

Tempting Bait for Georgia's Apologetic Rapist

★ **TRUE DETECTIVE**

MAC

MARCH 50¢

**North Carolina
Cop-killings:**

**HALF OF
POLICE
FORCE
SLAIN IN
ONE NIGHT!**

Darkness was the secret ally of

**FLORIDA'S
3 O'CLOCK
SEX MARAUDERS**



MARCH 1970

TRUE DETECTIVE

50¢

FOOTBALL IS BACK!

 **SPORTS & HORSE REPORT**

NFL Betting Success **2022**

*From Someone Who Selected
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JHK

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CLICK HERE

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

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

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

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

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

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

Quick and easy to put on

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

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

Reduce where you want to

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

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

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

Wear it while you work, exercise, loaf

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

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

No weights to carry

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

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

Waist-Away designer Ike Berger Olympic champion



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

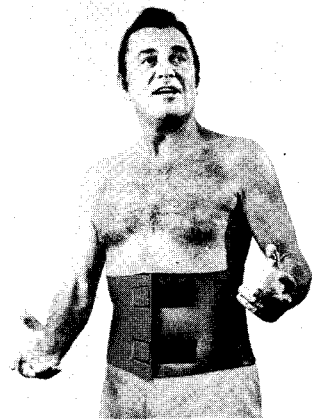
Together with his associate, he developed the WAIST-AWAY and the IBEM Thigh Belt, based on his long experience with the rubber sweat-suit in reducing to his weight class.

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



WAIST-AWAY aids posture and comfort

Firmly but gently, WAIST-AWAY's support induces better posture. It also provides a slight massage action as you move about, which relaxes and reduces waist tensions. Reduce in comfort!



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

THE BEST QUALITY

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

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

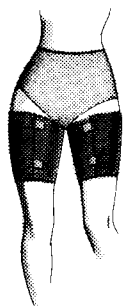
If you've struggled to reduce your thighs with exercise, massage, dieting, but have had disappointing results, take heart. There's a new way to slim those thighs where exercise alone can't help. IBEM's THIGH REDUCER Belts *spot-reduce* the heaviness at the top of the thigh while you walk, work, or just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

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

Special composition material
IBEM Thigh Reducer Belts are made of

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

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



ORDER COUPON

IBEM SALES CORP.

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

Send me the following belts (indicate quantity):

- _____ men's WAIST-AWAY Belts (waist measurement _____") at \$11.95 each . . . \$ _____
- _____ women's WAIST-AWAY Belts (waist measurement _____") at \$11.95 each . . . \$ _____
- _____ pair of THIGH REDUCING Belts (thigh measurement _____") at \$16.95 a pair . . . \$ _____

Total price \$ _____

N.Y. State residents add local sales tax (NYC 6%) \$ _____
(NO C.O.D.) I enclose check, money order for \$ _____

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

I enclose 25¢. Send me the Home Exercise Equipment Catalog, featuring Motorized Exercisers, Belt Massagers, Exerbikes, Steam Cabinets, and many other devices.

TD-199

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"



Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long will it take me to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

To receive a free copy of the 32-page booklet, HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, Dept. 244-49, 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 244-49, 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

If 18 or under, check here for special booklet.

TRUE DETECTIVE



THE AUTHENTIC MAGAZINE OF CRIME DETECTION

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LIVE LONGER AND BETTER

In The Healthiest, Sunniest Climate In All America — Deming, New Mexico!

Your Own Ranchette Just \$299 — Only \$5 a Month! (*See Below)



Do you know people who wake up to sunshine 355 days out of each year . . . people who don't know what it is to be oppressed by humid heat in the summer or by the cold clutch of winter damp? Do you know people who can say that in their State the rate of cancer and heart disease is half of what the Nation as a whole faces? Do you know people to whom a suntan is a year 'round commonplace? We know such people. They live in New Mexico.

There isn't a place on earth where the air is purer, where body health is more lavishly bestowed. No place where the words at the top of this page — live longer and better — fit more than they do in New Mexico.

And in all New Mexico itself it would be difficult to match the climate and beauty of the region surrounding Deming. As spectacular as the northern portion, but without the cold of winter. As dry and pure as Arizona, but not as hot in the summer. And, as actively vigorous and prosperous as the city you now live in, yet without the fever, without the tension.

To live anywhere in New Mexico is to live better. The superb climate, naturally air-conditioned in the summer and brilliantly sunny in the winter — the breathtaking beauty of a lavish Nature — the young vigor of a state that is causing a business and investment boom — these are the reasons that tens of thousands of Americans already have come here to live.

Consider then: Here in the center of this miraculous climate and beauty are towns which have grown amazingly in the last few years. Las Cruces, for example: In 1950 it had 12,000 people. By 1960, 37,000 . . . a rise of 300% in 10 years — and still growing. Like Tucson and Phoenix, this area has the same desert allure, where pure air, pure drinking water permits lovely towns to flourish. Statistics show the same 85% of possible sunshine, summer and winter, of Phoenix and Tucson.

Beginning 3½ miles from the flavorful city of Deming (population 10,000) are 24,000 acres of former ranches whose farthest boundary is 25 miles from town. Spectacularly set off by the breathtaking Florida Mountains, this land is so typical of the romance of the southwest that it has been photographed for the covers of many magazines. In this lovely basin every DEMING RANCHETTE fronts graded earth roads already dedicated to Luna County in widths of 50 and 80 feet. Every Ranchette has direct access to avenues leading to three major highways — U.S. Highways 80, 70 and brand new Interstate 10.

DEMING is blessed with water which is called "America's finest drinking water, 99.99% pure." There are homes already built on DEMING RANCHETTES and they all have electricity. When you are ready to build your new home, electricity will be made available to you. Schools, hospitals, churches, shops, movies, golf course, tennis courts — are all located in the growing city of Deming. Fertile soil is yours for the planting. Almost everything will grow here when watered — fruits, vegetables, flowers, trees.

Deming's friendliness captivates the fancy of people from every state in the Union. To visit us is like going back to the warmth of one's own family. Here are the practical benefits of living anywhere near Deming.

GOLF — The Rio Members Country Club Golf Course is right in Deming itself. It is a beautiful course with the Florida Mountains towering in the background. You play 12 months a year and green fees are very reasonable.

HUNTING AND FISHING — What are you after? Deer, antelope, wild turkey? Or maybe bear, mountain lion? Well, you can get deer, quail and big jack-rabbits right in your own backyard, in the Floridas. For really big game, and great fishing, try the Gila National Forest 60 miles directly north. Almost 2,000,000 acres set aside for camping, hunting and fishing. Just 65 miles away is the Caballo Dam-Elephant Butte Reservoir, the second largest man-made lake in the United States where you can rent a boat, fish, swim or go water skiing.

HORSEBACK RIDING — You'll find the Florida Mountains entralling. Bring along a treasure pouch and join other rockhounds seeking amethyst, agate and opal.

INVESTMENT — More than 18,000 people have bought Ranchettes through the mail and on site.

The new U.S. Interstate 10 is now being built with interchanges right in the heart of Deming. Consider other developments such as the new Retirement Home and the new road being built from Palomas, Mexico (33 miles south of Deming) into the interior of Mexico and you will agree with us that Deming has a tremendous future.

And the price of your Ranchette? Just \$299 for a full half-acre and low monthly payments of \$5, including interest at the annual percentage rate of 6%. At this moment you may reserve as many half-acre sites as you wish but please bear this in mind: DEMING RANCHETTES is not an enormous development and land such as this goes fast. At these prices, you may want your Ranchette to be larger — one, two — even five acres. An

immediate reservation will guarantee that your half-acres will adjoin each other. And you take no risk. Your reservation does not obligate you. You have the unqualified right to change your mind within 45 days after we send your Purchaser's Agreement, Property Owner's Kit, Maps and Photographs — 15 days to go through the portfolio, check our references, talk it over with the family. If, during that time, you should change your mind your reservation will be cancelled with absolutely no obligation. Then you have an **ADDITIONAL 30 DAYS AFTER** you have made your first monthly payment to change your mind and request a full refund of every dollar you have paid in. If this makes sense mail the coupon today.

*The terms for each ½ acre are:

Cash Price	\$299
Cash downpayment	5
Unpaid balance of cash price	\$294

Unpaid balance is scheduled at 69 monthly payments of \$5 and 1 monthly payment of \$4 for each ½ acre, payments including interest at the annual percentage rate of 6% resulting in a finance charge of \$55, and a total of payments of \$349, or a deferred payment price of \$354. NOTE: If you order 2 half-acres (1 acre), double all of the above figures except the period of repayment will remain the same. For 3 half-acres (1½ acres), triple the above figures, etc.

SELECT WESTERN LANDS INC. DEPT. DP 672 C
108 No. Platinum, Deming, New Mexico 88030
 Gentlemen: I wish to reserve the following site:

½ acre 1½ acres
 1 acre 2 acres

Please rush complete details, including my Purchaser's Agreement, Property Owner's Kit, Maps, Photographs and all data. It is strictly understood that I may change my mind for any reason within 45 days after I receive my portfolio.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

"A statement and offering statement has been filed with the Department of State of the State of New York. The filing does not constitute approval of the sale or lease or offer for sale or lease by the Department of State or any officer thereof or that the Department of State has in any way passed upon the merits of such offering. A copy of the offering statement is available, upon request, from the subdivider."



Officer East was gunned to death where trooper is standing on Rte. 52 bypass; Off. Branscome was killed a few yards away

North Carolina Cop-Killings:

HALF OF POLICE FORCE SLAIN IN ONE NIGHT

by JOSEPH TERRELL

**As every law enforcement officer in the Mid-South vowed to bring
the killers to justice, a grim irony was revealed . . .**

If the victims had not reported for duty early, they would still be alive

POLICE OFFICER Glenn Branscome, a six-foot-three, 250-pound bull of a man, liked his job there in the small, peaceful North Carolina town of Pilot Mountain. As his wife stated later, "He said the job had its drawbacks, but he liked it better than anything else he had done."

But, as it happens so strangely at times, Fate gave this professional dedication a cruel twist that resulted in the sudden, violent death of Glenn Branscome, along with a fellow officer, just as dedicated—Ralph East.

Because of his fondness for the work and his pride in doing a good job, Branscome often reported early for duty. On that fateful Monday night, February 3, 1969, he had strolled into the small building on West Main Street in Pilot Mountain that serves jointly as a fire department and police headquarters a half an hour earlier than the 11 p.m. the duty roster called for.

Before that half hour was up, he lay dead—with seven bullets having been pumped into his body at close range. A car-length away on old U.S. 52 by-pass at Pilot Mountain, Ralph East lay sprawled on the ground also—at least five

bullets in his lifeless form.

Pilot Mountain Police Chief Willis J. Fulton told this writer, "We'll never know exactly what East and Branscome planned . . . what happened just before they were shot."

The key word in Chief Fulton's statement is "exactly," which he emphasized; for much can be pieced together that led to that moment of horror just inside the city limits of picturesque Pilot Mountain.

The peaceful Southern town of a few thousand inhabitants is nestled at the foot of a lonely mountain which has a curiously shaped peak—like that of a pilothouse on a steamship. The mountain itself is now a State Park. Located 25 miles northwest of the city of Winston-Salem, the town supplies a number of workers for the city's factories, such as the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, with leading brands named for the twin-city, "Winston" and "Salem." A few miles north is the Virginia state line; a few miles farther west, the Blue Ridge Mountains.

In order to trace events of that night, let's go back to Glenn Branscome, as the burly officer, a veteran of police

(Continued on page 6)

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

can pay you as much as your present weekly paycheck!

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



"What started as a part-time hobby, now pays me better than \$10 an hour."
 Yes, many MUI graduates make better than \$10 an hour turning old wornout furniture into beautiful, bright new decorator pieces that people can't resist. Think about it! Stack it up against what you're doing now! Are you making \$150 a week? \$200? \$250? Do you put in long hours of dull work, with small raises... far apart? Is that the way you want to spend the rest of your life or would you prefer real independence and security? Just imagine, you can make \$150, \$200, \$250 upholstery just one chair or sofa these days! And if you're the kind of person who likes to work and earn, you can sometimes finish a job like this in a day or a day and a half. That's pay... and it beats what most college graduates make! It buys you the good things in life that only plenty of steady, big, income will bring you.

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



WORK THE HOURS YOU LIKE TO WORK!!

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

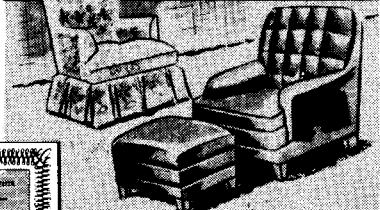
TO GET STARTED, JUST GET THE COUPON IN THE MAIL... TODAY!
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YOU'LL GET A BIG ILLUSTRATED 32 PAGE BOOK ON UPHOLSTERY and the upholstery business, and an actual free sample lesson showing how the fabulously successful MUI system is taught. For your sake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

it's automation proof!

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

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

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



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

work, stepped through the passageway that leads into the police headquarters and reached for the duty roster, tucked in its customary place under the edge of the counter-top radio equipment. Probably out of habit, he glanced to his left toward the chief's office, which was empty.

After signing in, Branscome got together with Ralph East, also a veteran officer with both county and town experience, who was 12 years older than Branscome's 47. Whether East stopped by the station at Branscome's request, or whether he was already there, doesn't really matter. What is important is that shortly thereafter they heard by radio that two service stations—one on the northwest edge of Winston-Salem and the other in Rural Hall, a town between Pilot Mountain and Winston-Salem—had been hit by armed robbers. Possibly the bandits were headed toward Pilot Mountain.

With this in mind, it seems apparent, Branscome and East decided to set up a watch on old U.S. 52 by-pass. While Branscome was early to work, Officer East only had about a half hour before his normal working day would end.

But this was to be no normal day for either man.

Some 15 minutes later, about 10:45 p.m., they reported over their car radio that they had stopped a late-model Dodge convertible on U.S. 52 near East Surry High School.

Why had they stopped this car? Chief Fulton, noting that the earlier alert broadcast had mentioned that the gas station bandits might be in a Dodge or Plymouth (a guess by one of the hold-up victims who offered that as the only clue available; he had heard the car speed away, but had not seen it), theorized that the officers might have stopped it simply because of a hunch, because it was a strange vehicle on a familiar road, one not traveled heavily by out-of-towners.

At any rate, this radioed communication that they were stopping the car was the last word from the two men.

Twelve miles away in Mount Airy, Surry County Chief Deputy A. E. Stephens was monitoring calls in the sheriff's office. He said that the next thing he heard from the radio of Officers Branscome and East "was an ambulance attendant hollering for help."

Two brothers who happened upon the scene said they had seen the body of Branscome in the beams of the parked patrol car's headlights.

They saw something else, too: Speeding away from the scene was a brown or maroon car with one headlight out.

Moody Keith, one of the brothers, testified later that when he and his brother, Kenneth, approached the police car, its headlights were on and so was the pulsating blue roof-top warning light. The brothers stopped, got out of their car and approached the eerie scene. Officer Branscome was lying face down about eight feet in front of the car. He clutched a flashlight in his right hand. Officer East's body, lying on its side, was found about a car-length behind the patrol vehicle.

David Beal, Chief of Mount Airy police, who at the time of the slaying was the resident agent of the State Bureau of Investigation there in Mount Airy, described his examination of the bodies shortly after he arrived on the scene. He said the heads and shirts of both officers were covered with blood.

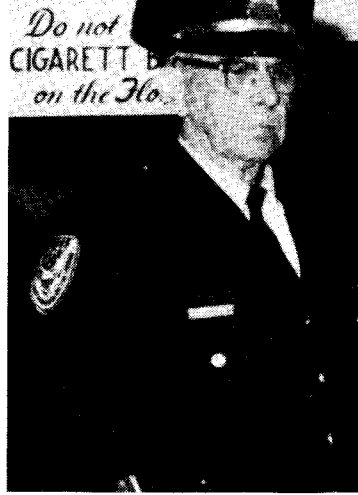
One of the first things noticed was that Ralph East's .38-caliber service revolver was missing. A closed pair of handcuffs was found in a ditch near Branscome's body.

An intensive search the next day turned up East's weapon in a creekbed on U.S. 601 about six miles from the slaying scene. Also found at that time was a broken shotgun, said to have been taken from one of the service stations that was held up.

According to official testimony, it was East's gun that had been used to fire skull-shattering slugs into the officers' heads.

Dr. Andrew J. Kapcar of Mount Airy testified that Branscome had seven bullet wounds, two of which were in the head; East had five bullet wounds, two of which were in the head; East had five bullet wounds, with three of them in the head.

Immediately upon discovering the bodies, the Keith brothers sought help. They flagged down a passing motorist



Last communication from Offs. East and Branscome (l. to r.), on lookout for gas station bandits, was that they had stopped a car; soon afterwards they were found dead



Victims in two gas station holdups on fatal night were (l. to r.) Wesley Hunsucker, Harvey King. Hunsucker, slugged, probably saved his own life by playing possum

and shortly thereafter, ambulance driver Edward Wall (the one who "hollered for help" over the slain officers radio) arrived. He later said he checked Branscome for a pulse and found none.

When asked why he did not check East's pulse, Wall said, "I could tell just by looking at him that there wouldn't be any."

Early the next day a "widows' fund" was started there in Pilot Mountain, where, between the two of them, the officers had a total of nine children. Mayor Phillip Pell and former Mayor Henry Ridenhour broadcast an appeal to the public over radio and television. Contributions began to come in. The fund was kicked off by the Pilot Mountain Civic Club with a \$200 donation.

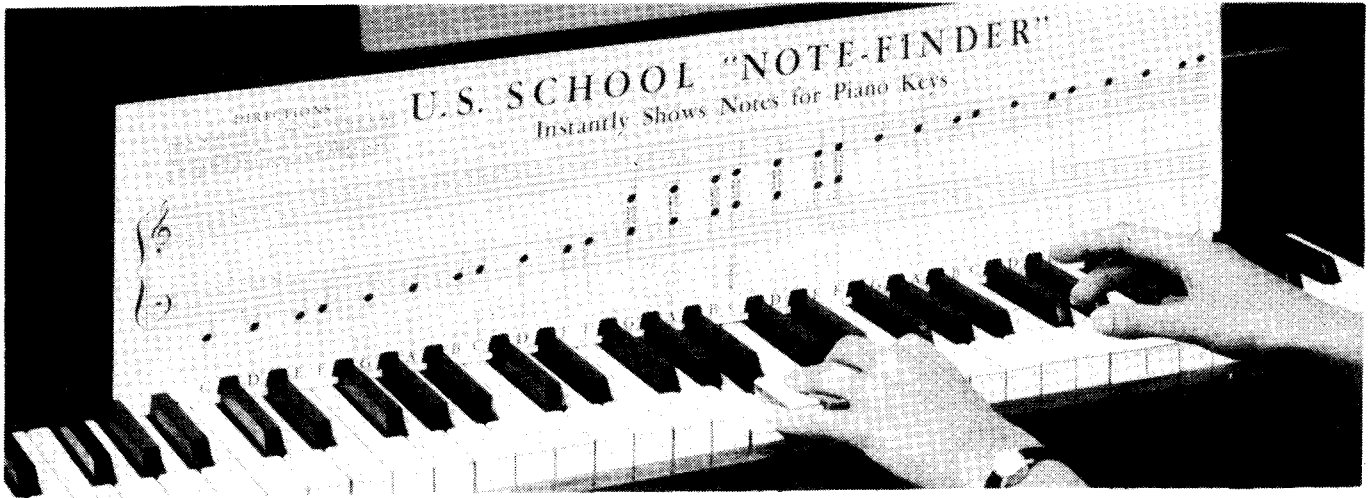
Surry County Deputy Bill Hall started working in the town "on loan" from the Sheriff's Department. The death of Officers East and Branscome had cut the town's police force in half. Mrs. Smith Nelson, who at one time worked in the Sheriff's Department, came by and offered to answer the telephone or monitor the radio in the police station.

"I'll help with anything," she said. Police Chief Fulton said people came by all night and during the next day to say, "We're sorry."

In researching the case for TRUE DETECTIVE, this writer followed the apparent route of the two robberies which led, eventually, to the death scene.

At the first service station held up in Winston-Salem, Harvey King, the owner, spoke quietly about the fateful night.

(Continued on page 8)



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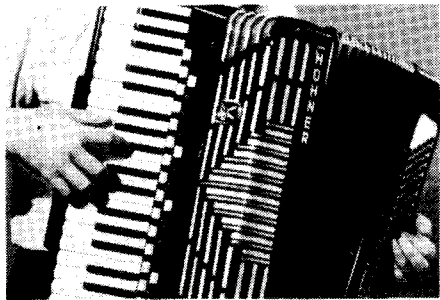
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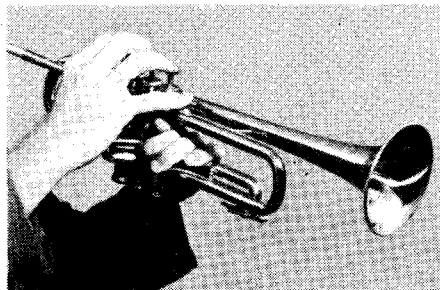
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Thirty miles from murder scene, alertness of Winston-Salem Off. Brandon paid off; he spotted cop-killers' car and his radio alarm resulted in swift capture . . .

"It was cold, I remember. Not raining or anything. But cold. It was about ten o'clock, and I was just closing up. The register there," pointing to a multi-drawer register, "was empty and the drawers—the top drawers—were open when three guys came in. They said at first that their car had broken down and wanted to know if I had anyone around who could give them a hand. They sort of spread out in the station and when I turned around to look at the one talking, he had a pistol pointed right at me. 'This is a stick-up,' he said."

Mr. King lit a cigarette and continued, "I didn't argue, didn't put up any resistance. They took my wallet and money (estimated at about \$550). I told them there was no more money in the register, but one of them tried to pry a drawer open anyway." He pointed to the register. "There, you can see."

Nodding toward the back of the station, he said, "Then they made me go back there and lie down on the floor. Then they started beating me on the head."

"You didn't resist before they started the beating?" the writer asked.

"No. They made me lie down. Then they beat me. They used a pair of old Plymouth horns that were back there. Cut my head up pretty bad, but I never lost consciousness."

He took a drag on his cigarette. "They left me there, and I got up in a minute and came around the back way, but I never got another look at them, or their car."

Leaving King's, the route leads up dual-lane U.S. 52 to the Stanleyville-Rural Hall exit, and on to Rural Hall, a distance of about eight miles, where the writer stopped at the new Shell Station owned and operated by Wesley Hunsucker. After Hunsucker finished working on a truck tire, he came into the front section of his station, smiling with friendliness, and agreed to relate what happened that night.

"I was just closing up, too," he said. "This section up here was rearranged somewhat. But I was sitting there filing away credit slips when the door opened and two men came in . . ."

Two?

"Yes, just two. I know three went into King's. Well, I just kept on filing and one of the men said their car was in

a ditch and was there someone who could help them? I asked them where in a ditch? One of them said, 'Just down the road.' I said, 'How far down the road?' Then one of them said, 'Look up here and you'll see,' and I looked up—right into the muzzle of a pistol."

Hunsucker went on, "They made me come around and took my money (about \$850). Then they told me to lie down on the floor. I did, and I realized one of them was going to hit me. I tried to put my hand up over my head just as the blow came. Hit my hand and glanced onto my head."

Hunsucker interrupted himself to greet a friend, then continued: "Then they made me go back toward the back . . . No, it didn't knock me out. In fact, as soon as they hit me I jumped straight up . . . but they had that gun right on me. I walked real slow back toward the back past these windows, hoping someone would see me. They made me get down behind some tires on my hands and knees. I saw one of them turn the butt of his gun around so he could hit me with it. I decided that if they hit me again, I'd play possum. He hit me and I just keeled over."

"One of them said, 'Shoot him. Shoot him now that he's down.' The other one said, 'Naw, he's taken care of.'"

With a grin, Hunsucker said, "I was lucky. They started out and I thought they'd gone. But I got right here to this bay and saw 'em just going out the door. I didn't see their car—only heard it . . . Yes, thought it sounded like either a Dodge or Plymouth."

It was only about 15 minutes after that second hold-up that Officers Branscome and East stopped a late-model Dodge convertible—and met sudden death.

With the slaying of the two policemen, other law enforcement authorities in a wide area were immediately alerted. Every officer in the region was determined to get the vicious cop-slayers. But they had only the vaguest kind of description to go on. All they knew was that they were probably looking for a Dodge convertible with at least three men—armed—and perhaps the car was being driven with one headlight missing.

Some 30 miles away from the murder scene, in a fashionable section of Winston-Salem, Officer A. C. Brandon was cruising alone. It was about midnight when he noticed a car driving very slowly along Knollwood Road. The car,

(Continued on page 53)



Apprehended in suspect car were two pairs of brothers: Charles and James Monroe, handcuffed (l. rear); and Lexie and Perry Sanders, behind Dep. John Taylor (r.)

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WHISPERS went through the cells at the Shelby County Jail in Memphis, Tennessee, during the early days of June, 1969, that there was a "real stud"—a guy who knew his way around and who could engineer a bustout for those who wanted to go for broke—being held as a federal prisoner. The word was that he would not be around too long but that he could get the job done if those who wanted to break out with him would string along.

Many times such rumors prove false, but this time they were true. There was a man in the jail who could mastermind the escape.

His name was William Moore Pegram.

He had reportedly vowed to take an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation with him before he died and boasted that he had never given up without a struggle when cornered by lawmen.

And those who saw the big rawboned man of 53 who stood six-foot-two and weighed 200 pounds taking a shower had no reason to question his reputation.

There were the marks of old bullet wounds on his stomach, arms and legs. His broken nose was twisted to one side because it had failed to set properly after a fight, and the gray was starting to creep into his hair.

Pegram was awaiting transfer in connection with a Mis-

issippi bank robbery. Sergeant Elvis Anderton of the Shelby County sheriff's office said Pegram was well known by Memphis authorities, and described him as a "tough egg who has been in shootouts before and won't hesitate to fight it out again."

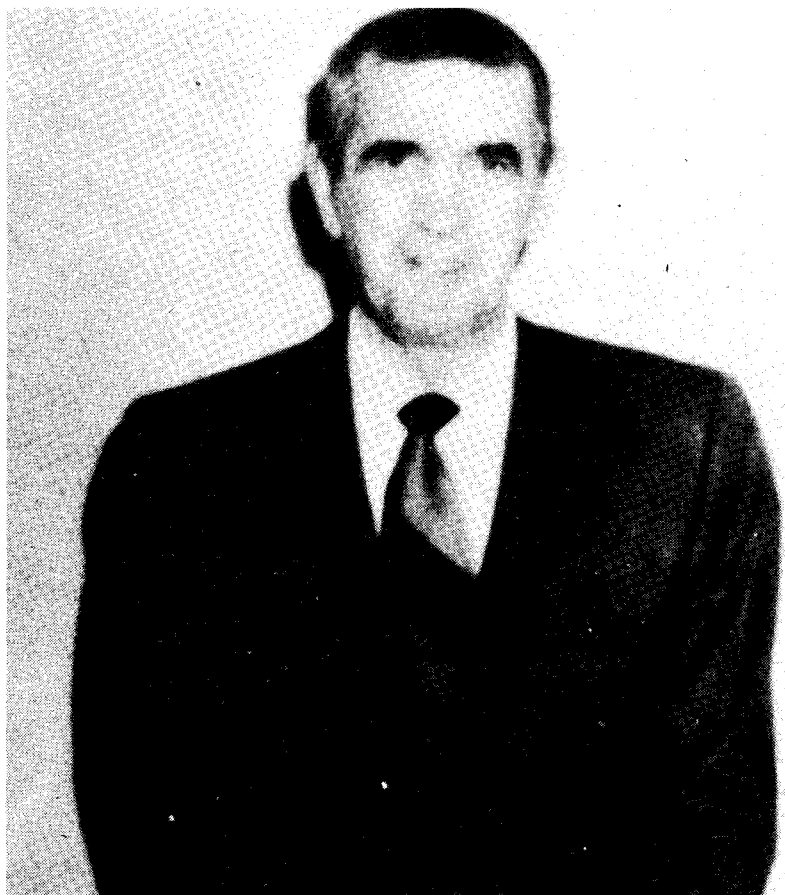
The only other prisoner in the jail whom Pegram knew was Thomas Farrow Prescott, another lawbreaker being held for Federal authorities. Prescott also was known to specialize in bank jobs.

