast. He enrolled for Universal's by-mail training at the mere cost of cigarette money.

It was surprisingly easy. Ted simply studied his brief, interesting lessons at home in his spare time, at his own pace. He didn't risk a single paycheck because he kept right on with his old job until he could start making money quickly in Accident Investigation.

Ted Vernon's income is unusually high and not typical of the industry. He's a busy specialist in storm loss adjusting. But it does show the big potential in this great field even for men with no college and no experience. Read these reports from recent Universal students:

"My income has more than doubled."
—J. T. Woodruff of Louisiana.

"Thanks to you, I was contacted by 17 top companies."
—Donald Doris of Illinois.



"My income averages \$1,200 to \$2,000 a month."

—Ed Crouch of California.

"A raise every three months for the next two years, plus new car and expense account."

—Oscar Singletary of Georgia.

"My salary has increased by 63%."

—Marcel Roy, Canada.

Send for your free opportunity book today

Mail coupon below to get your Free Book that started Ted Vernon to big-money success. Read about the exciting full time or part time opportunities. Stories of successful Universal students with names and locations; about Universal's Free Placement Service which places more men in the field than any other school. How to start your own full or part time business.

But act quickly. Take the first step to the big money field. Mail your coupon today.

MAIL NOW FOR YOUR BIG, FREE BOOK

Universal Schools, Dept. AX-10
6801 Hillcrest, Dallas, Texas 75205

Please rush my Free Book on earnings and opportunities in Accident Investigation. No obligation. No salesman will call.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Code _____



APPROVED FOR VETERANS' TRAINING

Accredited Member National Home Study Council



(Continued from page 70)

take a lie detector test.

"She agreed to take it without hesitation," State Police Sergeant Allen said.

It was scheduled for April 15th, but Mrs. Landers didn't show up. Contacted by police, the woman said she had to get her hair fixed and couldn't make the appointment. The test was reset for the following day. Again she didn't make the date with police. When a detective was sent to her residence to find out why, Mrs. Landers indicated she'd changed her mind.

"I don't believe I want to take it after all," police quoted her as saying.

"Why not?" she was asked.

"I just don't want to be bothered with it. Tell 'em I don't know anything about Gino or where he's at and that I don't want them to come around here any more," Mrs. Landers said.

But she was visited again two days later by Sergeants Allen and Burcham, who said they wanted to talk to her. According to the officers, they were ordered off her front porch with a warning to "not come around here anymore, and quit bothering me at work."

Police said that they were informed the next day that Beverly Jean had told one of her fellow employees that she was going to get an attorney and that "it looks like I might have to go to jail."

Already working 12 and 16-hour days in their attempt to identify the pieces of human body, state Sergeant Allen, Private Detective Lineham and Sheriff McKinney pressed even harder to expedite the probe, hoping all along for one major break in the mystery.

"What we needed most at the time," Sergeant Allen said later, "was a part of the body which could be identified as belonging to somebody. Even though we suspected the two parts on hand belonged to Eugene Robinson, we couldn't prove it. We needed a head or a finger before we could make positive identification."

Police got what they hoped was their major break on Saturday, May 1st, when two fishermen found a human head on the bank of White River in Morgan County, about 20 miles southwest of Indianapolis. Like the other two hunks of human flesh, the head was discovered near a bridge which crosses White River on County Road 144. The site was near the road's intersection with Indiana 37 and about five miles southeast of Mooresville, where the unidentified victim's left rib cage was found almost exactly a month before.

Police said the skull contained two small-caliber bullet holes. One was below the left ear and the other above the left eyebrow.

Because of the badly decomposed condition of the head, lab technician Captain Thompson surmised that the cranium was disposed of about the same time as the other two pieces.

Police said that although there were no ears on the head they could not tell whether they had been sliced off or just rotted away. Sergeant Allen said there was evidence that the skull had been moved from its first resting place shortly before it was found by the startled fishermen.

"The head fits perfectly in a three-inch-deep impression in the mud nearby, and when the two men swore they hadn't moved it, we theorized it had been removed from its resting place by an animal," Allen said.

While several state police detectives and sheriff's deputies searched the area for other pieces of human flesh and bone, Sergeant Allen, Sheriff McKinney, Private Detective Lineham and Captain Thompson left the scene in possession of the skull. Within the hour they and their grisly evidence were aboard a state police airplane, enroute to an undisclosed Kentucky town, where they hoped to link up the dismembered head to an Indianapolis man—namely, Felix Eugene "Gino" Robinson.

Although the investigators declined at the time to say why they went to Kentucky, they later said it was to have the head X-rayed by a dentist who reportedly did most of the work for Robinson's family. But as had happened so many times before in the bizarre, complicated investigation, the lawmen's attempt to get the dismembered corpse identified failed.

The following day, Sergeant Allen, Captain Thompson, Sheriff McKinney and Detective Lineham flew to Kettering, Ohio, with the human skull to consult with another dentist who reportedly had done extensive dental work on Eugene Robinson following an auto accident in 1964. When the lawmen returned to Indiana they had with them an affidavit stating that according to the dental technician's X-ray records the head found on the banks of White River belonged to Robinson.

Since police already had a lengthy and detailed dossier on the victim and his ex-wife Beverly Jean, along with numerous statements from acquaintances and relatives of both persons, the investigation moved ahead with unprecedented speed during the next two days.

State and county police returned from Ohio with positive identification on May 5th, the paper work on the case was completed on May 6th and the evidence was presented to a Marion County grand jury the next day.

Included in the evidence were the statements of witnesses and informants whom police credited with breaking one of the most bizarre and blood-chilling killings ever investigated in the Hoosier state.

Investigators said that one of their key witnesses was a man who informed them that Mrs. Landers rented a chain saw on March 15th, the day before the first part of Gino Robinson's body was found. The power saw was impounded by police

but they have declined to say what the crime lab examination of the instrument revealed. Although investigators confirmed reports that Mrs. Landers was in the company of a man when she rented the suspected dismemberment tool, they refused to confirm or deny a theory that the male subject was the informant who tipped police off about the saw. Neither would police say whether or not the small piece of metal found in a section of Robinson's cut-up body came from the impounded power saw.

Following the questioning of Beverly Jean Landers, police said they had statements from several persons who had either overheard the suspect say outright that she intended to shoot Gino Robinson or hint that she would cut his body up in the event that she ever "had" to shoot him.

A hanger-on at the night club where Mrs. Landers worked told police that Beverly Jean once brandished a .22 caliber pistol in the pub and said, "This is for Gino and if he bothers me again I'll blow his brains out!"

The same informant, police said, told investigators that Mrs. Landers tried to sell him the pistol about three months before Robinson disappeared. Then a few days after the man came up missing, the informant was quoted as saying the suspect asked the man to "forget that I ever offered to sell you that gun." The tipster said Beverly Jean told him that she had already sold the gun and that "it's not worth discussing anymore."

Police said that in checking out Mrs. Landers' background several acquaintances indicated that the plump, dark-haired waitress had "a terrible temper." According to police, one witness told them that Mrs. Landers once approached him and said, "If you ever want to get rid of a body, let me know. I'll take care of it and no one will ever know."

"What would you do with it, burn it?" the tipster was quoted as asking.

"No," Beverly Jean is reputed to have replied, "they'd find it all right."

"Well, what would you do with it, cut it up?" the witness asked.

"I'm not saying," the woman was quoted by the informant as replying, "but if you ever need to get rid of somebody, just let me know."

But Mrs. Landers was more specific with another informant, police said.

They said that they talked to a man who told them that in early March, Beverly Jean approached him and said, "If Gene was to break into my house and I shot him, would you help me cut up the body and get rid of it?"

The witness said that although he told her no, Mrs. Landers repeated the request for help a few days later. Again, the witness told police, he refused to grant her request.

When a team of eight detectives searched Mrs. Landers' residence, on a warrant issued by Municipal

Court Judge James E. Bath, they reportedly impounded the contents of a trash barrel, along with several boxes of other items which they declined to identify "until it is entered as trial evidence."

Although Captain Ray H. Thompson, head of the state police crime laboratory, admitted that samples were taken from the sewage drain pipes at the accused's home, he declined to say what his technicians learned when the specimens were analyzed.

Investigators told newsmen, however, that they believed Robinson was shot to death in Mrs. Landers' bathroom and that the corpse was drained of blood in the bathtub overnight before it was cut up with a power saw. The detectives also said blood samples were taken from the suspect's home but they declined to reveal the blood type or whether or not they suspected it to be from the victim. They indicated that the pistol used to slay Robinson had not been recovered at this writing.

State Police Sergeant Allen, who headed the macabre investigation from beginning to end, evaded newsmen's questions about possible evidence found in Beverly Jean's car, stating that "anything we'd release in that connection would tend to be prejudicial."

After the Marion County Grand Jury heard the state's evidence in the case on May 7, 1971, the jurors returned a true bill of particulars, charging Mrs. Beverly Jean Landers with the first-degree murder of her former husband, Felix Eugene "Gino" Robinson. According to the indictment, the waitress committed the crime "on or about the 14th day of March, 1971."

Shortly before 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the grand jury's ruling, State Police Sergeants Allen and Burcham entered the Hideaway Lounge where the accused was employed and called her aside.

"I thought I told you guys not to bother me anymore when I'm working," said the black-haired suspect who had previously ordered the officers off her front porch.

The state cops apologized for the intrusion, telling the suspect that they would not be bothering her anymore at the nightclub. Mrs. Landers was then read an arrest warrant charging her with first degree murder and she was accompanied out of the night spot by the two lawmen.

Minutes later, the woman accused of killing and butchering her ex-husband was fingerprinted and processed by Sheriff's Deputy Mrs. Renee S. Bastien.

At this writing Mrs. Landers is still incarcerated in the Marion County Jail, held without bond and waiting for a trial date to be set. In the meantime, lawmen in 14 southern Indiana counties are keeping an eye out for the rest of Gino Robinson's body, believed to be scattered along the banks of some remote river or stream. ★★★

Get your bills



WE CAN HELP YOU! We are not a loan company, so poor credit is no problem! (Maximum total debt accepted is \$20,000.)

Send for more information and a **CONFIDENTIAL** application.

MAIL TODAY!



UNITED SECURITY CORPORATION
36 Kennedy Plaza, Providence, R.I. 02903

UNITED SECURITY CORPORATION
Dept. 00-10

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip Code _____

yours for 1/30th the cost of diamonds!

Capra Gems

... hand-cut, hand-polished, hand-selected

Get full facts, FREE, on man's most amazing discovery by modern science

CAPRA GEMS. A miracle of science described in recent issues of Saturday Evening Post and Reader's Digest.

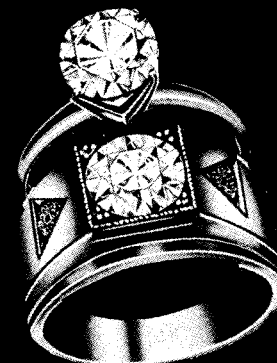
They're more dazzling than diamonds, yet cost much less. CAPRA GEMS' refractive quality is actually higher than diamonds! Brilliantly beautiful.

dazzling CAPRA GEMS are hand cut hand polished and hand selected ...

priced within the reach of all who love fine gems. A 1-carat unset diamond stone costs you approximately \$1000.

A comparable choice selected, 1-carat

CAPRA GEM is yours for \$27 ... and can be bought on small easy payments.



GET THE FACTS NOW ... Valuable illustrated booklet shows a wide selection of men's and women's rings. Gives full details, including prices and settings ... shows all CAPRA GEMS actual size. Limited supply, so

send today without delay.

No charge, no obligation.

Get all the facts on CAPRA GEMS ... more dazzling than diamonds.

Send No Money Mail Today

CAPRA GEM CO., Dept. 0F-101
P.O. 3148, Phila., Pa. 19150

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Two Deputies Gunned Down . . . (from page 41)

the floor and he promptly jumped over them and ran to the back door.

Just outside the back door, he said, he found Deputy Abbott, who had his gun out. The patient said he turned and went back towards the door of the laboratory room. He said that Deputy Walker was on the floor and he saw Macklin take a gun from him.

The patient said he backed away and after he was out of sight, he heard the sound of a shot. He said he heard what he thought were two more shots. He said that Walker staggered through the doorway and into the hall, where he collapsed.

As he dropped, he said, "Oh, my God!"

"What happened to Chipman?"

The patient said that after Macklin had taken the deputy's gun, Walker and Chipman got up off the floor but they were still struggling. That was when the patient backed away. Only seconds later, he heard the shots.

"Did you see Chipman take a gun from Walker?" he was asked.

The patient replied that he did not.

When Deputy Abbott had been found bleeding near the southwest corner of the building, his gun was gone, too. Undersheriff Harlan looked in the police car and discovered that a shotgun and ammunition were missing. This meant that the two fugitives were heavily armed.

One of them, James Chipman, was known to Lieutenant Gorman because of a prior brush with the law that was the reason he was being held in the county jail.

Chipman was a native of Flint and had attended Whittier Junior High School. Then his family had moved to Miami and he had gone with them. In Miami, he had jobs as a boat builder and a carpet layer.

He was married in Florida and became the father of two young children. In May, 1970, he was back in Flint, where his mother now lives. She is a widow, her husband—James' father—having died in 1959.

On May 10, 1970, according to police records, two youths, Anthony Gardner, 17, and Ronald Hastings, 20, were driving in Flint when their car was forced to the curb on Stockton Street near West Sixth Street by another car.

A young man got out of the car and fired several times at them with a .22 caliber rifle. Both were wounded, Gardner fatally and Hastings critically, by bullets that struck them in the head. Young Gardner died at Hurley Hospital, but Hastings recovered.

According to the police, Hastings said that the young man told them he was "going to fix" them. It was said that there was some trouble over a woman. When he was able to look at mug shots, Hastings identified a picture of Chipman as the young man who fired the shots from the rifle.

A search for Chipman was begun, but he couldn't be found in Flint and acquaintances said he had gone back to Florida. Lieutenant Gorman obtained a warrant accusing Chipman of the murder of young Gardner. When it appeared that he had left town and probably the state, a federal warrant charging him with unlawful flight to avoid prosecution for murder was issued and the FBI entered the case.

Chipman couldn't be found in Miami, but sources there said he had gone to Gainesville, where there are many young people about the same age as Chipman because the University of Florida is located there.

W. M. Alexander, Special Agent in charge of the Jacksonville office of the FBI enlisted the aid of Alachua County sheriff's police. Major Ron Stanley, chief of the sheriff's detectives and Special Investigator Johnny L. Yarbrough began looking for Chipman.

He was finally located at a Gainesville filling station where he had been working as an attendant on Thursday, November 19th and the FBI was notified. Agents arrested him at the filling station and the following morning he was taken before the United States Commissioner on the federal warrant. The Commissioner ordered him held under \$50,000 bond for conveying back to Michigan.

He was returned to Flint and after a hearing was bound over for trial. He was being held without bail in the Genesee County jail on the murder charge when he escaped. His trial on the murder charge had been scheduled for Thursday, April 8th. However, Chipman had not conferred with his court appointed attorney and the trial had been postponed to July. Apparently, Chipman was unaware of this when he made the break.

In another part of the city, Mrs. Ben Walker who had lost her husband when the two men escaped, also was talking. She said her husband had dreamed of being a policeman. He had worked for the Western Electric Company, but had worked part time for the sheriff's marine division as a skindiver, doing mostly rescue work. But he had been anxious to work on criminal cases and when there was an opening, he resigned from Western Electric and became a full time deputy sheriff on January 8, 1968.

According to his fellow officers, he loved the work and never complained when he had to change shifts.

"He was going to college two nights a week," his wife said. "He was taking police administration courses at the college. On those days, he would leave about five-thirty in the evening, go to school and then directly to the job.

"Ben just went on days about four

weeks ago. He said he wanted to go back on nights because nothing happened on days."

Meanwhile, after the search had gone on for about three hours, a group of about a dozen police squads who were north of the shooting scene on North Street, got word that the fugitives were in a little red house about half a block from the dental clinic.

The officers were then driving north on North, which is a one-way street. But it was important for them to get back to the red house. The cavalcade made a U-turn and bucked oncoming traffic for several blocks.

They arrived at the red frame house, which neighbors told the police was known as "the pill house," and one of the officers kicked in the front door when nobody responded to his knock. There were three women and a man in the house, but a search revealed no trace of the fugitives and the officers left.

About 45 minutes later, there was another call from the same anonymous person, who insisted that the two escapees were in the red house. Again the officers made a search and failed to find the fugitives.

But the caller was persistent and telephoned again. This time he suggested that the officers look for a trap door in a closet that led to the attic.

Lieutenant Folaron, Patrolmen Tibbits and Beaucamp had just finished searching a house on Leith Street when the third call came over the police radio. They hurried to the little red house and went in.

In a closet in a back bedroom, the officers found a neat row of clothes on hangers. But Patrolman Tibbits took a closer look and discovered a trap door. It had been missed on other searches because it was painted the same color as the interior of the closet and because the neatly hanging clothes appeared not to have been disturbed.

"Give me a boost," said Tibbits. "I think this is it."

The taller Beaucamp lifted Tibbits so that he could push open the trap door. When it was pushed upward and had dropped onto the attic floor, Patrolman Tibbits stuck his head into the opening. He looked to the front of the attic room, then to the back.

Then he saw what looked like a pile of clothing and he knew that he had discovered the fugitives. He was boosted a little higher to where he could point his gun at the clothes pile.

"Okay, you guys. Freeze!" he ordered. Then: "Slide your guns to me along the floor."

Obediently, the men complied. The guns they had taken from the deputies came sliding on the floor towards the officer who stood halfway into the opening. Then Tibbits climbed into the attic and was followed by Beaucamp. The officers put handcuffs on the now meek prisoners and helped them out of the attic into the waiting arms of Lieutenant Folaron and oth-

ers who had joined him.

Both men were taken to the detective bureau at Flint police headquarters, where Lieutenant Gorman advised them of their constitutional rights. Chipman refused to answer questions. But Macklin did talk, according to Lieutenant Gorman, giving substantially the same account of what had happened as Bailey had given.

Lieutenant Gorman said that Macklin admitted that he shot both Abbott and Walker. After Abbott had been shot and had staggered out of the building, Macklin took his gun, according to Lieutenant Gorman. He gave one of the guns to Chipman and both fled to the north, doubling back to the little red house.

According to Lieutenant Gorman, Macklin denied that they had planned to hide out in the red house. He also denied that there had been any plan to shoot the deputies, unless they had to. But Macklin admitted, Gorman said, that the escape attempt had been planned since March 5th, when Chipman and Macklin were in the same cell block; at that time, Chipman had mentioned the dental clinic and they decided that was as good as any place to make a break.

Chipman was charged with an additional count of murder and assault with intent to commit murder. The same charges were filed against Macklin. In an appearance before District Judge Basil F. Baker, both men demanded a pretrial examination, which was scheduled for Thursday, April 15th. Macklin and Chipman were returned to the county jail.

Meanwhile, during the four hours he was in surgery, ten pints of blood were given to Deputy Abbott. Five pints were given to him afterward and doctors said his condition was satisfactory. Twelve pints of the blood were donated by the Genesee-Lapeer chapter of the American Red Cross. Other blood was contributed by fellow officers.

A clinical pathologist, Dr. Frank V. Hodges, performed an autopsy on Deputy Walker and reported that he had died of a gunshot wound to the chest.

The hearing opened as scheduled on April 15th. Dr. Hodges, Jesse Bailey, Lieutenant Gorman and other witnesses testified. At the conclusion of the hearing on April 21st, Judge Baker ordered Chipman and Macklin bound over for trial.

On Monday, May 10th, the two men were arraigned before Circuit Court Judge Donald R. Freeman and both stood mute when the charges were read. Judge Freeman entered pleas of not guilty for them and scheduled a jury trial to begin on August 11th.

