

HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE AN ANGRY MOTHER-IN-LAW

D.D.04750

# ★ TRUE DETECTIVE

AUGUST, 1981 • 95¢

Riddle of the  
**MURDER**  
BY  
IRISH  
DEVIL  
**WORSHIPPERS!**

Proving there is no place  
where you are  
safe from violence...

**RAPE-MURDER  
IN THE  
FLORIDA CHURCH**



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!**

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

# UPHOLSTERING JUST ONE CHAIR...

**may pay you as much  
as your present  
week's paycheck!\***

*Start Earning 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 get into this business quickly, easily. You start learning the basics right away through the proven MUI Self-Study Plan. And before you're barely into it, you can start doing simple upholstering jobs that are all around you, waiting to be done... chairs, cushions, seats, footstools. Even before many finish the MUI Program people start bringing their upholstery jobs to them. And, remember...

*the world is full of furniture that needs fixing - and more is wearing out, all the time!*

**WHAT STARTED AS A PART TIME HOBBY  
NOW PAYS ME BETTER THAN \$10 AN HOUR!**

Yes, many men and women make better than \$10 an hour turning old worn out furniture into beautiful, bright new decorator pieces. Are you making \$150 a week? \$200? \$300? Do you put in long hours of dull work with small raises? Is that the way you want it? Or would you prefer real independence and security? \*Imagine, you can make \$150 to \$300 upholstering just one chair or sofa these days. And once you get started you can finish jobs like these in a day, or a day and a half. That's REAL pay! It buys you the good things in life that only plenty of steady, big income will bring you.



**You don't  
even have  
to leave  
home!!**

**WORK THE HOURS  
YOU  
LIKE  
TO WORK!!**

**AS YOU  
LEARN, YOU JUST  
SLIP INTO THE IMMENSE  
FLOW OF UPHOLSTERY**

**WORK! Think of all there is...  
SOFAS, CHAIRS, BREAKFAST NOOKS,  
BOATS, VANS, PLANES... hotels, motels,  
theaters, libraries — the list is endless!**

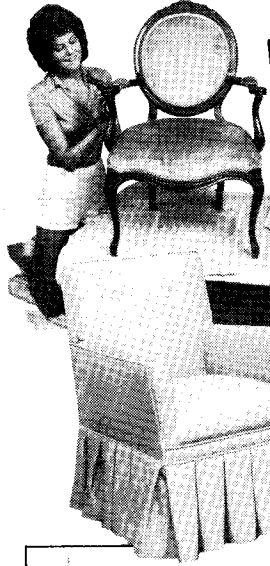
When we finish showing you, you'll have one of the most fantastic money-making skills in America built into your head and hands! No one can ever take this skill away from you... and no one can ever fire you - because you are the boss of a business you can take with you anywhere. And from then on, you can make money, any time.

**IMPORTANT!** With the MUI program you have a huge advantage over those who study at trade schools - or take correspondence courses. The MUI Program is a **PRACTICAL WORKING PROGRAM OF PROGRESSIVE SELF-INSTRUCTION.** It includes BOTH theory and actual hands-on practice with practical projects included in the program. You set your own self-study hours, correct your own progress using detailed keys we provide. No time wasted traveling to schools... no waiting for tests to come back through the mail!

**It's DEPRESSION and AUTOMATION Proof!**  
A Strike here, a lockout there. A plant shuts down and moves out of state. Who 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. Simple, because where there are people there are lots of upholstery jobs. And fun, because life is fun when bills are paid and there's money in the bank. Even enough to buy the EXTRA things you've always wanted!

**NOW  
INCLUDED!  
Everything needed  
to complete fabulous  
furniture worth up to \$300.00 —  
YOURS TO KEEP OR SELL!**

- A magnificent oversized Club Chair • An elegant BOUDOIR CHAIR! • A large OTTOMAN WITH SLIP COVER!
- ALL THE NECESSARY MATERIALS AND HAND TOOLS!

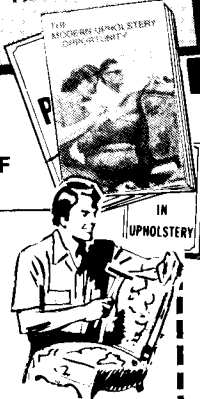


**ALL THE  
SPECIAL "HAND TOOLS OF  
THE TRADE" INCLUDED!**

**TO GET STARTED, JUST GET THE COUPON in The Mail... Today!** It costs you nothing at all to get all the information and there's no obligation. No salesman is going to call.

**YOU'LL GET A BIG ILLUSTRATED 24-page book ON UPHOLSTERY AND THE UPHOLSTERY BUSINESS...** actual sample instructions showing how you can learn the fabulously successful MUI system. 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!

**Modern Upholstery Institute  
852K Field Building, Kansas City, Missouri 64111**

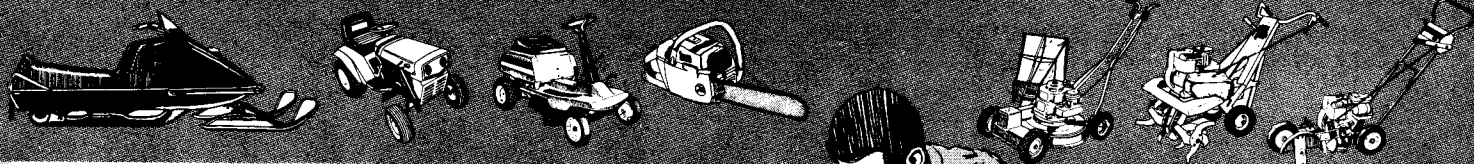


**THIS FREE UPHOLSTERY BOOK may be the most important information you will ever read. MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

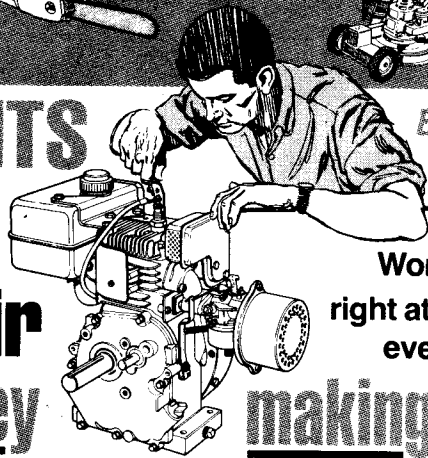
**Modern Upholstery Institute  
852K Field Building, Kansas City, Missouri 64111**

Please send the FREE UPHOLSTERY OPPORTUNITY BOOK, the FREE SAMPLE INSTRUCTIONS. I understand I am under no obligation whatever and am just sending for the FREE FACTS on job and career opportunities in Upholstery and the M.U.I. program. No salesman will call.

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



# Get in on the PROFITS in SMALL ENGINE service and repair Start your own money



**BEAT INFLATION!**  
Cash in on the  
huge demand for  
small engine repair.

**Work part time, full time  
right at home - we help you  
every step of the way.**

**making business!**

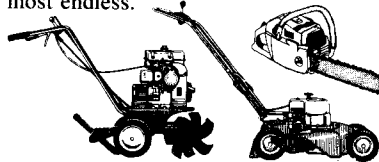
In just a short time, you can be ready to join one of the fastest growing industries in America... an industry where qualified men are making from \$10.00 to \$15.00 per hour... and that's just for labor. Parts, engines and accessories add even more to the profits.



Because the small engine industry has grown so quickly, an acute shortage of qualified Small Engine Professionals exists throughout the country. In fact, it's not unusual for a good small engine man to be three to four weeks behind in the summer and at least a week behind in the winter. When you see how many small engines are in use today, it's easy to understand why qualified men command such high prices—as much as \$17.50 for a simple tune-up that takes less than an hour!

## 46-million small engines are in service today!

That's right—there are over forty-six million 2-cycle and 4-cycle small engines in service across the U.S.A. That's the official count from the Engine Service Assn., and new engines are being built at a rate of one-million per month! With fully accredited and approved Belsaw training, you can soon have the skill and knowledge to make top money servicing these engines. Homeowners and businessmen will seek you out and pay you well to service and repair their lawnmowers, tillers, edgers, power rakes, garden tractors, chain saws, mini-bikes, go-carts, snowmobiles, generators, snowblowers, paint sprayers... the list is almost endless.



## No experience necessary.

You don't have to be a 'born mechanic' or need prior experience. If you can read, you can master this profitable trade right at home, in your sparetime, without missing a single paycheck. Lessons are fully illustrated—so clear you can't go wrong.

## You receive trade secrets and business plans

We guide you every step of the way, including tested and proven instructions on how to get business, what to charge, how to get free advertising, where to get supplies wholesale... all the "tricks of the trade"... all the inside facts you need to assure success right from the start.

### Increased Income

"I've had about 8 years experience repairing small engines... but repairs were only minor... until I started the Belsaw Course."



Walter H. Strick  
Campbell, California

With our famous 'learn-by-doing' training method, you get practical 'hands-on' experience with specialized tools and equipment that you'll receive with your training *plus* a brand-new 4HP engine—*all yours to keep!*

## SEND FOR FREE FACTS!

*You risk nothing by accepting this offer to find out how Belsaw training can give you the skills you need to increase your income in a high-profit, recession-proof business of your own.*

Just fill in and mail coupon below (or send postcard) to receive full information and details by return mail. **DO IT TODAY!**

**BELSAW INSTITUTE OF  
SMALL ENGINE REPAIR**  
472K Field Bldg., Kansas City, MO. 64111

**There is NO OBLIGATION and  
NO SALESMAN Will Call—ever!**

BELSAW INSTITUTE 472K FIELD BUILDING  
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI 64111

**YES**, please send me the FREE booklet that gives full details about starting my own business in Small Engine Repair. I understand there is no obligation and that no salesman will call.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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

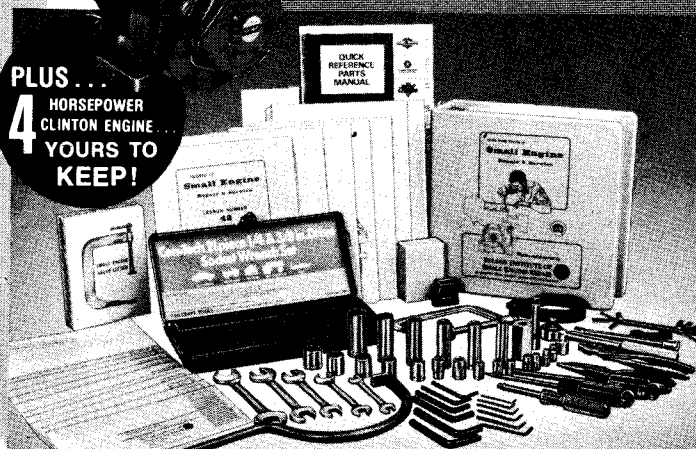
**Send TODAY  
for this  
fact-filled  
FREE  
BOOKLET!**



Tells how you quickly train to be your own boss in a profitable Sparetime or Fulltime business of your own **PLUS** complete details on our **10-Day NO RISK Trial Offer!**

**You get all this Professional  
equipment with your course  
—and it's Yours to KEEP!**

**PLUS...  
4 HORSEPOWER  
CLINTON ENGINE  
YOURS TO  
KEEP!**



Accredited Member, National Home Study Council

# TRUE DETECTIVE

## THE AUTHENTIC MAGAZINE OF CRIME DETECTION

### TD Exclusive

- 6 MURDER BY IRISH DEVIL WORSHIPERS!  
by John Dunning

### TD Specials

- 16 RAPE-MURDER IN THE FLORIDA CHURCH!  
by W.T. Brannon
- 22 HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE AN ANGRY MOTHER-IN-LAW  
by Walt Hecox

### TD Double-Length Feature

- 36 CASE OF THE SILENT WITNESS  
by Paul Burns

### TD Features

- 14 CLUE OF THE TATTLE-TALE LETTER  
by Pedar Daas
- 26 3-YEAR-OLD GIRL STOMPED TO DEATH BY TEENAGER  
by Gary C. King
- 30 TANGLED CONSPIRACY TO KILL WILLIAM BELL  
by Joseph Koenig
- 39 CHARLOTTE'S 400-YARD WALK TO ETERNITY  
by Martin Kraft
- 42 MARYLAND'S CASE OF THE FLOATING LOAN SHARK  
by Krist Boardman
- 46 COULD A WOMAN HAVE BEEN ONE OF KAREN'S KILLERS?  
by Jack Wertz

### TD Departments

- 51 EDITORIAL—A.P. Govoni on Capital Punishment
- 66 CRYPTOGRAM—A Challenge for Detective-Story Readers

September issue of TRUE DETECTIVE on sale July 16th

Editor

A. P. GOVONI

Managing Editor

ART CROCKETT

Circulation Director

WILLIAM D. SMITH

Art Director

MARC EDWARDS

Assistant Managing Editor

RICHARD F. GIBBONS

Associate Editor / Art Consultant

CHRISTOS K. ZIROS

Editorial Assistant / Photo Editor

CLAUDETTE COVEY

Assistant Art Director

FRANCES ADRIAN

Vice President / Advertising Director JOHN BURRIESCI Tel: (212) 777-0800

TRUE DETECTIVE is published monthly by RGH Publishing Corp., New York, N.Y. Executive Advertising and Editorial Offices at 235 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10003. Subscription rates in the United States and its possessions: One Year \$9.00, Two Years \$17.00, Three Years \$24.00. CANADA: One Year \$11.40, Two Years \$22.80, Three Years \$34.20. All other countries, \$13.20 per year. Allow up to eight weeks for start of new subscription. Change of address: 8 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please forward stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if you send your old as well as new address. Write TRUE DETECTIVE, Post Office Box 1159, Dover, New Jersey 07801. 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 damage. Foreign editions handled

through International Division of RGH Publishing Corp., 235 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10003. Reentered as second class matter September 8, 1953 at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class matter by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Ontario Canada Copyright © 1981 by RGH Publishing Corporation. All rights reserved. Copyright under the Universal Copyright Convention. Copyright reserved under Pan-American Convention. Todos derechos reservados según la Convención Pan-Americana de Propiedad & Artística. Title trademark registered in U.S. Patent Office. Printed by the World Color Press, at Sparta, Illinois, U.S.A. Not for export to the United Kingdom or Eire.

# "I NEVER MADE 'REAL MONEY' UNTIL I QUIT WORKING FOR SOMEONE ELSE..."

and started my own Duraclean business!"

*"Starting part-time, my wife and I now have a full-time dealership earning far more than expected."*



A true story of the Wilton Hildenbrands

Duraclean dealerships can start with servicemen bringing very big profits. Also many owners operate part-time, adding a few thousand dollars profit to their annual job salary till business profits exceed the job salary. Then they build their business full time.

A Duraclean husband-and-wife team, Wilton and Margaret Hildenbrand, started a dealership part-time in 1966 with seven world-famous superior methods of cleaning and caring for carpets and upholstered furniture.

Wilton had retired early from the New York City Fire Department. He decided to fulfill a lifetime ambition to have a business OF HIS OWN.

"I'd seen Duraclean ads", remembers Margaret, "and when we saw the superior process demonstrated and found out what a low investment it took, we were sold!"

## 7 Superior Services

Duraclean takes grimy surface soil OUT of furniture and carpets instead of pushing much of it deeper to seep back to resoil the surface as do the scrubbing, steaming and do-it-yourself methods. Difficult spots and stains come out.

Duraclean absorption foam gently "floats" out dirt and soil. Because of its safety and superior cleaning, customers readily pay more for it.

Other services are flameproofing, soil resistance, mothproofing, static removal and restoring damaged pile.

Wilton kept his job. They began part-time. They mailed circulars describing their service and soon the phone began to ring. Margaret made the appointments. Wilton rendered service, then started hiring part-time servicemen. The portable equipment was carried in car trunk until profits paid for first van.

"I must say what I enjoy the most," says Margaret, "is to tell the prospective customer the advantages of the Duraclean process and to know and believe it is the best process."

"Duraclean management paved the way to success for us," Wilton says. "They sent us instructions, which, in simple language told us what to do and how to do it. They even had a

dealer from a neighboring community work with us. Within a week, we not only knew how to clean carpets and furniture but how to find customers."

Duraclean also maintains a 5-day free training school for dealers to attend at any time. Dealers cash in on Duraclean's 50 years success.

The Hildenbrands soon had to hire a helper because orders were piling up so fast. Now most work is done by their four servicemen.

Says Margaret, "I answer the phone, schedule jobs, send out mailings and do the bookkeeping. Wilton does all the job estimating, special spotting jobs and contacts new prospects."

Today, the Hildenbrands provide cleaning for funeral parlors, banks, country clubs, churches, offices, hotels, motels, theaters and homes. Wilton is now an expert correcting smoke damaged furnishings. He puts it, "I learned where there's smoke there's sales!"

Carpet and furniture stores gladly recommend Duraclean to customers. Wilton says, "They tell us it helps them close sales!" 45% of business is now customers' referrals and repeat orders.

Duraclean service is advertised nationally in prestige magazines. It's endorsed by Betsy Palmer and leading furniture and carpet manufacturers.

## A Great "Family Business"

"It's not only a great business, but a great family business," Wilton says: "Except for garaging our trucks, we still run the whole thing out of our home. Our two sons work with us. My wife and I are partners in the operation. I'm making more money than I've ever made and enjoying the comfortable feeling of security you only get by being your own boss."

Margaret adds, "With Duraclean you work with a time-proven process that is all they say it is."

If you think a Duraclean dealership may be a good business for you, why not find out more about it. You can invest as little as \$2,988. Duraclean has the confidence in your success to finance the balance. The all cash investment is only \$9,987. A day's profit about pays your small monthly payments. When your profits exceed job pay, you can quit your job and go full time building your own business!"

## Send for Free Information

The Hildenbrands got started... by mailing a coupon like this for facts about a Duraclean dealership. Why not get the full facts now... before you decide whether to apply for a dealership.

Learn the facts before you decide. Mail coupon NOW.

**Duraclean<sup>®</sup>**  
**International**

1-697 Duraclean Building,  
Deerfield, IL 60015

Established 1930



RUSH BY MAIL 24-page booklet showing how I can own a business of my own while keeping my job. No obligation. No salesman is to call on me.

My Name \_\_\_\_\_ (print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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

# RIDDLE OF THE MURDER BY IRISH DEVIL WORSHIPERS!

by JOHN DUNNING

**A** LITTLE to the west of the city of Cork, Ireland, Highway No. 12, running along the eastern coast to eventually end in Dublin, is joined by Highway No. 6, which, passing inland, arrives at the same city.

This is open moor country, rocky, desolate, treeless. In winter, black, savage storms thunder in off the Atlantic to sweep screaming across the southern tip of Ireland into St. George's Channel and on to England.

The night of December 22, 1979, was the very heart of blackest winter in Cork, the winter solstice when the sun was at its furthest point south and the days were shortest.

In the Atlantic, a storm was building but, by 11:10 in the evening, the precise moment of the winter solstice, only the outriders of the gale had reached the barren lands to the north of Cork.

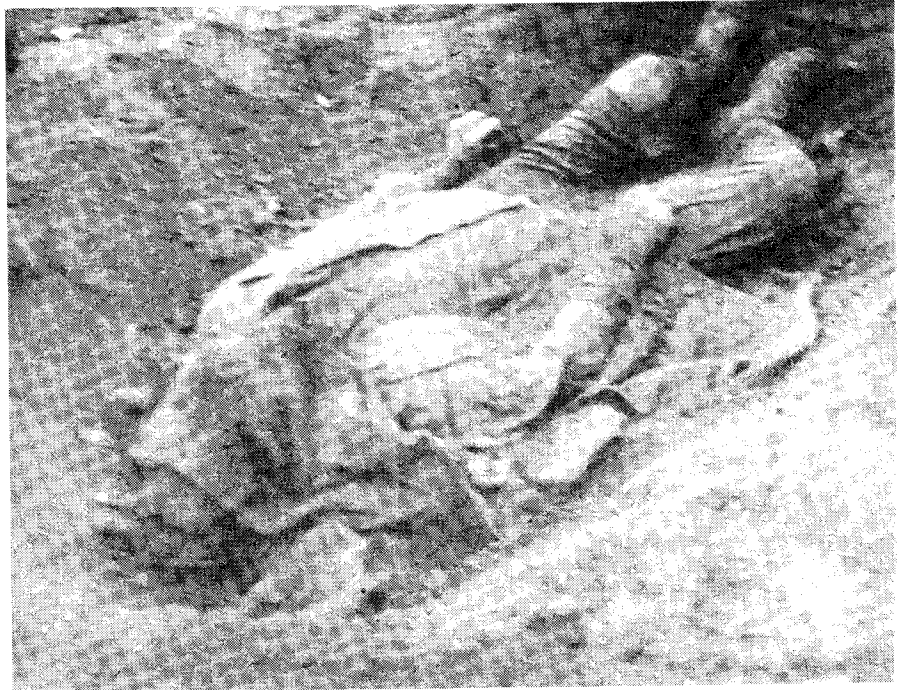
The rising wind tore apart the clouds covering the face of the half-moon and, in its light, a strange figure like some clumsy, prehistoric monster came shuffling over the moor. Two tall figures, their long black gowns sprinkled with weird cabalistic devices, stood silently waiting as the prehistoric monster paused before them, split into two and revealed itself as a man bent double carrying another man on his back.

The man being carried was bound and gagged and the one who had brought him dumped him heavily onto the rocky ground.

There was the dull thud of the body striking the hard earth and a sort of grunt from behind the gag. The porter turned and made off in the direction of Cork as fast as his legs could carry him. Behind him, there arose a series of long, wailing cries which cut through the sound of the wind like a knife.

To the running man, they sounded much too much like the banshee, the Irish spirit which heralds death.

During the night, the storm veered southward to seek out one of the favorite stamping grounds of storms, the Bay of Biscay, and, by nine o'clock the follow-



Cultists who killed victim Eric Willmot slipped up when they buried his body—in the dark, they actually failed to see they'd left one of his feet sticking out

**One of the most confusing elements was the discovery of a jumble of footprints, until probers realized someone had been dancing on the victim's grave!**

ing morning, it was relatively clear and the wind had died to no more than a stiff breeze.

It was at nine o'clock that 42-year-old Ian Gilligan set out in his truck from the city of Cork for the long drive up to Dublin. It was a Sunday and he was happy to be going home in time for Christmas so that he whistled as he drove. He had, however, only just turned into Route

No. 6 and gone perhaps a half mile when something caught his attention on the perfectly bare ground some 50 or 60 feet from the road.

"Well, now," said Ian Gilligan, stopping the truck and climbing down from the cab, "that looks like a shoe sticking out of the ground."

He walked over to the shoe, took hold of it and pulled. A narrow strip of

# THE FASTEST GROWING CHURCH IN THE WORLD

by Brother Keith E. L'Hommedieu, D.D.

It's quite safe to say that of all the organized religious sects on the current scene, one church in particular stands above all in its unique approach to religion. The Universal Life Church is the only organized church in the world with no traditional religious doctrine. In the words of Kirby J. Hensley, founder, "The ULC only believes in what is right, and that all people have the right to determine what beliefs are right for them, as long as they do not interfere with the rights of others."

Reverend Hensley is the leader of the worldwide Universal Life Church with a membership now exceeding 11 million ordained ministers of all religious beliefs. Reverend Hensley started the church in his garage by ordaining ministers by mail. During the 1960's, he traveled all across the country appearing at college rallies held in his honor where he would perform mass ordinations of thousands of people at a time. These new ministers were then exempt from being inducted into the armed forces during the undeclared Vietnam war.

In 1966 Reverend Hensley was fighting the establishment on another front. The IRS tried to claim the ULC wasn't a legal church and proceeded to impound the ten thousand dollars in the church bank account. The feisty Hensley filed suit against the IRS in federal district court for return of the funds and to permanently establish the ULC as a legal tax exempt entity. On March 1, 1974 Judge James F. Battin ruled against the IRS in his decision which stated, "Neither this court or any branch of this government will consider the merits or fallacies of a religion. Nor will the court praise or condemn a religion. Were the court to do so, it would impinge upon the guarantees of the First Amendment." The judge then ordered the IRS to return the impounded money and to grant the Universal Life Church its tax exempt status.

Reverend Hensley has stated that he believes a church is people and not just a fancy building. He also believes in total freedom and equality for all people. The ULC will ordain anyone without regard to religious beliefs, race, nationality, sex or age.

The ULC's success formula is both effective and unquestionably legal. After a person has become an ordained minister, he or she can join with two other people and form their own Universal Life Church. These three people then make up the Board of Directors consisting of a Pastor, a Secretary and a Treasurer. The ULC will then grant the group the use of its legal church charter complete with both federal and state tax exempt numbers. The newly formed church may then open a bank account in the church's name. Any member of the church can legally donate up to 50% of his or her outside income to the church and take a corresponding tax deduction. The church in turn can pay the complete housing cost of its minister including rent or mortgage payment, insurance, taxes, furnishings and repairs. The church can also provide the minister with full use of an automo-



Brother L'Hommedieu is Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Sacerdotal Order of the Universal Life and serves on the Board of Directors of the International Universal Life Church, Inc.

bile as well as pay for travel and educational expenses. None of these expenses are reported as income to the IRS. Recently a whole town in Hardenburg, New York became Universal Life ministers and turned their homes into religious retreats and monasteries thereby relieving themselves of property taxes, at least until the state tries to figure out what to do.

Churches enjoy certain other tax benefits over the common man on the street. For instance, a church can legally buy and sell real estate or stocks and bonds completely tax free. It can receive tax free income from bank deposits or mortgages. Many churches own large publishing, recording, or other related businesses like hospitals, clinics and schools without paying any income tax.

A church can sponsor any kind of fund raising event such as a concert, play or even bingo. Churches are also exempt from paying inheritance taxes. When the pastor of the church dies, the Board of Directors simply appoints a new pastor and the church goes on.

Reverend Hensley has stated that he personally doesn't believe in the tax exempt status of churches. However, if the government is going to give a free ride to Billy Graham and the Pope, then why not let everybody participate in these blessings. Furthermore, he backs his words up by offering to defend in court the tax exempt status of his congregations.

Since the church was founded in 1962, it has attracted members who are movie and TV personalities, businessmen, government officials, lawyers, and doctors as well as all types of regular working people. During the last 15 years the Universal Life church has blossomed into a full blown grass roots populace movement. Reverend Hensley is ordaining ten thousand new ministers a week and predicts that the church will have over 20,000,000 members by the early 1980's. In addition, requests for interviews and TV appearances continue to pour in.

Anyone who is a member of the ULC will tell you that the ULC is destined to change the world. By unifying mankind into a brotherhood of freedom orientated individuals, each respecting the other's right to live life as they see fit, the Universal Life Church hopes to put an end to all wars. Reverend Hensley admits that this is a pretty monumental task to accomplish, but he also points out that he is already well on the way to reaching his goal.

Rev. Hensley invites all those interested in becoming an ordained minister and receiving complete information and Minister's Credentials, to send a \$10<sup>00</sup> tax deductible donation to the Universal Life Church, 1335 Seabright Ave., Dept. 287, Santa Cruz, CA 95062





**Verren Brady, daughter of the devil worshipers' high priestess, felt obliged to do what she did not only as a loyal offspring, but as a faithful member of cult**

freshly turned earth beyond the shoe lifted slightly. Gilligan stopped pulling.

"Just as I thought," he said. "There's a foot in it."

He went back to the truck, turned it around and drove into Cork where, after asking directions, he asked for the Central Police Station, parked, and then entered the charge room.

A sergeant holding down the Sunday morning duty at the charge desk looked up, said, "Yes?" and waited patiently.

"There's a man lying buried just to the north of the Route 6 turnoff," said Gilligan without preamble.

"You mean he's dead?" the sergeant asked uncertainly. Cork only has a

population of about 125,000. There are not all that many murders there.

"That, I can't say," Ian Gilligan replied. "I didn't stop to speak with him. Not that I've had much experience in the matter, but generally when they're buried, they're dead."

"Sit down there and wait," said the sergeant. "We'll soon have this straightened out."

He pressed the button of the intercom to connect him with the dispatcher in the communications center and instructed him to have one of the patrol cars come to the station to pick up Mr. Gilligan who would take them to the scene of his discovery.

This was promptly done and some 20 minutes later the patrolman reported over the radio telephone that Mr. Gilligan's report was exact in all details. There was a man buried in the open moor to the north of the city and all that was sticking out was one of his shoes. As it seemed extremely unlikely that this was a natural death, the patrolman had not disturbed the corpse or even attempted to uncover it.

The sergeant told them to remain where they were and to allow no one to approach the body until the arrival of the homicide squad. Mr. Gilligan, whose name and address he already had, could proceed on his way.

He then instructed the dispatcher to telephone Inspector Daniel McEvoy, Chief of the Homicide Squad, his assistant, Detective Sergeant Patrick Halloran, and the Cork coroner, Dr. George Dunn.

Less than an hour later and well before noon, these three men were standing looking down at the shallow grave from which only the telltale shoe protruded. All three were hard, muscular men with black hair and ruddy complexions so that they looked almost like triplets, although there was a difference in sizes, the doctor being the largest and the sergeant the smallest. In addition, the inspector was going a bit gray over the ears.

At the moment, all that they could do was to look at the grave, because the inspector did not want to disturb it until the experts from the police laboratory had arrived to photograph the scene and secure any clues that might be present. He was assuming that this was murder and had called out nearly the entire staff of the police laboratory who, not being on call, were not so easily located.

Two more patrol cars had also arrived and, under the direction of the sergeant, had staked off an area some 500 yards square with the grave containing the corpse in the center.

Shortly before noon, the laboratory technicians arrived, made their pictures and, having examined the ground around and over the grave, reported that the only clues present were a great many splashes of blood, presumably from the victim, and a confused tangle of footprints. It looked, they said, as if someone had been dancing there.

Pictures and, where possible, casts of the footprints were made and the earth was carefully removed from the corpse.

This was not a very difficult task as the body had been buried a scant six inches under the surface.

"Lazy beggars," remarked the inspector. "If they had given him another six inches, we might never have found him. What seems to have been his trouble?"

The doctor had got down on his knees and was examining the corpse.

"I can't say, really," he said. "It looks

AT LAST... A DIET THAT'S FUN!

# Pep Up As You Slim Down... Feel Fantastic As You Lose Weight!

## The Pure Pleasure Diet 100% Natural **GUARANA**

South American Wonder  
Herb Lifts Your Spirits,  
Lowers Your Appetite —  
Increases Energy,  
Stamina, Alertness

A dieter's dream-come-true! The amazing *Guarana Diet* turns down your appetite, lifts your spirits, lets you have the time of your life! Discovered centuries ago by the Indians of Venezuela and Brazil, this wonder herb is practically magical—It *decreases* your desire for food, *increases* stamina, produces a blissful "natural high". You're elated, energetic, ready for anything.

### THE FUN WAY TO LOSE WEIGHT

Imagine—no more "urge to splurge", no gnawing hunger pains, no dangerous drugs. *Guarana* works safely, naturally to help peel away those excess pounds and inches . . . Gives you a sense of well-being *without* any side effects, addiction, or depressing letdown. Takes the struggle out of dieting . . . Just use in combination with any sensible eating plan. It's *Instant Will Power* . . . Automatically you find yourself eating less and enjoying life more.

### GUARANINE—THE MIRACLE INGREDIENT

Scientific researchers report most impressive test results with *Guarana*. World-renowned herbalist, M. Grieve, states that guaranine—the miracle ingredient in *Guarana*—has the same chemical makeup as caffeine and cocaine. Its physiological action is much the same—but with one very important difference: *No side effects!* Suppresses your appetite just as effectively as amphetamines—yet it's completely organic, hassle-free, drug free. *IN FACT* . . . *Guarana is so safe, you don't need a prescription to buy it.*

### EXCITING, POSITIVE RESULTS—MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Dieters everywhere are ecstatic about this amazing diet discovery. A noted New York photographer reports: "Guarana gives me a definite zap of energy. I feel mellow and laid back, but have extra strength all day." A famous novelist tried it and

**READ THIS: If you don't read anything else!**  
Dieters often experience a virtually immediate large and rapid weight loss. If you have any systemic disease, check with your doctor first.



No Hassles, No Dangerous Drugs —  
Safe, Effective, Easy to Use

## Slimliner Special!

Not \$20. Not \$15.

Now Only **\$9.95**

loved it: "Guarana reminded me a little of speed. It has a definite buzz and burst of energy, but no crash at all."

*Not for dieters only*—Great for helping maintain normal weight once you've reached your goal. Helps reinforce proper eating habits. Check with your doctor, then order on Full MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Try the *Pure Pleasure Diet*, and judge for yourself. Use the *Guarana Natural Weight-Loss System* for 14 days at our risk—If you don't agree it is the most exciting, most effective diet plan ever, simply return unused portion for full refund of purchase price. But hurry—Don't miss out! Order yours today, while supplies last.

**Guarana Diet Tablets**  
No. 4500 . . . . . \$9.95

**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED—  
MAIL TODAY!**

Liftee Co. Dept. G230  
Box 608 Church Street, N.Y. C. 10008

Yes! Please rush my supply of *Natural-Diet Guarana* (No. 4500) as indicated below, on Full MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

- One bottle (90 tablets) @ only \$9.95
- SAVE! Two 90/tabs bottles just \$18.95
- SUPER SAVINGS! Three 90/tabs bottles only \$26.95

Plus \$1.05 Postage & Handling per order

Enclosed is \$ \_\_\_\_\_ (check or money order)  
(N.Y. residents add sales tax)

CHARGE IT:  Visa  Master Charge

Acct. No. \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

PRINT NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

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

We ship within 48 hours; delays notified promptly. Delivery guaranteed!

© 1981 Liftee Co. (A Division of Nu-Find Products Inc.)  
12 Warren St. N.Y. C. and N.H. Inc.

**DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED**

to me like he's been beat to death with a club, but he's bound and gagged and, until we get the things off him, it's hard to say. One thing for certain, it didn't happen very long ago. He's still stiff as a board."

"Well, let's get him back to the morgue, then," said the inspector. "We'll have to take the ropes and the gag off carefully. They may be a clue to whoever did this."

"Maybe there's something in his clothing that tells who he is," suggested the sergeant. "Except for the face, he looks like some kind of a gypsy to me."

The face of the corpse did not look like anything or, at least not anything human. It was a mass of raw, swollen, burst flesh from which broken bones and teeth protruded. It had probably looked worse when it was fresh. By now, the blood which covered it had dried to a relatively smooth, dark brown mask.

"Could be that we have his fingerprints on file," said the inspector. "Somehow, I have the feeling that nobody's going to report him missing."

This turned out to be an accurate feeling. No one reported any man missing who even vaguely resembled the corpse found buried on the moor.

The autopsy had determined that the unknown victim was a man in his middle thirties, in good health, well nourished, but not fat and that he had been subjected to a good many beatings in the past prior to the fatal one which had put an end to his life.

"In the past, he was beaten over the bare back and buttocks with a dog whip or something like it," said the doctor. "The fatal beating was, however, with something hard, heavy and angular. Iron bars, I should say, and there seem to have been at least two of them. The marks of the blows on the skin are not quite the same."

"And which killed him?" the inspector asked. "The beating on the chest or the head?"

"Either or both," said the doctor. "His skull was fractured and his entire face was smashed with massive hemorrhaging. However, his rib cage was also smashed in and the ends of the broken ribs penetrated a number of vital organs. The blows to the testicles were not very hard. I suspect that they didn't want him to lose consciousness."

"Hard to understand what a man could do that would make him have enemies like that," the inspector remarked. "Well, we still don't know who he was. The laboratories are trying to trace the rope and the gag, but they're not very optimistic. The gag was just an old rag that could have been fished out of any dustbin and the rope is old and has been used for years for tying up everything from horses to pigs. Pat's got a squad going through the bars. From the way he was dressed, he looks like a man



**Each time Phoebe Brady, the cult high priestess, took a husband, he ran off because of her excessive sexual demands. But her last spouse didn't make it . . .**

who would spend a good deal of time in bars, but, as all we have to describe is his clothing, I don't expect much in the way of results there either."

The inspector was unnecessarily pessimistic, however. Sergeant Halloran did succeed in finding several persons who recognized the clothing that had been worn by the victim.

He had not, however, spent very much time in bars as he had never appeared to have enough money to buy anything in them. If the identification was correct, he was 36-year-old Eric Willmot, a man who made his living going around to the fairs and markets where he sold pots and pans and sharpened knives.

"Just what I thought," said the inspector. "A gypsy of some sort. A tinker. Probably one of these things where nobody but a gypsy can understand the motive at all. I suppose you've had no luck locating him?"

"None at all," said the sergeant. "There was a man named Eric Willmot, thirty-six years of age, living here in Cork or, at least, he was here some of the time. I haven't found anyone who's seen him since the twentieth of December however. If this is Willmot, he was formerly married and I've located the ex-wife. She's coming down to take a look

at the body. She says that, if it's him, she could identify him without the face."

"It probably is Willmot," said the inspector. "When did he and his wife break up? Could that have anything to do with the murder?"

"I doubt it," said the sergeant. "They were divorced in 1972 and it was by mutual agreement. Willmot's been living with some other woman since about 1973 and I'm trying to determine who she was and whether she knows anything about this now."

"Report as soon as you get something," said the inspector. "I have a few other things that I have to attend to right now, but I have the feeling that there's something very funny about this case. It must have been an unusual motive for somebody to murder a man who went around sharpening knives and selling pots and pans and hadn't enough money to even go to the bar. Did the witnesses describe him as particularly handsome?"

"Nothing extra," the sergeant replied.

A day later, he returned with the report that he had located the woman with whom Eric Willmot had been living since late 1973. She was 43-year-old Phoebe Brady and she had expressed great astonishment to learn that Eric Willmot was dead. She had thought, she said, that he had gone to Canada.

"And that corresponds exactly to what everyone who knew him has been telling me," said the sergeant. "For the past month, he's been talking about nothing but emigrating to Canada. He's been saving his money and he told somebody that if he sold his wedding ring, he would have enough to pay for the ticket. Everybody else thought that he had gone to Canada, too."

"This Brady is just a common-law wife, then, I take it?" said the inspector.

"Their marriage wasn't officially registered anywhere," the sergeant answered. "Mrs. Brady says that she performed the marriage ceremony herself."

"Performed it herself?" the inspector repeated. "Since when has the church started ordaining women priests?"

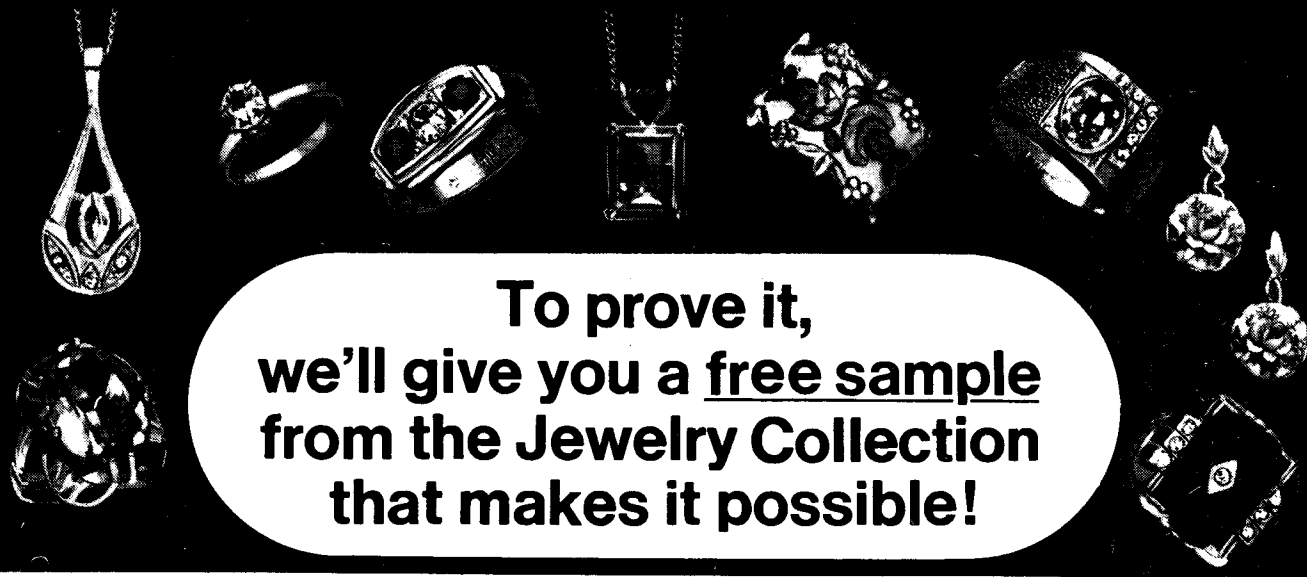
"In her church, all the priests are women," said the sergeant. "She's the head of some kind of a sect. Devil worshippers, I'm told. There are only about twenty or thirty members in the whole church and they travel around the country in caravans and old buses. She makes her living telling fortunes. How the others do, God knows."

"They sound like gypsies to me, the whole bunch of them," the inspector commented.

"They're not," said the sergeant. "They're ordinary Irish, but not good Catholics."

"I can believe it," said the inspector. "Does Mrs. Brady have any idea as to

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**JUST SHOW . . . AND SELL!**

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

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

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

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

**SEND FOR COMPLETE MONEY-MAKING OUTFIT . . . FREE;**

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

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

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

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



SEND TO: **MERLITE INDUSTRIES, INC. Dept. 311-E**  
 114 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011

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

MR.  
 MRS.  
 MISS .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....

In Canada: MOPA CO., LTD., 395 Dowd St., Montreal, Quebec H2Z 1B6

© 1977 Merlite Industries, Inc. PA-19



**Beer-drinking ex-con Michael Harmsworth had hard time explaining where he'd come up with all the cash for his latest binge**



**All Eric Willmot wanted was to get his fortune told. Instead, he wound up as husband of the devil worshippers' high priestess**

who beat her husband to death? Or was it her husband? What about that ex-wife? Did she come down to identify the body?"

"Yes, she did," the sergeant replied. "He had a few moles and things and she told us in advance where they would be before she looked at the body. Dr. Dunn has declared it officially identified. Mr. Brady says that Willmot was killed by the satanists in order to harm her."

"I thought that she was the head of the satanists?" said the inspector, confused.

"No, she's the high priestess of the devil worshippers," said the sergeant. "The satanists are a rival group who call themselves the Third Coven. The devil worshippers don't have any name for themselves. They just call themselves the devil worshippers."

"Things are changing here in Ireland," the inspector, remarked, shaking his head. "It's not the same place anymore. All right. Who's in charge of the satanists and do you have him in custody?"

"It's a woman," said the sergeant. "Most of these sects seem to have women in charge. The satanists are

more attractive. Miss Maureen Donahue, the high priestess, is only twenty-nine and she's a fine looking woman. She has a bigger congregation too and a good many of them are employed. They are not as much of a ragtail lot as the devil worshippers. I don't have her in custody because we haven't a scrap of evidence that she had anything whatsoever to do with Willmot's murder. There's a lot of rivalry between the devil worshippers and the satanists and it could be that Mrs. Brady is simply taking a crack at the competition. I've talked to Miss Donahue and she says that she wouldn't be willing to come close enough to one of the devil worshippers to beat him to death."

"What about the devil worshippers themselves?" the inspector asked. "Maybes. Brady thought that she needed a new husband and wanted to get rid of the old one."

The sergeant shrugged. "With people like these, anything is possible," he said. "I have a comparatively complete background on her and on the sect because police forces all over the country have been keeping an eye on them for

years. They have too much money for being permanently unemployed and they look like the sort that would steal things. Apparently they don't, however. None of them has ever been charged."

"Let's hear it, then," said the inspector.

The sergeant delivered his report. Phoebe Brady, it seemed, was a second generation devil worshipper, having taken over the sect from her mother, who had died in 1973. Although born and raised in Dublin where her mother had founded the sect three years before her birth, she had spent most of her life traveling around the country with her group, which had all the attributes of a gypsy tribe, if not the customs.

The group appeared to earn its money by telling fortunes, dealing in second-hand goods and junk, and selling household wares at fairs and market places. The devil worship was mainly confined to a little dancing on the moor under the light of the full moon with subsequent sexual orgies whenever the weather permitted.

Mrs. Brady herself had had a rather active love life, becoming pregnant at

*(Continued on page 56)*

Valuable  
**FREE  
GIFT!**  
with any  
order

Natural Look **CAPLESS Stretch WIGS** Any Style

Feels as light and cool as your own hair. **\$7.95**

"PERMANENTLY SET" READY TO WEAR STYLES NEVER NEED SETTING

- Choice of 17 attractive colors or custom matched to your own hair
- Permanently set—wash and wear—the setting bounces back
- Made of miracle modacrylic fiber—has the luster, rich body and bounce of human hair—behaves better than real hair
- No costly settings at the beauty parlor
- Packs in your purse—crush resistant
- Looks and feels like real hair—you'll mistake it for your own



EXCLUSIVE  
SPECIAL PURCHASE  
**SAVE UP TO 72%**  
OFF REGULAR PRICES

Any 2  
for only  
**\$13.90**  
SAVE  
**\$2.00**  
MORE



Style C-218



Style C-234



Style C-224



Style C-927



Style C-727



Style C-545



Style C-925



Style C-944



Style C-229



Style C-903



Style C-214



Style C-231



Style C-215



Style C-225

**FREE 10 DAY TRIAL COUPON!**

FRANKLIN FASHIONS CORP., Dept. S-690  
103 East Hawthorne Ave., Valley Stream, N.Y. 11580

Rush my "Natural Look Capless Wig" style(s) I must be absolutely satisfied or I can return my order within 10 days and my money will be refunded. Keep the Free Gift in any case.

Check Box of Color Desired (or Send a sample of Your Hair for Expert Matching)

<input type="checkbox"/> Black	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark Blonde	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark Frosted
<input type="checkbox"/> Off Black	<input type="checkbox"/> Ash Blonde	<input type="checkbox"/> Mixed Black & Grey
<input type="checkbox"/> Light Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Platinum	<input type="checkbox"/> Mixed Brown & Grey
<input type="checkbox"/> Medium Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Light Auburn	<input type="checkbox"/> Medium Auburn
<input type="checkbox"/> Dark Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Medium Auburn	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark Auburn
<input type="checkbox"/> Light Blonde	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark Auburn	<input type="checkbox"/> Light Frosted
<input type="checkbox"/> Medium Blonde	<input type="checkbox"/> Light Frosted	

Check Box of Style Number Desired

<input type="checkbox"/> C-224	<input type="checkbox"/> C-927
<input type="checkbox"/> C-215	<input type="checkbox"/> C-229
<input type="checkbox"/> C-727	<input type="checkbox"/> C-545
<input type="checkbox"/> C-225	<input type="checkbox"/> C-925
<input type="checkbox"/> C-231	<input type="checkbox"/> C-903
<input type="checkbox"/> C-944	<input type="checkbox"/> C-214
<input type="checkbox"/> C-218	<input type="checkbox"/> C-234

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

PREPAID: I enclose \$7.95 for one wig plus \$1.95\* for shipping & handling.  
 C.O.D.: I enclose \$2 deposit and will pay postman balance plus pstg. & handling  
 PREPAID: SAVE \$2.00. I enclose \$13.90 + \$3.90 for shipping & handling for any 2 wigs

\* N.Y. State residents add sales tax.

# CLUE OF THE TATTLE-TALE LETTER

by PEDAR DAAS

**T**HE DRAWN expression on the man's face etched deeper as he entered the police station in Corcoran, a suburb of Minneapolis, Minnesota, early Monday morning, August 11, 1980. "What's bothering you, Dave?" inquired the officer behind the desk, "You look worried."