Taking Prescott into his confidence, Pegram carefully made plans for the break. Hacksaw blades were smuggled into the jail and, one by one, Pegram lined up nine of the state prisoners he felt would be of the most value to him during the crucial early hours of the planned escape. Pegram was known to authorities as a loner, who had little traffic with the men who worked with him on the crimes he perpetrated.

The man who started his lawless career as a whiskey runner down south and who hadn't seen the inside of a schoolroom since he quit the fifth grade, was known to like expensive clothes and to favor the best motels and hotels when he was spending his loot between crimes.

Law enforcement officers said he usually planned the job and provided the necessary equipment. They said he then contacted those whom he needed by telephoning

The gun-happy Midwest badman had busted out of prison after prison. He hated G-Men with a consuming passion, and as a multi-state dragnet closed in on him, he vowed he wouldn't be taken alive and



William Pegram had a reputation as a loner who never stuck with his accomplices, once they had served his purposes . . .

**“I’LL
TAKE
AN
FBI
AGENT
WITH
ME!”**

by **BILL BILLOTTE**

them, parting company with them as soon as possible after the successful flight from the crime scene.

The state prisoners in the jail took explicit orders from Pegram, not realizing that once they were on the outside they would be strictly on their own. Unknown to them, Pegram had arranged for a fast car to be parked near the jail in which he could take off, along with Prescott. Pegram also was counting on the other prisoners, without transportation, creating enough confusion to draw attention from himself and Prescott, who could be of future use to him.

In making his plans, Pegram noted that repairs were being made on the floor of the jail that contained the cells. Carefully he watched as the men worked, hoping that they might make a mistake he could turn to his own advantage.

And then, on the night of June 28th, a Saturday, Pegram was given some information that made him step up his plans. A workman had left an acetylene torch in a telephone booth on the cell floor. Pegram made a quick decision—the break had to be made in the next 12 hours.

Somehow, in the next few hours, Pegram got possession of the torch; apparently, with his expert knowledge of one of his favorite bank burglary tools, he put it to good use.

When Shelby County enforcement officials learned in the early morning hours that the break had been made, 11 of the prisoners had made good their escape, touching off one of the biggest manhunts in recent years. Before 24 hours had passed eight of the state prisoners were back in custody.

But Pegram and Prescott and one of the state cons had vanished. They had cut through steel bars and doors. Further investigation revealed that Pegram and possibly Prescott and the state prisoner had escaped in a 1960 two-tone

Chevrolet which had been parked near the jail by an "unknown white male."

The angered authorities issued a bulletin on Pegram. It read, in part:

"Pegram is a well known oldtime criminal figure who has criminal associates in many sections of the United States. Pegram is an accomplished safe burglar and he and others have made statements to the effect that he was going to lead a safe burglary group 'once I make an escape.'

"Prescott is a convicted bank robber and may work with Pegram. Subjects and their associates should be considered to be armed and extremely dangerous. Pegram has fired at arresting officers on two occasions in the past and has stated he will not be taken alive."

A study of just a few of Pegram's brushes with the law justified the report.

Taking into consideration just the past 10 years, Robert G. Jensen, special agent in charge of the Memphis, FBI office, noted that Pegram had been paroled from the Federal penitentiary in Atlanta, Georgia on July 29, 1966, where he had been serving a sentence for a 1958 bank burglary at Shannon City, Iowa. Since that time he had been in almost constant conflict with the law.

Local Memphis authorities said Pegram had been a "notorious hoodlum" in that area for years and that when he got too hot to operate there he would make an occasional foray into the Midwest.

On November 7, 1967, Pegram again came to the attention of the federal authorities. This time he, and the group he had gathered to assist him, hit the First National Bank at Hickory Flat, Mississippi, which had appeared to Pegram to be a soft touch.

The substantial sum of money Pegram thought he could get was there, but the bank officials had apparently been doing their homework, studying the recommendations of the FBI on how to take precautions when the number of local officers are limited.

Long after the residents of Hickory Flat had gone to sleep, Pegram and three others moved in, neatly cutting through the lock on the front door of the bank. Pegram, using his high-priced equipment, soon cut a two-by-two foot hole in the vault door and then went to work on the safe within the vault.

Unknown to the burglars, the bank was equipped with microphone equipment which transferred sound from the vault to the home of one of the bank officials after hours.

Hearing the sound of the automatic cutting tools, the official notified local authorities, who swiftly moved in on the bank. Somehow the burglars became alarmed before the officers closed in, however, and fled.

The investigating officers knew immediately they were dealing with professional bank burglars when they carefully studied the crime scene.

The burglars had bored a one-inch hole in the safe before they were spooked off. A green hose had been attached to a water faucet in the wash room and snaked into the vault to cool off the cutting tools and the surface of the vault.

Several safety deposit boxes had been looted and the investigators sloshed around in ankle-deep water in the vault as they carefully tried to preserve evidence. The FBI, because the bank was federally insured, had been notified immediately.

J. W. Warren, a crack investigator from the Mississippi Highway Patrol, arrived at the scene early and made a professional estimate of the evidence. He found an oxygen tank, cutting tools, two three-pound sledge hammers, and two wrecking bars.

Warren found charred currency which apparently had been burned as the burglars cut their way in to the safe. But he also found, intact, \$45,000 which would have been gone if the microphone equipment had not alerted the bank official and prompt action by the local law enforcement officers had not frightened the burglars off.

The investigators found reason to believe the burglars had fled on foot.

Outside, 25 yards to the east of the front door of the bank in the parking lot of an automobile company, was a red Chevrolet truck with Tennessee license plates. Near



Trooper Neihart narrowly escaped death when a bullet from suspect's gun disabled the officer's pistol as they grappled

the truck was a canvas bag of coins with the name of the First National Bank of Hickory Flat on it.

At 10 a. m. that morning the hastily organized manhunt captured Pegram, scratched and weary, in a wooded area several miles from Hickory Flat. Another of the suspected burglars was nabbed at a roadblock at the wheel of a car registered to a relative of Pegram's.

On March 8, 1968, Pegram pleaded not guilty in the United States District Court in Oxford, Mississippi, but on May 8th, he changed his plea to guilty.

Judge William C. Keady on May 24th sentenced Pegram to 14 years on the bank burglary charge and two years for transporting firearms across state lines. Judge Keady ruled the sentences were to run consecutively.

Pegram still was facing charges of having burglarized a postoffice in Tennessee and July found him in the Madison County Jail in Jackson.

Found guilty, the rangy, tough-talking criminal spent little time worrying about any additional sentence he might receive. He had his mind on other matters.

And on July 9th Pegram and two other cons broke out. While in custody, Pegram had made no secret about how he felt—he openly boasted that if he ever made it to the outside again he would never be taken alive and that "when I get it, I'll take an FBI agent with me!"

He was now high on the list of criminals sought by the FBI and every clue as to his whereabouts was run down—the crackpot tips, the word of informers and every bank job that bore his now well known modus operandi.

But for two months, Pegram seemed to have fled his usual haunts.

Then, on September 22nd, FBI agents in Mena, Arkansas, got a tip that Pegram was holed up in a motel on the outskirts of that city. Carefully, the agents closed in and cornered Pegram, gun in hand, in a passageway.

Agent in Charge Herbert E. Hoxie shouted for the crouching bank burglar to throw down his weapon and surrender. Pegram snarled an epithet and fired his pistol at the advancing agent.

Fully aware that Pegram had boasted he would not be taken alive and that he intended to take "an agent with me," Hoxie returned his fire. The FBI man's bullet found

its mark. Pegram slipped sideways from the impact of the slug and fell, cursing and vainly trying to get off another shot at Hoxie.

Shot in the lower abdomen, Pegram was taken to a hospital and was later returned to Jackson, Tennessee.

Thus far, he had not made good on his threat to kill an agent, but neither was he dead himself. And this was the way matters stood when Pegram led the 10 others in the escape from the Shelby County Jail in Memphis during the early morning hours of June 29, 1969.

Again the word went out on Pegram. Agents of the FBI and law enforcement officers of a dozen Southern cities combined their efforts in an all-out attempt to nab the man who, they were confident, would eventually make good his boast to kill someone.

The days and weeks passed without a single solid tip as to where the bank burglar might be holed up.

Then, remembering that Pegram sometimes made forays into the Middle West when conditions became too hot in his usual operating area, the search spread to Iowa, Missouri and Nebraska. But the summer passed without results. And then, as fall came on, his pursuers found reason to believe that Pegram and some of his associates were operating in Iowa.

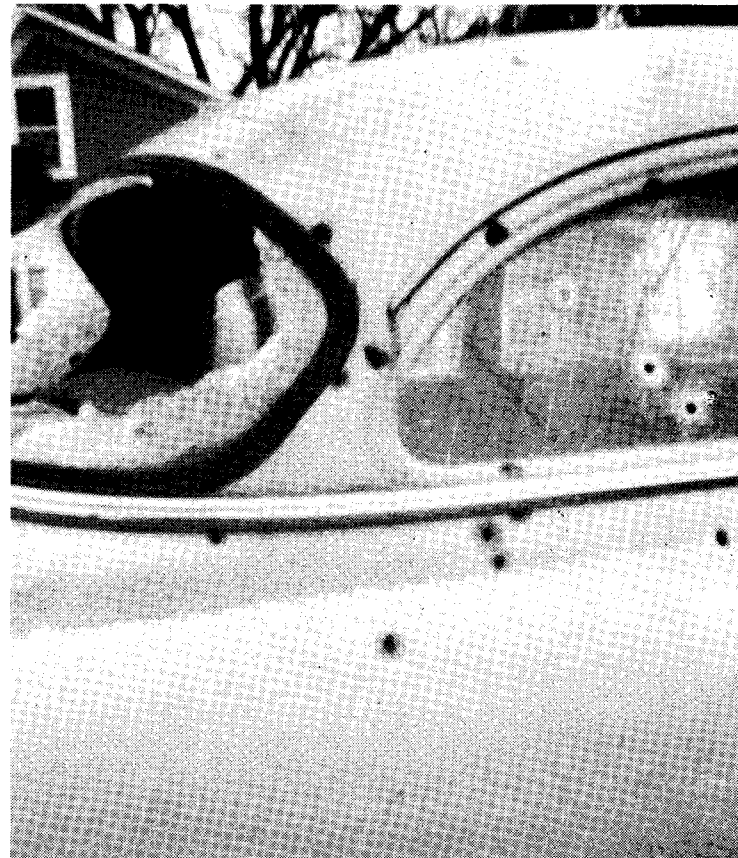
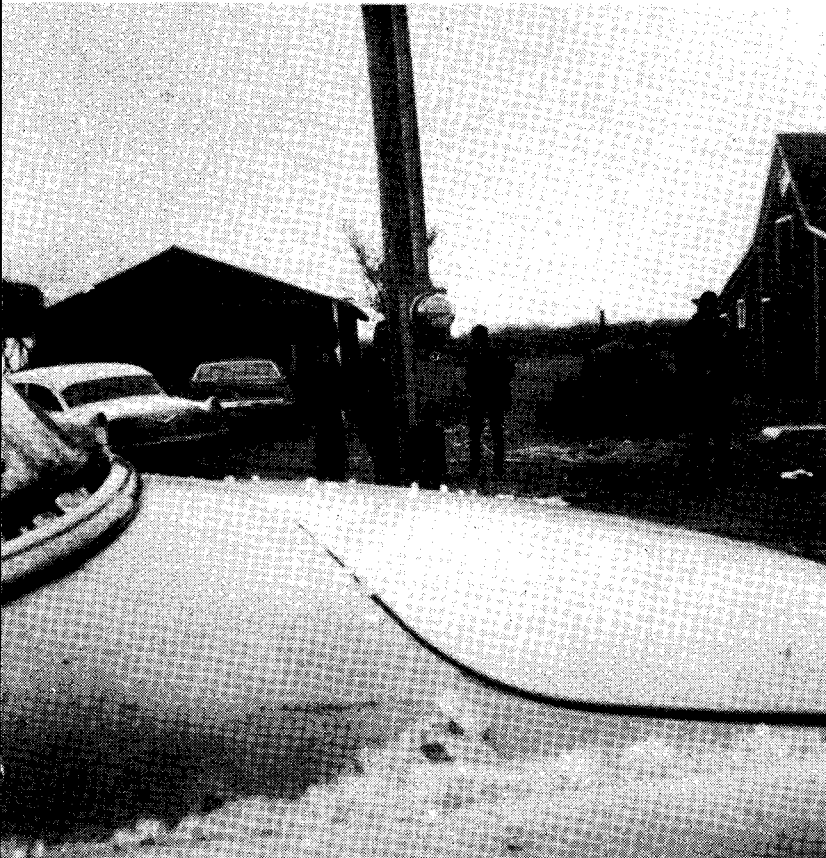
A bulletin was circulated to all members of the Iowa Bankers Association by one of its officials. It urged all members to be on the alert for five men who might be ready to case their institutions in preparation for burglary.

The FBI warned in the bulletin that "one or more of these individuals might contact personnel at a bank on the pretext of being interested in buying land in the area and, while doing so, look the bank over with the intent of returning to burglarize it."

Cars known to have been used in the past by the suspects were listed and the bulletin ended with the warning:

"No action should be taken regarding the above which would jeopardize the life and safety of any individual" but accredited enforcement agencies should be advised swiftly of any pertinent information regarding the suspects.

At the top of that list was William Moore Pegram, with his description. The next name on the list was that of



William M. Clubb, who was fast becoming as eagerly sought as his more notoriously known associate.

Clubb, the bulletin noted, at 42 was more than 10 years younger than Pegram—and bigger. His height was listed to be between six-foot two and six-four, with his weight varying between 220 and 240 pounds. It said his hair was brown, his eyes blue, and that he was a fugitive from justice.

Clubb was wanted for the interstate transportation of stolen property and records showed he had also jumped a bond of \$25,000 posted on a murder charge. Authorities pointed out that Clubb was known to have associated with Pegram in the past and they feared the two desperate law breakers again might have joined forces.

All law enforcement officers were quietly informed that it was believed Pegram was driving a souped-up 1969 Oldsmobile, green with a dark brown top, with the Iowa license 78-39726.

The license number with the prefix number of "78" had a special significance to lawmen in southwest Iowa and eastern Nebraska because it meant the plates were issued in Iowa's Pottawattamie County; the county buildings in Council Bluffs are just across the Missouri River from Omaha on the Nebraska side.

But October passed with no trace of Pegram or any of the crew believed to have joined him.

The FBI agents working out of the Federal Building at Fifteenth and Dodge Streets, which is bureau headquarters for Iowa and Nebraska, were particularly interested.

But on the Indian summer Sunday afternoon of November 2nd, Agent John B. McFee Jr. was contemplating a restful afternoon at the home of a fellow agent, James K. Hall, as he drove his car along a street in southwest Omaha. With him were his wife, and their three young sons.

Through long habit as an agent, McFee scanned the surrounding area as he toiled his car along while he made small talk with his wife and children.

Suddenly, his hands tightened on the wheel of the car as he noticed an Oldsmobile with Iowa plates in a parking lot by a store. The color was dark brown over green, but there was no one behind the wheel.

And then he saw the man in the public telephone booth

at Eighty-fourth and K Streets, a short distance from the parked car.

"I'm going to have to pull into that filling station on the other side of the street and phone the Bureau," McFee said to his wife, trying to keep his tone casual. "We have been looking for that car in the lot and the guy in the phone booth may be our man."

Careful not to show undue haste, McFee pulled into the drive of the filling station and went to a telephone. In turn, he called FBI headquarters, the police station, and Agent Hall at his home.

"I think I have Pegram spotted in a public phone booth," he said to Hall. "The police have cruisers on the way."

"I'll join you as quick as I can get there," his fellow agent said.

A short time later, McFee noted three cruisers quietly sliding to a stop to block the three entrances to the lot, while two more came into the drive of the filling station just as Hall arrived in his car. Instructing his wife to take the children to Agent Hall's home, McFee got into one of the cruisers and Hall joined the police officers in the other.

"Watch it!" McFee said tensely to the officers with him. "He's making a break."

The man who had been using the public telephone suddenly sprinted from the booth, leaped into his car, and started the powerful engine, which immediately roared into action. Ignoring the blocked entrances of the lot, the fleeing man rocketed across the grass divider, over a curb into the street and sped north on Eighty-fourth Street.

Almost immediately the pursuing officers realized they might be facing an unequal contest as the Oldsmobile quickly picked up speed.

At Eighty-fourth and F Streets, with three cruisers in pursuit, the fleeing suspect encountered two more police cruisers wheeling into position for a roadblock.

The Oldsmobile careened around one of them as a policeman fired into the front right fender with a shotgun. He was certain the blast had found its mark, but the fugitive car continued on its way.

Other prowl cars, speeding in from the east and north, took up the chase with sirens screaming in a fruitless effort to overtake the car, which was weaving in and out of the Sunday afternoon traffic leaving terrified drivers in its wake.

The last sight the pursuers had of the fleeing car was when it turned east on Interstate 80.

Within minutes, more than 50 law enforcement officers had joined the search, with deputies from the Douglas County Sheriff's office and Nebraska State Patrolmen moving in to help the police and FBI agents.

Roadblocks were thrown up at other strategic points in the area, but the fast-moving Oldsmobile seemed to have vanished into thin air. After their last glimpse of it weaving through the traffic, the pursuers had lost it completely.

Those who had been in on the initial stages of the chase knew they were dealing with a desperate man and, as the others moved in, car radios crackled with instructions to take no chances with the suspect believed to be William Moore Pegram.

Officers not at the roadblocks cautiously moved along side streets, theorizing that the suspect, who had probably been the subject of many similar pursuits, would probably pull into the first secluded place he could find.

The next hour yielded no results.

At the Harold Osbahr farm about four miles southeast of Springfield, a small town a short distance southwest



Holed up in perfect cover formed by two cars near garage (far left, opp. page), heavily armed desperado fired barrage at Tr. Neihart, who took cover behind Cadillac, which was badly riddled. In fugitive's souped-up Oldsmobile (above) his captors found additional weapons and ammunition

of Omaha, the farm owner and his guests, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Likes and their children, visiting from South Sioux City, Nebraska, about 90 miles to the north, had just finished dinner. Likes is the brother-in-law of Osbahr.

Their friendly conversation was interrupted by a knock on the front door. Answering, Osbahr found a tall, raw-boned man standing there. He said that he had run out of gasoline and wondered if Osbahr had any on hand, as many farmers do to operate their equipment.

Osbahr told the stranger that he was sorry, but he didn't have any. The man then asked the farmer if he would take him into the nearest town so he could buy some.

In a typical hospitable gesture, common among the men and women who live on farms where one neighbor often depends on another for help when the occasion demands, Osbahr agreed, telling the stranger he had two empty five gallon cans on the place and that he would be glad to drive him to Springfield and back.

As the farmer and the stranger approached a filling station, Osbahr noticed the roadblock set up on Highway 50 which led into the small town's main street. The farmer wanted to drive over and find out why it was there.

"Never mind," the stranger said quietly. "Let's just drive into the filling station, and get back to your place, I want to get on my way."

Osbahr didn't object. He drove in and they had the two five-gallon cans filled. The stranger paid the bill but the farmer was beginning to wonder.

You just don't walk up to a man's front door, ask him to help you get gas and then tell him where he can stop and who he can talk to on the way.

When they arrived back at the farm, the stranger set one of the five-gallon cans on the trunk of the sparkling new Oldsmobile after he had taken out a small hose and started to siphon the gas into the tank of the car.

Still appearing to be friendly, the man quietly told Osbahr that he could "handle it from there on out" and that the farmer ought to go back into his house and rejoin his guests.

Osbahr did as he was advised, but he was virtually convinced by now he was no longer just doing a favor for a stranger who had run out of gas on a country road.

Telling his brother-in-law, Likes, and the others in the house there might be trouble, that he suspected the man putting gasoline in his car out in the yard might be wanted by the police, Osbahr telephoned his brother, Ralph, who lives just two houses from where the roadblock had been set up.

Osbahr's brother wasn't in the house, but he told his wife to tell her husband to go to the roadblock and ask if they were looking for a green Oldsmobile with an Iowa license.

"Tell them," he said, "it's out here."

Ralph Osbahr went to the roadblock after his wife delivered his brother's message. At the roadblock was Nebraska State Trooper Harold G. Neihart, with five years experience on the patrol.

Ralph relayed the message his brother had sent to him through his wife and started to direct the trooper to the farm.

"How about going along and showing me the fastest way—it could get rough."

Ralph agreed. He climbed into the patrol car and in a short time Trooper Neihart was cautiously tooling his way of the quarter mile dirt lane, shielded by shrubs, to be Osbahr farm house.

About 30 yards before they reached the house, Neihart and Ralph Osbahr got out of the patrol car and saw the suspect, through the shrubs, siphoning the gasoline into his car.

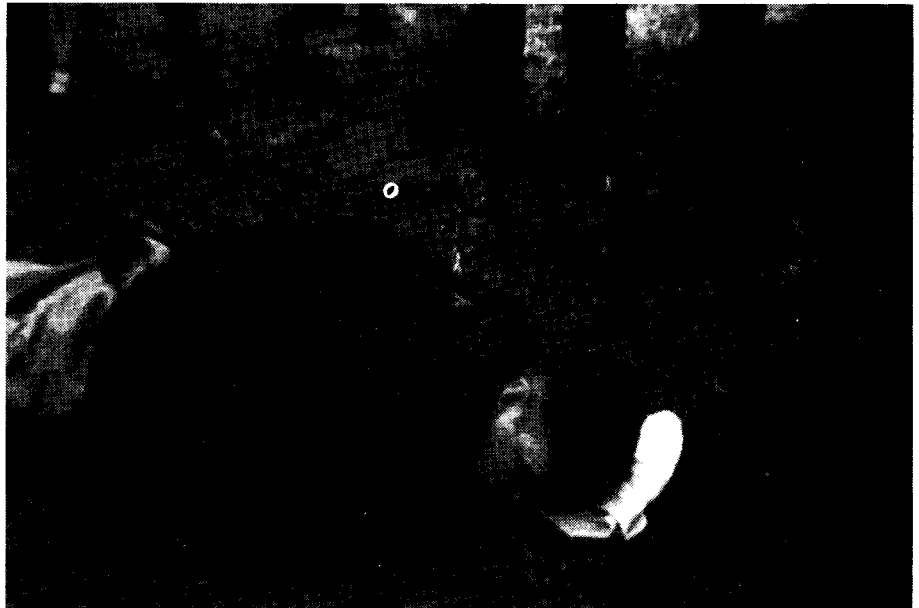
Taking the riot gun from its sling in the cruiser, Trooper Neihart walked toward the man siphoning gas into his car and told him to "put your hands behind your head." The man complied and the trooper asked him if he was the owner of the Oldsmobile.

"No," the tall man said. "He's over there in the garage."

For a split second, the trooper glanced toward the garage. That was all the suspect needed. He charged Neihart and clutched at his hip in an effort to rip the trooper's service pistol from its holster.

As they wrestled, the suspect tore off the leather strap that secured Neihart's pistol in the holster, but when the trooper turned his body away he could not get the gun. Suddenly the suspect reached inside his own jacket. His hand came out with a .38 caliber pistol of his own and he fired it as he and the law officer struggled.

The slug from the pistol hit the revolving chamber of Neihart's handgun, jamming it, and a moment later the two men fell to the ground. The trooper's pistol fell from the



Despite gunshot wound in his back, courageous trooper never stopped shooting and finally brought down Pegram (above), who was hit in head and both legs . . .

holster as he and the suspect rolled away from each other, seeking vantage points behind cars from which to shoot it out.

Neihart ducked behind Harold Osbahr's 1954 Cadillac, which was parked some distance from the suspect's Oldsmobile. Another car and that of the suspect were parked in a manner that formed a V-shaped natural fortress from behind which the cursing suspect could shoot.

When Ralph Osbahr heard the sound of the shot from the suspect's gun as the men grappled and saw Neihart fall he assumed the trooper was wounded.

He jumped into the trooper's patrol car and started to broadcast over the radio for help—relaying what had happened at his brother's farm since his arrival and issuing directions on how the farm could be reached.

Still firing his pistol at Neihart, the suspect managed to open the trunk of his car and pull out two .30 caliber M-1 carbines and a shotgun as the trooper, who was unhurt, fired at him with his riot gun.

Knowing that he could not count on his pistol in the fight, Neihart was grateful for the Patrol practice of sealing several riot gun shells to the stock of each gun. He knew as the suspect slammed shot after shot into the old car that was protecting him that he had to make every shell of his own count. Each man had to expose himself momentarily when he attempted to get off an effective blast.

As the sound of the shootout shattered the calm of the Sunday afternoon, Harold Osbahr, in the house, herded the women and children into the back bedrooms and instructed them to get down on the floor.

His brother-in-law, Likes, went into the bathroom where he could observe the fight going on outside through a window.

The trooper could see his pistol on the ground as he and the suspect fought it out. In the middle of the exchange as he raised up from the protection of the old Cadillac, the trooper felt a searing sensation in the lower part of his back and knew he had been hit.

In the distance he could hear the sound of the sirens as prowl cars answering the call of Osbahr that a fight was in progress at the farm moved in. But the trooper knew they



William Clubb, known associate of Pegram, is still at large. FBI warns he should be considered dangerous

might not get there in time.

Likes raised his head to look out the bathroom window and the suspect snapped off a shot at him. A moment later, someone from the house shouted that Likes had been hit.

And then, as Neihart carefully nursed his last couple of riot gun shells, he got another clear view of the suspect and fired. Ralph Osbahr in the cruiser, which the suspect had fired at when he realized there was a man in there using the radio, saw the suspect go down.

"You got him!" he yelled at Neihart. The trooper, with blood streaming from the wound in his back, came out from behind the old shot-shattered Cadillac. With his riot gun leveled at the man laying face down on the ground, he walked over, pulled his arms behind him and put the handcuffs on his prisoner.

Ralph ran down to the road and signaled to the other law enforcement officers to "come on in."

"They got there at the time it was all over," he said later. "But I told them one thing. I said that trooper up

there deserves a medal." He added admiringly.

Later, in the hospital in Omaha, Trooper Neihart disagreed with Ralph Osbahr.

"Here's a man who shared the danger with me, and who had no obligation to do anything, telling how good I was," Neihart said. "He's the one who deserves the praise along with his brother who called him. They got involved and so did I, but that's my job—I had no other way to go."

The wounded suspect, immediately identified as Pegram, also was taken to a hospital, along with Likes, who had suffered a head wound. Both men were described as being in critical condition.

Ralph Osbahr told the officers that he knew he had been fired at three times as he leaned forward in the patrol car to use the radio from his position in the back seat.

"Every time I leaned forward, the guy would fire at me," Ralph said. "He had to stand up to do that and I figured that every time he did it gave my friend, the trooper, a chance to hit him."

Asked if he had any reaction to his part in the shootout, Ralph, a truck driver who went back to work the next day, said:

"I wasn't shaking or anything. Stuff like that doesn't seem to bother me. I figure if it happens, it happens, and you do the best you can."

The wound suffered by Neihart proved to be a superficial one and after treatment he was permitted to go home to his wife and children.

Shot in both legs and the head, Pegram, under heavy guard, went into surgery.

When he came out and an attending physician asked how he felt, the gunman glared at him and muttered an obscenity. They were the last words he spoke. From then on he indicated with gestures that he had lost the power of speech as the result of his head wound.

Noting Pegram's escape record, Sarpy County Attorney Dixon Adams ordered that the prisoner be taken to the Nebraska State Penitentiary in Lincoln as soon as he could be moved from the hospital.

Adams charged Pegram with shooting with intent to kill, wound or maim, and possession of burglary tools.

Authorities found that Pegram had \$2800 in cash on him when he was shot down. In the trunk of the new car they found the finest and most complete set of burglary tools seen in the area in recent years.

The car was also equipped with special shock absorbers so that the heavy weight of the tools would not create a sag that might attract the attention of a sharp-eyed policeman. Inspecting the powerful engine, the officers shook their heads.