As this was written, Chipman and Macklin were held without bond in the Genesee County jail in Flint while authorities made arrangements for the trial which has been moved away from Flint, after a change of venue request was granted. ★★★



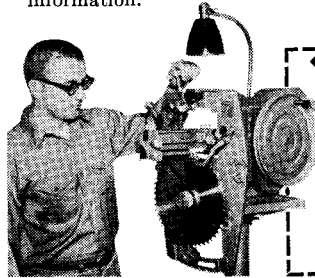
Sharpen Carbide and other Saws and Tools in NEW Profitable Business of Your Own Be Your Own Boss!!

We Help You Get Started

Let Foley show you how to make money in the multi-million dollar carbide saw and tool industry. You quickly learn how to sharpen these valuable tools and many others. Excellent profits! We show you how to set up a business and keep it running profitably. Part time or full time. No special skills needed.

Minimum Investment Needed

Start your own business with little money. Foley will finance you. You can earn extra cash immediately. Rush this coupon today for full information.



CARBIDE SERVICE CENTER
Room 1038 . 3300 N.E. 5th Street
Minneapolis, Minn. 55418

Yes! Rush information to me. I understand no salesman will call and there's no obligation.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Men . . . Women . . . Married Couples
Make More Money—Be Happy in

HOTEL & MOTEL MANAGEMENT



CAREER OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUNG OR OLD

- You get high pay and many tax-free benefits!
- You choose from thousands of good jobs (new motels open every 90 minutes)!
- You enjoy unlimited management opportunities . . . recognition, prestige, responsibility . . . lifetime security!
- You live and work in climate of your choice . . . fabulous country club atmosphere!
- We provide free nationwide placement service!

YOU can have a rich, rewarding, exciting career in motel management. Ours is the ONLY management training program developed and approved by a major hotel chain . . . one of the nation's largest. We'll train you at home for the kind of future you've dreamed about!

Approved for veterans and in-service personnel . . . also available under your state's vocational rehabilitation program.

FREE CAREER INFORMATION

Get all the facts you need to make a sound career decision . . . FREE BOOKLETS and other detailed information.

PHONE:

(800) 336-5711

Toll-Free . . . No Cost or Obligation

Or send coupon today!



To: AMERICAN MOTEL SCHOOL 1408
105-107 Campbell Ave., S.W., Roanoke, Va. 24011

YES, I want to learn more about the well-paid career opportunities available to me in MOTEL MANAGEMENT.

NAME _____
(please print)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
HOME PHONE () _____ AGE _____ VETERAN? _____
PRESENT OCCUPATION _____
MARITAL STATUS _____ IF MARRIED, DOES SPOUSE WORK? _____

The Law Couldn't Hurt Him . . . (from page 32)

The young men, both 19, had gone on an errand to a nearby grocery store.

But suddenly the wooden half-door of the radio room was kicked open and a dark-haired young man Mrs. Simpson recognized as Bobby Garcia stood in the opening, brandishing a long-barreled shotgun.

"Put the phone down and get back!" the gun-wielder ordered the woman police employe.

The startled Mary Simpson realized someone was with Garcia, but, as she related in a later statement, "I had my eyes focused on Garcia and the gun and at that time did not realize it was Steve and Ralph with him." (Steve Grau and Ralph Murray said later they had just returned from the grocery store and entered the first floor of City Hall by a side door, where they were met by Garcia, waving a shotgun and threatening to "kill everybody up there" if they didn't accompany him upstairs to the police desk.)

Garcia herded the two youths into the radio room and, keeping the shotgun levelled, shouted to them to release his brother, who had been arrested on an assault charge. For a few seconds the shocked group stood transfixed. Suddenly, Garcia fired a blast from the shotgun, shouting, "Move!"

The gunshot ripped a large hole in a calendar on the wall.

Sergeant Wignall, who was standing at the desk, turned from Garcia and reached for the jail key, which was kept in the desk drawer. Without warning Garcia pulled the trigger again. The shot struck Wignall in the lower back and the impact drove him forward into a slump over the desk. The police sergeant then fell backward to the floor.

The stunned group in the radio room started forward to help the gravely wounded officer, but Garcia snarled, "Stay back!"

The gunman turned toward Mrs. Simpson and added, "You get my brother out."

Fighting to control her rising terror before the frenzied gunman who had cold-bloodedly gunned down the 57-year-old police sergeant, Mrs. Simpson got the key and unlocked the cellblock door. Murray and Grau, meanwhile, were ordered by Garcia to kneel in the hall.

Mrs. Simpson asked Garcia the name of his brother. When he told her, she remembered the brother had been transferred to the Quay County jail just before noon that day. Even as she related this, she wondered if the news would bring another deadly blast of shotgun fire.

"You're going with me over there to get him out!" the gunman snapped. Grabbing Mrs. Simpson by the shoulder, he shoved her toward the stairway. Grau and Murray told the trigger-happy breaker-into-jails that they were going to call an ambulance for Wignall. Garcia replied that would be all right, but ordered

them not to summon other police units or he would kill his hostage, Mrs. Simpson.

He ordered the woman police clerk to walk down the side stairs to a door opening onto an alley. Mrs. Simpson asked if she could remove her high-heeled shoes, saying they could go faster.

She feared that an accidental fall might raise the shotgun-armed thug's wrath. He told her she could take off the shoes.

As they emerged from the door on the west side of the building, Garcia asked if the keys were in a patrol car that was parked in the police driveway.

"I don't know for sure, but we can look and see," Mrs. Simpson replied.

"You better look good," her abductor said.

Mrs. Simpson, doing everything in her power to avert another squeeze of the shotgun trigger, invited Garcia to help her look "so that we can be sure."

The keys were in the ignition, and Mrs. Simpson and the kidnaper got into the vehicle, Garcia behind the steering wheel. He started the car and in the process of putting it into reverse, the motor died.

Back at the small house where Josie Baker lay dead on the floor, meanwhile, Patrolman Crespin, puzzled over receiving no answer from headquarters, started to call again. But before he could, a frantic message came from the patrol car radio: "All available units . . . Hurry to the station . . . Jerry Wignall has been shot!"

Crespin sped to the police building. Turning into the parking lot, he saw a patrol car with Mary Simpson and another person, whom he at first thought was Grau, in it. Getting out of his car and walking toward the other unit, Patrolman Crespin saw the man behind the wheel turn. He recognized Bobby Garcia.

"Let her go!" Crespin shouted.

"He has a shotgun!" the spunky police clerk cried.

As Crespin ran toward the alley for cover, Garcia whirled around with the shotgun and fired through the back window of the police car in which he sat. The pellets struck Crespin on the right side of the face and chest. A second blast from the shotgun wounded the patrolman in the left leg. Gaining the cover of a building, the bleeding officer saw that Garcia was out of the car on the right side, holding the woman in front of him. Realizing he had to have help, Crespin painfully made his way east to Adams, where he encountered three men who put him in a car and rushed him to the hospital.

Grabbing hold of the back of Mrs. Simpson's blouse and sweater, Garcia marched her toward the street, walking west on the north side of

Center Street. Mrs. Simpson saw a police car approaching from the west.

In the car were Captain Edwards and Patrolman Morris. Twice Edwards yelled at Garcia to release his hostage.

"Go on! Or I'll kill her!" the gunman shouted back.

Fearing for the safety of the woman, Edwards pulled slowly away.

The police captain drove on, made a U-turn and followed the pair at a distance. Garcia and his prisoner walked across a parking lot and headed north on Second Street.

"Where are we going? Why aren't we going to the county jail?" Mrs. Simpson asked, aware that their route was not in the direction of the courthouse.

"We're going to hole up!" Garcia answered, keeping his grip on the woman's sweater.

In the middle of the 100 block of South Second, Garcia guided Mary Simpson across the street to the west side and continued north until he came to the east door of the Sands-Dorsey Drug. He pushed his hostage through the door, pointing the shotgun ahead at him at the employes and customers in the drug store.

"Stand back, all of you, or I'll shoot her!" Garcia yelled at the shocked onlookers.

He ordered Mrs. Simpson, "Tell them to stay away."

"Do what he says! He means it! He's already shot some other people!", the police employe cried.

Still holding Mrs. Simpson by the collar and the shotgun in the other hand, Garcia ordered the employes to the rear of the store. He went to the back left corner with his hostage.

As a 22-year-old woman clerk in the drug store recalled later to newsmen: "He kept his finger on the trigger all of the time."

Meanwhile, city, county and state officers were converging on the drug store. Entering through two doors—front and side—were Captain Edwards, Patrolman Morris, Tucumcari Police Chief J. Bronson Moore and New Mexico State Policeman James Kelly.

Quay County Sheriff Claude Moncus (National Police Officer of the Month, Master Detective, September, 1965) had been on his way to the first shooting scene on East Turner when word was flashed over the police radio that Sergeant Wignall had been shot. He headed toward the police building, then overheard another police message that Garcia and his hostage had entered the Sands-Dorsey Drug Store. Moncus wheeled his car around and sped to the pharmacy. He parked his cruiser on the wrong side of the street and walked into the drug store just behind State Patrolman Kelly.

Captain Edwards, meanwhile, had been told of a stairway that came out near where Garcia stood, and he started for the staircase, hoping to descend on the gunman from that point.

"Drop your gun, Bobby!" Officer Kelly told the gunman.

"Stay back, or I'll kill you!" Garcia snarled.

Sheriff Moncus walked around Kelly and continued slowly toward Garcia and the woman police clerk. Garcia levelled the shotgun at him, but when Moncus was about ten feet away, the suspect suddenly blurted, "Sheriff, you can take me."

Garcia lowered the gun and Moncus moved in quickly and took it from him. The sobbing Mrs. Simpson clung to State Policeman Kelly for support as Garcia was placed in handcuffs. Besides the 12 gauge shotgun, officers took a .25 caliber semi-automatic pistol and a black cloth bag containing eight rounds of ammunition, which the suspect was wearing around his neck.

Less than one-half hour after it had begun, the one-man rampage of terror that left a woman dead, two policemen wounded and the woman police clerk in shock, was over. Mrs. Simpson was treated for shock at the Trigg Memorial Hospital. At the same hospital, Sergeant Wignall was reported in critical condition and Patrolman Crespin in "fair" condition.

However, at 5:45 a.m. on Friday, November 11, 1966, Sergeant Wignall died as a result of the gaping wound in his back. The attending physician said later that the two-inch diameter, "rat hole" size wound shattered the lawman's liver and caused massive infection of the stomach. He said all of the holes left by the shotgun pellets could not be sewed up, since the shot hit a rib and scattered within the body.

Patrolman Crespin later recovered from his wounds.

An open charge of murder was lodged against Garcia on Thursday morning, November 10, 1966. Even before the shooting rampage, the suspect had been a familiar figure to Tucumcari authorities. His police record included arrests for breaking and entering, assault, resisting arrest, carrying a deadly weapon and unlawfully taking a vehicle without the owner's consent. A friend said of Garcia that he "could be the nicest guy in the world or a real terror."

On Wednesday, November 16th, after he was arraigned on the murder charge and ordered bound over to 10th District Court for trial, Garcia continued his streak of violence. This time he slashed both of his wrists with a razor blade given to him for shaving. The wounds were not serious and he didn't require hospitalization. However, a preliminary hearing slated for November 18th was postponed until November 29th.

Meanwhile, it was disclosed by authorities that the shotgun and .25 caliber semi-automatic pistol taken from Garcia after his arrest were among weapons that had been taken in a burglary of a Tucumcari store on November 8th, the night before the series of shootings. A large quan-

BILLS- PRESSING ?

We CAN HELP YOU NOW!

★ Bad Credit No Problem
★ Not A Loan Company
★ Nobody Refused ^{up to} \$10,000

For FREE APPLICATION
RUSH YOUR NAME and
ADDRESS to NEAREST OFFICE
TODAY

INTERNATIONAL ACCEPTANCE dept. M3

3003 N. Central Ave., Phoenix, Ariz. 85012
1000 N. Madison Ave., Greenwood, Ind. 46142
507 Carondelet St., New Orleans, La. 70130
1825 Conn. Ave. N.W. Rm. 428 Wash. D.C. 20009

International Acceptance Dept. M-3

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

tity of ammunition also was taken in the break-in.

On Sunday, April 16, 1967, while awaiting trial on the murder charges, Garcia made a desperate bid for freedom and an attempt on the life of then Quay County Sheriff Dub Smith, who had replaced Claude Moncus when his term of office ended. About 9 p.m. as Sheriff Smith was cleaning a jail cell, he was jumped by Garcia, who had armed himself with a sharpened bolt and pointed rod. He stabbed at the sheriff repeatedly with the instruments as they scuffled for twenty minutes before the prisoner was subdued. Smith sustained stab wounds in his back, chest and left side but was not seriously hurt.

Garcia went to trial for the slaying of Police Sergeant Wignall on Wednesday, June 21, 1967, in 10th District Court in Tucumcari. The defense raised the issue of sanity, but a state's witness, Dr. Rudolf Bramanti, chief of forensic psychiatry at the state mental hospital at Las Vegas, New Mexico, told the jury that Garcia "was not mentally sick at the time of the crime and in my opinion he is now and was sane." Witnesses related the series of tragic events at the police station that cost the life of the police sergeant. Other testimony brought out that Garcia's hobby was collecting guns and knives and that he sometimes experimented with making bombs, mostly from dynamite.

On Thursday, June 22nd, after six hours of deliberation, the jury returned a verdict of guilty and assessed his punishment at life in prison.

Garcia was taken to the state prison at Santa Fe, and on Wednesday, September 6, 1967, he made his first—although futile—escape after packing pillows in his bunk to look like a human form and sawing a small opening in his cell bars. He forced a service station attendant to accompany him in a stolen car to Albuquerque, sixty miles to the south. The attendant managed to elude the escaped con and notified police. Garcia was recaptured only three hours later at the Alberquerque

BE A TRAVEL AGENT OR TOUR GUIDE

... I'LL GIVE YOU this
Rand-McNally World Globe
and exciting 86-Volume
Travel Library!



World Globe, 12-Volume Rand-McNally World Atlas, PanAm 2-Volume "World Horizons," 12-Volume Vacation Guide Encyclopedia, American President Lines Travel Agents' Manual, 500-page Travel Industry Personnel Directory, Official Airlines Guides, International Shipline Guide, Hotel & Travel Index, 52-issue subscription to Travel Agent Magazine and dozens travel folders, maps & posters given to you with your complete 50-Lesson North American Course in Travel.

... When you train at home with N.A.S.T. for a
BIG MONEY CAREER IN TRAVEL

(as Travel Agent, Tour Guide or in one of 100's Big Money Career Positions in Travel) There's excitement, big money, fun, prestige in Travel. Thousands big money career opportunities open to qualified men & women. Travel is booming—increasing 15% each year. Easy home-study plan trains you for well-paid job with travel agency, airline, resort, etc.—shows you how to become Travel Agent—reveals how to make big profits escorting tours—discloses how to roam the world at reduced rates. Send for big "TRAVEL CAREER KIT"—20-Page Book "Opportunities in Travel," giant full color World Wall Map & Sample Lesson—ALL FREE! No salesman will call. Mail coupon today!

Opportunities in TRAVEL
GIANT WALL MAP
SAMPLE LESSON
ALL 3 FREE

J. Russell Calvert / Executive Director
North American School of Travel, Dept. 1156A
4500 Campus Dr., University Plaza, Newport, Calif. 92660

Mail "TRAVEL CAREER KIT"—20-Page Book, Giant Wall Map & Sample Lesson—ALL FREE!

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

MAGNIFYING GLASSES



A Blessing For Folks Over 40

Read newspaper, telephone book, Bible and do close work easily. SEE CLEARER INSTANTLY. Not Rx or for astigmatism or eye diseases. 10 day trial. Sturdy, good-looking. Glass precision ground and polished; metal hinges. Send age, sex. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. On arrival pay postman \$4.95 plus C.O.D. or send only \$4.95 and we pay postage. PRECISION OPTICAL CO., Dept. 166-G Rochelle, Ill. 61068

que bus station. He offered no resistance. But, as subsequent events would show, that was only the beginning.

Garcia went to trial again—this time for the slaying of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Josie Baker, on January 10, 1968. Again the scene was the same 10th District Court in Tucumcari. Testifying in this trial, Garcia, after telling of the encounter with his sister-in-law, said in a loud, emotional voice: "I do not like to be called a son of a bitch by nobody. When she told me my wife was not coming with me, I did it."

"And you would do it again?" the district attorney asked.

"I would do it again."

Stepping down from the witness stand, Garcia turned toward the D.A. and added: "I have no remorse whatsoever. That's what you wanted to hear and that's what you heard. Nobody meddles in my business!"

On January 12, 1968, the jury returned with a verdict after only one hour of deliberation. Bobby Gene Garcia was guilty of murder in the first degree and his punishment was set at death. After Judge J. V. Gallegos sentenced Garcia to die in the gas chamber on March 27, 1968, he asked if the defendant had anything to say. Garcia reiterated that he had no remorse.

Garcia's attorneys filed an appeal in the case and Garcia again was returned to the state prison. On March 5, 1968, he made another bid for freedom. He made his dash in full view of guards during an exercise break after lunch. He managed to get over the first fence but was pulled from the second one by pursuing guards. Garcia was returned to Tucumcari for re-sentencing to a life term in the death of Josie Baker in August, 1969, after state law had abolished the death penalty. And, once again the convicted killer's violent streak came to the surface.

After the judge had pronounced sentence, an officer touched Garcia's arm and said, "Come on, it's over." The double killer bolted, jumped the railing in front of the spectator's section and ran toward the double doors leading from the courtroom. Four deputies managed to subdue him, but not before he shouted at District Judge Gallegos, "You better pray I die, I'm coming back! As long as there's breath in my body, I'm coming back!"

Garcia continued to be bad trouble in the state pen. Because of "disciplinary problems," arrangements were made to transfer the two-time killer to the federal maximum security prison at Marion, Illinois in October, 1969. However, he was returned to the New Mexico state prison in February, 1971, because of the high cost involved in keeping him in the Illinois institution, officials said.

Thus, the stage was set for Bobby Gene Garcia to become the only inmate in the history of the New Mexico penitentiary to make two successful breaks from its walls. He became the record holder when he

"hit the street" early that morning of May 10, 1971, setting off a massive manhunt.

As the manhunters swarmed around the Santa Fe area, a tip late Monday indicated the desperate escapee might have slipped across the border into neighboring Texas. Amarillo police pressed an intensive search in that city, 105 miles east of Tucumcari, when a report was received that a man matching Garcia's description had been seen driving a blue foreign car with New Mexico license plates on the east side of the city. However, the driver or car were not located, and New Mexico authorities, including Prison Warden Felix Rodriguez, still believed the fugitive was in New Mexico.

On Tuesday, the hunt spread to two different sites. An estimated 35 State Policemen, prison security officers and Santa Fe County deputies searched the old mining town of Cerrillos, 13 miles south of Santa Fe, after a dog was shot and killed there—apparently by a prowler. Officers also combed the Cochiti Indian Pueblo, near Cochiti Dam, after a woman reported seeing a man fitting the description of the escaped con. But both searches proved futile.

Wednesday passed without developments, but the next day, the trail became hotter. A cowboy on a ranch near Golden, a near-deserted ghost town about 15 miles south of Cerrillos, positively identified a photograph of Garcia as the man the ranch hand fed sausage and beans when the stranger wandered onto the ranch on Tuesday—about 36 hours after the escape.

Acting on this information sixty State Police officers and prison authorities searched ramshackle buildings in the Golden area. A State Police spotter plane and a state Game and Fish department helicopter aided in the search, but the fugitive seemed to have left no trace behind him.