"It's about Carol," David Hoffman replied. "She left the house about midnight. I've been out looking for her ever since. I can't find her. I don't know what's become of her and it scares me."

"I wouldn't worry. Carol's a pretty level-headed young woman. She's probably with one of her friends. She'll be back."

"But I've called all of her friends. They haven't seen her. All she took with her was her purse. There wasn't much money in it—only a few dollars."

"What caused her to leave, Dave?" the lawman asked.

"We fought about money matters. We never seem to be able to make ends meet, and now with mother staying with us, it hasn't helped any. But we've been through this before and nothing like this has ever happened."

"We'll look around and if you don't find her within a reasonable time, we'll call the county sheriff's office. There's always the possibility she may have decided to go to Minneapolis," the officer observed.

"I thought of that," the 34-year-old Hoffman agreed, "but then, hitchhiking after midnight, unless it would be with someone from Corcoran she knows, could be frightening and Carol's not the type to ride with a stranger."

A quick search by police found no trace of her Carol Hoffman and Sheriff Don Omodt of Hennepin County was



Sixty-five-year-old grandmother Helen Ulvinen and son David Hoffman (below) became principal suspects in the murder of Hoffman's wife, Carol, whose dismembered body was found in a lake



notified. He was given a description of the missing woman and the clothes she was wearing. A number of deputies were assigned to the case, and an investigation begun.

What appeared to be the first break in the case developed when deputies discovered a purse alongside Highway 101. It contained identification papers indicating it belonged to 26-year-old Carol Lynn Hoffman. Shocked at the discovery, Hoffman identified it as his wife's purse.

The lawmen began searching the area, but found no other evidence. However, the fact that the purse had been discarded tended to substantiate the impression some of the deputies had, that it was possible she had been forcibly abducted or else had accepted a ride from a stranger while presumably on her way to Minneapolis.

This latest development had a profound effect upon David Hoffman and his mother, leading them to believe that she had met with foul play. Hoping against hope, the distraught husband kept a lonely vigil by the phone waiting for a call from Carol that never came.

An intensive search for the missing housewife now began in earnest, encompassing an area about three miles around the Hoffman residence. Sheriff's deputies, along with Corcoran police and volunteers, began combing the grounds aided by a helicopter and tracking dogs. Drainage ditches, culverts, patches of woodland, open fields and abandoned buildings were carefully checked out, without any results.

Meanwhile, detectives were questioning friends and relatives of the Hoffmans. They found nothing in their background that would indicate any semblance of a serious rift between the young couple. From what they learned, they were very much in love with each

*(Continued on page 66)*

**The evidence that came to light in the  
Minnesota courtroom would show that although  
only one person died, there were many more  
victims in the murder of Carol Hoffman**

# The \$12,000 Secret of an Ohio Housewife

Have you tried to make an honest dollar at home lately?

My wife and I did. And, we found ourselves flooded with bogus envelope stuffing schemes, "party plans", and a variety of other non-profit balderdash. It was a sour experience.

Then, several years ago at a bridge party, one of the guests began discussing a very different and special home "money project". The secret was literally whispered across the table.

We discussed the idea as we were driving home. We decided to try it.

The project kept us busy about four hours a week. We used our dining room as an "office". At first our income was small — about \$65.00 to \$75.00 per week. But as the weeks passed we began making hundreds of dollars each week—all at home.

Let me emphasize one thing. This is very important. Our "money project" is moral, honest and downright enjoyable. And, it's 100% your own. It doesn't involve working for anyone else.

I explained the project to my mother in Akron, Ohio. She was 71 years old and lived by herself in an apartment on W. Market St. But within the first 90 days she made over \$3,000.00. All by herself!

As our curiosity grew, we discovered a variety of other people making money but with somewhat different projects . . .

I talked with an Ohio housewife who's been earning thousands of dollars for over six years.

- She provides a needed service to her neighborhood.
- No one comes to her home - nor does she go to anyone else's.
- She uses only her telephone, a spiral notebook and a small filing box.
- She makes up to \$100.00 per week, spare time.
- Her service requires no technical skill of any kind. Some states require a simple license.
- Mary works for no one else. She does no selling whatsoever. Most of her clients call her at home.
- Her service is so simple that almost anyone could start the same project in **just 9 days!**

A woman in Pennsylvania uses a similar project to make up to \$300.00 per week—all in cash—all earned at home.

An Oregon husband-wife team started the same project we did. In a recent letter they

reported gross income of over \$14,000.00—all earned at home!

Obviously, this is exceptional income. What you make will be largely up to you. But the income potential from some of these projects can be staggering! For example, a California couple using the same project we used made \$14,870.00 in just five months.

Again, these data are accurate or we couldn't—and wouldn't—print them.



## HOW TO START

This isn't a "get rich quick" scheme. These money projects will require time and effort on your part.

But you won't need "money" to begin. Most of these projects can be started on less than \$25.00 . . . many on less than \$10.00.

You won't need a car . . . in a few cases it would be helpful, but not necessary.

You won't need youth. Maturity and experience are excellent assets.

You won't need an "office". Just one corner of a spare room is usually sufficient.

Best of all, you won't have to wait. Most of these projects can be started in **just 9 days!**

We've put everything . . . every secret . . . in a simple Guide. It's entitled **THE \$12,000 HOUSEWIFE**.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

All data presented here are supported by correspondence and bank records on file. All the money projects described are independent. They do not involve you in any commercial "work-at-home" schemes or businesses in which you must deal in any way with a parent company.

All money you may receive will be your own.

Your satisfaction with our Guide is absolutely guaranteed or your money will be promptly refunded.



Green Tree Press, Inc.

## TRY THIS TEST

1. When your materials arrive, select just one money project . . . the one you like best.
2. Try it for six months. Remember to begin slowly.
3. At the end of this trial period examine your income. If you're not satisfied with the results, return the book and we will **REFUND YOUR FULL PURCHASE PRICE**.

## SIX-MONTH MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

To prove that you can make extra money at home, you have our positive 100% money-back guarantee. Order your guide. Keep it for up to six months. This gives you time to actually try a project yourself. If you're not satisfied just return it. We'll send you a full refund within **three working days**—no nonsense—no excuses—no hassles.

If you're still skeptical feel free to **post date your check 45 days**. That way it's not cashable for a month and a half. I'll send your Guide right away. Read everything. Try a project. Again, if you're not satisfied, return the materials and I'll return your original **UNCASHED** check. This way there is **absolutely no risk to you!**

Our offices are located on Temple Road in Dunkirk, N. Y. We belong to the Dunkirk Chamber of Commerce and our telephone number is 716-366-8300. We're there from 9 am - 5 pm weekdays. Our bank reference is Liberty National Bank and Trust Co., Dunkirk, N. Y. 14048.



Ernest Weckesser  
c/o The Green Tree Press, Inc.  
10576 Temple Road, Dept. 404  
Dunkirk, New York 14048

Send me my guaranteed copy of your starter guide entitled **THE \$12,000<sup>00</sup> HOUSEWIFE** for a six month trial period. If at any time during that six month period I am not satisfied, I may return it. You will send me a full refund of the purchase price within three working days . . . no delays. Also, I may post date my check 45 days from now. If I return the materials within 45 days you will return my original check - **uncashed**. On that basis I am enclosing \$9.95.

- Check or Money Order enclosed  
 Charge to Visa or Master Charge (please include your account number and expiration date)

Acct. # \_\_\_\_\_ Expires \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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

**FOR EXTRA FAST SERVICE YOU MAY ORDER BY PHONE. JUST CALL 716-366-8300 WITH YOUR VISA OR MASTER CHARGE ACCOUNT NUMBER.**

©1980 Green Tree Press, Inc.



If you think there are still islands of safety from violent criminals in this country, you'll think differently when you read about the

# RAPE-MURDER IN THE

by W.T. BRANNON

**T**HERE WERE more than the normal number of spectators in the courtroom of Circuit Judge David Patterson in the Pinellas County Judicial Building in St. Petersburg, Fla., when the trial began to Monday, Nov. 17, 1980.

In addition to the usual courtroom habitués—retired men and women who often attend trials of criminal cases, even though they are not acquainted with the participants—the audience included friends of the victim as well as friends and relatives of the accused.

If Judge Patterson was surprised by the larger crowd that stood up as he came from his chambers and took his seat behind the bench, he gave no indication of it. He did, however, note that one section of the courtroom reserved for about 40 prospective jurors was filled. After the preliminaries had been dispensed with, jury selection process got under way.

The case actually began for the police of St. Petersburg, a rapidly growing metropolitan city of about 250,000 population, late on Thursday, April 24, 1980, when Detective Gary Hitchcox was sent to the First Evangelical Baptist Church at Fourth Street and Seventh Avenue South, on the fringe of St. Petersburg's downtown business section, to investigate a murder.

The church is located less than two miles from police headquarters and minutes later, Hitchcox's car skidded to a stop in front of the two-story white concrete building. He found three double doors leading into the church, but only one was open.

A young woman, who said she was a high school student and a member of the church, was waiting at the open doors. She said she had called for an ambulance after she had notified the police. The wail of a siren could be heard as the detective entered the church.

The girl pointed to the floor just inside the open doors. Detective Hitchcox followed the trail of blood, which consisted of drops and smears, up some stairs and

along a hallway, past the church's pulpit and into the church office.

He stopped abruptly. He had handled many cases of assault, but none quite as brutal as this. Lying on the floor of the church office was an elderly woman who appeared to be in her sixties.

Most of her clothing had been stripped from her and her body was nearly nude. Although her head appeared to have been twisted out of position, she was still breathing.

Outside Hitchcox could hear the siren slowly winding down. Then the sound of feet pounding on the floor as two attendants hurriedly followed the trail of blood.

Detective Hitchcox had brought his camera and he shot several color pictures of the victim from different angles. He wanted a pictorial record of the scene but he didn't want to delay the ambulance attendants in getting the woman to the hospital.

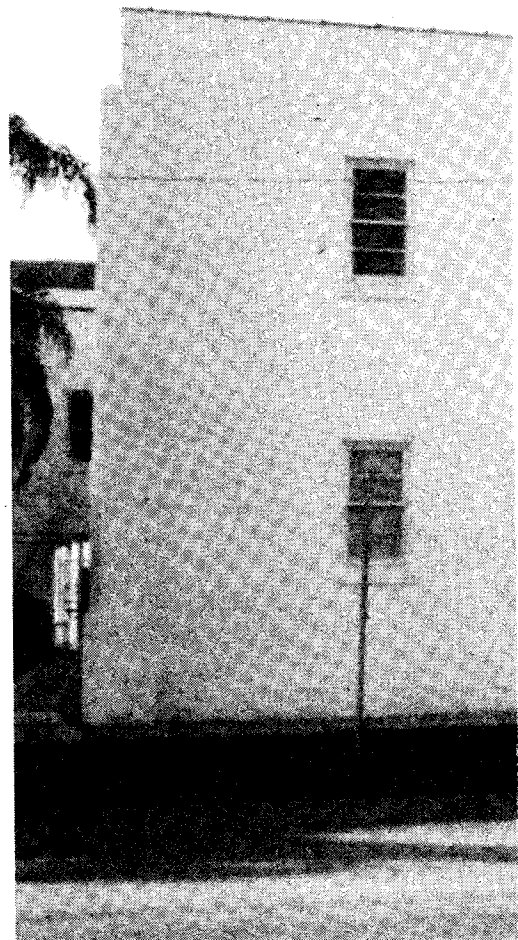
"Do you know who she is?" the detective asked the student.

The girl replied that she didn't recognize the face, but that Miss Adelaide Smith, 67, volunteered her services as church secretary six hours a day. Studying the woman's face as she was lifted onto the rolling stretcher, the girl said it must be Miss Smith because she was the only one besides the pastor who was authorized to be in the church at that hour—six p.m.

The attendants quickly loaded the badly injured woman into their ambulance, which then raced the four blocks to the emergency entrance of the Bayfront Medical Center. She was rushed inside and Dr. Donald McClanathan, chief emergency physician for the hospital, began an immediate examination.

Nurses scurried to follow his terse orders as he struggled to make the woman more comfortable and to stem the flow of blood.

Several patrolmen had arrived at the church and had roped off the front doors to keep out curiosity seekers. Also reaching the scene quickly were Technician Wilbur Ehlers and another technician from the crime lab. As soon as Ehlers and other officers arrived, Detec-



tive Hitchcox left for the hospital.

An attempt was made to question the injured woman, but she was in a coma. The doctor expressed serious doubts that she ever would regain consciousness.

However, on the chance that she would or the possibility that, in her delirium, she might repeat a name or a detail that would prove helpful to the investigation, patrolmen were assigned to sit at her bedside around the clock.

Twenty-four hours passed and there was no change in her condition. Her vital signs, such as blood pressure, pulse and breathing were checked at intervals.

Meanwhile, at the church, technicians made color pictures of the bloody trail leading from the church office to

# FLORIDA CHURCH!



This St. Petersburg, Fla. church was the scene of a vicious assault on 67-year-old Adelaide Smith. Miss Smith, a volunteer worker for the church, died six days after the attack

the double front doors. These, too, were photographed standing open, as they had been found, by the high school student, Miss Michelle Tingley.

The open doors were important as evidence because the pastor, Miss Tingley and other members of the church told Detective Hitchcox that Miss Smith had spent many hours at the church as a volunteer worker, but she never had been known to leave the doors unlocked.

Miss Tingley said that earlier in the day, about three p.m., she and Church Deacon Sandy Farmer had stopped at the church and the deacon had to use a key to gain entry. At that time, Miss Tingley told Detective Hitchcox, Miss Smith, busy in the church office, greeted them cordially. She seemed to be in the

best of spirits, as she usually was.

They said that Miss Smith apparently had no inkling that the church would be invaded by an intruder. If the assailant had tried to gain entrance at a previous time, Miss Smith didn't mention it—and she surely would have if she felt that danger loomed.

Meanwhile, the crime lab technician who was processing the exterior of the church had found a rear door leading to the recreational area unlocked. Undoubtedly it was where the trespasser had gained entry to the church.

There are several rooms in the two-story church and it appeared probable that the invader had prowled through many of them before he found the church office. There were no bloodstains anywhere the technician looked until

he went into the church office.

Following the bloody trail from where the badly beaten church secretary had been lying, past the pulpit, through the hall and down the stairs to the open double doors, Detective Hitchcox speculated that the intruder had come in through the recreational section and had prowled around the first floor, probably looking for something valuable that he could steal. Finding nothing that he wanted on the first floor, he had gone up the back stairs to the second floor and moved around until he found the church office where Miss Smith was at work.

On the other hand, Detective Hitchcox speculated, the assailant might have known that Miss Smith worked in the second floor office and had broken



**Detective Larry Hitchcox, working under the direction of Police Chief Mack Vines (r.), headed probe into the murder of Adelaide Smith. Hitchcox checked police burglary files, promptly came up with suspect who had robbed four churches**

into the church with the specific intention of raping her.

When Detective Hitchcox left the church, Technician Ehlers was still there. He said he would stay until every inch had been examined for fingerprints or other clues.

Detective Hitchcox arranged for patrolmen to guard the church until the police had completed their investigation, then went to Bayfront Medical Center.

The victim had been made as comfortable as possible. But she remained in a comatose state and appeared not to be improving. Once she groaned and the officer at her bedside leaned over to see if she had regained consciousness or if she had said something in delirium. But she didn't moan again and remained in a coma.

Detective Hitchcox went to police headquarters, where he began checking reports of other crimes similar to the attack on Miss Smith. But he found none.

Technician Ehlers, still working inside the church, called to report that he was making progress. He said he had found a practically perfect palmprint on the desk where the victim had been seated. He had followed the trail of blood, apparently made when the intruder fled down the stairs to the front door, and in one spot he had found a perfect print of a sneaker—the type of shoes worn by many burglars to muffle the sounds of

their footsteps while they work.

The technician said he had a few more hours' work and that he planned to stay until it was complete. He would be late getting home but he would be at work as usual the next morning. It was agreed that the two would meet at headquarters at that time.

After his talk with Technician Ehlers, Detective Hitchcox went to the burglary files. There he found reports of four burglaries of churches, in which the suspect had been caught.

His name was Elijah D. "Donnie" Mack and in each case he had worn sneakers. He had been seen going into the churches and police arrived in time to nab him. He had not found anything of great value and he had not attacked anyone. But he had been a juvenile and had been released to his parents.

In the last case of record, the investigating detective had written: "This kid has a thing about churches."

According to the records, Donnie Mack now was 17 years old and within a few months would be 18. This would make him an adult.

The following morning, Detective Hitchcox and Technician Ehlers met at headquarters. Ehler produced the palmprint which he had lifted from the desk and the bloody footprint he had lifted from the floor. Hitchcox showed the technician the burglary reports about Donnie Mack, who had been caught breaking into four other

churches in the community.

In response to Detective Hitchcox's request, Ehlers had copies of both prints made for the detective's use. Detective Hitchcox and other officers went to the Mack home with an arrest warrant and took Donnie Mack into custody.

The detective said he would like to take a look in the suspect's house, but Mack refused. Detective Hitchcox asked him to get his tennis shoes and he refused. But his mother, who was nearby, told him to bring the shoes to her.

He did and she handed them to the detective. His mother accompanied him when he was taken to headquarters, where fingerprints and palmprints were taken. Then the suspect was taken into an interrogation room, where Detective Hitchcox questioned him.

He denied that he had broken into the church or that he had assaulted Miss Smith. But his mother encouraged him to tell the truth.

When Hitchcox asked him if he had attacked Miss Smith after breaking into the church, he hung his head.

Then, after a long pause, he said: "Yes."

Donnie Mack allegedly made a full confession, and signed it after it had been typed. He was held on charges of burglary, assault and attempted murder.

The sneaker print lifted at the church was a perfect match for one of Donnie Mack's tennis shoes. The palmprint also

matched one of the suspect's palms.

Technician Ehlers, who spent seven hours checking the interior of the church, dusted more than 2,400 feet of tile flooring searching for prints. In addition, he processed other likely places and came up with prints that matched those of Donnie Mack.

No further action was taken against Donnie Mack pending the outcome of Miss Smith's condition. She grew worse every day despite the efforts of skilled physicians and surgeons to help her.

Six days after the vicious attack, Miss Smith died without regaining consciousness. Dr. Edward Corcoran, Associate Pinellas County Medical Examiner, performed the autopsy. As a result of his findings, Elijah D. Mack was charged with burglary, involuntary sexual battery and first degree murder. The case went to the Pinellas County grand jury, which returned indictments on all three counts.

Despite the confession he had signed, Donnie Mack pleaded not guilty at the preliminary hearing, through the two attorneys who had been engaged for him—Robert Dillinger and Tony Rondolino, both of whom worked hard for their client.

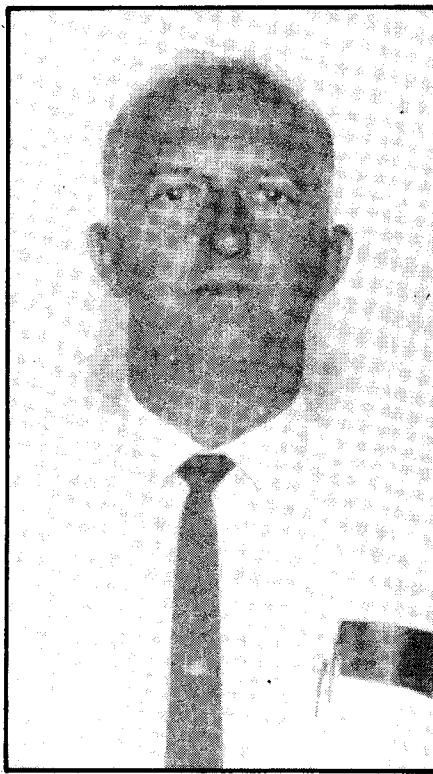
After the not guilty plea had been entered, Circuit Judge David Patterson scheduled the trial to begin on Monday, November 17, 1980.

When the trial began on that date, the 40 men and women who had been summoned as prospective jurors made the courtroom appear overcrowded. When Attorney Rondolino moved to suppress some of the prosecution's evidence, the 40 prospective jurors were led from the courtroom by bailiffs.

Lawyer Rondolino wanted the photographs Detective Hitchcox and Technician Ehlers had taken at the scene of the crime admitted as evidence. Judge Patterson looked at the pictures and agreed that some of them might be inflammatory. But he allowed one picture of the victim as she had been found. He also permitted the prosecutors, Assistant State Attorneys Jack Hellinger and James Ferguson, to use several other photographs, showing the tennis shoe footprint as well as the palmprint and the trail of blood leading from the church office to the front door.

Attorney Rondolino's motions to suppress the confession and testimony about how the tennis shoes had been obtained also were denied. Rondolino said he doubted that it was constitutional for Mack's mother to hand his tennis shoes to Detective Hitchcox and he also said he doubted the legal right of the detective to take them from the defendant's mother.

However, Judge Patterson did not agree with him and the 40 prospective jurors were brought back into the courtroom. The balance of the day was spent



**Technician Wilbur Ehlers turned up vital clues in investigation: footprint and palm print at crime scene**

in selecting a jury of seven women and five men. Court was then adjourned for the day and Judge Patterson told the jurors to be at the court the following morning to hear the trial.

The prosecution led off with the testimony of Detective Hitchcox, who told of going to his home to arrest Elijah Donnie Mack and taking him to police headquarters. The suspect was taken into an interrogation room, where he was asked to remove his outer garments. On young Mack's underwear, Detective Hitchcox testified, he saw "obvious bloodstains."

The two went to the youth's home where Hitchcox asked to search the house. But the suspect objected. His mother was present and when the detective said he wanted to see the boy's sneakers, his mother went to another room and returned with a pair of tennis shoes, which she handed to the detective.

Then Hitchcox told Mack of the evidence against him and asked for "the complete truth."

Hitchcox testified that Mack's mother was "encouraging him to tell the truth. She stood up and put her hands on his shoulders. She said: 'I'll stand behind you, whatever happens.' His head was hung. He was obviously considering..."

The detective said he asked Elijah if he committed the crime and he said, "Yes."

Hitchcox also testified that Techni-

cian Ehlers told him that the footprint found inside the church matched one of the tennis shoes Mack's mother had given the detective. He also said the palmprint lifted from the desk at the church was a perfect match for the palmprint of Elijah Mack taken at police headquarters after his arrest.

Another state witness, John Bowman, who had been one of the men who took the injured woman to the emergency room at Bayfront Medical Center said: "It was probably one of the worst beatings of a female I have seen in my nineteen and a half years as a paramedic of the St. Petersburg Fire Department."

Two members of the church, Deacon Sandy Farmer and the high school student, Miss Michelle Tingley, testified that they were in the church office about three p.m. on April 24th and that Miss Smith was busy at her desk and everything seemed to be all right.

Miss Tingley testified that she passed the church in her car about six p.m., and saw the two doors open. She knew that Miss Smith always kept the doors locked and this led her to park and go into the church, where she found the trail of blood and the mutilated body of the church secretary. She called for an ambulance and notified the police.

Dr. Donald McClanathan testified that he attended Miss Smith when she was brought into the emergency room at Bayfront Medical Center. He said that Miss Smith's "whole head was grossly distorted" from injuries such as resulted from falling from an automobile or from being "grossly assaulted."

Another physician, Dr. Donald Pell, a noted specialist on diseases of the chest, testified that he was called to the hospital to attend Miss Smith when she began having trouble with her breathing.

"I remember the case because of the severity of the injuries," Dr. Pell testified. "I remember my initial examination: when I tried to look into her eyes I was unable to because the eyelids were so severely swollen that I could not open her lids."

Dr. Michael Gallant, a plastic surgeon, was another state witness. He testified that he had been called to the Bayfront Medical Center to examine Miss Smith. He said that the apparent imprint of the sole of a tennis shoe or sneaker was on her face.

Dr. Gallant said the impression "couldn't be wiped off." He added, "it was in the skin" of the victim. The plastic surgeon also testified that the elderly victim's left cheek bone and the bone around her left eye were fractured.

After Miss Smith died, Dr. John Shinner, Pinellas County Chief Medical Examiner, assigned the case to Dr. Edward Corcoran, Associate Medical Examiner, who arranged to perform the

postmortem examination.

Dr. Corcoran testified that the autopsy showed that Miss Smith died of injuries to her brain and complications to her breathing that resulted from the brain injuries. The medical examiner also testified that he had found wounds that indicated the woman had been sexually assaulted.

The prosecution called three members of the church, each of whom gave substantially the same testimony. Each attested to the good character of Miss Adelaide Smith, who had been a devoted member of the church and for several years a volunteer worker in the church office.

Each of the three witnesses was emphatic on one point—that when she was working in the church office, Miss Smith invariably made sure that all the doors were locked from the inside. It was the two wide open doors noticed by Miss Tingley that led to the finding of Miss Smith's mutilated body so soon after the attack and while she still was alive.

Several members of the church had attended the trial from its beginning, but instead of a grudge against Donnie Mack, their emotions appeared to be pity for him.

Police Technician Ehlers testified that he had discovered the place in the rear where the intruder had entered the church through the recreational area. He had found other evidence that had led him to believe that the same person had broken into the church twice on the day Miss Smith was assaulted.

Technician Ehlers also told of finding the footprint of a sneaker as well as a palmprint, both of which proved to have been made by Elijah Mack.

After the initial motives by the defense had been denied by Judge Patterson before the jury had been selected, the defense lawyers did not object to the testimony of any of the prosecution's witnesses.

The main witness for the defense was Elijah Mack's mother. The woman walked deliberately to the witness stand, clutching her purse close to her chest.

When she was asked to take the oath to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, she declined. She said she belonged to the Pentecostal Holiness Church. "I don't swear but I'll tell the truth," she said. This was accepted and she was seated.

Then she began to cry and while she was being questioned by Defense Attorney Dillinger, she often looked at the ceiling. But she answered Dillinger's questions.

Questioned about her son's early life, she testified that Mack's father never lived with the family. She said she was divorced in 1964 because her husband had beaten her in the presence of her children.

**20 True Detective**

### **Eighteen-year-old Elijah Mack sits at defense table during his trial for the brutal murder of Adelaide Smith**

"Everyone in my house must attend church," she testified.

"Did Donnie follow the rule?" Attorney Dillinger asked.

"Yes," she replied.

After instructions by the judge, the jury retired to deliberate its verdict. The defendant was found guilty on two counts—raping Miss Adelaide Smith and first degree murder in her death.

Judge Patterson instructed the jurors to return the following day, Thursday, November 20th, to recommend punishment for Donnie Mack.

The jurors returned the next morning and listened to arguments from both the prosecution and the defense.

Prosecutors Hellinger and Ferguson asked the jurors to impose the death penalty, pointing to the overwhelming evidence, especially the grisly pictures of Miss Smith after she had been stripped of her clothing and assaulted, both physically and sexually.

"This particular crime shocks the decency of anybody who has any decency. I'm sure we all have pity for her (Mack's mother), but she didn't do any of the things charged," said Hellinger. "It's not pleasant. It's not nice. But it's the law of this state, and if you do something like this, you have to pay the ultimate price."

The defense attorneys, Robert Dillinger and Tony Rondolino relied heavily on Mack's cooperation after he had been arrested and charged. They told the jurors that this and his obvious remorse weighed heavily in his favor.

The jury retired to consider its verdict. This would be a recommendation to the judge as to what the jurors thought the defendant's punishment should be. However, Judge Patterson pointed out that their recommendation would be purely advisory. Under the law, he could abide by their recommendations or, if he did not agree, he could impose some other lawful penalty befitting the crime.

Mack's mother didn't stay to hear the jury's verdict. But many others did, including members of the church. They said at their regular Wednesday prayer meeting the night before, they had prayed for Elijah Mack and his mother the night before.

The jurors didn't reach a quick decision, as many of the spectators had expected. More than three hours had passed before the jury foreman told a bailiff that they had decided on what to recommend to the judge.

Unlike verdicts of guilty or not guilty,



the decision in making a recommendation needed only a simple majority one way or another. It later was disclosed that the jurors had been deadlocked six to six for most of the time they were out. But finally one juror who had been holding out for the death penalty changed his mind and the final decision was to ask the judge to show mercy.

Judge Patterson decided to abide by the recommendations of the jury and



sentenced Elijah Mack to two life sentences—one for rape and one for murder—the sentences to run consecutively.

Judge Patterson said that, although Mack would be eligible for parole in 25 years, he wanted the parole board to know that "it is my intent with this sentence that you never be paroled during your natural life."

As this was written, Elijah D. Mack

was serving his life sentences.

The case was the last major murder case investigated while Mack Vines still was Chief of Police in St. Petersburg.

Under St. Petersburg's 20-year retirement law, Vines retired after 23 years as a St. Petersburg police officer, having worked his way to the top after starting as a patrolman.

Still a comparatively young man,

Vines accepted an offer from officials at Charlotte, North Carolina, and as this was written he was serving as Charlotte's Chief of Police. He said he took the position in Charlotte, whose population is about 100,000 more than St. Petersburg's "because it was a challenge."

Meanwhile, St. Petersburg's Deputy Chief, Sam Simms, is serving as Acting Police Chief. ◆◆◆

**For California probers, the one indisputable truth which emerged from their investigation was that**

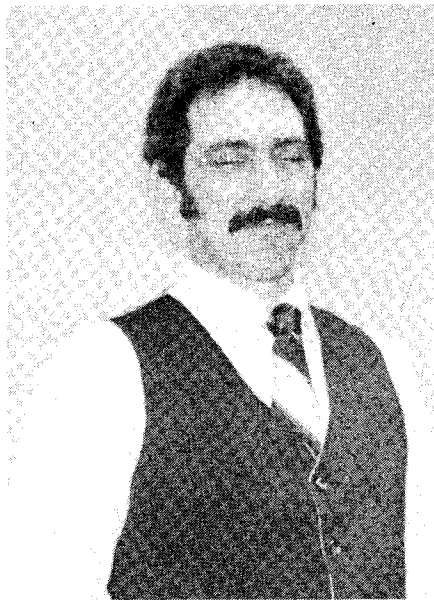
# **HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE AN ANGRY MOTHER-IN-LAW**

by **WALT HECOX**

**A** WOMAN'S screams echoed through the chilly January air and shattered the somnolent pre dawn silence. They rose through the parking lot of the Florin Woods Apartment, rang through the halls of the 300 dwelling unit structure and abruptly climaxed the dreams of scores of its residents. There was fear in those screams, sharp, tintinnabulating terror, surrounded by an aura of grief and a blanket of unblemished soul shaking anguish. They were the wails of a woman whose world had suddenly stopped turning, the lamentations of a lover whose sweetheart was gone forever and as they reverberated through the corridors of the big complex, destroying the early morning slumber of dozens of its tenants, lights began to flicker into life and the sound of rising windows joined the parking lot cacophony. The switchboard at the Sacramento County Sheriff's Department glowed and the dispatcher leaned forward and flicked on his microphone.

"At 7301 Florinwood Road. A woman is reported screaming in the parking lot," he said. It was 4:20 a.m., January 17, 1978. In his patrol car, some miles southwest of Sacramento, Deputy Sheriff Chris Boone accepted the call, wheeled the car around and sped toward the apartment complex.

Moments later he wheeled his car into the lot and cruised past the parked cars until his headlights illuminated the tableau at the rear of the big building. A solitary woman was on her knees there, huddled over an inert bundle which was covered by a blanket. The deputy pulled



**Lt. Ray Biondi said: "I can't understand what a guy with a shotgun would be doing fooling around a car in an apartment parking lot. Doesn't fit . . ."**

aside the blanket. The body of a dark-skinned man lay beneath it, his body huddled in a fetal position, the back of his head ripped wide open, apparently by a shotgun blast. He apparently had been killed instantly.

While a crowd of apartment dwellers, drawn to the scene by the woman's screams, grew, Deputy Boone took the woman to his car for questioning while other officers summoned investigators from the Homicide detail and technicians from the crime lab. Sitting in the back seat of the patrol car the sobbing woman poured out her story for the deputies.

Her name, she said, was Loretta Guterrez and the dead man was her husband, Juan.

At four a.m., a noise from the parking lot had awakened her. She went to a bedroom window overlooking the lot and noticed a stealthy figure who appeared to be meddling with the Guterrez car, parked in an open carport beside the building. Quietly she went to the bed, aroused her husband and told him to look out the window. "Someone is doing something to our car," she told him.

Guterrez rose, went to the window and then shouted angrily in Spanish. "He said 'what are you doing?' or something like that," she told the deputies. Before he headed downstairs, she stopped him and went to the kitchen where she found a butcher knife and gave it to him. "You need some protection," she said.

Watching through the gloom from the bedroom window, she saw her husband emerge from the apartment house and move toward his automobile. Halfway there he yelled something in Spanish she could not understand, then turned and began running away from the car toward the rear of the building. The woman headed for the living room to get some clothes so she could dress and go to help her husband. She had barely started to dress when she heard two loud reports.

"I ran downstairs toward the direction in which I saw him going and when I got there he was lying on the ground with blood all over his body," she concluded.

While Deputy Boone listened to the woman, Inspector Ray Biondi (now a lieutenant and head of the Homicide Detail), Sergeant Don Habecker, In-

spector Fred Homen and Inspector Tom Carter, gathered at sheriff's headquarters and headed for the Florin Wood Apartments. There they listened again to the woman's story, repeated almost exactly as she had told it to the patrol officer. They supervised the technicians who photographed the murder scene, inspected the Guterrez car, and returned to headquarters in Sacramento.

At the time, the Sacramento Sheriff's Department was swamped by homicide. "We'll need help," Sergeant Habecker suggested. From the manpower pool in the Department's catchall Metro division they drew Inspector Stan Reed for temporary duty. With Inspector Homen, he was assigned to the case. He discussed the details with the four inspectors who had visited the murder scene.

"One thing gets to me," Inspector Biondi. "I just can't understand what a guy with a shotgun would be doing fooling around a car in an apartment parking lot. It just doesn't fit. Burglars and sneak thieves don't carry shotguns."

"Right now, that's all we've got to go on," Sergeant Habecker reminded him.

The other investigators agreed that the shotgun seemed out of place. With that in mind, Inspector's Reed and Homen returned to the Florin Wood Apartments to question Loretta Guterrez. They found her mother, Tressie Deane, a friendly, intelligent woman with a forceful personality, with her. They explained that the shotgun puzzled them and they believed it was possible the murder was the work, not of a prowler, but of someone intent on killing Juan.

Both the widow and her mother told them it was entirely possible that someone could have been out to get Juan. He had been, they said, mixed up in several shady deals when the couple lived in Los Angeles. They had moved to Sacramento only recently and at the time her husband had more than his share of enemies in Los Angeles. She also mentioned a man in Los Angeles named Carlos, whom Juan had beaten badly in a fight just before they left. She told the deputies that Carlos had sworn he would get even. She did not know Carlos' last name.

From Mrs. Guterrez the deputies took a detailed list of the places in Los Angeles her husband had frequented and the address of their home there. They contacted the Los Angeles police in hopes of locating Carlos. The task, they knew, was almost futile. The Southern California metropolis, with a burgeoning Hispanic population, was full of men named Carlos.

A search for physical evidence netted the deputies nothing. No single item appeared to be available which would lead them to the killer. They returned to the apartments again and again, hoping



**Tressie Deane, mother-in-law of murdered man, Juan Guterrez, told police that someone might have been out to get him in revenge for certain "shady deals"**

to get some clue from the two women which would lead them to the murderer. Slowly they put together a grim and unpleasant picture of the dead man.

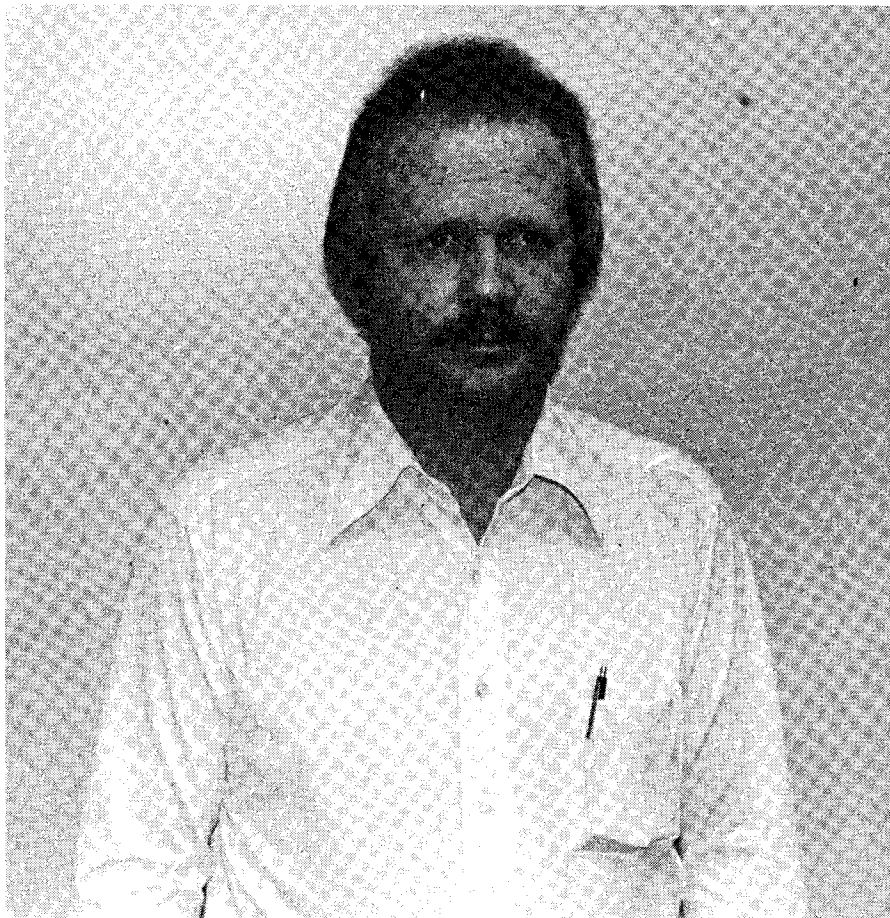
Juan Guterrez was a man who liked to drink and who could make enemies when he was "in his cups." He was, in the words of Loretta, a man who believed in the old Mexican ways and that meant he would be the totally dominant figure in the family. There was no question that Loretta loved him. As the days passed she became ill and each time the deputies questioned her she had become weaker. Eventually, because she had eaten so little since the murder, she was

suffering from malnutrition, and was taken to a hospital.

It also became obvious to the deputies that if the widow had loved her husband, her mother's feelings toward the daughter were no less intense. Neither did she appear to be grieving over the loss of her son-in-law.

Inspectors Homen and Reed learned that the dead man had repeatedly beaten his wife. Once, when Loretta was in the hospital to have a baby, Guterrez had gone to the ward and began slapping his wife around, demanding she come home and cook his dinner. There was, the detectives discovered, no love





lost between Mrs. Deane and her son-in-law. Neither were there any clues to his murder.

Another homicide further thinned the ranks of the Sacramento Sheriff's Department Homicide detail. Inspector Reed was promoted permanently to the unit and assigned alone to the Guterrez murder while Inspector Homen was taken off to investigate another case. The inspector prepared to travel to Los Angeles to investigate the dead man's activities and associates there. "I'll need some help," he told his superiors. "Most of Guterrez, acquaintances in Sacramento are strictly Spanish-speaking."

From the ranks of the patrol division Deputy Stanley Acevedo was drafted, an officer of Mexican descent who spoke Spanish fluently. Together he and Inspector Reed probed again into the Guterrez family life and, with Deputy Acevedo acting as interpreter, interviewed as many of the dead man's friends and acquaintances as they could find in Sacramento's Spanish speaking community. They were preparing to take the investigation to Los Angeles when the deputy went to the records division to get some reports relevant to the case. He found Mrs. Deane and another daughter, Joyce Faye Shapp there. He wondered what they were doing there and asked why.

"We needed a copy of the police report on my son-in-law's murder for the social security people," Mrs. Deane told him.

"I don't think you do," Deputy Acevedo objected. "I don't think it matters to the Social Security people how a person dies. You don't need that report. I wouldn't bother."

"Even if I don't need it for them, I need it for the insurance company," Mrs. Deane replied. "They specifically asked for it."

The deputy arranged for Mrs. Deane to be given a copy what the Sacramento Sheriff's Department calls a face sheet on the crime . . . a minimum report giving a brief synopsis of what had happened. Acevedo promptly returned to the Homicide detail to tell Inspector Reed what had happened. The inspector was talking at the time with Reserve Deputy Michael Rinelli, a citizen volunteer who worked with him once a week.

A flicker of surprise darkened Inspector Reed's blue eyes when he heard the news. Blond, muscular and normally mild-mannered, his mustache stiffened a little as his mouth tightened.

"So she had an insurance policy on Juan's life," he said.

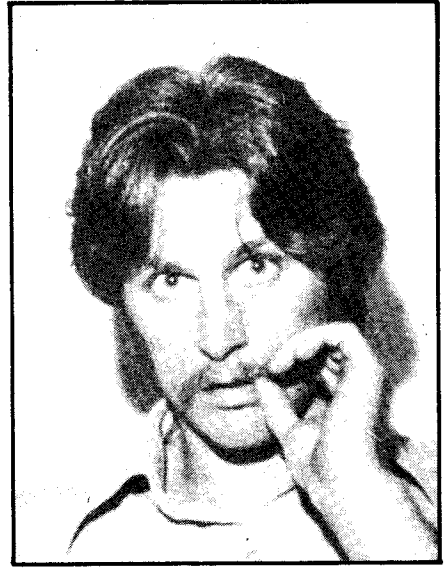
"I'd call that a little suspicious," Deputy Rinelli observed.

"We'd better go talk to her about that insurance policy," Inspector Reed said.

The three of them went immediately to the Deane home. "Was that face sheet enough for your insurance company?"

**Insp. Stan Reed and Sgt. Habacker (below), working with other sleuths, turned up vital lead: Slain man's family had received \$25,000 life insurance payoff**





List of suspects suddenly included (l. to r.) widow Loretta Guterrez, Joyce Faye Shapp and Steven Cordes

Inspector Reed inquired. Mrs. Deane told him it was. "I'd like to get some details on that insurance policy," the inspector said quietly.

Mrs. Deane explained the policy was routine. She said she had insurance on all her children and she had wanted Juan covered in case anything happened to him and her daughter was left alone with the children. She indicated she was sure it couldn't have had anything to do with his murder. Loretta, she explained, was the main beneficiary of the policy.

Inspector Reed and Deputy Acevedo thanked her for the information and, as soon as they had left, contacted Mrs. Deane's insurance agent. For a long time he refused to discuss the matter, claiming his relations with his clients were confidential.

"Not where murder is concerned," Inspector Reed told him. The investigator continued to press his questioning. "If there's nothing wrong, why cover up?" he said. "If there is, you and your company should both know about it."

"All right," the agent said. He told the investigators Mrs. Deane had been a client of his for years. She had many policies with him, including at least one on each of her children. When she came and told him she wanted a life insurance policy on her daughter and son-in-law in Los Angeles, he had sold it to her.

"Didn't Juan have to take an examination? The state code requires personal contact between the company and the insured, doesn't it?" Inspector Reed asked.

The agent explained he had made an exception in the case of Mrs. Deane. He told the investigators he had prepared the policy and given it to Mrs. Deane, telling her to send it to Los Angeles for

Juan and Loretta to sign.

Returning to sheriff's headquarters, Inspector Reed's face was grim. "I think I want to see that policy," he said.

The inspector contacted the company's Los Angeles headquarters and asked for a copy of the policy. It arrived in the mail a couple of days later. Inspector Reed looked it over and paused when he came to Guterrez's signature. He showed it to Deputy Acevedo. "It looks phony to me," he said. "I don't think Juan Guterrez signed this thing. I think it's a trace. One of these signatures looks like it has almost double lines." Deputy Acevedo agreed.

Inspector Reed took the policy to Lyle Fowler in the Fraudulent Documents Section of the California Department of Justice and asked for his opinion. The handwriting expert examined and tested it for two days before calling the investigator.

"You're right," he said. "This does look like a trace. I would like to have the original document instead of a copy so I can give a more positive decision."

A search warrant was procured by Inspector Reed and forwarded to the insurance company in Los Angeles and the original papers were mailed to the detective. He gave them to Fowler who came back with a prompt and positive opinion.

"There's no question in my mind," he told the investigator. "This signature is a trace."

Once again Inspector Reed and Deputy Acevedo visited Mrs. Deane and Loretta Guterrez. "The signature on that insurance policy is not Juan's," Inspector Reed said. "We want to know what happened."

Mrs. Deane didn't bat an eye. "I don't know what happened. All I know is that

I sent the policy to Juan and Loretta to be signed."

Loretta, still feeling the effects of her bout with malnutrition, emphatically disagreed with the officers. "Juan signed that policy," she said. "I saw him do it. Whatever you think, you're wrong."

"I'll tell you what," Inspector Reed suggested. "If the two of you are so sure Juan signed that document, why not take a lie detector test? If the test is positive, you're in the clear."

Loretta hesitated. "I've really been sick," she said. "I'll call my doctor, but I don't think he'll let me take a lie detector test."

Mrs. Deane shook her head. "I've got high blood pressure, a heart condition and I'm on constant medication. A lie detector test wouldn't tell you a thing about me."

It was April, 1978, the case was four months old, and for the first time Inspector Reed and Deputy Acevedo were sure they had a concrete lead, but they were stymied by the repeated refusals of both women to take a lie detector test. Inspector Reed continued to press them repeatedly, both in person and over the telephone, but they stubbornly resisted any contact with the polygraph. The detective was persistent with his requests. Eventually he was contacted by Mrs. Deane's doctor, who demanded that Inspector Reed stop pressuring his patient. The investigator ignored him and continued to demand a test. Eventually Mrs. Deane took the test, but all it proved was that she had been right all along. Suffering from a variety of heart and circulatory system ailments, and under constant medication, she did not respond in any com-

(Continued on page 78)

# Northwest Crime Horror . . .

# 3-YEAR-OLD GIRL STOMPED

by GARY C. KING

**T**HE PEOPLE who live in the rural community of Scappoose, Oregon are, generally speaking, a friendly, happy group. And it is no wonder, for they live in an area of fresh water streams, clean air, and are surrounded by hundreds of miles of dense forests which abound with deer, elk and bear. Many are truly of an earthy nature and catch their meals with a fishing pole, bow and arrow, or a rifle.

But the less fortunate do not despair, for the citizens of Scappoose believe in helping each other whenever a member of the community is in need of food, shelter, or other necessities. It seems as if there's always a helping hand available when one needs it.

On the evening of September 24, 1979, a housewife living outside of town on Route 3 was in need of assistance of a different nature. She needed help in finding her 3-year-old daughter, Jessica Clark, who had gone out to play earlier that afternoon but had failed to return. Since her husband was stationed in California with the Navy, she knew that she could rely on her friends and neighbors for help.

The mother looked for Jessica in the immediate area around her property, but she could find no sign of the youngster anywhere. She called out for her again and again, but no answer was ever returned. She hoped that Jessica was at one of the neighbor's homes, and tried to hold back the fear that something tragic might have happened to her child. But as the evening wore on, she became increasingly worried. At approximately 7:00 p.m., with still no sign of her little girl, she decided to call the Columbia County sheriff's office for help.

Shortly after 7:30 p.m. Deputy George Hulit arrived at the Clark residence, which is located on Bird Road, east of Scappoose. Word travels fast in a small community like Scappoose, and within an hour friends of the Clark family, some of their neighbors, and officers from the Scappoose Fire Department were also at the home. Several members of local CB radio clubs apparently heard the news of Jessica's disappearance over their radios and they also showed up to help in the search.