"He could have run away from us any time he wanted to step on the gas," said one policeman who had pursued Pegram when he fled the parking lot. "Come to think of it, that's just what he did do."

The fact that he had also been carrying two .30 caliber M-1 rifles, a shotgun and the .38 pistol also was graphic evidence that Pegram intended to carry out his boast to shoot it out with any lawmen who tried to take him into custody.

Authorities were not convinced that Pegram had lost the power of speech as he stared at them sullenly and refused to reply to any questions after being advised of his constitutional rights.

John Greenholtz, deputy warden at the Nebraska Penitentiary, shrugged when asked his opinion.

"We have him in a locked room at the penitentiary hospital," he said. "He is up and around, and hasn't written a letter or asked to see anybody. When doctors talk to him, he nods or refuses to answer. There are guards out in the hall. All we want to do is be sure he is available when they come to take him to court."

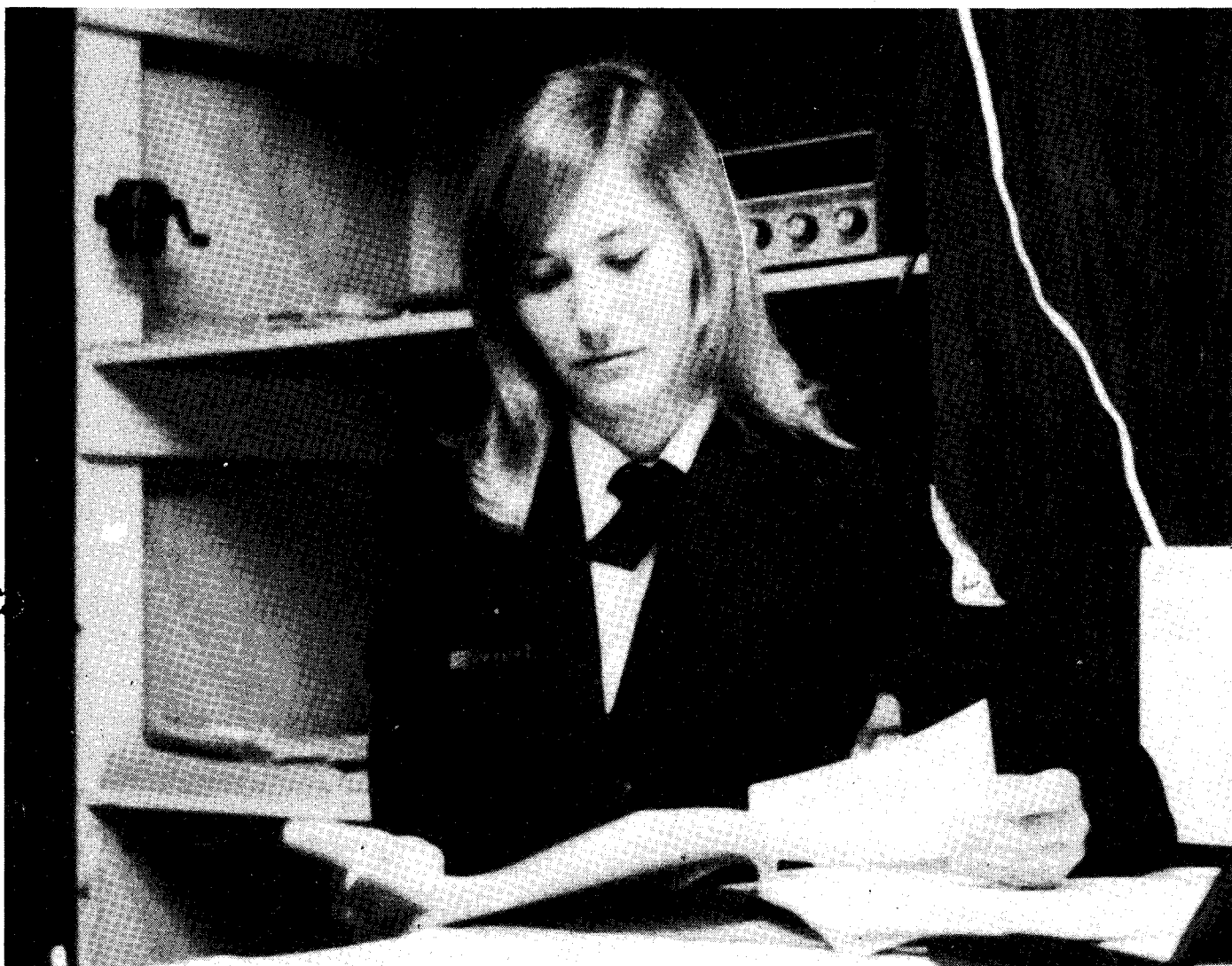
An unusual aspect of the case came up when Oliver Likes, who had been shot by Pegram in the farmhouse, sued Pegram for \$500,000 in Federal District Court in Omaha after he had been dismissed from Methodist Hospital in "satisfactory condition." Likes claimed his health had been permanently damaged as the result of his head wound.

(Continued on page 73)

Cool and daring, he chose only beautiful girls for his victims and he'd vanish like a will o' the wisp once he had sated his lust. No one had the vaguest clue to his identity, till a shrewd detective spotted a pattern and set out

TEMPTING BAIT FOR GEORGIA'S APOLOGETIC RAPIST

by HOWARD E. NELSON



Lovely Carolyn Hanson, who normally works in the police records division, had special qualifications for a dangerous assignment

THE WOMAN groped for the doorknob at the entrance to her Northeast Atlanta apartment, hampered by the load of damp wash which filled her arms. Alone for the evening she had used the idle hours to take care of several minor chores before her two daughters returned home from their Sunday night dates. The washing had taken a little longer than she'd expected, and with the time now past 10 o'clock on the evening of April 6, 1969, she was anxious to get her stockings hung in the bathroom so that they would dry in time for her work the next day as a manicurist.

Shoving the door open with her knee, she went on through the living room without bothering to set down the load of clothes so that she could flip on the light switch. The woman, a 46-year-old widow, deposited the basket on the floor of the bathroom and turned on the light there.

Without warning, she was suddenly seized from behind in a steely grip. A rough hand was clamped over her mouth.

The frail woman, more surprised than frightened, thought for a moment that one of her children had sneaked in and was playing a trick. She struggled slightly, but the grip failed to loosen; instead, it cruelly tightened.

In a sudden wave of fear, the widow struggled frantically, trying to break free. Thrashing wildly, she thrust her arm through the bathroom window. Glass tinkled to the floor, smeared with crimson, and blood pulsed from her wrist.

"If you scream," a gruff voice grated, "I'll kill you!"

Abruptly, the warning penetrated the fog of fear enveloping the victim and she ceased her desperate struggles. Without another word, her captor wheeled her around and began shoving her into the apartment's south bedroom. In the comparative calm after she had ceased fighting, the woman got a good look at her assailant. He was fairly young, she noted with a curiously detached part of her mind, with dishwater-blond hair, and he was wearing a dirty tee shirt.

Leaving behind a trail of gore from her bleeding wrist, the widow was marched into the bedroom, where the same gruff voice told her to lie face down on the bed. As she

complied, she felt her hands seized from behind. They were bound, and her head was pulled back to permit a nylon stocking to be tied tightly around her eyes as a blindfold.

Apparently satisfied with his precautions, the assailant turned his helpless victim over, ripped open her blouse, cut off her brassiere, and quickly began stripping off her other garments. Ignoring her frantic pleas and warnings that her children would be home shortly, he tore off her panties and, with brutal directness, raped her. His passion sated, he rose heavily from the bed and walked across the room.

"I'm sorry," she heard him say in the same gruff voice. "I know I shouldn't have done this to you. I know it's wrong."

The irony of the apology was too much. The victim broke into hysterical weeping. One thought stayed uppermost in her mind—to get her attacker out of the apartment.

"Just go, will you?" she pleaded. "My daughter and her boy friend will be here any minute. And slam the door when you leave so I'll know you're gone."

Surprisingly, the man complied. Seconds later, the widow heard the rear door of the apartment slam shut.

For DeKalb County Detective John N. Fenley, the call to investigate a rape in the Rocksprings Road area stirred immediate misgivings. He well remembered the difficulties the department had had with a rapist who haunted that part of Atlanta some time back. Although Atlanta itself was in Fulton County, some of it spilled over into adjacent DeKalb County, the state's second most populous county. Thus, the hit-and-run rapist had been the DeKalb County Police Department's problem—until he had been caught, which, considering the high caliber of law enforcement the department maintains, had been almost inevitable.

Detective Fenley briefly interviewed the still-shaken victim, getting all the pertinent facts. He then made arrangements for her to provide a written report on the assault later, and sent her to a hospital for treatment of the ugly gash on her wrist. Then the detective turned to questioning other residents of the apartment house, hoping to find someone who might have seen or heard something suspicious.

He hit paydirt on the very first call, at an apartment occupied by a bachelor.

After explaining briefly the purpose of his questions, Fenley was startled to hear the man exclaim, "Oh, no! Not again!"

Only a week earlier, the apartment dweller said, he'd heard that a similar attack had been made on another woman in the same apartment complex, although not in the same building. Fenley hastened over to the resident manager's office, verified the report, and checked in with the records department to determine if a report on the incident had been submitted. As he suspected, the victim had not reported the attack.

To the veteran detective, this was not unusual. Many times, innocent victims of sexual assaults, rather than undergo the humiliation of a possible public trial later in which their own virtue is frequently challenged without justification, prefer simply to live with their bitter memory rather than subject themselves to such embarrassment.

Detective Fenley called on the victims of the earlier rape. He was determined to elicit from her any details which might assist him in the current investigation, but he was equally resolved to spare her any further mental anguish than she had already endured.

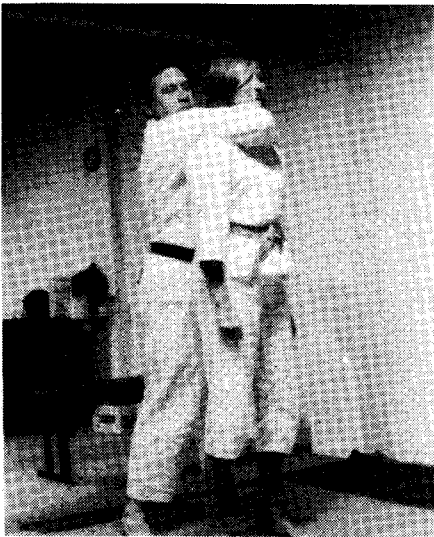
A plain woman, obviously in her late 40s, answered the doorbell. Fenley identified himself, noted the surprise which flickered across her countenance, and said: "I guess you know what I'm here about."

After a moment's hesitation, she replied, "Yes, I guess I do."

Although reluctant to discuss the episode which she had been trying to forget, the victim told Detective Fenley briefly what had happened. The pattern, he noted grimly, had been remarkably similar to the latest rape



Det. Wagner laid audacious trap for the marauding rapist



It any proof was needed that Carolyn Hanson could cope with a male assailant, she produced it in gym workout with "Tiger"

Six days earlier, the woman had been attacked in her apartment by a young man with dishwater-blond hair. He had threatened to tie her up, but the woman had talked him out of it. After his brutish deed, the youth had apologized and begged her forgiveness. The two assaults bore a chilling similarity; so similar were they, in fact, that Detective Fenley was virtually certain they had been perpetrated by the same man.

In both cases, the attack had occurred at about 10 p.m. In each case, the victim had been surprised in her own apartment by a man who apparently knew she was alone at the time, indicating that the rapist had had the apartment under surveillance to learn his victim's habits. And in both cases, the attacker was a young man with dishwater-blond hair, wearing a sport or tee shirt.

Beyond telling her story to the detective, however, the first victim was adamant: She wanted nothing further to do with the rape investigation, and certainly wanted no part of a public trial if one developed. Fenley thanked the woman and left, burdened with the knowledge that there was a rapist on the loose who had struck twice and might strike again.

His fears were to prove eminently correct.

For the next two days, the detective canvassed the apartments in the complex, trying to turn up other victims of what his colleagues had begun to call "The Apologetic Rapist." Fenley also suspected that the attacker might live in the sprawling residential neighborhood, since he had twice perpetrated his vicious deeds there. Neither line of inquiry, however, bore fruit: None of the apartment residents could recall ever seeing a man of the assailant's description in the area, and apparently only two women in the complex had been assaulted.

Meanwhile, the first victim of the rapist, unable to face the curious and speculative glances of her neighbors, had moved out of the apartment complex. The investigation now seemed stymied by a lack of clues.

There it stood for almost a month until the night of May 1st, when Detectives R. L. "Bud" Glosson and H. T. "Tiger" Wagner received a call to investigate a rape. The address struck a memory chord in both lawmen. It was an apartment project in the 1400 block of Rocksprings Circle—the same apartments in which The Apologetic Rapist had struck twice already. They hurried to the scene, where they learned that the bold and audacious rapist had picked not only the same apartment project for the third time, he had—for the second time—returned to the same apartment . . . the very one which had been

vacated by his first victim after her harrowing experience. The latest victim had moved into the same rooms six days before.

The 26-year-old brown-haired, hazel-eyed woman was certainly attractive, with her 115-pound figure trimly distributed over a five-foot, three-inch frame. She was, the two detectives learned, a recent divorcee and the mother of two children, a boy, six years old, and a girl, two. Both had been home when the attack occurred.

A waitress in one of Atlanta's most exclusive hotels, she had left work that day around 6:30 p.m., picked up her children at the day nursery, and gone home to prepare dinner for them. After dinner she had cleaned up the two-bedroom apartment, put the children to bed about 9 p.m., and sat down to watch television.

Almost an hour had passed when she heard a noise from the rear of the apartment. She listened more closely, and the noise came again. Thinking one of the children had gotten up, she arose to check and walked back toward the bedrooms.

Without warning she almost bumped into a man standing in the hall. Instinctively she screamed, but the scream was cut short by a hand slapped roughly over her mouth.

"I'll kill you and both of those kids if you scream again!" a gruff voice warned her.

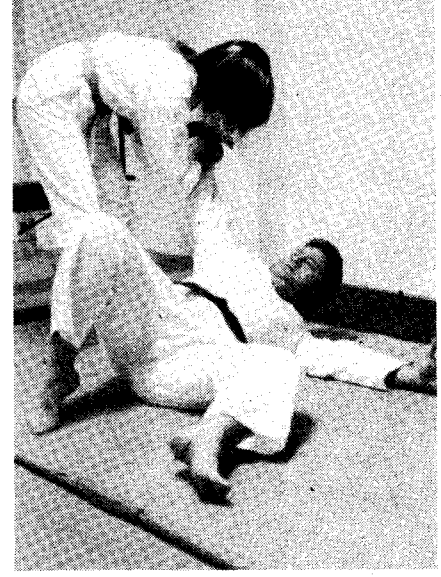
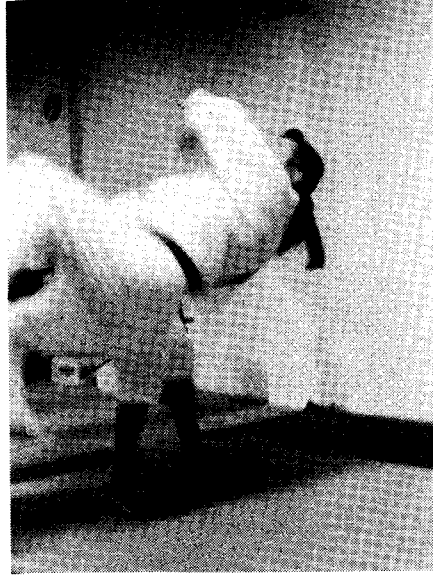
The frightened woman stared up into a face grotesquely contorted by a woman's stocking pulled tight over it. Her attacker's breath wheezed oddly through the mesh. Frightened even more by the apparition which confronted her, she jerked free and tried to run.

Quickly the man stuck out his leg, tripped the fleeing woman, and fell on top of her. With superior strength he rapidly subdued her, forced her right arm behind her back and, twisting it cruelly, forced her to her feet and into the bedroom. There he ordered her to take off her blouse, repeating his warning that if she screamed again the children would be harmed.

Trembling, the waitress complied, unbuttoning her blouse, slipping out of her slacks, and stepping out of her scant briefs. Whirling her around, the man unsnapped her bra, shoved her onto the bed, and ravished her.

"I probably can't do as good as your husband," he wheezed through the stocking, adding a salacious comment.

His first passions appeased, the rapist then forced his terrified victim, concerned for the safety of her children, to perform acts of perversion. Finally, the nightmare was ended. The man released his shaking victim.



Wagner, her karate-jiujitsu teacher . . . Wagner's off-duty specialty is teaching women the "gentle" art of self defense . . .

"Put on your panties," he ordered. He swaggered into the sleeping children's room, pulled the stocking from his face, and then came back. Surprisingly, contrition seemed to grip him.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled. "I've been living with my aunt, and I haven't been with a woman for a long time. If you won't call the police I won't do it again."

The benumbed woman promised not to call the police and even gave her assailant her telephone number when he requested it. Although virtually in a state of shock, she had the presence of mind to juggle the digits of the number, however. The rapist mumbled another apology and left.

It was several minutes before his victim could rouse herself. She sat dejectedly on the side of the bed, straightening her rumpled clothing, then arose and with listless stride went out of her apartment and walked across the hall to ask the man living there to call the police.

To Detectives Wagner and Glosson, the attack on the latest victim bore all the earmarks of an assault by The Apologetic Rapist. He had snared his unsuspecting victim in her own apartment; he had struck right at 10 p.m.; he apparently knew something of his victim from having kept her under surveillance; and he had apologized after the assault. Above all, he had picked the same apartment project—even one of the same apartments—where he had struck before.

Although each of the three victims had gotten a good look at the rapist and could give a clear description of him, investigators had yet to turn up any neighbor who had seen a man of that description loitering in the neighborhood. To make sure that they acted while memories were fresh, Glosson and Wagner began questioning residents in adjacent apartments as soon as they finished talking with the waitress.

Again the story was the same. None of the residents had seen or encountered a man who resembled The Apologetic Rapist. The only fresh item of information the sleuths uncovered was from the waitress, quoting the remark by her attacker that he lived with his aunt.

To the DeKalb Police Department, the repeated Rocksprings rapes posed a challenge. It was a challenge that Chief Dick Hand, a former Federal Bureau of Investigation agent, was determined to meet head-on—and come out the victor. So was "Tiger" Wagner.

Less than 24 hours after the third rape, Chief Hand held a skull session with his detectives. The object: An all-out drive to stop the forays of the repeat rapist. The

chief wanted his men's thinking on the best approach to the problem.

The suggestions ranged the gamut of police detection procedures: A comprehensive review of all known sexual offenders in the Atlanta area; soundings in the underworld element on anyone who might have been loose-tongued about eluding the police dragnet, and so on. Tiger Wagner sat through it all, his eyes as alert as the jungle monarch for which he was nicknamed. Finally he spoke up.

"Chief, all this is fine and I agree we ought to use those approaches. But I don't think that's going to catch this guy soon enough. It's going to take something else."

"What's that, Tiger?" Hand asked.

"Well, all of us know that it's a bunch of poppycock about the criminal always returning to the scene of the crime. For once, though, we've got some kind of a nut who really does return to the scene. Not only that, he comes back to commit the same crime again.

"So let's play his game: Let's put a stakeout in that apartment.

"Place a girl in that apartment and hide me in there with her. This guy already has come to that same apartment twice. He'll come back again—I'm willing to bet on it. In fact, I guarantee that we'll have our man within two weeks."

Chief Hand regarded the detective speculatively, ignoring the good-natured jibes of Wagner's fellow officers. The chief was well aware that if anyone on the force could pull off such an audacious plan, it would be Wagner.

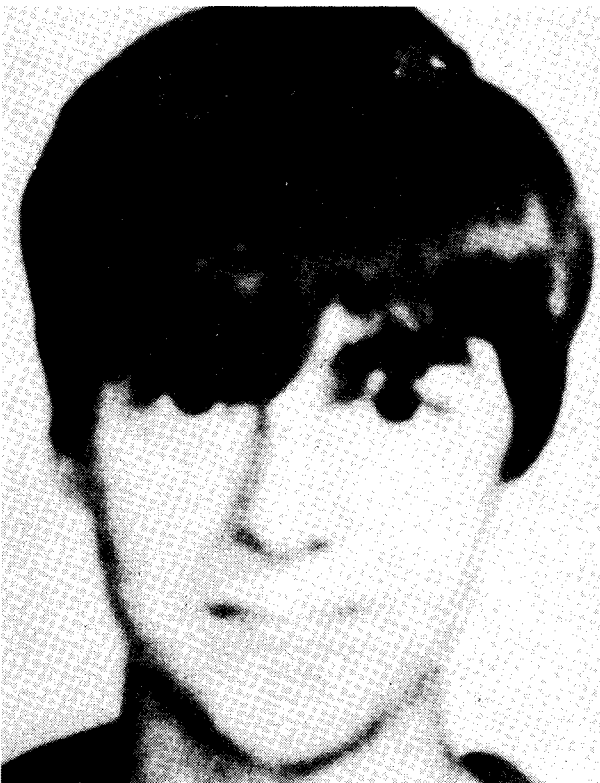
Wagner, 37, was a 12-year veteran of the DeKalb force and had been in the detective division since 1962. At five feet nine inches and 185 pounds, he sported a barely noticeable paunch. The paunch didn't fool Chief Hand: He had learned some time back it was hard as Georgia granite. Besides, the chief was acquainted with the detective's background. Wagner had caught a piece of shapnel while patrolling with his Marine reconnaissance unit in Korea. One way or the other, he had been in the center of action ever since.

As a Marine, he had had a great deal of hand-to-hand combat training. The theory and practice of close in-fighting had fascinated him. After his discharge from the First Marine Division, Wagner began seriously studying karate and jujitsu. He eventually won his black belt in karate, then went on to develop his own combination of the Oriental defensive maneuvers. With his expertise, it was only natural that Wagner one day would get around to

(Continued on page 78)



Youth flanked by Dep. Henke (l.) and Sheriff Nehls needed crutches for walking but he could still drive a car, they learned



THERE WAS a rustling sound throughout the courtroom as Dodge Court Circuit Judge Henry G. Gergens Jr., entered his court in Juneau, Wisconsin and the spectators stood up. The judge sat down behind the broad desk known to lawyers as The bench and the spectators resumed their seats.

The judge gavelled for order and told the clerk to proceed. The first case was called and a tall, slender, dark-haired young man approached the bench . . .

This was the culmination of a case that had been pending for almost seven months. It had started on the night of Wednesday, March 19, 1969, the night of the YAC dance in Watertown, a city of about 15,000 that is about 30 miles from two large metropolitan centers, Milwaukee with its near-million population and Madison, which is pushing the 300,000 mark.

YAC is the Youth Activity Center in the Watertown Municipal Building and it is designed especially for use by teenagers. It was established to combat juvenile delinquency and to keep young couples who are not delinquent close to home and under reasonable supervision.

Still fresh in the minds of concerned parents in Watertown are the cases of Sharon Malone and Cheryl Packard,

◀ Pretty Angelia Stevens loved to dance, but one dance she went to became her last when she took a ride that ended in death . . .

WISCONSIN'S CASE OF THE KILLER ON CRUTCHES

by W. T. BRANNON

When the slain body of a pretty teenager was found in a ditch, probers checked out and eliminated—one by one—all the young men she knew, including a youth with an injured leg. But then the lawmen wondered: What was a young fellow with his leg in a cast doing at a dance in the first place?

two petite, pretty young girls just out of their teens, whose nude, ravished bodies were found on the outskirts of New Berlin, a Milwaukee suburb which is only about 15 miles from Watertown.

Just what happened to Cheryl and Sharon still is not known, but the parents of Watertown wisely concluded that their own youngsters would be much safer and much better off if they could be prevented from sampling the dubious pleasures that beckoned from the two large cities, each only half an hour away by automobile.

The Youth Activities Center, commonly known as YAC by the kids, has been very popular with the high school set and for the most part, it has accomplished its purpose—it has kept the youngsters in their own back yard.

This didn't mean that the kids didn't get into trouble, but the trouble had been kept minor and to a minimum. The answer to the kids' plaint that they were practically prisoners even at night during the school week was the scheduling of the Wednesday night dances.

They began early and ended at 10 o'clock, early enough for the kids to have a good night's sleep and still be able to attend school the next day. Most of them went to drive-ins or drugstores afterwards, but this was expected and it didn't seem to detract from their school work.

But on that Wednesday night, March 19th, there had been trouble. The Watertown police first learned about it around midnight, when the dispatcher received a phone call from a young man, who said he was phoning from the home of Norman Rusch, about three miles northeast of Watertown.

He said that he was a resident of Oconomowoc and that he had been driving on Rusch Road with a young woman. Near the intersection of County Trunk Highway MM, he said, the couple had noticed something unusual in the ditch.

He said they got out and discovered that it was the body of a teenage girl. The caller said he was sure she was dead. He had hurried back to the Rusch home to use the telephone.

The Watertown dispatcher explained that the location was outside the jurisdiction of the city police, but he would send an officer anyway. He said he also would notify Sheriff Edwin Nehls at Juneau, the county seat, and would summon Dr. William Richards, who was a patholo-

gist and served as a medical examiner in Dodge County.

When Officer Schmidt arrived, he found several people at the scene. However, they were on the road shoulder and had not disturbed any possible evidence. It was clear that the girl in the ditch, whose head rested in a pool of dried blood, was dead.

"She must have been knocked off the road by a hit-and-run driver," somebody speculated.

Others agreed that this appeared to be what happened. But who was the girl?

Persons gathered at the scene said they didn't recognize her. As far as they knew she didn't live in the vicinity. In such rural areas, the residents are known to one another. Even if a teenage girl had been visiting at one of the farm homes, others who lived in that section would have heard about it.

Obviously she was a stranger to this particular area. If so, why had she been out walking on this road, especially at night?

Sheriff Nehls arrived from Juneau and was followed shortly afterward by Dr. Richards. At a glance the pathologist agreed that this had the appearance of a hit-and-run death. But even if it was, it still was a crime.

Realizing there would be a criminal investigation, Dr. Richards moved carefully to prevent spoiling any possible evidence as he went to the ditch and bent over the corpse for a preliminary examination.

After he had examined the head wounds, Dr. Richards said he thought the girl had been murdered. He said it appeared that she had been shot two or three times in the head. What looked like powder burns indicated that she had been shot at close range, possibly with the gun pressing against her head—or not more than an inch or so away.

"Was it a sex attack?" Sheriff Nehls asked.

Dr. Richards replied that he had found no evidence of a sex assault, but that he would be able to determine that more definitely after he had performed an autopsy. Also, he said the autopsy should confirm whether the girl had been shot at close range; it was possible, too, he said that one or more of the bullets could be recovered.

But because the shots appeared to have been fired at such close range, the pathologist said, the bullets might

(Continued on page 66)



Arrest of prominent businessman (r.) shown here in custody, was surprising climax to long probe. He was later charged with murder and attempted extortion...

THE CALL was received at police headquarters in Sarasota, Florida, late in the afternoon of Wednesday, July 9, 1969. A woman—Mrs. Mabel Holmes, the 72-year-old housekeeper—had been found dead in the home of Emmett Addy, 61. Mr. Addy made the call and he said the woman was sprawled on the floor in the kitchen and her head rested in a pool of blood.

The report was referred to Police Captain Charles Kessler because of the prominence of Emmett Addy, and the chief immediately dispatched Harry Bernius.

"Let me know if it was murder," said Captain Kessler.

Emmett Addy is chairman of two banks and maintains an office in the Sarasota Bank & Trust Company. He is a chairman of the Ringling Board of Trustees, which operates the Ringling estate—the one-time home of the head of the big circus—and the Ringling Museum, which displays the simplest adornments to the most flamboyant embellishments that went into the making of the circus, both institutions open to the public and viewed by most of the tourists who come to Florida.

In addition, Mr. Addy plays an active role in Sarasota civic and charitable affairs, giving freely of his time to dozens of such activities. These are the things that have made Mr. Addy prominent and well liked in Sarasota and led Captain Kessler to send one of his top detectives to see Mr. Addy, whose voice revealed that he was badly shaken.