As a growing number of officers pressed the search in cars and on horseback, Warden Rodriguez told newsmen:

"I have no reason to believe that Bobby Gene Garcia is anywhere except in this area, between Golden on New Mexico 14 and Santo Domingo Pueblo near I-25."

He said mounted patrol units from Espanola, Santa Fe, Bernalillo, and Albuquerque had joined State Police and penitentiary officers in the manhunt.

Asked by reporters if he considered the escaped killer-con dangerous, the warden answered, "I don't think he'll allow himself to be taken alive."

Early Sunday afternoon, May 16, 1971, the dispatcher for the Bernalillo County Sheriff's Department at Albuquerque, received an anonymous tip. The informant said a man who looked like Garcia was in the South Valley area of the city.

Following up the call, Sheriff's Department Detective Dan Lundy

and Volunteer State Ranger Dan Milbourn, riding in separate cars, approached the area from different directions.

Detective Lundy spotted a man in brown slacks and brown and white striped shirt emerging from a drive-in restaurant at the intersection of Rio Bravo and Isleta, SW.

Noting that Ranger Milbourn was closest to the drive-in, Lundy radioed him to check out the man.

Milbourn pulled up to the suspect. He didn't seem to resemble the picture of Bobby Gene Garcia printed in the newspapers, the Ranger noted. Asked his name, the man answered, "Robert Sandoval."

Persisting, Milbourn asked for identification.

The man searched his pockets without coming up with identification, and at that point, Ranger Milbourn pulled his revolver. As he did the man lunged at him through the car window. Milbourn, still seated behind the wheel, was handicapped from that position but he struggled vigorously to retrieve the gun snatched away by the suspect. Milbourn grabbed the gun barrel with both hands and fought to get the weapon back.

Detective Lundy, who had pulled up nearby, jumped from his car and ran to aid the fighting Milbourn. Lundy put his service revolver against the suspect's head and commanded, "Don't move!"

"I'm not," the man answered, ceasing his struggle.

Detective Lundy knew he had the right man when he saw the shark tattoo on the man's forearm.

Milbourn later told reporters, "It's a good thing the gun had a six and a half inch barrel. I grabbed it with both hands and tried to get it back. I almost had it under control when Lundy came up to help me. I was never so happy to see anybody."

The suspect in custody was quickly identified as the much-sought killer-con, whose freedom had spanned only a six-day period. Taken to the Bernalillo County jail, Garcia was placed in solitary confinement until prison authorities could arrive to take him back.

To Garcia, talking later with officers and reporters, it was all a lark.

"If they (prison officials) don't give me a vacation every once in a while, I have to take one," Garcia laughed. "I just wanted to be free. I've had a nice vacation. I've met a lot of interesting people."

Concerning the escape, Garcia said he would do it all over again. "If you lock up a man in a seven by eleven foot cell, he can figure all sorts of ways to get out. He has 24 hours to think. You get tired of sleeping after a while."

Prison officials told newsmen a charge of escape would be filed against Garcia, which could add another term of ten to fifty years to his two life sentences. The charge had not been filed at this writing. ★★★

Arizona's Rape-Killer . . . (from page 10)

discovered the victim.

On arrival at the stranded Harwood car. Lyon set his crew to work photographing the scene and searching for evidence. Some of Mrs. Harwood's underclothing still lay beside the car, near where the three men said they had found the woman. Wide oval tire tracks, which Lyon believed might have been made by a suspect's car, were found. However, the hard ground and thick brush in the area precluded the discovery of any footprints.

Lyon checked with the hospital for a preliminary medical report, after he'd ordered the establishment of roadblocks and sent detectives to question anyone found in the area. The early report showed Mrs. Harwood had been raped. Two .22-caliber bullets had entered her forehead one lodging in the brain and the other passing completely through the victim and exiting through her neck. Sergeant Lyon was given that expended bullet by one of his deputies, who had found it shallowly buried where the three men had picked up Mrs. Harwood. Both slugs were sent to the FBI crime lab in Washington for complete ballistics checks.

Since Lyon was already working on a rape-murder which involved the use of a .22-caliber weapon he began checking all similarities in the two crimes, even as he was sending someone to notify Mr. Gerald Harwood of his wife's brutal slaying.

With grim determination the slim Arizona lawman intensified his own efforts and pushed his men. And the painstaking detail began to reap a payoff. A middle-aged woman stopped at a roadblock south of Sells and questioned by a deputy, described a late-model green car, which she thought was either a Ford Maverick or Mustang, which she saw speeding onto the Rocky Point highway from a hiding place. When the deputy showed her a Polaroid snapshot of the Harwood's English-model car, she said the young man driving the green auto had begun pursuing the pictured vehicle. The pictures had been ordered by Detective Lyon and distributed to the deputies manning the roadblocks.

The woman said, "I had a good look at the young man. He almost hit my car when he swerved around me onto the road!"

After a conference with Sheriff Burr, it was decided to withhold news about this witness from news media until the possible apprehension and identification of a suspect.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hodge had driven all the way south to the Indian Village of Covered Wells, Arizona. She stopped at a general store where several men were seated on a porch overlooking the road, and was told that no car matching the description of her friend's had passed through. She began a northward return, still looking for the missing auto, and was stopped at a sheriff's roadblock. There she

finally learned of the slaying. She told of seeing the green car beside the Harwood vehicle. A search for the suspect's Mustang or Maverick was intensified, including the use of air patrols. But the day ended with no arrests.

With morning and the newspaper and broadcast coverage of the murder story came another eyewitness break for Detective Lyons. Thirty-year-old Jerry Janc, a teacher at the Indian Oasis High School in Sells, contacted Sheriff Burr's office and said he'd hitched a ride at 3:10 on the afternoon of the killing with a shirtless, dark-haired man with a bushy handle bar moustache driving a green Mustang. Sergeant Lyon had Janc go through the "mug files" at the sheriff's office to see if the man he'd hitched a ride at 3:00 on the after-record. The schoolteacher said the man wasn't in any of the file pictures. However using the descriptions furnished by Janc, Mrs. Hodge and the middle-aged woman who'd seen the suspect, a composite picture was worked up by an artist. The composite, depicting a short, acne-scarred, dark-haired young man, was circulated to the press.

In his talk with Janc, Detective Lyon asked, "How far did you ride?"

"He picked me up near Sells and drove me right up to my house," was Janc's response.

"Where's that?"

The schoolteacher leaned forward in the chair beside the homicide offi-

cer's desk. "It's in kind of an isolated spot, about three miles out in the desert near the town of Three Points." He paused for a moment, then added: "He drove me home and I offered him a bottle of beer. He took it with him when he drove off. This morning, I noticed tire tracks—ones from his car—near my house. I'm sure they're the same because I noticed the wide oval tires he had on the back of his car."

Within moments, Lyon had deputies at the Janc home making plaster casts of the tracks and putting these to a comparison test with those found near the stuck Harwood car. They matched.

A good description of the murder suspect was on hand, with three witnesses available for a positive ID. There were excellent specifications on the suspect's auto, with usable casts of the tire markings. But no suspect was in custody.

Sergeant Lyon sent men with the new information back to the Canyon Del Oro area to see if anyone living near the Cindy Winter murder scene could tie the murder suspect in the Harwood case to the earlier killing.

A homeowner near the ravine where Cindy met her death told one of Sergeant Lyon's detectives that a young man frequently drove a 1970 green Mustang through the neighborhood. He couldn't recall whether the car had made an appearance on the date the girl had been slain. The witness said he believed the driver was a mine worker from the nearby town of San Manuel, named Duane Dains. A complete checkout on Dains was undertaken, but nothing was found to tie

STRENGTH IN 77 SECONDS THAT'S ALL IT TAKES TO HELP BUILD POWERFUL MUSCLES, TRIM BODY

No strenuous exercises...no elaborate gym equipment...no lengthy, tedious work-outs. You don't need time, space, or energy to multiply your strength...to broaden your shoulders...to increase your lung capacity...to trim your waistline...to develop vigour. Now the same method of Isometric-Isotonic Contraction that trained the German Olympic Team and other world-famous athletes can help YOU build a powerful physique. Yes, even if you are 30, 50 years old or more. Unlike ordinary isometric contraction devices, the BULLWORKER combines both Isometric and Isotonic benefits in a series of quick 7-second exercises that you do once a day in your own room—less

than 2 minutes in all! Muscles grow stronger, shoulders broaden, chest expands, waist tapers down—and you feel like a new man. Fast? We guarantee impressive results in 10 days or your money back without question. Send for the big full-colour brochure that shows step-by-step illustrations of the Bullworker Method. Mail this coupon with your name and address, and 25¢ to cover postage and handling to:



BULLWORKER 2, COMPANY, Dept. 5708
4500 N.W., 135th St., Miami, Fla. 33054

Please send illustrated brochure.
I enclose 25¢.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

him more definitely to the murder.

Then on May 26, four days after the Harwood killing, Sheriff Waldon Burr told newsmen that the slain schoolteacher may have been harassed by an unknown man during the two-month period preceding her death. Sheriff Burr said a private detective in Tucson had reported to him that Nancy Harwood had called his detective agency March 30th. The private investigator had quoted the victim as telling him at that time, "I need help very much. I'm having threats made to me by another man, not my husband. And a Mustang car, greenish in color, has been following me." Sheriff Burr added that the private eye had claimed Mrs. Harwood made an appointment to come to the detective's office on April 3rd, but never kept the date.

Contacted by reporters, the investigator added, "She also said the man followed her from the school and that she had received two phone calls from a man. One was threatening, and the other was an obscene call. She said the man driving the car was young, with dark hair.

"I suggested that she call police immediately and report it. After she hung up I wrote down an account of our conversation in a daily diary report that I keep. When I heard that a woman named Harwood had been murdered, it rang a bell and I looked up the report I had made," said the investigator.

Within two hours of the interview with the private eye, newsmen were excited with the discovery that a possible suspect in the Harwood killing had been arrested. A convicted sex offender wanted by California Missouri and Texas authorities for attempted murder, assault and escape charges was pointed out to law officers near Ajo, in southern Arizona, by an informer. Virgil Standish, a 23-year-old former Arizona State Prison inmate, surrendered peacefully after officers surrounded the home of a relative. Standish, who Sheriff Burr said resembled the description of the Harwood slayer, told Detective Lyon that he had arrived in Ajo aboard the noon train, and that he did not have a car. He claimed that he'd been nowhere near Sells on May 22nd, the date of the schoolteacher's death. He was held on an FBI warrant charging him with unlawful flight to avoid prosecution for attempted murder while Lyon checked out his alibi.

First Sergeant Lyon knew he had to check out the story given by the private detective concerning the harassment story. Gerald Harwood, the slim biological science researcher was contacted in the duplex in which both the Harwoods and the family of Virginia Hodge lived, and asked to visit sheriff's headquarters to give a statement.

Mr. Harwood challenged the private detective's claim. He told Lyon, "The killing was the work of some crazy animal!" Softspoken Harwood said he thought Nancy was murdered by a complete stranger roaming the high-

way in search of a victim. He insisted that his wife had never mentioned to him, her parents or her friends that she'd been followed by anyone. Harwood added that Nancy had said nothing about obscene and threatening phone calls.

"I'm sure that the private investigator was mistaken," said Harwood. "My wife was not the type to keep something like that secret." He told Sergeant Lyon he had no personal knowledge of a green car hanging around the area of their Tucson home.

The witnesses who had seen the suspect in the green car on the day of the Harwood killing failed to identify the suspect, Virgil Standish, as being the same man. Sergeant Lyon was forced to write him off as far as any connection with the Harwood or Winter murders were concerned. Standish was returned to Texas to face a charge in Houston of assault with intent to commit murder.

While Mrs. Hodge was on hand for the look at Standish, she told detectives, "I'm becoming more and more baffled by what I've learned about Nancy." She added, "I'm completely baffled by the murder." She said that while she shared the duplex with the Harwoods for about a year, she was not close to Mrs. Harwood and the two women had not shared thoughts.

Sheriff Burr decided to try another angle on the case, since his men were having so much difficulty in locating the prime suspect. A former Tucson psychiatrist, now living in Los Angeles, had done some hypnotic studies for the sheriff in the past. He agreed to question Mrs. Hodge under hypnosis to see if the society editor could recall any additional details about the afternoon of the murder.

After a two-hour session with the psychiatrist Dr. T. E. A. von Dedenroth, Burr said Mrs. Hodge was able to supply the doctor with the first two letters of the license number of the green car.

Said Virginia Hodge of the hypnotic treatment, "It was not at all a bunch of hocus pocus. Dr. von Dedenroth conducted the examination with restraint and competency, I thought."

She said she wasn't sure if she was able to help the investigation and that the numbers she supplied were the same she had originally told detectives she may have seen.

However, Mrs. Hodge said, since the murder she'd been questioned so much and heard so many different theories she was no longer sure just what she did see that day.

Burr said all Mustang and Maverick license numbers bearing the first two letters supplied by the newspaperwoman would be checked out.

With all the information on hand, no clear suspect could be found. Weeks stretched into months, and while many men were questioned intensively in the Harwood and Winter killings, Sergeant Lyon was unable to tie any of them definitely to the rape-murders. Tucson newspapers ran several editorials in June and early July

of 1970, criticizing the sheriff's office for the lack of success not only in cracking these two crimes but for failure to make any arrests in the shotgun slaying of a laborer in mid-March.

Ernie Luna, a 33-year old ditch-digging machine operator was found slumped over the tire of his rig on March 19th. Luna had been shot to death with a shotgun at almost point-blank range as he worked. The ditch-digger was still running when the body was discovered.

Three brutal murders. No arrests.

Detective Sergeant Lyon again talked with the witness, Jerry Janc. School was now out for the summer and Janc was holding down a temporary job as an ironworker. Some of the suspects Lyon had questioned greatly resembled the composite drawing based on Janc's description. One in particular was the 24-year-old mine worker, Duane Dains, who had been questioned but tentatively cleared in the Cindy Winter killing. Dains had been fingerprinted and photographed, agreeing to a voluntary appearance at the sheriff's office in hopes of clearing himself of suspicion. The miner was clean-shaven however, and Janc couldn't be sure from the police photos that this was the suspect he'd described. Janc said he'd like to see Dains in person. The detective wanted Janc to have a look at Dains without alerting the young man to the fact Janc was available as a police witness. The teacher agreed to shave off his own beard and cut his long hair to avoid possible recognition while he was brought in contact with Dains to see if a positive ID could be made.

Dains owned a green Mustang but it did not agree with the first two letters supplied by Mrs. Hodge. But Lyon felt sure Dains was the one depicted in the composite drawing.

Posing as a deputy, Janc and Sergeant Lyon contacted the mineworker, ostensibly to question him about his car. Janc sat in the front seat of Dains' auto and after leaving told Lyon it had dashboard features similar to those of the car he'd ridden in the day of the Harwood murder.

Janc who was not recognized by Dains, definitely identified him as being the shirtless driver.

The next day, July 15th, Sheriff Burr had the middle-aged woman who'd seen the suspect start his chase of the Harwood car and Mrs. Hodge, study the photos of Dains. Janc's identification was confirmed, and the sheriff requested a warrant for Dains' arrest on suspicion of murder in the Nancy Harwood case.

Detective Lyon arrested Dains on the 3,000-foot-level of the underground copper mine where he worked while the suspect was operating an electric ore train.

Announcing the arrest Burr said that Dains, married and the father of a three-year-old child, was also a "strong suspect" in the Cindy Winter killing.

His acne-scarred face bearing a

slight grin, Dains was booked into county jail in Tucson still dressed in his clay-encrusted work clothes. The 5-foot-6 miner wore a slouch hat pulled over bushy black hair, and he now appeared to have several day's growth of beard. After the booking Burr announced that a search of the Dains residence had resulted in the seizure of a 16-gauge shotgun. The sheriff said Dains' friends had claimed he owned a .22 pistol and a .22 Magnum rifle, the type of weapon that killed Miss Winter. But apparently the guns had been disposed of before the suspect's arrest.

Dains issued a short statement admitting the Harwood killing to deputies shortly after his arrest. The statement was admitted as evidence in a preliminary hearing on July 22nd eight days after he was taken into custody. As a result the mine-worker was bound over for a 1st-degree murder trial.

Then began the infighting tactics by Dains' attorney. Despite the confession in his early statement a plea of "not guilty" was entered. There were early indications the attorney would plead on a basis of temporary insanity.

The defense requested, and was granted, a delay in the trial. Several months passed and in September, Sheriff Burr announced that a second murder warrant would be served on Dains at the Pima County jail, where he'd been since the July arrest. Burr said the new warrant accused Dains of the sex slaying of 14-year-old Cindy Winter.

"There are many similarities between the two killings" Burr said. "The same type of gun was used and both women had their clothes torn off. Both are the same senseless type of murder. No rhyme or reason to explain them."

The sheriff said that while his investigators had been trying to connect the two slayings since Dains' arrest in July, it was not until new witnesses were found in the first few days of September that a link could be established. The new witnesses were able to swear they'd seen Dains driving his green car near the golf course on the day of the Winter homicide.

Now facing trial for two murders, new defense moves were made on the mineworker's behalf. An attorney for Dains in December asked for psychiatric tests, confirming that the accused would plead innocent by reason of insanity in the trials. On December 18th, two psychiatrists were appointed by the Pima County courts to examine the prisoner. After the tests the Harwood trial was set for mid-March of 1971 and the Winter trial for April 13th.

Again, delays were granted as defense motions were made to suppress some of the evidence against Dains, including the "confession" used in his preliminary hearing. A public defender charged duress. In January, the requests were denied by a judge who said the oral and written consent

for a search, and the statement, were given voluntarily after the suspect had properly been advised of his rights.

May 27th arrived, and Dains' trial for the Harwood murder was finally underway, but it was a very short courtroom drama due to a sudden blockbuster confession by Dains before the bench.

Judge Collins leaned forward to hear every word from the defendant. Newsmen jotted on notepads while the court reporter transcribed the confession.

"I was driving on the Sells highway when I stopped at a store for a soft drink. I saw Mrs. Harwood for the first time there," Dains recited. He told the judge he'd watched the two women drive off in separate cars and he followed. About 15 miles from Sells, he said, he pulled his car alongside Mrs. Harwood's small foreign model and shot at her with a .22 single-action revolver.

"I didn't know at first if I hit her," he said. "She continued to drive along, but then she pulled over to the side and stopped. I stopped ahead of her and went back."

He said Mrs. Harwood's face was covered with blood and she was screaming, "Why did you do it?"

Dains related that he opened the car door and forced Mrs. Harwood into the passenger seat while her two children remained in the back of the car. He then drove the car about two blocks into the desert.

Detective Lyon later reading parts of the confession to newsmen, said Dains told him the bullet apparently affected Mrs. Harwood's ability to move her legs and he had to pull her out of the car. He then left her lying on the ground and went back to get his car bringing it up alongside the Harwoods'. When he returned, he found Nancy Harwood had crawled back into her auto and was attempting to start it. He pulled her out while she pleaded with him not to hurt her children.

Dains told Lyon that he attempted to commit an unnatural sex act with the victim but was unsuccessful. He then raped her.

Following this he again shot her in the head while her children watched. Dains said he took his shirt off and wiped his fingerprints off the interior of the car and left.

He changed into another pair of pants he had in his car and drove bare-chested back to Tucson, picking up the hitchhiking schoolteacher Jerry Janc. The soiled shirt and pants were later thrown out along the highway.

"I don't know why I shot her," he told Lyon.

In the courtroom for the final round of the drama was Mrs. Harwood's husband Gerald. He bowed his head and covered his face with his hands during the testimony about the death of his wife.