The search was started in the im-



**Handler and dog (below) joined search for missing Jessica Clark. The little 3-year-old was found dead in woods. Suspicion quickly centered on young neighbor who had "helped" in search**



mediate area surrounding Jessica's home. When it was clear that she was not nearby the search party spread out and, in spite of the increasing darkness of the evening, they began looking for the girl in the woods and pastures. Some of the searchers drove along the neighboring roads in their pickup trucks and four-wheel drives, using their high-beams and spotlights to examine the countryside for the child they hoped they would find alive and well. All in all, more than a dozen people helped in the search effort.

As the hunt continued, every area was gone over again and again, but to no avail. Then, around 10:00 p.m., a dog handler and his dog were brought in from Rainier, which is located about 25 miles west of Scappoose. The dog was immediately put onto the child's scent but was unable to locate the missing girl. The dog could only run around in a haphazard manner, obviously confused because of the many scents that it picked up from the other searchers.

Regardless of how hopeless it seemed, the search went on through the night and into the next morning. Light from flashlights and lanterns could be seen in the darkness of early morning and voices could be heard calling out Jessica's name.

Shortly after daybreak, members of the Cascade Commercial Helicopter Service volunteered their time and equipment and transported sheriff's deputies over the search area in an attempt to spot Jessica from the air. They failed to find any trace of the little girl. The search continued on foot as well, but as the morning wore on, some feared that she may have been kidnaped and spirited out of the area.

The search for Jessica Clark, however, came to an abrupt halt at approximately 8:45 a.m. that same morning. Two residents of Scappoose were walking through the woods near the Clark home when they came upon the girl's body lying in a thicket, partially covered by brush and thorns. She was dead. Shocked and horrified, neither man touched the dead girl's body. They notified the police.

Upon their arrival, law enforcement officials immediately sealed off the area where Jessica's body had been found. They followed proper police procedure and would not allow her body to be moved until the people from the state

# TO DEATH BY TEENAGER



Scappoose Spotlight Photos

Members of state crime lab and medical examiner's office joined DA Marty Sells (extreme r.) in examination of crime scene

**At the trial of the accused two things became crystal clear: No one is more trusting than an innocent little child. And no one is more heartless than a grownup who takes advantage of that trust to lure the tot to her death . . .**



Judge Kalberger (extreme r.) and jury visited death site during trial

crime lab and the medical examiner's office had arrived.

Shortly before 11:00 a.m., Columbia County District Attorney Marty Sells arrived at the scene, followed a short time later by the arrival of a group of people who were wearing dark jackets with yellow lettering on their backs. The yellow lettering read: State Police Crime Labs.

Photographs were taken, and crime lab officials combed the immediate and surrounding territory for clues. The doctor on the scene, representing the county medical examiner's office, recorded the child's body temperature as well as additional observations he made concerning the general appearance of Jessica's body. A complete autopsy would have to be performed, with the

aid of the state medical examiner's office, before absolute conclusions could be reached. However, everyone present could see that Jessica's face was badly discolored, which caused some to suspect that she had been strangled, and it could be seen that she had massive bruises around the neck and face.

According to Scappoose Police Chief Richard Plane, officers from the Scappoose Police Department, the Oregon State Police, and the Columbia County sheriff's office combed the area thoroughly, looking for useful clues that could aid in the discovery and apprehension of the murderer. They went door-to-door making inquiries, attempting to find the last person who had seen Jessica alive. Residents living near the body site were brought in to the county

courthouse for interrogation, but authorities were turning up very little useful information.

The next day, after a careful autopsy had been performed, the medical examiner's office reported that Jessica had died from asphyxiation due to strangulation, just as the police had originally suspected. According to Dr. Larry Lewman, the Deputy State Medical Examiner, she had marks around her neck which were caused by extreme pressure that had been exerted by human hands. The marks were "indicative of manual strangulation," and she had abrasions in the area of her chest and abdomen which were characteristic of stomping, either prior to her death or shortly thereafter. Contrary to original suspicions, Jessica had not been sexually assaulted.

The murder scene was gone over again and again, people were questioned and re-questioned, but the police were unable to crack the case. Although no crime of this kind had ever been committed in the history of Scappoose, the local police were confident that they would solve the case quickly.

Police authorities checked their records to find out if anyone living in the area had a criminal record, but very few names turned up. Then, when it seemed as if they were headed down a blind alley, Chief Plane remembered that Richard Bird, one of the Clarks' neighbors, had been in and out of the state mental hospital in the past. He checked to see if Bird had a criminal record, but soon discovered that he had never been arrested.

Chief Plane had questioned Bird on the night of Jessica's disappearance, and recalled that Bird had even assisted in the search effort. Plane also remembered seeing scratches on Bird's hands and, in light of the fact that Jessica's body had been found in a brushy, thorny area, he felt that it would be a good idea to bring Bird in for further questioning.

When police checked his background they discovered that he was a troubled young man making the transition from adolescence into adulthood. When Bird was 16 and having problems with drugs, a female resident of Scappoose had invited him to live with her and her family. According to the woman, Bird had discovered religion and had been 'saved', and wanted to straighten out his life. However, he only lived with the family for about three months before returning to his old habits.

When Bird was in the tenth grade he was requested to leave Scappoose High School. Being a poor student and having no desire to continue, he put up no resistance to the school officials. He quit school and roamed around, then moved to Astoria, Oregon, which is on the coast. He also relocated to places as far away as Utah and Colorado.

Happiness and success appeared to be unattainable for Richard Bird regardless of where he went, and so he returned home to live with his family. He began writing suicide notes on different occasions and, at age 17, had taken an overdose of drugs in an actual suicide attempt.

In addition to his drug problem and suicidal tendencies, Bird displayed anti-social characteristics in his dealings with others. He could be calm one moment and fly into fits of rage the next, for no apparent reason. At one point he had allegedly broken into a local church and defecated on the altar. He spent some time at the state hospital again, only to be quickly sent home.

Judging from his abnormal behavior, police officials felt that they could not ignore him as a possible suspect, and decided they should focus on him unless they obtained evidence to the contrary. Bird, who lived only two doors from the Clark residence, was then picked up and brought to the county courthouse, where he was questioned by State Trooper Michael Plester.

Richard Bird, who was 19 at the time, is an average looking young man. He has dark hair and dark eyes, stands 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs about 180 pounds. While he is definitely overweight, he does not give one the impression of being excessively obese.

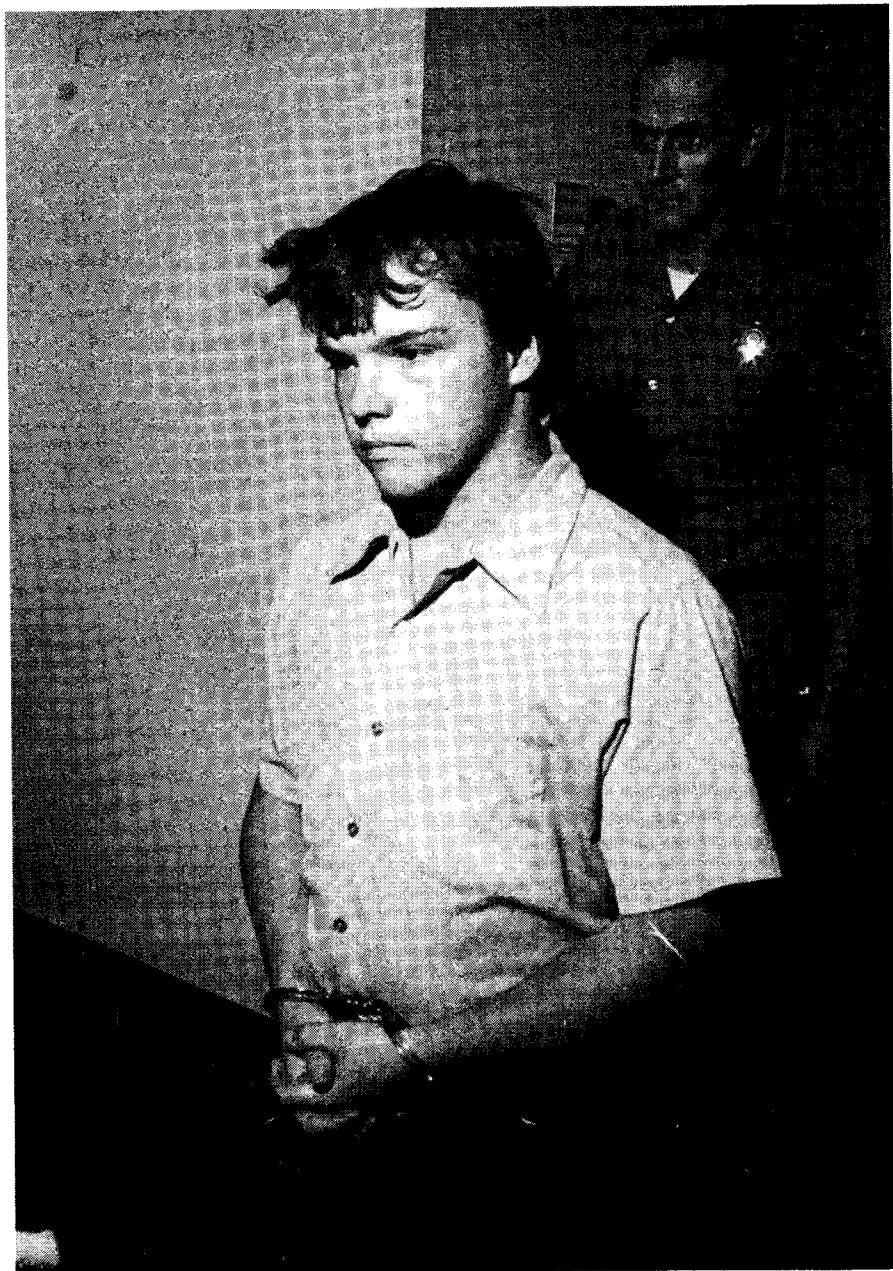
During his questioning at the courthouse Bird was contradictory in many of his answers and, as a result, it was determined that he was lying concerning his whereabouts and his involvement with Jessica on the night of her murder.

After a lengthy interrogation, Bird broke down and confessed of his own volition to the murder of Jessica Clark. According to Trooper Plester, Bird gave him a yellow legal pad and instructed him to write down what he had to say.

"I was not planning anything," Bird dictated to Plester, "and I killed her. I've always believed I was crazy and unreachable, and now I know I am."

Following his interrogation and subsequent confession, Bird was arrested and lodged in Columbia County Jail. He later read his statement of confession to Chief Plane and Phil Jackson, who is a special investigator for the district attorney's office. The statement was tape-recorded and would later be used as evidence at the trial. On the tape, Bird referred to Jessica Clark as 'J'.

"'J' came over and wanted to go and pick some sour things," said Bird. "We went out into the woods, and I was not planning on anything at all. It wasn't premeditated." He explained that he began choking the little girl, adding, "I don't know why, but she wouldn't die. The only thing I could do at that point was to try and break her neck. It would be quicker for her, but that didn't work.



**Suspect Richard Bird: "I've always believed I was crazy and unreachable . . ."**

I began stomping on her stomach and heart. She just wouldn't quit. And suddenly she died," concluded Bird.

Bird was arraigned the following Friday in Columbia County District Court in St. Helens, Oregon, on the charge of murdering Jessica Clark. Bird sat quiet and remained calm while District Court Judge James Mason read the charge against him and informed him of his rights. When the judge had finished, Bird asked for a court-appointed attorney, politely stating that he had no source of income and came from a poor family.

At the urging of the district attorney, Bird was held without bail. The following week a Columbia County grand jury handed down an indictment against Bird, accusing him of causing the death

of Jessica Clark "by asphyxia due to strangulation, and by striking her about the body with his feet."

At the request of his court-appointed attorney, Robert Lucas, Bird was transferred to the Oregon State Mental Hospital in Salem where he underwent a complete psychiatric evaluation. When he was returned to the custody of the Columbia County Jail, he went before Circuit Court Judge Donald Kalberer and, in spite of his confession, he entered a plea of not guilty.

Although November 26th had been set as the trial date, Lucas asked the court for a change of venue on the grounds that he felt it might be difficult to find an impartial jury in Columbia County due to the nature of the charges

*(Continued on page 48)*

# Maryland investigators were faced with the problem TANGLED CONSPIRACY TO

**L**ATE IN the summer of 1977, after the latest split from his wife, Marie, William Roy Bell, 33-year-old cable-splicer for the C & P Telephone Company, in Salisbury, Maryland, made a habit of having breakfast with the next closest woman in his life, his mother. The arrangement went on for some time, until the chill Thursday morning of October 20th, when Bill failed to show up by 7:00, or even to call in to say what was keeping him. Certain, as only a mother can be, that something serious was the matter, Bell's mother phoned a daughter who lived next door to Bill on the 400 block of South Boulevard in Salisbury. Less than half an hour later, the two women entered Bill's brick, split level home and found his body lying face down in an upstairs hallway between the master bedroom and a smaller bedroom.

"I felt his hand," Bill's mother would recall. "It was cold. Then I seen the blood on the back of his shirt."

To the first Salisbury police officers to arrive on the scene, Bell's mother explained that since his wife had left him she had cleaned her son's house every day and knew that he usually kept a .22-caliber automatic pistol in a holster close to his bed. That morning the gun was gone, though, and she had no idea where it was, even though the holster was still hanging from a bedpost. The parent also told detectives that William's only companion at home was Shane, a large German Shepherd which her son kept in a pen near the garage and which barked loudly when any person at all—including herself—approached.

"Then can you tell us why we found the dog locked up in a room on the ground floor?" the investigator asked.

The victim's mother gestured with upturned palms and shook her head.

Moments later, Dr. Phillip A. Insley Sr., Wicomico County deputy medical examiner, pronounced William Bell dead at the scene. Cause of death was attributed to a single, small-caliber bullet wound in the back. After a preliminary inspection of the scene, the corpse was transported to the state medical examiner's office in Baltimore for autopsy.

The following day, after extensive questioning of friends, relatives and co-workers of the murdered man, police

by **JOSEPH KOENIG**



**No motive was apparent at start of investigation into the murder of 33-year-old William Bell, gunned down in home**

were forced to concede that they still had few clues to work with. Detectives immediately made plans to canvass the victim's South Boulevard neighborhood, hoping to turn up a witness who could provide the information needed to break the case.

"From what we've been able to put together," said an investigator after the first interviews had been completed, "the last time Bell was seen alive was before midnight, when he came back home after going out to dinner."

"We think he was shot somewhere close to midnight," said Salisbury Detective Sergeant Coulbourne Dykes.

Dykes told newsmen that investigators did not know if Bell had his gun in the bedroom at the time of the murder. Although the cause of death was the bullet wound in the back, an injury to the head indicated that Bell might have struck a doorsill when he fell to the floor.

"Apparently he was shot just before

he was about to go to bed," another investigator said. "When he was found, he was still fully clothed, but his pajamas were laid out on the bed."

Sergeant Dykes did not agree. He told newsmen that he had learned the pajamas had lain on the bed all day, so no conclusions could be drawn from them.

One thing not in dispute was that when William Bell was found, his home was not in disarray and there were no signs that a struggle or robbery had taken place.

"We have no evidence of forced entry to the home," Sergeant Dykes said, "but since his relatives discovered the body and left the doors open, we have no way of knowing whether Mr. Bell let someone in or not."

"He was a good man," Bell's nephew told reporters. "I can't think of him having any enemies."

Lieutenant Paul Barnette told reporters that although four city police officers had been "going as hard as they could all day long, they still haven't come up with anything yet." He added that he had seen Detective Sergeant Dykes eating a sandwich late in the day and that Dykes had told him. "This is breakfast, lunch and supper."

Although a priority request had been put on the autopsy report, he went on, it had not yet been received and probably would not be in the hands of homicide investigators before Monday, the same day that Bell's funeral was slated to take place from a Snow Hill, Maryland mortuary.

Salisbury homicide probers spent a large part of the weekend closeted with Maryland State Police crime-lab technicians and interviewing witnesses. On Monday, October 24th, Salisbury Police Chief Leslie J. Payne, a 22-year veteran, told reporters that his detectives were following up "every possible lead" and that all available men "and then some" had been pressed into the investigation.

"It's just slow, hard work to run down every possible lead," he said, "but we're not out of leads yet."

Detectives had still not completed the door-to-door canvass of the South Boulevard neighborhood, he pointed out, and both his department and the state police still had a number of leads to check out.

# of deciding whether they could believe anyone in the KILL WILLIAM BELL

There were no major developments in the case over the next few days—not until Wednesday, October 26th, when, in a move which stunned the couple's closest friends, Salisbury police took into custody on charges of conspiracy and murder the victim's estranged wife, 39-year-old Marie Lanier Bell. Arrested at the same time was Ralph D. Mason, 27, of Green Meadows Trailer Park near Delmar, an auto mechanic. Even before his arraignment got underway at 10:55, Thursday morning, Mason, a mustachioed, long-haired young man clad in a T-shirt, told District Court Judge Robert W. Dallas, "I didn't do it." Just before her arraignment and bond review hearing at noon, Marie Bell suddenly went into convulsions and was rushed to Peninsula General Hospital in a state of near unconsciousness.

It was Mrs. Bell's second visit to Peninsula General that week, police were told. At William's funeral she had fainted and, when she could not be revived, she was rushed to the hospital.

Interviewed by newsmen, police said that at the time of her arrest, Mrs. Bell was behind the wheel of her late model Chevrolet Corvette just north of the Zion Road and U.S. 13 intersection, approaching a traffic light in the southbound lane after having just made a visit to the mobile home of a relative of Ralph Mason in the Gateway Trailer Park off Old Delmar Road. Mason, police said, was picked up a few hours before Mrs. Bell, at about 9:00 p.m.

Asked once again about the holster found at the scene of the shooting, Chief Payne answered. "The only thing I can say is that an empty holster was found."

His investigators reportedly had not yet determined if the death weapon was, in fact, the victim's own .22, and refused to comment on their searches of Mrs. Bell's condominium and Mason's car.

In November, with the press and public still in the dark about the motive for the Bell slaying, a Wicomico County grand jury handed up an indictment against Mrs. Bell for murder and conspiring to murder her husband. A short while later, after a lengthy plea-bargaining session, it was announced that in exchange for his testimony against Mrs. Bell, the state's attorney would drop the first-degree murder charges against Ralph Mason and allow him to plead guilty to a single count of

second-degree murder carrying a 20-year prison term. As a result, Wicomico County State's Attorney Richard D. Warren said that he was dropping two of the six counts facing Mrs. Bell—those charging that she counseled felonious battery and accessory before the fact of felonious homicide. Warren explained that he had not proessed the counts because under the law an accessory cannot be tried before the person alleged to have actually committed the crime.

On Wednesday, February 22, 1978, one day after a nine-man, three-woman jury was sworn in, testimony got underway in the first-degree murder trial of Marie Bell. The next day, however, Ralph Mason, who was supposed to testify that he had slain the victim with his own .22-caliber gun at the defendant's behest, stunned the court by complaining that the prosecution was backing out of the plea-bargaining agreement and that one of Mrs. Bell's at-

**Bell's body was found sprawled in an upstairs hallway. Detectives looked in vain for any signs of a struggle or indication that burglary had taken place**





torneys had threatened him in his jail cell on Saturday, if he testified against his client. Mason also claimed that one of the Bell attorneys had offered him \$5,000 not to testify and that another had known of the murder plot from the start. As a result, he said, he would not testify for the state. When one of Mrs. Bell's attorneys said that Mason's remarks had prejudiced the jury against the defense, Judges Richard M. Pollitt and Alfred T. Truitt, Jr., granted a defense motion for a mistrial.

During his brief time on the stand, Mason emphatically denied murdering William Bell and said that he had agreed to a guilty plea "just to satisfy all you big wheels in Salisbury." When Judge Pollitt questioned him as to whether his guilty plea had come about willingly and knowingly, Mason became angry and pointed to his own attorney and said, "You're trying to pull one over on me like you did before . . . right?"

When he found out that Judge Pollitt had not seen an agreement between his attorney and State's Attorney Warren that Warren would write a letter to the parole board detailing Mason's assistance in the Bell case, Mason began hurling accusations at the attorneys involved in the case. Mason insisted that Warren had promised to appear before the parole board in his behalf if Mason testified at the Garrett County trial of his former Wicomico County Jail cellmate, who was accused of killing two Salisbury schoolboys. When he heard Judge Pollitt say that he had not been informed of either agreement, Mason said of the Bell murder, "I am going up for something I didn't do. I am not guilty. I didn't kill anybody."

When Mason began yelling into the courtroom's loudspeaker system and pointing his finger at Prosecutor Warren and his own attorney, Judge Pollitt closed Mason's file and said, "The court is not ready to accept the plea at this time." Then he returned to his chambers with Judge Truitt and Mason was led back upstairs to his cell.

Later, State's Attorney Warren told reporters that Mason's denial of guilt, coupled with the mistrial ruling for Mrs. Bell, had thrown the case into "limbo." Mrs. Bell, he said, would be tried again, just as soon as the circuit court could set a new date, but Mason would not be called as a state's witness.

In the second week of March, the Wicomico County State's Attorney's office charged Mrs. Bell with soliciting a Salisbury man on August 22, 1977, to beat her husband. She was also hit with two additional counts of soliciting Ralph Mason on October 4, 1977, to beat and murder her husband.

Not long after, Mason—following an apparent change of heart—formally pleaded guilty to a charge of second-



**Det. Sgt. Dykes theorized that victim had been shot at midnight with, as tests confirmed, his own .22 pistol**

degree murder and was sentenced to a 20-year term at the Maryland Prison at Hagerstown. If things worked out as the prosecution planned, Mason would be the state's star witness at Mrs. Bell's second trial, slated to get underway on February 25, 1980.

Prior to the start of proceedings, Mrs. Bell's attorneys asked Judges Pollitt and Truitt to dismiss the murder charges against their client on the grounds of double jeopardy. They argued that since State's Attorney Warren was aware of some of Mason's allegations before the first trial but did not inform the judges, the prosecution should not be given the opportunity to retry Mrs. Bell. Both judges disagreed, however, and so did Maryland's two appeal courts, ruling that Warren's error did not provide sufficient grounds to invoke the double jeopardy clause in the United States Constitution.

In his opening statement to an eight-man, four-woman jury on February 25, 1980, State's Attorney Warren said that testimony would show that Mrs. Bell had offered Mason "a large sum of money" and a sports car to murder her husband and that Mason, acting on her request, performed the slaying with William Bell's own gun after surprising him in his South Boulevard home.

"I don't expect you good people to like or respect Ralph Mason," Warren told the jury, but for the state to prove a murder conspiracy "one must go to the sewer of humanity."

Warren added that he would prove that Mrs. Bell had given another man \$1,500 to have her husband beaten.

Defense counsel claimed that Mason

worked at an auto repair shop that had done work on Corvettes owned by Mrs. Bell and her daughter and that the only money the defendant gave to Mason was in payment for work done on the cars. Mrs. Bell, he went on, had contacted the other man mentioned by Warren only to ask his help in finding an out-of-town lawyer because she was unhappy with the Salisbury attorney she had hired to collect money owed her by her husband. Prior to the Bells' split-up in August of 1977, he said, Mrs. Bell had given her husband \$20,000 and had invested another \$10,000 in their South Boulevard home. The house was purchased before their marriage and listed solely under William Bell's ownership, he said.

The attorney went on to say that his client would testify that her husband was "involved in drug trafficking, possibly marijuana, possibly cocaine" and that he beat her frequently. However, at the time of William's death, he said, the couple was close to a "reconciliation" and William had agreed to quit dealing drugs.

Prior to William's death, the lawyer went on, Mrs. Bell had inherited a sizable estate from a neighbor she had befriended; she also got about \$2,000 from her father, who died in North Carolina. Speaking of the man to whom she had given \$1,500, as well as of the money she had turned over to her husband, he added, "Marie Bell is an easy mark. She was a woman who had some money. People took advantage of her."

Among the state's lead-off witnesses was the victim's mother, who testified that two weeks before her son's death Marie Bell told her, "If she [Marie] ever thought that Bill ever did anything against her, she would kill him and I would bury him."

On Tuesday, February 26th, Ralph Mason told the court that he and the defendant at first had plotted to beat up William, but that the plan had changed from battery to murder and that Mrs. Bell had promised him \$13,000, her new Corvette, and backing for his own auto repair shop in payment for the job. Speaking in a soft, well-modulated voice, the bearded, long-haired witness said that the first time he visited Mrs. Bell's apartment he devised a plan with the defendant to rough up the man to whom she had given \$1,500 to beat up her husband. (During his own brief time on the stand, the intended victim—a self-styled "con man"—said that he had taken the "easy money" without ever intending to carry out the plan which called for him to beat up William Bell because Bell allegedly had assaulted his wife and was prepared to take her property and money once their divorce was final.)

Mason testified that Mrs. Bell offered him \$500 to beat up the man, but that he

held out for \$5,000 and so the job never got done. However, as he began spending more and more time with Mrs. Bell, her demands grew so that she wanted him to beat up her husband and two other men, promising him \$5,000 for each assault. But, he said, as the murder plot deepened, "We talked about it constantly and forgot about the other two.

"She told me she had a plan for killing him," Mason testified.

"I would kill him at his home. I didn't want to kill the fellow by kidnapping, by hauling him off somewhere."

Mason said that Mrs. Bell drew him a diagram of the South Boulevard residence and told him that she would leave a key to the back door in an outside light fixture. Mason identified diagrams introduced in court as the ones Mrs. Bell had drawn.

After he and the defendant had agreed on a price, he said, he went to the Bell house at about 9:00 on the evening of October 19th. Despite the diagrams in his pocket, he said, he tripped over a stoop behind the house and had such a hard time finding the lights that he had to phone Mrs. Bell for directions as to where to find them. Then, he said, when he entered the kitchen and heard music, "I said, 'Oh, Jesus, I've been set up.' I started talking. I said, 'Mr. Bell, I'm Ralph Mason. Your wife has sent me over here to kill you, but I'm not going to kill you . . .'"

Realizing, suddenly, that he was alone in the house and that the music was coming from a clock radio, Mason said, he went into the bedroom and he stuffed some of Bell's jewelry into his pockets and then settled down to wait for Bell to come home. It was shortly after midnight, he added, when he heard Bell enter the house and remembered that he had left the door to the downstairs gun cabinet open. When he heard Bell run upstairs, he added, he grabbed Bell's .22-caliber gun, the one he usually kept in a holster on his bed post, and hid in a spare bedroom closet.

The light went out, Mason said, and "I knew he knew I was there. I could feel his weight as he moved around. He was a great big guy and filled the whole doorway. I stepped out of the closet and held the gun like you see on TV. I cocked the hammer back . . . When he hit the doorway, I fired."

As Bell grabbed his leg and screamed obscenities at him, Mason said, he fired two more shots, jumped over the dying man's body and ran out of the house. He was so excited, he said, that he ran the wrong way to his car, which he had parked on another street. The next day, he got rid of the gun in a pond near Hebron, Maryland.

"Why did you kill William Bell?" State's Attorney Warren asked.

"Why did I? Well, ah, I killed him for,



**Slain man's widow, Marie Bell, shown here getting into her car after being questioned by police, denied taking part in conspiracy to murder her husband**

ah, the new Vet, the money, and to back me in business."

However, he was quick to add, he received only about \$2,300 and was fitted for two expensive suits which he never got to wear because they had to be tailored, and "we were arrested before I could get them."

The murder trial of Marie Bell was being held under unusually tight security. Sheriff's deputies with metal detectors manned the courthouse entrance; every time State's Attorney Warren went to lunch or left court for any other reason, he was accompanied by a deputy. Asked by newsmen if he had received any death threats, Warren would answer only, "No comment."

Under cross-examination on Wednesday, Ralph Mason admitted that he had lied under oath when he denied his involvement in the slaying on the last day of Mrs. Bell's first trial, but said he did it because it was the only way to prevent himself from being "railroaded" into jail. Mason also described for the jury his relationship with a former Delmar businessman, currently serving a life prison term for a drug-related kidnapping.

"He used me to lean on a few people who owed him gambling debts," Mason testified.

Mason described himself as an immature person and claimed that his immaturity was one reason that he did what Mrs. Bell had asked of him. He said that he augmented his income from his father's auto body shop by sleeping with women for \$150. Calling himself a gigolo, he said that he had been the defendant's lover on two occasions. He also

told the court of a scheme he had hatched with another county jail inmate in which the inmate would plead guilty to the Bell murder for \$20,000. But, he said, the other inmate double-crossed him and told police of the plan. Asked why he was testifying against Mrs. Bell, he said, "Because I believe the real guilty party here should be behind bars as well as myself. If she hadn't come along, I'd be with my family."

When he was asked if he abided by any laws, Mason said, "You have to decide whether they pertain to you or not."

Following Mason to the stand was a relative who testified that, the day after the slaying, Mrs. Bell admitted to her that she had asked Mason to kill her husband. Mason's ex-wife, who had divorced her husband a month before the trial after seven years of marriage and one child, said that a woman Mason had identified as Marie Bell had come to their mobile home a few days after the slaying. When Mason ordered Mrs. Bell outside, so that they could speak in private, the witness said, she had listened to their conversation through a closed window.

"What did you do with the key?" the witness said Mrs. Bell had asked her husband. "What did you do with the gun?"

"I put them in the water," Mason allegedly replied.

The former Mrs. Mason also identified several articles of men's jewelry, which, she said, she had seen in her jewelry box and which her former husband said he had taken from the Bell home.

Asked, under cross-examination, if her ex-husband ever had lied to her, the



At trial, Pros. Richard Warren contended that Mrs. Bell (r.) had plotted with one Ralph Mason Jr. to kill her husband

witness answered, "Only about things he didn't want me to know."

On Thursday, Circuit Court Judge Lloyd L. Simpkins ruled that Mrs. Bell could not be convicted of first-degree murder, because Mason, the actual gunman, had been convicted of a lesser charge. At the close of the prosecution's case, however, the jurist said he had found that testimony indicated Mrs. Bell had planned the murder with Mason and had helped him prepare for it by supplying him with the gloves needed for the job and by tying back his long hair. He also ruled that Mrs. Bell's instructions to Mason about how to turn on the light didn't establish her constructive presence at the scene.

On Friday, February 29th, the prosecution placed on the stand a Hagerstown Prison inmate who said that while Mason was locked up in the institution he approached him with a plan to win back his freedom.

"I was all ears," said the witness, a short, muscular man serving 19 years for armed robbery.

At the time Mason approached him, he said, Mrs. Bell's first trial had ended in a mistrial and Mason was expected to testify at the second trial. Mason wanted the two of them to fake attempts on Mason's life and afterwards he was supposed to tell the authorities that one of Mrs. Bell's attorneys had given him \$10,000 to kill Mason. Mason, he said, told him that he could make a "better deal" with the FBI because the Bureau "wanted" the attorney and Mrs. Bell. Although the scheme was "too shaky and I didn't participate in such action," he added, he ultimately staged a fight with Mason.

Some time later, he went on, Mason faked a firebomb attack in his cell by burning some newspapers. Later, he said, he found out that attempted murder and arson charges had been filed against him by Mason. After determining that the attempts on his life were fakes, it was noted, the Washington County State's Attorney, in 1979, had dropped the charges against him.

During a tearful five hours on the

stand on Monday, March 3rd, Marie Bell adamantly denied taking part in a murder plot against her husband. In a husky monotone, she described her early life with the victim, with whom she had begun living in the late 1960s and whom she married, according to her testimony, in 1974 or 1975.

Breaking down as she described numerous beatings, which, she said, her husband had inflicted on her, the witness went on to deny Mason's allegations about her role in the murder plot and the "con-man's" allegations that she gave him \$1,500 to beat up her husband. She said that the money was to be used as the retainer for a Baltimore lawyer to represent her in divorce proceedings and that the \$500 given to Mason was for the purchase of a used car, rather than as a down payment for the hit on her husband.

Mrs. Bell insisted that Mason was merely her auto mechanic and played no role in her life other than to service the Corvettes owned by her and her daughter.

Mason, she went on, "was a very sad person. He was the kind of person that would talk to you and break your heart. He smelled so bad you couldn't get next to him."

The woman also refuted the testimony of a previous witness who said that he had given Mrs. Bell Mason's name and phone number in September, 1977, when she told him that she needed someone to beat up the "con man" for taking her money. She claimed that she had asked the witness only for the name of a good auto mechanic.

Mrs. Bell told the court that her late husband had beaten her regularly before and after their marriage. As a result, she said, she had left him twice, the last time in August, 1977. However, at the time of his death, she said, they were close to a reconciliation. Once, she went on, she had become so distraught over the failure of her marriage that, after moving to a Priscilla Street, Salisbury, apartment, she had pointed a loaded gun at her head and squeezed the trigger.

When the weapon did not fire, she said, "I thought to myself, 'You crazy fool, why are you trying to kill yourself over somebody else?'"

Mrs. Bell insisted that her marriage hit the skids when her late husband began smoking marijuana and bringing home large plastic bags of "grassy looking stuff." When she asked him what was in the bags, she said, he would explode in anger and shout, "None of your business."

On a boat trip they took down the Wicomico River into Chesapeake Bay, she said, Bell met with two men and picked up a box of "white powder," which, he told her, "is worth \$100,000."

In 1976, she continued, some men she didn't know began pressuring her husband for money and she gave him \$5,000 on four separate occasions, the last time shortly before she left him.

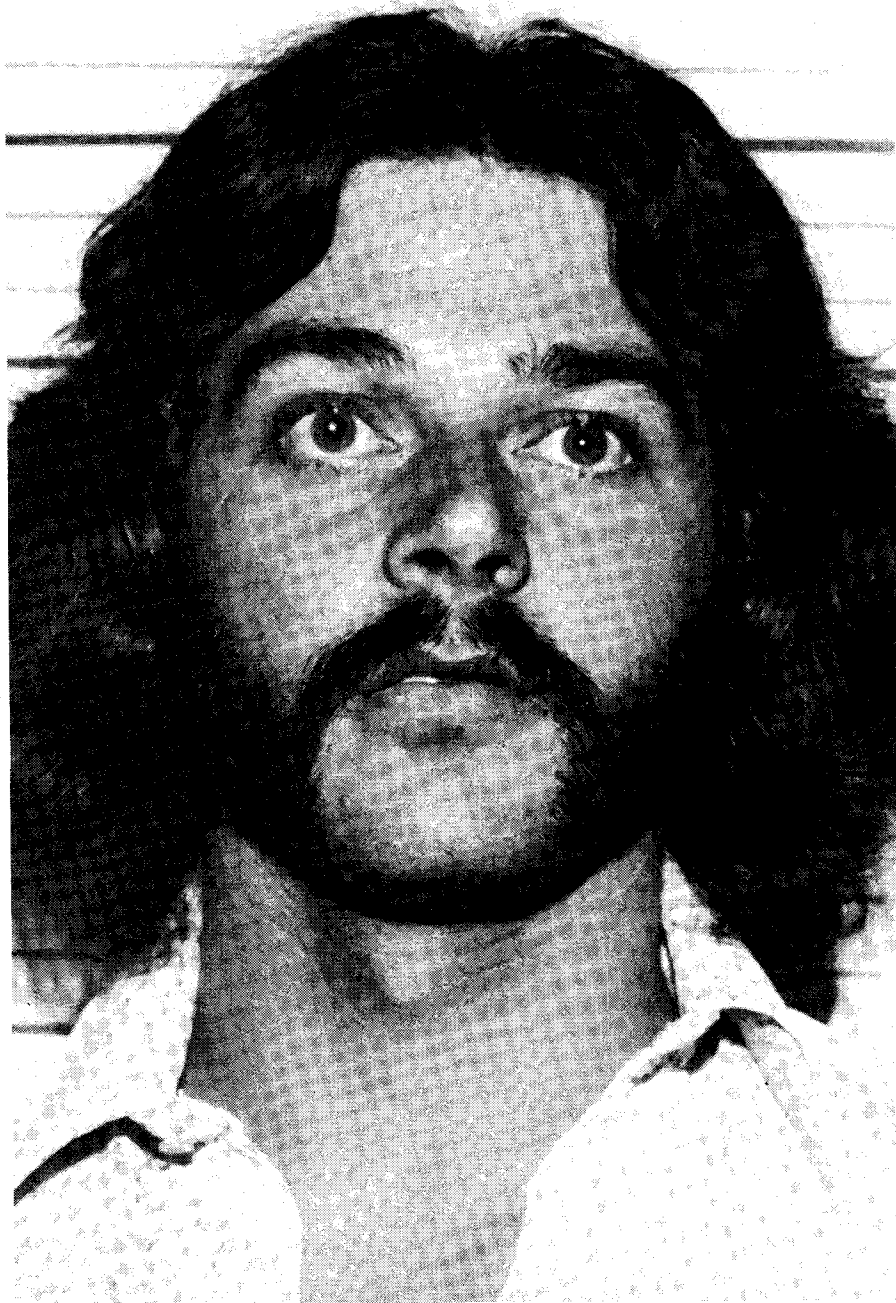
Mrs. Bell, it was noted, was the only witness to link her late husband to drugs.

In his closing remarks to the jury, on Tuesday, March 4th, State's Attorney Warren called Mrs. Bell the "mastermind" of the plot which claimed her husband's life and said that he had no apologies for the plea bargain he had made with Ralph Mason.

"The crime is a combination of a guilty act coupled with a guilty mind," Warren said. "It is important to get to the mastermind behind the crime" and so "you have to deal with the Masons of the world.

"If it were not for Marie Bell," he continued, "Mason wouldn't have killed, and if Mr. Ralph Mason hadn't killed him, she would have found someone else.

"Who is the greater criminal, Ralph Mason or Marie Bell?"



On witness stand, accused conspirator Mason testified that Mrs. Bell offered him money to kill her husband and even drew a diagram of the Bell residence

Defense counsel claimed that Mason was a "teller of tall tales" and also reminded the jury of Mrs. Bell's claims that her husband often had beaten her.

Later that afternoon, however, after just two hours of deliberation, the jury announced that it had found Marie Bell guilty of conspiracy, being an accessory before the fact of second degree murder and of soliciting her husband's murder.

The following day, a special inquiry panel of five Eastern Shore, Maryland, attorneys, an arm of the Maryland Attorney Grievance Committee created by the Court of Appeals, announced that it had cleared Mrs. Bell's former lawyers of any wrong-doing as alleged by

Mason. Mason was described as a "totally incredible witness," and the panel could "place no reliance on his testimony or that of several other convicted criminals called to support Mason's allegations."

"The panel finds no believable evidence that [the attorneys] ever threatened Mr. Mason, or attempted to influence his testimony."

Meanwhile, by request of Mrs. Bell's defense counsel, her sentencing was postponed, pending a presentencing investigation. She was remanded to the custody of the sheriff to remain in the Wicomico County Jail where she would await sentencing. ◆◆◆

**I**T WOULD BE no more than a small exaggeration to say that except for one rather important element, the criminal investigation which all but monopolized the headlines in the West German press last summer was a homicide that made everyone happy.

The only depressing factor in the situation was the realization that all the satisfaction that was engendered stemmed from the murder of an innocent woman.

As happens in so many criminal cases, however, events which occur after the crime have a way of blotting out public memory of the victim, leaving little more than an impersonal name that crops up from time to time in court documents. This was such a case. Everyone in Germany who could read or watch television or listen to the radio recognized the name of the accused murderer the moment they saw or heard or read it, but there were few who recalled the name of his victim, a widow known to her relatives and neighbors as Eltrude Berlich.

From a journalistic point of view, the man who assertedly killed Frau Berlich was a character to be treasured. He carried on like a character in a Hitchcock suspense thriller, vintage pre-World War II.

From the police point of view, he marked himself as a crackpot with the very first of a succession of telephone calls he made to the police station *before* anyone even knew that a murder had been committed.

From the view of the psychiatric profession, he was a specimen of the highest order for clinical research. In the early stages of the investigation, news editors of both the printed and electronic media conducted telephone in-



The body of widow Eltrude Berlich, 50, was found in her home, lying on sofa, at left of table being processed for fingerprints by a crime lab technician

# CASE OF THE SILENT WITNESS



As far as could be determined, widow's pet hamster was only witness to the maniacal strangulation murder



Victim was naked when found slain, and there was evidence of sexual intercourse, but police were not sure if she had been raped or did it voluntarily

**TD  
DOUBLE  
FEATURE  
LENGTH**

**The evidence indicated that Trude had made love to her killer, and that prompted two questions in the minds of investigators: Was her murderer a rapist with a blood lust? Or was he a "friend?" Unfortunately, the only eyewitness wasn't talking**



Investigators finally concluded that Eugen Pforshiem (left) was the mysterious caller who had been telephoning messages connected with the widow Berlich's murder even before the crime was discovered. A later phone call proved his downfall

interviews with a host of psychiatric experts and, not surprisingly, just about every one of them offered a different professional opinion.

None had even seen or talked to the man, of course, but reports of his baroque behavior evoked terms like Schizoid, Paranoiac, Manic Depressive, Delusionary, Flagellation Prone, Guilt Complex and an endless variety of other labels dear to the hearts of armchair psychoanalysts.

As far as the police were concerned, the first item logged in the case record was the telephone call which was received at the offices of the Criminal Police in the city of Bielefeld on the night of Sunday, August 10, 1980. The call was answered by Detective Sergeant Karl Ehler, who was in charge of the duty desk that night.

Ehler would remember that the voice of his male caller sounded quite normal as he said: "Good evening. Do you have any reports of a murder tonight?"

The sergeant barely had time to say No before the caller hung up. Ehler called his switchboard to see if the operator had any more information about him. He didn't.

"He wouldn't identify himself but he insisted on talking to someone in the Criminal Police," the operator said, "so I connected him and then began a trace, but he hung up before we could do any good."

Sgt. Ehler asked to be advised if anything further was turned up. He did not really expect that any progress would be made, so he was surprised when the operator called back about a half hour later and reported that they had suc-

ceeded in getting a partial trace on the mysterious phone call.

"He was calling from Osnabruck."

Sgt. Ehler was surprised. Osnabruck was a city of some 100,000 population about 25 miles northwest of Bielefeld. In the sergeant's experience, cranks and practical jokers who liked to annoy the police rarely, if ever, made long distance calls. They were always local characters.

The first call had been logged at 9:10 p.m. At 9:50 Sgt. Ehler's phone rang again. Before he could even say hello when he put the instrument to his ear, the same voice he had heard before said, "Still no murders? Why don't you try Brachwede?"

And then the caller hung up at once. The switchboard operator came on the line at once and said, "I think we'll get a better fix on this guy this time. I started the trace as soon as I heard his voice and stalled him as long as I dared before I connected him with you. I think it might have been enough. I'll get back to you soon and let you know how we make out."

"You do that," the sergeant said. "I'm beginning to get the feeling this joker knows something we don't know. We haven't had any calls about a murder, have we?"

"No, Sergeant. You would have been advised if we had."

Sgt. Ehler belonged to what the press liked to refer to as "the new breed of German police." He was college trained in criminology. He also had taken every course in investigation offered by the police training schools. And at the age of 28, he was second in command of the

Criminal Police Division in Bielefeld.

About ten minutes later the operator called Ehler to report that the last call had come from a pay telephone in the railway station at Minden. Ehler pondered the information a moment, then said, "That's east of Osnabruck, and it's just about the same distance from Bielefeld. The three cities form a nearly perfect triangle.

"Obviously this guy is traveling by train. By the way, have you called the substation in Brachwede?"

Brachwede is a suburb southwest of Bielefeld. The operator said he had called the police sub-station there, but they had no reports of any murder.

"Call them again," Sgt. Ehler instructed the operator, "and tell them to advise us at once if they get a report of anything of a criminal nature. More and more, I'm getting the feeling that this guy is not a practical joker. Something is bugging him."

A few moments later Ehler rose from his desk and walked over to the huge wall map of West Germany on the wall. On a ledge below it was a collection of brightly colored flags on pins. He stuck one first on the site of Osnabruck, then another at Minden, and a third at Brachwede.

Sgt. Ehler's third call came at 10:50 p.m., but this time it was not the mysterious caller. It was the switchboard operator.

"We've got it!" he said excitedly. "They have a murder in Brachwede. The sub-station just called."

"Dammit," Ehler said. "I knew in my bones there was something about that

*(Continued on page 72)*

**F**OR CHARLOTTE Louise Rivenburgh, whose usual domain was the staid and stuffy halls of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where she worked on the public relations staff, summers were a time for sunshine and languid starry nights and cold mountain air. About 150 miles from her apartment on West Twenty-second Street in Manhattan's gracefully aging Chelsea neighborhood, she maintained a cabin in the hamlet of Hancock, New York, and whenever the weather allowed it she would steal a few precious days there to help shake off her city pall.

Even during the cold weather months, Charlotte's thoughts were never very far from the rocky Catskill Mountain foothills and her country home hard by the spot where the East Branch met the Delaware to mark the New York-Pennsylvania border. Over half a decade of summers, ever since it was built in the early 1970s, she lived out her rustic fantasies at the cabin on weekends and August vacations.

Although the rugged country around Hancock is, in many ways, very much a part of Appalachia, Charlotte never had to rough it. Her days in the country more often than not were spent house-keeping and cooking and looking after a small vegetable garden on a neighbor's land about a quarter of a mile past the trickling stream that ran by the cabin. With each passing year, she would tell her husband, it became harder and harder to put such an idyllic existence behind her and return to a steady diet of city life after Labor Day.

Late on the chilly Thursday afternoon of August 16, 1979, as she had so many other times before, Charlotte deposited a roast in the oven and told her husband of six years that she was going out for a stroll. Rivenburgh said good-bye and then hopped in the shower. He knew that his 56-year-old wife, an excellent cook, would be back in plenty of time to make sure that the meat did not burn. But when she stepped out of the tub, Charlotte had not returned, and when she had still not come back an hour later, it was left up to him to take out the roast.

About two hours after she had gone, a few minutes before 8 p.m., Rivenburgh went out to his car and began looking for his wife. He made his first stop at the cabin where she kept her garden plot.

It was a few minutes past 8:00 when the Hancock Rescue Squad received a call over the fire department phone line requesting its presence on Newman Road in the isolated French Woods section between Peas Eddy Road and Route 97. When Jerry and Vivian Leonard, Robert Rushforth and John Schoonmaker arrived at the out of the way spot they quickly came to realize that this call would be like no other they had ever answered. Sprawled in the backyard of

# CHARLOTTE'S 400-YARD WALK TO ETERNITY

by MARTIN KRAFT

an unoccupied summer cabin about 400 yards from her own place was the still, unmoving form of Charlotte Rivenburgh, a single, small-caliber bullet lodged in her skull just behind the left ear.

Within the hour a caravan of official vehicles from the Delaware County sheriff's office in Delhi and the New York State Police Bureau of Criminal Investigation snaked along Newman Road to the shooting scene. No more than two year-round homes and half a dozen cabins sat beside the narrow dirt lane that wound through the dense woods of the creek valley. Since it was already dark by the time they arrived, the lawmen took only a brief look at the site before cordoning it off and making plans for a daylight search. As they worked, Charlotte Rivenburgh's re-

mains were taken to the Wilson Memorial Hospital for a postmortem examination.