Minutes later, Detective Bernius' car skidded to a stop in front of the spacious, one-story brick-front Addy home in the fashionable Cherokee Park section of Sarasota, a rapidly growing city of about 50,000, the home of numerous nationally known authors and artists and thus one of Florida's cultural centers.

Mr. Addy, visibly distressed, was waiting and led Detective Bernius into the kitchen. The body of the elderly housekeeper was sprawled on the kitchen floor not far from the refrigerator. Her head rested in a pool of blood and when the detective examined her he found what appeared to be a bruise on the top of her head.

Glancing about the room, Detective Bernius could find no indications of a struggle. "Do you know where she kept her purse?" he asked.

Mr. Addy said he did and showed the purse to the detective. Opening it gingerly to avoid spoiling possible fingerprints, Detective Bernius concluded that it had not been disturbed. There was no indication that anyone had rummaged in it and it contained money.

"Is that about the amount she normally carried?" the detective asked.

Mr. Addy replied he thought so.

Dr. Millard White, Sarasota County medical examiner, had been notified and now he arrived at the scene. After looking at the head wound and glancing about the room, he agreed it was possible that Mrs. Holmes had fainted or suffered a heart attack and had struck her head on something such as the edge of a table or the refrigerator as she collapsed.

Question for Florida homicide probers:

DID THE EXTORTIONER KILL TO PROVE HIS POINT?

by DWIGHT McGLINN

Examination of other rooms in the house showed that they were all neat and orderly, with no sign of any sort of struggle. All windows were locked from the inside. Mr. Addy said that when he had arrived home, all the doors were locked. Detective Bernius took a good look at them and found no evidence at all that any of them had been forced open.

It appeared that the elderly housekeeper's death had been an accident. An ambulance arrived and the body was taken to a mortuary, where Dr. White said he would perform an autopsy. He did later that night.

When his report was received early the next morning, the entire complexion of the case was changed. Dr. White reported that a small-caliber bullet, possibly a .32, had plunged into the woman's head and lodged in her brain. It had struck her head with such velocity that the slug had been slightly flattened. It was not immediately clear whether the bullet would be of any value as evidence; it would have to be examined by a ballistics technician.

Dr. White also reported that he estimated the time of death as some time between one and two p.m. on the day her body was found.

Police Chief Francis L. Scott assigned Captain Charles Kessler, Sergeant Richard Cobb, Detective Bernius and Foster Gunther to the investigation. Lieutenants Thurmond Ray and W. C. Wingate drove to the Addy home in a mobile crime lab.

However, after they had dusted likely spots in the kitchen and on the doors, the only prints found were those of the housekeeper and Mr. Addy. It was evident that Mrs. Holmes had been meticulous about keeping everything clean; apparently she had wiped everything clean just before she was attacked.

After he had recovered from the second shock—that of being informed that Mrs. Holmes had been murdered—Mr. Addy was asked about the housekeeper's background and habits. He said because of her age, 72, her activities naturally were restricted. He said that she came to work in the morning and usually went home about 2:30 p.m.

Mrs. Holmes was a native of Orlando, in central Florida, and had moved to Sarasota 15 years before. For about five years, she had been employed by other residents of the Cherokee Park section. But for nearly ten years, she had been housekeeper for Mr. and Mrs. Addy and the banker said they had grown very fond of her.

At the time, Mrs. Addy was visiting in Macon, Georgia. When Mr. Addy informed her by phone of the housekeeper's murder, he said she was "stunned and shocked."

Although it now appeared that the killer had been looking for something and that Mrs. Holmes had interfered with him, Mr. Addy was unable to say if anything was missing. Mrs. Addy would return soon and determine if anything had been stolen.

No other motive was apparent. The medical examiner said the elderly woman definitely had not been the victim of a sex attack.

In an effort to find out how the killer had entered the house and left it with no trace of forcible entry, a thorough examination was made of every door and window lock. None of them had been tampered with.

Canvassing the Cherokee Park section, the detective questioned neighbors of the Addys. Some of them said that Mabel Holmes had worked for them before she had taken a permanent job with the Addys. They all said that she had been well liked and they could think of nobody who would want to kill her.

As far as the detectives could determine, the last person to see Mrs. Holmes alive besides the killer was the mail carrier. He told the officers he had been acquainted with Mrs. Holmes and he had stopped to make a delivery at the Addy home about one p.m. the day before. He said that Mrs. Holmes had come to the front door and they had chatted for a few moments.

At that time, said the mail carrier, Mrs. Holmes seemed to be normal. If she had seen a prowler around the house, she gave no indication of it.

"Did she lock the front door after you left?" a detective inquired.

The postman replied that he was sure she did.

If the medical examiner's estimate was correct, it was within the next hour that the housekeeper was shot to death. It seemed almost certain that it happened before 2:30, because that was the time she habitually went home. With Mrs. Addy away, there would have been no reason for her to stay beyond her usual time.

Continuing their canvass, the detectives found another neighbor who had seen an unusual car in the rear of the Addy home. She said it was a four-door late model sedan, but she wasn't sure of the make. Nor had she noticed whether it bore a Florida license tag.

The only reason at all she had noticed the vehicle was the unusual drapes at the car's windows. She said they looked like Venetian blinds and that they covered very window except the windshield.

"Can you describe the driver?" a detective asked.

The woman said that she couldn't. She told the officer that she had only a brief glimpse through the windshield as the car passed. All she could say was that the driver was a man. After she had seen him through the windshield, she couldn't see the driver, or anything else inside the strange car, because of the Venetian blinds.

A car with Venetian blinds was so unusual that it could be spotted easily. An alert was broadcast to police departments along the Florida Suncoast from St. Petersburg and Tampa on the north to Fort Myers on the south.

Discussing the car's unusual adornments, Chief Scott and Captain Kessler agreed that the driver would know that the Venetian blinds would be noticed. If they really were blinds, he would have removed them as soon as possible. But Chief Scott and Captain Kessler speculated that the windows might have been covered with strips of tape or



Well-known banker Emmett Addy was the target of a bizarre extortion scheme

The case began as an apparently senseless killing, but then investigators had to decide whether the slayer had committed murder simply to prove he meant business in his demands for a \$200,000 payoff—or else!

something else to simulate Venetian blinds, either of which could have been removed more easily and more quickly. There seemed little doubt that the windows had been covered to prevent anyone from seeing what was in the car.

There was still another possibility. This was what might be called a calculated risk: The driver had put the blinds or coverings over the windows to attract attention, hoping the police would waste time looking for a car with blinds long after he had removed them and made his car look like any of thousands the police might look at.

While some of the detectives pressed on with their canvass, Lieutenant Ray made a painstaking examination of every window around the kitchen. All were securely fastened from the inside and each was intact, with no bullet hole in it. This meant the housekeeper was slain by someone in the kitchen at the time.

"If he used an automatic, there should be a shell casing around here," said Lieutenant Wingate.

Lieutenant Ray agreed. "It may be under the refrigerator," he said. "Give me a hand and we'll move it."

They did move it and the action paid off. Under the refrigerator they found a shell casing. Lieutenant Ray measured it and determined it was .25 caliber. He had the bullet removed from the slain woman's head and it matched, even though it had been slightly flattened when it struck her skull.

They tried again and they still could find no evidence of forcible entry. There was one rear door with a spring mechanism that locked automatically when the door was closed. The technicians decided that was the door by which the killer had left.

There were two ways by which he might have entered. He might have pressed a back door bell button and pushed his way in when Mrs. Holmes opened it to see who was there. Or she might have carried out refuse and left one of the doors slightly ajar by mistake when she came back.

The intruder apparently had pushed the door open with his arms or his body to avoid fingerprints. He could have pulled it shut when he left with the sides of his hands which would have left only smudges.

It seemed certain that the crime had been carefully planned and that the killer had taken every precaution to make sure he didn't leave any telltale evidence behind. The only item of physical evidence was the shell casing. He probably had not been able to reach it after it rolled under the refrigerator and had decided against trying to move the refrigerator.

After they had returned to headquarters with the bullet and the shell casing, Chief Scott told Lieutenants Wingate and Ray to fly to Tallahassee the next day and turn them over to the crime lab at the Florida Bureau of Law Enforcement.

Mrs. Addy returned home and made an inventory of articles of value in the house. Nothing was missing, so this ruled out robbery as the motive, unless the killer had been frightened off by the arrival of a delivery man or someone coming to visit.

But the canvass of all known friends of the Addys, and of all delivery men known to have been there at other times, indicated that none had been there that day. The neighbors knew that Mrs. Addy was out of town and so did the delivery men. Thus, nobody came to visit and the number of deliveries was reduced.

This made the motive all the more puzzling. The detectives now wondered if Mrs. Holmes had an enemy in her home neighborhood who had chosen the banker's house for the crime in an attempt to make it appear he was involved.

Acting on this surmise, the detectives went to Mrs. Holmes' residence. They searched it carefully for possible clues, but found none. They talked to her neighbors, who said they were certain that the elderly woman had made no enemies. She had been as well liked by her neighbors as by her employers.

On Friday, July 11th, about 11:45 a.m., shortly after Lieutenants Ray and Wingate had left for Tallahassee with the bullet and shell casing, a call came for Mr. Addy in his office at the Sarasota Bank & Trust Company. As soon as

the call had been completed, he notified police. When Captain Kessler and his detectives arrived, Mr. Addy gave this account:

The caller was a male and Mr. Addy said he didn't recognize the voice. He said it was an ordinary male voice with no accent that was noticeable. He told the detectives he believed the caller was a white man.

Mr. Addy said the caller told him to accumulate \$200,000 in cash and have it ready in 10 days. At the end of that time, he would receive instructions on how to pay the money. Mr. Addy said that both he and his wife were threatened with death if he went to the police or if he failed to obtain the money.

The most bizarre part of the message, however, came after the caller mentioned the murder of Mabel Holmes. He implied that he had killed Mrs. Holmes only to prove to the Addys that he meant business and that the same fate would be in store for them if they didn't come across.

After they had analyzed the call, Chief Scott and Captain Kessler agreed that the man who made the threat might not have had anything to do with the murder of Mabel Holmes, but that he had taken advantage of that seemingly motiveless crime to try to extort money from Mr. Addy.

On the other hand, there was a strong possibility that he was the killer and that he might kill again. The Addys could not afford to take chances and private agents from the Wackenhut Company were engaged. Throughout the day, one man guarded Mrs. Addy at home or wherever she went, while another was posted just outside Mr. Addy's office at the bank. At night, two men guarded the Addys at home.

Following the telephone call, detectives went back to Cherokee Park and questioned all the residents again. They learned that several persons had seen the car with Venetian blinds driving in the neighborhood, but only one had seen it in the vicinity of the Addy home. The detectives couldn't



Mobile lab technicians (below) sped to sprawling estate (above) of banker Addy when a report was received that family's elderly housekeeper was found dead in kitchen



find anyone who had seen anybody leave the strange automobile and go into the Addy house.

Nonetheless, the police intensified the search for the odd car. The best description they were able to get was that it was a blue-green, four-door late model sedan. In every instance, the witnesses had been so fascinated by the sight of the blinds that they hadn't thought to take the license number or to notice what kind of car it was.

Beyond this, the detectives learned little they didn't already know. They continued to question the neighbors, some of them several times, but nothing new emerged.

It was possible the man driving the unusual car was a salesman who had nothing to do with the murder, but could have seen something that would help in the investigation. The one neighbor who had seen him in the rear of the Addy home said it was about 1:30 p.m.

A public appeal was made for the driver to contact the police, but he was not heard from and the detectives were forced to conclude that he had been involved in the slaying.

Now it seemed that the extortionist had made elaborate plans to force the banker to pay him. These included the strange car and the murder of the housekeeper as proof that the extortionist was not afraid to kill if his instructions were not followed.

Although he is known as a man of great courage, Mr. Addy made no secret of the fact that he was disturbed by the threats. But he made no move to accumulate the \$200,000—a fact that the extortionist had no way of knowing.

Then on Tuesday, July 22nd, just 11 days after the first threatening phone call, Mr. Addy received another. He notified the police at once. He said the voice was male but that it didn't sound like the first voice, although the man claimed to have made the first call and to have murdered Mabel Holmes.

He said he had received the call in his office at the bank at 1:10 p.m. He was given definite instructions by the caller about delivering the \$200,000. He was to go to the corner of Osprey Avenue and Millview Street where there are two telephone booths. He was to enter one and turn to the last page of the directory, where he would find instructions as to what he was to do next.

Captain Kessler, casually dressed and driving a car with no official markings on it, drove to the intersection and parked near the telephone booths. His detectives, in other unmarked cars, were close enough to watch him.

Entering the booth, Captain Kessler closed the door and put the directory on the shelf. He began turning pages as if he were looking up a number. Between the last page and the back cover, he found a note which read:

"Your wife is to bring the money. She is to go alone in her car, she will not be harmed if both do as told. Take Rt. 41 to Tampa to Rt. 4, exit on Ashley and Tampa St. Go to phone booth in parking lot on Cass St. off Ashley. Last page of phone book further instructions. She has 1½

hrs. Both are being watched and if we doubt your actions we will kill. Bring this note.

Captain Kessler read the note without touching it. To avoid handling it and spoiling possible fingerprints, he tilted the telephone directory and let the note slide into a plastic cover.

Since there had been a time limit specified, Captain Kessler hurried to show the note to Chief Scott. After its contents had been copied, the note itself was turned over to Lieutenant Ray to be processed for fingerprints.

The Tampa police were contacted and Captain Jim Downum, chief of Tampa homicide detectives, agreed to meet them at the parking lot described in the note.

Then the two Sarasota officials drove in an unmarked car on U.S. Highway 41, commonly known as the Tamiami Trail, to Interstate Highway 4. They followed the directions and left Interstate 4 at the Ashley and Tampa Street turn-off. From there they drove to the parking lot on Cass Street just off Ashley.

Tampa Captain Jim Downum and Detective Sergeant Ralph Mills were waiting, but they were far enough away that only a policeman would know they were there. The Sarasota officials parked and Captain Kessler went to the phone booth.

As he had done in Sarasota, Captain Kessler closed the door, picked up the telephone directory and riffled through the pages. Between the last page and the back cover there was another note which read:

"Addy, go to phone booth on corner of Twiggs and Morgan. Last page you will find further instructions. If you are being aided by police we will observe and our demand changes from money to your life. Bring note."

The officers drove to Twiggs and Morgan Streets where another phone booth is located. Again, Captain Kessler looked in the telephone directory and found a note:

"Addy, you are to park on the 6th floor of Exchange Bank Building leave windows open, keys in ignition, and money in front seat. Take elevator down, go to last phone booth and wait there for instructions we don't have to remind you of our conditions. Bring note."

Captain Kessler again followed the directions, while the others watched. He parked on the sixth floor parking section of the Exchange Bank, took the elevator to the first floor and walked to the last phone booth, where he waited.

The entire trip had been made by two o'clock. The first phone booth had been reached within the one and a half hour limit set by the first note. The last of the series of notes, all of which had been preserved in plastic envelopes, hadn't specified how long the wait at the last phone booth was to be.

Captain Kessler and the other officers waited two hours and decided that the extortionist had been frightened away. He might have learned that the police were making the trip instead of Mrs. Addy.

All the additional notes were turned over to Lieutenant Ray, who began processing them for prints. He found some prints on all the notes, but not enough for a classification through which they could be identified.

The failure to find the writer of the notes convinced the detectives of one thing: The suspect was still in the Sarasota area. But how was he to be found?

Mr. Addy recalled an instance in Chicago where a case had been solved through information submitted anonymously to a priest. Two days after the notes had been run down, Mr. Addy announced that he was offering rewards for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person or person responsible for the murder and for the extortion threat.

He said that Father Thomas Fitzgerald of the Church of the Redeemer in Sarasota had agreed to receive any information that might be sent by mail.

His offer was based on the theory that somebody knows about every crime and that at least one who knows might be willing to give the information, provided he may remain anonymous and there is an attractive reward.

To make sure that his offer came to the attention of a large number of people in the area, Mr. Addy placed ads with television stations and in daily papers in Sarasota,

(Continued on page 64)

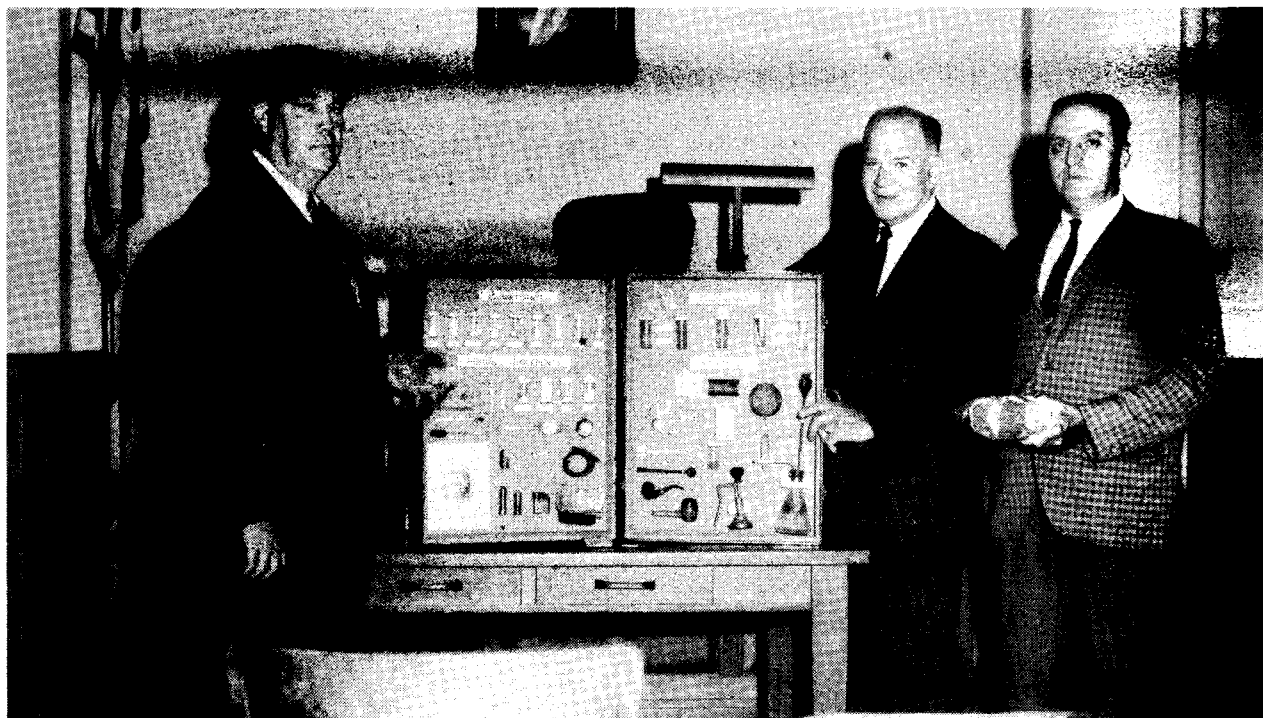


Reward ad tips were checked by (l. to r.) Sgt. Cobb, Det. Gunther, Capt. Charles Kessler and Det. Terry Bernius . . .

If one thing went wrong all hell could break loose, so the New York lawmen carefully worked to plug every loophole as they set up a daring undercover scheme to trap pushers preying on high school kids . . .

GUNS FOR GRASS

by HAL WHITE



Lt. Balls and Det. Frattarola (l. and r.) met secretly with tipster in playroom at home of Chief Charles McLaughlin (c.) to map strategy for the trap they were setting for men planning a large-scale drug sales drive among teenagers

AUTHORITIES in the posh Westchester County residential communities along the western shore of New York's Long Island Sound had known for months that marijuana was being distributed to teenagers in public and private schools attended by the sons and daughters of some of the nation's wealthiest and most influential families. Arrests had been made, but when it became evident that the pot peddlers themselves were the scions of these same wealthy families—out to make a quick buck to fatten already generous allowances from over-indulgent parents—the culprits were let off with a warning.

The distribution of marijuana, also known as grass, pot or weed, continued, becoming even more widespread until it was estimated that as many as a third of the kids of junior high school age or older were experimenting with the weed. There were rumors that some students were turning to LSD and other "mind-expanding" drugs.

The police were fully aware of the situation. The general public was kept informed by the local press, although names of those picked up for the sale and possession of marijuana were rarely published because of the age of most offenders. School officials as well as parents, alarmed

at the growing menace to the youth of the community, agreed that drastic measures were called for. But few of those same parents, according to local law enforcement officials, were willing to face up to the possibility that their own children were involved in the sale or use of illicit drugs.

None, insofar as it could be determined by Chief of Police Charles D. McLaughlin of Rye, New York, was willing to face up to the proven fact that where sale and use of marijuana had penetrated institutions of learning, "hard narcotics" were certain to follow.

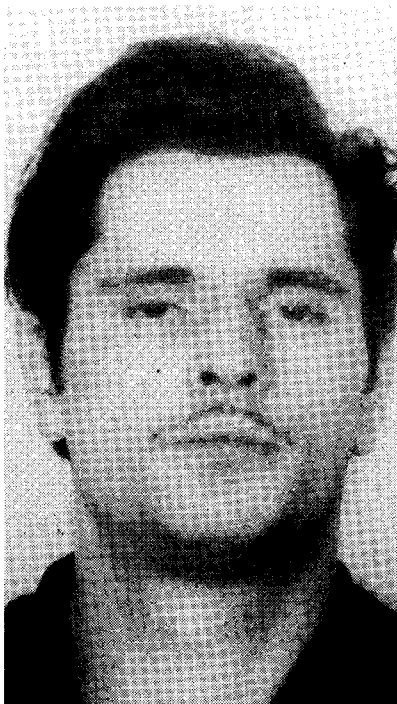
Thus, when McLaughlin learned that plans were afoot to flood the area with heroin soon after the opening of the mid-term in city schools throughout the fashionable suburban area north of New York City, he reacted with mixed emotions . . .

If an informant who contacted one of Chief McLaughlin's men early in February of 1968 was telling the truth, Rye's top lawman realized, he would be in a position to convince those doting parents of the gravity of a situation about which all were aware but none seemed willing to take positive action. More important, he would be able to stop, before it got fairly started, an influx of narcotics

into his own city as well as neighboring communities whose residents were unwilling or unable to recognize the menace confronting them.

A soft-spoken graduate of FBI courses in criminology with a reputation of being hard-nosed where professional criminals are concerned, Chief McLaughlin labored under no illusions as to the motive behind the offer of a would-be stool pigeon to cooperate with the authorities. Rye Detective John Frattarola, to whom the offer was made on the Sunday of February 4th, had explained:

"This guy has a record a mile long, and it's not likely that he's suddenly become a public-spirited citizen who is willing to turn in his underworld pals in order to protect the kids of this community from the ravages of narcotic addiction. And he didn't try to make any kind of deal with me.



Nicholas Parlante (l.) and Joseph Trocchio came up with a bold proposition, but when it came time for the payoff, they got more than they bargained for

"That means he must have fallen out with the members of the dope ring he's offered to expose—that he's probably trying to settle an underworld feud with our help."

Whatever the reason behind the would-be informant's offer, Chief McLaughlin replied, it was apparent that nothing would be lost by having Detective Frattarola accept the man's suggestion that they meet to discuss the matter at greater length. An hour later, at a secluded woodland area at the edge of town, a pasty-faced little character to whom the local officer had shown a kindness in the past was telling him:

"I got a call last night from a guy who said he and his gang wanted to start a county-wide drug distribution business. He said they wanted to push junk in Rye, Portchester and Mamaroneck. He said that the kids in these three towns were ripe for heroin—that they could supply whatever amounts the traffic called for. He said they could also supply marijuana, acid (LSD) and speed (methedrine)."

"And he wanted you to work with them?" inquired Detective Frattarola, studying the wizened features of the frail little man before him as he put the question.

"That's right. They know I got connections. The guy who called said he wanted me to line up pushers to distribute their merchandise at high schools and other places where teenagers gather."

Returning to his headquarters after the meeting with his informant, Detective Frattarola repeated the conversation to Chief McLaughlin and Detective Lieutenant James C. Balls. Already aware that most of the marijuana being peddled to school children throughout the region was being brought in by older youths from New York City, Chief McLaughlin inquired whether the plan called for the same juvenile pushers to distribute heroin and LSD.

"My informer didn't go into that," replied Frattarola. "But he said he'd agree to locate wholesale distributors in each of the three towns mentioned."

Although refusing to identify the man who had contacted him earlier in the day, Detective Frattarola's informant acknowledged that he was a resident of the Bronx borough of New York City. Another meeting with the man was scheduled for the following day, he added.

"Get in touch with your informer and arrange for him to be at my house at eight o'clock this evening," Chief McLaughlin instructed Frattarola. "Meanwhile, I'll arrange to supply him with three officers who can pose as prospective drug distributors."

Half an hour later, the Rye police chief arrived at the office of Sheriff Daniel F. McMahon in the country courthouse at White Plains. After bringing that official up to date on the action already taken, McLaughlin asked if the sheriff could supply plainclothesmen to pose as prospective drug peddlers.

Although short of personnel, the sheriff unhesitatingly agreed to supply the needed men. Along with his senior criminal investigator, Charles R. Jackson Jr., he assigned Investigators Morrison Wall, Frances Conklin and Bernard Gale to work with the Rye officers in rounding up the leaders of the suspected dope ring before the scheme to make hardened drug addicts of the country's youth could be put into effect.

At eight o'clock on that cold and windy night, the four sheriff's officers, Lieutenant Balls and Detective Frattarola arrived at Chief McLaughlin's home in a quiet residential section of Rye. Already there was the sallow-

faced little informant who had contacted the local detective earlier in the day.

Asked whether he could contact the Bronx wholesaler that night, Frattarola's informant replied:

"Yeah, they give me a couple of numbers to call."

Reaching into his overcoat pocket, he then produced a scrap of paper on which he had scrawled the numbers, 212-822-9615 and OW 3-5235.

"Did they tell you where these phones are located?" Investigator Jackson asked.

"Only that the first was in the Bronx and the second was a Westchester County number," answered the informant, revealing no more than the officers present already knew.

Handed the slip of paper bearing the two phone numbers, an investigator left the room after being directed to an upstairs phone in Chief McLaughlin's home. Back a few moments later, he revealed that the first number was listed to an oil company on East Tremont Avenue in the Bronx. The telephone there, he added, had been installed on July 22, 1966.

The Westchester County number, said the sheriff's investigator, was listed to one Nicholas Parlante Jr., at an

address on North Broadway in Dobbs Ferry, a Hudson River city of 10,000 population on the western side of the county. That phone, he added, had been installed on September 4, 1963.

Advised that the numbers had been traced through telephone company officials, McLaughlin's informant acknowledged that the man who had contacted him earlier in the day was Parlante, whom he described as the former manager of a service station once situated on the present site of the Rye City Hall. Since leaving Rye in early 1965, Parlante had been employed as a service station manager in the Bronx, he said.

When he told the police that Parlante had asked him to call back on Monday night, the informant was instructed to return to their meeting place in Chief McLaughlin's home at 7 p.m. the next day. Before that first meeting with the local authorities broke up, it was agreed that three of the sheriff's men would pose as the dope distributors he would recommend to the wholesalers. Meanwhile, the informant was told he must try to make at least one narcotics purchase from the suspects.

"That not only will convince them there's a ready market for their product up here, but will give us concrete evidence to be used against them in court once they've been rounded up," explained Chief McLaughlin.

Promptly at 7 p.m. the next evening, the same officers met again at the home of the Rye police chief. After making final arrangements for the baiting of the trap, Detective Frattarola left with his informant for a gas station on the Boston Post Road in neighboring Mamaroneck, from which the latter was to call the Bronx number over a public phone. Meanwhile, Frattarola's informant had been strip-searched in the presence of other officers, to make certain that he had no narcotics on his person at the time. The reason for this would become apparent before the night was out.

Arriving at the gas station only a few miles north of the Westchester-Bronx county line at 7:30, a call was put through to Nick Parlante at the oil company number on Tremont Avenue. After a brief conversation, the informant stepped from the booth and reported to the Rye detective:

"I told him I had some distributors lined up and suggested we get together immediately. He agreed to meet me at a tavern only a few blocks from here in half an hour, to make final arrangements. But he said to come alone. I also told him that I could use some stuff right away. He said he'd see what he could do."