Then Dains also admitted killing the 14-year-old Winter girl. He told Judge Collins he'd take authorities to

Now! Life Insurance Birth to Age 75

\$1000 First 30 Days
ONLY 25¢
Per Policy

**CASH FOR YOUR FINAL EXPENSES
AVOID BEING A BURDEN TO YOUR FAMILY**
Introductory Offer. Answer these 9 questions on a plain piece of paper and mail with only 25¢ for 30 days' protection. Regular rate shown on policy.
Amounts usually issued without doctor examination. **NEW LOW RATES.**

Ages	Amount	Ages	Amount
0 to 75	\$1000	15 to 50	\$2500

1. Print full name and address.
2. Date of birth?
3. Height? 3a. Weight?
4. Occupation, kind of work?
- 4a Name and address of employer
5. Sex?
6. Beneficiary and relationship to you?
7. To your knowledge have you had heart, lung, diabetes, cancer, or chronic disease? Are you deformed, lost a hand, foot, eye, or ever rejected for insurance?
8. State condition of your health.
9. Amount desired, and sign your name.

NO AGENT WILL CALL

Actual policy will be mailed you direct from Home Office. You be the judge.
Mail to: S. B. Hunt, Chairman
AMERICAN LIFE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO.
227 American Life Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. 63108

DETECTIVE TRAINING



G.I. APPROVAL FOR VETS!

Easy home study course prepares men and women for the exciting and rewarding investigation profession. **SEND NOW FOR FREE DETAILS** about course, lapel pin and diploma. No salesman will call.

UNIVERSAL DETECTIVES
EXTENSION TRAINING DIVISION
DEPT. CC P.O. BOX 8180
UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF. 91608

SURVEYING PAYS BIG

U.S. Dept. of Labor reports "openings for 26,000 Surveyors in next 10 years." Send for FREE "SURVEYING CAREER KIT" APPROVED FOR VETERANS

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF SURVEYING & MAPPING
4500 Campus Dr., Dept. 1156A University Plaza, Newport Beach, CA 92663

ALL 3 FREE

Poems Needed FOR SONGS & RECORDS

PUBLISHING CONTRACT guaranteed on selected material. Send your best poems or songs for **FREE** evaluation to:
HOLLYWOOD SONGWRITERS SERVICE Dept A-6
5334 SUNSET BLVD., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90027

High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

If 17 or over and not in school, start where you left off. Progress at your own speed. Low tuition. Prepare for college entrance exams or a good job in business or a trade. Diploma awarded. Founded in 1897. **FREE BROCHURE-WRITE TODAY!**

American School, Dept. H730 Drexel at 58th, Chicago 60637

a desert area where the murder weapons used in the crimes were buried. The next day when officers were taken to a spot they found that the area had been inundated in a recent storm and the desert floor was covered with sediment. No guns were found.

The Dains' story was still not over. On returning from the futile search the youth was again questioned by deputies. Within hours, Sheriff Burr announced that Dains had signed a confession admitting to the ambush slaying of the 33-year-old construction worker, Ernie Luna.

According to the confession, Dains

was driving in the area when he spotted Luna working. Dains said, "I got the urge to kill him. I couldn't control myself."

Dains said he stopped his car, took his 16-gauge shotgun, and blasted Luna from a distance of about 16 yards.

That was just the start of a blood-lust that led Dains to three murders in the short space of two months.

As a result of the courtroom confession to the Harwood and Winter murders, Judge John Collins sentenced Duane Dains to a term of life in prison in late May of this year. Dains is currently incarcerated at the Arizona State Prison in Florence. ★★★

The Fat Bank Robber . . .

(from page 49)

apparently kept the burly holdup man in style for several months. He was not accused of heisting any more banks for quite a while, but he was living high and rambling far.

It was on a summer night in 1969 that he met an attractive divorcee in a Nashville nite spot and invited her to go with him to Las Vegas. He had a man named Calvin Thomas, 31, of Nashville with him at the time.

"I was drinking just enough to go," said the divorcee later. "We drove out there to Las Vegas. We stopped to eat and we stopped and bought clothes."

By this time, investigators on the bank robbery wave had begun to suspect that Johnny Pace, 41-year-old mechanic of Joelton, Tennessee, might be the "portly bandit," but he was only one of several possible suspects.

After they learned of his affluence on the Las Vegas trip it fitted the pattern that was falling together. But they didn't know about that until later, when the divorcee talked.

She said Pace bought her \$500 worth of clothes and paid all her bills before they left Nashville. Then they pulled out for a five-day drive to the Nevada gambling mecca. Calvin Thomas went with them.

They drove first to Wichita, Kansas, then made a swing through New Mexico and on to Las Vegas. Throughout the trip, said the divorcee, Pace was making like the last of the big-time spenders.

"He kept a lot of \$100 bills in his wallet, and twenties, tens and fives in a roll in his pocket," she said. "And he was always ready to bust a big bill."

Both men had guns, she said. They transported one in the glove box of the automobile and one in a cigar box that rode in the trunk.

"Johnny kept one on the night stand by the bed every night," she said.

In Wichita, the divorcee tired of the trip and wanted to go home, but her companions paid her \$100 to go on to Las Vegas. Two days after arriving there she used the money to buy a plane ticket back to Nashville.

All of which made fascinating listening to officers concerned with the robbery wave, but they only heard about the Las Vegas jaunt after additional robberies. And by then they had a good idea of the big bandit's identity.

By late summer, loot from the St. Bethlehem stickup must have been running low. It was time to replenish the stash, and again the same MO was used.

On August 12th, country music singer Billy Grammer, one of Nashville's multitude of entertainers, went fishing on Percy Priest Lake near the Music City. Just as the fisherman from Madison had done five months earlier, he parked his car

SECRET LOANS!

We lend money by mail—\$100 to \$1500—in absolute privacy. Borrow for any good reason: to pay off bills, fix up the house, take vacations, etc. No co-signers. No interviews. No mortgages of any kind required. Fast service. Write for full details. No obligation—no agent will call.

Dial Finance, Dept. K-030
405 S. 16th Street, Omaha, Nebr. 68102

Dial Finance, Dept. K-030
405 S. 16th Street, Omaha, Nebr. 68102

Please rush full details on secret loans by mail. I am not obligated in any way.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Virgil Standish is not the real name of the person so named in the foregoing story. Because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of this person, a fictitious name has been used.

Learn to read music in one evening.

Down to earth proven, tested, guide and simple principle to learn, enables you to read music over night. Unconditionally guaranteed. Only \$3.00 buys you this amazing book. No finger charts, no dreary scales, no tedious practice, no technical terms. Send cash or money order to

Venus Enterprises
100 Maple Avenue, Apt. 70
Garfield, New Jersey 07026

AN OUTSTANDING OPPORTUNITY IN BOOMING SPORTING GOODS LEISURE TIME INDUSTRY

**EARN MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME
IMMEDIATE CASH INCOME, NO SELLING**

Work from your home to create a second income

We are selecting a distributor for fast-selling items for indoor and outdoor sports with year-round appeal—tennis, golf, baseball, etc. No franchise fee. Unique marketing concept. Exceptionally high earnings for a few hours per week of pleasant part-time work. We establish you completely, no previous experience needed. Income starts immediately. No selling involved as Co. provides prime retail accts. An investment of \$3528 can provide very high part-time income. You can re-invest your profits to expand into a substantial full-time business. This is a ground-floor oppty. in a booming industry. For details and local interview write today, including name, address and phone No. Let's talk it over.

CRUSADER INTERNATIONAL CORP., 465 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017
PHONE: (212) 697-0910

LOSING YOUR HAIR?

HAIR RECEDING? SCALP ITCH? DANDRUFF?



Read About This AMAZING

**GERMAN
DISCOVERY**

Special Trial Offer Only \$1.00



Through clinical findings pertaining to hair and scalp biology, a new hope has been discovered for men and women who have resigned themselves to the loss of hair when due to itchy scalp, ugly dandruff, excessive oiliness or dryness, common symptoms of an unhealthy scalp. It's called Vitacrin Formula and is based on a German medical discovery! It is the only formula of its kind in America, and we believe

there is nothing now known to science that can do more to save your hair and help combat most scalp disorders. Prove it to yourself!—let Vitacrin Formula go to work for you! Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Send name, address and \$1.00 plus 25¢ shipping cost for introductory trial size or \$7.00 regular size (50 treatments). No C.O.D. Write Vitaco, Inc. Dept. 9: P.O. Box 665, Miami, Florida 33156

**SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED
OR YOUR
MONEY BACK!**

and boat trailer at a launching ramp. Then he went out on the lake.

When Grammer returned after nightfall his car was gone. The boat trailer was still there. It took the entertainer several hours to contact a friend, tow the trailer to Nashville and report his car stolen.

Next day it showed up in College Grove, another Nashville suburb, with a heavy, chunky man behind the steering wheel. Again he was accompanied by a smaller man, who attracted little attention because the big fellow was more noticeable.

They entered the Bank of College Grove with pistols drawn, went through the routine that was becoming familiar to area lawmen, and made their illegal withdrawal. Again they wore gloves. Again the big leader did the talking.

Mrs. Marjorie Bellenfont, a teller, said the first time she saw the holdup men they were coming through the front door with improvised masks over their faces. Her report sounded like those made by other victims.

"One man was big, heavy," she said. "I doubt he was six feet, but he was fat. He had a bandanna over his face and a cap pulled close to his eyes. They had us lie on the floor in front of the vault. Then they took the money from the tellers' cages."

The haul from College Grove was \$22,606. Then the pair vanished in the car stolen from Percy Priest Lake. Later it was found abandoned. It had been "hot wired." The trunk lock had been punched out, and the air filter was in the trunk.

Federal agents and local officers were going in frustrated circles by this time. The big, fat man involved in all the robberies was obviously the same individual, and his modus operandi was beginning to sound like an overworked tune.

But who was he? Was he really Johnny Pace?

Before that question was answered, the burly robber took another western excursion in early September. This time he went to Los Angeles, where he struck up friendship with a bartender and talked the man into riding back to Tennessee with him.

During their trip the bartender, Jimmy Dale Kelley, said they lived high. Soon Kelley's finances were depleted. One night at the Holiday Inn in Jackson, Tennessee, he confided to his new-found friend that he was running out of money.

The Tennessean offered to solve the problem by letting Kelley take part in a holdup. Kelley was non-plussed. He was all for good times and bright lights, but robbery was out of his line.

"I said I was about broke, and he said, 'We can make some money by hitting a bank,'" Kelley recalled later. "At first I thought he was kidding. Then he started talking serious."

To change the subject, Kelley said, he commented that his wife had told him on the telephone that people in California were speculating they had "gone to Tennessee to rob banks."

Marquise Diamond Substitute

... man-made stones that rival the diamond's brilliance ... beautiful, elegant, dazzling, stylish ... nearly as hard as diamonds. Low as \$15.00 for a 1-carat gem and mounting. Send today for your free illustrated color brochure. Get the facts now - all prices, all settings. No obligation .. no salesman will call. Full facts free ...

Send
No
Money

MARQUISE GEM COMPANY
DEPT. CR1 P.O. BOX 9754
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK 14623

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____



Actually his wife hadn't said any such thing, but the conversational gambit ended the stickup discussion.

A few days later Kelley headed back to California alone. His misgivings about robbing banks didn't communicate themselves to his luxury-loving companion, however, and it wasn't long before the latter recruited a confederate and planned another caper.

They put it in motion by stealing a green-over-white Plymouth owned by Mrs. Ida Mae Johnson of Camden, Tennessee on September 22nd. The car was taken from a fishing spot on the Tennessee River near Camden.

Next morning it was seen 85 miles to the northeast in the hamlet of White House, Tennessee, another of Nashville's out-lying bedroom towns. And White House had a nice, little bank with \$30,000 in the till.

Again the method was the same with minor variations. The bigger holdup man had another bandanna over his face, but this time both looters wore long, blond wigs. Both wore gloves.

Which didn't keep Lannie R. Wilkinson, bank manager, from taking note that the leader was "a big man about five feet, 10 inches tall, with a large stomach ... a pot belly."

An assistant cashier returning from lunch saw the pair leave the bank. The bandanna over the big man's face caused her to pay attention to the green and white Plymouth they drove. Then she entered to find other employes getting up off the floor in front of the vault. The bank's \$30,000 was gone.

It is only a dozen miles from White House to Green Brier, and another 20 to Joelton where the big mechanic lived. The roads in between are narrow, unpaved and twisting. And the holdup leader chose such a road as his getaway route.

That was his biggest mistake to date. On a winding, dirt road near Green Brier, he came to a wooden bridge so narrow it would only accommodate one automobile at a time, and there he met another car.

The woman who was driving it glanced over at the two-tone Plymouth that pulled aside to let her pass. She thanked the driver by waving at him. He waved back and she noticed he was wearing a glove.

"It was Johnny Pace from Joel-

WIPE OUT DEBTS

Little-Known Law Wipes Out Debts.

\$600 to \$25,000

In 90 Minutes Legally.

Here's immediate relief. Used by thousands last year. This little-known law stops bankruptcy, garnishment, and suits. Free yourself of all debts and clear your credit in a few days.

FREE MONEY SECRETS

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| \$\$ Raise the cash you need. | \$\$ Clear your credit. |
| \$\$ Pay bills. | \$\$ Get hundreds of free items. |
| \$\$ Get loans, grant, aid. | \$\$ Free yourself of bills. |
| \$\$ Advance yourself. | \$\$ Start a business. |

... with hundreds of other benefits yours for the asking. Plus business capital, loans, grants, cash to start a business.

Send No Money

Get Free Details

Special FREE Report sent. Helped many others. Just tear out this message and mail it with name and address to:

National Counselor Reports
Div. 44, Kerville, Texas 78028

NATIONAL DETECTIVES AND SPECIAL POLICE ASSOCIATION

JOIN OUR TEAM OF CRIMEFIGHTERS!

ANNUAL DUES \$6

- \$1000 Death Benefit
- Special Identification Card
- Star Emblem to display
- Detective Training Material

SEND FOR MEMBERSHIP NOW

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:
1100 N. E. 125th Street, Suite 100
North Miami, Florida 33161

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

HOME-IMPORT BUSINESS-Make Big Profits

New Drop Ship Plan offers you first day profits! Deal direct with overseas sources at prices shown. Dazzling bargains with no investment. Full or spare time. Write for FREE BOOK today to...

MELLINGER, Dept. E216A, 1554 S. Sepulveda, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025



Transistor Radio with Battery \$1.70



Calendar Watch \$2.44



Derringer Pistol \$5.99

Learn how to become a GAME WARDEN

GOV'T HUNTER, FORESTRY AID, WILDLIFE MANAGER

Exciting job openings now for qualified men who love outdoor work. Protect forests and wildlife—arrest violators! Good pay, security, prestige and authority for respected career Conservation Officers. Easy home-study plan! Send for FREE "CONSERVATION CAREER KIT." State your age.

APPROVED FOR VETERANS

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CONSERVATION
4500 Campus Dr., Dept. 1136A, Newport Beach, Calif. 92663

ton," she later told investigators. "I recognized him immediately."

After the stolen Plymouth from Camden was recovered, with the trunk lock punched and the air filter removed, the woman identified it as "looking just like" the car Pace was driving. It, too, had been "hot-wired." And it was ditched after the robbery.

Just when and where the holdup partners split company has not been revealed, which is understandable, since the second man has not been identified. FBI agents think they know who he is, but thinking something is one thing, proving it in a court of law is something else, and Johnny Pace hasn't talked.

It took investigators several days to verify some facts, substantiate some hunches and rumors. By the time a warrant for Johnny Pace was issued, he was like a golf ball in high weeds—not to be found.

He was known to like the West, and Los Angeles was one of his favorite stomping grounds. The FBI office there was alerted to watch for him. Federal agents briefed other agencies on his description and habits.

On December 22, 1969, two Los Angeles County sheriff's deputies, John M. Blalock and Doug Dolan, saw a burly man accompanied by two women enter a supermarket. Something about the man's appearance rang a memory bell. The officers followed.

Inside they spotted the big man pushing a grocery cart down an aisle. Because the FBI had reported Pace was probably armed and dangerous, Blaylock decided to play it safe. He approached the suspect quietly.

"Then I placed my service revolver in the back of his neck and told him to keep his hands on the cart," Blaylock reported. Under questioning, the man admitted he was Johnny Pace. After he was handcuffed the deputy noticed a "suspicious bulge" in his pocket.

"The bulge was a large wad of money," Blaylock said. "When we counted it at the police station it totaled \$3,084, but he wasn't armed."

Pace reminded the deputies he was entitled to a telephone call. They agreed that he was. Dolan offered to place the call and Pace gave him a number in Tennessee. Dolan dialed the number and handed the receiver to Pace. The deputy said the conversation went this way:

"I want to speak to Jim. Hello, Jim. They've got me. You have got to get rid of everything. Call _____ and tell him the same thing."

The big suspect was soon returned to Tennessee and his arraignment was set for March 14, 1970, in Federal court in Nashville. He was released on \$50,000 bond, but when arraignment day came he was long gone. He had jumped bond.

Just one week later, on March 29th, two armed men rushed into the Union Bank of McEwen, Tennessee, 50 miles west of Nashville, and ordered all hands to hit the deck.

Again the leader, who wore sunglasses and a scarf mask, was a big, burly individual. He was so thoroughly in command that witnesses paid little attention to his companion. After telling everybody to get face down on the floor, the leader noticed that one teller was pregnant.

He considered the situation for a moment, then pointed at the floor and said, "You too, honey." The young woman managed to lie down in a sidewise position. Then the robbers cleaned \$61,000 out of cash drawers and shoved off.

A female passerby watched the fleeing marauders get into a 1969 Ford and speed away. She pointed out the car to postmaster Billy Joe Ross and he jotted down the license number.

When the car was found three days later, parked beside Kentucky Lake on the Tennessee River, it came as no surprise to FBI agents that the trunk lock was ripped. The car was "hot-wired." And, of course, the air filter was in the trunk. All standard procedures for the bull moose of Tennessee bank robbers.

There seemed little doubt that Johnny Pace was that man, and again he was long gone. But he was still a creature of habit, a predictable one, and it was as logical to stake out his watering places as to look for a big man with a pot belly.

Among other places, he was known to like Wichita, Kansas, almost as well as he did Las Vegas and Los Angeles. Alerts were posted for him in all three cities. It took him until June to make the Wichita scene.

FBI Special Agent James F. Miller of Wichita received a tip that the Tennessee fugitive was in town. He and another agent pursued the lead to a duplex apartment and began surveillance of the dwelling.

On the morning of July 6th, they saw a man answering Pace's description enter and leave the place several times. About noon the suspect came out carrying a bundle of laundry and the agents moved in for the arrest. The man was Johnny Pace.

In Pace's pockets and billfold, the officers found \$1,153. He was still running true to form, carrying a bundle every time he walked outdoors. Another \$12,020 was found stashed in the duplex bathroom.

The brawny bandit was once more transported back to Nashville and locked up in the Metro jail. This time he couldn't make bond, but he stayed alert for a chance to escape.

During August, jail superintendent Robert Mosley told Sheriff John Frazier he had heard a rumor that some Federal prisoners were plotting a jailbreak. They were reported offering "fantastic sums" via the prison grapevine for outside help.

"I've heard one of them is offering \$5,000 just for a pistol to be smuggled in," said Mosley. "And I'm afraid somebody will get greedy."

Such rumors are common in big city jails, however, and after a shakedown of inmates failed to sub-

stantiate it, the report was discounted as prisoner talk. Unfortunately, it was more than talk.

On the night of September 14th, guards Jesse McWhorter and Luther Harper were jumped by three prisoners, one of them armed with a .32-caliber pistol. They marched both guards to a desk where guard Sergeant Coy Lyle was seated and took him captive.

Keys were taken from the three guards and they were locked in a cell. The escapees then changed to civilian clothes and removed \$2,605 from a safe containing prisoners' valuables.