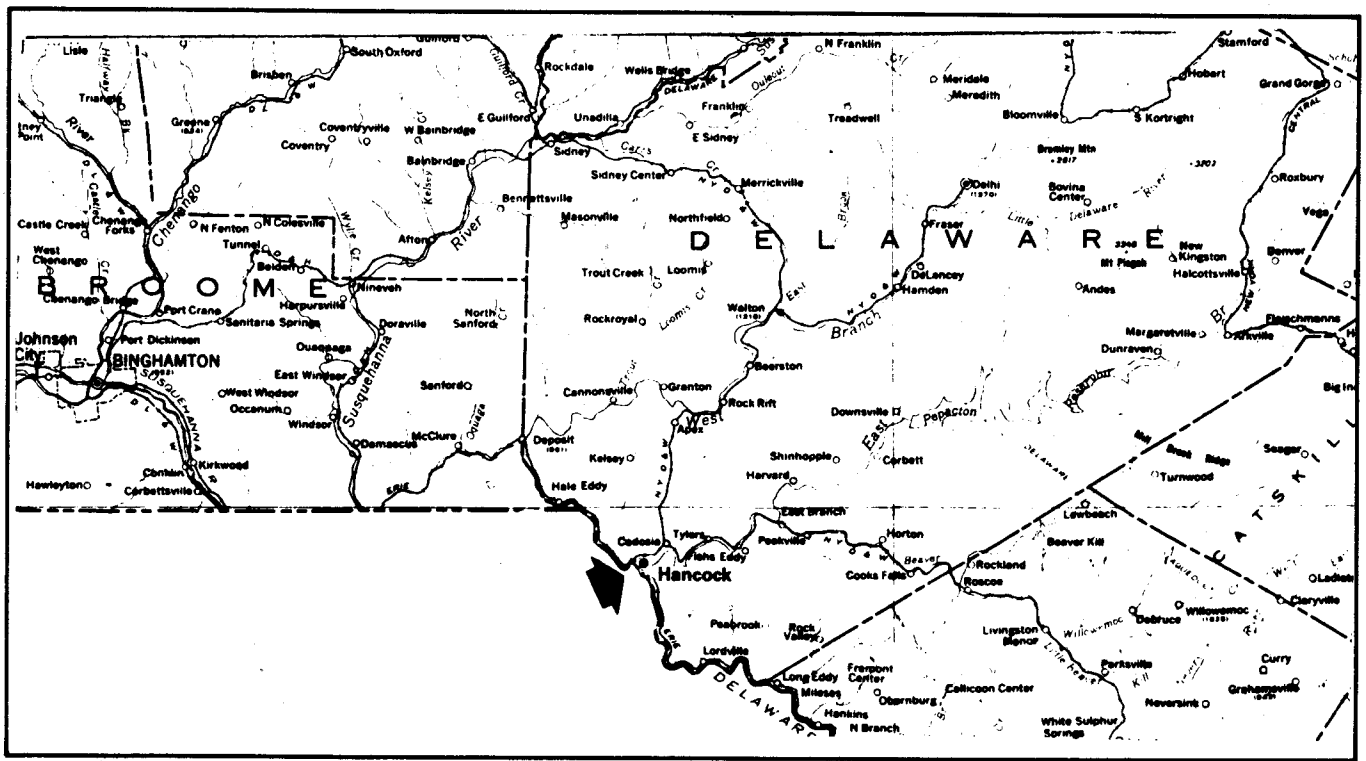
Early the following day, a pathologist told the homicide probers that he had ruled out suicide as the cause of death and a rape attempt as its motive. As leaders of the investigation hastily set up their field headquarters in the Hancock village police station, plainclothes officers examined the death scene and also spoke with the few neighbors in the area.

"I didn't know her well," one of the witnesses said. "Just to wave to. I've tried hard to think of any strange cars that may have passed by yesterday. There was Mr. Rivenburgh and the mailman, but that's about it.

"I've never locked my door. I've never been afraid here. It seemed to me to be

**Her country home was her haven  
from the city's terrors.  
At least, that's what she  
thought . . . but she was wrong**





Charlotte went for stroll near her summer home in Hancock, N.Y. (arrow) and was promptly shot to death

about the safest place in the world.

"I went to bed about five a.m.," she added. "I had an awful time going to sleep last night. It doesn't give you the greatest feeling."

Captain George P. Thomas of the state police told reporters, that afternoon, that his men had been unable to find the death weapon during their search of the crime scene.

"We don't know who did it, or how they did it," said Lieutenant Carl

Shaver of the Bureau of Criminal Investigation.

The homicide probes had not come away empty-handed from their effort, however, for they had learned that the murder of Charlotte Rivenburgh was not the only crime to have taken place in the woods on Thursday night. The cabin where the victim kept her garden had been burglarized and a sliding glass door had been jimmied where the thieves gained access.

"We found a metal rod protruding from that door," a detective reported, "evidently where the burglars had placed it to keep the door open. What must've happened is that Mrs. Rivenburgh had the misfortune to go for a walk just when someone decided to break into the place. She must've gotten a look at them and then been shot to silence her."

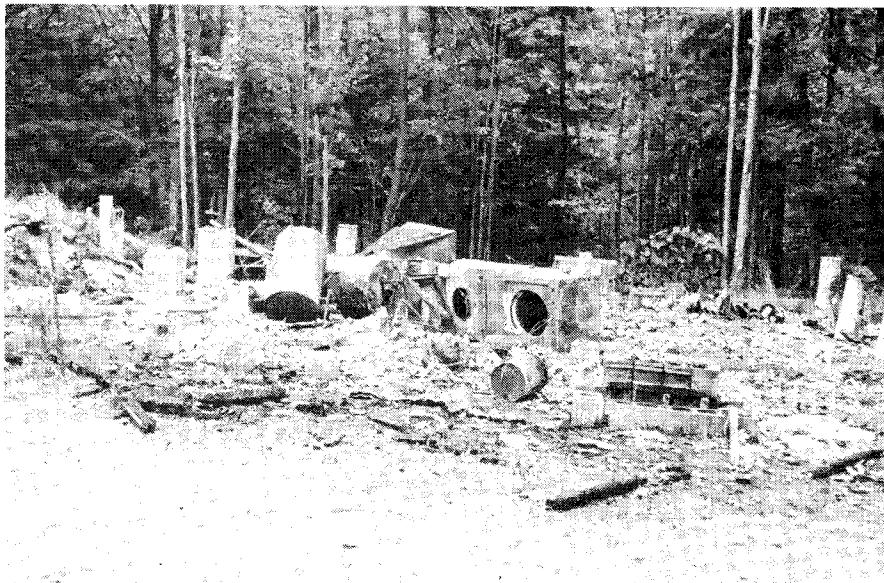
The news of the savage murder was no less demoralizing in Charlotte Rivenburgh's Chelsea neighborhood than in the area where it had taken place.

"She was a lady . . . a very dear friend of mine," said one of her neighbors on West Twenty-second Street. "There were times in the last couple of years that without her and her husband I don't know how I would have gotten through. She gave of herself, but she found it very hard to ask in return."

The state police detectives brought a specially trained German shepherd to Newman Road on Saturday to hunt for evidence. The dog was able to follow the victim's scent from her cabin to the spot where her body was found, confirming her husband's account of her final hours, but telling the investigators little they did not already know. On Sunday, following a series of talks with every visitor and home owner in the neighborhood, the lawmen found out that there had been a second burglary on Thursday, when a Brooklyn man told them that thieves had broken into his summer home and taken seven guns.

"None of them was the murder

Investigators sought to determine if there was any link between fatal shooting of Mrs. Rivenburgh and mysterious fire which later destroyed her summer cabin



Hancock Herald Photo

weapon, though," a detective was quick to note. "All of them were the wrong kind to have been used in the Rivenburgh shooting. If there was a burglary gang working this area on Thursday, when they thought most of the summer visitors would be back in the city, they must've brought their own guns."

Late on Sunday, detectives from Troop C of the state police hiked through muddy forest ponds and rattlesnake-infested underbrush in the hope of finding the elusive death weapon. Some 36 lawmen from a seven-county area, many of them working 14-hour shifts, were assigned to the case and all were determined to hunt down the visiting New Yorker's killer.

"Since 1948," a uniformed officer said, "we've averaged about a dozen homicides a year in this part of the state and none of them have gone unsolved. We're not about to let this one get away from us either."

"We'd like to keep the record going," echoed David McElligott, the senior investigator.

McElligott and his men had come well-prepared for the day's hunt. A number of the officers in the forest had brought sensitive metal detectors and in a nearby lake a scuba diving team searched a small lake where the death weapon might have been discarded.

"If we need it, we've even got a helicopter waiting to go up," one officer said, "but, to be honest, right now we really don't know where to look."

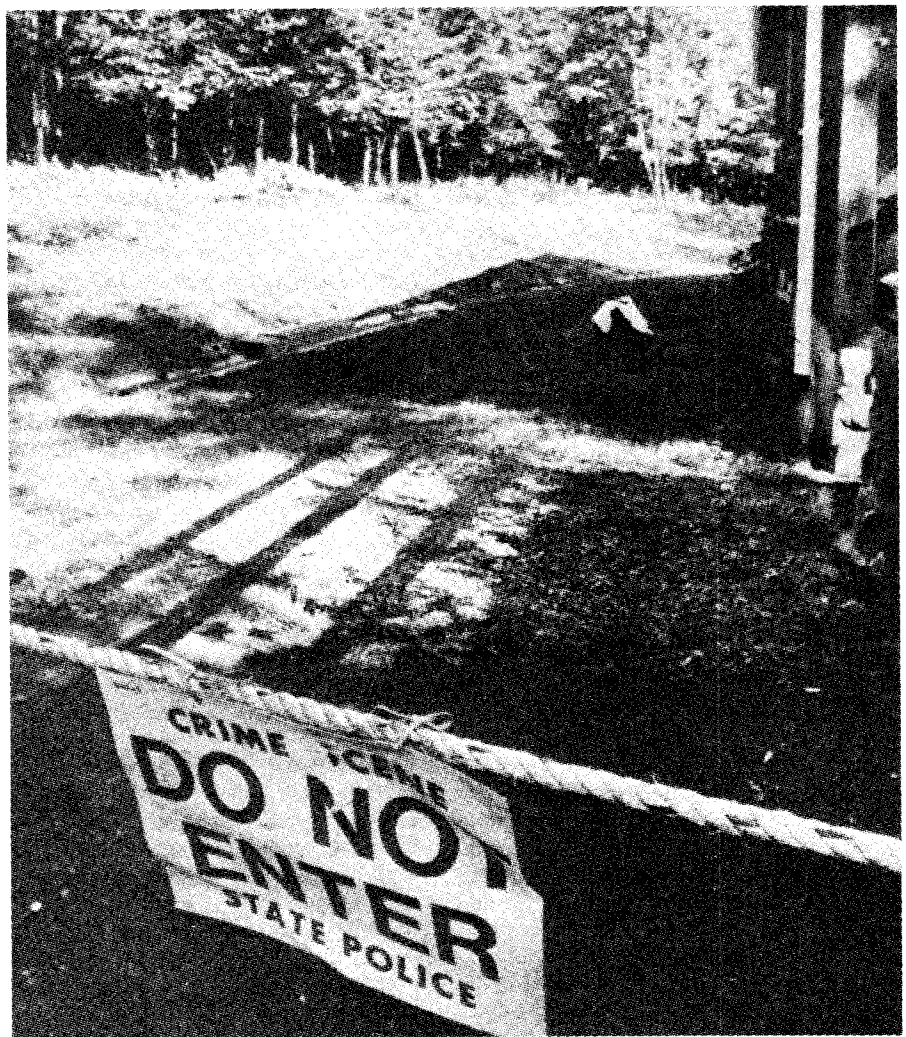
The police scuba-diving team spent much of Tuesday, August 21st, combing through the muck at the bottom of a pond in a wooded glen studded with dark green ferns. Coming up empty-handed, they shifted their operations, Wednesday, to Pierce Pond, about a mile south of the death scene. In the surrounding woods, teams of officers continued to hunt for the gun with metal detectors.

Captain Thomas declined to speak with reporters that day, but his deputy, Lieutenant Shaver, was quick to praise the detectives who had flocked to the area to work on the investigation.

"These are hard-working, dedicated men, who will ask the extra questions, who will go the extra mile. If the case is solvable," he vowed, "they'll solve it."

Another senior investigator, Edward Kelly, sounded a less optimistic note when he hinted that the solution to the case might not be found in the Catskills. It was no secret that in Manhattan detectives under the command of Captain Joseph Strojnowski were continuing to speak with friends and acquaintances of Charlotte Rivenburgh, among them her first husband.

"I don't see how Charlotte could have had an enemy in the world," he told them. "She was considered a magnificent human being by most of the people



**Victim's shrouded body lies in shaded part of road where it was found, 400 yards from her home. Cops began looking for a blue van seen in neighborhood**

who knew her. I was still carrying the torch for her."

Back in Hancock, Captain Thomas said that after five days of talks with "hundreds, nearly a thousand" persons, as well as a comprehensive search of dense forestland, no major clues had been uncovered.

"To this point we're empty-handed," he said. "But we're not at the end of our rope."

And the truth was that they weren't. For out of that morass of interviews they had come away with one priceless lead—that on the night of the killing a blue van had been seen cruising through the neighborhood where the murder took place.

Investigators, Captain Thomas explained, were still awaiting the results of ballistic tests performed at the state police crime lab in Albany on the slug removed from the victim's head. He did not know when the findings would be made available and until such time, he said, he would be unable to say whether the bullet had been fired from a handgun or a rifle. When the state

police helicopter joined the hunt, that afternoon, he went on, the crew would not be looking for anything in particular, but merely would be aiding the searchers on the ground.

What the investigators were hoping the helicopter crew would find were some backwoods cabins where, perhaps, the suspects were hiding out, or where they had hidden some evidence. Unfortunately, the high hopes sparked by the airborne search quickly were dashed and with no new leads to work with the homicide probes decided to re-examine the meager evidence they had gathered so far.

With a population of barely 1700, Hancock is, under normal conditions, about as crime-free a place as can be imagined. One of the more memorable incidents in recent years involving the police took place on May 4, 1978, when a man in his mid-20s was arrested for shooting a woman with a pellet gun and charged with third degree assault. Later that day, the same young man was charged with criminal mischief

*(Continued on page 50)*

**T**HEY WERE FISHING for crabs in the waters of Marley Creek that Sunday afternoon of June 8, 1980 when one of the three noticed something floating a couple hundred feet off shore. It looked like an object in a life jacket. But no. They could see there was some orange fabric in the water, but not too clearly.

One of the crabbers started wading out, but the water got deeper. Another followed. They started swimming.

They found an orange sleeping bag in the water, completely soaked through. It was bulky and filled with something. They splashed and struggled with the sleeping bag until they succeeded in pulling it up to the water's edge. Looking in one end, they saw two feet sticking out. There was a man in there. One of the crabbers went to the nearest house and called the police. The slow monotony of that lazy Sunday afternoon had indeed been broken.

Uniformed officers from the Anne Arundel County Police Department arrived first and examined the crabber's unusual catch. Since neither the five detectives nor the sergeant of the county police homicide unit were on duty that Sunday, the uniformed officers called Detective Gordon March and crime scene technician Bo Snyder at their homes and told them to meet them at North Arundel Hospital where they were having the body delivered.

The body of an elderly man was taken from the sleeping bag. The victim had a trash bag over his head and decomposition was advancing. An assistant medical examiner arrived soon after, determined that the cause of death was asphyxiation, and ruled the death a homicide.

There was no identification on the dead man so the following day his hands were removed and sent to the FBI for possible identification through his fingerprints. At the same time also the county police released a photo of the victim's glasses, glasses case, comb, cuff links and watch to Baltimore area television stations to be broadcast for a possible response from the public. A sketch of his face was not possible because of the decomposition of his facial features.

At 9:30 on Monday night, some 30 hours since the body was discovered, the FBI made a hit on the victim's fingerprints. The prints belonged to William "Speedy" Jaffa, a 77-year-old loan shark.

Shortly afterward, Herman Twilling called county police. He had just seen a TV newscast and identified the personal objects as belonging to a long-time friend of his, William Jaffa. Twilling informed the desk officer on duty at the phone that he had last spoken with Jaffa on June 5th and Speedy had told him he was going to New York that day with his gold and silver man to do a diamond deal for \$25,000. Twilling identified Jaffa as a loan shark who was also an ex-pornographic book store owner on Baltimore's Block.

Armed with this information, the next day Detectives James Moore and Gordon March paid visits to Jaffa's wife and brother. The brother became very irate and upset and started shouting, "I can't believe he fell for that phony deal. After all these years Speedy should have been able to see through that one." He accompanied the homicide detectives



William "Speedy" Jaffa had floated many a loan in his time. But suddenly somebody floated him—in the waters of a creek

to the victim's home where they met Jaffa's 77-year-old widow.

The woman couldn't tell the detectives much except that Speedy had been missing ever since leaving the house Thursday morning on June 5th. He had showered in the morning, put on one of his better suits, told her he would be going to New York, and left the house. That was it. She and William were both from the old school: he told her nothing of his business activities outside the house and she asked no questions. It had been that way for years and years.

Before they left, however, Jaffa's brother told the sleuths that he had called a smelting company and had left a message for a guy known only as Joe to return his call. He had never heard of Joe or his company before but he had learned of his name through a liquor store owner, Walt Zorinski, who gave him the name and phone number when he called to inquire about his brother's whereabouts. He tried the phone number several times. The last time he called he did reach Joe, who told him he didn't know where his brother was.

Detectives Moore and March then arranged to meet Herman Twilling, the man who identified Jaffa through the

**Homicide probers found themselves with a murder  
that was turned around, because usually it's  
a Shylock's clients who become victims of violence**

# MARYLAND'S CASE OF THE FLOATING LOAN SHARK



**Sleeping bag encased Speedy Jaffa when he went to his eternal rest. Wrapped body was found in creek by crab fishermen, who called police. Detectives began checking victim's customers to see who might have objected to a loan being called in**

objects seen on television, at a local restaurant. Herman told the investigators he had known Speedy for 10 years as a loan shark and as a friend. Speedy lent out large sums of money in the thousands at two percent interest a week, the entire interest and principal payable within ten weeks. Herman told the investigators that Speedy supplied short term cash to a wide circle of area businesses, that he was a peaceable man who never used muscle or brute coercion to collect his debts. He described Speedy as "a helluva nice guy" who, contrary to the practices of many loan sharks, preferred to take a loss on some of his loans rather than apply strongarm pressures used by others in his trade. For this reason Speedy was believed to have taken business losses over the years. But they were more than adequately offset by the many financial successes he enjoyed.

Jaffa's business ventures seemed to spread in all directions. Twilling told Det. Moore that every week he bought hundreds of checks from bookies at a favorite watering hole and returned 99 percent of their money after "laundering" them through a legitimate business associate of his. Jaffa kept the one percent as his "laundry fee." He also owned race horses which competed at local race tracks, using fronts to conceal his ownership.

The last time he saw Jaffa alive, Twilling related, was at the bookies' watering hole on June 4th. Jaffa was there and he informed Twilling that he and Joe, his gold and silver man, were going to be leaving the next day for New York City to consummate their big diamond deal. All Twilling could tell them about Joe was that he owed Jaffa \$10,000 plus interest and that he believed this deal was set up to help



Dets. Chaplin, March and Moore (photo r.) learned that a certain business associate of slain man had owed him \$10,000

pay off the outstanding loan.

At this point it became clear to the investigators that they needed more information about the victim. As they explained to the victim's son, it was understood that he was operating along or beyond the perimeters of the law, but that these activities were only of interest to them insofar as they helped with the murder investigation. With the son's cooperation the detectives gained access to Jaff's documents pertaining to some of his business activities and also recovered a briefcase containing \$21,000 in paper currency and a separate package of jewelry valued at \$15,000.

Among the documents were the names of numerous "bankers," people who held large sums of cash for Jaffa for use whenever he planned to make a loan. The detectives checked with all of these "bankers" and every one denied that he served Jaffa in this role.

That left two persons who had been reported as seeing Jaffa shortly before he disappeared. They were Joe, Jaffa's gold and silver man, and Albert Dufour, owner of a local restaurant and lounge.

The sleuths showed up at the business offices of the GMMC Corporation, the precious metals company that Joe owned. But Celia Edwards, the receptionist and bookkeeper, told them that Joe Mansfield was not in.

They were luckier in finding Bert Dufour. He was at his restaurant and in the mood to talk.

Dufour told the investigators that he had known Jaffa for 30 years as one of his own lenders. At the time of the victim's demise Dufour owed him \$8,000 and he regularly borrowed \$1,000 every

Thursday so he could make his Friday liquor purchases. Jaffa would get his money back the following Monday. Because of their close friendship, Jaffa never charged interest, he said.

The innkeeper told the sleuths that Jaffa had helped Joe Mansfield open up his new precious metals firm only several months earlier. He said he believed that Jaffa had lent Joe three to four thousand dollars.

The problem for the investigators was that "a lot of people in business needed Speed Jaffa. A lot of people thought he was necessary to the continuation of the economy," as Det. Moore put it.

Dufour learned of the victim's disappearance through Joe Mansfield, who was an acquaintance. Joe had called Dufour Friday June 6th, then Saturday, Sunday and Monday asking if he had seen Jaffa. Dufour knew also that Jaffa was missing on Monday, because he had failed to arrive to claim his \$1,000 in liquor money.

The sleuths returned to the GMMC Corp. Once again to make contact with Joe Mansfield. This time they were luckier than before as he now was in. A tall, strong, brown-haired man of 32, Mansfield impressed the investigators with his size and with his easygoing, confident manner.

Because the business was a new one, the detectives asked if Mansfield was the owner. He replied that he held a controlling interest of 80 percent and shared 15 percent with his precious metals expert Art Rosenberg. The balance of 5 percent was held by his bookkeeper, Celia Edwards.

Mansfield said he had gotten into this position through a strange set of cir-

cumstances beginning only nine months ago. At the time he worked for another precious metals company, CMI, first as a laborer, eventually as a foreman. In the fall of 1979 the owner of CMI, Ike Panzer, died of a heart attack and the Panzer family placed him temporarily in charge of the firm. He had met Jaffa through Panzer before he died, and also he'd met Bert Dufour, whose establishment was only a short distance away from CMI. But after running CMI for several months, Mansfield decided to get out of the company and form his own.

"But I'm gonna have to be upfront with you guys," Mansfield said to the investigators. "I'm one of those under investigation by the grand jury concerning the disappearance of \$500,000 in precious metals from CMI."

Although results of that grand jury investigation have not been made public, CMI recently made the news when it was revealed that Mrs. Jeanne Mandel, wife of former Maryland Governor Marvin Mandel, who is serving time in a federal penitentiary for his conviction for mail fraud and racketeering in connection with some race track ventures he undertook as governor, is a partner in CMI. Mrs. Mandel and another partner had recently ousted the managing partner of that firm, and so that connection recently came to light.

Mansfield told the investigators that Speedy Jaffa had financial dealings with Ike Panzer, and that when Panzer died Speedy took a loss of from \$8,500 to \$9,000.

When Mansfield set up his own business, he said, Jaffa loaned him from \$15,000 to \$20,000 without interest to

get started. He said Jaffa had loans out to so many people that at his death he could have had one million dollars in unpaid loans still out on the street.

The businessman told the sleuths that he saw the victim at 10 o'clock on the morning of Thursday June 5th at the Golden Griddle Restaurant. Speedy was to bring his \$3,500 in cash as a loan but he didn't. Nevertheless Joe said that he gave Speedy a 10-ounce gold nugget and diamonds that he thought Speedy could sell for him. These objects were placed in two plastic bags and eventually put into the small gray car that Jaffa was driving. Joe said that Speedy was getting the gold appraised at a jeweler's and the diamonds appraised at a pawn shop before selling them off. Joe also told the detectives that he had gotten these valuable items from a friend of his, Shorty Crawford, but that he didn't know how to reach Shorty because he didn't know where he lived, his phone number or the type of car he drove. Shorty was a friend that he'd met in a bar and he knew him only from the bar.

The square-shouldered entrepreneur excused himself briefly from the interview and the two detectives shook their heads. When Mansfield returned, they resolved, they would get into the heavier questions that they had for him. Joe Mansfield had just seemed a little nervous in giving his answers to their previous questions and they hoped they could learn more about the homicide by tracking Mansfield's movements between June 5th and 8th.

Mansfield repeated that he remained with the victim from 10 to 11 a.m. on June 5th at the Golden Griddle when he was driven back to GMMC by Jaffa in the gray import. He said that he was seen by his employes until 2:30 that afternoon, and then he went to a bar for the next hour and a half before returning to GMMC, where he saw his two business partners. Then he went home.

Det. March asked Mansfield if he owned a boat. Mansfield replied that he had bought a rubber raft at Montgomery Ward's on Friday June 6th. He said he had always wanted a boat so that his wife and children and himself could enjoy the nearby waterways on the weekends.

On Saturday Mansfield told the police he went to his company for a short time, then returned home for the rest of the day. By evening he took his family out to dinner at Bert Dufour's restaurant.

Det. Moore asked him if he owned any sleeping bags. Mansfield replied that he hadn't owned or had access to sleeping bags for seven years, when he threw them away.

His reply was "interesting to me," reflected Det. Moore. "Here we had a guy who was doing a diamond deal who used to own some sleeping bags seven or eight years ago. It was one of those



Police decided to talk with Joe Mansfield when Speedy Jaffa's widow reported her husband had planned to accompany Mansfield on business trip to New York

things that go bing in your mind, but there is no basis for it."

Mansfield was asked what business dealings he'd had with Lester Feinberg, who was also Speedy's cousin. Joe replied that he had been offered some silver from Feinberg on June 3rd for \$180 but that he declined to buy any because his company was already badly overdrawn at the bank.

The detectives concluded their interview convinced that they were on to something. But they were not quite sure how. Mansfield was indeed a suspect but his story seemed fairly solid.

The next day the gray Japanese subcompact that Jaffa was last seen driving turned up. It was behind a gravel pit somewhat nearby the restaurant owned by Bert Dufour. It had been stripped of parts and tires and lay abandoned, even though it was brand new. Inside on the front seat lay a Morning Sun newspaper

dated June 5th. From information the detectives received about the victim's personal habits, they surmised that Jaffa had died sometime on the 5th because without fail he bought a newspaper every morning.

Word about the linking of the recovered car with the murder of Jaffa filtered through Dufour's restaurant, and before they knew it the detectives were faced with a young woman who was a waitress there.

"I took the car," the distraught, sandy-haired waitress said. "I remember seeing it there since about 12:30 in the afternoon in front of the restaurant. I remember specifically it was then because my mother had called me at the plastics firm where she works that I had some important papers of hers in my purse. I had to run them over to her during the lunch hour. As I ran

*(Continued on page 58)*

Question for Massachusetts detectives:

# COULD A WOMAN HAVE BEEN ONE OF KAREN'S KILLERS?

by JACK WERTZ

**S**HE WAS a small, slightly built girl with long, straight brown hair. According to the calendar, she was 18 years old, but her eyes looked as if they belonged to someone else. They stared out of a wan face, and the expression in them made them seem ancient.

She was wearing a gray plaid dress with a gray sweater over it, because the authorities are conserving energy even in courtrooms and it was chilly in Bristol County's Superior Court in Fall River, Massachusetts, in mid-January, 1981. She wore a chain around her neck, and a silver cross hung from the chain. Under the circumstances, this could only be called incongruous.

For Robin Murphy was accused of the first degree murder of a girl named Karen Marsden, who had been her roommate when she disappeared from their apartment on February 8, 1980. And there were those who said that when she stabbed Karen Marsden, Satan himself had been wielding the knife in Robin Murphy's hand.

In Fall River, with the trial in progress, veteran law enforcement officers were saying that this was the most bizarre, the most gruesome murder case in which they had ever participated.

One gray-haired detective, who had spent the better part of his life in police work, said heavily, "You have to have a strong stomach to listen to the evidence being presented in there," and he gestured back to the courtroom as he spoke. "I *thought* I had a strong stomach," he added, "but I've never before heard

anything quite as terrible as this!"

A major part of the evidence in the Marsden murder case was revolving around Karen Marsden's head, which was found in a wooded section of Westport, Massachusetts, just a few miles from Fall River. The rest of her body has never been found.

Her skull, though, was sufficient to make identification, and it showed evidence of skull fractures that were very similar to skull fractures found in the cases of at least two other young women who were found murdered in the general Westport-Fall River area in late 1979 and early 1980. Moreover, there was evidence that all of these victims may have been members of a satanic cult.

The concept of the cult met with a wide range of reaction. In a press interview in April, 1980, State Pathologist Ambrose Keeley stated that he had examined Karen Marsden's skull and had found no evidence of "ritualistic killings."

Adding that he had been involved in the examinations of all of the supposed cult victims, Dr. Keeley added, "There is no solid evidence of anything weird or occult here. For one thing these bodies had not been mutilated in any way."

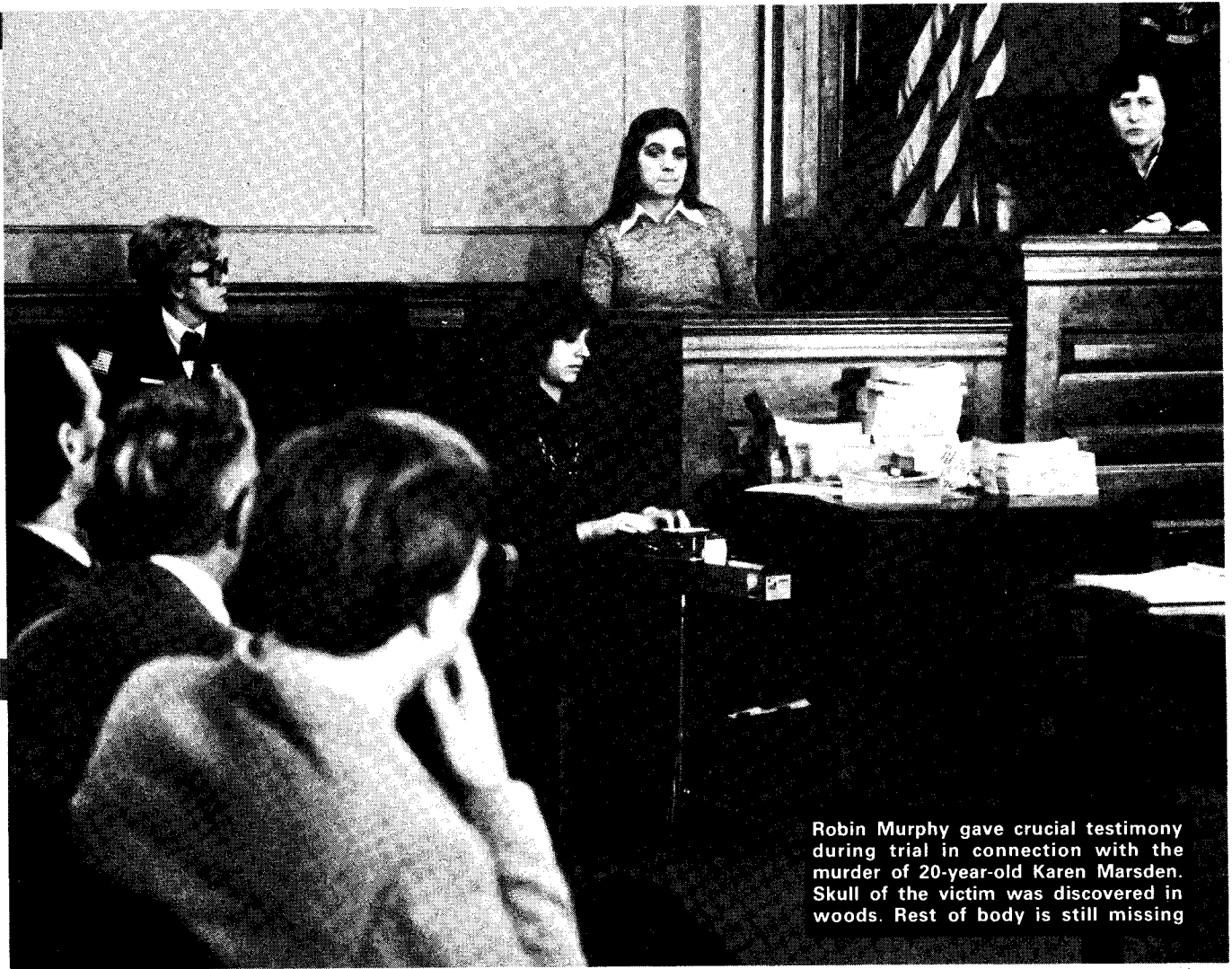
Karen Marsden, however, had been decapitated. And there were those in law enforcement circles who said that her head had been used in a game of

sorts, grisly and horrible beyond imagination.

Questioned about the cults, Fall River police officers said that it was true they had been approached by informants who claimed to be members of an area satanic cult, and that they had been investigating the possibility of such a cult being in existence but had yet to prove that this was true.

The informants in question were women, the police said, all of them known prostitutes in the Fall River area. In speaking about this, Fall River Police Captain Ronald Andrade said, "These women have told us that the different victims who have been killed around here were murdered in order to silence them." Captain Andrade added that while the fact of the cult's existence had not been substantiated, it could not be dismissed "simply because it sounds crazy. We've got to consider what these women are saying to us, and we've got to thoroughly investigate their claims. They tell us that they've been to the cult rituals, and that they're coming to us now because they fell they may be slated for deaths themselves. Each of these girls feels as if she may be next on a list of potential murder victims."

Their informants—the police said at the time investigation into both the cult's existence and at least three murders was underway—said that members of the cult were also tied up with a group of prostitutes and pimps who work mainly in a section of Bedford Street in Fall River. The actual devil worshipping rites were allegedly held in the



Robin Murphy gave crucial testimony during trial in connection with the murder of 20-year-old Karen Marsden. Skull of the victim was discovered in woods. Rest of body is still missing

Freetown State Forest, part of which lies within the Fall River city limits.

After interviewing the informants, Capt. Andrade said that he had concluded there were perhaps 10 core members of the cult, but that others had evidently been invited to participate from time to time in the rituals within the State Forest. The police captain said that he had been told that rituals also were being conducted from time to time in a Fall River housing project.

Andrade said that he had gained the impression from his interviews with the

informants that it was at these rituals that people sometimes were "done away with." The informants themselves, he said, claimed they had never personally witnessed any of these murders, but had been told of them by other members of the group. In each case, the person killed had been considered a "weak link," and thus a threat to the group because they might one day expose the cult's activities.

"We know that a lot of these people we are talking to are heavy drug users," Capt. Andrade said, in discussing the

cult question back in April, 1980. "We can't help but wonder whether this cult is something they've dreamed up in their mind, or whether it really exists. They insist it does exist, and," he added significantly, "we have to take into consideration the fact that Karen Marsden herself told us she was a member of this cult when we had an interview with her not long before she disappeared."

The police captain added that the informants had told him that the cult rituals included "sexual activities of all

*(Continued on page 62)*

**The victim had been systematically dismembered before her head was cut off, and a shaken police veteran was moved to say: "I thought I had a strong stomach, but I've never heard of anything like this!"**



## 3-Year-Old Girl Stomped to Death

(Continued from page 29)

and the publicity the case had received. The change of venue was denied.

Counselor Lucas obtained the authorization of the court for an additional psychiatric examination, though, and it would be performed by Portland psychiatrist Dr. Henry Dixon. He was granted a postponement of the trial because of the additional time it would take Dr. Dixon to do specific neurological and psychiatric testing.

It would not be an easy case for the defense, claiming that the defendant was not guilty by reason of insanity. The prosecution, with the help of the police agencies involved in Bird's apprehension, were making matters more difficult for the defense by preparing what appeared to be an air-tight case against Bird. The sordid details would come out at the trial, which had finally been set for March 12, 1980.

While Bird was lodged in Columbia County jail awaiting his trial, he was observed writing a letter in the form of a diary. This interested the authorities immensely, and on February 14, 1980 a search warrant was obtained in order to shake down his cell. When the letter was found, it was turned over to the district attorney's office to be used as evidence against him.

As it turned out the letter, or diary, was certainly incriminating, for it outlined the events that led up to Jessica Clark's death.

According to what Bird wrote in the letter, he got "high" on the day of the murder. He had smoked at least three joints and had consumed a large amount of alcohol.

Later in the day Jessica came to his house, as she had done many times before. Bird described how he had hidden from Jessica in the barn, and she began searching for him and calling out his name. When she finally found him, he was urinating out of a barn window. When he became aware that she was watching him he opened his pants and exposed his penis to the innocent, trusting little girl. He then began stroking and fondling his genitals, masturbating in front of the 3-year-old child. She stood there watching him, then, in her innocence, she asked him to play hide-and-seek with her.

According to the letter, Bird then lured the girl into the woods to try and figure out what to do. He was afraid that she would tell what she had seen him do, and would cause him shame and embarrassment in the eyes of his friends and family. At first Bird believed she would not say anything, but after recalling how he had produced a shocking, lasting

impression on the little girl, he decided that she would surely go home and ask her mother about what she had seen that afternoon. Certain that he could not stand the embarrassment, not to mention the legal repercussions, he began choking the little girl with his hands. Discovering that Jessica wasn't going to die easily, he finished her off by stomping and kicking her to death.

On Wednesday, March 19th, a jury of 7 women and 5 men was seated, and the trial that the people of Columbia County would not quickly forget had finally begun. That same afternoon the jury traveled to the wooded area on Route 3, near the Clark and Bird residences, and viewed the brushy, thorny spot where Jessica's body had been so shamefully discarded.

When they returned to the courtroom later that afternoon, District Attorney Sells led the jury step-by-step through the events that eventually resulted in Bird's arrest. Sells called State Trooper Michael Plester to the stand and Plester testified how, on the night of Bird's arrest, the defendant had instructed him to write down his confession. Plester then read the statements aloud to the court.

Spectators, as well as members of the jury, moved uneasily in their seats as the statements were read. Bird sat there quietly, as he did throughout most of the trial, but it was clear that most everyone else was aroused and angered by the lack of remorse in his confession.

Chief Plane was called to the stand and he corroborated Trooper Plester's testimony. He then referred to the tape recording of Bird's confession, and it was played for the jury. Chief Plane also testified that Bird was interviewed again the next day to help clear up some of the details as to what happened on the night of the murder.

"Why did you kill the child?" asked Chief Plane (on the tape recording).

"I don't know why it happened," replied Bird's voice. "No reason for it at all. No sex. There was no sex. No reason for it."

Chief Plane also told the court that Bird had drawn a map for him, which detailed the area where Bird lived and included the place where he disposed of Jessica's body.

The following Friday morning Phil Jackson, the investigator for the district attorney's office, took the witness stand and read to the jury the letter that had been confiscated from Bird's jail cell on February 14th.

Members of the jury and the spectators in the courtroom were clearly shocked and disgusted when they heard that Bird had exposed himself and masturbated in front of the 3-year-old child.

Defense Attorney Lucas, in making

his opening statement, told the jury that Bird was from a poor family, and that "he has always been somewhat different." It was crucial that he gain the sympathy of the jury if he was going to get his client acquitted. In addition to gaining the sympathy of the jury, it was the intention of the defense to prove that Bird had psychiatric problems which rendered him incapable of committing a premeditated murder.

They were trying to prove that the murder was not premeditated because Bird was mentally unable to form a specific intent to commit the crime. He then pointed out that at one point in Bird's life, at age 17, he had attempted suicide and had been sent to the state hospital as a result. Lucas told the jury that Bird had been sent home from the hospital as "a troubled boy."

Three of Bird's friends were called to testify, and each said that he observed Bird drinking on the day of the murder. One said that he and Bird had smoked pot that day, and that Bird did appear "high."

It was the intention of the defense to introduce evidence which would conclude that the use of marijuana and alcohol would bring about a further decline in Bird's mental state. To do that, Dr. Henry Dixon, who had examined Bird on two occasions, was called to the stand. He said that Bird, at the time of the murder, had displayed behavior which was characteristic of "intermittent explosive disorder," and further stated that the consumption of alcohol and use of marijuana "would predispose more readily that kind of behavior." He also said that Bird was the type of person who could easily be manipulated, and that he has a high need for recognition and approval.

At one point in the trial, it was brought out that Bird had allegedly broken into a church and defecated on the altar.

In rebuttal to testimony produced by the defense concerning Bird's mental state, the prosecution now called psychologist Dr. Hugh Gardner to the stand. Gardner testified that he had made a psychiatric examination of Bird, and could not find any mental disease or defect present that is recognized by Oregon law. Dr. Gardner explained to the jury that Bird displayed an anti-social personality which interferes with his existence in society. He also said that most people who are diagnosed as having an anti-social personality have 15 specific characteristics that they display and that Bird, in fact, displayed at least 11 of those characteristics.

With all of the witnesses questioned and cross-examined, District Attorney Sells felt confident that the state had presented sufficient evidence for the jury to convict Bird, and was ready to begin his closing statements.

MONEY-SAVING  
SUBSCRIPTION OFFER  
FOR A LIMITED  
TIME ONLY!

## TRUE DETECTIVE

The Authentic  
Magazine of Crime  
Detection

★ Save more than 21% on 1 year  
★ Save a big 25% on 2 years  
★ Save almost 30% on 3 years  
Off the single copy newsstand price of subscriptions to TRUE DETECTIVE!

# TRUE DETECTIVE

### Subscription:

1 year - 12 big issues - \$9.00  
2 years - 24 big issues - \$17.00  
3 years - 36 big issues - \$24.00

### Off single copy newsstand price,

You save more than 21%!  
You save a big 25%  
You save nearly 30%

Send money order, check or charge your subscription to your MasterCard or Visa

Every issue brings you thrilling, suspenseful, authentic stories from police and court files—the little known facts behind the cases that made headlines—written by the world's foremost crime writers!

### SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

Make sure you get your copy of **TRUE DETECTIVE** delivered right to your door! Your best hedge against inflation . . . If you subscribe now, you will get **TRUE DETECTIVE** for the duration of your subscription with *absolutely no increase in price!*

### ★ EXTRA-SPECIAL ★ OFFER!

Get all three of the  
world's leading fact  
detective magazines  
—delivered to you  
each month. For one  
year the bargain rate  
of \$24.00 will bring you  
**TRUE DETECTIVE,**  
**OFFICIAL DETECTIVE**  
and  
**MASTER DETECTIVE**  
—a savings of nearly 30%

#### Check appropriate box below:

- ★  To save myself more than 22%, I enclose check or money order for \$9.00 for a 1-year subscription to **TRUE DETECTIVE**
- ★  To save myself 25%, I enclose check or money order for \$17.00 for a 2-year subscription to **TRUE DETECTIVE**
- ★  To save myself nearly 30%, I enclose check or money order for \$24.00 for a 3-year subscription to **TRUE DETECTIVE**

#### ★ EXTRA-SPECIAL OFFER! ★

- To save myself nearly 30%, I enclose check or money order for \$24.00 for a 1-year subscription to **TRUE DETECTIVE, OFFICIAL DETECTIVE AND MASTER DETECTIVE**

Or charge my subscription to my (Check one):  MasterCard  Visa  
# \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. date \_\_\_\_\_

Interbank # (MasterCard only) \_\_\_\_\_  
Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Canadian subscriptions \$9.00 per year. All other countries \$12.00 per year.

Mail to: **TRUE DETECTIVE, Dept. TD 8-81**  
P.O. Box 1159, Dover, New Jersey 07801

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State..... Zip Code .....

Allow up to eight weeks for start of new subscription

**"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 <--**

"You now know what the evidence is in this particular case," Sells told the jury. "You have heard the defendant say that he killed Jessica Clark, and how he did it. He confessed to Dr. Dixon, to Dr. Gardner, and confessed in a statement he wrote while in jail.

"Bird didn't want anybody to know," Sells continued. "He planned to return later and move the body. Now, there's a man who's thinking. The letter written by Bird in jail tells more. Jessica walked into the barn. He said he masturbated in front of her and decided she might tell. They snuck into the woods. He said it was a game, and in his mind he was planning her fate. You heard the evidence, these statements, from Mr. Bird himself. The medical examiner's report fits exactly with how Mr. Bird said he killed her, to a tee.

"In fact, he murdered her because she could have embarrassed him. He thought that out and decided he wouldn't take the chance. You can go back and look at the evidence, but when you have reviewed it you will find that it's proved, beyond any reasonable doubt, that Richard Bird murdered Jessica Clark. And," Sells concluded, "you'll return a verdict of guilty of murder."

The prosecutor stood before the jury for a few final moments and, confident that his closing statements had produced the effect on the jury that he had intended, he turned the floor over to the defense.

"This is the most important case you will ever hear," Counselor Lucas told the jury. "To do less than your best won't do. The defense has done everything in its power to get the facts of this case to you. Assuming you have no reasonable doubt of the prosecution's claim of the defendant's guilt, then you have to consider the psychiatric testimony. Was Dr. Gardner fair, or was he here to convict? Maybe Dr. Gardner should have been the prosecutor here.

"You, the members of this jury, have the responsibility and the obligation to find the defendant, Richard Bird, not guilty of the crime with which he has been charged, if you have any reasonable doubt. It has to be a unanimous verdict either way," he concluded. The courtroom was quiet for a few seconds after Lucas finished his closing statements, and then Judge Kalberer charged the jury.

The jury was out for over seven hours and, at approximately 1:30 a.m., the jurors returned to the courtroom with their verdict: Richard Bird had been found guilty of the murder of 3-year-old Jessica Clark. Under Oregon law Bird could be sentenced to life in prison, for which he would have to spend at least 25 years behind bars before being considered for parole. Or, he could be sentenced to death.

Before a sentence of death could be imposed, however, the sentencing judge has to rule on three issues: (1) He has to determine if the crime was intentional; (2) Whether or not there was any provocation by the victim to instigate the crime; and (3) He must determine if the defendant is likely to commit future acts of violence which would be a threat to society. If the judge agreed on all three issues and sentenced the defendant to death, the case would automatically go before the State Supreme Court for final review before sentencing could be carried out.

At Bird's sentencing hearing in April, Drs. Gardner, Cloyd, and Cochran all agreed in their testimony that Bird was not suffering from any mental disease or defect that was recognized by Oregon law, and all three men felt that Bird had acted deliberately in causing Jessica's death. Dr. Gardner emphasized that, in his opinion, there was an extremely high probability that Bird would continue to commit acts of violence.

At his sentencing hearing, Bird expressed sorrow for the crime that he had committed. He said he was sorry for Jessica and her family, but not for himself. He did say, however, that he felt that he

did not deserve to die, and insisted that he was in need of psychiatric help. He said that with the proper help and rehabilitation, he could come out of prison in a few years and function normally in society.

In June of 1980, after several weeks of careful deliberation, Judge Kalberer imposed the death penalty on Richard Bird. Although the judge claimed that he liked Bird, he called Bird's actions that resulted in the death of Jessica Clark "cold and calculating." Bird became the third man to receive the death sentence in Oregon since its reinstatement by the voters in 1978.

Bird's attorney said that he may file a motion for a new trial but, whether or not Bird gets a new trial, he will not be put to death. In February, 1981, the Oregon Supreme Court overturned the reinstated death penalty statute on the grounds that it was unconstitutional, and sent Bird's case back to the lower court for resentencing.

Legislation was recently introduced which will change the wording of the death penalty statute, and might make the death penalty acceptable to the State Supreme Court.

◆◆◆

## Walk to Eternity

*(Continued from page 41)*

after he allegedly broke the window of a police car with a stone. After pleading guilty to that charge, he was fined a total of \$75 for both crimes and given a conditional discharge.

It was not until the detectives looking into the murder of Charlotte Rivenburgh found out that the young man responsible for both incidents was also the owner of a blue van that he was moved to the top of their short list of potential suspects. During the second week of the investigation the officers reportedly searched the van and then brought him to headquarters for questioning.

On Wednesday August 29th, after another round of interrogation, the young man, 26-year-old Larry Crown of Winterdale Road in Winterdale, Pennsylvania, was taken into custody by state police for the second-degree murder of Charlotte Rivenburgh. At his arraignment before Town of Deposit, New York, Justice Thomas J. Howe, he pleaded innocent to the charge and was remanded without bail to the Delaware County Jail.