In a written report prepared the next day, Detective Frattarola tells what followed:

"I told my informer that I wanted the buy to be made in Rye, outside a restaurant on Forest Avenue. I then drove him to a Boston Post Road tavern in Mamaroneck. I took up a position across the street from the place, where I could observe anyone entering or leaving the building.

"At about 8:20 p.m., I noticed a blue Cadillac pull into the parking lot behind the tavern. I saw two white men get out of the car and walk inside. After the men were inside, I walked across the street and got the registration plate number from the blue Cadillac. I then left the area and drove to Rye, where I parked my car in a lot behind the Forest Avenue restaurant. I walked across the street and concealed myself behind some bushes from which I could keep the restaurant under observation.

"At about 8:35 p.m., I noticed the same car come south on Forest Avenue. It stopped right in front of the

Garrity property, approximately fifteen feet from where I was hiding in the bushes. As the car came to a stop, I recognized my informer sitting in the front seat between the driver and another man. The man on the passenger's side of the car reached under the dashboard and handed the driver of the car a package. The driver in turn handed the package to my informer, after looking at it briefly. My informer was then let out of the car. As the car pulled into the driveway to turn around, I again checked the registration plate number. It was the same—5U 7681 NY.

"After the car left the area, I approached my informer and he handed me the package he had received. I then drove him to a prearranged place, where we were met by Lieutenant Balls and Chief McLaughlin. Lieutenant Balls and I strip-searched my informer again. He was clean.

"I subsequently checked out the license number on the blue Cadillac and determined that the vehicle was registered to one Joseph Trocchio, of Neill Avenue in the Bronx, New York. Checking with New York police, I learned that Trocchio was an unemployed plasterer, with no police record."

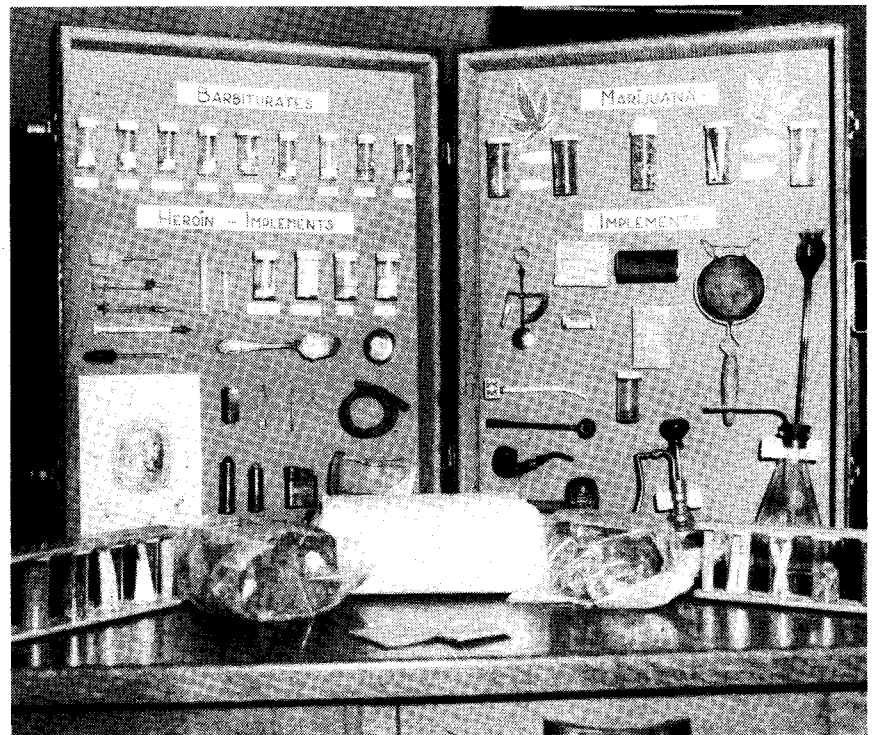
After examining the package turned over to them and discovering that it contained five small envelopes of marijuana, the Rye officers were told by their informant that he had promised to pay \$25 for the purchase.

"They told me that if I wanted more, I was to call Nick (Parlante) tomorrow before 11 a.m.," volunteered the tipster.

Asked whether the two men had made further inquiries about the distributors he was to procure for them, the informant replied that they apparently did not want to deal directly with the trio immediately. Instead, the informant himself was to act as middle man pending completion of arrangements at some unspecified later date.

"Did you tell them you wanted immediate delivery of marijuana in larger quantities, as well as hard drugs including opium derivatives and LSD?" asked Senior Investigator Jackson after rejoining the local officers at their rendezvous in the basement of Chief McLaughlin's home.

(Continued on page 74)



Closeup of demonstration kit made by Chief McLaughlin from confiscated narcotics. He uses display as a visual aid in his lectures to parents and teenagers of Westchester County in his crusade against drug evils

CASE OF THE MAGICIAN WHO MADE KIDS DISAPPEAR

by JOHN DUNNING

They say only a hairline separates genius from insanity, but French police weren't concerned with that. What worried them more was the possibility that four youngsters might have been killed as victims in bizarre human sacrifices!



Maurice Gerard told police thieves had stolen 2 "talking statues and kidnaped my two youngest children" as hostages to force him to reveal the secret of the statues

IT WAS a dark and stormy night in the flat, featureless country to the east of Nancy, the prosaic industrial center in northeastern France. A cold, driving rain lashed the muddy road, dappling the headlights of the big, wine-colored Mercedes with splashes of clay-stained water. In the winding, narrow track leading from the village of Vic-sur-Seille to the headquarters of the district gendarmerie, roiling, miasmic banks of mingled fog and clammy steam reduced all vision to the pale yellow cones of the headlight beams.

With a low, tortured moan of badly adjusted brakes, the Mercedes came to a stop before the white-washed front of the rough, stucco building. Three doors of the car opened and three dark figures muffled to the ears in great coats emerged and moved silently to the great, wooden door, glistening with moisture. In response to the heavy measured knocks, the door gave back a cavernous, hollow sound, but there was no reply from within. It was five in the morning on the Monday of November 25, 1968 and the gendarmes of Vic-sur-Seille were all sound asleep.

The knocking continued. Presently, there was the sound of boot heels on the flag-stoned passage, the screech of bolts being withdrawn and the rasp of rusty hinges as the door swung open to reveal Brigadier-Chief Lucien Comte. He had obviously just got out of bed and was still fumbling with the buttons of his tunic as he squinted at the visitors in the feeble light of the electric bulb by the corridor.

The tallest of the three figures spoke. "I wish to report a theft," he said. "An object of inestimable value has been stolen."

The voice was deep, rich and calm with an almost hypnotic quality. Without hesitation, the chief threw open the door and the three figures filed silently through. Comte led the way into the charge room, rubbing the sleep from the corners of his eyes. He was a slender, compactly built man in his early forties with prominent nose and slightly hollow cheeks, features often seen in residents of the district.

Seating himself behind his desk and motioning his visitors to the chairs in front of it, he lit a cigarette, took a long, deep drag and said, "Proceed."

The three visitors had loosened their outer clothing and it now became apparent that one was a woman, an attractive, well-built woman with long, flowing dark hair. The second, the driver of the Mercedes, was a young, serious looking man with a sensitive, vulnerable face. The third was the spokesman, a gaunt, towering man with an enormous, hooked nose, sunken cheeks and long thinning black hair combed straight back from the forehead to a wet, stringy mane at the back. The most outstanding feature of this man however, were the eyes, deep-set, penetrating and as black and dangerous as the bodies of two black widow spiders. Looking into those eyes, the chief recoiled slightly and unconsciously behind his desk.

"My name is Maurice Gerard," said the tall man. "I live in Marsal."

A switch clicked suddenly on in the Chief's brain. "Maurice Gerard. The Magician of Marsal!" He had never seen him before, but he knew very well who Maurice Gerard was. Everyone in the area around Nancy did.

"The incident took place at three o'clock this morning," continued the magician. "I was suddenly awakened by the sound of a piercing scream which seemed to come from in front of the house. Filled with a dark foreboding, I flung myself out of bed and quickly put on a sweater and a pair of velvet trousers. Hurrying down the stairs, I opened the door to the street.

"In that moment, there was another shrill cry and a sound like the grating of iron against iron. Dimly, amidst the rolling billows of the fog, I seemed to see a darker mass in motion and I cried out, 'Halt! What are you doing there?'

"A voice replied out of the darkness, speaking in accents reminiscent of the underworld of Montmartre. 'Mind your own business! We are taking care of it!'

"Immediately afterwards, there came the sound of a gunshot and a bullet whistled past my ear. I ran down the steps and there were four more shots. Calling loudly for help, I charged into the darkness, but there was no response other than the howl of a motor as a car accelerated rapidly down the street.

"Convinced that something terrible had taken place, I ran back into the house and down the stairs to the sanctuary. With horror, I discovered that two of my magic statues had been stolen!"

"Were they valuable?" the Chief asked.

"I have been offered forty million dollars for one of them," replied the magician gravely. "I refused. However, they are of value only to myself or another adept. Only I can cause them to speak."

"Then, they must have been stolen by another adept," said the chief.

"They were not stolen by an adept or by any person possessing the knowledge of their strange powers," Gerard said with conviction.

"Why do you say that?" said the Chief. "I thought you said that they would be valueless to anyone else."

"I say that," the magician said, "because the robbers also took something else. They have kidnaped my two youngest children. With them as hostages, they plan to force me to reveal the secret of the statues."

"Two of your children are gone?" exclaimed the chief, sitting up suddenly in his chair and reaching for the alarm button. "Why didn't you say so?"

"I have just said so," replied the magician with dignity. "My two youngest sons—Gabriel is six and Pascal is three—have been kidnaped."

The chief's thumb descended on the alarm button. Within the barracks of the gendarmerie, a bell began to ring and sleepy gendarmes struggled out of their beds and into their uniforms. Chief Comte pulled on his white raincoat. "Lead the way, Mr. Gerard," he said. "We will follow in the police van."

The distance between the gendarmerie at Vic-sur-Seille and the ancient village of Marsal was not great, but because of the fog and rain, the cars could only proceed at a snail's pace. Although the chief had never before met the Magician of Marsal, he was well acquainted with the village. For in Marsal, which had no more than 350 inhabitants, the crumbling farm houses showed evidence of a historic past.

Originally fortified by the great general, Vauban, in the seventeenth century and hotly contested during the Thirty Years War, the village had long since lapsed into obscurity, although many of the old ruins remained. The house in which the Magician of Marsal now lived had once been a military hospital under Louis XIV, over three hundred years earlier.

It was a massive, three-storied ruin, the stucco coating peeling from the cracked and crumbling walls, which contrasted sharply with newer houses that had been built in the vicinity. Beneath it, as in many of the older buildings, were deep cellars penetrating far down into the earth and branching off into labyrinthine cor-



Unharmd by magic, four remaining Gerard children are Alix, 8, Evelyn, 7 Marie-Claire, 10, and Natalie, 1, carried by priestess mother Josiane, 36

ridors, in some cases walled off and forgotten these hundred years.

If the building itself had a sinister look, the occupation by a practicing sorcerer had certainly not rendered it less forbidding. Following Gerard through the thick, wooden front door, the chief found himself confronted with an enormous and very realistic painting of the Hindu goddess of death, Kali, a naked female figure with eight arms poised on top of a human skull, stretching from floor to ceiling. The ceiling itself was decorated with mysterious designs and cabalistic figures and the doors leading to the rooms were marked with weird signs to ward off the powers of evil, as the magician explained to him.

"The statues were stolen from the temple," said Gerard, opening a door and leading the way down a steep flight of stone stairs. In the dim light of red-shaded lamps, the chief could make out various pieces of incomprehensible equipment, tables, what seemed to be an altar and fantastically patterned tapestries hanging from the massive, three-hundred-year-old foundation walls. On a shelf along one wall stood a collection of grotesquely sculpted figures, some fifteen inches high. Some of these statues were of spiritual-looking beings, but others were of terrifying monsters.

"The work of my disciple, Mr. Michel Dib," said the magician, indicating the sensitive-looking young man who had driven the Mercedes and who had followed them into the cellar. "He is also the creator of the magical, talking statues that were stolen."

"We'll come back to the statues a bit later," said the chief. "What I'm interested in right now is the children. Where were they sleeping?"

Gerard led the way back upstairs to a room next to the front door on the first floor. "Here," he said, holding open the door.

Chief Comte stepped into the large, square room. The shutters of the two windows overlooking the street were closed and bolted from the inside. In the far corner of the room were two children's beds, empty and with the covers thrown back. A strange arrangement of electrical wires had been led from a wall socket to the beds.

"What are the wires for?" asked the chief.

"The children have been rather sickly," said Gerard. "The wires provide an electrical field of healing forces around them while they sleep."

"Hmmm, yes," said the chief. "Yes, of course. The question that occurs to me is how did the kidnapers enter the room. Was the front door open?"

"No," said Gerard. "It was always bolted at night and it was still bolted when I was aroused this morning."

"And there is no other door?" Chief Comte asked.

"None," said the magician gravely and then, apparently coming to the conclusion that further explanation was required, added, "There are those to whom doors and walls are no obstacle."

"They can test their abilities on the doors and walls of the prison in Nancy when we catch them," Chief Comte said. "Kidnaping, for whatever reason, is a major felony."

A young man in a duffel coat with dark receding hair came into the room. "We've checked the whole building," he reported, "and there is no sign of a forcible entry. There are no tire marks in front of the house other than those from the Mercedes and the police van, but the rain would have washed them away in a short time in any case."

"Very good," said the Chief. He turned to the magician. "This is my assistant, sergeant Jean Massue."

The rain outside had stopped by now and the first light of dawn was beginning to filter through the fog as a greenish glow, making the village look as if it were buried at the bottom of some long-forgotten sea. The chief hunched his shoulders uncomfortably inside the rain coat. The thick, stone walls seemed to hold more of the raw, wet cold inside the building than there was outside.

"Wait until it is light," he said to the sergeant, "and then you can send out a search party. It is unlikely that the children are anywhere in this area if they were taken away in a car, but we must leave nothing undone. While the search party is out, I would like you to interview the persons living in the neighboring houses and see if they have noticed anything unusual during the night. I shall remain here in the house and talk with the occupants."

The occupants, it turned out, consisted of Maurice Gerard, his wife, Josiane, the woman who had accompanied him to the station, Michel Dib, the sculptor disciple and a second disciple named Michel Vaugrante, a young man with a Hitler type moustache, and the Gerard children. In addition to the missing Gabriel and Pascal, there were Marie-Claire (10), Alix (8), Evelyne (7) and Natalie (1).

The chief talked with all of them at length, but, with the exception of Gerard himself, no one had heard anything or been awakened during the night. By the time the chief had concluded his questioning and examined the house again, it was nearly ten o'clock. Picking up Massue from the house next door, he repaired to the local bistro where he ordered two Calvaros, the fiery French apple-brandy guaranteed to burn any amount of fog out of the bones, and prepared to compare notes. The search party had still not returned.

"Well, what do you have to report?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Massue, pouring the Calvados into his empty stomach with the equanimity of which only a French gendarme would be capable. "Nothing at all. No one heard any shots. No one heard any cars. No one heard anything."

"My experience exactly," said the chief. "No one heard the shots and no one in the house awakened until Gerard roused them out of bed crying that the statues had been stolen. A very mysterious case."

"Mysterious indeed," said Massue. "There is no indication whatsoever as to how the kidnapers could have entered the house or left either."

"I have been thinking of the cellars," said the Chief. "They are very old. Often in these old cellars, there are forgotten passages and sometimes there are hidden doors. Perhaps that is how the kidnapers got in."

"Gerard seems much more disturbed over the loss of the statues than the children," remarked Massue. "Do you think that they are really worth forty million dollars?"

"It seems to me a very high price," said the chief non-committally.

Somewhat later, the search party returned, very wet and muddy, to report that they too had found nothing.

"What is the next step?" said sergeant Massue.

"We return to Vic-sur-Seille," said the chief, "where we think this matter over very carefully. I have obtained two very bad pictures of the missing children. We will have posters printed and distributed throughout France. Perhaps that will help."

The poster did not, however, help
(Continued on page 50)

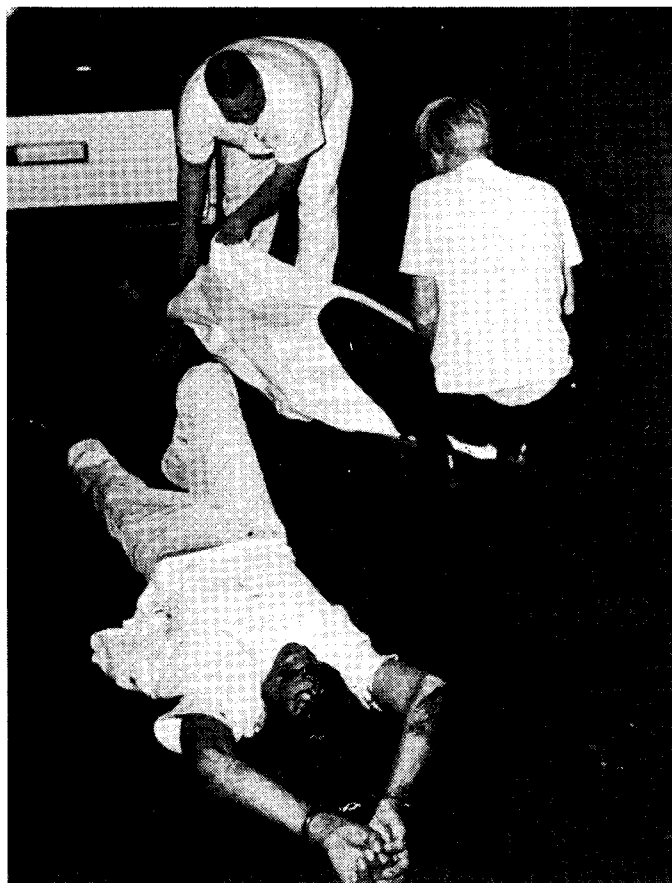


Gendarme Chief studies bed kidnaped children slept in. He got some hex threats on his life during the probe . . .

POLICE OFFICER Gary Jacobsen was at the headquarters of the Eureka, California Police Department when the urgent telephone call was received by the radio dispatcher. It was 4:45 p.m., August 28, 1969. The caller, a Mrs. Yvonne Gilchrist, quickly explained that an acquaintance of hers, Linda McEvers, had been kidnaped at gunpoint by her estranged husband and forced to leave the Gilchrist residence against her will. The dispatcher obtained the address of the complainant, and as the location was only two miles from police headquarters, Officer Jacobsen was given the detail. Even as the dispatcher was securing additional information from the caller, Officer Jacobsen was speeding to the scene on the "Code Two," police jargon for proceeding in all haste but without use of red light or siren.

Within minutes the officer braked his prowl car to a stop in front of the Gilchrist residence—a neat, modest apartment in a quiet residential district. He reached for his

Blazing shootout which climaxed a harrowing kidnap ordeal was fatal for reluctant bride (body covered, rear); David McEvers (l.) had made good his threat before his capture



radio mike, pushed the button, and barked a quick "Ten ninety-seven," indicating to the dispatcher that he had arrived at the scene.

He alighted from the car and was met at the apartment doorway by a nervous and excited couple who introduced themselves as Fred and Yvonne Gilchrist. They then explained the circumstances which had preceded their telephone call to the police.

Linda McEvers, they said, was separated from her husband. She had been at their residence that day and was visited by her husband, David McEvers. McEvers had traveled to Eureka from Reno, Nevada with his two young children of a prior marriage, in an apparent attempt to persuade his wife to return to him. Linda had refused a reconciliation.

McEvers, though somewhat sullen at first, finally seemed resigned to the situation. Later in the afternoon, however, as the two couples and the children returned to the Gilchrist home from a local restaurant, McEvers suddenly brandished an automatic pistol, motioned for the Gilchrists to leave, and forced his wife into the back of the car where the children were riding with their family pet, a small black dog. McEvers knew that it would be impossible for his wife to escape from the back seat of the two-door sedan without him being able to prevent it.

After making a number of threats to his wife and to the Gilchrists, McEvers ground the car in gear, peeled rubber and left the area at a high rate of speed.

The Gilchrists were at first reluctant to telephone the police, in light of a statement made by McEvers that he would not hesitate to kill Linda if he so much as saw an officer's red light. They soon came to the conclusion, however, that Linda's life was already in danger and they had to call the police.

The Gilchrists were able to provide Officer Jacobsen with the car's Nevada license number, W54966, as well as an accurate description of the make and model of the automobile.

Officer Jacobsen, after receiving this information, returned to his prowl car and radioed his report. Other police units were dispatched to watch all highway exits from Eureka, as it was anticipated that McEvers would attempt to return to Reno. In the meantime, additional police units were patrolling the area within the confines of the city limits, while Officer Jacobsen searched in the immediate vicinity of the Gilchrist residence.

As Jacobsen maneuvered his patrol car through alleyways and streets he reflected on the dangers and complexities of the problem.

If he encountered McEvers, what course of action could he follow? If he were to attempt to stop the car, McEvers might carry out his threat to kill Linda. There were also the two children to think about. With McEvers in an emotional state, he would probably be driving in a reckless manner. He might well have an accident and kill the occupants of his car or some other innocent persons.

Would Linda unwittingly say something to light the fuse of McEvers' short temper, causing him to use the pistol on

FATAL JOURNEY FOR A KIDNAPED CALIFORNIA BRIDE

her, or was she already dead even as the search was now being conducted?

Although Officer Jacobsen had only been with the Eureka Police Department since May of 1966, he was well aware that the most dangerous of calls for a law enforcement officer to investigate were those involving domestic difficulties between man and wife. Tempers run high and the parties are emotionally upset and near the breaking point. An officer called to such a scene often becomes an intruder, in the eyes of the disputants and becomes the target of verbal and physical abuse from both sides. All too often officers are killed in attempting to calm these distraught people.

Fate had decreed, however, that Police Officer Gary Jacobsen would not be the one that would have to confront McEvers this night. So as the officer completed his neighborhood search, he returned to headquarters, where he turned up additional information which he immediately relayed to his fellow officers.

In the police files he discovered a warrant issued by Fallon, Nevada authorities for the arrest of David McEvers on a charge of felony rape.

Because of the passage of time since McEvers had left the Gilchrist residence, Officer Jacobsen now believed that the man had successfully eluded the Eureka Police. The most logical route McEvers could take to return to Nevada, the officer knew, was by way of U.S. Highway 299, the main east-west route in Northern California.

Details of the kidnaping and of the felony warrant for McEvers were relayed to the Humboldt County Sheriff's Department, the California Highway Patrol, and to all law enforcement agencies in the surrounding counties of Del Norte, Mendocino, Trinity and Shasta. Trinity and Shasta Counties were asked to be on special alert, as Highway 299 passes through these counties after leaving Humboldt.

Highway 299 has a formidable reputation because of its steep rock banks, and in some locations, sheer drop-offs of hundreds of feet. Although the two-lane highway is an attraction to visitors because of its rugged beauty, its tortuous, twisting curves prevent it from being a fast highway. Its construction on the face of sheer cliffs in many places followed the old trails once taken by mule trains hauling supplies to mining camps deep in the mountains. It was on this treacherous highway that the chilling, life and death drama would soon unfold.

Additional investigation by Police Officer Jacobsen and his fellow officers provided greater detail and insight into the case. Through interviews with the Gilchrights and other witnesses, a complete background on David and Linda McEvers was swiftly obtained.

Linda, now 19, had been a popular girl in Eureka High School, from which she graduated in 1967. Musically inclined, she enjoyed singing, playing the guitar, and dancing. She had become acquainted with Dave McEvers during a time she resided in Nevada, and they had dated on occasion. When Linda returned to the Eureka area she corresponded with him by mail. She ceased this correspondence, however, when she learned that McEvers had

already married another girl.

McEvers and his wife had two children but were divorced after problems arose in the marriage. McEvers and a companion had been involved in an automobile accident in which the friend was killed and McEvers was left with partial paralysis in his lower extremities.

David McEvers and Linda then resumed writing each other, and it was not long after this that they were married. Linda, however, from what she later told friends, enjoyed no marital bliss. David was quick-tempered and often would strike her during the course of an argument. Because of his physical condition, McEvers could not obtain employment, and Linda urged him to attend a state rehabilitation school.

McEvers refused to do so, however, and this was the source of many disagreements between the couple. Linda obtained employment as a telephone operator in order to help support her husband and her two stepchildren. On

Linda had no idea that the resumption of her romance with an old beau after he was divorced would end in her murder



by AL GRAY

During all the hours of the suspenseful 150-mile pursuit at breakneck speeds over winding cliffside mountain roads, scores of lawmen hoped against hope the abductor would not keep his promise to kill Linda and the two kids . . .

one occasion McEvers refused to let Linda leave the house for a period of three weeks. Because of threats he had made, Linda's love for him turned to fear.

It was in July of 1969 from a town 200 miles from Eureka that Linda telephoned her friend, Yvonne Gilchrist, and told her she had left her husband because she was afraid of him. He had purchased a gun and warned her that he'd kill her if "she so much as got out of bed."

When it became necessary for McEvers to go to the hospital for surgery, Linda saw her opportunity. After removing the gun from the house, she packed a few items of clothing and fled.

Yvonne suggested that Linda might stay with her and her husband in Eureka for a few days until she found a permanent place to reside. Linda agreed to this and drove to Eureka in the family car.

Dave McEvers soon learned of his wife's whereabouts, however, and telephoned her, pleading for her to return to him. Linda refused. She told him she was planning to find employment in Eureka.

On August 18th, McEvers came to Eureka for the purpose of picking up the car. Again he pleaded with Linda to return to him, but again she refused. He made no further threats at this time, and left for Nevada. Linda, knowing her husband was broke, felt sorry for the children and sent money to buy food.

It was during this period that Linda discovered David McEvers and his former wife had not obtained a final decree of divorce, and that this would void her own marriage to him.

"I feel like I've been born again," she told friends, "like I've been released from bondage."

However, on August 28th David McEvers returned to Eureka. Although Linda had by now established herself in an apartment, she was at this time visiting the Gilchrists.

McEvers spent some time talking with Linda and playing with the children on the front lawn of the Gilchrist home, but as far as was known, he made no threats to Linda at this time. Later that afternoon McEvers suggested that they go to a local restaurant for dinner.

Linda asked the Gilchrists to accompany them. Privately she told Yvonne that although she didn't think Dave would try anything, she wanted them to come along. "It's better to be safe than sorry," Linda added.

It was after they had finished dinner and were returning to the Gilchrist residence when McEvers, who was driving, suddenly stopped the car and reached beneath the seat and brought forth an automatic pistol.

"Linda is coming with me," he announced.

Linda, though terrified, retorted, "No, I am not!"

McEvers pointed the gun menacingly at Linda and stated, "If you would have talked to me about this this afternoon this wouldn't have happened. Now you're coming back to Reno and talk to me."

He motioned for the Gilchrists to leave the car and for Linda to get in the back seat. "Don't call the police," McEvers warned the couple "because I'll kill Linda. I've got nothing to lose. I'll have Linda call you every few hours and you'll know she's all right and you won't have to call the cops."

Yvonne Gilchrist, fearing for Linda's life, asked, "Why don't you let me go with you?"

"No," McEvers answered, "You stay here."

Yvonne looked at Linda, but Linda had nothing to say. It was obvious that the girl was extremely frightened and too upset to cry.