They rode an elevator to the ground floor, walked out the front entrance and drove away in Lyle's car. Because of a communication lag, it was almost an hour before Nashville police learned of the breakout and broadcast an alert.

One of the escapees was Johnny Pace. The other two, also Federal prisoners, were being held on charges unrelated to Pace's string of bank robberies. They were Garland Neese, 47, of Memphis, and Harold Lloyd Jarbo, 33, of Troy, Indiana.

Sheriff Frazier, in the understatement of the year, remarked: "How they got the pistol is obviously a serious breach of security."

A middle Tennessee alert for the three escapees was issued. Officers were posted at bus and train stations and at the airport. All highways out of Nashville were watched closely for several days, but somehow the trio eluded capture.

The other two may have headed for tall timber, but the burly mechanic from Joelton was still in the area, and he was still in the business of making big money the fast, easy way. He served public notice of this by pulling another heist just 24 days later.

This time, on October 8th, the big leader had two cohorts when he entered the bank of Mt. Juliet, Tennessee, another Nashville suburb. They were all armed with pistols and wore sunglasses.

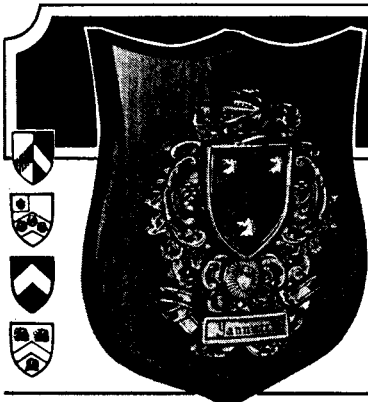
Robert Bass, bank vice president, said as the trio rushed in the big bandit told a teller, "This is a hold-up! Get on the floor, lady, get on the floor! This is no joke!"

The lady did as she was told. One of the holdup men jammed his pistol muzzle against the head of Earnest Sutherland, second vice president, and ordered, "Hang up that phone." Sutherland got off the telephone.

Bass got a good look at the big, domineering brigand before facing the floor. Then he lay quietly while the trio cleaned \$17,777 out of the tellers' cages. The loot included several bundles of \$10 bills whose serial numbers had been recorded and placed as "bait money" in cash drawers.

The holdup crew left Mt. Juliet in a 1966 Oldsmobile. Later in the day it was found on a parking lot outside Smyrna Air Force Base near Nashville. As investigators suspected, the car had been (Continued on page 86)

Send Us Your Name for Your Own Personal Coat of Arms!



- SOLID WOOD PLAQUE
- COMPLETE HISTORY
- BRASS CREST

Family Coat of Arms Plaque

The Art of Heraldry is put to work on your name and after extensive investigation, your personal Coat of Arms is put into sculptured brass, mounted on a solid wood plaque! Name is hand-lettered in Old English! Full-color documents give history and sources of crest.

9x7 in. No genealogical representations intended or implied. **Special Free Coat of Arms Report** Included with each Coat of Arms Shield. Report shows Coat of Arms in full color, with reference sources and definition of Heraldry. (This is a \$2.98 value, FREE!)

No genealogical representation intended or implied.

AMAZING PEN-SIZE CAMERA OF THE FRENCH SURETÉ

CONFIDENTIAL POCKET CAMERA

- CLIPS INTO POCKET OR PURSE
- TAKES 18 BIG 2 1/4" x 2 1/4" B&W OR 18 COLOR IN 2 x 2" MOUNTS
- EASY TO USE • 1 YR. GUARANTEE
- FEATURES PREVIOUSLY AVAILABLE ONLY IN MODELS SELLING AT 10 x THE PRICE!

This is a remarkable little camera, a French invention first used by the Paris police. It is small, takes sharp pictures (just aim and shoot), automatically cocks as film is turned. Cost of film includes free processing and printing. Camera only \$9.95. Rolls of B&W film @ \$1.95 each; rolls of color film @ \$2.50 each.



ACTUAL SIZE
Measures 4x1 1/2 x 1 1/2"
Weights 3 oz.

New Color & Sound Adjusted All Directional Outdoor Antenna

SKYPROBE PULLS IN COMPLETE AIR WAVE SPECTRUM!

End weak spots in TV and radio reception. New Skyprobe utilizes omni-directional techniques that sweep a full 360°. Pull in sharp pictures, vibrant sound from every area broadcast station.

Amazing component-integrated antenna is just 18 in. high, weighs just over 2 lbs. No more hazardous super-structures that sway in the wind. Installs in minutes with few screws on roof, window ledge. Helpful for apartment dwellers.

NEVER RUSTS OR CORRODES
Never deteriorates from rust or corrosion. No assembly—it's ready to hook up at once. Twin lead-in wires for color, black-and-white, UHF, VHF TV. For AM-FM stereo radio. Try it 10 days without risk! Test it against the local TV or ra-

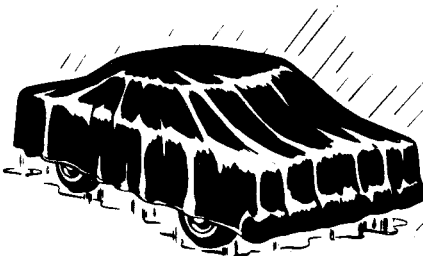
dio station that you are not now receiving but should. Its full range probing in every direction of the air waves will bring it to your set NOW!

- NO Need for costly Roof Antenna installation
- Receives both color and black and white
- Receives AM-FM Stereo radio
- Installs in minutes on roof or window ledge
- Only 18" high

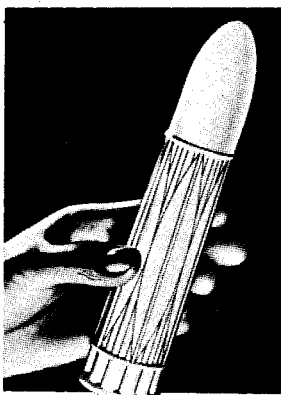
PRICE BREAKTHROUGH!

GIANT-TOUGH-YEAR-ROUND 9x12 ft. VINYL TARPAULIN!

GREAT PROTECTION FOR YOUR CAR, BOAT, OUTDOOR FURNITURE, ETC. **\$3.98 3 FOR \$9.98**



Great for year-round protection and use inside or out, home, office, farm, camping! Stem to stern protection against anything Mother Nature can dish out! Rain, snow, salt air, dirt, dust or blazing sunshine. Won't rot, rust or mildew. The perfect drop cloth to use while painting and—it's the only tarp that can be used as an all-weather tent or ground cloth for camping. Hundreds of uses limited only by your needs for an all-weather, all-useful tarp. Includes 4 non-rusting metal grommets that will tie your tarp down securely. 9x12 ft. of unlimited protection. 10671-Tarpaulin \$3.98 3 for \$9.98



VIBRATOR TONING BULLET

Unique new bullet-shaped cordless vibrator reaches difficult areas with its gentle, penetrating action. Try this stimulating new tool for toning throat muscles and other facial areas. Delicate, soothing action aids in relief of daily tensions. Use as a spot vibrator for tired feet. 7" hand-size Tingle Bullet in pink plastic operates on two C size batteries not included. Only \$2.98

MAIL 10 DAY NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

GIFT HOUSE, Dept. 5706
4500 N.W. 135th St., Miami, Florida 33054

Please send me the items checked below. I understand if I am not delighted, I may return any item within 10 days for a prompt and complete refund. Enclosed is check or m.o. for \$_____

- ___ Coat of Arms (#D9880) @ \$9.98 plus 85¢ post. Specify last name
- ___ Pocket Cameras (#0128) @ \$9.95 plus 75¢ post.
- ___ Rolls of Color Film (#0129) @ \$2.50
- ___ Rolls of B & W Film (#0130) @ \$1.95
- ___ Skyprobe Antennas (#D6514) @ \$12.98 plus 95¢ post.
- ___ Tarpaulins (#10671) @ \$3.98 plus 75¢ post. 3 for \$9.98 plus \$1.25 post.
- ___ Vibrators (#6470) @ \$2.98 plus 35¢ post.

You May Charge Your Order

- DINERS CLUB
- BANKAMERICARD
- AMERICAN EXPRESS

Acct. No. _____

MASTER CHARGE

Acct. No. _____

INTERBANK NO. _____

(Find above your name)

Good Thru _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

(Continued from page 84)
stolen. And the carburetor filter was inside the jimmied trunk—as usual.

The escape trail of the robbery crew ended with the parked car. No new leads developed for six weeks. Then one of the "bait money" \$10 bills turned up in the trade channels of Columbus, Georgia. FBI agents went to work there.

On December 3rd, FBI Special Agent Russell McGrue walked into the office of a Columbus trailer park manager and asked to use the telephone. He called one of the trailers, which was already surrounded by other agents.

"I asked him (the trailer occupant) if he was Johnny Pace," said Agent McGrue. "He said he was. I told him who I was and told him he was under arrest. He came out of the trailer unarmed and we took him into custody."

Arresting officers found \$1,839 in Pace's pockets and wallet. Inside the trailer they found another \$1,000, two rifles, a shotgun and a .22-caliber pistol. Several \$10 bills had serial numbers matching those of "bait money" from the Mt. Juliet bank.

This time, lawmen weary of running Johnny Pace to ground took no chances on bond jumping or jail breaking. The husky plunderer was taken to the Federal penitentiary in Atlanta, Georgia to await trial.

Back in Nashville, a federal grand jury indicted Calvin Thomas, Pace's erstwhile running mate, for "aiding and abetting" the September jail break. Just how it was done has not been made public because at this writing the case remains untried.

Finally, on Monday, March 22, 1971. Johnny Pace found himself facing trial on seven bank robbery charges before U.S. District Judge Frank Gray Jr. in Nashville. Assistant U.S. Attorney Fred D. Thompson was prosecuting.

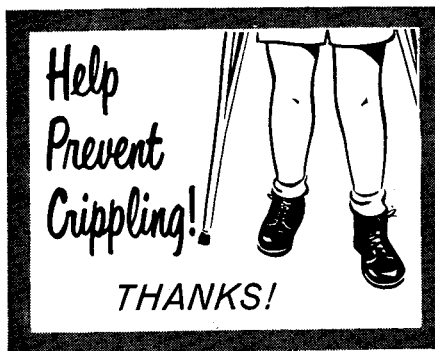
Williams C. Wilson and Dan Garfinkle, court-appointed lawyers of Nashville, represented the defendant.

As the trial proceeded, it became obvious, even to casual spectators, that the prosecution had a formidable case. During three days of testi-

mony by 57 government witnesses, U.S. Attorney Thompson methodically tied the defendant to each of the holdups.

There was testimony by bank employes, by owners of stolen cars used as getaway vehicles, and by lawmen who worked on the various investigations. Other witnesses included people who had witnessed getaway flights, and persons who hobnobbed with the defendant during his affluent days.

The Los Angeles bartender, Jimmy Dale Kelley, told of his trip to Tennessee with Pace. He testified the defendant outlined a procedure they could follow in robbing a bank.



• POLIO • REHABILITATION
• NEUROMUSCULAR

Sister Elizabeth KENNY Foundation

National Headquarters • Minneapolis, Minn.

"He told me all I would have to do was just stand inside the door and watch for people," said Kelley.

"Were you scared of getting shot?" asked Prosecutor Thompson.

Kelley said he was, that this was his reason for making up a story about his wife's telephone conversation in order to end discussion of the proposed robbery. Another prosecution witness was the pretty divorcee who accompanied Pace and Calvin Thomas to Las Vegas.

She told of their trip, how Pace

bought her clothes and paid her bills, and repeated the statement that "he was always ready to bust a big bill."

U.S. Attorney Thompson asked, "Do you have any direct knowledge of the bank robberies with which Mr. Pace is charged?"

"No sir, I don't," she replied.

The government testimony was concluded on Wednesday evening, March 24th. Pace's attorney said that he, Pace, wanted to "sleep on the idea overnight" before deciding if he would testify. Next morning he said he wouldn't.

Judge Gray asked, "Are you certain you don't want to testify in your own behalf?"

Pace replied, "That is what I wish to do—not testify."

No defense witnesses were called, and the attorneys' arguments were brief. And, really, there wasn't much they could say. The witnesses had already said it all. Prosecutor Thompson reviewed the modus operandi of the big bank robber, pointed out that Pace matched his description, and asked for a guilty verdict.

Defender Wilson replied that all robbers of small town banks used a similar routine, and argued that only evidence against Pace that wasn't circumstantial was possession of a few "bait money" bills. He said this didn't prove Pace himself pulled the stickups.

He concluded that Pace was "being tried on circumstantial evidence because he is a fat man, and he isn't the only fat man in Middle Tennessee."

Thompson rebutted, "He isn't the only fat man around, but he's the only one who propositions people to rob banks."

The jurors apparently agreed. After deliberating less than an hour they returned a guilty verdict. Asked if he wanted to say anything, Pace only shrugged. Judge Gray promptly sentenced him to a total of 25 years in prison.

Thus ended the bank robbery career of Tennessee's swinging mechanic who liked to "bust big bills" and spread the change around like it was going out of style. ★★★

Doing the Sex Thing at College (from page 23)

women living on the same floors. According to manager Dick Mecum, the only house rule is 'be courteous to your neighbors.'

From Barbara S. Metzner, assistant dean of students, Ohio State University: "We have two coed halls at Ohio State. Each tower holds about 1,800 students. The buildings are 24-story, high-rise towers. Floors four through 15 house women while floors 15 through 23 house men. . . . There are also no special visitation rules for the coed buildings, although any hall may set more restrictive visitation hours within the limits imposed by the university. . . . This fall, we will have a small upperclassman coed dorm housing about 250

students. There will be alternating men's and women's floors. We will have a selection procedure for these students. This is a student-initiated proposal begun over a year ago. . . ."

Other college officials reported similar policies, most of them maintaining some small barriers between the sexes, but most of them having gaping loopholes which make it easy to penetrate the barriers.

One of the most common loopholes is the so-called "open house" visitation policy, under which residents of men's dorms are able to have women visitors 24 hours a day on "special occasions." It doesn't take much to declare any occasion special, however. Witness the following state-

ment by Mrs. Maxine M. Brockhaus of the Department of Public Relations, University of Kentucky:

"Student visitation in the undergraduate residence halls is regulated through 'open houses,' which are sponsored by the individual residence hall government and approved by the Associate Dean of Students for Residence Halls Programming. Under the open house plan, the individual residence hall government files a form seeking permission for an open house during specified hours on a particular date. During the past academic year, some residence halls were granted permission for open houses nearly every weekend." [Emphasis added.]

It is no secret that students generally prefer to live coeducationally. A survey conducted last winter by

The silver anniversary of pride, fury and frustration.



Sport is celebrating its 25th year by granting immortality to 16 mere human beings. The idols who've completely dominated each of 15 sport categories. Plus the one figure who contributed most to the realm of sports. The man we call "The Man."

The 16 men who

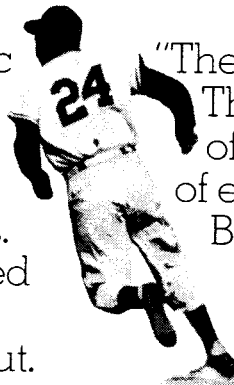
wrote the sports epic of the last 25 years — wrote it with their fists, their bats, their sticks, and their guts.

An epic that turned sport records and reputations inside out. That proved that the 4 minute mile was a patsy, and 60 home runs was a breeze.

An epic so vast one issue couldn't hold it all. So Sport's giving it four. Four blockbuster issues, September thru December, to enshrine the agony and the ecstasy of the last 25 years.

With four super stars designated every month — in four super sized issues.

Sport will also grant immortality to an entire team. Prior to publication, this fall, we're serializing Roger Kahn's new book,



"The Boys of Summer." The moving story of what's become of each of the 1953 Brooklyn Dodgers — since the bats were retired.

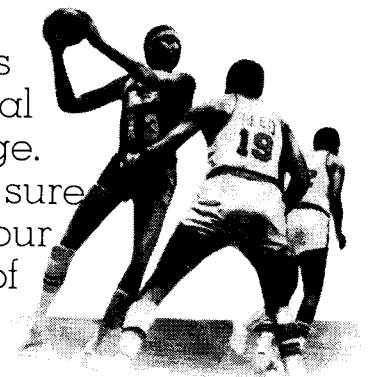
And we'll even have some famous Americans immortalizing their own sports memories in special by-line articles.

All of this plus our usual coverage.

So be sure to get your copies of Sport's Who's Who of Immortality.

There's a big slice of the past waiting for you on your newsstand, right now.

Sport. You'll not only want to buy our 25th anniversary issues, you'll want to save them for the next 25 years.



**Celebrating 25 momentous years of
bringing you into the action.**

(Continued from page 86)

the University of Connecticut's Inter-Area Residence Hall Council showed that more than half of all the students at the university preferred sexually integrated living quarters. Students were asked to respond to the statement: "I prefer to live and would move to a coed dorm (women on some floors, men on others.)"

Of those who answered, 3,553 said yes. Only 1,771 said no.

When the same students were asked whether they would choose to live in a dormitory where visitation rules were set by the students without any limitations, 3,652 said yes and only 931 said no.

Most of the students with whom I spoke said they believed that since they were paying for their room and board, they should have total control over the living arrangements.

"This bed and my meals are costing me fifteen hundred bucks," said one long-haired young man who had a harmonica sticking out of his breast pocket and an army surplus canvas bag over his shoulder. "Some of the money I made last summer by playing guitar and harmonica with a folk rock group in my home town. The rest I had to borrow. So I don't want anybody telling me what I can or can't do in my own room, or at least in my own bed."

It is clear that in most coeducational dormitories, plenty of sex goes on. Often, girls arrange to swap rooms with men who are roommates, so they are able to live as couples without having to go through the hassle of visitation regulations. Sometimes, if there is an uncooperative roommate, one comfortable bed can be converted into two less comfortable ones merely by placing the mattress on the floor, so one person can sleep there and the other can rough it on the box spring.

But it definitely is the larger dormitory quarters where the real action is. In some of these, particularly the ones where there are 12 to 20 beds in a room, the scene commonly is one of freaky group sex.

I arranged a group interview with six college juniors, three men and three women, who share such a dormitory room at one of the nation's largest universities (they made me swear not to reveal the name of the university, so there would be no chance of alerting dormitory officials). For purposes of the transcript, I'll call them Alice, Betty and Carol, and Dick, Ed and Frank.

The interview took place in a New York City restaurant. All six live in New York, New Jersey or Connecticut, within 50 miles of Manhattan.

Q: Is there any privacy in the dorm, or is it one big room?

Alice: That's all it is, a big room with 12 beds in it. We have our own bathroom, though, so there's privacy there. Then we have two huge walk-in closets.

Q: So that everything that goes on is visible to everybody in the

whole room?

Dick: Well, that's true, but don't forget that we're not always there at the same time. There's always somebody out sleeping with somebody else or home on a visit or something. So it's not like 12 people are always sitting around watching each other.

Betty: And, you know, there's a lot of privacy in the same sense that you had privacy in your own house. Sure, your mother and father were there, and maybe a brother or sister. But you felt private in your house, with the rest of the world outside. That's how it is with us.

Q: Okay, then, what actually happens? I mean, does everybody hop into bed together, or what?

Carol: No, it's not crude or anything. It usually just happens, you know. We'll all be reading after dinner, and after a while, somebody will roll a joint and pass it around. Or maybe somebody will have a bottle of apple wine, and we'll all get a little high on it. And pretty soon, people are just moving together. It just happens.

Ed: Most of the people in our dorm are sleeping steady with one person. They have their beds pushed together all the time, and there's no problem about it. When they go to bed, it's with each other.

Frank: Then sometimes there's a little group sex. You know, two girls and a guy, two girls and two guys. It usually happens when everybody's high on grass or mescaline. Everybody gets horny and gets together for sex.