Although homicide probes refused to say whether Crown's arrest was linked to the burglaries on the day of the slaying, they did reveal that the murder probe was not yet complete. Major James R. Foody, commander of the

Troop C barracks of the state police at Sidney, told reporters that the investigation would continue in conjunction with the office of Delaware County Sheriff Levan Telian and that any additional details would be released through the office of the Delaware County District Attorney, Malcolm Hughes.

"I'm not at liberty to tell you much about what's going on," Foody said, "but I can tell you we haven't come up with the death weapon yet. Now, though, at least we know it's a .32-caliber gun."

The news of young Crown's arrest stunned residents of Hancock when they heard about it in the following morning's news broadcasts.

"You mean they arrested him?" asked the year-round resident of French Woods who had spoken earlier with the police. "You're kidding!"

"I've known him since he was this high. I just always felt sorry for him. The kid has a harelip. He was always made an awful lot of fun of in school. He speaks with a speech impediment. You know how kids are."

Across the river in Winterdale, the tiny Pennsylvania community where Crown lived, the surprise at the news of his arrest was even greater.

"He's the last person on earth I'd be afraid of," a Winterdale Road neighbor said. "Sometimes, when you're here alone, you'd be afraid of somebody, but I'd never be afraid of Larry."

"He's a quiet boy," another local resi-  
*(Story continues on page 52)*

# EDITORIAL

by A.P. GOVONI

**W**HEN NEW YORK'S Governor Hugh Carey vetoed a capital punishment bill for the fifth time recently, it was to the accompaniment of his familiar refrain about the finality of the death penalty and his fear that some person might one day be executed for a crime he or she had not committed. This pang of "conscience," of course, is also the first chorus of all unregenerate opponents of capital punishment.

The objection, in my opinion, is without merit, and I base that statement on fact, not emotion.

Some years ago I happened to be reading something in which the author voiced his lament "for all those innocents who had been executed for crimes later proved to have been committed by someone else." This complaint is so commonplace that in the minds of many it has come to be accepted as fact. At that time, I confess, even I gave it credence.

But this time I paused and tried to recall a specific example of such a miscarriage of justice. I couldn't think of one. In the course of my duties as editor of detective magazines, I am in daily contact with people in law enforcement and the criminal justice system generally. To satisfy my curiosity, I began asking my contacts if they had ever heard of a proven case in which a person had been executed for a capital crime later proved to have been committed by someone else. I asked the question of homicide detectives, sheriffs, prosecutors, judges, FBI agents and just about anyone else who might have had some expertise on the subject.

With few exceptions, the immediate reaction to my question was that they had heard of such cases, but they couldn't recall the specifics; they promised to check and let me know. Over the course of four years of try-

ing to verify such a case, no one was ever able to cite one actual case of such a travesty of justice!

I then published an article covering this research in TRUE DETECTIVE and invited readers to submit to me any information they might have about any authentically documented case of this kind since the turn of the century. The response was astonishing, but **NOT ONE OF THE DOZENS OF CASES CITED BY THE LETTER WRITERS COULD BE VERIFIED!**

Careful investigation traced the suggested cases to movies, the old Alfred Hitchcock TV series and other video dramas, novels and short stories. I can only conclude from all this that since the turn of the century there have been no cases in which proof exists of the wrongful execution of an innocent person.

**I**n today's judicial climate it is even more unlikely that such a thing could ever happen. Never forget that the State must prove the guilt of a defendant—beyond any reasonable doubt—to 12 of the accused's fellow citizens. Anyone who has ever served on a jury in a capital case will assure you that jurors do not take their life-or-death task lightly; that when a man's life is at stake, jurors tend to give the benefit of every doubt to the defendant.

Add to that the endless appeals open to condemned persons, appeals which have lasted as long as 14 years after the initial conviction and sentence, and the odds against an innocent person being executed for a crime he did not commit are astronomical.

Clearly, the odds are heavily weighted in the criminal's favor, as they are in so many areas of what passes for a criminal justice system in the United States of America.

◆◆◆

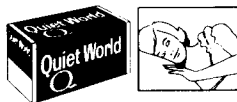


# MEDICAL FILE

concise up-to-date information on effective treatment of common medical problems

## CAN'T SLEEP? NIGHTTIME PAIN?

When your head aches, you can't sleep and ordinary sleep-aids like Somnex, Nytol and Unisom don't really help—try Quiet World. It's a lot more than a sleep aid. In fact, you'd need the relaxant in Somnex plus the 2 pain relievers doctors recommend most to get all the help Quiet World brings. Quiet World makes you drowsy...relieves your pain—so you can sleep.



## PAINFUL CORNS

Ordinary pads just cushion painful corns to relieve the pressure. Liquid Freezone™ acts directly on the corn with special medicines that penetrate painlessly to the core of the corn. In just a few applications, Freezone helps dissolve the corn away...layer by layer. Don't just cushion your corns. Dissolve them away with Freezone.



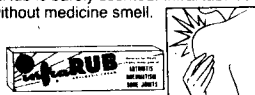
## HEMORRHOIDS

sheer agony when you wipe with dry toilet tissue. Now prevent the irritation that dry toilet tissue can cause with Preparation H® Cleansing Pads. They're pre-moistened, soft cloth pads with a gentle cleansing agent that soothes, cools, and freshens without dry toilet tissue irritation.



## ARTHRITIS

When you suffer with the pain of minor arthritis you want fast relief. InfraRub™ contains a unique combination of warm, soothing, pain-relieving medicines that start to work instantly. InfraRub delivers strong, penetrating relief that lasts for hours. What's more, InfraRub is barely scented. InfraRub: it's strong medicine without medicine smell.



Use all medications only as directed.  
© 1981 Whitehall Laboratories, New York, N.Y.

dent said, "but he travels with a gang. They're real wild."

Still another Winterdale Road resident told newsmen that he had befriended the young man while he was still in high school.

"We gave him a suit of clothes when he graduated," he said. "My wife, she gave him cookies. When he was a kid, he used to be our paper boy.

"They can't make me believe that Larry did it. I don't know how they figured it out. I haven't heard a word from the police."

Back in Hancock, the year-round French Woods resident again submitted to an interview with reporters.

"State police questioned my family several times, asking if they had noticed any strange vehicles," she said. "All that talk about a blue van, that Mr. Rivenburgh had seen a blue van. So this kid has a blue van. But there's lots of blue vans."

The woman went on to say that police had asked her if she had heard gunshots on the night of the killing.

"We were in the yard here between 6:30 and seven o'clock," she said, "and we didn't hear anything.

"But it's not uncommon at all to hear gunshots. All these city people . . . as soon as they come up, they're always target-practicing."

Just a few miles down the road from Hancock, in the small town of Hale Eddy, New York, residents were equally incredulous at the announcement of Crown's arrest.

"Nobody thinks he's done it," a man told reporters. "He's meek. He's afraid of everything. He just ain't the type."

The next morning, a police officer admitted to newsmen that a witness had reported seeing a blue van on the night of the murder. However, Delaware County District Attorney Hughes maintained that the van was not the prime lead followed by the police.

The news of Larry Crown's arrest was the main topic of conversation around Hancock for all of two days, until early on Friday afternoon, August 31st, when word filtered back to the area that three more local boys had been picked up in Vermont and charged with second-degree murder in the case. Police identified them as 20-year-old Robert M. Lewis, Kenneth Rieman, 19, and a 15-year-old relative of Rieman, all of Winterdale Road, Winterdale. The trio had appeared in a Vermont District Court at 11:30 that morning for arraignment on charges of being fugitives from New York justice.

The trio, according to police, had left Winterdale a few days earlier and had gone to Vermont, where they obtained jobs working for concessionaires at the state fairgrounds in Rutland. At 4:15 that morning, while asleep at the fairgrounds, they had been taken into cus-

tody without resistance by a contingent of Rutland and Vermont state police, joined by New York troopers. Reportedly, the youths had been sought by police for a couple of days and when their car was spotted on Interstate 87 near Saratoga Springs, New York, about 8:40 on Thursday evening, a search had been initiated for them. A few hours later, they were located some 50 miles to the east in Rutland.

District Attorney Hughes, speaking from his Delaware County office, said that he had not received any word as to whether the youthful suspects would waive extradition back to New York. Other sources close to the case said that Larry Crown had fingered the boys to the police and that troopers at Sydney had issued warrants.

"Larry squealed on them," Police Chief James D. McGraw told reporters. "Larry would admit to anything. He was involved in a very remote way.

"Everybody knows that influence the Riemans hold over Larry," he went on. "Larry gets slickered into things."

Kenneth Rieman, Hancock police revealed, had been convicted of criminal mischief and assault charges filed in May and was wanted on a warrant filed by Pennsylvania state police in Honesdale on a charge of possession of stolen property. Robert Lewis' record, they said, included two petit larceny charges.

Delaware County authorities, early on Saturday morning, were informed that District Court Judge Ronald F. Kilburn had ordered the suspects lodged in the Rutland County, Vermont, Correctional Center under \$50,000 bond after they had refused to waive extradition back to New York. Investigators in Hancock said that although they did not anticipate making additional arrests in the case, the probe would continue. Although detectives were reluctant to speak further, insisting that they did not want to run the risk of jeopardizing their case, newsmen learned that the suspects had been located in Vermont after troopers spoke with a relative of the Riemans who recently had gone to the Rutland fairgrounds to exchange cars with his relatives.

At a preliminary hearing for Larry Crown on Wednesday, September 5th, in Deposit village court, Senior Investigator McElligott testified that he had promised the young man that "I would insure his safety" in exchange for information about the death of Charlotte Rivenburgh. Crown, he pointed out, had told troopers that he "greatly feared" the other suspects.

McElligott said Crown told him that he had gone to the Rieman home on August 16th, leaving at about 5:20 p.m., and going to a cottage which they intended to burglarize. McElligott said that Kenneth Rieman and Robert Lewis

Part Time or Full Time...

# THE BIG, QUICK MONEY

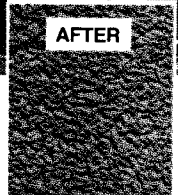
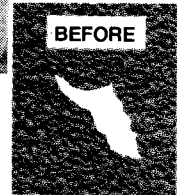
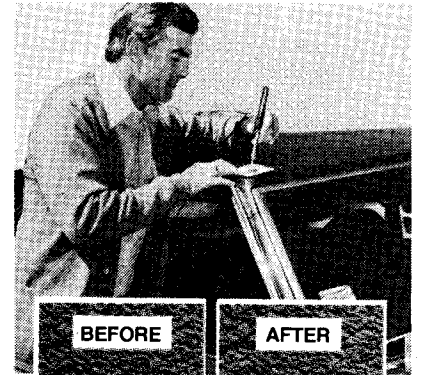
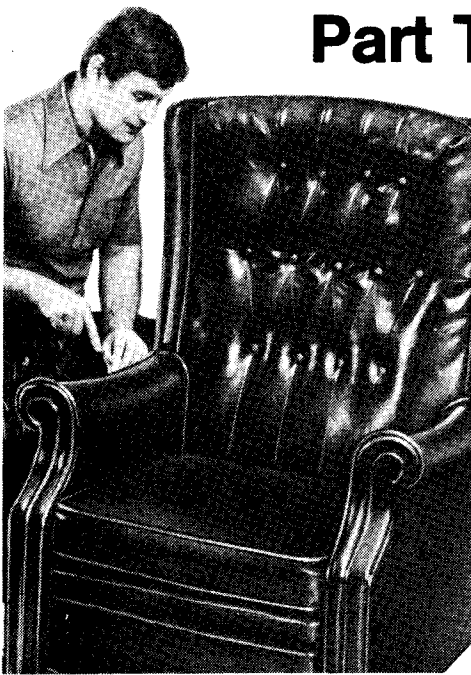
is in



# VINYL REPAIR!

**"ON-THE-SPOT"**

- SAME DAY SERVICE!
- SAME DAY PAY!



## START MAKING MONEY IN YOUR OWN EXCITING HIGH-PROFIT BUSINESS IN JUST A FEW DAYS!!

**No Long Training... No Experience Needed!**

### REPAIRS 63 VINYL CHAIRS!



"Repaired 63 chairs for a V.A. nursing home. The job paid \$190... could have charged more. The nursing home previously paid an upholsterer \$2,700 for repairing the same number of chairs!"

*William Morrison, Georgia*

### FAST STARTING... BUILDS BIGGER EACH WEEK!

The amazing VIP process of vinyl repair is easy and quick to learn and do. After short practice, you can do perfect repairs on vinyl furniture, car tops or seats, making \$20 to \$30 on jobs that take a half hour or so. Many VIP Craftsmen make \$500 to \$1,000 their very first month, with growing earnings every week.

### BIG DEMAND! BIG PAY! UNLIMITED CUSTOMERS!

Restaurants, bars, beauty shops, motels, car shops and dealers, bus companies, schools, theaters—these places need vinyl repairs week after week. Your on-the-spot repairs are in constant demand for steady income, big quick pay! And most of it is PURE PROFIT!

### 3 WAYS TO PROFIT!

- VINYL REPAIR
- VINYL REFINISHING
- VINYL RECOLORING

### "I'VE HIT A GOLD MINE!"

"I've had a number of small jobs but the most exciting is that the Veterans Hospital has given me a \$1500 contract which I'll be completing soon. The Air Force nearby is considering having some work done. Great, hey? For 7 years I've had it rough keeping working due to layoffs and being cut because the boss' son or nephew wanted the job. But I have it, yes, a Gold Mine, thanks to your ad!"

*K. L. Rubert, Mich.*



### \$850 A MONTH PART TIME!

"As a full-time welder, I work at VIP evenings and weekends, but I'm averaging \$850 a month with my vinyl repairs and recoloring. One week, my biggest, I repaired 57 car tops and changed the color on one for a dealer. On one job, so many people were watching me work that I got 12 more jobs to do. I've got jobs still coming from their friends."

*John Chaney, Wis.*

### COSTS LESS TO START THAN YOUR FIRST HOUR'S PAY!

Your VIP kit has everything you need to do professional vinyl repairs, refinishing or recoloring — all equipment, materials, instructions, even practice materials. It comes to you complete for a small down payment—less than you'd pay for a good pair of shoes. For part or full time income, this business is a real bonanza for both men and women—the quick answer to recession, inflation, unemployment or extra money needs. And it can be as big as you want to make it! Send for all the exciting facts—FREE BY MAIL—today!



**Vinyl Industrial Products**

2021 Montrose, Dept. 547  
Chicago, IL 60618

### "AVERAGE \$500 A MONTH SPARE TIME"

*... says truck driver John Lorenzo*



"I've only been doing vinyl repair a short time, but my business is increasing each week. The smallest car job I've had so far paid me \$40.

I average \$55 for repairs on sofas, chairs or recliners. My customers are amazed at the process and the finished work, and think my prices are very reasonable. I have a real feeling of satisfaction in this work and I'm able to put money in savings and get ahead."

### SENSATIONAL DETAILS

**FREE by Mail or by Phone!**

Mail the Coupon Below or Phone

**Toll Free: 800-621-5809**

In Illinois: 800-972-5858



**VINYL INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS**

2021 Montrose, Dept. 547  
Chicago, IL 60618

**HURRY! RUSH BY MAIL** all facts about VIP Vinyl Repair, Refinishing and Recoloring and how I can get started in this big, quick moneymaking business in just a few days. Mail it all FREE — NO OBLIGATION — NO SALESMEN.

Print Name \_\_\_\_\_

Print Address \_\_\_\_\_

Print City/State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

actually entered the cottage while Crown and the juvenile remained in the van. Lewis and Kenneth Rieman made one trip from the cottage to the van with a pillowcase crammed full of loot and a sheet which Crown claimed contained a number of rifles. Then, according to McElligott's testimony, the pair reportedly returned to the cottage.

McElligott told the court that Crown said he heard what he thought was a gunshot and saw Kenneth Rieman and Lewis run to the van.

"Let's get the hell out of here!" McElligott testified one of the youths reportedly said.

McElligott said Crown told him that Robert Lewis was holding a handgun when he returned to the van.

Upon their arrival back in Winterdale, McElligott's testimony continued, Lewis and Kenneth Rieman brought the two bundles of loot to a back bedroom of the Rieman home, where Kenneth reportedly said:

"We've got to get out of here, Bobby. You've really done it this time."

At the conclusion of the proceedings, Larry Crown was bound over to the Delaware County grand jury. Lieutenant Shaver told newsmen that he did not know how long it would take for the three young men under arrest in Vermont to be returned to New York.

On Friday, September 21st, after hearing three days of testimony in the case, a Delaware County grand jury indicted all four suspects. State police, meanwhile, revealed that some time between August 25th and September 19th, the Rivenburghs' \$25,000 A-frame home had been destroyed by a fire of undetermined origin. Troopers added that no connection between the blaze and the murder had been established. Although no evidence of arson was found, they added, debris had been sent to the state police laboratories for analysis.

In February of 1980, in exchange for his promised testimony against his alleged accomplices, Larry Crown was allowed to plead guilty to reduced charges of burglary and attempted murder and was sentenced to two one-year terms to be served concurrently. Two months later, as anticipated, the young man was the state's star witness in the murder trial of Robert Lewis before a jury of nine women and three men in the Delhi, New York, courtroom of Delaware County Judge Richard H. Farley.

On Wednesday, April 30th, Crown testified that he had driven Lewis and the Riemans, on August 16, 1979, to an area fitting the description of the Peas Eddy Road, Hancock, location where Charlotte Rivenburgh's body was found. He said that it was between 5 and 5:15 p.m. when Lewis and the Riemans had asked him if he would drive them "to see a friend" in New York. It was the

younger Rieman, he added, who directed him across the Delaware River from Winterdale to the rural area in the town of Hancock.

While he waited with the younger Rieman in his Dodge van, which was parked in a driveway between two homes on a rural dirt road, he said, Lewis and Kenneth Rieman got out of the side door. When they returned, about a quarter of an hour later, one was carrying a blanket and the other had a pillow case which concealed some "long stuff."

When Lewis and Kenneth Rieman left the van a second time, his story continued, Lewis was carrying a pistol and Kenneth Rieman a crowbar. He had watched them, he went on, in the mirror on the driver's door of his truck.

It was 15 minutes or more after they had left the van, he said, that he heard a shot and the youths ran back to where he was waiting.

"One said, 'Let's get out of here!'" Crown told the court.

Then, his story continued, they drove back to Winterdale.

Lewis, he said, "told me he had shot someone on that Thursday night . . . He was trying to break in a house."

On Thursday, May 1st, a friend of Robert Lewis testified that two days after the slaying the defendant told him that while committing a burglary on August 16th, "he heard a noise and tripped, or slipped, or something and the gun went off."

The witness went on to say that the state police had threatened to send him to jail, take away his two young daughters and turn state police dogs on him if he refused to tell them the truth when he was questioned about the case, but he maintained that his statement to the police about Lewis' alleged confession was accurate. He added that because of threats allegedly made by relatives of Kenneth Rieman he had written statements for Lewis' defense attorneys in which he claimed that the defendant could not have been involved in the slaying because he was in Winterdale at the time the crime took place.

Testifying in his own defense on Monday, May 5th, Robert M. Lewis insisted that he had never been to the rural area of Hancock where Charlotte Rivenburgh was found murdered and that three of his friends who had testified earlier against him were lying.

"I never been to Peas Eddy Road," he told the court.

The reason he had gone to Vermont with the Riemans in the days following the slaying, he said, was because, "Around here, we couldn't find no work."

When he was taken into custody, he said, he was unaware of the charges

against him.

"You know why you're being arrested?" one officer had asked him, he said.

"You always got to arrest people that are innocent," he had answered.

Lewis went on to testify that he repeatedly had asked the state police to give him a lie detector test and to place him under hypnosis, but was refused each time.

"I kept telling them I didn't do it," he said.

Lewis also maintained that Crown could not have seen him leave the van with guns in his hand in the side mirror, because the mirror had been sheared off in an accident earlier in the day. As a favor to Crown, he said, he had mounted a new mirror on the van on August 18th.

In his closing argument to the jury, Tuesday, Lewis' attorney said that he had counted more than 20 inconsistencies in the county's case, including time of death estimates by medical experts and testimony from his client's three friends. He suggested that the friends had testified as they did because they were harrassed by the state police, and termed the testimony of Larry Crown "a fabrication."

In his charge to the jury, Judge Farley dismissed one of three counts of second-degree murder against Lewis—one dealing with murder of depraved indifference to human life—but left seven charges standing.

It was 3 p.m., when the jury began its deliberations and 10:30 that evening when they retired to a motel for the night without having reached a verdict. The following morning, at 10:30, after another hour of debate, they returned to Judge Farley's courtroom to announce that they had found Robert Lewis guilty of second-degree murder; second-degree manslaughter, reduced from a second count of second-degree murder; second-degree attempted burglary; third-degree burglary and two counts of third-degree grand larceny.

"It's nothing to gloat over," District Attorney Hughes told newsmen later. "It's a sad thing. It's nothing to be proud of. The jury did a responsible job."

"It was an imminently fair verdict," Judge Farley said. "Obviously, they [the jury] spent a long time on it."

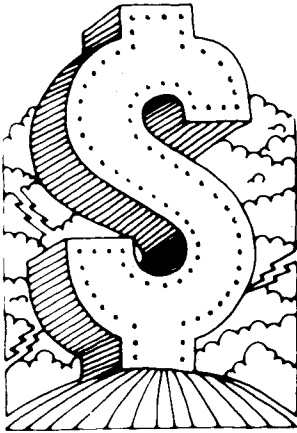
Exactly 13 days later, on Wednesday, May 20th, Kenneth L. Rieman's attorney announced that his client had waived his right to a jury trial and would instead be tried only before Judge Farley. On Friday, May 22nd, a Hancock youth, a former friend of the defendant told the court Rieman had told him that while attempting to break into a home with Robert Lewis on August 16, 1979, he had heard a shot.

"I think that stupid . . . [Lewis] got somebody," Rieman allegedly had said.

According to what Rieman told him,



**Amazing, but true! The U.S. Government owes men and women like YOU a lot of money and NOW—YOU CAN DISCOVER**



# **171 Perfectly Legal Ways To Get A Check From Washington, D. C.**

**By PETER H. HAMILTON**

Special to National Press

(Fort Lee, N.J.) What you don't know is probably hurting you — **right in your wallet**. For, there's a good chance you've got money coming to you from Washington, D.C. **And, it could well be a great deal of money.**

Sound incredible? It's a fact!

But, there is a problem. You must know **what** you've got coming — and **exactly** how to apply for it in order to get it.

Unfortunately, most men and women don't know how to start these checks rolling in from the U.S. Government.

Now — for the first time — **there's an easy way to find out how to claim your share of the "free money" bonanza available to you from the government.**

Everything you need to know can be yours in a Confidential Report called: **"U.S. Government Cash!"** In its pages you'll discover:

- *How men and women can start collecting Social Security before age 65—and skip the waiting.*

- **How to boost your Social Security payments as much as \$848 with one easy form.**

- *How to make and save on your taxes with your credit cards.*

- **How men and women can give away what you don't want or need and take it off your taxes.**

- *How women of any age can get extra money to help meet their bills.*

- **How to use government money to take a \$2000 vacation of a lifetime.**

- *How to take advantage of a special \$750 exemption on your taxes.*

- **How to get a government loan of up to \$6000 to improve your home.**

- *How to get the government to pay up to 75% of your rent.*

- **How to pass your mortgage payments on to Uncle Sam.**

- *How men and women take advantage of thousands of dollars worth of free educational services for your children.*

- **How to get Uncle Sam to help you expand your small business.**

- *How to find a new and better paying job with free government services.*

- **How you can qualify for an extra \$100 Social Security credit for every year you spent in the service.**

- *How Uncle Sam will help women cut the prices they pay for food!*

- **Plus — more than 100 other ways to claim your share of the Government Give-away Bonanza.**

**This Confidential Report is easy to use and understand—and even though it can mean hundreds, perhaps thousands of dollars to you, the cost is just \$12.95. That's right, only \$12.95. And, you must be 100% satisfied or you get your money back!**

To order, print the words "Government Cash" on a piece of paper with your Name, Address and Zip Code. Send it with your \$12.95 to: **Hamilton Publishing, Dept. GS-68, 185 Cross Street, Fort Lee, New Jersey 07024.**

the witness said, "They were at the door. He [Rieman] heard somebody coming, heard a shot, then they ran back to the van."

The witness said that he was at the Rieman home in Winterdale on August 16th when all four of the original suspects drove up in the van and carried in some objects which were wrapped in sheets. When the bundles were undone, he said, he saw that they contained rifles and an Army ammunition box.

"Bobby [Lewis] said he shot somebody," the witness testified.

Also testifying on Friday was a Peas Eddy Road man who said that rifles, two ammunition boxes and a pair of binoculars were stolen from his place in August.

**T**aking the stand in his own defense on Thursday, May 28th, Kenneth Lee Rieman said that it was Robert Lewis who had fired two shots at a woman while the pair were burglarizing some homes in Hancock. Rieman maintained that he did not see the shooting, but heard two shots and later was told by Lewis that the woman he had fired at had fallen to the ground. It was Rieman's contention that he did not even see the pistol Lewis had used until they were back in the van.

"Who was shooting at us?" Rieman said he had asked.

"I was shooting," Lewis allegedly had replied.

"Where'd you get the gun?" Rieman said he had asked.

Lewis, he told the court, had said that he had stolen it from the home the pair had burglarized earlier.

When Lewis showed the weapon to the three of them, Rieman added, he had noticed that it was of .32-caliber.

On Friday, May 29th, after deliberating in his chambers for an hour and a half, Judge Farley returned to his courtroom and announced:

"I find Kenneth L. Rieman did not solicit the homicidal acts. . . was not armed with any deadly weapon. . . However, I do find also the defendant had reasonable grounds to know that Robert M. Lewis was armed with a .32-caliber handgun" and fired it at Charlotte Rivenburgh.

Then he said that he had found Rieman guilty of second-degree murder, felony murder, second-degree attempted burglary, third-degree burglary and two counts of third-degree grand larceny of firearms. ♦♦♦

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

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

## Murder by Irish Devil Worshipers

(Continued from page 12)

the age of 16 and eventually giving birth to a daughter named Verren, who was now 27.

Verren's father had not been inclined to enter into matrimony, but had agreed to do so when the members of the sect had beaten him within an inch of his life. The marriage had then been performed by Phoebe's mother in her capacity as high priestess.

It had not lasted very long, the husband having taken to his heels the moment that he found no one watching him. Phoebe's subsequent marriages, of which there had been a good many, had followed much the same pattern.

Either a strict Catholic devil worshiper or a woman ignorant of the techniques of birth control, the pattern throughout her life had been almost invariable.

She had come into contact with some desirable male, had become pregnant, had suggested marriage, had been refused, had produced a convincing argument in the form of the members of her sect armed with clubs, had performed the marriage herself and had been deserted as soon as the bridegroom managed to make good his escape.

This was not because Phoebe Brady, a tall, almost startlingly well-built woman, was physically unattractive, but because she was somewhat authoritative in her nature. Husbands were allowed no money whatsoever, having to hand over their total earnings, and, if suspected of planning to escape, maintained under almost constant guard. In addition, Mrs. Brady was a very healthy woman and some of the husbands had complained that her sexual demands upon them were beyond their physical capacity.

There had occasionally been incidents. Husbands had not always succeeded in their escape attempts and had been brought back so soundly beaten that, in some cases, they required medical attention for broken bones.

This had been the case with Eric Willmot, who had come to have his fortune told and had learned that his future held an extremely close relationship with a tall, blonde and somewhat dominating woman.

Willmot too had attempted to escape for less than six months before his murder. He'd had medical treatment for a broken arm and three cracked ribs, all received when he was returned to his possessive wife by the members of her sect.

The police had, at that time, urged him to file charges, but Willmot had refused.

"It's possible that they killed him more or less accidentally," said the inspector. "Got carried away and pounded on him too hard or something. Have you had any luck tracing his whereabouts on the evening before he was killed?"

The sergeant had not, but a few days later a lead was picked up which indicated that he had been drinking in one of the local bars up until 10 o'clock on the evening of December 22nd. He had left the bar alone and no one could be found who admitted to having seen him after that time.

From the conversation that he had had with the other patrons of the bar, it was obvious that Eric Willmot had been planning yet another escape from the clutches of the high priestess of the devil worshippers. He had said that he was anxious to go to Canada and that he had been setting aside small sums for a long period of time. He thought now that if he could sell the wedding ring which Phoebe had given him, for a good price, he might have the necessary air fare.

This was a valuable indication as to the possible motive for the crime, but it was no explanation as to how Willmot had come to be on the moor outside of town bound and gagged. The police already knew that this had not been done by any of the members of the devil worshippers sect. They had all been rather conspicuously present elsewhere at the time.

The whereabouts of Phoebe Brady and her daughter, Verren, could not be ascertained, but it would not have been physically possible for the two women to overpower Willmot, bind and gag him and transport him out to the moor.

**F**ortunately, the canvassing of the bars and taverns had produced still another lead which the inspector thought might be even more valuable.

Since the time of the murder, a bald-headed man with glasses, who looked like a bookkeeper, had been getting roaring drunk in bars and, while under the influence of alcohol had confided in a number of the other patrons that he was really a desperate criminal who had only recently participated in the murder of a man. He had been very well paid for it which explained why he could afford to drink in bars.

The inspector was extremely anxious to speak with this person because the only man who had been murdered recently anywhere near Cork was Eric Willmot.

A great deal of effort was, therefore, put into locating him and he was, eventually, apprehended and brought to police headquarters for questioning.

He proved to be 35-year-old Michael Harmsworth and he had been quite truthful in describing himself as a criminal, for he had served several sentences

# SICK CHICKS!

You'll *meet* the worst women criminals of all-time. You'll *hear* explicit eyewitness accounts of their most grizzly crimes. You'll *see* actual photos depicting spectacular crimes in this sensational, shocking, action-packed encyclopedia of crime, *Big-Time Criminals Speak!*

## Take Part in the "Crimes of the Century"!

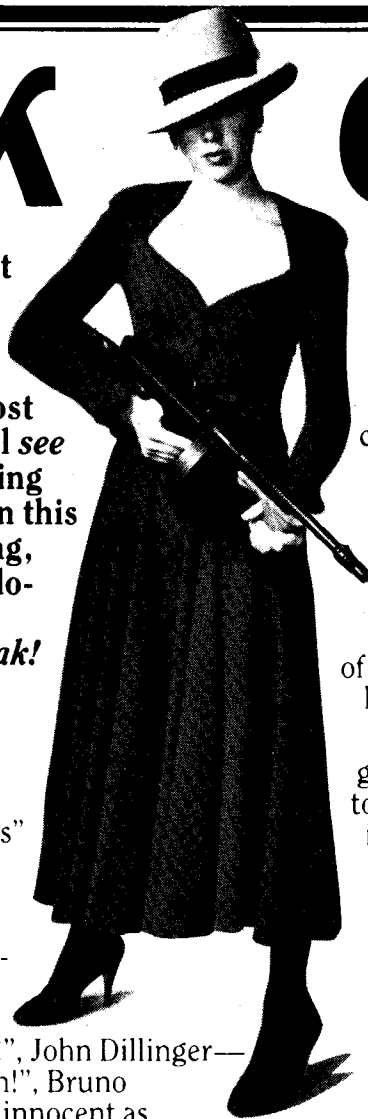
If you think these "ladies" are bad, *Big-Time Criminals Speak!* will introduce you to their infamous male counterparts, like Al Capone—"I have built my organization upon fear!", John Dillinger—"I am having a lot of fun!", Bruno Hauptmann—"I am as innocent as anyone in the world!", Hiram Evans the KKK Imperial Wizard, and many more!

You'll also meet Super-Cops like J. Edgar Hoover of the F.B.I. and Deputy Commissioner Gorman of the Secret Service, as well as survivors of crime, like kidnap victim Mary McElroy.

## Be Our Guest at this Crime Convention

Now, you can relive all the sensational murders, daring robberies, and unyielding brutality of America's notorious public enemies. The people who committed the crimes, the people who caught them, even the victims who suffered at their hands—*All here!*

Revealing quotes, chilling stories, incredible eye-witness accounts combine to make *Big-Time Criminals Speak!* the most impressive action-packed crime compilation you will ever own. With over 100 photos dramatically depicting these legendary crimes; criminals, and cases, you'd better not wait. As Belle Gunness said to one of her lovers, "Come prepared to stay forever!" Only \$9.95. Order *NOW!*



**102 Photos!**

## Hear them in their own words!

Yes, we'll even use the actual words uttered by these female sadists, murderers, and butchers to describe their crimes. Of course, you'll find Lizzie Borden, Ma Barker, and Bonnie & Clyde among this classic compilation of fiendish females. But wait until you meet:

**Belle Gunness**—a she-monster in human form who murdered her own children to collect insurance money and scattered the bodies of several husbands and 40 lovers under the farm-land she converted to a slaughterhouse.

**Martha Grinder**—the sadistic torturess who graduated from pulling the wings off butterflies to inflicting slow, excruciating pain and agonizing death on her neighbors.

**Lydia Sherman**—another deadly damsel who poisoned her entire family simply out of boredom.

**Patience Boston**—who "committed every kind of sin conceivable."

**Elizabeth Van Valkenburgh**—who "only did it to cure his drinking" once and for all!

**Only \$9.95!**

**Big-Time Criminals Speak!**  
Dept. SM0120  
P.O. Box 2481  
Grand Central Station,  
New York, N.Y. 10163



Yes! Enclosed is my check or money order for \$9.95 plus \$1.00 p&h (total: \$10.95. N.Y. residents add sales tax) for my personal volume of *Big-Time Criminals Speak!* featuring *Sick Chicks*. I understand that I may enjoy it at my leisure in the comfort of my home for 4 full weeks and that I must be delighted in every way or I can return it for an *immediate* refund of my purchase price. Please RUSH my copy to:

Print Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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

Code #924

for theft, robbery and assault.

Despite his mild appearance, Harmsworth was an exceedingly strong man and the inspector felt confident that he now had the actual murderer of Eric Willmot. There was no evidence that Harmsworth had ever known Willmot, but the inspector did not think that this was necessary. He thought that Harmsworth had been hired by Phoebe Brady to do the job.

This Harmsworth denied. He also denied that he had ever laid eyes on Phoebe Brady or Eric Willmot and he denied that there was any truth in his statements to the patrons of the bars that he was a desperate criminal who had only recently helped in killing a man.

It was, he said, simply the alcohol doing the talking. On the other hand, he could not explain where he had obtained the money to pay for the alcohol. It had required a considerable amount. Harmsworth was not a man to get drunk on two beers.

While his interrogation at police headquarters continued, the sergeant made every effort to trace a connection or at least a contact of some kind between him and Phoebe Brady, but came up with the disappointing and not at all helpful information that Harmsworth had known Maureen Donahue, the high priestess of the satanists group, rather well.

"I don't care," the inspector declared. "Whether he killed him for Brady or for Donahue, it's the same thing. What's important is that he did kill him and we're going to keep questioning him until we get the truth."

"We can't continue to hold him without a charge," said the sergeant.

"Then, we'll charge him with the murder formally," said the inspector. "Maybe it will make him see what serious trouble he's in."

It apparently did. Finding himself charged with the murder of Eric Willmot, Michael Harmsworth decided to change his story.

He still denied having killed Willmot, but admitted that he had been hired to overpower him, tie him up and bring him to the secluded spot on the moor.

As Willmot had been pointed out to him, he knew what he looked like and he had located him drinking in the tavern. He had waited outside and had knocked Willmot unconscious with a rapid punch to the back of the neck as he came out. He had then tied him, gagged him and, rather incredibly, carried him on his back through the streets of Cork to the appointed place.

Asked who had been waiting there, he said Phoebe Brady and her daughter Verren.

He had never met Mrs. Brady but once, and that was when he had come to have his fortune told. Apparently, how-

ever, she had known a good deal about him and had told him that he was a criminal who had served time in prison. His future was, however, more rosy. He was going to make a great deal of money for the simple task of tying a man up and delivering him to a certain place.

Harmsworth had agreed readily. Half of the sum, a little over \$700, had been paid on the spot and the balance had been handed over on the night when he delivered the bound and gagged Willmot to the murderesses.

Confronted with this confession, Phoebe Brady admitted that she and Verren had beaten Eric Willmot to death, but maintained that it was completely legal as they had convoked a devil's court and Willmot had been sentenced to death for his attempts at escape. They had merely been carrying out a legally constituted death sentence.

The hour of the winter solstice had been chosen because, at that time, the devil's powers were believed to be at their greatest.

They were not great enough to save Phoebe Brady, Verren Brady and Michael Harmsworth from indictments for first-degree murder, devil's courts not being recognized under Irish law.

Verren also added her version of the

confession of her mother and offered as extenuating circumstances the fact that she had owed her obedience not only as a daughter, but also as a member of her congregation. She described Willmot's death as a religious ceremony during the course of which she and her mother had danced in their black, weirdly marked robes around the prostrate, helpless man, striking him with the iron bars and attempting to time his death with the exact moment of the winter solstice.

After the ceremony, they had buried the corpse, but, the sky having clouded over, it had been too dark to see clearly what they were doing and they had, apparently, left one foot sticking out.

None of this impressed the court in the least or, in any case, not in such a manner to exonerate the defendants and on July 25, 1980, all three were sentenced to life imprisonment. ♦♦♦

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*Ian Gilligan, Maureen Donahue, Daniel McEvoy, Patrick Halloran and George Dunn are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Fictitious names have been used in order to comply with Irish police regulations.*

## Floating Loan Shark

(Continued from page 45)

out I remember seeing it next to the front door. I worked the whole weekend—my off days are Tuesday and Wednesday—and I recall seeing it there each day, which is unusual because I stay until closing and I knew what cars the other employees were driving. So if it belonged to a patron he sure wasn't here and hadn't moved it for several days . . . Except something awfully funny happened on Monday," she said.

"On Monday I came to work as usual and there the car was as it had been for the last few days. At about 3:30, my boyfriend came and we went out for a two hour break. Just as we got outside I heard a radio playing. And what do you know, it was the gray Toyota with the windows rolled down and the car radio playing real loud. We looked inside and saw the keys in the ignition. There was hardly anyone around, certainly no one who owned the car, so my guy said, 'What the hell, let's take it.' We did. It's almost as if someone was leaving it there just so it would be stolen."

The boyfriend returned the car's tires and accessories that he and the waitress had taken, and the police dusted the recovered car for prints and found none—not Jaffa's, not those of the one who left it behind the gravel pit, not the

young man nor those of his girlfriend. It had been wiped clean.

They traced the car back to the dealership which it belonged to. The general manager admitted lending it to Jaffa while Jaffa's car was being repaired. He lent him the car as a personal favor as Jaffa had lent him some money in the past.

Bert Dufour couldn't recall seeing Jaffa at all since Wednesday June 4th, the day before he disappeared. He hadn't known the gray subcompact parked at his restaurant was driven by Jaffa because Jaffa had never told him he was driving it, and it wasn't his regular car.

The next step on the sleuths' itinerary was Walt's Jiffy Liquors and Check Cashing Service, owned by Walt Zorinski, the man who had given Jake Jaffa the name and phone number of Joe. Det. Moore tried to talk to Walt over a busy counter with liquor employes and patrons bustling back and forth. Leaning over the counter and whispering, while keeping one eye on the patrons and at least one hand on the till, Walt Zorinski told his story:

"Yes, I knew Jake. Good friend of mine. We've been together for years. Sorry, awful sorry to hear what happened. He was a heck of a fellow. I guess you'd say he was a shark, but he was a pretty tame one. Never charged me interest. So, as I was saying, I saw him last time, let's see, was it that Thurs-

Now—enjoy a life of unbelievable riches, lasting love and constant protection with the secrets in this startling WITCH BOOK—



# THE MAGIC POWER OF WITCHCRAFT

Whatever it is you need or want, Witchcraft can get it for you quickly, easily, and automatically, say these experts. You'll discover how it can bring abundant and overflowing wealth, find or bring back a lover, ward off evil influences, and much more—step-by-step in plain English, with complete easy-to-follow instructions!

Yes... Witchcraft! Every time you hear the word it brings with it the feelings of deep occult secrets—secrets that you would like to know so that your life can be better; so that your enemies will stop bothering you; so that serenity, love, power and comfort can be yours!

**THE MAGIC POWER OF WITCHCRAFT** lays bare these secrets for the first time! Do you want a bank account bursting at the seams with money? A love life that would make a sultan envious? Supreme power to crush your enemies and reward your friends? What would it be worth to you to utter a simple incantation that would cause any pain to vanish? Or say another, and immediately recover some lost object?

What would it be worth to you to fly through time and space, on astral wings, as Witches do... go wherever you wish... do what ever you wish... without being detected... watch the antics of others behind closed doors... hear private conversations... make time run forward or backward... read tomorrow's newspaper in a "black mirror"... find out what really happened in history... make your face old or young at will!

## BRINGS AUTOMATIC ASSURED SUCCESS!

Witchcraft can bring your heart's desire! You can use it to heal someone, influence the boss who that raise, or make someone stop bothering you! It's easy! The easiest thing in the world! You don't have to be wealthy or super-intelligent to get started! Thousands of ordinary people all over the world are using Witchcraft Power right now!

Witches have known for centuries that people are scared of them and their powers! And rightly so! **NOW YOU CAN SHARE THE SAME POWER** that gives you—literally—life and death control over other persons! Is someone bothering you? No problem at all, with Magic Witchcraft. For example, there is a spell called the "Cross Not My Path" ritual, for people who are having neighbor trouble. When you use it, you know you will never again have trouble with this neighbor!

With these amazing Witchcraft secrets, other people will look up to you—in awe—you'll automatically dazzle others with your power to make things happen at your will, you'll be Master of your destiny, and never have to apologize to anyone for anything!

Whatever you want or need, whatever frustration is bothering you, Witchcraft will help you. It is not evil—nor is it Black Magic. Like electricity, it is simply a power given by nature for the use of men, to make life easier.

You'll see how to get paid without working... how to get expensive clothes and furs FREE... how to get a first-class plane seat FREE... how to vacation at the finest hotels, motels, pools and pleasure palaces, start living like a millionaire as Witches do!

## AMAZING TECHNIQUE HAS HELPED THOUSANDS!

Witchcraft secrets like these can make you rich faster than anything else in the world! Here's how others have used them to make

**Now! Let This Amazing Witch Book Bring You INFINITE WEALTH, FINE POSSESSIONS, A COMFORTABLE NEW HOME, FINANCIAL SECURITY, LOVE, CONTROL OVER OTHERS, And More—Easily And Automatically!**

For centuries, these Witchcraft secrets were hushed up, so that those in power could stay in power! Feudal lords kept their bondsmen as slaves. Factory owners kept their employees in dreaded sweatshops, because these masters knew they must not allow their workers to realize that they need not labor their lives away. Witchcraft was suppressed because it works! Not because of any "evil" in it. If it hadn't worked, no one would have worried about it. If you want to gain power, all you need is this amazing Witch Book!

By using these Witchcraft secrets, you too can change your life and gain health, wealth, someone to love—or anything else—surely, swiftly and automatically!

• **THE WITCH'S MONEY JAR!**—You'll discover the secret of the Witch's Money Jar, a mysterious jar that fills with money—whenever you need it! All you need is some water, pennies, and an ordinary jar or bowl! You'll be amazed at the speed with which it fills with money—a seemingly endless supply of needed cash!

• **THE WITCH'S MONEY MAGNET!**—You'll see how to magnetize a dollar bill so that it multiplies! All you need to make your own Witch's Money Magnet is a dollar bill, a green candle, and the words on page 38. Once you do this, your dollar will double and keep doubling! You'll enjoy glittering luxuries, and start living like a millionaire, as Witches do!

• **THE WITCH'S BLACK MIRROR!**—Just as your TV set has been called your "window on the world," so the Black Mirror is your "window on the psychic world"—the world of the unknown. Making your own personal Black Mirror takes only a few moments and can open the way to unguessable visions. All you need is a bowl of water, some ink, and the chant on page 23. Suddenly you will see scenes from other places and times, or any scene you wish to see!

## IN THIS WITCH BOOK YOU'LL DISCOVER...

- How to Cast Spells that Really Work!
- Your Magic Window on the World!
- Personal Protection!
- Telepathy Made Easy!
- Influencing Others to Do Your Bidding!
- Controlling a Conversation!
- The Technique of Silent Persuasion!
- Using Witchcraft to Find Friends!
- How to Find the Lover You Want!
- How to Bring Your Perfect Mate to You!
- How to Dominate Others!
- Witchcraft Power for Money!
- Witchcraft Power to Make You Irresistible to Others!
- Spells for Finding Lost Objects!
- How to Always Win with Luck Spells!
- More Power for Bigger Goals!
- Inhaling Cosmic Energy!
- Recharging Your Cosmic Batteries!
- Raising Your Vital Energy Level!
- How to Keep Evil Forces Away!

miracles happen in their daily lives!

You'll see how Vern, a man who likes to give a lot of expensive parties, was always short of cash until he discovered the amazing **WITCH'S MONEY JAR**—now all he has to do is dip in, for it brings him an endless flow of cash! Evelyn, a waitress, was always lending money to friends, and was always broke. Finally, she placed her last dollar on the table, and worked the **MONEY MAGNET SPELL** over it. All at once, dozens of people who had borrowed money from her, rushed to pay her back!

Hank was perpetually broke. One night he got together with some friends, and they decided to cast the **MONEY SPELL**. The very next day, Hank received in the mail a check for some \$250 worth of insurance. (He had never heard of the company that sent the check, he was not insured with them, and had never even made a claim—but he accepted the money.) Another member of the group that used the spell, a 40-year-old secretary, received an automobile as a gift! All the other members of the group received amazing windfalls of money, as well! You'll see how Dexter, a retiree, lives RENT FREE and receives \$200 a week at the age of 78, with a secret you'll find in this Witch Book! You'll see how Claudine, a secretary, was able to wear the finest, most expensive furs—FREE—and spend weekends at an expensive ski lodge in the mountains, where she met a wonderful man! How Ruth L., a widow—with nothing but a small pension, and a little savings—received her dream house, by using a simple 5-minute ritual on page 38 of this book!

Using the same Witchcraft secrets, YOU can achieve peace of mind and freedom from money worries for the rest of your life!

## YOU CAN HEAL YOURSELF AS WITCHES DO!

Feeling sick today? Plagued by a lot of troublesome illnesses? Perhaps some relative is sick and constantly demanding your attention? Or perhaps it is even a pet that needs help? With the **MAGIC POWER OF WITCHCRAFT**, you can cure anything, say authors Gavin and Yvonne Frost: "In our experience... we have not found a single incurable disease!"

• **ANDY DISOLVES A GALLSTONE!**—Andy M. developed gallstones. When his illness became too troublesome to ignore, he went to a doctor. Urine tests revealed that he was chronically alkaline. His body was badly out of balance. Using this Witchcraft method to restore balance to the mind and body—in a short while, X-rays showed that he had no more gallstones! Andy never again suffered the excruciating pain of passing stones!

In the same way, say Gavin and Yvonne Frost, almost all illness can be prevented. You are actually employing an ancient Witchcraft method to remove diseased tissue! Even if you do not have any belief in the results, the power will work for you!

One woman, who had been in a wheelchair for 26 years, due to polio and arthritis, used the Witchcraft healing method, and reported that she had no pain and could walk and garden again! A man reported that his son's deep 3rd degree burns miraculously healed overnight!

• **SO SIMPLE A CHILD USES IT!**—A 4-year-old girl asked if she could try to heal a man who was limping—due to a torn ligament—with this simple Witchcraft healing method. In a matter of moments, she started her chant, laying her hands on the weak ankle. The man was miraculously cured! To skeptics, this should be convincing PROOF that anyone can use it!