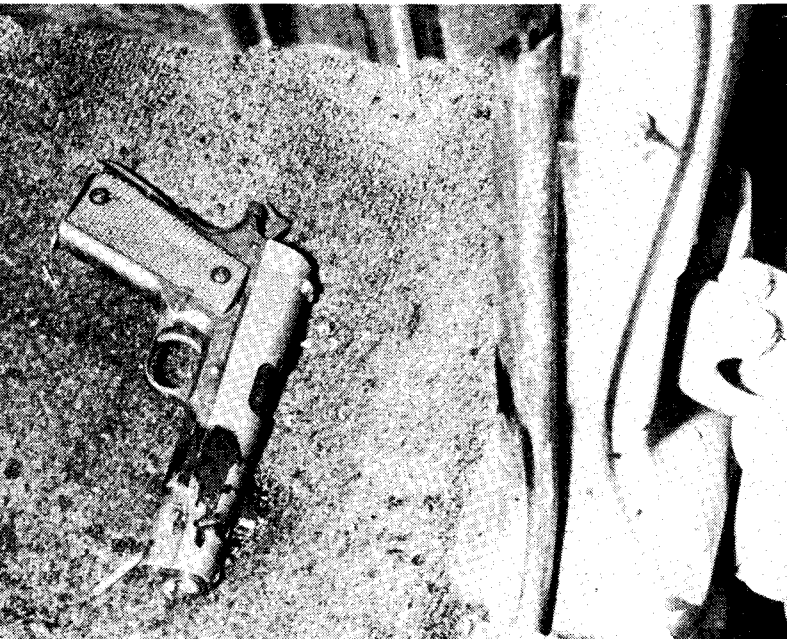
"Don't forget," McEvers warned again, "Don't call the cops. If I even see a red light, I won't think twice about killing her."

With this McEvers quickly fled the area in the car, leaving the Gilchrists standing at the curb.

Traveling east from Eureka on Highway 299, one of the first small towns encountered is Willow Creek. Approximately 15 miles north of Willow Creek, on a different roadway than 299, is a substation of the Humboldt County Sheriff's Department. Deputy Sheriff George Gatto was on duty at this substation when the telephone call was received from Eureka Police Officer Gary Jacobsen. After receiving the details concerning the kidnaping, Gatto telephoned his fellow officer, Deputy Dennis DeCarli.

"Emergency detail," he told DeCarli. "A kidnaping. I'll explain after I pick you up."

Although it was DeCarli's day off, emergency calls were nothing new to the resident officer. The call had come at a time when he was barbecuing steaks for the family, but his duty came first. By the time he had changed shirts and put on his gun belt, Deputy Gatto had pulled up in the squad car. DeCarli hopped in and the



One shot through head from this bloody .45 killed Linda



Little dog was a mute witness to tragic shootout in car

two officers headed for Willow Creek and Highway 299. The road was, if anything, as twisting and full of turns as 299, but Gatto expertly pushed the squad car at maximum speeds through the dangerous curves, the tires squealing loudly at every bend. DeCarli was filled in on the details of the kidnaping and the subsequent developments. Reaching Willow Creek, Gatto turned his car east on 299.

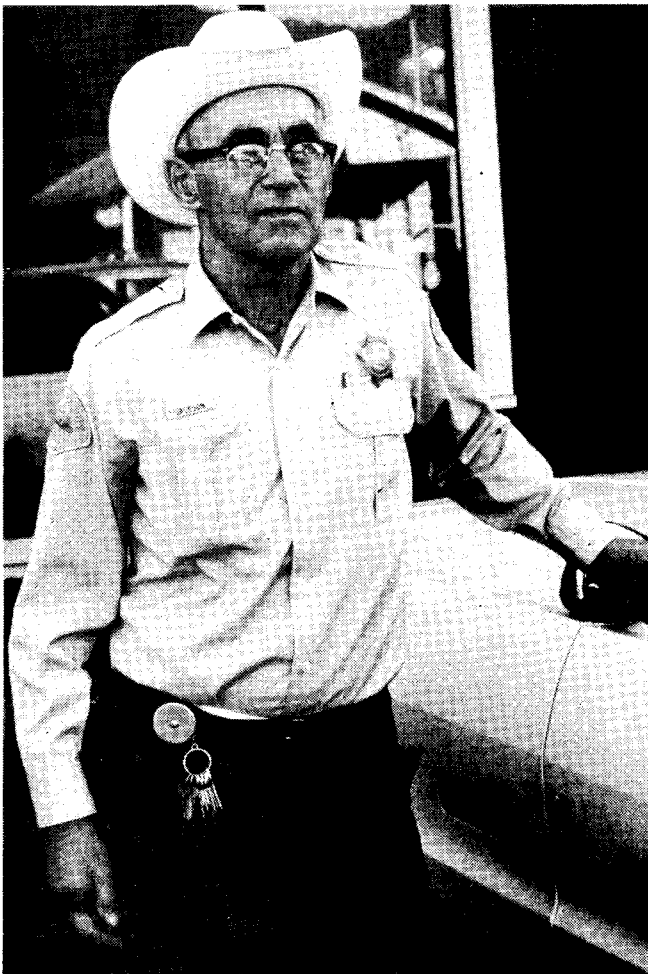
"It's my guess," he told Deputy DeCarli, "That he's made it through Willow Creek by this time if he's headed this way."

"It's anybody's guess," DeCarli replied, "And we can always double back and check if we don't find him by the time we get to the county line."

Being familiar with the desolate stretches along Highway 299, Gatto mused, "He may have already done away with her and pushed her body over the bank."

"That's true," DeCarli answered, "but we'll just have to pray we make it in time." But Gatto and DeCarli were also destined not to come in contact with David McEvers on this night.

Sheriff's Sergeant Sam Jackson of Trinity County, although a resident deputy at Hayfork, was at the office in Weaverville when the telephone call was received from Officer Jacobsen. After the details of the kidnaping were explained to the sergeant, he immediately tried to contact the resident deputy at Hawkins Bar, to the west of the little community of Weaverville on Highway 299. The resident deputy, Harold "Bill" Jackson, the brother of



Though wounded in arm, and with one finger shot off. Sgt. Sam Jackson continued to grapple with the berserk gunman

Sergeant Jackson, could not be immediately located; it was his day off.

Sergeant Jackson rushed to his own car and rolled west on 299. Before he had gotten very far he had made radio contact with his brother, Deputy Bill Jackson, who had been located and was now also assisting the chase.

"The Highway Patrol thinks they've spotted the suspect vehicle entering Gray's Flat Campground," Bill Jackson advised his brother. "They've asked me to cover the back roads through the campground—that's where I'm headed now."

"I'll come in and cover you on it," the Sergeant said.

"Ten-four," Deputy Jackson acknowledged.

Sergeant Jackson was only a few miles from the campground when he met a car answering the description of McEvers' vehicle just as the other car careened around a sharp curve. Due to the high rate of speed of the other vehicle, he was unable to determine the full license number. However, he saw that it was a Nevada license and that the first three digits were "W45", identical in that respect to McEvers' plates.

The sergeant braked his car to a stop, made a U-turn and began to pursue the speeding vehicle. He immediately radioed Deputy Bill Jackson, advising him that he was following a vehicle he believed to be McEvers' and would attempt to get close enough to read the license number.

"I'll advise the Highway Patrol units," Bill Jackson replied, "and try to stay in radio contact with you."

The officers were fully aware that there was no radio communication between the California Highway Patrol units and sheriff's units. Radio communications between their own respective units was at best very difficult in that rugged mountainous region.

The sergeant pushed down hard on the accelerator. The speedometer climbed from 35 to 45, from 45 to 55, 65, and up to speeds as high as 80 miles an hour on turns designed for safe speeds of 35 miles an hour.

Sergeant Jackson reasoned that if this was the McEvers' vehicle he was pursuing, McEvers had cleverly eluded the officers at the campground by reentering Highway 299 over a rarely used back road. The dark, moonless night would have aided an unlighted vehicle moving slowly through the campground.

Although the Sergeant was an expert driver and maneuvered each curve at maximum speed, it was several minutes before he had approached the other vehicle closely enough to confirm that it was, indeed, the car belonging to David McEvers. Only one person could be seen in the vehicle, however, and Sergeant Jackson feared McEvers had carried out his threat to kill his wife and may also have killed his children.

Sergeant Jackson reached for his weapon, more or less as a subconscious habit to assure himself that he was prepared, and adjusted the holster on his hip. He was about to reach for the switch on the red roof light and to activate the siren when he observed what appeared to be a woman rise up above the level of the seatback in the car ahead.

Remembering the threat McEvers had made about killing his wife if he saw an officer's red light, Jackson decided not to use his red light or siren, but for the time being to drop back a short distance, still keeping the vehicle under observation.

It appeared that Linda was now a passenger in the front seat of the vehicle. Sergeant Jackson guessed that if she had not been harmed, the children were probably unharmed as well, sitting low in the back seat where he could not see them.

Sergeant Jackson was not certain whether McEvers had spotted his car or not, but if he had seen it he made no indication of it. He continued to drive east along the highway, still at high speed. Sergeant Jackson tried to maintain a distance behind the McEvers' car of approximately 150 yards, holding at the same speed.

The sergeant now established radio contact with his superior officer, Sheriff Tom Kelly. The sheriff advised him not to attempt to stop McEvers yet, but to continue following at the same distance.

(Continued on page 48)

TD DOUBLE—LENGTH FEATURE

A Kentucky homicide tragedy . . .

MURDER IS A FAMILY AFFAIR

by RANDALL SHANLEY

There is not much that shocks veteran homicide probers, but their investigation into the seemingly senseless slaying of a Louisville attorney produced a surprise ending like nothing they had ever seen before . . .

VIOLENCE is part of the fabric of Kentucky's history, a rather important part, the textbooks will show. Without violence, the state could never have been wrested from the wilderness and, ever since, its sons have been among the first to take up arms in defense of home and country at the first hint of any danger to cherished liberties.

For all the heritage of violence in the Blue Grass state, however, Kentuckians have never become immune to the horror of wanton bloodletting, nor indifferent or apathetic in regard to the punishment of those responsible. The code of most citizens is an ancient one: Let the punishment fit the crime.

Few crimes in the history of the state have ever evoked more shock or outrage than the case which is remembered as "The Harrods Creek Horror." And curiously enough, the reason for this intense reaction stemmed less from the nature of the crime per se than the character of the criminals who perpetrated it.

For it was not in any sense what one might call an epic crime, at least not in its inception. At that point, in fact, it was about as prosaic and commonplace as modern crime can get. A mugging. That's what it looked like. One unusual element was that it occurred in broad daylight, in full view of several witnesses. But even that is not unheard of in these days of criminals made bold by lenient courts.

It was late Thursday afternoon when the Louisville police first heard about it, via a telephone call to headquarters—it was never determined who called in to report the incident—in which the caller said a man was being beaten up in an alley.

Seconds later the police dispatcher's voice was crackling a radio message to a patrol car team in the area:

"The alley between South Fourth and Garvin Place, 1100 block. Man being beaten up. He's screaming for help."

The cruiser was less than three blocks away, heading away from the crime scene. The officer at the wheel spun around in a screaming U-turn and headed back. Less than a minute later he braked to a jolting stop at the entrance to an alley beside a large, red-fronted A&P supermarket.

The patrol car officers found the narrow alley empty, save for one man, clad in working clothes, who stood gazing down at a large brown paper sack which looked as if it had been dropped on the pavement and burst. Its con-

tents, an assortment of groceries, had scattered all over the alleys; several cans had rolled every which way.

The man looked up as the two officers came running toward him.

"You're too late," he said. "They're gone. That way . . ." He pointed toward the mouth of the alley into Garvin Place, a block to the west.

"What happened?" one of the policemen asked. "Who called the police?"

"I don't know," the man replied, "one of the neighbors, I reckon. I was at work, just on my way out to have a smoke." He nodded back over his shoulder toward the building housing a dairy firm deep in the alley.

"I heard the yells just as I was about to step out onto the loading platform. When I came running out, I saw them—two guys beating the hell out of another fellow. They were whacking him with short clubs, then they pushed him into their car."

The man paused to drag on his cigarette, and one of the officers asked impatiently, "Did you see anything else?"

"Yeah," the dairy worker said. "I was coming to it. One of the guys held him down while the other guy hopped in behind the wheel. They shucked out of here like a tomcat with a firecracker tied to his tail."

In response to the officers' further questions, the dairy worker said his name was Ted Ashe, he was 29 years old, and had been employed at the dairy for about three years, give or take a couple months.

"Did you recognize anyone? he was asked. "How about the victim? You know him, or can you describe him?"

"I didn't know him," the witness answered, "but I can tell you what he looked like. Middle-aged, maybe fifty or so. Stood better'n six feet. Well dressed. He was wearing a coat, light-colored, and a dark hat."

Several people in the small crowd which had begun to gather nodded affirmatively, as if to corroborate the dairyman's description.

One of the assailants, the one Ashe said he had seen most clearly, was in his thirties, tall and of husky build. The other man seemed to be older, and considerably heavier, he said.

"He was on the far side of the car," Ashe explained. "I didn't get a very good look at him. Both of the guys—the ones who beat up on this fellow—wore brown caps with stiff bills."

"How about their car?" an officer inquired. "Can you describe it?"

"Sure can," the informant replied. "It was an old Chevrolet—sedan, light gray, kinda faded. And oh—I nearly forgot—I wrote down its plate number."

He began to fumble in his pocket, pulled out several slips of paper and shuffled through them till he found the one he was looking for. "Here it is," he said at last, "374-681, Kentucky plate."

One of the officers took the slip of paper and ran back to the prowler car to radio a report to headquarters. With so little time elapsed since the assault and kidnaping, there might be a chance to intercept the fleeing automobile carrying the victim.

The other officer, meanwhile, began questioning other witnesses. In addition to Ted Ashe, the dairy worker, he found four other persons had seen the fight. Their accounts, with only minor deviations, were very much like that given by Ashe.

One man said he had just come out the side door of the supermarket for a breath of air after tiring of following his wife around inside. "All of a sudden," he said, "I heard yells and there was this commotion out in the alley. I don't know where the hell they came from. I didn't notice 'em there only a minute before when I came out of the store.

"There were these two men beating hell out of this guy with the groceries. The sack went flying. The guy—the one who was being jumped—tried to fight back, but he didn't have a chance against the two of them. They had clubs and they were belting him on the head with 'em. He went down. Looked to me like he was out cold.

"I thought they'd beat it then, but no—quick as a flash they're carrying him by the arms and feet. They dump him in the back seat of the car, the old Chevy the other fellow told you about. One guy got in beside him. The other one gets in behind the wheel and they roar out of here."

When they had finished interrogating all the witnesses they could find, the officers began a ground search of the area where the assault had occurred. Near the spilled groceries, one of the officers spotted a pair of eyeglasses with light-colored shell rims. Among the scattered contents of the burst grocery bag the other patrolman found a sales slip from the supermarket, which fronts on South Fourth Street.

Fully aware he was playing an extreme longshot, the officer hastily jotted down a list of the scattered groceries, then went inside to question checkout girls at the busy store, hoping one of them might remember the customer who had purchased the items and help to identify him.

He got an unexpected assist from the store manager, an assist which eliminated the necessity of questioning all of the cashiers till he found the one who had checked out the assault victim. The manager took one look at the sales slip and said:

"This came from Number Six register. It was this girl right over here."

He brought the patrolman over to the cashier, but she only shook her head and shrugged. "I'm sorry, Officer," she said, "but my own mother could have come through here ten minutes ago and I wouldn't have known it unless she spoke to me. We're so busy here, we don't look at the people—unless they pay by check. We just look at the stuff they bought and hit the register keys as fast as we can."

An alert had been broadcast by the police dispatcher as soon as he had received the initial report from the officer at the alley attack scene, but none of the patrols throughout the city had spotted the old gray Chevrolet sedan on that gloomy Thursday afternoon of February 28, 1952. The identity of the victim of the assault-kidnaping, if that's what it was, remained a mystery.

There was some hope among officials at headquarters that someone would soon call in a missing person report on a missing man, but this might not happen for hours, perhaps even a day or so before his kin became sufficiently alarmed to notify the police.

In the meantime, they had one clue, and they worked on that. The license plate number of the old gray Chevrolet. Now ordinarily, a "make" on a license plate can be

provided by the state Motor Vehicle Bureau very rapidly, sometimes within minutes, rarely in more than an hour. On this occasion, however, a delay was caused by one of those coincidences that might be described as a 1,000 to 1 shot.

It just happened that the files at the Motor Vehicle Bureau were in the process of a reorganization, and the batch of records containing the number of the old Chevrolet were among a set which was in transit from old to new files.

Because of this, it required nearly four hours to find a name to match the gray Chevy's plate number. When the information finally came in to police headquarters, it was learned that the Chevy had been registered to one Roy Tarrence, who resided in Jeffersontown, a small village in the rolling uplands some 10 miles southeast of Louisville.

Without further delay, Sergeant James Bibb, of the Louisville Police Department Crime Prevention Bureau, drove out to Jeffersontown after first making arrangements for Jefferson County investigators to meet him there.

They found the Tarrence home to be a neatly kept bungalow. Roy Tarrence was at home, but he was just about to leave for his job at a well-known Louisville distillery when the officers arrived; he told them he was a fireman there, and worked the night shift.

Roy Tarrence, the detectives noted, was a medium tall man, stockily built, mild-mannered. He spoke in the soft



For the record, Detectives Wallmeyer and Burch (l. to r.) checked weight of slab used to weight down slain body

Southern drawl of the region. He greeted the officers courteously and with no apparent nervousness. He seemed politely curious about their visit to his home, but his curiosity changed to apparent mystification when his visitors questioned him about his car's presence at the scene of a fight in Louisville that afternoon.

"A fight? My car?" he echoed. "You must be mistaken. I—I'm afraid I don't understand."

"You drive a gray Chevy," Sergeant Bibb said to him. "We saw it outside when we drove up. Would you like to tell us where it was at twenty minutes past four this afternoon?"

Mr. Tarrence blinked owlishly behind his spectacles. He looked thoughtful for a few moments, then said: "Twenty past four? Let's see, I left home around three. That's about right, ain't it?" he said over his shoulder.

The small, solemn-eyed woman hovering in the background looked from Tarrence to the officers and nodded affirmatively.

"I was down at Floyd's Fork a spell," Tarrence continued. "Then I drove up to Eastwood—over in Oldham County—to see a friend about going fishing sometime soon."

"Did you actually meet this friend?" Sergeant Bibb asked. "Can he corroborate your story?"

"Well, no," Tarrence replied, exhibiting the first indication of unease. "You see, he wasn't home. Wasn't nobody there. I drove around looking for him, but I couldn't turn him up anywhere."

"Then I drove back here. Got here around six, I'd say. That about right?" He looked questioningly at the small woman.

Again she nodded affirmatively.

"You were alone all this time. Is that right?" Sergeant Bibb inquired.

"Fraid so, all by myself," Tarrence said.

"Any objections if we look over your car?" the sergeant asked.

Tarrence shrugged. "Go right ahead. It's out there in the driveway."

He accompanied the investigators as they trooped outside to where the car was parked. For a car that was 12 years old, they found it in a remarkably well-preserved condition. It was spotless. Although its paint was somewhat faded, the finish showed signs of recent polishing, and the upholstery inside the car was in spic and span condition.

Sergeant Bibb, after poking his head into the interior, drew back, sniffing.

"There's a strong smell of gasoline in there, like someone was using it to clean the upholstery." He looked questioningly at the car's owner.

The latter shrugged and said, "That's possible, I guess. I drive the car so much I guess I'm used to it and never notice the smell." He went on to explain, "This old heap is kind of a hobby with me. I work on her whenever I get a free moment. I was doing it today, and I cleaned her up inside 'cause I'd gotten a few grease spots on the cushions. I always keep her nice and clean. Ain't that so, Mary?"

He addressed the latter question to an attractive, lithe-limbed blonde teenager who had just walked up the driveway.

"You sure do," the girl replied, eyeing the plainclothes officers curiously. "Anytime we want to find you when you ain't in the house, we know just where you'll be—out here fussin' over that old car." She paused briefly, her big blue eyes roving speculatively over the strangers, and then she asked, "What's goin' on? Don't tell me you're fixin' to sell your old pride and joy—not after all the work you done on her."

"No, I wouldn't do that," Tarrence said. "I'll explain to you later. Whyn't you go on in the house for now?"

As the girl tripped off, he explained to the officers that she was Mary Bixler. "She's my son's intended," Tarrence added. "She spends most of her time over here with us."

Sergeant Bibb faced a curious sort of dilemma now. On the one hand, the report he had stated that a witness had spotted an old gray Chevrolet sedan being driven away from the assault scene in Louisville carrying a victim who had just been assaulted by two men. The witness had

written down the license number of the car, and it checked out to Tarrence as the owner. In a general way, Roy Tarrence fit the description of the older of the two assailants.

On the other hand, from the description, he had expected to find a car that was more in the beatup jalopy category, not a gleaming one like this, even if the paint job was slightly faded. Also, Tarrence's alibi for the critical time period was at least partly supported by a witness, even if that witness was a member of his own household. More to the point, however, Roy Tarrence certainly did not look like the type of man who might have decided to take up mugging strangers in broad daylight.

The sergeant had enough experience to know that in criminal matters, appearances are not always what they seem to be, but he found it almost impossible to imagine this meek-mannered, middle-aged man indulging in any sort of strongarm activities. Roy Tarrence looked like what he purported to be, a factory worker who took pride in his home and his car, who had a good job, with good wages, and who certainly wouldn't need to supplement his pay by mugging strangers.

The license plate factor could have been due to a mistake and a coincidence, Bibb realized—wrong number, right car type. People, especially under stress during a moment of excitement, often make mistakes in reading numbers of license plates. Threes are often read as eights, and vice versa. Sixes and nines are transposed in the viewers' minds. And the number reported contained three of those often confused digits, three, six and eight.

Was it a coincidence that the car the reported number had led the police to was an old Chevrolet sedan like the one seen by witnesses?

Roy Tarrence suggested that someone must have made a mistake. Sergeant Bibb and the county detectives were not completely convinced, but in the absence of more tangible evidence, there was little more they could do.

"We might want to talk to you again, Mr. Tarrence," the sergeant said as they took their departure.

"Any time, gents," he said affably. "I been living right here for years and got no plans to go anywhere. You know where to find me."

The sergeant drove back to police headquarters in Louisville, hoping something might have happened during his absence which would shed more light on the mysterious assault-kidnaping in the Louisville alley. He found that nothing further had occurred. No one had called in to report a missing person who might be connected with the alley abduction. No more witnesses had been uncovered. The A&P supermarket, its hordes of shoppers long since returned to their homes, had closed for the night.

There was nothing further he could think of to check into that night, so Sergeant Bibb went home himself. "Maybe we'll get a break in this thing tomorrow," he said to an associate.

His words were prophetic, for at 10 o'clock the next morning, Friday, February 29th, the alley assault and kidnap case suddenly came alive again.

A call was received at headquarters from a worried woman who reported that her husband, an attorney who had practiced in Louisville for all of his professional career, was unaccountably missing. Their home, it turned out, was on Garvin Place, not far from the A&P supermarket where the daylight assault had occurred the previous afternoon.

Francis J. McCormack, the 54-year-old lawyer who was missing, had apparently disappeared while on his way home from his downtown law office sometime after four o'clock Thursday afternoon.

It was exactly four o'clock, his wife said, when he telephoned to advise her he was leaving for home. He usually rode a bus out to Oak and Fourth Streets and walked the two blocks to his house. That Thursday afternoon he had said he planned to stop at one of the groceries on Fourth, near Oak, to pick up a few things. His wife reminded him that they were out of Postum, his favorite after-dinner beverage.

"I'll pick up a can," Mr. McCormack had said.

Checking the list of staples from the burst bag which

the patrol car officer had made the day before when he was trying to find a cashier who might remember the victim, Sergeant Bibb immediately noted that one of the items was a can of Postum.

He noted also that the scene of the assault was only about a block from the missing man's residence, and that the alley in which it occurred could have been utilized as a short cut from the Fourth Street shopping district to the lawyer's house. A quick telephone call established the fact that Mr. McCormack frequently used this short cut.

Detectives went to the attorney's home and displayed the eyeglasses with the light-colored shell rims. They were identical to Mr. McCormack's glasses. The possibility that this might be a coincidence was ruled out less than an hour later when the probers took them to Attorney McCormack's Louisville optometrist.

He positively identified the spectacles as a pair he had prescribed and had made up for the lawyer.

The next couple of hours were busily spent by detectives assigned to interrogate Francis McCormack's family and friends in an effort to discover a motive for the assault-kidnaping. These efforts were disappointingly unfruitful.

No one who knew the respected lawyer could even suggest a motive for the violence which had befallen him. From the initial surface indications, he had experienced no trouble with any of his clients, certainly none of a type which might have prompted violent reprisal. He rarely carried anything more than very nominal sums of cash on his person, nor did he wear expensive jewelry. The only item in the latter category he carried with him was a thin silver Elgin watch.

Mr. McCormack was described as a large man, standing six feet one inch tall and weighing about 175 or 180 pounds. On the day he disappeared, he was wearing a slate gray business suit, a pearl gray topcoat and a dark-colored hat in a medium charcoal shade.

When the foregoing facts had been established, the case was turned over without further delay to Lieutenant Charles Young, of the Homicide Squad. As soon as he had studied the reports, Lieutenant Young instructed his aide, Sergeant A. J. Miller, to issue an alert to Louisville pawnbrokers regarding the thin silver Elgin watch the missing man had been carrying, with orders that the police should be notified at once if anyone tried to pawn such a timepiece.

The lieutenant then launched a two-pronged investigation which he hoped would unravel the mystery of what had happened to the missing attorney.

Sergeant Miller was assigned to interview Mr. McCormack's law partner to see if he could cast any light on the puzzling incident. He could not; he said he knew of no professional difficulties which might have prompted violence of any sort. He said that his partner's wife had telephoned her the night before when Frank McCormack failed to arrive home, and that was the first intimation he'd had that something might be amiss.

"I knew he had been out of the office much of the day," the partner said, "but I thought he was probably working on some case, so I advised her not to worry. But when I learned this morning that Frank hadn't come home all night, I instructed her to call the police.

"What do you fellows make of it? Do you think it's just a mugging, or what?"

Sergeant Miller shook his head. "It's hard to believe a couple of ordinary thugs would pull a job like this in broad daylight with a half dozen witnesses around," he said. "I think it's got to be something more than that. Could we look over the files of the cases Mr. McCormack has been handling lately?"

The missing man's partner agreed at once and asked the secretary to bring in the files of all of Mr. McCormack's recent cases. He also told her to go through them with the sergeant and give him any information she could.

"She's more familiar with these cases than I am," he explained to Miller. "Frank and I didn't usually discuss our cases, unless one happened to present some unusual problem."

Most of the cases examined by Sergeant Miller were run-of-the-mill affairs concerning domestic relations ad-

justments, civil judgments and the like. He could find nothing in any of these which he could relate to the violent assault and kidnaping of Frank McCormack. But when they came to a bulging dossier marked, "O'SHIEL, Mike," the secretary's manner changed instantly.

"Now there is an Irishman wild enough for anything," she said. He's threatened everyone connected with this affair."

"To save time," Sergeant Miller suggested, "tell me everything you can remember before I start wading through all this." He gestured toward the stack of legal documents in the folder.

The secretary explained that Mrs. O'Shiel had been seeking separate maintenance from her husband, Mike—"He insists the name is Mike, not Michael," she interjected. Mrs. O'Shiel based her plea on a long list of allegations of drunkenness, improvidence and vicious beatings which her husband inflicted upon her in his alcoholic rages.

"He phoned Mr. McCormack one day," the secretary went on, "and promised to break his neck if Mr. McCormack had him brought into court. O'Shiel was drunk at the time, of course. I don't think Mr. McCormack was worried by the threat. As far as I could see, it didn't bother him at all."

With this briefing, Sergeant Miller was able to skim through the rest of the file in quick order, jotting down occasional notes. Then he resumed his study of the rest of the cases. Most could be dismissed after only a few minutes of examination, but he suddenly paused when he came to a folder in the T's.

It was labeled, "TARENCE."

The name Tarrence, he recalled, had figured in this case before. He read the file with interest.

A legal action had been brought by a girl against Leonard Tarrance of Jeffersontown, Kentucky, and later of the United States Army. Sergeant Miller made a quick phone call, asked a couple of questions, and a few minutes later

(Continued on page 54)



Judge Mix (l.), Sher. Bax flank young man whose claim to virtue was that he didn't drink and was always sober

Darkness was the secret ally of **FLORIDA'S**

Investigators were virtually certain that the score racked up by the wee-hours prowlers was some two dozen rapes, plus one killing—but the big stumbling block was that none of the surviving victims ever got a really good look at their assailants

IT WAS ONE of those stranger-than-fiction coincidences which sent police racing towards the scene of the crime even before it had occurred. In a quiet residential section of Pensacola, Florida, a power transformer burned out and many homes in the area were plunged into darkness.