Q: Could it be anybody with anybody else? I mean, are the people in your dorm that close that they could all sleep with one another?

Ed: Oh, I suppose they *could*. They just never *would*, that's all. For instance, there's Sally, she's kind of weird, and she hardly talks to anybody but Frank, here. So I don't think she's ever had sex with anybody in the dorm except him. But if it was to prove some kind of a point or something, I'm sure she'd sleep with anybody in the room, or with anybody on campus, for that matter.

Betty: Then on the other hand, we have Eddie, over there. He's the lover boy of the barracks—he's always in demand in somebody's sack. He's had sex with everybody in our whole building. . . .

Ed: . . . at least once a week. Seriously, though, that's just my thing. You know, a different girl every night. I don't want a love affair or anything. I just like sex, not love. So whoever's not busy, that's my date for the night. That way I still have some energy left over for my studies. I'm in pre-med, and if I don't keep my grades up, I don't get into medical school. And if that happens, I jump off the roof.

Q: How did you all get together? Did you know each other before college, or what?

Alice: No, I don't think any of us knew each other before last fall, in fact. Dick, Frank and one of the

other guys, Al, were in the room with a bunch of other guys. And then the swapping started. I guess the first one was Sally. She had a roommate who dug one of Frank's roommates. And so they swapped. And then another guy worked out a deal so he could get his woman in. And that's how we work it.

Q: Does the university know about your arrangement?

Dick: Hell, no! They don't know about anything. As long as you're paid up and you don't complain about the broken-down elevators or try to flush your garbage down the toilet, nobody cares who's in whose room. The name of the game is Don't Make Waves.

Betty: Besides, everybody does it. On every floor of our dorm there's at least one big group of people living together just like us. The administration doesn't want to open the subject up. It would be like opening Pandora's box.

Ed: If they wanted to kick people out of school for living together in the dorms, they'd have to kick out half the people in the school.

Q: Well, what about the people who don't want to participate? Don't they complain?

Carol: Nobody bothers them and they don't bother anybody. Usually they just wind up in a room with non-swingers, I guess. You know, I started out my sophomore year in a semi-private room with a girl who was a real drag. By the Christmas vacation I had started having boys in the room overnight. She never said anything, but I know she disapproved. So I just put in for a room change, and it came through a couple of weeks later. We never had any problem about it—in fact, I had one class with her last term, and she was really friendly.

Frank: And don't forget, people like her have guests in their rooms, too. Like visitors, you know. I mean, I've had lots of visitors who had nothing to do with sex. Just guys from other schools, or guys I know from the city, who stopped in for a few days. We always let them sleep in with us.

Carol: That's right. Come to think about it, the girl I was telling you about, she used to have a girl friend of hers stop in every other weekend. In fact, she stayed almost one whole week and dropped in on classes with her.

Q: Just as a matter of simple curiosity, tell me—are there any college students who are virgins? I mean, that girl Carol was talking about, was she a virgin?

Carol: Oh, she would love to have you think she was a virgin. We never really talked about it, but she was always dropping little hints about her purity. But one day I opened one of her letters by mistake, and it was from her boy friend. She's no virgin.

Alice: There probably are a few kids who haven't had any sex at all before college. But they're so rare that it's not funny. I personally only

know one. This one guy, he's really pretty ugly, and we were rapping one day in the library, and he "confessed" to me that he was a virgin. I felt so sorry for him that I almost took him home with me that night and had sex with him just to show him what it was all about.

Not all college sex takes place in the dormitories. There is plenty of it nights and weekends, on beaches, in motels and anywhere there is space.

The night life is particularly interesting around the University of Florida. Just off campus there is a nightclub specializing in topless shows. But on Thursday nights there is a different kind of entertainment.

Thursdays, the club features a "Miniskirt Contest." At the event, college girls take turns doing strip-tease dances to the wild rhythms of an acid rock band. Usually, according to a 19-year-old redhead student from New Jersey who has won the contest twice, the amateurs strip better, look better and dance better than the professional topless go-go dancers.

The University of Florida is also

reported to be the birthplace of a campus sex game called "Seven Minutes in Heaven." The game is played by groups of students who either use their coed dorm bedrooms or rent a motel room for the weekend. Everybody strips down to the altogether and sits around in a circle. From there on, the game works exactly like that childhood favorite, Spin-the-Bottle—with one important difference. Instead of kissing, the two winners walk to a bed outside the circle and, for exactly seven minutes, do anything and everything that comes to mind. The rest of the people amuse themselves by watching.

"You know," says one frequent player of the game, "you'd be surprised how much you can accomplish in seven minutes, if you put your mind to it."

The University of Florida is not the swingingest campus in Florida by any means. In fact, many of the Sunshine State's institutions of higher learning have reputations for being far more sexually wide-open. Last spring, several of the state's public officials were moved to take action.

Up to the Minute

ON JUNE 29, 1971, during a trial held at Belton, Texas—a change of venue from the scene of the crime—Rene Adolpho Guzman and Leonardo Rames Lopez, both of Dallas, were convicted of murder with malice in the execution-type slaying of three Ellis County Sheriff's Department deputies and sentenced to die in the electric chair. The murders of the three officers occurred last February 15th near Bristol, not far from Dallas, when Deputies A. J. Robertson, Wendall Dover and Samuel Infante were questioning Guzman and Lopez about a burglary. The two suspects suddenly disarmed the officers, took them to a riverside spot and started shooting. Robertson, Dover and Infante were killed, another deputy was wounded while another escaped unhurt. [Executioners of 3 Texas Deputies Had No Place to Hide, June, 1971.]

MARK A. SMITH, 22, of McHenry, Illinois, already in prison serving two consecutive prison terms totaling 400 years for two murders, was indicted May 25, 1971 for the murder of Miss Janice Bolyard, 23, of Des Plaines on February 27, 1970. Smith had received the earlier prison terms for the murders of Jean Lingenfelter, 17, and Mrs. Jeane Irene Bianchi, 27, both of McHenry, in early 1970. [May, 1971, Too Many Rapes, Too Many Murders.] The indictment was handed down by a Cook County grand jury in Chicago.

A CIRCUIT COURT JURY at Vero Beach, Florida returned a guilty verdict on April 26, 1971 in the first-degree murder trial of Sylvan Dale Bishop, 18, charged with the September, 1970 murders of two missing South Florida girls, Kathy Phillips, 19, of Miramar, and her close friend, Joanna Maladrino, 20, of Hollywood, whose skeletons had been found near Vero Beach. Suspicion centered on Bishop after he told police he had "stumbled upon" the bodies, and then led officers to the spot. In the trial, the prosecution claimed that Bishop took the girls to the secluded spot for sexual or robbery purposes after they had stopped at a roadside service area where he was working. [February, 1971, A Florida Killer Stripped His Girl Victims.]

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR BADGE

A quick flash of this official-looking badge instantly shows who has the power. Used by thousands of professional private investigators.

Not for use by N.Y. State Licensees Made of tarnish-resistant NICKEL-SILVER for life-time wear. \$2.98 (add \$1 for genuine leather badge carrying case.) FREE with order, complete catalog of other specialties.

Dept. 18N
AMERICAN CIRCLE CORP.,
Bellmore Plaza Bldg., Bellmore, N.Y. 11710

SONGWRITERS

WE PAY \$\$\$ FOR GOOD SONGS & POEMS

We offer a new, different and exciting way for you to pursue your song writing ambitions. Send your best songs or poems today!

HOLLYWOOD MUSIC PRODUCTIONS
Dept. R-71 6425 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif. 90028

DETECTIVE PROFESSION

Send NOW for information on FREE tie tack or lapel pin & easy home study plan, certificate & future for men & women, private, police & military. G.I. approved for veteran's training. Airmail reply & no salesman will call.

PROFESSIONAL INVESTIGATORS Dept. D
Box 41345, Los Angeles, California 90041

EXTRA INCOME MAKE \$ PER SALE

SELL ENGRAVED METAL SOCIAL SECURITY PLATES
SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE KIT TODAY

ENGRAVING PLATES, DEPT. 7412
PO BOX 10460 JACKSONVILLE, FLA. 32207

FIND BURIED TREASURE

Powerful electronic detector finds buried gold, silver, coins, etc. 5 new models. Write for free catalog.

RELCO, Dept. D-144 19⁹⁵
BOX 10839, HOUSTON, TEX. 77018

SPARE TIME CASH! SELLS ON SIGHT!

SELL new lifetime, Golden Metal Social Security Plates in spare time for BIG PROFITS. Millions waiting to buy. No investment or obligation whatsoever. SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE AND COMPLETE SALES KIT NOW!

RUSSELL PRODUCTS CO.
P.O. BOX 296-ODG, PULASKI, TENN. 38478

Learn— FINGERPRINTING

IDENTIFICATION & CRIME DETECTION easily at home. Trained men needed.

ALABAMA SCHOOL OF FINGERPRINTING & DETECTIVE TRAINING
Box 185-T, Fairfield, Ala. 35064

TALENT SEARCHERS Of Hollywood

RECORDS MADE INVITE YOU TO SEND YOUR SONGS OR SONG POEMS FOR FREE EXAMINATION & ADVICE. WE NEED FRESH NEW TALENT WITH FRESH NEW IDEAS. ON SELECTED MATERIAL WE GUARANTEE TO SECURE PUBLISHING CONTRACT. SEND YOUR VERY BEST TO TALENT SEARCHERS, DEPT. A. D., 6311 YUCCA AVE., HOLLYWOOD, CAL. 90028

UNIVERSAL DETECTIVE ASSOCIATION

I.D. Card - Certificate - Credential Case
Newsletter - Auto Decal
SEND FOR FREE INFORMATION
MODEST ANNUAL DUES

BOX 8180 DEPT. MG UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

A group of legislators expressed shock that some boys had been seen using girls' bathroom facilities in a dormitory building. The result was that the Florida State Board of Regents, which administers Florida's state universities, voted to abolish all open-house visitation policies. Several student groups later petitioned the regents to reconsider the matter and rescind their resolution; but as of this writing the matter was still up in the air.

Much campus sex takes place in conjunction with another current phenomenon—drugs. Weekend drug-and-sex orgies are common on many campuses, particularly in New York and California, the east and west coast headquarters of the drug trade. Students looking for ways to fill the long Saturdays and Sundays away from home usually have little difficulty in finding a party to attend.

The following interview with a 19-year-old girl contains a vivid description of such a party:

Q: What grade are you in?

A: Well, I'm not going to classes at all, this semester. I had to drop out after spring finals because I ran out of bread, and there wasn't time to apply for a loan. So I'm working in a lab, taking care of rats and dogs that are being used in experiments, and I'm saving my money so I can go back in September. But I'll be a fourth-semester student then.

Q: You went to the University of California at Berkeley. What was the sex scene like there?

A: Oh, it was like total freedom. Guys and girls living together, sleeping together. Couples, groups, everything.

Q: Did you participate in any sexual activities? How about your living arrangements, for example?

A: Sure, I lived with a guy. In fact, six of us lived together off-campus in this old house. Three girls and three guys. It was like a commune, a three-couple commune.

Q: You say three couples. Was there any group sex?

A: Not at the house. The six of us never dug that scene together. We just had one big bedroom with three double beds in it, and the six of us always slept as couples. There was plenty of group sex around for anybody who wanted it, though.

Q: Well, if not in your living quarters, where was the group activity?

A: At parties on the week ends. There used to be one or two big parties every weekend. I went to parties twice in this big commune house on the beach. Both times I went with Bob, my man. We went there right from classes on Friday afternoon, and spent the whole weekend there.

Q: What went on at the parties?

A: Well, we'd have a big dinner together on Friday night. Everybody chipped in and we bought all kinds of goodies—steaks, shrimp, lobster, hamburgers, everything you could think of. Then, after we ate, we'd crack open a few bottles of apple wine and break out some pot.

There'd be singing and dancing and stuff for a while, and then the heavy drugs would come out—you know, mescaline and cocaine and acid. And everybody would get off on something or other.

By midnight, we'd all be high as kites. People were tripping out all over the place hallucinating and everything. And then, pretty soon, somebody'd be doing sex. Two people would start out having sex together over in the corner or something, and pretty soon somebody else would join them, and then another couple or two, and then the whole room would be full of really freaked-out people doing sex together.

You know, people say that alcohol "wetteth the appetite but spoileth the performance" when it comes to sex. Well, that's just the opposite of how it is with drugs.

When you're high, even on marijuana, sex is about a thousand times better than when you're normal. Every sensation is amplified, and you can feel everything so much clearer and stronger. The difference between sex without drugs and sex with drugs is the same as the difference between listening to a program on a little transistor radio and watching a program on color TV. There's no other way to explain it.

And then with acid, there's even more of a difference. This one kid who was a chemical engineering major used to make acid in chem lab at school, and his stuff was pure dynamite. When you take acid, your sense of time gets distorted. Time seems to go fantastically slow. I remember one time I was eating a hot dog while I was tripping on acid. I ate and ate and ate, and it seemed like I had been eating that hot dog all afternoon. And that was just one bite! So you can imagine what sex is like with acid. A kiss seems to go on for hours. And the sex act seems to go on and on forever, getting better and better all the time.

Anyhow, by Saturday afternoon, everybody was worn out. We'd sleep until later Saturday night, and then somebody would send out for pizza and soda and we'd start all over again, doing sex and drugs until late Sunday night.

Q: How about bad trips? With everybody freaked out like that, what happens when somebody gets on a bad trip?

A: Oh, that's no problem. There's always somebody who's halfway straight, somebody who didn't take as much as everybody else. And besides, most people who have a lot of experience at dropping acid don't have many bummers. Most bummers happen on the first trip, and when people get off on a bad one, they just quit acid and stick to the weaker stuff.

Q: And what about pregnancy? With all that promiscuous sex, doesn't anybody ever get pregnant by accident?

A: Well, with everybody using the pills, and with abortions available,

there's never a serious problem. In fact, there are these two medical students who've set up an abortion clinic in Los Angeles, and they've been doing abortions for nothing—free—just for the practice.

Q: Let me ask you something that may sound corny to you. Don't you think you and the other girls are making a mistake by getting so heavily involved in sex before marriage? I mean, aren't you going to be sorry someday, when you meet a man you want to marry and live with for the rest of your life? What are you going to tell him about your past?

A: Man, are you hung up! In the first place, I can't imagine any situation where I'd be marrying any man—marriage is a dead institution, as far as I'm concerned.

Then, in the second place, if I ever do decide to marry somebody, I know it will certainly never be somebody I haven't had sex with. I couldn't consider living with somebody I haven't slept with, and most of the women I know feel exactly the same way about it.

And in the third place, even if I had never slept with the guy, I would assume he had slept with other women. Everybody does it these days. It's not like in the old days, when only "naughty" boys and girls did things like that. Today, the only people who don't have sex are a few weirdos who get their kicks in other ways.

What you're talking about is chastity, and that crap is from another age. Chastity was the word for yesterday. The word for today is "fun" . . .

There is ample evidence that she was right. The future will probably see more and more sexual togetherness on campus. Colleges which have maintained sexually segregated dormitories, and which have continued restrictive visitation policies, are all moving toward coeducation in all phases of campus life.

Listen to this excerpt from a welcoming statement made by Donald C. Blaser, Acting Director of the Student Housing Office at the University of Hawaii, to all students beginning the 1971-72 school year:

"Aloha and welcome to the University of Hawaii residence hall system.

"If you have never before been a part of a group-living environment you will be entering into a very new and different experience when you move into one of our residence halls. You will have opportunities to make many new friends, to participate in hall government activities, to assist in decision-making on issues which will be important to your daily living—in short, to become a part of what we think is a vital and dynamic living experience . . .

"Ours is a rapidly changing society, and we have had many changes in our residence hall programs and policies in recent years; we anticipate that additional changes will be made during the coming year. Specific

A SPECIAL OFFER FOR READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE

This Brand New Up-to-Date Edition
of the Famous "Doctor Book"
of a Million Homes

THE NEW MODERN HOME PHYSICIAN

896 BIG PAGES • 2,000 COMPLETE ARTICLES
OVER 900 PICTURES

The Indispensable Reference Book for Your Family's Health...
for Emergencies... for Recognizing and Preventing Illness!

OVER a million copies of this great home "doctor-book" are protecting the health of American families. Now this *NEW MODERN HOME PHYSICIAN*—enlarged, up-to-date, brought abreast of all the newest medical discoveries—is ready! The new Salk Polio Vaccine—all the new Wonder Drugs—new facts about Allergies—new findings on Tobacco and Cancer—new methods of Baby and Child Care—new help for older folks—new facts about Mental Conditions, and much more, are now included!

What to Do When a Bone is Broken! When Your Child Comes Home Sick! When Someone is Burned! When Heart Attack or Shock Occurs!

This is the book that may save *your* life or the life of someone dear to you. It explains what to do when illness or accident strikes—while waiting for the doctor—or when upset or worried by minor everyday ailments. And it *shows* what to do in 930 graphic pictures! One quick reference to the information in the *New Modern Home Physician* may actually make the difference, in an emergency, between life and death! This big 896-page volume covers subjects from A to Z — from birth through childhood, adolescence, marriage, child-bearing and on through the advanced years. Though *not* designed to do away with all need for the doctor, it will give you full information about your body, its needs and care so you and your family will be in better health more of the time. It explains all common diseases—how to avoid or recognize them: Nervous Disorders, Indigestion, Diseases of Joints, Backaches, Headaches, Foot Troubles, Eye and Ear Conditions, etc. Below is just a partial listing of the vast contents of this book!

Send **NO-RISK, FREE-TRIAL** Coupon for Amazing 10 Days on Approval!

Check this huge volume for guidance on your every health problem. Use on approval for 10 full days. If you don't find it the most valuable doctor book ever, there is no cost. Otherwise, bargain price is only \$6.95 plus 24 cents shipping. Full return-refund guaranteed! Rush No-Risk FREE Gift Coupon Now.

Includes Latest Information on All the New Medical Advances...
Salk Polio Vaccine... New Wonder Drugs... Allergies, etc.

Abrasions
Abscess
Bed Sores
Acidity
Acidosis
Acne
Adenoids
Addison's Disease

Backache
Delusions
Biliousness
Bites
Bladder Trouble
Bleeding
Blood Pressure
Boils

Croup
Delusions
Diabetes
Diarrhea
Diet
Digestion
Diphtheria
Dislocations
Drowning
Drug Habit
Dysentery
Eczema
Epilepsy
Eye Disease
Fainting
Fever
Flat Feet
Call Stones
Gastric Ulcer
Gonorrhea



5 million accidents occur every year in the home — over 30,000 fatal! Countless serious illnesses might also be caught in time with the knowledge this book can instantly provide.