## AMAZING POWER CAN BE YOURS!

Whether you want infinite wealth, or just a comfortable new home, financial security, fine possessions, love, companionship, new health and vigor, power to control others, secret knowledge, protection from evil, or anything else, the magic power of Witchcraft can bring it to you quickly, easily and automatically! It's the easiest thing in the world!

• **HOW TO SEE INTO THE FUTURE!**—Would you like to be able to see the future? You CAN with the magic Black Mirror you'll see how to make on page 23. All you need is some ink and a bowl of water. Then use the chant on this page, and you will be able to see many things. One man used it to read tomorrow's newspaper. YOU can use it to check the stock market or that important horse race!

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



## MEET THE AUTHORS

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

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

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

## FREE... The Witches Protection Amulet For Just Examining The Witch Book...

When you receive your copy of **THE MAGIC POWER OF WITCHCRAFT**, we will send you the witches protection pentagon medallion (See p. 26) that will protect you from evil. Whether you keep the book or not, this handsome, powerful amulet is yours at a gift. So send in this no-risk coupon right now!



3/4 inch dia.

Witch uses ancient methods to make time stand still or to run it backward or forward! To make your face look young or old at will, all you need is some morning dew, and the instructions on page 27. You can fly through time and space, on astral wings, go anywhere, do anything, with the simple method on page 126. You can visit a friend, look in on an acquaintance and see what he is doing—even appear in someone's dreams, and convince that person to do whatever you wish!

• **SECRETS OF SILENT PERSUASION!**—There is a magic handshake that Witches often use, revealed on page 62. With this secret, you can implant a thought in someone's mind! You can use this Witchcraft power to dominate others! Control your boss! Make someone love you! Leave your enemies groveling in the dust! There is even a gazing technique Witches use on page 45, for identical thoughts. With this secret, you can read your friend's mind and share his or her identical thoughts!

## SEND TODAY FOR YOUR NO-RISK COPY!

Witchcraft can make you rich, even in a ghetto! You should never have to worry about the rent, or where the next dollar is coming from, never have to apologize to a boss! No matter how poor you are now, **THE MAGIC POWER OF WITCHCRAFT** can bring you a life filled to the brim with pleasure, wealth, and all the glittering luxuries of the world! To get your copy of this amazing Witch Book, simply fill out and mail the no-risk coupon!

## MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

**PROGRESS BOOKS, LTD., Dept. W1251  
3200 Lawson Blvd., Oceanside, N.Y. 11672**

Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of **THE MAGIC POWER OF WITCHCRAFT**, by Gavin and Yvonne Frost! I enclose \$1.95 in full payment. I understand that I may examine this book for a full 30 days entirely at your risk or money back and whatever I decide the FREE Amulet is mine!

Check here if you wish your order sent C.O.D. Enclose only \$1 good-will deposit now. Pay postman balance, plus C.O.D. charges. Same moneyback guarantee, of course.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
Please print

**PROGRESS BOOKS, LTD.  
3200 Lawson Blvd., Oceanside, N.Y. 11672**

© P. B. LTD., 1977

day? Must've been about 10:30 in the morning. He seemed kind of nervous and not his usual self, and he was hanging around here longer than usual. Normally he's just in and out . . . Funny thing about that morning, he gave me a check for just \$250 to cash. That was odd. Normally he gets about \$2,000. He said he was on his way to the Big Apple for a diamond deal coming to about 85 really big ones. Can you imagine that? That's Speedy. He had so many fingers in the pie he didn't have enough fingers . . ."

"I want to ask you to try to remember if anything unusual ever happened with Speedy before June 5th," Det. Moore said.

"Funny you should ask. Just a week before he disappeared he came in and gave me a check for \$2,000. Nothing out of the ordinary. I think it was this GMC Company. It bounced. That's what was unusual. I mean, that nearly never happened with Speedy. I told him the next day and he said he'd make it good

in just a few hours. He was furious, I've never seen him so mad, but he returned in just two hours with \$2,000 in cash."

Sergeant Bill Chaplin had been with Det. Moore on that interview, and they stopped at a nearby fast food restaurant to collect their thoughts and compare notes after the interview at Walt's crazy place.

"It seems to me, Sarge," the dark-browed, compact detective said to his boss while the two sat over coffee steaming from styrofoam cups, "that Walt's given us something here. If my memory serves me correctly, Joe Mansfield said he was at the Golden Griddle Restaurant with Speedy from 10 to 11 that same morning. If Walt's story is correct, he's probably got that \$250 check as proof that Speedy was in his story at the same time. At least I don't see any reason to doubt his story. We didn't tell him anything about Joe's story."

The sergeant agreed. It was time to pay another visit to GMMC.

Celia Edwards was in the office when

they arrived and the sleuths persuaded her to accompany them to a nearby restaurant where they could talk in privacy. The sprightly brunette said she'd try to help in any way she could.

"Did I know Speedy Jaffa?" she asked, lighting up a cigarette. "I *should* have known Speedy. He was in here at least twice a week. He walked around the place and acted like he owned it. But I never had any direct dealings with him. Joe always talked to him alone in his office and me and Art never were let in on them."

They asked her if she knew anything about a check for \$2,000.

"I write all the checks. That's my job, you know, secretary and treasurer of the corporation. Only Joe came in around the end of May while I was on a break and made out two checks, one for \$1,500 to himself, the other for \$2,000 to a guy I never heard of. He said he had some big loans he had to pay off. I said OK. It's not for me to ask, but if he asked me I'd have told him there wasn't enough money to cover them. But Joe does whatever he wants.

"Then several days later, Art Rosenberg, our precious metals man, did an inventory and reported eight pounds of silver and a couple hundred ounces of gold missing. I was really worried and told Joe. He said not to worry, that he had given the metals to the gypsies to sell off for him."

Sgt. Chaplin and Det. Moore looked at each other. They knew the gypsies as big time precious metals dealers who were operating on the fringes of the law and under the close scrutiny of federal agents.

"Joe said he was using the gold and silver as collateral on a loan," Celia added.

After they returned to GMMC with Celia, they saw Joe Mansfield turn in with his pickup truck. Celia had just showed the investigators the check stubs for the \$1,500 and \$2,000 checks. Joe stopped Det. Moore and gave him the sheet of paper with his movements for the days between June 5th and 8th. Joe also added that Jaffa told him when he dropped him off at GMMC at 11 a.m. on June 5th that he was not going to go to New York after all.

"Looking more and more like Mansfield is involved," said Det. Moore to Sgt. Chaplin as they drove back to county police C.I.D. headquarters.

Det. Moore went to the Golden Griddle and found the red-haired waitress Joe had mentioned. She knew both Jaffa and Mansfield but she said she was pretty sure they hadn't been in on the morning of June 5th.

As things were going during the past week, it began to look like the investigators were building a strong case against Joe Mansfield. Therefore Dets. Moore and March were surprised to get



# LEARN POLICE SCIENCES & LAW ENFORCEMENT

Prepare at home in spare time—No previous training necessary!

**The LAW ENFORCEMENT COURSE** Written by Experts Based on Actual Police Academy Training Programs! If police work sounds exciting . . . if crime prevention, helping others, and making the world a better place to live are important to you, send for free information about Police Sciences Institute. The experts on our staff have trained hundreds of men in resident police academies, and now you can get that same knowledge at home, in your spare time.

## Do You Feel Qualified for Enrollment in this Course?

Before you start any police training program, you should have a serious interest in law enforcement and be of good character. Your purpose in taking this course should be one of the following:

1. TO PREPARE FOR RESIDENT POLICE ACADEMY TRAINING. Although entrance requirements ordinarily do not require previous training, this course can make your training easier after you are accepted.
2. TO PREPARE FOR EXAMINATION where knowledge of police practices count, offered by cities, counties and others to screen applicants for police work.
3. TO LEARN POLICE WORK AS A BACKGROUND FOR A CAREER IN OTHER AREAS OF LAW ENFORCEMENT . . . parole officer, park ranger, correctional institution, or working in security for business and industry.
4. TO EXPAND YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF POLICE SCIENCES for your own interest. Perhaps you want to do volunteer work or become a reserve police officer, or are interested in police sciences and criminal investigation to improve your education.

Since this course is new, we are not able to tell you about the experience of our students in getting jobs.

Police Sciences Institute, Dept. NBO61 4401 Birch Street, Newport Beach, CA 92660

## HERE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE SUBJECTS YOU CAN LEARN

- Criminal Investigation
- Traffic Enforcement
- Evidence Collection
- Latent Fingerprints
- Crime Scene Search
- Auto Theft Investigation
- Patrol Procedures
- Narcotics Investigation
- Crime Lab Functions
- Police-Community Relations
- Criminal Law
- Hit and Run Investigation
- Use and Care of Firearms
- Law of Arrest

## INVESTIGATIONS

## FINGERPRINTING

## PATROL PROCEDURES

## MAKING ARRESTS

Send for FREE FACTS!

## Police Sciences is Useful for Men and Women in the Following Fields

State Police • Game Warden  
Correctional Officers • County Sheriffs  
Business and Industrial Security  
City and County Marshals • Highway Patrol • Animal Control Officer  
State and Federal Park Rangers  
Probation and Parole Officers  
Private Investigators • City Police Officers • Narcotics Officers  
other Regulatory Agencies



**Experts Show You What to Do, How to Do it . . . Guide You Every Step of the Way!** Everything explained in easy-to-understand language, complete with drawings, diagrams and photographs. You'll learn everything from patrol procedures, criminal investigation techniques—fingerprints, photography, gathering evidence—to traffic control, accident investigation, crowd control and making arrests. Every subject based on actual instruction used in recognized police academies.

**COURSE INCLUDES FINGERPRINT KIT, CAMERA KIT, EVIDENCE COLLECTION KIT**

## Learn How to Photograph Crime Scene

You receive camera, film, flash bulbs, batteries and Course Supplement—"Crime Scene Photography."

## Fingerprinting Field Kit

Includes powder, brushes, fingerprint strips, sensitizing pad to lift latent fingerprints . . . plus Course Supplement—"Fingerprints."

## Evidence Collection Kit

Includes sampling pipette, collection bottles, evidence bags, slides . . . plus handy zoom-light microscope with adjustable focus that magnifies 30 to 50x actual size. Also complete instructions for use.

Plus much, much more including Traffic Investigation Field Kit, Drug Enforcement Fact Book, Physical Conditioning and Illustrated Policeman's Glossary.

## Mail Coupon Today for FREE FACTS

Police Sciences Institute, Dept. NBO61  
4401 Birch Street, Newport Beach, CA 92660

Please rush me free facts and color brochure that tell me how I can learn Police Sciences and Law Enforcement at home. No obligation, no salesman will call.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

a call from Mansfield repeating a story about Lyle Halperin, another shylock who loaned Dufour money. Dufour told Mansfield he thought Halperin might have murdered Speedy because shortly after Speedy disappeared Halperin showed up and said he'd come into a lot of money. Could the money have been ripped off from Speedy? After Mansfield told the story to the police, the cops checked with Dufour and he confirmed offering this theory to Joe.

Because of the time they were spending on the case, Det. Bob Naumann was asked to interview Speedy's brother again, who told Naumann that whenever his brother planned to pick up a lot of money he asked his wife for a brown paper bag before he left the house. This Speedy did on the morning of June 5th, and his wife gave him one.

There were still a lot of loose ends to be gathered, and the investigators didn't know how long it would take before they could build a case solid enough to take to court, when unexpectedly they got a phone call from Sgt. R. Oatley of the Baltimore County Police Department. Sandy Sawyer, a 17-year-old girl, had some information she wanted to tell them. Could the detectives meet him and the girl at the Quality Inn on the Beltway?

Detectives March and Moore barely

had time to grab their coats before they left. When they arrived they met Sgt. Oatley and his witness, Sandy Sawyer.

She told the sleuths she'd been working two years for Joe Mansfield in dirty films, posing nude and procuring other girls for prostitution. Mansfield paid her and her boyfriend \$200 a day and also paid for their motel room.

Several months before, someone had stolen a briefcase of Joe's which had important papers in it and a lot of money. Because of that, Mansfield had been acting nervous and jumpy. Then just slightly more than a week before the interview Joe had called her at the motel and told her to relay a message to an associate of Joe's, Billy Winfield, that "the battleship has sunk and I doubt if it will return."

"Later when I gave the message to Billy I asked him what he meant by that," Sandy told the policemen. "Billy said, 'Nobody f— with Joe and gets over it.'

"He said Joe had to take a swim. It had something to do with cement shoes," Sandy said.

Det. Moore asked Sandy if Joe had access to any sleeping bags. She said he kept them in the back of his pickup truck, and once she and another girl were taken to a field by Joe who photographed them in the buff while they lay

on the sleeping bags.

During the weekend of June 7-8, Joe had said he had a lot of money, about \$30,000 in cash, and that he and his man Billy Winfield, Sandy and her boyfriend and another girl would be going to Florida to go into business.

Several days later Sandy said she overheard Joe talking to Billy in a low voice about how the pigs were investigating Speedy's death, and that he was the same guy he had killed. He was also overheard calling Det. Moore a dirty name and searching for the home addresses of Detectives Moore and March so that someone would get these investigators out of the way.

Billy Winfield was Joe's street man, Sandy said, and though she didn't care for him at all she had to put up with him. Billy was an ex-con who'd served 15 years in prison and was loyal to Joe because he was the only one who gave him a job.

Sandy agreed to wear a wire for the police, who hoped she could get an opportunity to accuse Joe of the Jaffa murder. But she waited for 12 hours with her boyfriend, Billy Winfield and a juvenile girl for Joe to appear, but he never did. While they waited, Billy had been sniffing glue and was high.

As Winfield and his juvenile companion pulled out in his car he was arrested

by the police nearby for driving while intoxicated and for contributing to the delinquency of a minor. Taken to the Anne Arundel County Police C.I.D. unit for questioning, he was hostile and denied any part of the Jaffa homicide. Because of his loyalty to Mansfield he refused to give them any information which might help in their investigation. Held in police custody, it was decided not to press charges but to release him after nearly 24 hours, and then to arrest Mansfield as he would be sure to flee immediately after talking with Winfield.

On June 14th, just six days after Speedy Jaffa's body was found in Marley Creek, Joe Mansfield was brought in for further questioning and informed he was under arrest for Jaffa's murder.

Mansfield denied any involvement and stuck to his alibi. He said the diamonds had been given to the gypsies who were going to pay him for them, but that he couldn't get in touch with them because they had given him a faulty phone number in Pennsylvania. He also denied that he actually photographed Sandy Sawyer and her friend in the nude, that he had just clicked an empty camera. He said also that while he planned on going to Florida, he had no intentions of bringing along Sandy, her boyfriend and the other girl.

While the circle of the investigation was closing tightly, there were still some loose ends to wrap up. Art Rosenberg, Joe's metals expert and minority partner, told Det. Moore that on Monday, June 2nd he had talked to Lester Feinberg, Speedy's cousin, about a big silver deal. Lester had told Art that the sample he was giving him was a very small portion of a drum of silver that he was procuring from a large industrial foundry in the area. Art said he appraised the silver as over 92.3 percent pure and that the sample was worth over \$180. Celia Edwards confirmed the essentials of this account.

Another GMMC employee, Hal Sullivan, also confirmed the account of the proposed big silver buy. Sullivan had melted down the silver on Joe's instructions while Art was away. He recalled Joe telling him that when the silver deal was concluded the company would be in good financial shape again.

When asked about the silver deal, Lester Feinberg said he only wanted to sell that small portion for \$180 and that all the rest about a big purchase was baloney that Mansfield had circulated. He denied that he planned to sell them more silver.

Sullivan also was questioned whether he had ever seen sleeping bags in Joe's truck. He said he had cleaned out Joe's truck several weeks previously and had found two sleeping bags, one tucked inside the other. When he was shown the sleeping bag in which Jaffa's body was

recovered he said, "That's Joe's sleeping bag."

Two other employes at GMMC also confirmed seeing sleeping bags in the back of Mansfield's truck not long before Jaffa disappeared.

Under close questioning about the events of June 5th, Celia Edwards searched her memory and said she was fairly sure that Joe never came to GMMC on that date, even though he said that he had.

Three other waitresses at the Golden Griddle in addition to the red-haired waitress confirmed that they did not see Jaffa and Mansfield together in the morning of June 5th from 10 to 11.

The detectives, armed with search warrants, recovered the rubber raft from Joe Mansfield's house along with sales and delivery receipts from June 6, 1980. They also recovered information from his place of business which indicated that he knew exactly how and where to get in touch with "the gypsies" whenever he needed to.

Joseph Mansfield was convicted in Circuit Court February 5, 1981 of the murder of William Jaffa. Circumstantial evidence from witnesses presented by Deputy State's Attorney Frank Weathersbee piled up against Mansfield. But the greatest blow the prosecution dealt to Mansfield's defense was the testimony of another convicted killer, Leroy J. Wyre.

While in detention awaiting trial, Wyre testified, Mansfield told him he

grabbed Jaffa in front of Walt's Jiffy Liquors and took him to the utility company property near Dufour's restaurant. There he choked Jaffa until he suffocated. The following day he bought a rubber raft from Montgomery Ward's, took the body to Marley Creek, stuffed it in the sleeping bag and put it in the water.

An anchor and rope line recovered from the creek near the location where the body was found were introduced as evidence to suggest that perhaps these had been used to submerge the sleeping bag with its slain inhabitant.

Although Wyre's credibility as a witness was attacked in the trial by Assistant Public Defender Lawrence Rushworth, the police tended to believe him.

"A lot of that kind of information we never gave out to the press and it could not have come out unless Wyre had talked to Mansfield," said Det. Moore.

The jury agreed. Joe Mansfield had apparently tried to get rid of his financial problems by killing his chief lender.

◆◆◆

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*In the foregoing story, the only true names mentioned are those of the murder victim, the murderer, police officers and other public officials. Fictitious names have been used for all others mentioned because there is no reason for public interest in the identities of these individuals.*

## One of Karen's Killers?

*(Continued from page 47)*

kinds, plus worship of the devil."

"We're approaching this thing objectively," Andrade added. "We have to. We've got to proceed on the basis that what these girls are telling us may very well be the truth. We have, after all," he added grimly, "been coming up with some bodies that may substantiate what they are saying."

What had begun as an ultimate horror story in Fall River had started in the fall of 1979 when the body of 17-year-old Doreen Levesque of New Bedford was found under the bleachers of the Diman Regional Vocational School in Fall River. The following January, the body of 19-year-old Barbara Raposa of New Bedford was found in a wooded area off Route 24.

Both of the girls had been bludgeoned with blunt instruments, according to autopsies later performed by Dr. Keeley, who is a Waltham pathologist. Both girls also were found with their hands and feet bound.

An arrest has been made in the Raposa case, but the murder of Doreen

Levesque still remains unsolved. Nevertheless, similarities in both of these murders, and in the later Marsden murder, show a common denominator.

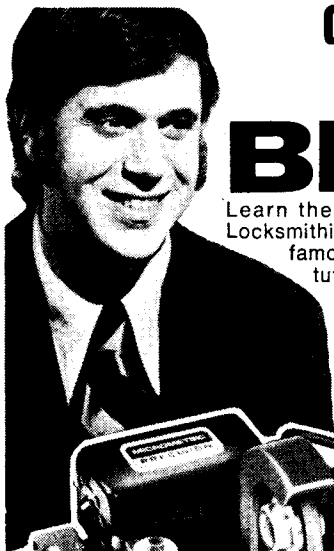
Through the balance of 1979 after the Levesque girl's body was found, and throughout 1980, Fall River detectives were deeply involved in the investigation of the so-called cult murders, and by the time Robin Murphy was brought to trial in early 1981, police reports totaled 202 pages that now constituted evidence.

And, as her trial grew close, pallid, somber-eyed, tight-lipped Robin Murphy stated that she had been robbed of her will by other members of the cult, and that this would be her defense.

This was unprecedented in Massachusetts, and Bristol County Superior Court Judge August C. Taveira had his work cut out for him when, on January 8th, Kenneth L. Sullivan, Robin Murphy's attorney, argued a motion contending that his client had been "effectively robbed of any willful intent" by two male cult members, while at the same time he attempted to convince the court that Miss Murphy did not suffer from "any disease or defect."

Sullivan acknowledged that he knew this type of a defense was an unparal-





# Get these professional tools at no extra cost when you take our accredited training to **BE A LOCKSMITH!**

Learn the money-making art of Locksmithing! Home study with the famous Locksmithing Institute is like an actual apprenticeship...in your OWN well-equipped lock shop. You work under a Master Locksmith instructor, receive your own electric

key machine, locks, keys, parts, picks—306 items in all—at a price many graduates say would be fair for just the instruction!

## START EARNING NOW!

In mere weeks you can be ready to make money copying keys or installing locks. Later, you can get into even *more* profitable areas of locksmithing. Our course also includes a special unit on Security and Burglar Alarm Systems—another field with new earning poten-

tial due to rising crime. Our School, of course, can't guarantee you a job or income, but we have successfully trained thousands of men and women with basic mechanical aptitude in this most essential profession. If you can study at least 1 hour a week, we can do the same for you. Write us. It *could* be the key to a new future!


Licensed by New Jersey State Dept. of Education, State Approved Diploma, Approved for Veterans.

## LOCKSMITHING INSTITUTE


Established 1948 • Division of Technical Home Study Schools  
Little Falls, New Jersey 07424



**SEND TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLET PLUS FREE SAMPLE LESSON PAGES**



"This was a tremendous course that gave me exactly what I wanted to get. While I was still taking the course I was earning \$30-\$40 a week in my spare time."  
William H. Edwards,  
Juniata, Altoona, Pa.



"Sometimes when you send for things in the mail, you don't always get what you expect... but I got more than I expected! It was a very good course and well worth the money."  
Charles J. Weber,  
Egg Harbor, N.J.

TO: Locksmithing Institute, Dept. 124-071 Little Falls, N.J. 07424

Please send FREE Opportunity Booklet and sample lesson materials. No obligation. No salesman will call.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Check here if Veteran

leled one for, he told the court, no case had ever before been presented in Massachusetts wherein the contention was made that someone's will had been "reduced to the total control of another person."

The Fall River attorney nevertheless claimed that the circumstance itself was not an unusual one, and cited the fact that not only cult members but prisoners of war and prostitutes had, historically, been so victimized. He also cited the incidence of the mass suicide at Jonestown in Guyana in 1978. At this time, hundreds of individuals who belonged to the People's Temple cult had killed themselves upon the command of their leader, the Reverend Jim Jones.

"If you accept the theory that these people at Jonestown were not suffering from either disease or defect," Attorney Sullivan argued now, "then you have to accept the fact that the wills of these people were not their own. They were not able to think for themselves."

This, Counselor Sullivan contended, was what had happened to his client, and he intended to present expert testimony from a prominent Needham psychiatrist which would show that the human will can "succumb" without disease or defect. Sullivan said that he would also present evidence which would prove that Miss Murphy had been

impelled in her actions by a well grounded fear, "the fear of harm."

"Certain ritualistic acts" had occurred at the murder scene, the defense attorney said, as well as what he termed "depraved activity." The males who had robbed his client of her will were labeled by him as pimps, and he told the court that they had been given to both violence and coercion.

Sullivan concluded that what he was contending was simply that Robin Murphy's will had not been her own at the time of Karen Marsden's murder, "in whatever role she may have played at this time." He added that there was no possibility at the present time of his client changing her plea of innocent to a plea of guilty.

Some months before, Bristol County District Attorney Ronald Pina had been asked whether, in his opinion, there were grounds to believe that the Fall River slayings had been cult murders, and Pina said at the time, "There looks like there may be something to this, and we have actively been checking out that, and all possibilities."

Pina added that the prosecution had a witness who claimed to have been with Karen Marsden at the time of her disappearance, and to having actually witnessed the murder itself. This witness had not been brought before the

grand jury at the time of Robin Murphy's indictment. Pina had added, however, that a copy of the person's statement had been presented to the grand jury panel.

Now, after consideration of Attorney Sullivan's motion re his client having been "robbed of her will," Judge Taveira acceded to the request of Bristol County Assistant District Attorney David A. Waxler to deny the motion, and to exclude any evidence that Robin Murphy had been under the influence of a satanic cult when Karen Marsden was murdered, as such evidence was not admissible under Massachusetts law. Judge Taveira concurred in this.

Attorney Sullivan had stated that his client was not about to change her plea to a plea of guilty, this at the time he was presenting his contention that whatever act she may have performed had been done while under the influence of at least one other person. But now that this motion had been denied and trial was about to get under way in earnest, a dramatic new development came as a startling surprise to the spectators who were by now cramming the Fall River courtroom.

Robin Murphy had changed her mind. Robin Murphy had decided to plead guilty, but to plead guilty to a charge of murder in the second degree. Further,

she had agreed that she would testify later in the trials of the two men whom Sullivan claimed had "robbed her of her will," and who also had been indicted for the murder of Karen Marsden.

By now, a picture had been sketched of Robin Murphy and her background both by Assistant District Attorney Waxler and by Defense Attorney Sullivan. Sullivan had told the court that his client literally had been brought up on the streets of Fall River, where she had led what he termed, "a nomadic life."

He detailed the story of a waif without family ties, a girl who was allowed to wander and who had no place to go, and he said that by the time Robin was 12 years old she had fallen irrevocably into the hands of "pimps and prostitutes."

From the time she was about eight, until she was indicted for Karen Marsden's murder when she was 17, since which time she had been in jail awaiting trial, Robin Murphy had had a succession of what her attorney described as "serious traumatic experiences."

Pros. Waxler took quite a different tack.

He centered, first, on Karen Marsden who, admittedly, had also been a known

prostitute, according to the police. The police had had many interviews with Karen, but it was not until shortly before her disappearance in February, 1980, that she had come out and told them that she was a member of a devil-worshipping cult.

Had Karen been one of the "weak links" the later informants to police had described? Had the core cult members feared her defection? Had they suspected that since she was under police surveillance and since she'd recently been brought in for questioning by the fuzz more than once she might talk about things dangerous to the cult's survival?

If, indeed, there *was* a cult, and by now it seemed entirely likely that there was, this seemed more than a little plausible.

Then Karen "disappeared," and for over two months it seemed as if she had vanished from the earth forever... until that horrible find had been made in a wooded section of Westport, until the skull to be identified as hers had been found, and it further had been revealed that she had definitely been decapitated.

On April 21st, a Fall River woman

had told the police, under questioning, about Karen's murder.

However, based on information gleaned from this witness, Assitant District Attorney Waxler now told the court that on the night of February 8, 1980, a car pulled off into a wooded area in Westport and came to a stop.

There were five people in the car: Karen Marsden, Robin Murphy, a woman who would remain nameless, and two men.

Robin Murphy, the "nameless woman" had told the authorities in the statement which had been presented to the Bristol County Grand Jury, had "pulled Karen Marsden from the car, and made her go into the woods."

It was an eerie scene, the night cold and dark, the sky seeming like a starless black abyss. Pros. Waxler told the court that one of the men said to Karen Marsden, "Now you're going to meet your Maker," and one of the others in the group added, "We promised you we would make you suffer. Now we'll show you. We're going to make you suffer... every inch of you."

According to the Assistant District Attorney, Karen Marsden; a "confirmed prostitute" at the age of 20, according to the court, cowered in terror, and then she was struck on the head with rocks.

After she had fallen to the ground, Waxler told his horrified listeners, "someone cut her fingers off, so that they could steal the rings she was wearing."

Karen Marsden must have been in the grip of intense shock at this time. The trauma may have been so great that mercifully she endured the last moments of her life without being fully aware of what was happening.

According to Waxler, she was undressed after her fingers were cut off, and one of the men then asked Robin Murphy to slit her throat.

"Robin Murphy did, in fact, slit her throat," Waxler told the court. "Two deep cuts were made."

After this, Karen Marsden was decapitated.

When the trial was over, Defense Attorney Kenneth Sullivan elaborated on this phase of things to reporters outside the courthouse.

He had been asked if he felt that the Marsden murder really had been the work of a satanic cult, and he said, "There has been mention of a satanic influence on both Karen Marsden and Robin Murphy. As I understand it, both of them believed, individually, in that sort of influence."

The defense attorney looked tired at this point.

"Some of the people at the scene of the killing, I understand, anointed themselves with Karen Marsden's blood, and let it run down on them," he told the press.

## Criminal, Not Family Court, Urged In Wife Beatings

**P**OLICE OFFICERS investigating domestic flare-ups should look upon wife beating as a criminal assault and not a private family matter, according to a federally-funded study by the Police Executive Research Forum (PERF).

The report, funded by the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration of the Department of Justice, calls for increased arrests, especially in cases involving serious injury, use of a deadly weapon, or violation of a court restraining order. Arrests also are recommended for people who inflict minor injuries following repeated threats of violence.

"This emphasis on arrest is a dramatic change in police procedures for these abuse cases," said Allen H. Andrew Jr., chairman of the PERF research committee and superintendent of the Peoria, Illinois, Police Department.

"Formerly, we treated them as private family problems and sent them to family court for counseling. Now we should regard them as criminal assaults that could result in a jail term."

The report also urged police to refer victims to civil court for restraining orders, to counselling programs or battered women's shelters, and to encour-

age victims to file an arrest warrant.

"Even when police did make arrests, many battered women dropped the charges," said Mr. Andrews. "Now things have changed. The women are receiving help and counselling from women's groups and show a real willingness to follow through with these cases in court."

The report focuses on cases involving shoving, slapping, kicking, biting, hitting, beating, and threatening or using a weapon among married and unmarried couples who live together or who previously lived together.

Three categories of cases are identified in the report: serious assaults, minor assaults, and threatened assaults. Plans of action for police are presented for each category.

Threats of assaults should be taken seriously and met with citations and fines, referrals to counselling programs, or by separating the individuals for several days, according to the report.

The report outlines step-by-step procedures for responding to violent spouse abuse cases from the time the police operator receives a call for help to the final disposition of the case.

◆◆◆

# If You Missed Out On Finishing High School, Here's Your Second Chance

## GET YOUR H.S. DIPLOMA AT HOME, SPARE TIME

Over 150,000 men and women have Graduated Since 1946 alone • Over 2,000,000 enrolled since 1897 • Study at Home • No Classrooms • Set Your Own Pace • Wide Choice of Subjects to Fit Your Interests. • Credit given for subjects completed earlier • Low Tuition, low down and monthly payment without interest • No Salesman will call upon you, ever.

Whatever your reason for "dropping out" and even if you had trouble with regular high school, you'll find the American School's "study at home at your own pace" program enjoyable and fun.

American School is different. There are no classroom pressures. You work at your own pace as a "class of one" and your instructors really do care about you. You'll get personal notes on your papers, not computer print-outs.

Don't be held back by the lack of a high school diploma any longer. Let us send you, without obligation, free information on our special low cost home study method, Diploma and Accreditation.

### AMERICAN SCHOOL — Established 1897 —

Dept 10706 850 E. 58th St., Chicago, IL. 60637



**FOR FASTER SERVICE TELEPHONE  
FREE DAY OR NIGHT — 1 800-621-5809  
(From Illinois, call 800 972-5858)**

#### Some Student Comments:

Thanks to American School for their professionalism and guidance. All of the methods, subjects and instruction would be hard to improve on.

I could take all the time I needed. I didn't have to rush.

I found that when I was on my own, I worked harder.



**Keep at it. It is so rewarding to receive your diploma.**

American School, Dept 10706  
850 E. 58th St., Chicago, IL 60637

Please rush me, by mail, full information on American School's low cost home study method, diploma, accreditation. No salesman is to call upon me, ever.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

Last Grade of High \_\_\_\_\_

School Completed:   None   9th   10th   11th

What remained of Karen Marsden's head had been found in the northwest wooded section of Westport between Davol and Sawdy Ponds on April 13, 1980, and at a later date clothing that had belonged to the dead girl and also items of jewelry were found at some distance from the skull.

The rest of her body has never been discovered.

Robin Murphy had been questioned over the intervening months about the other Fall River murders thought to be the work of cult members, and more recently she had made statements to the police which had been withheld from the trial.

Now it was revealed that Robin had discussed Karen Marsden in these statements, as well as other murder victims, and that she had stated that she and Karen Marsden had been roommates and that both of them at one point had asked the police for protective care because they feared for their lives at the hands of the cult.

She had stated that it was she who had reported Karen Marsden missing initially, and at this time she had again asked for police protection. However, after an extensive investigation she, and two men whom she said were cult members, had been charged with Karen's murder.

Robin Murphy had been charged with first-degree murder. When, on January 14th, she decided to change her plea of innocent to a plea of guilty, it was with the understanding that she was pleading guilty to a lesser charge, that is, to the charge of second-degree murder.

Before accepting her plea, Judge Taveira asked the defendant to take the witness stand, and she did so. As she was questioned by the judge, she seemed an especially weary and colorless figure. Throughout the trial, as she listened to incredibly gruesome testimony regarding the crime she was now admitting she had committed, Robin Murphy had seemed completely disinterested; she had displayed little if any emotion. Above all else, she had seemed tired.

Now, under Judge Taveira's questioning, she was as noncommittal in her speech as she had been in her actions. She responded strictly in monosyllables to the judge.

Finally satisfied, Judge Taveira now accepted her plea, and pronounced the sentence mandatory in Massachusetts in a crime of this kind, which is life imprisonment. This means that Robin Murphy will be eligible for parole in 15 years, at which time she will be 33.

Although she had spent almost all of her life in Fall River and its environs,

Robin Murphy had gotten farther afield during the period between the time Karen Marsden was murdered and when her skull was found. Acting on information gained from the informant who had told them about the murder car and its passengers, State Police Detective Lieutenant Gordon S. Clarkson, who is chief investigator for District Attorney Pina's office, sent men to Texas, where it was learned that Robin Murphy was then living, with a writ of rendition to bring her back to Massachusetts.

In commenting on the case after the conviction and sentencing of Robin Murphy, Assistant District Attorney David H. Waxler stressed that he did not bring out at any time during the trial any mention of the existence of the so-called satanic cult.

"That was not entered into this trial because I expect to use that information at a future date when the trials of the two men accused of participating in the murder of Karen Marsden is begun," he said.

Perhaps if Robin Murphy had not suddenly changed her plea, something that was not anticipated, the mention of a satanic cult would have been made. Outside of the courthouse her attorney referred to such a cult, but that was after the trial was over. ♦♦♦

## Tattle-Tale Letter

(Continued from page 14)

other. They had two young daughters, one three years old, and the other nine months old.

One family, close friends of the Hoffmans, mentioned they had been there for dinner the night before Carol disappeared. "David showed genuine affection for his wife," they said, "kissing and hugging her. He was very loving toward her and Carol reciprocated his love."

They also mentioned that David was not only an affectionate husband, but also was considerate of his mother, Mrs. Helen Ulvinen. He gave her what assistance he could. Two weeks previously, she had moved in with the family at Hoffman's urging.

Searchers still devoted most of their time pursuing the search in the area they had been assigned. Days were spent in the discouraging task without any sightings of the missing woman. The possibility that she was alive and had arrived at either of the Twin Cities of Minneapolis or St. Paul grew dimmer with the passage of each day.

Hoffman remained close to the phone in the slim hope that she might call. The call never came through and the mys-

tery of her disappearance appeared to have no immediate solution, despite the efforts of the searchers to recover what they now firmly believed would be the corpse of the attractive young woman.

Finally satisfied that the missing woman's body was not in the area, the weary deputies, police and volunteers decided to extend their hunt into other districts. It was also decided to drag the bottom of Weaver Lake a short distance from the village of Corcoran.

On Tuesday, August 19th, officers in one of the boats encountered something on the lake bottom. Whatever it was, it was weighted down. Bringing the object up to the surface, they discovered a sea bag and a burlap bag. Opening them, they were horrified to find the dismembered parts of a female. Examining the gruesome remains closely they were able to identify the grisly contents as the remains of Carol Hoffman.

When informed of the discovery of the dismembered corpse, Sheriff Omodt moved swiftly. A search warrant was obtained to search the home of David Hoffman on Hillside Drive in Corcoran. The officers turned up various items of evidence, including a garbage disposal, the contents of the kitchen drain pipe, serrated knives, fibers in the bathroom tub, clothing from a clothes hamper, a boat trailer and a pickup truck. The detectives interrogated Hoffman and his

mother, and then placed them under arrest. They were read their constitutional rights and charged with the murder of Carol Hoffman. Both were confined in the Hennepin County Jail awaiting arraignment proceedings.

When the news of the arrest of the two suspects became known in Corcoran, people were stunned and shocked. Practically everyone in the community knew Dave. He was well liked, friendly, always willing to help anyone who needed assistance. He was considered by his employers at Graco, Inc., a Minneapolis manufacturer, as a good, dependable machine operator. Many of his friends couldn't believe he could be guilty of the homicide. They were convinced there was some mistake, and that the authorities had the wrong person in custody. They knew very little about his mother. She had arrived only recently to live with her son and his family in Corcoran.

Arraigned Friday, August 22nd, before Hennepin County District Judge David Leslie, neither Hoffman nor his mother had much to say about the case. They simply answered questions concerning their names, ages and address. Both were charged with second-degree murder in the death of Carol Lynn Hoffman on August 10th, Hoffman allegedly strangling his wife and then dismembering her.

Every detective story reader should be able to solve the

# CRYPTOGRAM

It's easy when you know how: F Z E E P F O G R M Q B E O J S...  
A F O O L A N D H I S M O N E Y...

*In the cryptogram you merely substitute one letter for another. In the example shown above, F is used for A in two places, E replaces O three times, etc. Single letters are your best clues; they must stand for either I or A. The number of letters in a word also provide clues, as does punctuation, such as an apostrophe for a possessive. If you find a 2-letter word ends in T, matching the vowels will show it must be either AT or IT, etc. Have a go at this month's coded message:*

P D Q Z I J X E D Z X , F N Z K X Z O H X  
D T O E E X J O P F J I V M K Z Z I Z J O D E ,  
I W E N Z K X G I E O S X J X H X H F X J  
Z K X F E I I Q P K X Q F N K O P Y O S Z O H .

(Cryptogram solution on page 76)

The county attorney recommended that bail for Hoffman be set at \$75,000. Bail for Helen Ulvinen was set at \$40,000. Neither Hoffman nor his mother could furnish the required bond, so they remained in jail.

Both cases were to be presented to a county grand jury expected to convene on September 2nd. During the arraignment, Stephen Doyle, attorney for Mrs. Ulvinen, argued that she should be released because she presented no danger to the public. He characterized her as a mother of eight, a grandmother who had not been in adverse situations before. He said she had high blood pressure and couldn't sleep in a jail cell. Furthermore, Dolye said, "She was not aware of Carol's death until after it had occurred."

On Tuesday, September 2nd, the grand jury convened to consider the second degree murder charge against David Hoffman in the strangulation death of his wife, Carol. A number of people were called to testify and at the conclusion of the hearing, David Hoffman was indicted instead on charges of first-degree murder, indicating premeditation, in the death of his wife on August 10, 1980. Arraigned in District Court the following day, the defendant was charged with first-degree murder in her death. His bail was set at \$150,000. Being unable to furnish the required bond, he was remanded to jail.

At the request of Tom Kelly, Hoffman's attorney, the court was asked that the defendant be given a psychiatric evaluation to determine his competency to stand trial. The request was granted.

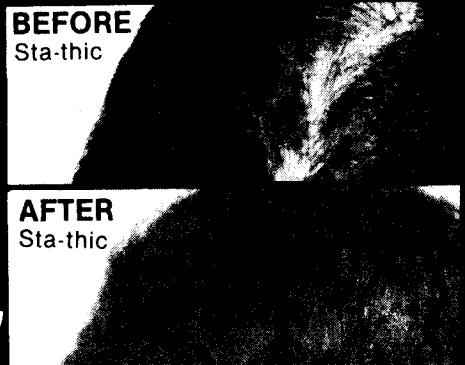
Hoffman would be examined by at least three psychiatrists chosen by the defense, prosecution and the Court. Don Byrne, a senior trial attorney with the Hennepin County Attorney's Office, was assigned as prosecutor for the case.

On September 9, another grand jury convened to consider the second-degree murder charge filed against Helen Ulvinen in the death of her daughter-in-law, Carol Hoffman. After hearing testimony from several witnesses, the jury handed down an indictment for first-degree murder instead. County Attorney Tom Johnson said a person can be criminally liable for a crime committed by another if he or she intentionally aided or advised the criminal. According to police, Hoffman had told his mother of his plans to kill his wife, and she agreed to the slaying.

Wednesday, Helen Ulvinen, 65, appeared in Hennepin County District Court before Judge Patrick Fitzgerald and was charged with first-degree murder in the death of her son's wife. The prosecuting attorney asked that her bail be increased from \$40,000 to \$50,000. The request was denied and bail rescheduled at the original amount

# MAKE THINNING HAIR

**LOOK THICKER FULLER RICHER INSTANTLY!**



If you feel self conscious about your hair, then try STA-THIC, the *amazing scientific* cosmetic discovery, that instantly can transform thin, fine problem hair... into the bouncy, vibrant, richer, even thicker looking head of hair... you so desire. With STA-THIC you will see the dramatic difference the very first time you use it. Your hair will have a new manly, really alive look of undreamed of thickness. Plus STA-THIC conditions, making your hair more manageable, so your hair will stay in place longer; and of course STA-THIC helps hide balding spots. Easy to use. Just comb in, shampoo out. Non greasy, non oily. Used daily by thousands of smart men (and women too). Completely undetectable except for the fantastically thicker and younger look it gives your hair. Generous 3 month supply.

**LABORATORY TESTED**  
(ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES)

**10 DAY TRIAL — Money Back Guarantee!**  
Pay postman \$3.95 plus COD fees for one Sta-thic or save COD fees by enclosing \$3.95 plus 60¢ shipping. Save even more. (2 Sta-thic \$7.00 — 3 Sta-thic \$10.00) *Must satisfy or return for a prompt refund.*

**LANOTEX PRODUCTS Dept. TB322 12 Warren Street, New York, N.Y. 10007**

**ARREST Violators! Wear the Badge of a DETECTIVE**

**TRAIN FAST AT HOME**

**BE YOUR OWN BOSS!**

**NO PREVIOUS TRAINING NEEDED**

Your spirit of adventure, danger, and self reliance can lead you to an exciting career opportunity. Solve mysteries, bring criminals to justice, protect the innocent. Experts guide you every step of the way. Men and women needed to work in challenging situations, withstanding hardships, make on the spot decisions. Learn the latest investigative techniques using special law enforcement equipment... the same equipment used by the FBI, the CIA, and the Secret Service. Start your own investigative agency. Save up to 25% and more on all equipment. Send for free details.

**Approved by Calif. Dept. of Public Instruct.**

**THE ROUSE SCHOOL of Special Detective Training**  
DEPT. NB107 P.O. Box 2469, Costa Mesa, CA. 92626

Rush me your free "Detective" Career Kit—no salesman will call

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

**Be an Electrician**

**CONSTRUCTION MAINTENANCE CONTRACTOR**

**Train at home in spare time**

**MAKE MORE MONEY! Check out Electrician's wages against the kind of money you make now!**

Even before you're ready to go after a full-time job as an electrician, you could be making extra money doing odd jobs for friends and neighbors. And think of the money you'll be able to save doing your own electrical work. Learn to specify and install wiring, operate and control motors and generators, use and maintain transformers and storage batteries.

We show you how to troubleshoot for short circuits, overloads and open wires. You'll be ready to take almost any electrician licensing examination offered by state, city or county. Because opportunities vary from time to time and from one part of the country to another, we encourage you to check on the job market in your area. Mail coupon for free facts and results of survey showing employment success of our graduates.

**NO NEED TO QUIT YOUR JOB OR REGULAR SCHOOL**

Everything explained in easy-to-understand language with plenty of drawings, diagrams and photos. Tools, materials, test equipment included with course. You learn at your own pace. No time wasted traveling to class. Teachers are as close as your telephone. **No charge!** Use our toll-free 24-hour home-study hotline as soon as you enroll. **MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

**APPROVED FOR VETERANS**

**ICS SINCE 1891**

**ELECTRICIAN SCHOOL, Dept. NB061**  
ICS Center, Scranton, PA 18515

Rush free facts that tell how I can train at home in spare time to be an electrician. No obligation, no salesman will call!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY/STATE/ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

**PHOTO ID**

**ID FLORIDA ID**

EXPIRES ON 1984

**IN FULL COLOR SEALED IN PLASTIC All States and Provinces**

**CUSTOM-MADE WITH YOUR PHOTO**

USE ANYWHERE, ANYTIME FOR POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION

24-Hour Service • Moneyback Guarantee

SEND \$5.00. Name, Address, Sex, Height, Weight, Color Hair, Eyes, Birthdate & Small Photo.

**\$5** (2 or more \$4.00 EACH)

If you want more information send 23¢

**PHOTO ID**

CARDINAL PUBLISHING, DEPT. DR279  
BOX 5200 • JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA 32207

previously established. She furnished the bond, and was released from custody.

At the completion of Hoffman's psychiatric tests, Judge Fitzgerald ruled that the defendant was competent to stand trial and assist his counsel in his defense. The judge based his decision on a psychiatric report from Doctor Carl Malmquist whom the Court appointed to examine Hoffman.

Mrs. Helen Ulvinen was tried first. Circuit Court convened Thursday, December 11th, with Judge Fitzgerald presiding. Prosecuting Attorney Byrne represented the State and Defense Attorney Doyle was retained as counsel for the Defense.

**I**n his opening statement, Counselor Doyle, whose defense of Helen Ulvinen asserted that she took no part in her daughter-in-law's death, also told the jury that Hoffman had told friends he planned to kill his wife. One such plan, Doyle said, was to disconnect her air supply when they were scuba diving, so that her death would seem accidental.

That was not the way Prosecutor Byrne pictured Mrs. Ulvinen's involvement in the August 10th murder. Byrne told the jury Mrs. Ulvinen was well aware of Hoffman's plans to kill his wife, and did nothing to warn her, or the police.

After listening to several witnesses testify for the prosecution, Byrne asked Jess Huckaby, a county detective, to take the stand. He read a twelve-page statement which the defendant and her son gave the officer on August 19th, the day Hoffman and his mother were arrested and charged with the murder of Hoffman's wife.

In the statement, Hoffman said he had planned to kill his wife nearly a year before her death. On August 9th, the day before the murder, he and his wife were scuba diving near Stillwater. He said he considered, at that time, disconnecting her air supply.

"I looked at her," Hoffman stated, "and I just couldn't do it because I realized I loved her," he said.

On the night of the murder, Hoffman said, his wife refused to have sex with him, as she had done the previous night. She had said, "Why don't you go downstairs and sleep with your mom?"

He said he rolled over and began choking her. She said only, "Dave," he recalled. He went on to say, "I kept squeezing tighter and tighter. I held on for about four minutes, and then I felt her as she went limp."

Hoffman explained how he used a scuba knife and another serrated knife to dismember his wife's body. After trying to put some of the remains in a garbage disposal, he said, "I started to sweat."

He awakened his mother, so she would keep his three-year-old daughter away from the kitchen and bathroom where he was working. After putting his wife's body in the bags, he slept for a time. "I felt like a big burden was over for my kids and my mother," he said. Later, he and his mother discussed the murder. He quoted Mrs. Ulvinen as saying, "Yes, Dave, I know you had to do it for the sake of those kids. If you hadn't done it, I would have moved out."

At the end of his statement, Hoffman explained in a rambling, seemingly incoherent way, why he killed his wife.

"There is too much crime and corruption, drugs, stealing, rape and just every kind of crime in this world right now," he said, "and for the love of my children and my mother, I had to do this thing so that I can stop the pain and suffering."