The time was shortly before three o'clock on Sunday morning, August 24, 1969, and many of the residents who were sleeping were not even aware of the blackout. But a few of the younger set who had been out for the evening and were just coming home saw the flash when the transformer burned out and notified the police, as well as the power company.

At the time, there was no reason to believe that the blackout was anything more than an accident or a power failure. Patrolman R. W. Peaden was within a few blocks of the blown-out transformer when his radio crackled with an urgent message:

There was a disturbance at a home on Torres Avenue—according to the report, a woman was being assaulted. The report had been made by the woman's tearful 14-year-old son, Tommy, who said her bedroom door had been locked and he was unable to get in when he was awakened by her screams.

Moments later, Patrolmen Peaden's cruiser skidded to a stop in front of the modest one-story green and white Anderson home on Torres Avenue. The frightened youngster and some neighbors arrived about the same time.

Gun drawn, Officer Peaden went into the house and Tommy pointed out the door of the room where he said he had heard his mother screaming. The policeman tried to open it, but it did indeed appear to be locked. Putting the weight of his body against it, the officer succeeded in pushing the door open.

•But it had not been locked, as was first thought. The body of Tommy's mother had fallen against it, making the door difficult to open and leading the boy to believe it was locked.

Sprawled on the bedroom floor, resting in a pool of her own blood, was Mrs. Betty Sue Anderson, an attractive brunette. She was barely alive, obviously unconscious and she was gasping for breath. Even before Patrolman Peaden could call for an ambulance, she died.

While neighbors led the weeping boy from the room Officer Peaden hurried back outside, where other cruisers had arrived. They, too, had been dispatched to see about the transformer, but some of them had been diverted to the Anderson home.

Peaden grabbed his microphone and told the dispatcher more help was needed. He suggested that the sheriff's crime lab be requested to send some identification technicians.

While they waited, the uniformed officers sealed off the house and held back the crowd that was growing in numbers with each passing moment. Among the first of the re-

inforcements to arrive were Pensacola Detective Lucien Mitchell and the Reverend Paul Mathison, Escambia County's law enforcement chaplain.

They were followed soon afterward by State Attorney Curtis Golden, the vigorous young prosecutor of Escambia and Santa Rosa Counties, who takes part in all major investigations in the two counties whenever it is possible.

Also responding was Sheriff Bill Davis' mobile crime lab with Chief Identification Officer Charles Grant, followed soon afterward by the sheriff's chief criminal investigator, Don Powell.

But the investigators and detectives were severely handi-



Screams of Betty Sue Anderson (artist's sketch above) awoke her son; he ran to help her, but it was too late

"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!](#)**

by PETER OBERHOLTZER

3 O'CLOCK SEX MARAUDERS

capped by the power failure, which had blacked out every electric light for blocks in every direction. Some of the residents had oil lamps for use in emergencies when there was an occasional blackout caused by a hurricane.

These were pressed into use, but they provided only feeble illumination at best. The officers had flashlights but they looked more like fireflies as the policemen prowled in and around the house in complete darkness.

Although there was no doubt that the killer long since had fled into the cover of the shadowless night, the officers hoped to find some evidence that he had left behind in his headlong flight.

Realizing that the quicker they could make a thorough search the better the chances of discovering some kind of evidence, Detective Mitchell went to the nearest phone and explained the problem to an official of the Gulf Power Company.

A portable floodlight mounted on a huge truck was dispatched to the area at once.

While they waited, Patrolman Peaden and the Reverend Mathison talked to 14-year-old Tommy. Between sobs, he told them all he knew about the crime:

He said his mother, Mrs. Betty Sue Anderson, was 42 years old. She was divorced from his father and the two of them lived together in the modest, one-bedroom house. His mother slept in the bedroom and Tommy slept in the living room.

He had been asleep when he was awakened, by his mother's screams from the bedroom. He jumped up and tried to turn on a light, but only a few minutes before, the transformer had blown out and the entire neighborhood had been

plunged into darkness. He moved instinctively.

Tommy knew his way about the house well enough even in the darkness and he ran to the bedroom and tried to push the door open. "But it was locked and I ran out to get help," Tommy said.

He knocked at the house next door but was unable to arouse anyone. He ran on to the next house, where he did manage to awaken the occupant, who telephoned the police. Somebody already had called in about the power failure.

As a result of the call, some of the officers in the cruisers who had been sent to investigate the blackout were diverted to the Anderson home.

By now, many people were gathering, aroused by the boy's account and the burned out transformer. Many of them, with robes over their night clothes, accompanied the frightened youngster back to his home. Officer Peaden was waiting and other policemen soon arrived.

Now, talking to Officer Peaden and the Reverend Mathison, the boy was quoted as saying: "If I have to spend every cent I ever make, I'm going to see that whoever killed my mother is punished."

"I should have got my shotgun and just started shooting through that door, but I was afraid I'd hit Mother," he added. "Will you let me know if you find him?"

"You'd be told right away," Officer Peaden promised. "We'll find him."

Tommy told Officer Peaden and the Reverend Mathison that he and his mother had been home all night and that his mother, who had been employed as a clerk-typist for the State Board of Health in Pensacola, said she was tired and went to bed "just as the Lawrence Welk show was coming on television."

Asked if anybody had been in the house that night, Tommy said they had not had visitors and that everything had been quiet.

"He's got to die," Tommy said, referring to the killer.

"God would say, 'Vengeance is mine,' son," Patrolman Peaden said. "When you're a lot older, you'll understand why you feel the way you do now."

The officers learned that Tommy had an aunt in Boston, Massachusetts. She was notified of her sister's death and said she would take Tommy to live with her. Other relatives lived in Pensacola and he had to stay with them until after his mother's funeral.

The floodlight from the Gulf Power Company arrived and provided enough illumination for the officers to make a good search on the outside of the house. They soon discovered how the killer had gained entrance to the locked house.

Investigators found the kitchen door unlocked and standing open. But Tommy told them he was positive that the door had been locked from the inside before he and his mother retired.

Under a kitchen window was a garbage can—not in its usual place. The screen had been removed and the window

(Continued on page 46)



Search for one suspect ended when he was captured, taken to police headquarters (above) at Lake Worth, Florida . . .

A bona fide physician with impressive, legitimate credentials, he became an astoundingly successful crook who made millions, operating on the guiding principle of all confidence men: "There's a sucker born every minute!"

DOC ABRAMS AND THE MAGIC BOX

by **ALAN HYND**

World's Foremost Authority on Con Men and Swindlers

HAD YOU PICKED UP a copy of *Who's Who* and read what it had to say about Albert Abrams, M.D., you would never have suspected that Doc was about to embark on a con game which was to net him millions and make thousands of other physicians think of climbing walls. Abrams got off the ground with the dodge that he could tell what a patient at a distant point was suffering from simply by examining a drop of the patient's blood. He followed that up by inventing a magic box—the ERA, meaning Electronic Reaction of Abrams—which, the con man claimed, could cure disease by electronic vibration.

No, the *Who's Who* biography of Doc Abrams appeared before Abrams went off his nut and damned near drove The American Medical Association off its nut. Abrams, a native of San Francisco, was educated at Germany's renowned University of Heidelberg and pursued post-graduate medical studies in London, Vienna, Paris and Berlin. Returning to San Francisco wallowing in medical know-how, and with enough diplomas to paper a small room, he quickly built up one of the finest practices on the Pacific Coast. He wrote nearly a score of books on practically everything from childbirth through sex and marriage to death.

A smallish man, clean-shaven and balding and wearing silver-rimmed glasses, Doc was in his forty-seventh year when the fun began. Married and with a fine family, he occupied an estate on Sacramento Street that was jumping with servants and employed six nurses in his downtown offices. A fastidious dresser, and given to perfume, he sometimes drove home in one of his four cars a couple of times a day for a shower and a complete change of wardrobe. He neither drank nor smoked, but when it came to swearing he had a vocabulary all his own.

Autocratic as a Prussian general, Abrams brooked no interference in anything he went about, and he sometimes changed his mind from hour to hour. If a patient so much as questioned anything Able Albert found by way of diagnosis, or failed to follow the Abrams advice in an illness, that was the end of the patient.

"Pay your bill," Doc would say, "and get to hell out of here."

Doc once had his offices—six rooms—redecorated at considerable fiscal outlay but, dissatisfied with the result, had them immediately done over.

Socially, Doc's friends were few and far between. One reason for this was that Doc would never listen to anybody, insisting on doing all the talking about a painfully wide range of subjects. Another reason Doc always came in first in the unpopularity sweepstakes was his brutal honesty. Once, out at a neighbor's estate for dinner and the evening, Doc got up early in the meal and, as he left for home, announced:

"The food is positively poisonous, and I can't say much more for the people who are eating it."

Whether or not Albert Abrams, M.D. would have gotten to first base as a con man had he functioned today is open to question. Some authorities on con men think he would have made out all right. Others think that the earlier years of the century, when Doc functioned, were just right for him.

Abrams, with a mind whose curiosity was never to be satisfied, had boned up on practically everything that was published about practically everything. There simply wasn't a single subject about which he couldn't talk intelligently. Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan, the great physicist who won the Nobel Prize for isolating the electron and measuring the charge and who first told me about Abrams, thought Abrams would have made an important scientist had he not turned con man.

"I've made a study of Doctor Abrams," Dr. Millikan told me, "and I can assure you that men with his mentality are few and far between. What a pity he turned crooked!"

Doc Abrams got off to a lucrative start as a con man by taking advertisements in certain widely-circulated publications, not as fussy then as they are today, and gobbled up by the masses. The ads revealed that Doc, with that terrific background of his, had invented a diagnosis machine for which he had applied to Uncle Sam for a patent.

All Doctor Abrams needed, the ads said, was a drop—just a single drop—of the patient's blood on a piece of blotting paper, along with five dollars. For this modest fee, the ads continued, the patient would receive, more than

likely by return mail, a slip on which would be checked the disease which had showed up after Doc had examined that drop of blood in his diagnosis machine. With his magic scientific contrivance, plus a human being who helped out in the tests, the ads concluded, Abrams was able to determine if the blood sender had asthma, jaundice, heart trouble, pneumonia, infantile paralysis, mumps, measles, cancer or a number of other ailments.

The first of Doc's ads caught on—right smack in the beginning. The drops of blood on the blotters, along with the five spots, began to pour into the Abrams offices from the four corners of the land.

Warming up to the fraud, Abrams ran a second series of ads that were more specific about what happened when a drop of blood, and a fever, arrived in the city by the Golden Gate. Doc's machine, it now developed, was a square metal box, six inches in all directions. Exactly what was inside that box was Doc's great secret.

The top of the box, which was locked on, Doc revealed in the ads, was unlocked when Doc got a blood sample and the sample was placed inside the box. A wire came out of the inside, through a tiny hole in the top, and to the outside end of this wire Doc had attached a small metal plate. When testing a drop of blood, Doc said in the ads, he placed this metal plate on the naked chest of a male assistant standing close to the box.

With the drop of blood in the box and the metal plate on the chest of the assistant, Doc flipped on a switch which set the mysterious insides of the box to working. There was a humming sound, Doc said in the ads.

Next—in practically no time at all—the assistant with the metal plate on his chest would begin to develop symptoms of the disease from which the patient who had sent the blood drop was suffering. Doc's assistant, the ads said, would feel pain in various parts of his body, or he would have a fit of coughing, or his heart would begin to race and pain him, or blood would begin to flow from one of the body openings. Doc could tell, from what developed in the assistant, whether the distant patient's disease was in its early, middle or late stages.

How was it, someone might have wondered, that the assistant developing all those symptoms in the interest of medicine didn't wind up in an undertaker's box? Doc's ads explained that he simply turned on a vibrator after completing his diagnosis so that the disease which was showing up in his assistant was killed before it really got going.

None of the whole damned pitch made any sense—but the tens of thousands of people who were to fall for it over the years had something less than high IQs.

Within a year, the Abrams diagnosis-by-remote-control pitch had really caught on. The loot was rolling in faster than Able Albert could count it. He was so busy in one room with that magic box that he was spending less and less time with regular patients.

More time passed. By the end of three years, Abrams had such a good thing going that he took two vital steps. One: He did away with regular patients altogether to devote himself full time to the mechanical diagnosis. Two: He upped his diagnosis fee from five to ten bucks.

With the country continuing to grow, with people continuing to have mysterious aches and pains, and with homo sapiens getting no brighter, Abrams was averaging a daily rate of a hundred requests for a diagnosis—or a thousand clams every twenty-four hours six times a week. Since Able Albert did not gamble and had no vices that he paid for, the women being nuts about him, he was doing quite well at the bank.

From the very beginning, The American Medical Association, to which Abrams belonged, had wondered about Able Albert; there were two schools of celebration within the AMA. One was that he just might have come up with something. Hadn't the X-ray been unbelievable when it first came into the medical picture? The bulk of the AMA thinking, in fact, was that this new method of diagnosis might very well be of profound benefit to medicine, once it was explained and understood. The second AMA school of thought about Abrams was that if that little box was ever opened and looked into, Abrams would be revealed as a three-alarm fraud.

So The American Medical Association dispatched a man to San Francisco from its Chicago headquarters to drop in on Abrams unannounced. When the visitor arrived and showed Abrams his credentials, Able Albert didn't do anything but fly into a rage and let go with a string of profanity the like of which the Chicagoan had never heard in his life.

Through swearing, Abrams now practically threw the caller out of his offices. It wasn't long afterward that Able Albert, not wishing to continue his membership in the AMA anyway, resigned from that August body.

One doctor in San Francisco, whose offices were not far from Able Albert's but who hadn't read any of the Abrams ads, dropped in on him one day. "I've been hearing a lot about your work," this doctor said to our boy. "I'm wondering if you can tell me a little about it."

"What is it you want to know?" asked Abrams, freezing the man with an icy stare behind the silver-rims.

"I'm most interested," said the visiting sawbones, "to know just how your helper—the man to whom you can transmit the signs of an illness from your little box—doesn't continue with the disease and get seriously ill."

"That is because," answered Abrams, "my invention is capable of ending the illness in my helper."

"Where is this helper?" asked the visiting doctor. "I would like to have a little chat with him."

"He's off today," said Abrams. "There's been a death in his family."

"I've been thinking," said the visitor, "that if your invention is capable of ending illness as well as diagnosing it that you might be on the verge of something else—curing illness."

It was later to be thought by people who were to make a study of the life of Able Albert that this remark by the visiting sawbones was to touch off later and more vital developments in the career of the singular medicine man. It was when Abrams was well into his fifth year of bilk-ing the boobs that *The Scientific American*, the monthly magazine which regarded it as something of a duty to expose frauds, heard about him. So it sent a reporter from its New York editorial offices out to San Francisco to have a talk with Able Albert.

The little fraud just stood there when the reporter called, studying the New Yorker's identification. He was too smart to show *this* man the door.

"It is so nice of you to have come all this distance just to see me," said Doc. "Just what is it that I might be able to do for you?"

"*The Scientific American* would like to know precisely what it is you are accomplishing here—and how you are accomplishing it," was the reply. "As we understand it, all you ask is a drop of a person's blood in order for you to determine what illness they are suffering from."

"That is correct," replied Abrams. "Quite correct."

"We understand from one of your ads that you have an assistant who displays symptoms of what your invention reveals."

"That is correct," answered Doc.

"I would like to have a talk with your assistant."

"He's away right now," answered Abrams, "on a vacation."

"May I have a look at the machine with which you accomplish what you accomplish?"

"Gladly," said Abrams, leading the visitor into the room where the little box was kept.

There wasn't much to look at—just the box and the wire sticking out of it with the copper plate attached to the end.

"Would it be possible for me to look inside this box?" the visitor wanted to know.

Abrams cleared his throat before answering that one. "I'm afraid not," he said. "You see, I'm negotiating with the United States Patent Office at the present time—have been for a long time now, in fact—to protect myself from possible infringements on my discovery. So I simply cannot let anybody look at what is inside this box until I have received a patent on it."

"Have you any idea how long it will be until you receive your patent?"

(Continued on page 56)

6'3"

6'3"

6'

6'

5'9"

5'9"

5'6"

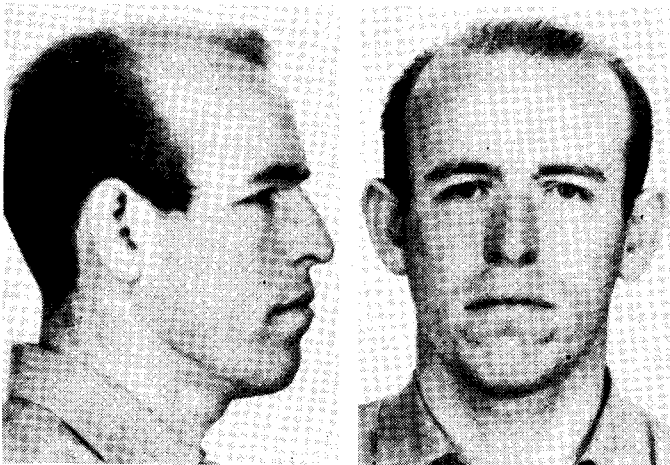
5'6"

5'3"

5'3"

TD LINE-UP

Watch for these fugitives



DOYLE LEE HARRISON. Charge: *Unlawful Flight (Bank Robbery)*. TD Reward: \$100. Age, 32; height, 5'9" to 5'10"; weight, 145-155; eyes, hazel; hair brown. *If located, notify J. E. Hoover, Director, FBI, Washington 25, D.C.*

A ONETIME laborer-mechanic with a record of convictions for grand theft and escape is being sought by agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation on a charge of bank robbery.

On October 24, 1967, Doyle Lee Harrison and two accomplices allegedly robbed the First State Bank of Oregon in Portland of more than \$17,000. The three men reportedly entered the bank by the front door and at gunpoint ordered the employees and customers into the vault before fleeing with the loot.

On December 29, 1967, at Riverside, California, one of Harrison's alleged associates was apprehended by FBI agents and the following day the other was shot and killed resisting arrest by local authorities.

Doyle Harrison, also known as Willie Eugene Harrison, Lee Harrison, John Allen Hayes, Lee McIntosh and Bob Wilson, has worked in the past as a laborer and mechanic.

This fugitive has scars on his face, a tattooed face on his upper right arm and a heart on his left wrist.

His build and complexion are medium.

Social Security Number used: 552-50-1265.

Considering the fact that Doyle Lee Harrison allegedly robbed a bank at gunpoint and has been convicted of grand theft and escape, consider him armed and dangerous.



ROBERT GROVER DUKE. Charge: *Unlawful Flight (Murder)*. TD Reward: \$100. Age, 53; height, 5'10½"; weight 175; eyes, brown; hair gray. *If located, notify J. Edgar Hoover, Director, Federal Bur. of Investigation, Washington 25, D.C.*

AN ESCAPED convict who had been serving a life term for multiple murders is being sought by agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation on a charge of unlawful flight to avoid confinement.

In 1954, Robert Grover Duke was convicted in Anderson County, Tennessee of murder in the first degree for the gunshot slayings of his father-in-law, mother-in-law and brother-in-law during a family quarrel, and was sentenced to life.

On March 11, 1967, Duke busted out of the Ft. Pillow State Farm in Tennessee and is still at large.

A Federal warrant for his arrest was issued on April 3, 1967, at Memphis, Tennessee.

This fugitive has held down a variety of legit jobs in the past, including work as a clerk and ironworker. He has also been a stenographer and a restaurateur.

Duke has the following distinguishing scars and marks: scar above the **right eye**; birthmark on the left inner forearm; crescent-shaped scar on the **right forearm**; scar on the right index finger, pitted scar on left knee and **lower right thigh**.

His build and complexion are medium.

In view of the fact that this fugitive killed three people, consider him armed and dangerous.



ALONZO HENRY CABELL. Charge: Unlawful Flight (Murder). TD Reward: \$100. Age, 54; height 5'8"; weight, 160; eyes, brown; hair, black; race, Negro. If located, notify J. Edgar Hoover, Director, FBI, Washington 25, D.C.

AGENTS of the Federal Bureau of Investigation are looking for a "vicious-tempered" man, previously convicted of assault and battery, on a charge of unlawful flight to avoid prosecution for murder.

Alonzo Henry Cabell, on April 30, 1967, allegedly became involved in an argument with a woman in her home in Milwaukee, Wisconsin and reportedly shot, beat and strangled her to death.

A Federal warrant for Cabell's arrest was issued on June 14, 1967 at Milwaukee.

Cabell had previously been convicted in Kenosha, Wisconsin, in December, 1960, of attempted first-degree murder and sentenced to 25 years in the state pen. He was paroled in June, 1964.

This fugitive, who has also been convicted of assault and battery, has worked in the past as a gardener and as a mechanic.

His build is medium, complexion light brown.

Social Security Number used: 307-12-2850.

Cabell has no scars, tattoos or other distinguishing marks, but he is described as having a vicious temper and being a "loner."

In view of the violent nature of the crime of which he is accused, consider this man armed and dangerous.



JOSEPH SETARO. Charge: Homicide. TD Reward: \$100; Age, 48; height, 5'9"; weight, 180; hair, dark brown, wavy, speckled with gray. If located, notify nearest FBI office. Phone number is on page 2 of most local phone books.

JOSEPH SETARO is being sought by the New York City Police Department on a charge of homicide and by the Federal Bureau of Investigation for interstate transportation of a stolen vehicle.

On March 21, 1969, Setaro, also known as Louie Moran, allegedly shot and killed his former wife, Jeannette, in front of her home in Rosedale, Queens County, N.Y.

This fugitive reportedly fled the slaying scene in a 1969 Ford which had been stolen from Curry Ford Motors in Tampa, Florida. The car was later found abandoned.

Setaro had been married 21 years and was the father of two children at the time he divorced his wife in October, 1968, after a one-year separation.

Following the alleged shooting, Setaro was reportedly seen in Florida, Arizona, New Jersey and Illinois.

He had been employed at the time as a sheet metal worker for a company in Astoria, Queens County.

Setaro, who does not drink or smoke, has a nickname, "Lemon," because of his fondness for lemon meringue pie.

He is reported to be an avid gambler. His build is heavy and he combs his hair straight back.

In view of the violent nature of the crime he is accused of, homicide with a gun, this fugitive should be considered armed and dangerous.

\$400 REWARDS IN THIS ISSUE—377 CAPTURES TO DATE

**\$37,700 Rewards Paid By T.D. Publishing Corporation—\$20,770 Paid By Authorities
Total Rewards Paid To Readers—\$58,470**

LINE-UP is a free public service. All law enforcement agencies are invited to make use of it. Readers of TRUE DETECTIVE possessing authentic information concerning any fugitive pictured in LINE-UP are urgently requested to: **FIRST**—Communicate with their local police, or police in the city where the fugitive may be located. **SECOND**—Advise us immediately upon identification of the fugitive through LINE-UP. Where authorities are notified by letter or wire, send copy of same to LINE-UP Editor. Application for reward must be postmarked within 24 hours after the hour fugitive has been positively identified through LINE-UP. (Police officers who effect the capture of fugitives wanted by their own department are not eligible for LINE-UP rewards.)

TRUE DETECTIVE reward offers are in effect up to six months after the publication of photo and the reward is payable to the person who first identifies the fugitive, prior to his arrest, from the photograph of the wanted subject appearing in LINE-UP and gives the tip that leads to his capture.

TRUE DETECTIVE reserves the right of final decision in determining whether or not the evidence submitted by the claimant to the reward is sufficiently clear and conclusive.

If you have any information on the whereabouts of the fugitives listed in this month's LINE-UP, send it in a letter addressed to A. P. Govoni, Editor, TRUE DETECTIVE, 206 E. 43 St., New York, N.Y. 10017.

Identity of Readers Who Furnish Information Leading to Captures Will Be Held Confidential Upon Request

Sex Marauders

(Continued from page 41)

had been forced open. It was clear that the intruder had entered through the kitchen window. Then he had used a trick that is common to professional burglars: He had unlocked the kitchen door and left it open so that he would have a rapid means of escape if that became necessary.

It was apparent that the victim's screams had frightened him away and that he had run out through the kitchen door, not bothering to close it. The entire area was in darkness then and if he knew his way around, he could have escaped within minutes.

With the help of the floodlight, the identification officers searched the bedroom. They found blood streaked on the floor and on the inside of the bedroom door. The victim had been stabbed several times about the neck and throat.

Meanwhile, other officers had discovered the cause of the transformer failure. A motorist had struck a light pole and the impact had short-circuited cables and caused the transformer to burn out.

From all that the officers could piece together, it appeared that this had happened:

The intruder had entered the Anderson home a short time before the power failure. He obviously had been intent on rape and had a knife at the woman's throat when the entire area was plunged into darkness. This caused both to panic—the victim to scream and the intruder to slash her throat with the knife.

He might have been a stranger who had been around the house earlier and had been captivated by the woman he saw moving around inside the house. If he had watched the place, he undoubtedly had seen the teenage boy. This probably had prompted him to wait until he was sure the boy was asleep.

Once inside the house, he moved very cautiously to avoid making any noise that would awaken the boy sleeping in the living room. He probably was able to make his way from the reflection of street lamps to the bedroom.

Mrs. Anderson probably was sleeping, but awakened with the point of the knife at her throat, she was warned not to scream. At first, she probably didn't. But then the lights went out and she began screaming.

The intruder stabbed her repeatedly in the throat and neck to stifle her screams. Then, aware that the screams would awaken the boy and possibly some of the neighbors, he fled through the open kitchen door.

Meanwhile, his victim apparently had not quite lost consciousness and staggered towards the door to seek help from her son. But before she could do this, she fell and lapsed into a coma, from which she never recovered. Instead of going through to the living room, she fell against the door, blocking it shut and leading her son to believe it was locked from the inside.

After the officers had obtained all the information they could from the stricken youth, one of the policemen gathered up what clothes and other articles he would need and he was driven to the home of a relative. He would be available there if other questions arose that the detectives thought he might be able to answer.

The dawning of the new day made the investigation somewhat easier for the detectives, but at the same time it created

problems. Word of the tragedy had spread and many people were drawn to the scene by curiosity. Some of these were church-goers returning from early services; others were people who normally would have slept late, since it was Sunday, but who arose early because of the excitement in the neighborhood.

"We would have to question these people, anyway, so we might as well do it here," said Detective Mitchell.

Officers with notebooks and pens began circulating among the crowd, taking down names and addresses and asking a few pertinent questions.

Dozens of people were questioned, but few had been awake at the time of the crime. A few had been driving home when they heard the impact of the automobile striking the light pole and saw a blinding flash followed by total darkness. But they said they had seen no pedestrians on the sidewalks and nobody acting in a suspicious manner near a house.

Although most of the people living in the neighborhood had been at the scene, some had returned home before the questioning had been completed. Officers were sent to talk to them and to the few who had not left their homes.

Chief Identification Officer Grant devoted his attention to the kitchen window where the intruder had entered. Instead of cutting the screen as most prowlers would have done, this one had used a knife, or some other sharp instrument, to remove the molding.

It was a familiar sight to Investigator Grant, who summoned Detective Mitchell, Sheriff's Investigator Powell and State Attorney Golden. The way the screen had been removed was familiar to them, too.

In a period of several months there had been a total of 23 rape cases in Pensacola and Escambia County, as well as a few others in adjoining Santa Rosa County. All the victims had been in their bedrooms asleep—usually around three o'clock in the morning—when they had been awakened by two men standing over them.

One put his hand over the victim's mouth, while the other prodded her none too gently with a knife at her throat. She was warned that if she tried to scream, or resisted in any other manner, she would be killed.

Then, they took turns raping her. One assaulted her while the other held the sharp-pointed knife at her throat. When it was over, they fled through a door they had opened wide when they entered the house.

In each of the 23 cases, by the time police had arrived, the two rapists had fled into the night.

All the victims were able to give descriptions of a sort, but they were too vague to be of much help to the police.

"The main thing I hope," State Attorney Golden had said, "is that we catch up with these fellows before they kill somebody."

Checking the method of entry and escape in the rape cases, Investigators Grant and Powell found that the intruders invariably had removed the molding around the screen. In every case, a kitchen door, or some other door close by, had been unlocked from the inside and swung open, so that there would be no obstacle when the rapists were ready to make their escape.