Gout
Hay Fever
Headache
Heartburn
Heart Disease
Hemorrhage
Hernia
Hiccough
Hives
Hyperacidity
Hysteria
Impotence
Infantile Paralysis
Infections
Influenza
Insomnia
Itching
Jaundice
Kidney Trouble



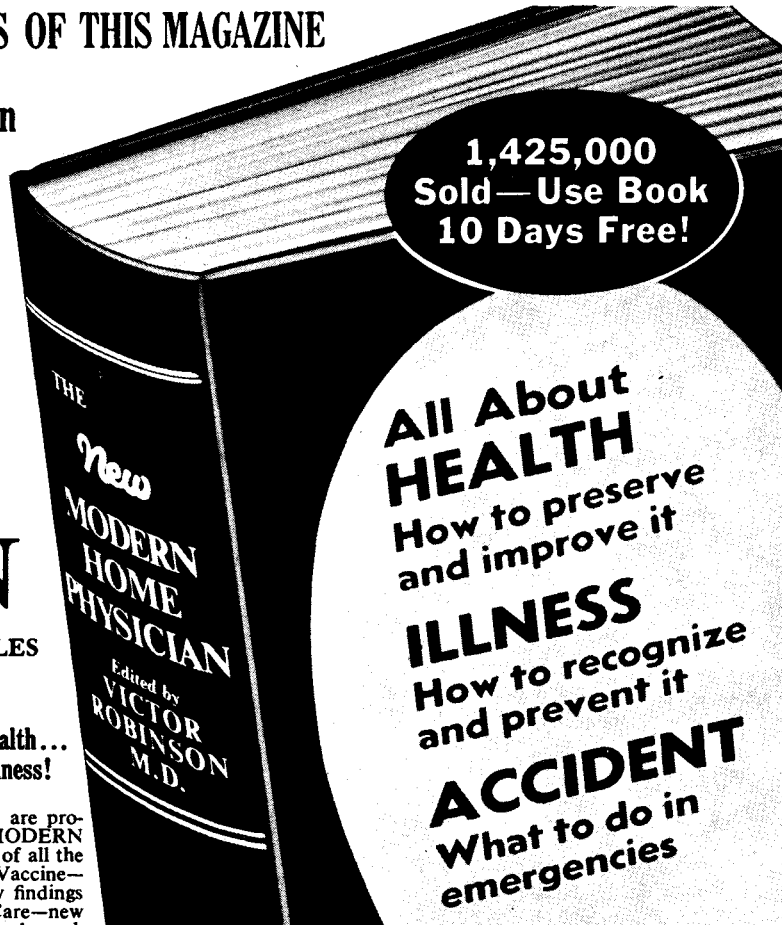
Stopping choking by re-mov-ing a foreign body from the mouth.



How to stop excessive bleeding by forced flexion of elbow joint.

Adhesions
Age Changes
Alcoholism
Allergies
Anemia
Angina Pectoris
Apoplexy
Appendicitis
Arteriosclerosis
Arthritis
Asthma
Astigmatism
Athlete's Foot
Atrophy
Baldness

Bronchitis
Burns
Cancer
Cataracts
Change of Life
Chapping
Chicken Pox
Choking
Colds
Colic
Color Blindness
Constipation
Consumption
Convulsions
Cramps



1,425,000
Sold—Use Book
10 Days Free!

All About
HEALTH
How to preserve
and improve it
ILLNESS
How to recognize
and prevent it
ACCIDENT
What to do in
emergencies

FREE!
with this great friend-making offer
Complete Sets of Anatomical
2 MANIKINS
These Manikins—One Male, One Female—Show
Virtually Every Bone, Muscle, Organ and Nerve
IN NATURAL COLORS

Actual Size of Each Manikin 8" by 4"

Each Set Contains 300 Named Parts!

You can keep healthier — by understanding how the parts of your body function — and knowing where they are located! In these two folding "manikins" you can learn the anatomical structure of your body at a glance. Fold aside the "skin" of the manikin, and all the body's innermost structures are revealed step by step. Hinged cutouts (all in natural colors) are folded back one by one, showing you exactly how all the organs look and fit into the body. BOTH manikins are FREE — yours to keep even if you return the *NEW MODERN HOME PHYSICIAN* after Trial!

Mail **FREE Trial Gift Coupon TODAY!**

MODERN HOME PHYSICIAN BOOK, Dept. 2871
4500 N.W. 135th Street, Miami, Fla. 33054

Rush me as a gift 2 Complete Sets of Anatomical Mannequins which are mine to keep FREE whether I keep book or not. Also rush me **NEW MODERN HOME PHYSICIAN**, 2,000 articles, 930 pictures for amazing 10-Days FREE-Trial under offering checked below. (\$2402)

Enclosed is only \$7.19 (\$6.95 plus 24 cents shipping) as full payment. If not supremely delighted after 10 days Free Enjoyment, I may return book for full, immediate refund. In any event, the 2 Sets of Anatomical Mannequins are mine to keep FREE!

I enclose \$1 goodwill deposit. Send famous "Doctor Book" C.O.D. and I will pay postman \$5.95 balance and postal charges. Same return-refund guarantee. 2 Sets of Anatomical Mannequins are mine to keep in any case.

You May Charge Your Order

DINERS CLUB
 BANK AMERICARD
 AMERICAN EXPRESS

Acct. No. _____

MASTER CHARGE

Acct. No. _____

INTERBANK No. _____
(Find above your name)

Good Thru _____

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____ Zip _____

CHECK HERE for beautiful Thumb-Notched DELUXE Edition, #52403 only \$2 extra, (total \$9.19). Same return-refund.

(Continued from page 90)

'rules and regulations' have been greatly reduced; our coed housing arrangements have been expanded; residents have been given greater responsibility for self-government and self-discipline . . ."

Then there is the new program at Pennsylvania State University, called the Interest House Program. Under this program, students are housed together according to the general fields of study which interest them most—there are, for example, Environmental House, Human Values in a Technological Society House and Race Relations and Social Conflict House.

Here is how the office of the Dean of Student Affairs at Penn State describes the new program:

"The Interest House Program is a new and unique alternative in Residence Hall living. The Interest House will develop, through its residents' efforts, a common purpose for dormitory life. This is accomplished by providing students the chance to live with other students who have a common interest of concern related to a broad area of student experience. Each Interest Community will consist of two units, male and female, which will work with members of the faculty to design a residence experience that is both stimulating and enjoyable."

That, then, is the way to the future. The keywords are stimulation and enjoyment. And there will be a lot more on the campus than books and classes. Certainly, there will be a lot more sex.

It all depends on one's idea of what college ought to be. If it's strictly a place for academic learning, then perhaps sex has no place. But to the members of today's youth counter-culture, college is much more, and sex is a necessary part of the scene.

"You know," said one long-haired NYU sophomore, "in the old days, people went to college to learn how to make a living. Today, people are going to college to learn how to live."

★★★

Maryland's Case . . .

acting on Feehley's request, took Marjorie Coyne into custody. They said she had a new blue suitcase with her.

Captain Feehley rushed to New York, then visited Felony Court where Marjorie Coyne was arraigned on a Maryland warrant charging her with being a fugitive from justice. Although Feehley expected difficulties, he was pleasantly surprised. Marjorie waived extradition and agreed to return to Baltimore for questioning. The next day, she submitted to interrogation by Assistant District Attorney Weiss and Captains Feehley and Kriss.

Marjorie Coyne's story was at considerable variance with the one told by Don Brooks.

Marjorie admitted that Brooks had paid her fare to New York. She said he had bought her clothes and had taken her on a round of gaiety. But she also said that on July 20th, after Brooks had threatened her and scared the hell out of her, she packed up her things while he was out and moved up to the Bronx.

"Why did he threaten you?"

The girl shrugged, fiddled with her auburn hair, and airily said, "It was just a petty quarrel."

Questioned next about the murder of Mary Finn, Marjorie professed complete ignorance. In reported interrogations during the next 24 hours, the girl insisted she had never heard of the Mary Finn murder, nor even of Mary Finn.

It was a stalemate. The probers took Marjorie over her story again and again. She recounted the details of her New York trip, the places they had been—she and Brooks, that is. Feehley got from her approximate amounts of money Brooks had spent for various things, and his addition, even allowing for rough estimates, indicated Brooks had spent well over \$500.

Yet the ex-con had admitted to having only \$350 in cash from his

crap game winnings, a story which would not be corroborated.

Questioned more closely about the money, Marjorie disclosed that Brooks had given her about \$90.

"Eighty bucks in bills," the pretty redhead said, "and about ten dollars in dimes."

"In dimes?" Captain Feehley echoed. "John Zigler had a collection of dimes in a glass jar. Brooks stole those dimes and gave them to you. That makes you an accessory." He paused and regarded the now frightened girl sternly, then asked, "Do you want to go to prison for a long, long time, Marjorie?"

The redhead's mouth set in a firm line. She refused to say any more. Captain Feehley, recognizing her resistance, ordered her left to her own thoughts in a cell in the woman's section of city jail.

A little over an hour later, the girl sent word to him that she had something to tell him. She was weeping when a matron brought her to the office of the assistant district attorney to face her questioners again. Now she broke down and admitted that she had known about the crime.

She said that one day in New York, after she and Don Brooks had quarreled, he had threatened her, saying, "you'd better look out or you'll get what Mrs. Finn got!"

Later, Marjorie said, when Brooks was in a better mood, she had asked him about Mary Finn. She said Brooks had replied:

"I broke in there because I knew Zigler always had a lot of money around. I didn't know that Mrs. Finn was there. She came out to the kitchen while I was ransacking the joint and started a fight. I had to sock her.

"Later, when I was looking for more money, she began to revive. So I socked her again."

Marjorie Coyne went on to say that just before she moved to the Bronx, she saw Brooks putting new

(Continued on page 95)

The Killer Played Games . . . (from page 55)

undergoing an emergency operation to relieve the pressure on his brain. If he survived—and that was not certain—it would be a considerable time before he was able to talk to police.

But though Black appeared, for the moment, at least, to be a highly dubious source of information, diligent police work turned up something on his background. By eight o'clock Thursday morning, Homicide Detectives Joe Holindrake and Tom O'Neill had succeeded in establishing that Tom Black was a local resident. They traced him to an address on East 12th Street, where they learned he had gone out the previous afternoon. But that was as much as could be found out; no one at the address could even hazard a guess at what might have happened to him, or

how.

Meanwhile, Captain Flor had made a discovery of his own. Anxious to have a personal look at Welch, he had gone to the hospital. He was admitted to the room where the big, bellicose man, still manacled and strapped to a bed in the prison ward, was sleeping off the effects of the sedative administered to him under protest.

Captain Flor's brow furrowed in a puzzled frown for a moment as he stood looking down at the blond giant. He reached in his pocket, pulled out Welch's wallet, and studied the identification papers it contained. The captain's eyes flickered back and forth from the papers to the man in the bed.

Finally he exclaimed, "This man is

not Welch! He was carrying somebody else's papers. He doesn't come close to fitting the descriptions here."

The papers from the pocket bore him out. They described Ralph Welch as 32, five feet six inches tall, 145 pounds, with black wavy hair, dark complexion, and hazel eyes.

The man in the bed might have been about 32, but there the resemblance to the real Welch ended. The sleeping man was an inch or two over six feet tall, he had to weigh at least 200 pounds, he had dark blond curly hair, and his eyes, a hasty check showed, were light blue in color.

The questions awaiting recovery of consciousness by the big blond man were piling up. But answers to other questions in Captain Flor's mind were soon forthcoming. When he got back to his desk at headquarters he found that the Arizona State

Police and Captain Allaire of Tucson had called in their reports.

The green Ford convertible was registered to Ralph R. Welch of Tucson. It had been bought there in June. It had never been reported stolen. That much came from the State Police.

Captain Allaire had other news. Investigation of the West Alturas Street address disclosed it was not Welch's home, but that of his parents. They told Tucson detectives that their son had visited them early in June, shortly after his discharge from the Marines, but that he had since gone, with his wife and two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, to live in California. They gave his address as a trailer court in Chula Vista, a city of some 16,000 population south of San Diego and only a few miles from the Mexican border.

Welch had been a Marine for more than 15 years, he had served in two wars and won decorations for heroism in combat. He had been discharged recently for medical reasons. At the time he visited his family in Tucson, he had \$6,000 in mustering-out pay, and he had spent part of this to buy the second-hand Ford convertible and a house trailer. He had been looking forward to settling in California after his long career of moving about while in service.

"But it looks like he was heading up your way this week," Captain Allaire had reported. "Just the other day, Monday the 27th, his folks got a telegram from him, from Colorado Springs, asking them to wire him \$75 there. They sent it, and that's the last they've heard from him. They thought he'd gone back to California. They're pretty worried right now."

Allaire's men had also obtained a detailed description of young Welch from his parents. It tallied with that on Welch's identification papers, and confirmed that the big man now in Denver General could not possibly be the ex-Marine.

Captain Flor now placed a call to Chula Vista, California police with a request for assistance in checking at that point. He outlined the circumstances and spelled out the prisoner's fingerprint classification code. Next he called Colorado Springs, 70 miles to the south of Denver, and requested inquiries at Western Union about Welch's wire to his parents.

At this point, police guards at the hospital reported that the big blond prisoner seemed to be coming out of his sedation stupor and was demanding to know why he was chained to his bed. When they asked him his name, he said it was Welch. He was very drowsy, and had gone back to sleep.

Captain Flor now ordered a teletype bulletin to all points in Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona. It spelled out the real Welch's corroborated description, and requested any information available on a man answering it anywhere in the area. If they were lucky, the ex-Marine might still be alive, but, said Flor wryly, "I'm not banking on it."

In Chula Vista, California, meanwhile, Sergeant Charles L. Woods, chief of detectives, assigned Detectives Richard L. Quick and Virgil H. Seiveno to conduct a hasty inquiry at the trailer camp address of Ralph Welch. He assigned other men to check out the fingerprint classifications received from Denver, and asked the sheriff's department in San Diego to do likewise.

Detectives Quick and Seiveno found Ralph Welch's pretty blonde wife without difficulty. Not wanting to alarm her, they told her they were making a routine check on her husband. She said she had not seen him for a week. "He took off in his car one afternoon and didn't come home."

Pressed to be more specific, they learned from her that Welch drove away in his convertible around four o'clock Thursday, July 23rd. He had been restless all day and said he was going out for a couple of beers and a sandwich. He had with him a check for \$48.52, which he planned to cash.

She had naturally been concerned when he didn't come home, but she decided finally that he may have gone to visit his parents in Tucson. He had been unsettled and moody since leaving the service. He had been working as a cutlery salesman and going to accounting school at night. She added that the previous Monday she had received a wire from Colorado Springs and showed it to the officers. It read "Need money to come home. Either you or bank wire \$75 immediately. Care Western Union here. Home soon. Love, Ralph R. Welch." His wife had wired the money, but she had heard nothing since. She assumed her husband was enroute home.

Back at headquarters, detectives learned that the Denver mystery man, the blond giant, had finally been identified. His fingerprint classification had done the trick. Sheriff Bert Strand, at San Diego, had pegged him as Michael Timothy Cavanaugh, 29, of National City, which is just a few miles north of Chula Vista. Cavanaugh had more than a nodding acquaintance with the police of several states. At the moment, he was being sought by Sheriff Strand himself, because of his escape from the State Hospital at Patton, California, where he had been committed as a mental case after an arrest for forging checks. He had escaped on July 12th.

Sergeant Woods was reasonably certain Cavanaugh was the man who figured also in a recent series of bad-check complaints in Chula Vista. He had used several names, but the description of the passer in each case was too close to that of Cavanaugh to be coincidence.

At Cavanaugh's home in National City, his wife told Detectives Quick and Seiveno she had seen her husband twice since he escaped from Patton. The first time was on July 13th, the day he escaped, but he left immediately. The second time he appeared just before midnight on

July 23rd, arriving in a green convertible which he claimed he had borrowed from another patient at Patton. He wanted his wife to pack up and go to Indiana with him, but she refused, and pleaded with him to return to the hospital. He left about 1 a.m.

July 23rd, the detectives immediately noted, was the very night when Welch had disappeared. The convertible Cavanaugh was driving undoubtedly was the ex-Marine's. After a stop at National City police headquarters, they left with a complete dossier, as well as photos of Michael Cavanaugh.

It seemed that Cavanaugh had started out in life in Greenfield, Massachusetts. In 1942, at the age of 17, he had lied about his age and enlisted in the Navy. But four months later he was ousted on an undesirable discharge after trouble with bad checks. The record showed that checks and the Navy would continue to figure in the man's life.

On November 23, 1942, he was picked up in San Francisco for fraud and impersonating a Navy officer, both offenses committed in San Antonio, Texas. He drew a three-year sentence to Leavenworth, but because of his age was transferred to the federal reformatory at Chillicothe, Ohio, where he was paroled in 1944. Back home in Greenfield, Massachusetts, he was convicted in September 1945 of delivering alcohol to a minor. This brought revocation of his parole and he went back to Chillicothe. He was released from there in April, 1947.

Less than a year later, he was up for check forgery again, this time in Lincoln, Nebraska, and he drew a 22-month sentence in the state prison. Interestingly enough, he was again impersonating a Navy officer, at the time he passed the checks. Within weeks after his release from this stretch, he was nailed on a similar check charge in Lincoln and drew another 18 months in jail.

Between jail terms, however, Cavanaugh had been very active matrimonially. In October 1942, he married a 21-year-old beauty in Lincoln. She divorced him while he was in prison. He married again in Mexico City in 1948, married a third time in 1949 and wed his fourth and current wife in Glenwood, Iowa, on April 22, 1950.

Cavanaugh's record also showed several divorces, but it did not escape the alert eyes of Detectives Seiveno and Quick that the dates of marriages and divorces did not jibe; Cavanaugh sometimes got his divorces after he had already been married bigamously. His present wife had been in complete ignorance, both of his prison record and his checkered marital career, until the facts came to light when he was committed to Patton. She knew only that Cavanaugh drank too much, but she had been confident she could get him to mend his ways.

They came to California in June 1952. He held two or three jobs

briefly, but in April 1953, he was arrested after a bad-check spree in San Diego County, cashing scores of worthless checks after convincing his victims he was either a captain or a lieutenant commander of the Navy.

Cavanaugh's long experience as a con artist, however, helped him to thwart justice. He was glib, personable and intelligent. One of his victims grudgingly paid him a tribute as a man who "could charm a snake."

In any event, he charmed a judge into believing he was a sick man, suffered from headaches and blackouts since he was a youngster when he had hurt his head, he claimed. He insisted he couldn't even remember passing the bad checks. At his wife's urging, he had been consulting a neurologist. Now Cavanaugh begged the judge to commit him to a state hospital until they found out what was wrong with him. The sympathetic judge pigeonholed the charges and sent him to Patton.

In the three months he was there, doctors had made a tentative diagnosis of psychic epilepsy, with chronic brain syndrome and convulsive tendencies. The patient's aggressive, irritable temperament and extreme egotism pointed to this, and it was thought his crimes might have been committed in so-called "epileptic equivalent" states—blackouts with amnesia, which sometimes occur instead of epileptic fits.

Before a final diagnosis could be reached, however, Cavanaugh took to his heels.

Detective Seiveno and Quick, after poring through Cavanaugh's voluminous file, decided to see if they could pick up his recent file in Chula Vista.

"We know he didn't have a car, but he sure got around to a lot of places to cash those checks," Seiveno said. "Let's start with the cab companies."

The hunch was a good one. They soon found a cab driver who recognized Cavanaugh's mug shot as the man he had picked up in front of a cafe on National Avenue at 5:45 p.m. on the 23rd. He took him to several cafes and the officers set out to check the cold trail.

It was at just about that same time that Captain Flor began to make real progress in the Denver end of the investigation. The FBI had confirmed the identification on Cavanaugh. Flor had photographs of Cavanaugh and the still unconscious Tom Black released to newspapers and television. The immediate result of this move was confirmation of Captain Flor's suspicion that it had been Cavanaugh, and not Welch, who sent the telegraphic appeals for money from Colorado Springs, then cashed the checks when the appeals were answered.

Then the manager of a cafe on Colfax Avenue recognized the pictures of Cavanaugh and Tom Black and told police they had been drinking there Wednesday evening, just a few hours before they turned up at St. Luke's Hospital. The big guy was

loud and belligerent, the manager said, but Black kept trying to quiet him down, and apologizing for him.

Next a prominent Denver business man reported that Cavanaugh was the man driving a green convertible which had bumped him in the rear. He said Cavanaugh willingly accepted the blame, showed insurance papers, and assured him the insurance company would take care of the damage to his car. Black was with him at the time, he said. This happened within an hour of the time the pair showed up at the hospital.

"Well, it's pretty clear that Cavanaugh beat and robbed Black," Captain Flor concluded in a conference with his detectives. "He didn't find him lying on the street. That much is sure. The big question is: Why did he bring him to the hospital, instead of just leaving him?"