He continued by saying, "In recent days I have had a strong feeling that Judgment Day and the end of the world is very close. Mount St. Helens is erupting this summer and my mother's name is Helen, and I have this feeling from God that we all have to do what we can right now to bring all sinners together, and look to the Lord for forgiveness... I loved Carol very much, but I am only one man and I have my weaknesses. I am praying to God now that I will be a just servant for Him and He will look after me, my children and my mother and get us all back together in heaven."

Mrs. Ulvinen broke down and sobbed.

After several other witness testified for the prosecution, the State rested its case. The defense called its first witness, David Hoffman, to the stand. In a highly emotional state and sobbing frequently, he testified that his mother was not involved in the strangulation death and dismembering of his wife's body.

Reading from a letter he wrote in October to his mother's defense attorney, Stephen Doyle quoted, "I hope you can plainly see she (my mother) is an innocent victim of circumstances beyond her control or knowledge. My mother never realized I was going to hurt Carol and I didn't believe I could either. My mother had no control over my actions."

Hoffman testified against the wishes of his attorney, Tom Kelly, who sat next to him during the four hours Hoffman was on the witness stand.

Testimony by a defendant awaiting trial is rare because anything said can be used against him in his own trial. Hoffman, who pleaded not guilty by reason of mental illness, was scheduled for trial in February, and the prosecutor hammered away relentlessly during cross examination at his testimony. He said, "The letter written by Hoffman to his mother's attorney and another written to his sister, which Hoffman also read, contradicts the twelve-page signed confession. In there he said he had told his mother of his plans to kill

his wife, and she had allegedly replied, 'It will be for the best.'"

During cross-examination Pros. Byrne hammered away at the contradictions between Hoffman's confession and his letters. He accused Hoffman of having a selective memory of what he said and what his mother said after the killing.

"You can remember using a Mr. Twister (referring to the fishing lure Hoffman used after disposing of the body) but you can't remember telling your mother you were going to choke the mother of your children," the prosecutor said sarcastically.

Hoffman replied, "I can't remember what I said. I can remember things I've done but not things I've said."

Byrne tried to show that Hoffman deliberately killed his wife and then went to great lengths to dispose of her body in Weaver Lake because he did not want to get caught.

But Hoffman insisted that, "When I started to choke her, something went through my mind saying I was doing the right thing. At the time I thought I was getting rid of evil."

He also said that when he confessed to detectives he believed the end of the world was coming and that he was ready to pass out because of lack of sleep.

At the completion of Hoffman's testimony, Counselor Doyle called Helen Ulvinen to testify in her own behalf. Her testimony was brief. The 65-year-old grandmother—with an eighth grade education—wept as she told the court she covered up for her son partly because she wanted to protect him.

**A**fter the defense rested its case and the jurors listened to closing arguments by both the prosecution and the defense, Judge Fitzgerald instructed the jury. They panel retired to consider the testimony and evidence submitted during the court proceedings.

After deliberating about 17 hours over a two-day period, they reached a verdict Wednesday night, December 17th. They filed back into the courtroom. When the verdict was read, guilty as charged, Mrs. Ulvinen appeared to be in a state of shock and Hoffman looked stunned. She was led out of the courtroom and lodged in the county jail.

Judge Fitzgerald delayed sentencing until December 30th. Mrs. Ulvinen faced a mandatory life sentence at the state prison for women at Shakopee. She has no chance for parole until she has served 17 years of her life sentence. Later, when the judge imposed life imprisonment, he recommended she serve only five years of her sentence.

Because of Judge Fitzgerald's decision that Hoffman could not obtain a fair trial in Hennepin County, the trial

was moved to Rochester in Olmsted County with court proceedings set to begin on Tuesday, February 3, 1981. Judge Patrick of Hennepin County presided at the trial. Don Byrne of the Hennepin County Prosecutor's Office represented the State while Tom Kelly acted as counsel for the defense.

After the selection of a panel of 12 jurors and two alternates, Prosecutor Byrne, in his opening statement, said that two of Hoffman's co-workers from Graco, Inc., a Minneapolis manufacturer where Hoffman worked as a machine operator, would testify that Hoffman had told them of his plans to kill his wife.

Defense Attorney Kelly, in his opening statement, portrayed Carol Hoffman as a woman gripped with jealousy over her husband's affection for his mother.

"David Hoffman," he said, "was a man torn between loyalties to his mother and to his wife. The night before and the night of the murder," Kelly continued, "Carol rejected David's sexual advances. 'Why don't you go downstairs and have intercourse with your fat momma?' she asked him.

"That sent David Hoffman into a rage," Kelly said. "He was no longer able to control himself and took the life of Carol Hoffman in the heat of the moment, an uncontrollable release of his frustrations."

The prosecution called two witnesses, employed at the Garco Manufacturing Co., who were co-workers of Hoffman. Both of them, testifying for the State, stated that they had been told by Hoffman he planned to kill his wife. However, they said he had said it in a joking way, and they had no reason to believe he was sincere in his conversation with them.

Byrne then introduced as evidence the confession signed by Hoffman and given to the police the day the body was recovered from Weaver Lake. The statement had previously been read at Helen Ulvinen's trial. Again it was read to the jurors relating the grisly events.

During cross-examination, Kelly did not dispute the statements of the confession. It being an insanity trial, the defense had to show that Hoffman's mental state prevented him from knowing the nature and consequences of his act.

He did, however, repeatedly ask detectives from the sheriff's department about statements Hoffman made to them about God and the end of the world. He also suggested that Hoffman may have thought the detectives were on his side when he made statements to them.

The prosecution rested its case Thursday, leaving it up to the defense to show that Hoffman's mental state at the time of the killing prevented him from

# PROFESSIONAL SOLID BRONZE \$4.95 each BADGES



#203 B Private Detective \$4.95



#203 C - Official Press Photographer - \$4.95



#303 A - Special Investigator - \$4.95



#303 B - Special Agent Solid bronze - \$4.95



#250 Deputy Sheriff 'Law Man' 6-point star. \$4.95



#403 - Professional Investigator - \$4.95



#603 A - Special Officer - \$4.95



#603 B - Security Officer - \$4.95

Now available - the same professional badges used by investigators and detectives all over the world. Not toys, gags - but the real thing to display with pride!

#450 Regulation Badge Case  
Flash your badge in an official manner. Vinyl I.D. window. Slack strap. \$4.95



PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY  
Send payment with order:  
**POLICE EQUIPMENT CO.**  
7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046

FREE with orders ONLY... Catalog of Police & Detective Equipment

Police Equipment Co., Dept. 5435  
7471 Melrose Ave. Los Angeles, Calif. 90046

Send payment with order (No C.O.D.'s)  
 Send Style # \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$4.95 Add 50 for postage & handling  
 Send Style # \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$4.95 Add 50 for postage & handling  
 Send \_\_\_\_\_ Badge Case/s @ \$4.95 Add 50 for postage & handling  
SAVE: ANY TWO ITEMS \$9.95 postpaid.

I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

How to WRITE SELL and PUBLISH  
**YOUR OWN SONGS**  
Learn how to write songs correctly; How to get them recorded; How to sell and promote them. Secrets and methods used by professionals. Information FREE.  
Ace Publishing, Box 64D, Boston, Mass. 02101

**CASH LOANS** to DESERVING INDIVIDUALS  
We are not a loan company, but offer a unique service enabling many individuals to obtain the money they need. Our FREE book describes many worthwhile benefits available to you. Yours for the asking.  
**ASSOCIATES,** Dept K2, Box 98, FREE FROM Bklyn. NY 11235  
POOR CREDIT? - REFUSED ELSEWHERE? TRY US!

MEN! WOMEN! TRAIN NOW FOR AN EXECUTIVE JOB  
**Get Your COLLEGE DEGREE**  
...at home in spare time!  
Now available! Same training system used by many of the Fortune 500 corporations to train their own employees. Marketing, finance, public relations, personnel, much more. College degree awarded with major in business management or accounting. Approved for G.I.'s and Veterans. Get facts now. No obligation. No salesman will call.  
**ICS** CENTER FOR DEGREE STUDIES, Dept. NBO61  
SINCE 1961 ICS College Center, Scranton, PA 18515 Business Management

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

## Be a DIESEL MECHANIC



Here's what growth of the trucking industry means! In the 1980's, job opportunities for diesel mechanics will be better than most other occupations. And now you can get the same home-study training as hundreds of other men now working on diesel engines.  
**Experts show you what to do, how to do it**  
Easy-to-follow lessons with plenty of pictures cover everything you need to know to be a diesel mechanic. No need to quit your present job or school. Learn at your own pace with no time wasted going to and from class. Instructors as close as your telephone. No charge! Use our toll-free 24-hour home-study hotline as soon as you enroll.

APPROVED FOR GI'S AND VETERANS  
Tools, materials, everything you need included with course at no extra cost.

Mail Coupon for FREE FACTS!

**ICS** ICS DIESEL SCHOOL, Dept. NBO61  
SINCE 1961 ICS Center, Scranton, Pennsylvania 18515  
Rush free facts on how I can learn Diesel Mechanics at home in spare time. No obligation. No salesman will call.  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

# DON'T DARE MISS THE AUGUST ISSUE OF **MASTER DETECTIVE**

Be sure to read these behind-the-scenes reports by America's foremost crime writers . . .

---

## **THE SADIST'S BLADE CUT TOO DEEP**

The knife-wielding night-crawler began with rapes in which his blade was used only as a threat. But as the outrages against women continued, the sadist discovered that to obtain the same sick thrill as before he had to cut his victim's flesh. Then the inevitable happened. The last helpless young woman did not survive his brutal slashings.

◆◆

## **2800 VOLTS FOR INDIANA'S MULTIPLE KILLER**

Steven Judy went to his death for the murder of a young woman and her three children. The victim's husband said, "Justice was done." That line may have been appropriate not only for his lost loved ones, but for an untold number of others as well. Judy's dead body was still warm when it was revealed that he may have been responsible for other rape-murders throughout the country.

◆◆

## **"FATHER, STOP ME BEFORE I KILL AGAIN!"**

These shocking words were heard first by a Massachusetts priest. The story that unfolded led investigators into their most demanding case ever.

◆◆

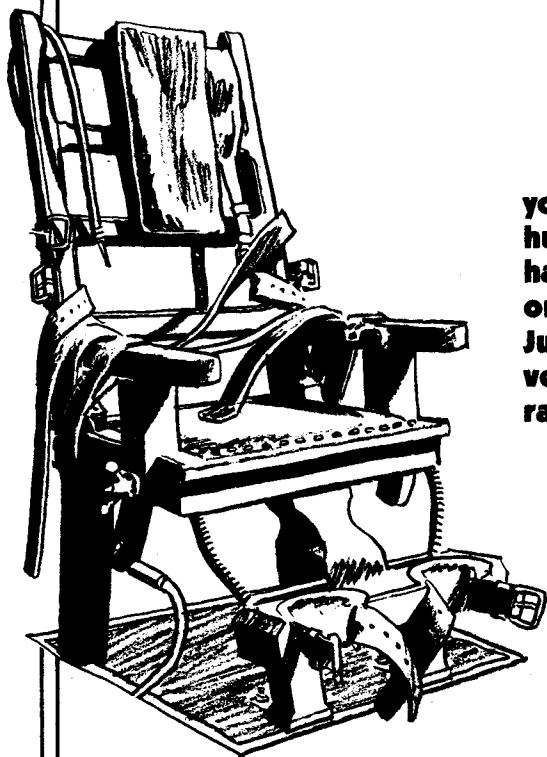
## **A strangled woman's lingerie held the clue to the DRAG QUEEN'S BIZARRE LOVE LIFE**

It was a case of overkill that put sleuths through an investigative wringer until their dedication uncovered the true story behind a tangled web of deviate sex and cold-blooded murder.

---

Look for the August Issue of  
**MASTER DETECTIVE**

On sale now at your local newsstand!





knowing the nature of the act or that it was wrong.

During the trial two psychiatrists who had made psychiatric evaluations of the defendant's mental condition told the jury the results of their examinations on the witness stand. Dr. Carl Malmquist, a witness for the prosecution, testified that David Hoffman knew the nature of his act when he killed his wife, but that he did not reflect whether it was right or wrong. He diagnosed Hoffman as "depressed" after the killing, but said he did not know if he was psychotic when he dismembered Carol Hoffman's body.

Another psychiatrist, Dr. James Stevens, testifying for the defense, who had examined Hoffman, stated that he did not know if Hoffman, while choking his wife, knew his behavior was wrong, but that afterwards the defendant became irrational and lost his capacity for judging right from wrong.

Stevens also testified that the first solid indication that Hoffman was acutely psychotic appeared when Hoffman tried to get rid of part of his wife's body in the household garbage disposal. Hoffman had said that he felt there was something evil about the body that the house was rejecting when the garbage disposal failed to dispose of Carol's intestines.

Monday, February 9th, David Hoffman took the stand in his own behalf. He testified for four hours. He burst into tears after telling the jury how he "lost control" and started thinking Carol was "really evil." He said he dismembered his wife's body to rid her of that evil, but memories of the killing haunted him on the night he choked her to death and during following days.

"I want to bring her back sometime!" he shrieked, bursting into uncontrollable sobs that prompted a short court recess.

Continuing later, he said, "I looked in the mirror a couple of times that night and asked myself if I was crazy. I said, 'No, you're not crazy, you're just getting rid of evil.'"

One key to the defense case was persuading the jurors that Hoffman gave his statement to the police under duress. He said he did not reread the statement when asked to do so by Hennepin County detectives because "I was in a hurry. I thought the end of the world was coming and I wanted to go out to the lake and retrieve the body before the world ended." A police detective testified earlier that Hoffman read the statement for 20 minutes before signing it.

He said he was concerned that Carol's jealousy over his affections for his mother put a lot of pressure on him. His mother had moved into their home two

# 200 enlightening pictures show how you can enjoy a new exciting world of sexual experience.

**To SEE is to UNDERSTAND! Explicit Illustrations and Frank Words Can Help Break the Barriers to Sexual Fulfillment!**

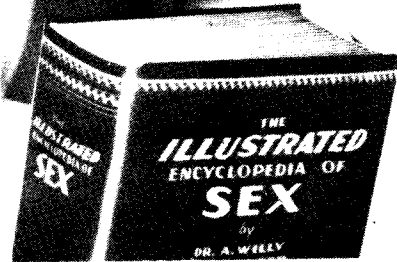
Are you missing out on the maximum joyous sexual fulfillment you once hoped for?—failing to provide your marriage partner with the peak of sexual satisfaction?

You may well find the rewarding techniques you need in this frank, bold book that points the way to new thrilling delights which help elevate your sex life to the heights of physical ecstasy. 200 revealing, lifelike pictures show the male and female roles in sex relations. Explicit, close-up pictures make instructions easier to follow and tear away the veil of secrecy and misunderstanding. Learn here how a man—regardless of past failures—can develop power and control of erection and ejaculation to carry on coitus until the fullest measure of bodily union has been attained... and how you can make your mate a more eager sex partner. Here is lavishly illustrated information that will give you courage to try unusual techniques and you will discover you are actually highly sexed. Here are chapters that help transform routine sexual acts into thrilling adventures of unbounded sensual pleasure, flood your marriage with exciting new variety.

Mail coupon to receive this factual explanation of sexual functions written simply by doctors to satisfy legitimate adult interest.

**This Giant-Size Book Contains 416 Pages...  
200 Authentic, Enlightening Pictures...  
53 Big Chapters of ILLUSTRATED  
SEX FACTS... Each A "Book" in Itself!**

- Gratifying sex techniques which bring complete fulfillment in the sex act.
- What causes climax in woman, why some fail to attain it—how man can help bring it about
- Complete picture story of woman's sex organs.
- Blunders made by men in sex act that deprive women of satisfaction and how to avoid them
- "Lovers' Pains" that can intensify sensation between sexually normal married couples.
- How male and female organs function in intercourse
- Common bridal night mistakes and how to avoid them
- Sexual foreplay—how it helps husband and wife attain mutual climax
- Showing areas of woman's organs producing highest sensations.
- Showing functions of male sex organs.
- Why woman takes longer to respond to sexual stimulation than man—techniques that speed response. The clitoris—key to woman's sexual arousal
- Picture story of woman's sensation curve.
- Emotions during sex act and climax in men and women compared
- How masturbation affects man and woman's sexual performance and gratification
- Special positions for sexual intercourse and when they are recommended for a more satisfactory orgasm.
- Natural birth control
- How sexual urge in woman differs from man.
- New discoveries in birth control. Most reliable contraceptives—which permit maximum enjoyment
- Areas of male and female body most sensitive to erotic stimulation
- Causes and treatments for sterility, male impotence and female frigidity
- Illustrating effects on breasts after pregnancy.
- The first sex act with a virgin bride—how it affects future sex life
- How often can a couple have sexual intercourse
- Erotic dreams and nocturnal emissions
- Correcting male's premature climax to prolong sex act



- Two Inserts of Female bodies showing how pregnancy takes place
- Certain steps a man can take to help him and his wife reach simultaneous orgasm.
- Delaying sex life's finish—intercourse during and after change of life
- What causes a husband or wife to commit adultery
- Just a few of the hundreds of frank, enlightening illustrated instructions!

**FREE 10 DAY TRIAL! MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!**

**ROYTON PUBLISHING CO., Dept 865  
Box 2012, New Rochelle, NY 10802**

Send me "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex" in plain wrapper marked "personal." Enclosed is \$6.95 plus 60¢ for shipping and handling. If not completely satisfied within 10 days, I can return book and my money will be refunded. I am over 21.

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

## Police Department Uniform Name Plates For Men and Women



Only  
**\$3.95**

5/8" x 2 1/2"  
**ACTUAL SIZE**

**Metal name plates for police uniforms. Clutch or pinback type. Lustrous chrome or gold finish with deeply engraved black letters. Specify chrome or gold finish and name to be engraved. Send check or M.O. for \$3.95 to:**

**John Cronin  
Box 1171  
Gracie Station, New York 11028**

**Write for wholesale prices.  
We supply blanks in quantity.**

## Is Your **POOR ENGLISH** Holding You Back?

**NOW—Speak, Write, and Read like a well educated person—on the job and socially—even if you never finished high school!**

The Proven Made-Simple Self Teaching Method helps stop those embarrassing mistakes in English—in only 10 minutes a day!



People judge you by how you "come across" when you speak or write. You probably have very worthwhile ideas, but if you can't express them properly you are seen as awkward and unintelligent. If your English is poor your boss can't know how smart you really are, so advancement becomes more difficult. Even your sweetheart or closest friends may never fully realize how bright & interesting you are.

Now you can easily end these frustrating setbacks. In only weeks, this amazing self-teaching method will greatly improve your grammar, punctuation, vocabulary, and pronunciation! You will read faster with better understanding. You will speak and write clearly and will be listened to, understood, and respected. You will gain self-confidence!

Clearly presented simple tips. No boring study. Helps pass civil service, school, military and job tests. Send \$7.95 plus 60¢ for shipping. Return book within 30 days for refund if not satisfied.

**VALCO Publishing • Dept. E18 Box 2012  
New Rochelle, NY 10802**

**True Detective 71**

weeks previously. He testified that when he began to hug and kiss his wife, she responded by saying, "Why don't you go downstairs and have sex with your fat momma?"

He continued, "I grabbed her right then. I grabbed her neck and started choking her. I just lost control and grabbed her and choking her and she said, 'Dave' and I couldn't let go." He went on to say, "While I was choking her something said I was doing the right thing. I wasn't doing anything wrong . . . Everybody was asleep and I started thinking Carol was really evil—I couldn't stop. I had no control!"

After killing his wife, he said, he went downstairs to tell his sleeping mother what he had done. She did not respond. He went back upstairs, cut off his wife's hair with scissors and used a knife to cut her body into four parts. "I thought I had to get her body out of the house. I thought it was evil and I had to cut it into pieces. I thought when I was cutting through her I would be releasing the devil. It was really crazy. I never have had any thoughts like that before in my life."

Carol's parents sat motionless during most of the testimony. They used handkerchiefs to wipe their eyes when Hoffman told of choking their daughter.

Upon the completion of his testimony, the defense rested its case and the court listened to closing arguments by both the prosecution and the defense attorneys. Judge Fitzgerald then instructed the jurors to consider the testimony and evidence presented in the trial.

After seven and one half hours of deliberation, the jury returned with a verdict of guilty of first degree murder in the strangulation death and dismembering of his wife's body. First degree murder in the state of Minnesota carries a mandatory life sentence, although Hoffman could become eligible for parole after 17 years.

Hoffman sat expressionless as the verdict was read. He bowed his head, staring at the floor, as he was led out of the courtroom by sheriff's deputies.

Sentencing of Hoffman was scheduled for February 18th in Hennepin District Court. Judge Fitzgerald, imposed the maximum sentence of life imprisonment, saying as he addressed the defendant, "The tentacles of your vicious and sadistic crime wreaked havoc on the lives of many, many people. It is difficult to imagine how deep the pain and grief is that the parents of Carol have been subjected to."

Hoffman's attorney, Tom Kelly, told Judge Fitzgerald that he had gotten to know Hoffman well during the past few months. "I don't think this court will have the opportunity to sentence a better person," he told the judge, who was unmoved.

The judge told Hoffman, "You very

well know what you have done has ruined the life of your mother. If all this is not enough, the final chapter of this tragedy is still to be written. Who can foretell what the consequences of your senseless, violent criminal act will cause your two children." Fitzgerald continued, "It is my hope and desire that through this mass of publicity, any others who are contemplating the commission of criminal acts of this type will be deterred from doing so."

It was recommended that Hoffman be sent to the St. Cloud Reformatory.

◆◆◆

## The Silent Witness

(Continued from page 38)

bastard. Have you called the inspector?"

The operator said no, that he thought he'd leave that to Ehler. The sergeant said he would go to Brachwede and look over the situation first, and then decide whether it was necessary to call out the inspector. He told the operator to notify the squad members at home and order them to meet him at the Brachwede sub-station.

Ehler had just put on his jacket and was ready to leave when his telephone rang again. He walked to his desk and picked up the receiver.

"Did you find it yet?" asked the now familiar voice of his mysterious caller, "I know you have witnesses. They won't help you a bit. You'll have to catch me first."

A sharp click on the line signaled that the anonymous caller had hung up again. Ehler was about to call the operator to order a trace, then thought better of it. He was sure that the operator had already begun that operation, and it was too soon for him to have obtained any information. His first priority at the moment was to check on the reported crime at Brachwede.

Fifteen minutes later, Ehler walked through the door of the small sub-station in that suburb. Normally it was manned by one or two officers in uniform. It had no investigative branch, and all crimes requiring investigation fell within the province of the Criminal Police in Bielefeld.

There were two officers on duty when Sgt. Ehler walked in, a sergeant in uniform and a patrolman. Both were trying to calm an attractive young girl who was sitting on the long bench beside the charge desk and weeping hysterically.

The desk sergeant left her to the care of the patrolman and drew Sgt. Ehler to the opposite side of the room. "The victim was her aunt," he said in a low voice. "She discovered the body. The girl's name is Luisa Gross."

"Does she need medical attention?"

the sergeant asked. "I'm going to have to talk to her. Do you think she's up to answering questions?"

"I think she'll be all right," the desk sergeant said. "She seems like a sensible girl, and she's already a lot calmer than she was. I'll make a cup of hot coffee for her. That should calm her down even more."

"If this is like most sub-stations you've got a bottle of schnapps around here somewhere. Give her a stiff shot. It will do more for her than coffee. Have you got anybody at the crime scene?"

"A patrolman," the sergeant said. "He's the partner of this fellow with the girl. I sent them out to investigate when the report came in and he stayed at the scene while this one brought the girl back to the station. It's out at Beckstrasse, 59, about a half-mile from here on the edge of town."

"Okay, get the schnapps. I'll see what the girl has to say, and then I'll go out and have a look myself. You're sure it's murder?"

The desk sergeant shrugged as he said, "All I know is what the girl and the patrolman say. There doesn't seem to be any doubt that the woman is dead."

He then walked to his desk, opened the bottom drawer and brought out a bottle, which he handed to Sgt. Ehler. Ehler poured a healthy quantity into a coffee cup and handed it to the girl.

"Drink this, young lady," he said. "It's schnapps. It will make you feel better. I'm Sergeant Ehler from the Criminal Police in Bielefeld."

The girl raised her eyes and looked questioningly at the sergeant. She was a very pretty girl, with lovely blue eyes that now were red-rimmed and teary. She seemed to find Ehler's appearance reassuring. She took the cup and drank the contents in a couple of quick swallows . . .

At once her pale face turned scarlet and she began to cough. "My goodness, that's strong!" she gasped when she stopped coughing.

"I know, but it's good for you," Ehler reassured her. He noted with satisfaction that she had stopped crying. "Are you up to answering a few questions now? I dislike to bother you at such a time, but it's important for me to learn what happened."

The tears welled up in the girl's eyes again, but with a determined effort she brought her emotions under control.

"What do you want to know?" she asked. "I'm all right now. I'll try to help all I can."

"Just tell me what happened, from the beginning," Sgt. Ehler said gently. "Did you live with your aunt?"

The girl shook her head. "No," she said. "I have an apartment downtown. It's closer to my work."

"You don't live with your parents?"

"No, they live in Frankfurt. You

probably think I'm younger than I am. Everyone does, but I just had my twentieth birthday."

"What was your aunt's name?" Ehler asked.

"Her name was Eltrude Berlich," the girl said. "She was forty-seven years old, and she was a widow. She didn't look forty-seven. She was quite attractive and she had a lovely figure for a woman of her age. She lived at Beckstrasse, Number 59. Her body is in the kitchen."

Sgt. Ehler noted that like many people under emotional stress, the girl's mind was flitting about to issues extraneous to the main theme of her response to questions.

"How did you come to find your aunt?" was Ehler's next question.

"I telephoned her this evening," the girl answered. "The first time was around eight o'clock, I think. She didn't answer the phone. I thought she might be out, so I waited a while and called again at half past nine, and then I called again at about a quarter past ten.

"There still was no answer, and I began to get worried, so I went to the house. I knocked on the door several times, and when she didn't answer I just went in and—and—that's when I found her in the kitchen." She resorted to her hankie again and dabbed at her eyes which had filled with tears.

"Did you have a key to your aunt's house?" Sgt. Ehler asked her. "Or did you find the door unlocked?"

"It was not locked," she said. "And that made me nervous right away because Aunt Eltrude always kept the door locked. I walked into the house and called to her, and then when I went into the kitchen I saw the featherbed."

"The featherbed?" Ehler repeated.

The girl explained, "Aunt Eltrude had a daybed in the kitchen. The featherbed was lying on it and Aunt Eltrude's feet were sticking out from under it.

"I pulled the featherbed back, and there she was—completely naked and with something tied around her neck!" The girl's voice rose to a scream. "Her face was black! Her tongue was sticking out! My God, it was terrible!"

The girl once again was racked with sobs, burying her face in her hands. Sgt. Ehler knew it would be useless to persist in further questioning. Turning to the desk sergeant he said, "Get a doctor in here; have him attend to the fraulein. Also, call headquarters in Bielefeld and tell them I want the inspector, Dr. Gippert and a crew of lab specialists out here as fast as possible. I'll be out at the crime scene."

Sgt. Ehler found the patrolman from the Brachwede substation waiting at the front door of the house at Beckstrasse, 59. He looked like a new recruit, and quite obviously he was glad to see the sergeant.

"This place gives me the creeps," he said. "I thought my partner was coming back from the station as soon as he delivered the girl."

"Have you been inside the house?" asked the sergeant. "Have you seen the body?"

The young patrolman shook his head vigorously. "No, sir," he said. "The girl was waiting out here in the street when we got here. She was hysterical as hell, and my partner told her to get in the car and he'd take her to the station.

"He told me to stay here and see that nobody attempted to go into the house."

"I suppose the girl must have telephoned the station from her aunt's house," Sgt. Ehler said. "You mean to tell me, then, that neither you nor your partner have actually seen the body at all? You just took the girl's word for it?"

"How do you know that the murderer isn't still in that house, for God's sake?"

The young officer looked startled and embarrassed. Apparently he could think of no logical answer to the sergeant's questions, so he said nothing at all.

The sergeant shook his head resignedly. "All right," he said, "follow me. We're going to take a look at the corpse and then check out the house. The odds are there's nobody in there except the victim, but you never can tell."

The two officers found all the lights burning on the ground floor of the house at Beckstrasse, 59. Apparently the girl had turned them on while she was searching for her aunt and no one thought about turning them off while she was taken to the sub-station.

As she had told Sgt. Ehler, the body was in the kitchen, and her description of its condition was accurate.

While the patrolman waited nervously in the doorway, Ehler made a quick examination of the corpse and the daybed. He was careful not to touch anything as he did so, however.

From a squatting position near the bed on which the body lay, he then gazed around the kitchen.

"Either she undressed herself, or someone undressed her very carefully," he remarked.

"How do you know that, Sergeant?" the patrolman asked.

"Just look at that," Ehler said, pointing to a chair near the bed on which lay a neat pile of women's clothing.

"Well, why wouldn't she undress herself?" the patrolman asked curiously.

"Why, indeed?" Ehler murmured. "If her killer was a rapist, though, he probably would have torn the clothes off her. I doubt like hell he would have stopped to fold them so neatly."

"Oh, I see what you're driving at," the young officer said. "That's very clever of you, Sergeant."

Sgt. Ehler grinned. "Sherlock Holmes would have said 'Elementary,'" he said,

## REWARD \$3,000.00 FOR THIS PENNY!



OUR COIN CATALOGUE TELLS YOU HOW TO SHIP COINS TO US AND QUICKLY GET THE MOST MONEY WE PAY FOR COINS! SEND FOR IT TODAY!

We'll Pay You \$3,000.00 For A 1943 Copper Penny Like This One

FOR CERTAIN COINS WE PAY UP TO: CERTAIN	
Gold Coins Before 1939	\$35,000.00
Nickels Before 1969	\$16,000.00
Silver Dollars Before 1964	\$11,000.00
Half Dollars Before 1967	\$ 5,800.00
Pennies Before 1970	\$ 3,000.00
Dimes Before 1966	\$ 4,000.00
Quarters Before 1967	\$ 4,500.00
Half Cents Before 1910	\$ 3,500.00
Lincoln Pennies Before 1973	\$ 3,000.00

Stop spending valuable coins worth hundreds of dollars. New 1981 catalogue with NEW HIGHER PRICES, lists hundreds of coins we want to buy and gives the price range we will pay for these United States Coins. Certain half cent coins are worth up to \$3,500.00 for Canadian Coins. Our valuable Coin Book may reward you many thousands of dollars. Coins do not have to be old to be valuable. Thousands of dollars have been paid for coins dated as recently as 1940 to 1956. Now you too can learn the rare dates and how to identify rare coins in your possession with our new 1981 catalogue. A fortune may be waiting for you. Millions of Dollars have been paid for rare coins. Send your order for this valuable coin catalogue now. Hold on to your coins until you obtain our catalogue. Send \$3.00 plus 50¢ postage and handling for 1981 Coin Catalogue to:

Best Values Co., Dept. D-563  
160 Amherst St., E. Orange, N.J. 07019

**Best Values Co., Dept. D-563**  
160 Amherst St., E. Orange, N.J. 07019

Rush your latest 1981 catalogue listing the actual price range you will pay for United States Coins listed in the catalogue. I enclose \$3.00 plus 50c postage and handling.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

Your Money Will Be Refunded in Full  
If You Are Not Satisfied With This Catalog

**FULL COLOR PHOTO IDENTIFICATION CARDS**

**CARD STYLES**

- ALL STATES ID • STUDENT ID
- IDENTIFICATION • U.S.A. ID
- Your own personal statistics to use anywhere, anytime. Heat sealed in heavy plastic.
- SEND \$5.00, card style, name, address, birthdate, color of hair, eyes, sex, race, height, weight, Social Security No., occupation, school, college, grade level, 1 photo per I.D. (Face Area no larger than postage stamp, we will trim photo. PRINT CLEARLY!
- 2 OR MORE PHOTO ID's, \$4 ea.
- FREE blank 8x11 birth certificate incl 24 hour service—satisfaction guaranteed or money back!
- More details & catalog, send 25c

**BASCCO PRODUCTS, DEPT. OD**  
P.O. BOX 3461 • PROVIDENCE, R.I. 02909

Coming soon!

# "GUILTY!"

The Best from TRUE DETECTIVE

*This Special Edition is an exciting jackpot of fantastic investigation that proved—beyond any reasonable doubt—that the killers were*



# "GUILTY!"

On your newsstands soon

"but I always hated the word. Let's take a look at the rest of the house."

Together they checked first the rooms on the ground floor, and then mounted the stairs to the second floor. A quick search of the rooms and closets there failed to reveal anyone hiding in the place, and they returned to the ground floor. It was a hot August night, though, so Sgt. Ehler suggested they go outside to wait for the arrival of the inspector and the reinforcements from Bielefeld. Ehler was enjoying a cigar when the cortege of police vehicles pulled up. The inspector was the first man to alight.

Inspector Albertus Doppler was a slim, wiry man in his mid-fifties, a veteran of 25 years in police work who had risen from the ranks by virtue of superior performance in every duty assigned to him. He was surprisingly softspoken and mild-mannered for a man in his profession.

"I got your message, Karl," he said to the sergeant. "I take it we have a homicide, right?"

"No doubt about it, sir," Ehler said. "The body's in the kitchen. Follow me."

He led the way into the house, followed by the inspector and the police medical examiner, Dr. Augustus Gippert, who waited a couple of moments while the inspector made a cursory examination of the body on the daybed. When Doppler had finished and stepped

away, Dr. Gippert advanced to the bed, opened his medical kit, and set about the duties of his office.

"It's hot in here, Karl," the inspector said to Sgt. Ehler. "Why don't we step outside and you can fill me in. What do we have so far?"

"It's a crazy kind of case, Inspector," Ehler began. "It looks as if the murderer reported the crime before we knew about it. We had a whole series of calls that began shortly after nine o'clock. It was some loony inquiring about a murder here in Brachwede.

"At first we took it to be some kind of a crank or a practical joker, of course, but what we found inside proves he wasn't joking."

In rough outline he described the substance of the mysterious telephone calls. "There was another one, too, just as I was leaving the officer to come out here. I don't know yet whether the operator was able to trace it."

"Well, we'll find out," the inspector said, walking over to his car. "He reached in for the microphone and called headquarters in Bielefeld.

A few moments later he was talking to the chief operator and inquiring about results of the trace which had been put on the last call received from the unknown man who was now a murder suspect.

The operator reported that the final

telephone call had been traced to a public pay telephone located in the Hannover Main Railway Station. The operator said he was able to pinpoint the location of the pay phone even more specifically.

"They told me it was right on the platform, next to where the train stops," he said.

"Osnabruck, Minden, Hannover," the inspector mused thoughtfully after replacing the mike in his car. "It seems clear. He is traveling by train, and he seems to be hitting only the stations in major cities. That would mean he's riding express trains only, not the locals."

Insp. Doppler then signaled Sgt. Ehler to wait by the car, while he walked back into the house. He strode into the kitchen, where Dr. Gippert was still hovering over the corpse on the day bed.

"Doctor, the sergeant and I have business in Bielefeld," Doppler said. "Contact me at my office when you are finished and let me know what you have found."

Returning to the street, he told Ehler to have someone drive the sergeant's car back to the city later, because he wanted Ehler to ride back in his own car. The inspector himself took the wheel and Sgt. Ehler, who was familiar with Doppler's driving, prudently fastened his safety belt and shoulder harness.

**"EXPOSED! The Darkest Sex And Seduction Technology Ever Created Is Finally Revealed...**

**Sinister Sex Group Leader Breaks His Silence In This Exclusive Interview...**



Recently I sat down with a man who taught me more about having sex with attractive women in a couple hours than all the "seduction masters" combined have in the past 4 years. Let's call him "Anton" - Anton does NOT have movie star good looks, a fat bank account, or fame.

In fact he's in his 50's, his hair is grey (what's left of it), and he routinely hangs out with people half his age.

When I first saw him out at a club I thought to myself "This guy must be a real loser..." I couldn't have been more wrong!

**[Click Here  
To Read More!](#)**

During the drive the inspector outlined to Ehler a plan he had in mind, so the latter lost no time when they arrived at headquarters a few moments after midnight. As the inspector headed for his office, Ehler ran to the headquarters research room and returned to Doppler's office moments later with a large map of the West German Railway System and a book of timetable schedules.

The inspector snatched the map and tacked it to his wall, asking at the same time:

"All right now, if he takes only expresses and he was in Hannover at 10:55, where could he be now?"

The sergeant, poring over the book of time tables, said, "Give me a minute." The inspector waited patiently until Ehler finally said, "Well, assuming that the telephones at every station where the trains stop long enough for him to make a call, he could be on his way to Hamburg, Bremen, Kassel or Dortmund. If he was traveling in any other direction, he would already have arrived at a station where he'd have had time to make a call."

The inspector snatched up his phone and was barking at the operator: "Get me connections with the Criminal Police in Hamburg, Bremen, Kassel and Dortmund. I want to talk to someone with enough authority to act without consultation with superiors. Keep the lines open. This is top priority."

For the next half-hour the inspector was busy explaining the situation to his opposite numbers in the four big cities and arranging for reception parties to be covering the pay telephone booths in the railway stations at the times when the express out of Hannover arrived.

Since no information was available regarding the description of the mysterious caller, it was proposed that he be allowed to make the call first and then be apprehended and held until the destination of that call could be checked. If he had called the Bielefeld police, the operation would have succeeded.

"I'm not overly optimistic that we can pull this off," Insp. Doppler confessed to the sergeant when he had completed his calls, "but we have to give it a try. That caller is almost certainly the murderer, and it may be that this is the only lead we're going to get on him."

"Dr. Gippert came in while you were on the phone," Sgt. Ehler said. "He's outside and wants to know if you're ready for his report. Incidentally, he has brought the girl with him—the victim's niece, the one who found the body."

"I thought you said you left her at the station in Brachwede," Doppler said. "No matter, though. I'll see the doctor first. I want to hear what he learned from his examination of the corpse."

The doctor had learned a good deal, as it turned out. "She was strangled with

**FREE FACTS on Home-Study Course**  
**TRAIN FOR AN OUTDOOR JOB!**  
 GAME HUNTER, FORESTRY AID, WILDLIFE MANAGER

Survey shows only one graduate in four is able to get a job like this, but qualified men who love outdoor work have taken our home-study course and gotten these jobs. Protect forests and wildlife. Steady pay, security, prestige and authority for respected career Conservation Officers. Easy home-study plan! Send for FREE FACTS. State Agency. NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CONSERVATION 4500 Campus Dr., Dept. N0601, Newport Beach, Calif. 92663

**KNOW INTERRACIAL LOVE**

● WHITE WOMEN SEEKING PASSIONATE STRONG BLACK MEN

● BLACK WOMEN SEEKING NICE WHITE MEN

write: T.R.A. BOX 7425 CHICAGO, IL 60680

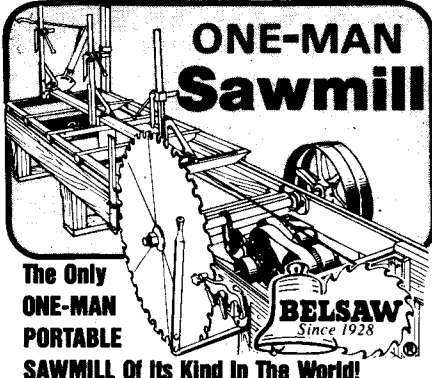
Call Michelle to meet sexy friends  
**312-274-9600**

**NO PREVIOUS SKILLS REQUIRED**  
**Be a DETECTIVE**  
 INTRIGUING! REWARDING! BIG DEMAND!  
 Learn modern detection methods from former Federal Agent for pennies per day. Easy monthly payments. Send \$1 for Book & Sample Lesson

**INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE TRAINING SCHOOL** Est. 1938  
 Box 4352 (OD) Washington, D.C. 20012

**PEARLS OF THE ORIENT WANT TO WRITE YOU!**  
 Unspoiled, dedicated and virtuous Filipinas seek friendship, romance and marriage with men of all ages. FREE details, photos.  
 P. A. L. Dept. 59  
 BLANCA, CO. 81123

**ONE-MAN Sawmill**



**The Only ONE-MAN PORTABLE SAWMILL Of its Kind In The World!**

**BELSAW**  
 Since 1928

If you need good, high-quality lumber, don't let inflated lumber prices stop your important building projects. The Belsaw goes right to the trees and turns out smooth, true-cut lumber... even beginners get excellent results. Just one man (no crew needed) can easily cut enough on weekends to save hundreds of dollars over high lumberyard prices. For power use tractor PTO or other low HP diesel or electric unit. Factory-direct selling keeps price low, and convenient time payments may be arranged.

**Send for FREE BOOK! Just mail coupon below for "How To Saw Lumber" booklet and complete facts on the One-Man Sawmill. There is NO Obligation and NO Salesman Will Call on you. Do it TODAY!**

**BELSAW MACHINERY CO.**  
 3360 FIELD BUILDING  
 KANSAS CITY, MO 64111

Please send all facts and details in your FREE BOOK "How To Saw Lumber". I understand there is No Obligation and that No Salesman will call on me.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City-State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# "BRUTE VITALITY" IN SECONDS!

## THE TRUCKDRIVER'S MAGIC CAPSULE!



HEY! Now that I've caught your eye, let me tell you what I learned from a truckdriver that is going to change your whole life! Drop what you're doing and let me whisper it into your ear. Do you know why truckies are so full of 'brute vitality' and go, go, GO? They've got a little red and white capsule that spells dynamite! This little capsule is called FASTRACK. Whenever a truckie needs a fast 'lift' and has to bounce back from a letdown, he takes one little ole FASTRACK and he's alert and 'alive' in seconds! This capsule contains a safe stimulant and 5 body nutrients that mean business! Is it any wonder you rarely meet one who complains he'll never complete his run? Now, you may not drive a truck but when you've got to shake off a letdown and be on your toes, reach for a FASTRACK! Money back if you don't bounce back in seconds!

60 capsules \$5.95! 120 capsules \$10!  
 30 capsules FREE with \$10 order!

**Send check or cash:**  
**FASTRACK, DEPT. 5435 , 7168 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90046**  
 True Detective 75

one of her own stockings," he said. "I can't give you the exact time of death yet, but it was late Sunday afternoon.

"As far as I can determine, she did not offer any sort of resistance, which probably suggests that she knew and trusted the man who killed her."

"How come she was completely naked?" asked Insp. Doppler. "Was she raped?"

"No, I don't think so," Dr. Gippert said slowly. "She engaged in sexual intercourse a very short time prior to her death. There is fresh semen in the vaginal vault, but I could find no evidence that this occurred against her will.

"Quite the contrary, as a matter of fact. I found indications that she was sexually aroused at the time she was killed.

"From this, I can only conclude that she was murdered either by her husband or by her lover."

"She didn't have a husband," Sgt. Ehler interjected. "She was a widow. A question, Doctor. Did you talk to Fraulein Gross, the girl you brought back with you? She's the one who's outside now."

Dr. Gippert shook his head negatively. "I didn't have any conversation with her," he said. "She said she was the dead woman's niece and that she had some information that might help the police."

"In that case, ask her to step in here immediately, Karl," the inspector said to Ehler.

The sergeant stepped to the door and asked Luisa Gross to come in. She entered at once, carrying a small cage which contained two hamsters. "They were Aunt Eltrude's pets," she explained as she set the cage down on the floor beside her chair. "I remembered them when I was at the police station in Brachwede and thought I'd better take them down with me." She bit her lip and fought back tears, then said, "they were in the kitchen on top of the cupboard the whole time. They must have seen the murderer kill Aunt Eltrude.

"I imagine they did," the inspector commented, "but I'm afraid that as witnesses they won't be able to help us much. Dr. Gippert informs us that you have some information that may help us."

"I—I really don't know whether it will help or not," the girl said hesitantly, "but I thought that I should mention it immediately.

"Aunt Eltrude had trouble with a man about two or three months ago. She brought charges against him and it went to court."

"That's very interesting," Doppler said, immediately interested. "Who is this man, and what was the nature of the trouble your aunt had with him?"

Luisa Gross blushed and looked em-

barrassed. "It's not a very nice story," she said, "and poor Aunt Eltrude just being—having just died—"

"This is no time to fret over the niceties of the situation, Fraulein Gross," the inspector interrupted firmly. "A murder has been committed. If you have any information which you believe might lead to the identification and apprehension of the murderer, it is your duty to give it to us at once."

The girl gulped a couple of times and then said, "You are right, of course. Well, what it was, was that Aunt Eltrude wanted to get married again." The words came out as though she was unburdening herself of an awful secret.

After a moment's surprise, Insp. Doppler asked, "Well, what's wrong with that? Did she have a lover?"

Luisa's distress seemed to increase. "Well, at her age, you see...She actually ran advertisements for a husband in the newspapers!"

"Thousands of women do, all over Europe, and a lot of other places, I dare say," Doppler commented. "I assume you are going to tell me she found one."

"She found a swindler!" Luisa exclaimed angrily. "I told her at the time he was just after her money. He got a lot of it, too. Aunt Eltrude wouldn't tell me how much, but I know it was over two thousand dollars.

"At the end she didn't have any more money, so of course he stopped coming to see her, just as I said he would. That was when Aunt Eltrude brought charges of swindling against him." The inspector fired off three fast questions: "Was he convicted? What is this man's name? What does he look like?"

"Oh he was not convicted," Luisa Gross said with some bitterness, "because before the case was finished he sweet-talked Aunt Eltrude into withdrawing the charges. He promised to marry her, but of course he disappeared again just as soon as she withdrew the charges.

"I knew he was never going to marry her when he knew she didn't have any more money. I'll bet he's the one who killed her."

His name," the inspector reminded her. "What is his name? And what does he look like?"

"His name is Eugen Pforsheim,"

Luisa replied. "He is thirty-five years old and also quite good-looking, if you like that type, and he comes from Weilangen."

"Weilangen," the inspector repeated. "I never heard of the place. Where is it?"

"It's a small village near the Dutch border, about fifty miles west of here," Sgt. Ehler said. "I had a blowout there once." After a moment's hesitation, Ehler continued: "A question comes to mind in all of this. Why would Pforsheim want to kill Frau Berlich?" Turning to the girl, he said: "You tell us he knew she didn't have any money. Was she planning to bring charges against him again?"

Luisa Gross shook her head. "No, she was not. She told me she'd had enough of that, and she felt it wouldn't do her any good anyway.

"As for why he would kill her, I really don't know, unless he would do it just from pure meanness."

The interview continued for some time but the only further information forthcoming was that the victim's pet hamsters were named Bib and Popo. Inspector Doppler gave Fraulein Gross permission to take the little animals with her when she left.

Soon after she had departed, the chief of the forensics crew which had investigated the crime scene came to Doppler's office to give his report, which was distressingly brief.

He and his men had found nothing of any significance. A canvass of Frau Berlich's neighbors was equally unproductive. No one seen anything out of the ordinary. No one had noticed any strangers in the area. No one had noticed any visitors calling at the victim's home.

"So the sad fact is that even if we do locate the caller, we are not going to be able to place him at the scene of the murder. And since nothing was stolen and the woman does not appear to have been raped, I don't know what we could offer as even the remotest kind of motive."

After a moment of musing on the inspector's remarks, Sgt. Ehler had something to offer: "I think there is one thing to consider. The fact that she seems to have engaged in involuntary sexual intercourse shortly before her death—presumably with her murderer—would point strongly to this Eugen Pforsheim character.