He shook his head wearily. "With a character like this, you never know. He could have figured Black would never recover to identify him as his assailant, and done it as a nervy grandstand play, sort of daring us to nail him with something."

Still unanswered, of course, was what had happened to the real Ralph Welch, but 1,200 miles away, in Chula Vista, Detectives Seiveno and Quick were finally putting the two men together. They had turned up some hot leads on Cavanaugh's cold trail. One of them led to a blonde barmaid who instantly recognized the big guy's mug shot, and a picture of Ralph Welch as well.

"The big guy is Curly," she said. "Used to drop in here often—he's a Navy officer. He and this other fellow—Ralph—got to talking in here the other day, about a week ago." She pinpointed the date as the 23rd. She also said that Welch had cashed a check in the place for about \$48.

Welch was moody, she recalled. He ordered a sandwich and beer, and Cavanaugh joined him at his table. When Welch complained of a headache, Cavanaugh said, "I'll fix your headache. I'm a Navy doctor, a lieutenant commander. Just come with me."

It was about 10 p.m. when they left together.

Detectives Quick and Seiveno by now were reasonably certain that Cavanaugh had killed Welch sometime between that time and 11:45, when, he showed up at his wife's home in the convertible. Welch's body was probably in the trunk at that time.

"All we need now is the body," Quick said dryly.

In Denver, Captain Flor had decided the time was ripe to start working on that angle. With a couple of homicide detectives, he called on Cavanaugh in Denver General's prison ward.

"Look, Curly," Flor began, "we know all about you. We know you're Cavanaugh, not Welch. We know you picked up Welch in Chula Vista and robbed him of his money, car and papers. You might as well tell us the

whole story. What did you do with the body?"

The big blond guy in the bed regarded the captain oddly for a long moment, then quietly dropped a bombshell. "Sure I'm Cavanaugh," he said. "Michael Timothy Cavanaugh. Who else would I be? But who's this Welch you're talking about? And who are you guys? What am I chained to this bed for? And what's the matter with my hip?"

Captain Flor threw up his hands and shook his head in disgust. "Here we go," he said wearily. To Cavanaugh, he said sarcastically, "You're now going to tell us you don't remember a thing, right?"

"I don't remember much. What day is this? Last thing I remember, my wife was here to see me. That was the Fourth of July."

"Where do you think you are?"

"Why in Patton State Hospital California. Where else? What's going on here?"

Captain Flor stared hard into the big man's cold blue eyes. Every ounce of his instinct and experience convinced him Cavanaugh was lying, but proving it was another matter. He was sure that with the lightning mental agility his record proved he possessed, Cavanaugh had pulled his new gambit right out of the blue sky.

The man professed to be amazed when he learned he was in Denver, that he had been driving Welch's car, and that he had done the things they said he had. He could remember none of it, he insisted.

An FBI report pinpointed the origin of the leaves and gravel found in the convertible's trunk as California. The leaves were California eucalyptus or blue gum and since this species does not grow inland, they had probably come from near Chula Vista.

The following morning, Tom Black had recovered sufficiently to identify Cavanaugh as the man who attacked him after a drinking spree. For the moment, though, no charges were filed, pending outcome of the murder probe. Captain Flor, meanwhile, worked on some strategy. He had been calling on Cavanaugh for long talks for several days and they had been getting on well. Flor knew a lie test would be useless on such a pathological liar, but he had another ace up his sleeve.

Pretending to be convinced by Cavanaugh's blackout yarn, he said, "I'd like to help you, Curly. I've seen a lot of cases like yours before, where men are accused of something they can't remember because they blacked out. Many times we've been able to help them get back their memory, if they cooperated."

"What do you want me to do, Captain?"

"I'd like to give you a truth serum test—sodium amytal. Of course, we can't do it without your consent. We give you a shot and put you to sleep—that is, your conscious mind sleeps; and your unconscious talks to us, like under hypnosis."

The big fellow was thoughtful for

a moment, a crafty look appearing in his blue eyes. "Okay, Cap'n, I'll go for it. I got nothing to lose," he said suddenly.

Flor's ruse had worked, and Cavanaugh had outsmarted himself. The captain had no intention of giving him an actual truth serum test, only to pretend that was what was happening.

The test was administered on August 7th. In the presence of Captain Flor and several other officials, the doctor injected a very weak solution of the drug, just enough to make him feel he had been given something, but not enough to put him under.

Cavanaugh promptly closed his eyes, sighed, and in a little while began to mutter drowsily, answering Captain Flor's questions in slow, mechanical phrases.

He had taken the wheel of the convertible, Cavanaugh said, while Welch curled up in the back seat to nap. He drove across the border to Tijuana and parked behind a restaurant. Welch stayed in the car, while he went inside to get some fried chicken.

"When I came back, Welch was lying dead in the back seat, naked and covered with blood. He'd been beaten and stabbed. His wallet was on the floor, empty. Some tramp must have come along while I was gone and killed him for his clothes and money.

"I realized I was on a spot. Who'd believe me with my record? I finally decided I'd better just take over Welch's identification and put distance behind me. I shoved the body in the trunk and drove back to the U.S. I went to see my wife, then headed up through Escondido and east on Route 66."

He drove to Arizona, Cavanaugh continued, pawned his watch in Kingman, and spent a night at a motel. But by Sunday the odor from the trunk was so bad he was afraid to park on the street. He had to get rid of it. He turned off the highway in the desert about nine miles west of Albuquerque, New Mexico, found a deserted spot on a windswept mesa, and scooped out a shallow grave.

"I put my coat over him, then some tumbleweeds for flowers, and I knelt and said a prayer for him—and for myself," Cavanaugh said.

Afterward, he went on to Colorado Springs and then to Denver, where he had the drinking bout with Tom Black, which led to a crazy coincidence. Just as he had done with Welch, he left Black, who was not feeling well, asleep in the back seat when he went into a restaurant. When he came out, he found Black beaten and robbed. He took him to a hospital and ran from the cops because he was sure they wouldn't believe him.

That concluded Cavanaugh's amazing statement. The officers present, as well as the doctor, knowing the man had been fully conscious while making it, had to concede it was a work of art, a fiendishly clever blend of fact and fiction. They believed Cavanaugh

had told the truth about verifiable facts, though studiously avoiding incriminating himself as a killer.

When the prisoner "came to," he said his memory was restored. He remembered everything he had said under the truth drug, he said. He even drew a rough map of the area where he had buried Welch's body.

A few hours later, aided by a telephoned description of the map, Bernalillo County Sheriff's men at Albuquerque found Welch's corpse in the crude grave. Though badly decomposed, it could still be seen that the ex-Marine had been hacked and mutilated. Technicians were able to get fingerprints from the corpse, and these were flown to Washington, where Marine Corps records confirmed the identity of Welch.

Confronted with the truth about the truth serum test, Cavanaugh blithely went back to his blackout story, claiming he could remember nothing he had said during the faked test.

It was but one more in a series of several turnabouts which followed. Returned to California, he was tried for the check charges in a couple of wild excitement-packed trials, in the course of which he fired his lawyer and undertook his own defense on an insanity plea. He was found guilty and sentenced to a total of three-to-42 years on three forgery counts.

On the same day, Chula Vista police completed their murder case and charged Cavanaugh with the slaying of Ralph Welch. He was finally brought to trial for murder in April, 1954 before Superior Judge C. M. Monroe.

Once again, Cavanaugh went back to his blackout story. He claimed he had made the false confession only to relieve his harried wife from further police questioning.

This time, he let his attorney carry the ball, and the counselor labored valiantly on his client's behalf. Despite his efforts, however, the jury of eight women and four men found Michael Cavanaugh, on April 8th, guilty of first-degree murder, without recommendation.

The very next day he went on trial before the same jury on his insanity plea, contending he had been suffering from a mental blackout from the time of his escape from Patton until well after his arrest in Denver. A board of highly qualified psychiatrists testified for the State that in their joint opinion, Cavanaugh was legally sane, highly intelligent, but a confirmed liar. The defense presented its own experts but their plea on the defendant's behalf suffered in cross-examination. The prosecutor won their admission that they felt it was unlikely that a man suffering from psychic epilepsy would be able to write and pass checks, plan an intelligent flight across four states and invent detailed stories while in a confused or amnesic condition.

The jury's verdict was that Cavanaugh was sane. On April 30, 1954, Judge Monroe sentenced him to death in the gas chamber. The automatic appeal from a capital sentence in the

state of California was but the first of many legal steps, however, which delayed Cavanaugh's day of judgment for nearly two years. His last hope was shattered on April 12, 1956 when the United States Supreme Court refused to review his petition.

The following morning, at 10 o'clock, he was led to San Quentin's gas chamber in the presence of official witnesses and members of the press. His last words were exchanged with the warden after he was strapped into the steel seat. The warden later said the condemned man was "quiet and composed" as he faced death.

At 10:04 the cyanide pellets were dropped and Michael Cavanaugh strained convulsively against his restraining straps as the swirling fumes of death rose about him.

At 10:13 he was pronounced dead.

★★★

Maryland's Case of Pre-Marital Murder

(Continued from page 92)

tape on his blackjack.

"I was afraid he meant to kill me, too," she declared, "so I got away from there fast."

With the testimony of Marjorie Coyne, and other evidence the police were able to gather based on further investigation, Assistant District Attorney Weiss went to the grand jury and obtained a first-degree murder indictment against Brooks.

At his arraignment on the capital charge, the ex-con was ordered held for trial. Application for bail pending trial was denied.

The state was ready to present a formidable case against the accused man when he was brought to trial on October 3, 1944.

On October 6th, the defendant was found guilty, without extenuating circumstances. A little more than a month later, on November 9th, he was sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Mary Finn.

The execution of Donald Brooks was carried out at the Maryland Penitentiary in Baltimore on November 30, 1945. A reporter for a Baltimore newspaper who witnessed the execution wrote:

"The man whose blackjack bludgeoning kept Mary Finn and John Zigler from 'tying the knot' wound up with a knot about his own throat—on a gallows. . . ."

★★★

EDITOR'S NOTE:

John K. Zigler, Preston and Agnes Beck, Augie Fontana and Marjorie Coyne are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of these persons, fictitious names have been used.

**"Finally... The Brutal
Science Of Mind
Manipulation Revealed..."**



**Machiavellian Expert On Human
Behavior Comes Clean About
Hypnosis, Persuasion, And
Mind Control!"**

If the thought of true unlimited personal power has ever crossed your mind... this will be the most important letter you ever read.

For years I've been studying various forms of self improvement, hypnosis and persuasion. Like you, I've chased the trends - the latest "Law of Attraction" knockoff, people claiming to have "inside information" on "secret" hypnosis groups, and all sorts of other nonsense.

ELITE SOCIAL CONTROL

--> CLICK HERE TO DISCOVER MORE <--

Never finished high school?

Now you can get a diploma without going back

You already know why it's important to have a high school education. You've probably learned the hard way that it can be pretty difficult to get the kind of job you want without one. No matter how hard you're willing to work.

What can you do about it?

Maybe you've thought of trying again to get a diploma. But you've suffered enough classroom "battle fatigue" to last you a lifetime. So you'd hate to travel that route again even if you could.

But what if we told you that there was now a much better way to get a high school education? An adult way, which gives you regular high school subjects and your choice of practical vocational subjects which help you get started in one of a number of profitable fields.

That's the unique Wayne School way. You do your reading and assignments in your spare time, in the relaxed atmosphere of your own home, and "turn in" your completed assignments by mail. You don't have to give up your present job. You don't have to study or travel to class at inconvenient times.

**Wayne School
wants to help you finish
high school at home**

And you needn't be afraid of dropping out all over again, if you had trouble with school before. Wayne's specially prepared lessons make even difficult subjects much easier to take. And Wayne grades your assignments in private, by mail. You're free from competitive classroom pressures. You stay relaxed, and your progress is much smoother.

If you're 17 or over and not now in school, why not send for more information? Mail coupon for our free booklet, "*How to finish High School* at home.*" You're in for a pleasant surprise.

Send for free facts

Wayne School
417 S. Dearborn Street, Dept. 70-558
Chicago, Illinois 60605

Please send me your free illustrated booklet "*How to finish High School at home*" containing full information about your courses and teaching methods, and about opportunities for high school graduates.

Print Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

NEW, BRILLIANT HOME BUSINESS PLAN

OWN YOUR OWN

MAIL ORDER

BIG PROFIT

Not just wholesale
Not just below wholesale
You buy at Guaranteed
Lowest, Below Wholesale

Wholesaling Business

Start from your home
— part-time or full-time. We
supply everything you need
to get you started at once.

Burglar-Fire Alarm
your cost 93c
sell for \$2.98

Electric Candle
your cost 33c
sell for \$1.00

Beauty Glo Lamp (exclusive SMC product)
your cost \$1.12
sell for \$3.98

Genuine Russian Leather
your cost 38c ea.
sell for \$1.98

Electric Percolator
your cost \$1.90
sell for \$4.98

Two-Cell Flashlight
your cost 21c
sell for 79c

Automatic Day-Date Calendar
your cost 25c ea.
sell for \$1.00 ea.

Flashing Antenna Emergency Light
your cost 46c
sell for \$1.49

Illuminated Screwdriver
your cost 37c
sell for \$1.59

Miracle Egg Puncher
(prevents cracking while boiling)
your cost 4c
sell for 59c

Magnifying Torch
your cost 30c
sell for \$1.00

Auto-Burglar Alarm
your cost \$1.20
sell for \$4.98

Hair trimmer
your cost 13c ea.
sell for \$1.00

Simulated Diamond
your cost \$8.20
sell for \$98.00

No waiting.
Everything stocked for you.
SMC warehouses everything for you and ships quickly. Most orders are filled the day received. You can buy in small quantities—just one of a kind for many products. Start at once—the day you receive our program!

OVER 1000 SPECTACULAR MONEY-MAKERS
Buy at GUARANTEED Lowest, Below Wholesale Prices
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY — Everything Warehoused for You

MAKE FABULOUS PROFITS IN MAIL ORDER

• New Revolutionary Program •

Everything you need to get volume orders by mail is included in our mail order plan. SMC's lowest prices lets you earn profits of 5, 7, even 10 times your cost. Unlike other mail order businesses, the SMC opportunity gives you multiple ways to bring you volume sales by mail.

Catalog distribution to sub-wholesalers
Catalog & circular distribution to consumers
Drop-ship service to merchants & sub-wholesalers

Our program is designed to bring you a steady stream of repeat, almost effortless reorders. Mail order offers you unlimited opportunity regardless of where you live and without the need for personal salesmanship.

Extra discounts for quantity purchases.
Extra discount on first order.



Choose the money-making plan that suits you best or cash in on all.

MAKE GIGANTIC PROFITS AS A WHOLESALER

3 Tested Easy Ways to Operate

WAGON JOBBING—take orders from merchants & deliver cash sales at the same time. SMC-guaranteed lowest, below wholesale prices lets you sell at wholesale & make staggering big profits for yourself.

DROP-SHIP WHOLESALING—SMC stocks your merchandise & ships for you. We supply catalog, order books, everything!

RACK JOBBING—No direct selling—no door knocking. Your SMC racks do your selling for you. All you do is keep your racks filled. We show you how to get rent-free space in retail stores.

SMC's LOWEST, BELOW WHOLESALE PRICE GUARANTEE

Should an authorized purchaser of SMC products discover price quotations at a lower price, SMC guarantees to equal or better that price providing it is a legitimate offer as outlined in SMC guarantee.

Laminated Padlock
your cost 21c
sell for 59c

Auto Spotlight
your cost 54c
sell for \$1.98

Cube Flash Camera
your cost 77c
sell for \$2.98

Nylon Watch Band
your cost 11c
sell for 88c

Tiniest Flashlight
your cost 28c
sell for \$1.00

Toys 10c sellers
your cost 1c to 3c ea.

Name Brand Appliances at amazingly low prices

Electric Scissors
your cost 85c
sell for \$2.98

Beaded Purse
your cost 19c
sell for \$1.00

Miniature Tool Kit
your cost 18c
sell for \$1.00

Auto/Boat Compass
your cost 66c
sell for \$1.98

Wrench Keychain
your cost 19c
sell for \$1.00

Unbreakable Comb your cost 1 1/2c
sell for 10c

8mm Movie Projector with roll comic film
your cost \$4.40 with film
sell for \$12.95

Hundreds & Hundreds of additional products... Toys—one of the biggest selections in America! Gift & premium products, jewelry, radios, many, many more. We've searched the world to find the best money-makers!

Own Your Own Wholesaling & Mail Order Business

SMC Home Business People Expect Unusual Profits
Read how big earnings may sometimes be

George Partridge — "I started with practically nothing & the first month averaged \$175.00 per week net profit part-time."

Lois E. Beck — "In one month, I made \$914.00 while partially disabled." due to an accident

Jack Messer — "In my second month of operation, I took in \$1,000.00. I'm a schoolteacher so I work part-time with SMC."

William T. Collier — "I have made \$226.00 profit in one day. My goal this year, \$25,000.00."

WE PROTECT YOU
Supply Authorized SMC Wholesalers Only
This opportunity is open to serious men & women who want to operate a big pay spare or full-time home business. Please do not order from this page. Write for free book & ordering instructions. When you answer this ad, you get in on the ground floor.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

M. Priesel, Director
Specialty Merchandise Corp. S-1510
6963 Hayvenhurst Ave., Dept.
Van Nuys, California 91406

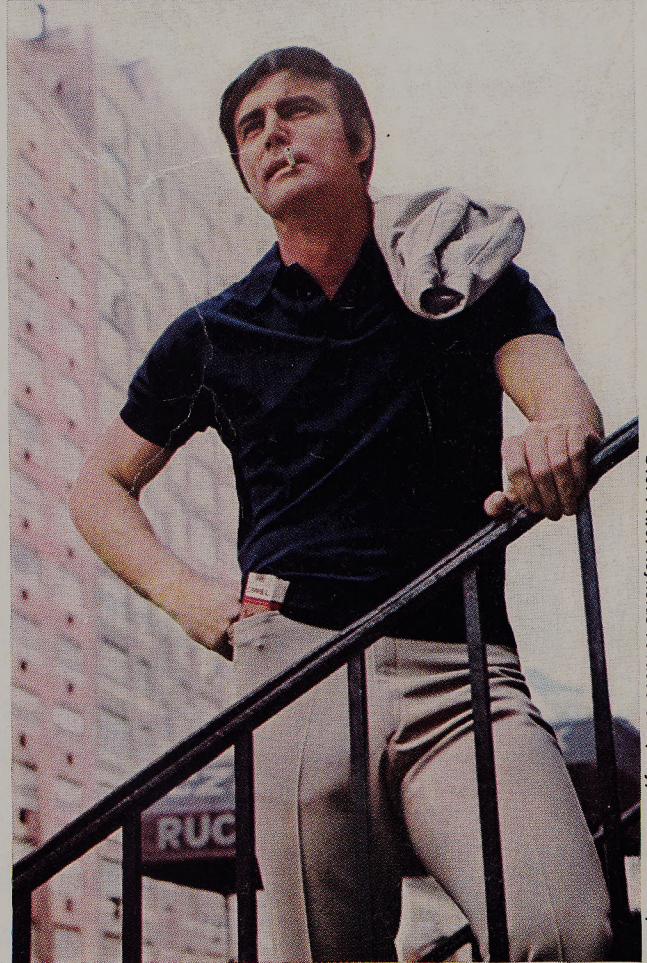
Tell me how I can get started immediately in my own SMC wholesaling and mail order business, buying at guaranteed lowest, below wholesale prices. Rush Free Book.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

After speaking out against everything, Grace Strong relaxed with a radically different cigarette.

Now everybody will be smoking radically different cigarettes

...almost everybody.



©1971 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody.
(But then, they don't try to be.)



20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV. '70.