## SOLUTION TO THE CRYPTOGRAM (PUZZLE ON PAGE 62)

ALL AMERICANS ARE CREATED EQUAL, BUT  
IN OUR COURT SYSTEM, CRIMINALS ARE MORE  
EQUAL THAN LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS.

"However, Pforshheim, it appears, had not been around there for more than two months, and there is no reason in the world why he would want to reestablish contact with Frau Berlich if he was interested only in her money."

The inspector had no comment, but a moment later he said, "I think that our only hope is to catch the caller red-handed. If he turns out to be this Pforshheim person, we can fairly certain that he is the murderer. Then the only problem will be to wring a confession out of him."

"If we fail to get that confession, however, I am very much afraid we will have no case against him."

"Unless there really were witnesses to the actual crime," the sergeant offered. "Remember, the caller said he knew we had witnesses. He mentioned that the last time he called."

"He could have been referring to the hamsters," the inspector said wryly. "If there were any human witnesses, they would have reported it by now, I'm sure. And it's beginning to look as if we have drawn a blank on the railway stations gambit. We haven't heard—"

He stopped talking as the telephone on his desk suddenly rang loudly. Doppler snatched up the receiver and put it to his ear.

"You have found the body, haven't you?" said the now familiar voice of the mysterious caller. Doppler had no doubt it was the same man whose voice he had been listening to on the tapes of his earlier calls. "Have the witnesses reported in yet? Did they know who I am? If it weren't for the witness, you'd you'd never have a chance of catching me."

Inspector Doppler took a deep breath and took the long gamble. "Eugen Pforshheim!" he barked in the contemptuously authoritative tone a Prussian army officer might use to a bumbling recruit. "You are under arrest for the murder of Frau Eltrude Berlich. You are to remain standing where you are until our men come to pick you up."

From the other end of the line came a deep sigh, then a sudden silence. Doppler could no longer hear the slight hubbub of background noise which had been there when he first picked up the phone. He suspected the caller had covered the mouthpiece of the phone from which he was calling.

Doppler knew, however, that his long gamble had paid off: he was sure that the caller was indeed Eugen Pforshheim. He also was more convinced than ever that Pforshheim was the man who had killed Frau Berlich. His problem now was to keep him waiting in whatever phone booth he was calling from until the call could be traced and police officers could close in to make the arrest. The question was, though, was his man still on the line?

## TRAIN AT HOME FOR A GREAT CAREER!

### BE A BOOKKEEPER

Start Your Own Bookkeeping Business at Home or Work for Others. Many bookkeepers and accountants have their offices in their own homes. Others work on full time jobs, but handle the books for a few small businesses in their spare time. They make extra income at home in addition to their regular jobs.

**No Previous Experience Necessary**  
This program is designed for beginners — people who want to get started this easy way. Step by step we'll show you what to do, how to do it. Everything is explained in simple everyday language. Graduation from this course does not insure that you will get a job. To find out how our graduates have done, send for our job placement record.

APPROVED FOR VETERANS

Electronic Desk-Top Calculator included with Course

Careers by Home Study

North American School of Bookkeeping and Accounting  
4500 Campus Dr., Dept. NBO61 Newport Beach, CA 92660  
Rush free facts. Show me how I can learn Bookkeeping at home for just a few dollars a month. No obligation. No salesman will call.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

## Lovely Mexican Girls

Hundreds of attractive young Mexican girls offer friendship, love and marriage to men of all ages. Personal service! Photos, descriptions, full details FREE.

### LATINS

Box 1716--RG Chula Vista, CA 92012

## POEMS WANTED FOR SONGS & RECORDS

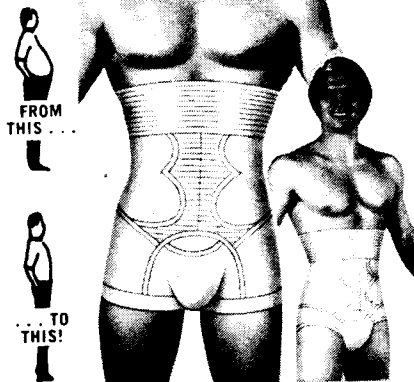
There may be OPPORTUNITY in booming music business. AMERICA'S LARGEST STUDIO wants to see your material. No special training needed. Write words as you feel them. We'll tell you if they qualify. All types: Ballad, R&R, country & western, folk, sacred, gospel, R&B, soul. Examination and advice FREE. Send poems to: Five Star Music Masters, 101 Tremont, Dept. 37, Boston, Mass. 02108.

## TRIM-LINE!

- LYCRA SPANDEX
- MAGIC GRIP PANELS
- POWER KNIT

BE SLIM, NOW!

INSTANTLY HOLDS STOMACH IN!



==976 LONG LINE ==977 SHORT LINE

=976 Twin cinch-panels trim inches off your waist and flattens your abdomen. Lycra power knit stretches and breathes with you to give you the sleekest physique ever. Built in masculine support for superb comfort. Sizes Small (28-32), Med (33-36), Lg (37-40), XL (41-44).

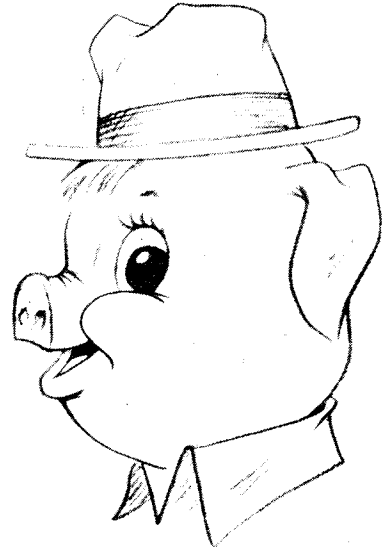
=977 Short Line Version Each \$999

REGENCY SQUARE Dept. 5435  
6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Ca 90028

Waist Size =976 =977

Add 75¢ for postage & handling, 6% sales tax. For COD send \$3.00 deposit. No COD to APO, FPO or CANADA. Worn, soiled or damaged items are non-returnable. Allow 2 to 6 wks for delivery.

Over  
\$7,000 in  
prizes  
Awarded Monthly



Draw "Tubby"

You may win one of five \$1,295.00 Art Scholarships or any one of seventy-five \$10.00 cash prizes.

Make your drawing any size except like a tracing. Use pencil. Every qualified entrant receives a free professional estimate of his drawing.

Scholarship winners will receive Fundamentals of Art taught by Art Instruction Schools, one of America's leading home study art schools. Our objective is to find prospective students who appear to be properly motivated and have an appreciation and liking for art.

Your entry will be judged in the month received. Prizes awarded for best drawings of various subjects received from qualified entrants age 14 and over. One \$25 cash award for the best drawing from entrants age 12 and 13. No drawings can be returned. Our students and professional artists not eligible. Contest winners will be notified. Send your entry today.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO ENTER CONTEST

### ART INSTRUCTION SCHOOLS

Studio 1U-1600  
500 South Fourth Street  
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55415

Please enter my drawing in your monthly contest. (PLEASE PRINT)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_

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

County \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone Number \_\_\_\_\_

©1981 Art Instruction Schools



In the next instant the inspector was sure he was, for there was a brief second in which the background noises could be heard again. The man probably had changed the position of the hand with which he was muffling the mouthpiece.

The inspector gambled again. "Pforsheim," he said softly, "the witnesses to your crimes say that there were extenuating circumstances."

"There were! There were!" the caller cried eagerly. "I didn't mean to kill her!"

Doppler reflected ruefully on how many times he had heard murderers utter those words. "Tell me about it," he said cajolingly, making his voice sound as friendly as possible.

"She was forcing me," Pforsheim said quickly. "She gave me only two choices—marry her or go to prison. I couldn't give the money back to her. I didn't have it any more. I thought if I made love to her, perhaps—perhaps...just a moment. Somebody is trying to get into the booth."

There was a short pause and then another voice came on the line: "Bielefeld? Patrolman Horst Krauss here. We have just taken your man into custody. You can contact headquarters here about having him brought down to Bielefeld."

"Thank you, Patrolman Krauss," Inspector Doppler said, exhaling a great sigh of relief. "Just one question. Where is this call coming from? What city?"

It developed that the call was coming from the Main Railway Station in Hannover. Pforsheim was still there because he had missed the express he had intended to take to Hamburg.

Eugen Pforsheim was returned to Bielefeld where he made a full confession to the murder of Frau Eltrude Berlich. The most surprising element behind this action, though, was that he remained totally convinced that there had been witnesses to his crime, even though no such witnesses ever were found.

Psychologists and psychiatrists who studied the suspect concluded that Pforsheim had been betrayed by the so-called sixth sense. During the course of the murder, apparently, he had been acutely aware, subconsciously, that the eyes of the two hamsters had been on him. This had translated itself into a feeling that someone had witnessed every move he made, a feeling that eventually grew so strong in Pforsheim's mind that he almost literally had turned himself in to the police because of it.

Pforsheim was formally charged with murder and ordered held for trial, but the judge before whom he was arraigned ordered extensive psychiatric examination of the accused man. The general feeling in court circles was that he would be found incompetent and never be brought to trial. ♦♦♦

## Hell Hath No Fury . . .

(Continued from page 25)

prehensible manner. The test was inconclusive.

Inspector Reed called Loretta in to the homicide detail and laid her choice on the line. "If you want us to go to Los Angeles and find out who killed your husband, you've got to take that polygraph test. As things stand, we're just too suspicious of you and your mother to waste any time looking for a killer down there."

Mrs. Guterrez looked him in the eye and responded coldly. "I ain't taking any lie detector test," she said.

Momentarily the detectives were stopped cold. Loretta's refusal to take the test had sharpened their suspicions, but they lacked the facts to back them up. It was early summer when Mrs. Guterrez turned them down. The case was about to break wide open.

Sergeant Lloyd Rice of the Detective Division of the San Jose Police Department called Inspector Reed. "I've got a beating victim down here you might be interested in," he said. "He says the guy who almost pounded him to a pulp once told him he killed a couple of guys in Sacramento and that one of them was his brother-in-law. We've charged the guy who beat him with aggravated assault. His name is Steven Cordes."

Inspector Reed arranged to meet the beating victim in San Jose. "Steve and a guy named Bart Connor beat me up because they figured I had ripped them off in a cocaine deal," he said. "Before that Connor told me Cordes once told him he had killed a couple of guys in Sacramento. One of them was supposed to be his brother-in-law. His girl friend, Joyce Shapp, was with him at the time."

The name, Joyce Shapp, rang an instant bell for Deputy Acevedo. "That's Tressie Deane's other daughter," he said. Now we're getting somewhere."

"Not far until we can contact Connor and find Cordes," Inspector Reed replied. "We need the story from Connor personally. They're both out on bail."

From Sergeant Rice, Inspector Reed secured the name of the attorney defending Connor and Cordes on the assault charge. The lawyer was cooperative. "They're both back up in Sacramento," he said. "I've got a telephone number where they can be reached."

Returning to Sacramento, Inspector Reed procured an address directory from the telephone company and discovered the phone number Cordes and Connor had given their attorney was located in some apartments on the south side of the city. They had also learned from the beating victim that Cordes was driving a green Corvette which he believed to be stolen. With Deputy

Acevedo, Inspector Reed set up a stakeout at the apartment house. Their luck continued to be good. Within minutes a green Corvette emerged from the apartment house parking lot, proceeded down the street and drove into a nearby service station. The detectives followed it into the station and asked the driver for identification. He was Steven Cordes.

"We'd like to ask you some questions about Juan Guterrez' murder," Inspector Reed said. "Will you come down to headquarters with us?"

Cordes shrugged. "Anything to help," he said.

Once Cordes was settled in the homicide detail, Inspector Reed confronted him with the story told by the beating victim. Cordes responded angrily. "The guy is out of his mind," he said. "He doesn't know what he's talking about."

Cordes did not yield a point under intense questioning. "I don't know anything about Juan's murder. I go with his sister-in-law, that's all. I understand some guy named Carlos in Los Angeles had it in for him. He probably knocked him off. Juan was a louse anyway. He had a lot of enemies."

It was impossible for the detectives to arrest Cordes on the secondhand story of a man he was accused of beating severely. Eventually the detectives released him, "But don't go anywhere," Inspector Reed warned.

"I'll get that guy in Los Angeles for you if I can," Cordes promised. "I'll find out everything I can."

Using a mug shot they had procured from the San Jose Police Department for identification, the detectives resumed their stakeout of the south side apartment. Eventually Bart Connor showed up. He stubbornly refused to admit any knowledge of the Guterrez murder. "That guy in San Jose is crazy," he said. "He ought to have his head examined."

Inspector Reed leaned back and spoke softly. "Steve, all you're facing now is a short rap in the Santa Clara County jail on an assault charge. You might even beat that. But if you're covering up for Cordes and he did kill Juan, you're an accessory to murder. Think about that."

Connor sighed. "Okay. I was playing pool with Steve one day in San Jose and he told me he killed his brother-in-law. He said his mother-in-law set it up because the guy was a jerk. His wife was driving the car."

"Has Cordes married Joyce Shapp?" Inspector Reed asked.

"He says he has," Connor replied.

"And she was in on it?"

"They all were. That's what he said."

Over Inspector Reed's objections, the insurance company, threatened by a

lawsuit from Tressie Deane, had paid off a \$25,000 claim to Loretta Guterrez, plus \$463 in interest. He believed that with the payoff they felt fairly secure, so he concentrated on finding Cordes. The lanky suspect had disappeared. Meanwhile a call came in from the Sacramento Bee's energetic Secret Witness Program. The informant told Inspector Reed the same story Connor had given him.

Accidentally, because Sacramento Valley law enforcement officials will never deliberately reveal a source produced by the Bee's highly productive Secret Witness Program, Sheriff's office employes made public the identity of the Secret Witness. Inspector Reed hadn't wanted it to happen, but when it did he got a far more detailed story. He discovered Tressie Deane had more than one motive for wanting her son-in-law killed.

"Tressie was convinced he had murdered one of her grandchildren," she told the detective. "Juan was alone one night with the Guterrez baby in a crib and when Loretta came home the baby was dead. The coroner's office passed it off as crib death. Tressie would have none of it. She was sure Juan killed the baby. She really hated him."

Inspector Reed checked with the coroner's office and verified her story. He also discovered the county pathologist had performed an autopsy and been convinced the baby died of crib death.

Inspector Reed felt he was ready to move. Eight months had passed since the murder and he believed it was fairly firmly wrapped up. In August his investigation was interrupted when he was sent to a police seminar by the sheriff. He turned his information over to Sergeant Biondi, who had been promoted to the second ranking post in the Homicide Detail. The sergeant procured four arrest warrants for Juan Guterrez murder, one each for Tressie Deane, Joyce Shapp, Steven Cordes and Loretta Guterrez. Sergeant Biondi arrested Tressie Deane and Loretta Guterrez immediately. Cordes and Joyce had left town.

As the case moved toward a preliminary hearing, Sergeant Biondi, Inspector Reed and Deputy Acevedo discussed strategy with the district attorney.

"The defense attorney can blow us wide open during a preliminary hearing with discovery motion," he said. "We don't want that to happen. He can identify our Secret Witness and also get to Bart Connor's story. We could lose Shapp and Cordes forever and perhaps blow the case against Tressie and Loretta."

"What do you want us to do?" Inspector Reed asked.

"Dismiss the charges against Tressie and Loretta until we get the other two.

# WHITEN TEETH

## instantly!

Smile shy? Then try WYTEN, a marvelous fine cosmetic enamel for an attractive new glamorous look. Just brush on to transform dull, yellow and dingy teeth into a sparkling white look that appears so pearl like and natural.

Join hundreds of thousands of smart men and women like yourself who depend on WYTEN to coverup tobacco and coffee stains, blemishes, and even gold fillings. Enjoy the new confidence that a radiant white smile brings. Dental formula is completely safe and harmless for natural as well as false teeth. Full 3-4 months supply.

Your satisfaction guaranteed. Wytten is lab tested and praised by dentists. Accept no substitutes. Try Wytten in the privacy of your own home for a 30 day trial. Must satisfy or return for a prompt refund. What can be fairer than that?

Used by Movie Stars for a Super Star Smile that Beams



30 Day Trial-Money Back Guarantee!

NU-FIND PRODUCTS, Inc. Dept. WB584

12 Warren St., N.Y.C. 10007

I enclose \$2.98 plus 60¢ P&H for one WYTEN  
2 for \$5.00       3 for \$7.00

**MUST SATISFY OR RETURN FOR REFUND**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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



Pacific Island girls want men to correspond with. Exotic, wholesome girls seek friends, romance, marriage. For club information, and pictures of actual girls waiting for you NOW. **SEND \$2 TODAY.**

CONTINENTAL PACIFIC  
PO Box 3546 - Dept. ODG  
Thousand Oaks, CA 91359

## POEMS SET TO MUSIC

Let our staff of professional songwriters turn your words into a song. Send your best poems for prompt consideration. **FREE EXAMINATION**  
Songs recorded - phonograph records made.  
**NASHVILLE MUSIC PRODUCTIONS**  
Box 40001, Studio K, Nash., Tn. 37204

## DETECTIVES NEEDED IN MANY FIELDS



**MEN AND WOMEN... LEARN NOW**  
Private investigators, police, military, security Home study course has thousands of satisfied students, many graduates earn big pay. Lapel pin and Certificate on completion. Free information and sample lesson. Write:  
**PROFESSIONAL INVESTIGATORS TRAINING SCHOOL**  
Dept. D, P.O. Box 1890, San Pedro, CA 90733

## Learn how to MAKE MONEY in DRAFTING

Train at home in spare time. No previous experience needed. Tools and materials included with course. No special talent required. We show you what to do, how to do it. **LEARN DRAFTING AT HOME!**  
**FREE! "CAREER KIT"**  
Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Accredited National Home Study Council  
**NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF DRAFTING,**  
4500 Campus Dr., Dept. N8061, Newport Beach, CA 92660

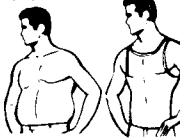
## SLIM INCHES AWAY IN THE AMAZING NEW BODY TAPER-TRIM SHIRT

Puts power in your sex appeal as it reshapes you to more manly "tapered" proportions!

- SMOOTHES TORSO
- BUILDS CHEST
- STRAIGHTENS BACK
- SLIMS ABDOMEN
- CINCHES WAIST
- FLATTENS BULGES

Extra-light, extra-comfortable long line undershirt puts power net LYCRA SPANDEX & NYLON to work providing firm, smooth control from chest to lower abdomen. Smooths out bulges and trims you with unprecedented built-in slimming-power. Worn as an undershirt, it works to keep you in shape. Completely machine washable. White only.

**INSTANTLY HOLDS \$10.99 STOMACH IN!**



FROM THIS... TO THIS...

R. S. SALES, Dept. 5435  
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

My chest is \_\_\_\_\_ inches. (Exhale & measure chest.)  
SIZES:  S (34-36),  Med. (38-40),  Lg. (42-44),  
 XL (46-48),  2X (50-52). Add 75¢ for postage & handling. 6% sales tax. For COD send \$3.00 deposit. Allow 2 to 6 wks for delivery. Worn, soiled or damaged items are non-returnable.

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



"Odor in the court!"

Then we can rearrest them. Otherwise, if they go to trial now we might lose all of them for good," he was told.

The charges against the two women were dismissed and they returned home triumphantly. Meanwhile the search for Cordes stepped up. He and his wife, Joyce Shapp, were still fugitives when the investigation moved into 1979 and passed its first anniversary. Bulletins requesting their arrest and warning they might be armed and dangerous were forwarded to all law enforcement agencies in nine western states. From a confidential informant Patrol Deputy Joe Eyerman began getting tips telling where the couple could be found. The information appeared to be always accurate, but always too late. Cordes and Shapp were reported to be in Vancouver, Washington, Portland, Oregon and a variety of small, northwestern towns. Each tip was good, but by the time Inspector Reed got them, the fugitives had moved on. Through the next eight months he experienced a series of frustrating near misses. He continued to track them down patiently and with dogged determination.

A search warrant provided the inspector with records of Tressie Deane's incoming telephone calls. He discovered

she had received many long distance messages from Portland and Vancouver and was reasonably sure they had come from her daughter, Joyce. One by one he tracked them all down. Most had been made from pay telephones in grocery stores, service stations, taverns and small hotels. One was traced to a residence in Portland where known criminals lived. Predictably the residents of that house offered no cooperation. They denied knowing Cordes or Shapp or ever having heard of them. Not until August of 1979, when the case was a year and eight months old, did Inspector Reed's persistence, and Deputy Eyerman's informant, pay off.

The patrol officer's informant called in mid-August and reported Cordes and Shapp were back in Sacramento and staying at an apartment on 47th Avenue in California's capital city. It was eight p.m. Inspector Reed was contacted and Eyerman, in his private automobile, but carrying a Sheriff's Department portable radio which is standard equipment for deputies there, drove to the apartment and began a stakeout on his own. Inspector Reed, more than 15 miles away on the other side of town, contacted him and told him he was on the way. The inspector stop-

ped at headquarters on the way to pick up a sheriff's car. As he was leaving, Eyerman reported someone he believed to be Cordes was driving away from the apartment house. He called for assistance from deputies in marked patrol cars and they moved in on the suspect. He had gone less than two blocks when they converged and stopped him. The driver of the car greeted Deputy Eyerman blandly. He showed the officer an Oregon driver's license identifying him as Charles Steven Brooks. Deputy Eyerman called Inspector Reed. "I don't know what I've got here," he said. He told the detective about the Oregon license.

"I'm almost there—hold him until I get there," the detective said.

A few moments later Inspector Reed pulled up behind the patrol cars and approached the suspect. Lean, lanky and still defiant, the man looked at the detective and said, "Hi, Stan." He was Steven Cordes. The long search had ended.

Inspector Reed turned the prisoner over to the patrol officers and went directly back to the apartment house where he arrested a surprised Joyce Shapp. From there he moved in on Tressie Deane's apartment but she was gone when he got there. The detective pressed his search, feeling a woman with her medical record could not have gone far. A talk with another son-in-law two days later paid off. "She's on her way to a credit union on Watt Avenue in North Sacramento," the man reported. "She ought to be there any minute."

With Inspector Walt Ritter, Inspector Reed drove to the credit union and set up a stakeout. It lasted about five minutes before Tressie Deane arrived.

"You're under the arrest for the murder of Juan Guterrez, Tressie," Inspector Reed told her.

The woman shrugged. When she arrived at sheriff's headquarters, she stubbornly refused to admit she had anything to do with the murder or knew anything about it. There was little doubt she expected the case to be dismissed once more.

With three of four suspects in jail, Inspector Reed turned his attention to a search for Loretta Guterrez. Once again, Deputy Eyerman's informant paid off. He called and told the officer Loretta was staying in Los Angeles and gave him an address. The police there moved in and found her.

The investigation, which had lasted almost two years, was over. But the four jailed suspects all continued to stubbornly deny any knowledge of the crime. They all demanded separate trials.

Steven Cordes, against whom Inspector Reed felt he had the weakest case, was tried first. At his trial, Bart Connor, the key witness against him, vacillated.

In the words of Inspector Reed, "he moved sideways," telling the court he had told the detective that Cordes had admitted murdering Juan Guterrez, but that he had done so under pressure and what he had said was not true.

Cordes' defense attorney was as worried as Inspector Reed. He could see his client getting the death penalty if found guilty. Quietly a deal was worked out. The defendant could save himself by pleading guilty to second degree murder if he admitted to triggering the blasts which killed Juan Guterrez. He agreed to the plea and was sentenced to from 16 years to life in prison.

Tressie Deane, still stubbornly maintaining her innocence, followed him into court. Inspector Reed was sure his case against her was solid. After a long trial she was found guilty of first degree murder, but a jury listened with some sympathy to the story of Juan's mistreatment of her daughter and refused to find the special circumstances which could have sent her to prison for life without possibility of parole. November 8, 1980, she was sentenced to from 25 years to life in prison.

The case against Loretta Guterrez was strong, but the district attorney felt she would be a sympathetic figure. Inspector Reed agreed and she was allowed to plead guilty to second degree murder with the same sentence as Cordes.

Both the detective and the prosecuting attorney, John O'Mara, felt that Joyce Shapp, who had driven the getaway car for Cordes, was just as guilty as anyone else, but the jury might find the case against her weaker than the others. She was allowed to plead guilty to conspiracy to commit murder and was shocked when she discovered her sentence would match that of Cordes and her sister in length.

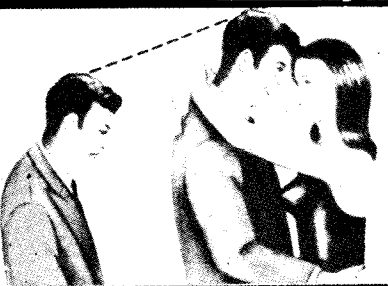
By mid-November, 1980, all four of the suspects in the murder of Juan Guterrez were serving long sentences for the crime. The case was just two months short of three years old. The insurance money was gone. A secret witness reported that Cordes had received \$1,500 of the insurance money for the murder and Joyce Shapp a thousand for driving the car. Mrs. Deane was said to have kept \$13,000 and Loretta Guterrez the remaining \$10,000.

Tressie Deane, who already felt she had ample motive for killing her son-in-law, had added another when she insured his life. It was a mistake which has sent her to prison for a long time.

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

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

## BE TALLER Instantly!



**Uplift Your SOCIAL LIFE! WITH INVISIBLE "LIFTEE" HEIGHT PADS**

Tired of being called short? Slip these invisible HEIGHT INCREASE PADS in any pair of shoes. Now step into them and add additional height. THE SAME HEIGHT INCREASE AS EXPENSIVE HEIGHT INCREASING SHOES, for a fraction of the cost to give you new poise and self confidence—a key to success and romance. No one will suspect that you are wearing them. These LIGHTWEIGHT FOAM RUBBER AND CUSHION CORK PADS fit securely without gluing and interchangeable in any shoes. Constructed and designed for walking comfort; aids posture. Worn by thousands of men and women. Durable and shock absorbing. State shoe size.

**10 DAY TRIAL! Money Back Guarantee!** Just send name and address. Pay postman on delivery, only \$2.98 plus postage per pair of "LIFTEE" HEIGHT INCREASE PADS. (Or send only \$2.98 plus 50¢ shipping charges with order and we pay postage.) (2 pairs \$5.00, 3 pairs \$7.00.) 10 DAY TRIAL MUST SATISFY OR RETURN AND MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.

THE LIFTEE Co.,  
Dept MA321 12 Warren St., N.Y.C. 10007

**MEET SEXUAL FRIENDS  
NATIONWIDE  
FREE INFO TRACY  
BOX 405  
WILMETTE, IL. 60091  
or CALL: (312) 262-9800**

## FINGERPRINTING Career of the Future

Earn big money; prepare for scientific depression proof career. Fingerprint technicians are in demand by military government, FBI, police, private industry. Home study course grant certificate on completion. FREE Fingerprint Kit with course. No salesman will call. Write for information.  
Professional Investigators Training School  
DEPT FO P.O. Box 1890, San Pedro, CA 90733

**Guns Spoken Here** Be a "GUN-PRO"  
Learn at Home, Spare-Time  
**HOW TO MAKE MONEY WITH GUNS!**

**BECOME AN EXPERT! KNOW:**

- Gun Repair, Customizing, Accurizing • Modern & Black Powder Ballistics
- Reloading, Custom-Ammo Making • Stock Carving Design, Checking, Firearms Importing

Plus Much, Much More ACCREDITED BY THE NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

• Your love of guns and shooting can lead to an exciting career opportunity! Let leading Arms Experts train you for a career in gun repair. Fed. Gun Law permits licensed trainees to sell arms, ammo without inventory. Order for others on cost-plus basis. Save up to 25% and more on fine guns, accessories, gunsmith supplies! Start your own business; or prepare now for a "Gun-Pro" Career. Get free facts about Gun Repair and results of survey showing employment success of our graduates.

North American School of Firearms, Dept NBO61  
Careers by Home Study, 4500 Campus Dr., Newport Beach, CA 92660  
Rush me your free "Gun-Pro" Career Kit. Check here for GI or VA

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

## MARKET PLACE

For ad rates—Classified, 676 St. Clair, Chicago 60611

### ENJOY WINE—LEARN ABOUT WINE

★ **WINE SELECTIONS LIST:** \$3.00. Selections, Bubbling Spring, St. Clairsville, OH 43950.

### HANDICRAFTS—HOBBIES

★ **DOUBLE YOUR TRAVEL RANGE:** Add Aux. Tank to Japanese Pick-Ups. Complete Details \$5.00. Bar Enterprises, Box 907, Newark, CA 94560.

### OF INTEREST TO ALL

★ **VIDALIA SWEET ONIONS!** Hank Allen Grower-Shipper, Vidalia, GA 30474. 912-537-9260/537-9595.

★ **PERSONAL SECURITY PRODUCTS.** Free Catalogue! Evergreen, Box 1320, Lakegrove, OR 97034.

★ **TAX SECRETS CAN SAVE HUNDREDS!** \$2.50. Jimsam Enterprises, 2413 Prince Edward #102, Honolulu, Hawaii 96815.

★ **TELL O.P.E.C. WHERE TO GO!** Make your own Automobile Fuel, 18¢ per gallon. Send \$16.95. WCS, Box 4471, Pasadena, CA 91106.

★ **INTERSTATE TRAVELING?** Avoid Tickets. Send \$2.50. Dan Winkles, 8483 Kitchener Drive, Springfield, IL 62153.

★ **BOOB POWER—** Read at your own risk, it may change your life style. Send \$3. Grow, Box 335, Solano Beach, CA 92075.

### OF INTEREST TO MEN

★ **UNIQUE BLENDED PIPE TOBACCO!** Free Sample! Mohawk Pipe Tobacco Shoppe, 1502 Triplett St., Dept. MM, Owensboro, KY 42301.

### SALESMEN WANTED

★ **EARN BIG COMMISSIONS SOLICITING** delinquent accounts. No collecting or investment. Metropolitan Finance, 1129 West 41st, Kansas City, MO.

### HELP WANTED

★ **JOBS OVERSEAS—** Big Money Fast. \$20,000 to \$50,000 plus per year. Call 716-842-6000, Ext. 4013.

★ **JOBS ON SHIPS!** No Experience. \$3000 Month Starting. Information How to Obtain: Seaman's Documents and Jobs. \$3.00 covers costs. To: Clarence Menite, Seaman's Service, 1643 South 20 Street, Milwaukee, WI 53204.

★ **\$180 PER WEEK** Part Time at Home. Webster, America's foremost dictionary company needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages, experience unnecessary. Call 1-716-845-5670, Ext. 3008.

### EDUCATION—HOME STUDY

★ **DETECTIVE TRAINING COURSE.** American Detective Institute, Box 418-D, Fairfield, AL 35064.

### BUSINESS—MONEY MAKING

★ **\$60.00/HUNDRED STUFFING ENVELOPES!** Offer: Stamped Addressed Envelope. Worldwide, P-G/7/81, X15940, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33318.

★ **JOURNEYMAN CREDENTIALS GRANTED! LEGITIMATE.** Write: National Craftsman Union, 210 Fifth Avenue, Suite 1102, New York, NY 10010.

★ **THOUSANDS, SIX WEEKS GUARANTEED!** Send self-addressed stamped envelope. Western Research, 95 Pennsylvania, #26, Watsonville, CA 95076.

★ **\$1500/WEEKLY** stuffing envelopes!! NuWay, Box 546, Woodinville, WA 98072.

### LOANS BY MAIL

★ **QUICK \$CASH\$ SIGNATURE LOANS!** Write: Elite, Box 454-QM, Lyncbrook, NY 11563.

### 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, CA 91605.

### PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

★ **UNIQUE WESTERN BUCKLE** Hides Valuables. Free Details. JFP Specialties, Box 170-A, Medford, NY 11763.

★ **MEET EXCITING FRIENDS** Nationwide! Your area! Contacts mailed now! Tracy (312) 262-9800.

★ **FUN, COMPANIONSHIP, MARRIAGE!** Correspondence Club. Please Send Five Dollars. Teresa Warren, 1286 Lincoln, Topeka, KS 66604.

★ **ARE YOU LONELY?** Descriptions, photographs. Men, Women. \$2.00 postpaid. Ladysmith, Box 5686CA, Light-house Point, FL 33064.

★ **BEAUTIFUL MEXICAN GIRLS!** Introductions. "Latinas," Box 1716-T, Chula Vista, CA 92012.

★ **FREE** Six pages photos marriage minded girls. Moore, Box 1264KK, Englewood, FL 33533.

★ **WORLD'S LARGEST PARTNER CATALOG:** 860 Ladies Photos \$2.00. Intercontact, Box 12, Toronto M4A 2M8.

★ **"SINGLES!"** "Meet Ideal Mates!" (Anywhere.) Unlimited. Box 18379-MG, Memphis, 38118—(901) 398-7284.

★ **EUROPEAN** Playboy type photos sent direct from Europe to you. Your name also added to European (not U.S.) Distributor lists. Send Stamp for Free details. P-Info., P.O. Box 261, National City, CA 92050.

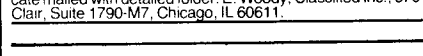
★ **FREE BOOK FOR SINGLE MEN!** "How to Meet and Get Dates with Lovely Girls." Southern Heart, Desk 31, Box 1977, Sanford, FL 32771.

### ADVERTISERS—AGENCIES

★ **CLASSIFIED ADVERTISERS—** Get Big Mail from Millions-Of-Your-Prospects—your choice 39 high-performance National Magazines. Free \$50.00 Savings Certificate mailed with detailed folder. E. Woody, Classified Inc., 676 St. Clair, Suite 1790-M7, Chicago, IL 60611.

### REAL SWITCHBLADE . . . BALL POINT PEN!

PUSH BUTTON SNAP!



FLIPS OPEN AND LOCKS!

Looks and works just like a REAL

SWITCHBLADE - It's INCREDIBLE - a fine point ball point pen. Quality metal construction. Terrific gift novel and practical. So unique it's patented. Two year guarantee. Only \$3.95 + 50¢ postage. SPECIAL GIFT PRICE - 3 for only \$10. postpaid.

STONE SALES Box 195AF RIVER GROVE IL 60174

Now, Even If You Have Been Thin For Years, You Can

# GAIN <sup>UP</sup> <sub>TO</sub> 5, 10, 15 POUNDS

without dangerous drugs, without exercise,  
without unpleasant tasting medicines,  
**MEN**—an impressive manly body,  
**WOMEN**—a curvier, glamorous figure.

If you had started this amazing method just a few short weeks ago, right now you could be up to 5, 10, even 15 pounds heavier or more!

At last, no matter what you have tried, no matter what you have done, if you are a normally healthy person, you can gain up to 5, 10, 15 pounds or more safely, surely, pleasantly, and that's a guaranteed money-back fact.

Yes now, even if you have been thin for years, you can have the fuller, more attractive body you have always wanted without dangerous drugs, without heart-straining exercise, without unpleasant tasting medicines!

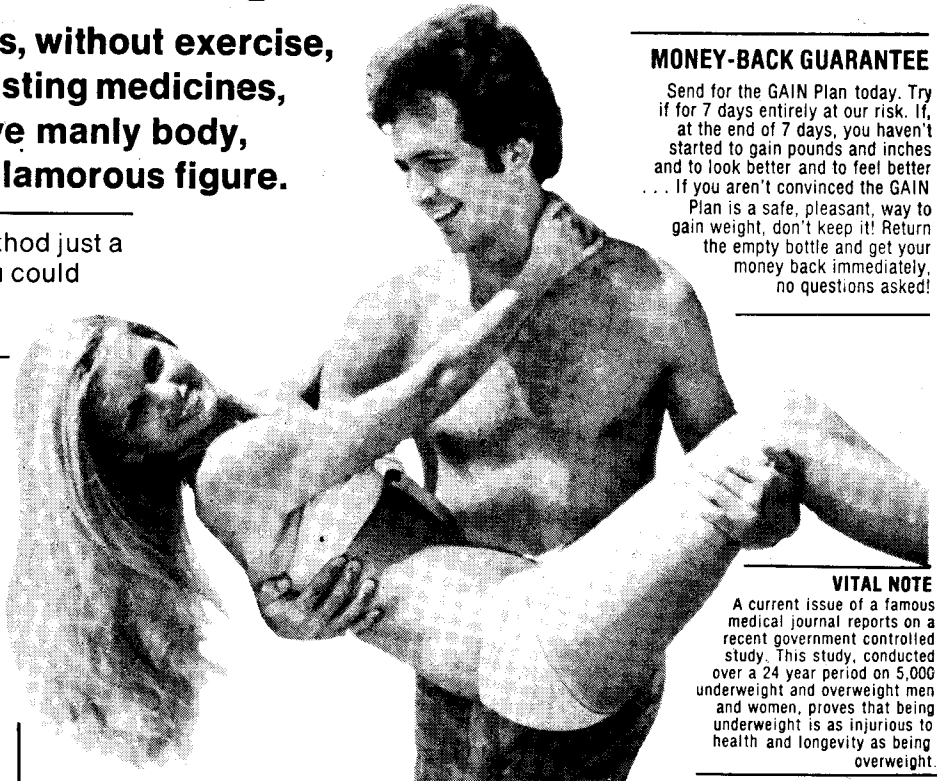
This exciting method is easy, pleasant, and medically sound beyond a shadow of a doubt, and your own Doctor could tell you the same thing.

## HERE'S ALL YOU DO

Before meals, or whenever you feel like it, you take delicious, chewable, nutritionally fortified GAIN tablets and that's it! No other medication to take. Nothing difficult or unpleasant to do, and without even being aware of it, a wonderfully exciting change takes place.

Those high-calorie GAIN tablets are rich in body-building materials! They not only add weight themselves, but they sharpen your appetite! You look forward to mealtimes, and without even realizing it, you start to eat more and almost immediately the weight gaining process begins!

As you follow your GAIN Plan which includes nutritional high calorie menus. You add pounds and inches to your arms, legs, chest, hips, everywhere. You'll be amazed at the fantastic transformation that occurs . . . as thin, unattractive areas start to develop into new magnetic appeal. You'll be



## MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Send for the GAIN Plan today. Try it for 7 days entirely at our risk. If, at the end of 7 days, you haven't started to gain pounds and inches and to look better and to feel better . . . If you aren't convinced the GAIN Plan is a safe, pleasant, way to gain weight, don't keep it! Return the empty bottle and get your money back immediately, no questions asked!

## VITAL NOTE

A current issue of a famous medical journal reports on a recent government controlled study. This study, conducted over a 24 year period on 5,000 underweight and overweight men and women, proves that being underweight is as injurious to health and longevity as being overweight.

thrilled to discover that as you gain weight you will have more pep and energy for all the wonderful things in life!

## THINK OF WHAT THIS CAN MEAN TO YOU

If you are one of those unfortunate people who can't wear all the new high style clothes you want to wear . . . if you are ashamed of the way you look in a bathing suit . . . embarrassed because your legs are too thin and spindly . . . your chest is too flat . . . your arms aren't the full, rounded limbs they were meant to be . . . If you long for a more attractive-looking body, the safe, pleasant GAIN Plan can be the answer to your prayers!

Yes, now, with the GAIN Plan to help, it's so easy, so pleasant to add pounds and inches of firm, attractive flesh . . . so full-filling to feel better, stronger, more vital and alive! But don't take our word for it. Prove it to yourself at our risk!

If you sincerely want to gain weight, and to look better and feel better as a result,

## HERE IS OUR OFFER . . .

We honestly believe the GAIN Plan to be the finest and most effective product of its type sold anywhere in the world today, and to prove our confidence, we are backing that statement up with this honest, straight-forward offer . . .

Try the fabulous new GAIN Plan in your

## GAIN IS SAFE

GAIN is not a dangerous drug, medicine or a fishy-tasting oil. It is made of safe, pure ingredients, contains nothing which could possibly harm you, and may even be taken with complete safety by children.

own home at our risk. Subject it to any test you like. Weigh yourself before you start. Weigh yourself later. If you haven't started to see substantial weight gain within 7 days, and if you don't feel better and look better as a result, or, if you are not completely satisfied for any reason, PAY NOTHING! It's just as simple as that.

If you are in doubt . . . even if you think nothing can possibly help you, for the sake of your appearance, and your happiness, at least try it! If the GAIN Plan works the way we know it will, you'll agree it is worth the few dollars it cost.

On the other hand, if it doesn't work the way you expected, it costs you nothing, and a least you have had the satisfaction of trying it at our expense.

What could be fairer than that? The next move is up to you. Once and for all, determine to do something about your underweight! We know you'll be happy you did.

## SKINNY MEN AND WOMEN ARE NOT ATTRACTIVE



. . . a skinny, scrawny body is no asset in social or business life. Give the GAIN Plan a chance to help build you up and put firm flesh on you.

--- MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY ---

**GAIN PRODUCTS CORP. Dept. G251**  
Box 2346, Carbondale, Ill. 62901

Please send my package of GAIN Plan immediately with the understanding that if I am not satisfied, I may have my money back, no questions asked.

One GAIN PLAN for \$9.98  
 SAVE \$2.00! Order 2 for \$17.96  
 SAVE \$5.00! Order 3 for \$25.00

Enclosed is \$ \_\_\_\_\_

cash,  check or  money order

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ please print

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Start your own money making business!**

**Make up to \$12<sup>50</sup> an hour—  
even while learning!** *Train FAST  
at home!*

*Get into this booming high-profit business that's  
Easy to learn—Easy to do—Easy on You!*

Never before have money-making opportunities been so great for qualified Locksmiths. Now lucrative regular lock and key business has multiplied a thousandfold as millions seek more protection against zooming crime. Yet there's only one Locksmith for every 17,000 people!

**Start Collecting CASH PROFITS Right Away**

You're "in business" ready to earn up to \$12.50 an hour a few days after you begin Belsaw's shortcut training. Take advantage of today's unprecedented opportunities in Locksmithing for year-round EXTRA INCOME in-spare-time—or fulltime in a high-profit business of your own. Hundreds we've trained have done it. So can YOU! All tools plus professional Key Machine given you with course. These plus practice materials and equipment, plus simple, illustrated lessons, plus expert supervision, plus business-building guidance will enable you to KEEP THE MONEY COMING IN! Ideal for retirement—good jobs too.

**SEND FOR EXCITING FACTS—No Obligation**

Discover what's in Locksmithing for you—how Belsaw's Master-Locksmith-approved training can give you the skill you can depend on to EARN MORE—ENJOY LIFE MORE.

**No Extra Cost!** Included With Your Locksmith Training



**BURGLAR ALARM and SECURITY SYSTEMS**

training. Covers all phases of Burglar, Hold-Up and Fire Alarm servicing and installation. This valuable and timely instruction includes all special tools and supplies. ONLY Belsaw offers such extensive training in this rapidly expanding field as a part of your Locksmith training.

**ADVANCED Locksmithing!** How to change combinations, install and service Safe, Vault and Bank Safe-Deposit Box locks. You learn-by-doing on the locks that we supply. You'll find it fascinating and highly profitable work.

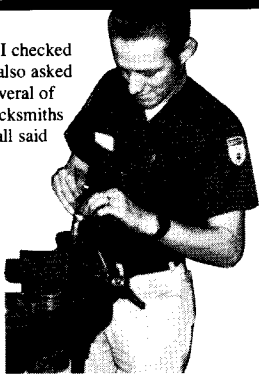
**Be Your Own Boss!**



# BE A LOCKSMITH!

**Hundreds of Belsaw trained men have succeeded in this fascinating and highly profitable field . . .**

"Before enrolling I checked other courses and also asked for advice from several of the professional locksmiths in my area. They all said Belsaw was tops and has the most versatile Key Machine. "I always wanted to be in business for myself and now I am . . . thanks to Belsaw Institute."



*David Fairbrother—Dave's Locksmith Service Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53209*

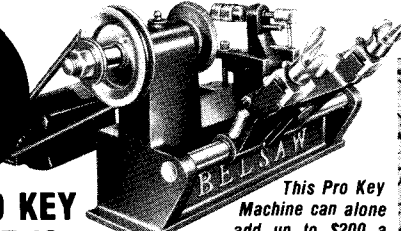


"I opened my own business, spare time, seven months after I enrolled and made a profit of \$329 for the first week."  
*B. A. Deberry Littleton, Colorado*

"No more hard, nasty work for me. Now I have my own business and with hardly any effort I average around \$50 a day. Thanks for my new start in life."  
*Sam Walker Prichard, Alabama*



**10-DAY NO RISK TRIAL!**  
Send for details!



**THIS PRO KEY MACHINE IS YOURS TO KEEP!**

*This Pro Key Machine can alone add up to \$200 a month to your income . . . and it won't cost you a penny extra with your training.*

**Find out all about it! Send for FREE Facts TODAY!**

Just fill in and mail coupon below (or send postcard) to receive full information and details by return mail. **DO IT TODAY!**

**RUSH COUPON!**

**ALL SPECIAL TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT INCLUDED!**



**BELSAW INSTITUTE**  
222K Field Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. 64111

**There is NO OBLIGATION and NO SALESMAN Will Call—ever!**

**RUSH COUPON TODAY FOR THIS FACT-FILLED**

**FREE BOOKLET!**

Tells how you quickly train to be your own boss in a profitable Sparetime or Fulltime business of your own PLUS complete details on our 10-Day NO RISK Trial Offer!



Send for your copy today!

BELSAW INSTITUTE, 222K FIELD BUILDING KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI 64111

YES, please send me the FREE booklet that gives full details about starting my own business in Locksmithing. I understand there is no obligation and that no salesman will call.

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



**... YOU Can Do It Too!**

# COOL MESH SHOES

# 3 PAIRS FOR ONLY 19<sup>95</sup>

TAKE YOUR CHOICE!



Navy Loafer

Bone Loafer  
w. Jute Trim

Lt. Blue  
Loafer

Tan Oxford

## ESCAPE from the SHOE PINCH!

Here's wonderful relief from today's impossibly high shoe prices. And equally comforting escape from today's hot, confining, year-round styles.

The tough-but-gentle open mesh nylon keeps its shape but lets feet "breathe" for better-than-barefoot comfort even during summer's hottest days. Long-wearing one-piece rubber heel and sole provides springy comfort with full, firm support. Luxurious pillow-soft foam cushion insoles provide even more comfort!

*And style? You be the judge!* Imagine these handsome, masculine slip-on and tie designs with your casual summer wardrobe. Imagine the cool, smart look of fresh summer colors. Imagine how great they'll feel as your favorite summer shoes for traveling driving, vacationing, or just lazy evenings on the patio!

**NO RISK!** Haband is a conscientious family business, serving American businessmen through the U.S. Mail since 1925. We will be proud to show you what we can do!

These are good looking, cool casual shoes that will feel very comfortable and save you money. And, you will be delighted with the service - **GUARANTEED!**

## Mesh Shoes 3 <sup>Pairs for Only</sup> 19<sup>95</sup>

HABAND Co., 265 N. 9th St., Paterson, N.J. 07530

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_  
Mesh Shoes as specified.  
I've enclose \$.....  
plus \$1.25 toward  
postage and handling.

**AVAILABLE SIZES**  
6½-7-7½-8-8½-9-9½-  
10-10½-11-12-13.  
D WIDTH ONLY

**GUARANTEE:** If upon arrival I do not choose to wear them, I may return them within 30 days for a full refund of every penny I paid Haband.

**OR TO CHARGE IT:**

VISA     Master Charge

Acct. # \_\_\_\_\_

809-476

Exp. Date \_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City & State \_\_\_\_\_

Apt. # \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Color/Style	Qty	Size
Brown Loafer w. Jute trim	G	
Bone Loafer w. Jute trim	F	
Tan Oxford	H	
Lt. Blue Loafer	K	
Navy Loafer	J	



# Haband

265 N 9 St., Paterson, NJ 07530