Some of the girls had been so hysterical that they had been unable to tell the police anything of real value. But others had tried to get information that they later could give to the police.

Although each assault had occurred in rooms that were not lighted, the eyes can become accustomed to the darkness and some of the girls were able to give good descriptions of their assailants' features. When the men fled, some of the girls, instead of feeling sorry for themselves, ran to a window where they could get a better look at their figures and clothing, which were more clearly visible in the street lights.

Both men were dressed in rough workmen's clothing—usually blue denim pants and tee shirts—and when they talked to the girls, they hadn't been very literate. It appeared that they were laborers of some kind.

But all the girls, even those who had run to the window and watched the men flee, said they had not seen the men get into an automobile, nor had they heard the sound of an engine roaring to life.

To the officers, this could mean one of two things: The men had parked a few blocks away to be sure that none of the victims would see the car. Or they didn't own a car and fled on foot, probably through dark alleys, until they could find a cab. This would have been no easy task, since all the rapes had occurred in quite residential neighborhoods, where a cruising cab seldom could be found. And the criminals probably would not take a chance on telephoning for a cab.

While some of the officers were sent to question each of the rape victims again, Lieutenant Bert Robison of the Pensacola police arrived and helped Prosecutor Golden direct other phases of the Anderson homicide investigation. While teams of officers and detectives continued to question people in the neighborhood, Investigators Powell and Grant, aided by Detective Mitchell, got down on their knees and made an inch-by-inch search of the ground and grass around the Anderson house, hoping to find the murder weapon.

Meanwhile, an autopsy had been performed on the victim and the pathologist said she had died of loss of blood from four vicious stab wounds in the throat and neck. There was no evidence of rape, but there was little doubt that this had been the motive. Mrs. Anderson obviously had struggled so fiercely that the men had panicked, stabbed her, and fled without accomplishing their original purpose.

After he had viewed the body, State Attorney Golden said, "It's the worst crime I've ever seen."

The pathologist reported that the murder instrument had been a knife with a long sharp blade, quite thin and about half an inch wide.

This was the weapon the investigators were searching for. But they didn't find it in the yard, in the alley, or anywhere in the immediate vicinity of the house. More officers were called in and the search was widened to other streets and alleys in the area.

These efforts yielded nothing. But all that day, Sunday, August 24th, officers continued to question everybody they could find in the neighborhood for several blocks in every direction.

The man who had crashed his car into a power pole, causing the transformer to blow out, was questioned at length, but he was absolved of any connection with the crime or with the rapes which had preceded the murder.

A few of the rape victims were able to give good enough descriptions so that a police artist could make what they said were fairly accurate sketches of the rapists.

The girls said the two men had told them the police wouldn't be able to trace

them because they didn't live in Pensacola—they just came to the city when they wanted to assault women. Some of the girls said the two men, who were not very literate, were arrogant and boastful. On one occasion they had mentioned they were migrant farm workers.

Copies of the sketches were given to all officers working on the rape and murder cases. Although Pensacola policemen were well acquainted with men who had been in trouble with the law in that city, they didn't recognize the men in the sketches.

"There's something familiar about them," said Lieutenant Robison, "but I can't put a name to them. Both the sketches and the descriptions are just a little too vague."

Detective Mitchell agreed.

But Detective Mitchell was so determined to try to identify the killers—he was convinced that they were the same men who had been responsible for the 23 unsolved rape cases—that he worked 72 consecutive hours from the time the Anderson murder first was reported without any sleep at all, not even a catnap. Detective Mitchell is one of those law enforcement officers of the old school—he has no use for criminals of any kind and when there is a particularly vicious crime such as the murder of Mrs. Anderson, he can't rest until he has done everything possible to try to find the killers.

In this, he is not vindictive. His main concern is to get the criminals out of circulation before they can do more harm to other defenseless women.

Finally, after the residents had been questioned repeatedly and a wide area had been searched for the weapon and other evidence, the officers gave up on that phase of the investigation.

But State Attorney Golden and Lieutenant Robison now began to probe into the background of Mrs. Betty Sue Anderson. Had she met the two men sometime? Had they followed her home and learned her habits? Had they called at the Department of Public Health and seen her there?

Backtracking, the officers learned that Mrs. Anderson was a native of Tennessee, but that she had lived in Pensacola for the past 14 years. She was divorced and it was not known where her husband was. Her father and mother had been divorced, the mother living in Pensacola and the father in Opp, Alabama, a city of about 6,000, some 75 miles northeast of Pensacola.

When Tommy had recovered sufficiently from the shock, he told the detectives what he and his mother had done on Saturday, a day off from work for her. Though they lived on a quiet street, their modest home was only a block west of busy North Avenue in the northern section of Pensacola.

Tommy said he and his mother had been at home all day, not going out at all. After they had done the chores around the house, they relaxed and watched television. Tommy said they had no visitors all day. Nor had he seen any suspicious characters loitering on the street in the vicinity of their home.

After dinner Saturday evening, Tommy said, they watched television together. During the Lawrence Welk show, sometime between 8:30 and nine o'clock, Mrs. Anderson got up.

"I'm tired and am going to bed," she told Tommy.

"Okay, Mother," the son said he replied. "See you tomorrow."

Neither of them knew then that there would be no tomorrow for her as she went in the bedroom and closed the

door. Tommy watched TV a while longer, then went to bed in the living room. It was about six hours after his mother went to bed that he was awakened by her screams. But the blackout had occurred by that time and it was impossible for him to see anyone leaving, although there was no doubt that the killers fled about the time the boy was running to see what had happened to his mother.

That was all Tommy was able to add to what he already had told the police.

Despite the continued investigation—one of the most intensive ever carried on in Pensacola—the killers remained unidentified.

Then, three weeks after the slaying of Mrs. Anderson, as if they were thumbing their noses at the law, the two men struck again. The girl whose bedroom they entered realized it was dangerous to resist and submitted, at the same time getting a good look at them in the light reflected from the street. When she looked at the sketches, she said she was sure they were the same pair.

The investigation was intensified. Every Pensacola policeman, every detective and deputy under the command of Sheriff Davis, began looking for the two men. Even more important than catching them for punishment was preventing them from killing again.

The two men apparently became aware of this and for the next two months, they attacked no more Pensacola women.

The next time they were heard from was in mid-November when two men assaulted a Canadian girl who was visiting in Pensacola. She had heard of the two rapists and she stifled her fear to make a pretense of friendliness.

She resisted only when they prepared to rape her. Then they threatened to kill her. She said they boasted that they had killed Mrs. Anderson and one more murder wouldn't make any difference. Before they left, just before dawn, one of the men stole several packs of Lucky Strike cigarettes from the girl's apartment.

As soon as they had gone, the girl notified the police and she was taken to headquarters, where she related the details to Prosecutor Golden, Lieutenant Robison and Detective Mitchell. The men had stayed in her apartment longer and she had been able to get a better look at them.

The added details were enough to bring the previously vague descriptions into sharper focus. The sketches were revised and copies were made for the investigating officers. They previously had been in a section of Pensacola where migrant workers were known to live and they went there again.

They showed the pictures and told what the two men were suspected of. Finally some names began to emerge. Several persons said the sketches resembled Essie James Felton and Freddie Lee Odom, who lived together on Crockett Street when they were in Pensacola. The two rapists had told some of their victims that they were not from Pensacola, but were in and out of the city. The informants said that applied to Odom and Felton.

Detectives went to the address on East Crockett Street and arrested Freddie Lee Odom. But Felton had fled. All the detectives could learn was that he had taken a cab to downtown Pensacola.

Cab companies were contacted and drivers were shown the sketch that resembled Felton. Finally, Detective Mit-

chell located a driver who said he had picked up Felton.

"Where did you take him?"

"To the bus station," the driver replied.

Detective Mitchell contacted Prosecutor Golden and Lieutenant Robison and they met at the bus station, where ticket agents were shown the picture of Felton. They found one man who recognized it.

The agent checked his records and he said he was certain that the man had bought a one-way ticket for Lake Worth, a Florida east coast city of about 25,000, a few miles south of Palm Beach. Police of Lake Worth were asked to look for him and two days after he had left Pensacola, Lake Worth police notified Lieutenant Robison that Felton was in custody.

At Prosecutor Golden's request, the Lake Worth police did some detective work. From his cronies in Pensacola, Detective Mitchell had learned that Felton never had been known to smoke Lucky Strike cigarettes. But when he was arrested in Lake Worth, he had two packs of Luckies in his possession and claimed they were his regular brand.

Asked where he had obtained them, he named a small shop that sells notions, including cigarettes. When the police inquired if Felton had bought the cigarettes there, the proprietor said that he didn't carry Lucky Strikes because he had little demand for them. He said he had none in stock and could not have sold them to Felton.

Convinced now that Felton was a good suspect, Prosecutor Golden obtained a warrant charging him with first-degree murder. Then Golden, Lieutenant Robison and Detective Mitchell drove to Lake Worth and picked up Felton.

The return trip began about 9:30 a.m., and was without incident until early afternoon. As they approached DeFuniak Springs, a city of about 5,500, 71 miles east of Pensacola, Felton said he was hungry. The officers stopped in front of a restaurant on the main street of DeFuniak Springs and Golden and Robison went in to buy sandwiches, leaving Felton handcuffed in the back seat.

When the two men went in the restaurant, Felton asked Detective Mitchell to remove one of the handcuffs so that the prisoner would have one hand free to handle his sandwich. Mitchell agreed and reached across to the back seat to unlock one of the handcuffs.

As he did so, Felton struck him across the head with the handcuffs, jumped him and tried to take the detective's gun. In the struggle that followed, four shots were fired and one of them struck Felton in the left temple, killing him almost immediately.

He was dead on arrival at Lakeside Hospital in DeFuniak Springs. Detective Mitchell was taken to the same hospital, where he was treated for cuts on his nose and face. It also was discovered that he had suffered a concussion when struck by the handcuffs.

Physicians said his condition was satisfactory, but he was kept in the hospital until the concussion had cleared up. He has since returned to active duty.

Meanwhile, Freddie Lee Odom has been charged with rape of the Pensacola girl in September. Rape is a capital crime in Florida and as this was written, Odom was held without bond in the Escambia County jail in Pensacola, awaiting further legal action. The investigation is continuing and officials have not announced whether Odom will be charged in connection with the slaying of Mrs. Anderson. ♦ ♦ ♦

Fatal Journey

(Continued from page 35)

"If he leaves the car for any reason and you know the woman and the children are safe," Kelly said, "then you can take him. But for the time being continue as you are and try to remain in radio contact. I'll advise the Highway Patrol by phone of what's transpiring."

"Ten-four," Jackson acknowledged.

The sergeant had barely completed his radio transmission when McEvers' car slowed and his directional light flashed for a left turn. Jackson slowed his vehicle, but McEvers resumed his speed and the light indicator went off. McEvers continued driving at the same breakneck speed, but Sergeant Jackson was able to maintain his distance.

Then, suddenly, McEvers pulled to a stop next to a telephone booth at a closed station. Jackson, still some distance back, braked his car to a halt. Jackson watched McEvers closely, but the man made no attempt to leave his car.

After pausing for a few moments, McEvers headed again in the same easterly direction on 299, through the small towns of Weaverville and Douglas City.

As McEvers approached a small service station some distance from Douglas City, his brake lights went on and he suddenly turned into the station and pulled up to the gas pumps. Jackson brought his vehicle to a halt, again some distance back from McEvers' car.

Jackson had hoped that he would at last have an opportunity to catch McEvers away from the car, but his hopes faded when McEvers paid for his gasoline and drove back onto the highway without ever leaving the automobile.

From this point on, however, McEvers slowed his speed to only 45 miles an hour, which indicated to Jackson that McEvers had now probably spotted his patrol car.

In the meantime, Captain George L. Bertotti of the Redding office of the California Highway Patrol had received information of the kidnaping and flight and now mulled over the same problems which confronted the other officers. He too was aware of McEvers' emotional state of mind and knew that McEvers' actions could not be predicted. Would McEvers suddenly panic and crash the car in a final attempt at murder and suicide? Would he use the gun on his wife as he had threatened to do? What of innocent bystanders who might be killed? If McEvers was permitted to enter the heavily-populated Redding area, there would be no telling what might happen.

On the other hand, a well-executed roadblock in an unpopulated area might catch McEvers by surprise; if rapidly carried out it would afford a certain amount of protection for Linda and the children simply from the element of surprise.

Dangers were inherent in any course of action the officers might take, and the experienced Captain Bertotti was aware of them. It would be one thing to sit down with a contingent of officers and discuss possible solutions to the problem, but time was a luxury they couldn't afford. A decision had to be made, and made right now.

Captain Bertotti decided that the best course of action was to set up a roadblock. If it could be set up at the very western edge of the tiny community of old Shasta there would be street lights illuminating the otherwise darkened

highway, thus lessening the chance that McEvers could escape in the darkness. There was a large knoll immediately to the west over which McEvers would travel, and he would be unaware of the roadblock until he was on top of it.

The lack of communications between Trinity County Sheriff's Sergeant Sam Jackson and the California Highway Patrol vehicle was a definite disadvantage. However, the Trinity County sheriff's office was notified by telephone that there would be a roadblock set up west of Shasta, and this information in turn was relayed to Sergeant Jackson.

Captain Bertotti wasted no time in rapidly establishing a roadblock. Traffic would be detained several blocks east of where the car stop would take place, and a C.H.P. unit was dispatched to Rock Creek Road, a short distance to the west of Shasta, with instructions to radio the officers at the roadblock when McEvers was sighted. This unit was to then back up Sergeant Jackson. An additional Highway Patrol unit would stop traffic to the west after McEvers and Jackson had passed.

Sergeant Jackson continued following McEvers' car. He had been informed of the roadblock west of Shasta, but he was unaware of the exact location. Knowing that a stop would be made,



however, he increased his speed slightly and shortened the distance between McEvers' vehicle and his own. Shortly after this a C.H.P. unit pulled into position behind the sergeant's car.

Captain Bertotti, in the meantime, had wisely decided against a physical blocking of the road in advance; a "rolling stop" was to be utilized.

As Sergeant Jackson crested the top of the knoll at the Shasta city limits, he observed a Highway Patrol unit heading toward him. This unit suddenly made a rapid U-turn in front of McEvers' car and braked to a halt.

As McEvers stopped his car, the C.H.P. unit behind Jackson passed the sergeant's and McEvers' vehicles and pulled to a halt in the left lane. Jackson stopped his car to the right rear of McEvers' vehicle, which then was boxed in.

Having the safety of Linda and the children uppermost in his mind, Sergeant Jackson rushed to the passenger side of the McEvers' car. He had hoped that the presence of the other officers near McEvers' side of the car would distract the kidnaper until the safety of the woman and children could be assured.

Jackson found the door on the right side of the car to be locked. The Highway Patrolman similarly found the door on the driver's side to be locked. But

the window was down several inches on the passenger's side, and Jackson was able to reach inside and unlock the door.

As he was attempting to remove Linda from the car, Sergeant Jackson saw McEvers reach toward the floorboard. As he rose up swiftly, a shot suddenly rang out from within the car.

Linda slumped in the seat. At the same time Sergeant Jackson felt the searing impact of the slug tearing into his arm.

The McEvers' car began to roll forward on the downhill slope of the highway. While the car was in motion a second shot was fired, this one from the Highway Patrol officer's weapon. This slug creased the back of McEvers' head, and it was not known until later that the bullet had continued on, striking Linda in both legs and tearing off the first finger of Sergeant Jackson's right hand.

But despite his wounds, as McEvers' vehicle halted against the Highway Patrol cruiser, Sergeant Jackson wrestled the gun away from McEvers and dragged him out of the car. The Highway Patrolman rapidly handcuffed Dave McEvers and the officers turned their attention to Linda and the children.

The children, although upset and crying hysterically, appeared to be unharmed. The threat to take Linda's life had been carried out by her husband. The officers found that the slug from McEvers' automatic had pierced her head. She was not breathing, and the officers could find no pulse.

McEvers was treated at the Redding hospital and was then taken to the Shasta County Jail where he was booked on charges of kidnaping, assault with a deadly weapon on a peace officer, and murder.

Sergeant Jackson underwent surgery at the hospital and was later released.

On October 27, 1969, David Robert McEvers appeared in Superior Court with his attorney, Public Defender Jere E. Hurley Jr. With the concurrence of District Attorney Robert Baker, he entered pleas of guilty to each of the charges against him. It was stipulated that the court find the murder to be second degree.

On November 10, 1969, McEvers was sentenced to the "term prescribed by law" in the State Prison at Vacaville, California.

Although the exact length of time of his sentence will be set later by the California Board of Prison Terms and Paroles, California law provides for sentences of five years to life for second-degree murder, not more than 15 years for assault with a deadly weapon, and one to 25 years for kidnaping. McEvers will serve the murder and assault with a deadly weapon sentences consecutively, but concurrently with the sentence for kidnaping.

The people in Northern California will not soon forget the 150-mile chase over one of the state's most rugged highways, or the heroic law officers who took part in it. They will remember attractive Linda McEvers, who has been forever released from bondage, and her killer who paces back and forth in his cell, remembering what he has done or, possibly, trying to forget. ♦ ♦ ♦

The names Fred and Yvonne Gilchrist, as used in the foregoing story, are not the real names of the persons concerned. These persons have been given fictitious names to protect their identity.

CRIME IN AMERICA!

The soaring crime rate, and what to do about it, has become one of the most controversial issues of the day. Politicians, and a large segment of the public, clamor for swift, stringent measures to protect society. At the same time, blithely ignoring the contradictions in their thinking, they cry out for limitations of police power.

The country is full of self-proclaimed experts. Everyone has an answer to the problem, but the problem doesn't get solved.

Crime and criminals are commanding unprecedented attention from editorial writers and producers of television documentaries. Noted writers are turning out books, belatedly, on such notorious cases as the slaughter of the Clutter family in Kansas, the Boston Strangler, Ohio's Sheppard murder, and others.

None of this is new to our readers. In the pages of our magazines, scant weeks after the event occurred, they were able to read detailed, in-depth reports on these, and other headline police investigations, authoritatively written by the country's foremost crime reporters.

If you want to gain understanding and a penetrating insight into the war on crime in America, read America's leading fact crime magazines:

TRUE DETECTIVE
MASTER DETECTIVE
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On Sale At All Newsstands

Case of Magician . . .

(Continued from page 31)

nor did any amount of careful thinking. A discreet investigation of the Gerard family produced more interesting information, but it was not really helpful either. As might be expected with a practicing magician, Gerard's background was complicated and rather obscure.

His early life had been simple enough. Maurice Gerard had been born in Marsal itself on January 30, 1929, the son of a farmer. His father, Antoine Gerard, had been comfortably well-off, owning a comparatively large farm and the old military hospital which Maurice had later inherited as his home.

Sorcery apparently ran in the Gerard family. The elder Gerard had spent his entire life in the study of occult books and the exploration of the ancient lost tunnels beneath the earth of Marsal. He openly proclaimed himself a wizard and he was often sought out by the other villagers for casting spells, warding off the evil eye and other such occult matters.

His son, Maurice, had had access to the occult books studied by his father from the earliest age, but his formal education had been sketchy. While still in the local elementary school, the German invasion of France had taken place and Maurice together with his entire family had been evacuated to the south.

Following the end of the war, the Gerards had regained control of their property and for a time Maurice had worked with his father and brothers on the farm. He was, however, a poor farmer and his thirst for knowledge drove him to take correspondence courses in physics, chemistry, languages and even medicine.

His greatest interest had, however, remained with the study of the occult and, by the time he had reached the age of twenty-three, he had earned the title of Professor of Yoga and set off for Paris to seek his fortune.

Chief Comte was unable to discover much of what Gerard had done in Paris. The only definite piece of intelligence was that he had begun as a sales clerk in a store. After that, there was a long, blank gap, during which the Swami Natkormano, as he now called himself, had married Josiane, otherwise known as the Priestess Alveola, and, according to his own statement, had been initiated into the priesthood of the occult at a ceremony held in an underground temple in Hawaii. It was here that he had learned the secret of the talking statues.

Life in Paris had, apparently, not agreed with the Gerards and in 1964 he returned to Marsal with his now four children and took up residence in the old military hospital. The sorcerer and his family had been given a warm welcome in his home town. Marsal is an old place and there were few who saw anything unusual in a man practicing magic for his living. Besides, as the neighbors pointed out, the Gerards bothered no one, but lived in complete isolation, scarcely sticking their noses out of the old hospital. Not infrequently, nothing would be seen of them for days on end and, if there were stories of strange ceremonies which went on in the deep cellars throughout the night, well, that was the Gerards' business.

"This Swami Natkormano is a very strange fish," said Sergeant Massue. "On the other hand, he must be successful. He seems to have plenty of money."

"He is not only a very strange fish," agreed the Chief, "but I am beginning to feel that this whole affair has a decidedly fishy smell to it. Whatever the opinion of the people of Marsal, I do not believe in magic."

"Someone is concealing something," said the chief. "Let us look at this case without the magic. Here we have an enormously strong building in which ten people are sleeping. There is only one door and it is bolted from inside. The windows are all covered with strong shutters and they too are secured from within. During the night, two children and two statues are taken from this building. No one awakes except Gerard. He states that five shots were fired, but no one hears them."

"Do not forget the watch dog," said Massue. "The neighbors say that the Gerard dog is very alert. He begins to bark immediately if anyone approaches the building, but on the night of the kidnapping no one heard him bark."

"Exactly," the Chief said. "Nor have we been able to find the marks of the bullets which Gerard says whistled past his ears and must then have struck the door or the front of the house."

"And, if Gerard is correct in his belief that the children were taken as hostages to force him to reveal the secret of the talking statues, then the kidnapers would surely have got in touch with him," said Massue.

The Chief came to a decision. "Take four men with you," he said, "and go to Marsal. Bring Gerard and his wife here for questioning. We will see whether they continue to tell the same story when they have to repeat it a number of times."

The sergeant departed for Marsal and, some time later, returned with the highly indignant magician and his equally indignant wife. Somewhat to the surprise of the chief, there was not the slightest variation in their stories, no matter how often they were told.

"Evil forces have spirited away my children," said the magician reproachfully, "and you can do no better than to hold their parents and subject them to endless, unreasonable questions!"

The Chief could, however, do better. Mobilizing all his men, he proceeded to Marsal where he caused a scaffolding to be built along the front of the house. The wall, the door and the shutters were then gone over inch by inch. So too, were the neighboring houses, the sheds and even the utility poles. Nowhere could any trace of a bullet be found.

"Peculiar bullets," said the chief. "They must have been fired straight up in the air."

"I have the feeling that you do not believe that the children were kidnaped," said Sergeant Massue.

"Your feelings are quite correct," said the inspector. "I do not believe that the children were ever taken from this house. They are still in it."

"Could there have been an accident?" speculated the sergeant. "Have you seen the old gas stove in the room next to that occupied by the missing children? It is still connected to the gas line."

"There was no smell of gas when we were called to the house," said the chief, "but, at the moment, I am prepared to follow up any theory. See if you can round up some goats or rabbits. We will lock them in the children's room and see if it is possible to gas them."

The rabbits were procured and the tests were carried out, but the results were negative. No gas penetrated through the wall into the bedroom.

"Nevertheless," said the chief, "I am convinced that the children or what remains of them are still in this house and we are going to find them if we have to disassemble the entire structure stone by stone."

Nearly forty police officers were equipped with shovels, picks, wrecking bars and sledge hammers. Like locusts, they descended on the old military hospital searching the attics, probing the walls and even digging up the back yard. Nothing was found.

Eventually, the investigations concentrated their search in the huge cellars. Here, there was, at least, some success. The ground under the ancient building and, for that matter, under all of Marsal was honeycombed with passages, many of which were sealed off and had obviously not been entered in decades if not centuries. Some, however, showed signs of more recent use.

"We have found a passageway leading from the cellar," reported Sergeant Massue. "There are many strange things in it. Perhaps you had better come and look."

Chief Comte descended to the cellar where he found the gendarmes grouped around an opening in the cellar wall. It had been sealed with large, square, cut stones which had been laid up without mortar. Beyond the hole in the wall, the passage opened out to a width of some eight feet and stretched away for an indeterminate distance into the darkness.

Sergeant Massue shone a powerful electric hand lantern into the opening. The passage seemed to go on for some twenty feet and then make an abrupt turn to the right. At the far end, where the passage turned, a stone altar had been set up against the wall and there were candles on it. On either side of the altar stood weirdly shaped tripods made of copper tubing. The wall over the altar was covered with a tapestry depicting strange monsters and half-men, half-animal creatures. There were broad, black stains running over the top of the altar and down the front.

"Get more lanterns," ordered the Chief. "I want this passage gone over inch by inch." He stepped into the opening and walked up to the altar, followed by the sergeant. "Blood," he said, touching the dark stains with his forefinger, "unless I'm greatly mistaken."

The Chief was not mistaken. The altar was drenched with blood! The stains were so fresh that they had not even completely dried!

While the sergeant put in an urgent call to the police laboratories in Nancy, Chief Comte directed the investigations within the hidden passage. There was no question but what it had been in use recently, but apparently only up to the point where it made the sharp turn to the right. Beyond this point, the dust still lay heavy and undisturbed for centuries, on the floor.

Armed with lanterns and walking in single file to avoid obliterating any possible footprints, the chief and his men followed the passage to its end, some six hundred yards away. Although nothing was found, there were other openings and stairs connecting the passage with other passages on the same floor, although on higher and lower levels. Some of the passages ended in the cellars of other buildings.

For two days, squads of gendarmes combed the passages beneath Marsal, without success. No trace of the missing children could be found nor was there any indication that the children had ever been in the passages.

"Unfortunately, this does not mean very much," said Sergeant Massue, wiping the dust from his forehead. "We have no way of knowing how many other openings have been sealed off or concealed. The whole area is like a rabbit warren. Vauban's soldiers were excellent diggers."

"Not only Vauban," said Chief Comte gloomily. "This place has been fought over for a thousand years. God knows what is underneath the ground. Do we have a report yet from Nancy on the blood samples?"

"They promised to call this afternoon," said Massue. "The blood should be enough for an indictment, if it proves to be human."

Unfortunately for Chief Comte's case, the blood did not prove to be human. Instead, it was blood from several goats!

"Logical," said the Chief. "I have heard that the sorcerers use goats for their sacrifices. Aside from the objections from the S.P.C.A., it is not illegal."

Chief Comte and his men withdrew to Vic-sur-Seille, thwarted but not beaten. Maurice Gerard and his wife were still being held in custody and the questioning continued, although, up to that point, it had brought no results other than threats by the magician to cast spells over the entire gendarmerie.

Two days after the unsuccessful house search, however, the Chief received a visit from a distinguished person. His name was Maurice Messague and he was generally credited with being the most famous occultist and faith healer in Europe.

Messague was no stranger to the police, having worked with them in many European countries in the location of missing persons and in the solution of murder cases, with which he had had a number of astonishing successes.

"I have read in the newspapers of the sad disappearance of the two children belonging to my colleague, the Swami Natkormano," he said by way of introduction, "and there is certain information I possess and which I believe should be made available to the police."

Chief Comte had, by this time, developed a considerable degree of impatience with magicians in general, but Messague was a respected figure in many circles, including the police and he listened.

"Some time ago," said Messague, "the Swami Natkormano came to me with a request for advice. He was a successful sorcerer who had received honorable attention in Robert Charroux's famous book, 'Book of the Masters of the World', but he was filled with ambition. It was his goal, he said, to become the greatest wizard in the whole world."

"I advised him to concentrate on good deeds and the service of his fellow men, but he did not seem to feel that this was adequate. He was determined to become the greatest sorcerer of all and in the shortest possible time. He spoke of forbidden things, of sacrifices to strange gods. He said that he was even prepared to perform the ultimate act."

"The ultimate act?" said the Chief.

"Human sacrifice," said Messague. After he had gone, Sergeant Massue, who had listened to the strange recital, turned to his chief. "My God" he exclaimed. "Do you think he has sacrificed his own children?"

"I don't know," said the Chief, rubbing the top of his head wearily. "I am beginning to think that anything is possible. These people are mad! They are capable of anything! All I know is that two little children are missing and we cannot find them. Go and question Ger-

ard some more. Tell him what Messague said. See what his reaction is."

Gerard's reaction was one of cold, bitter rage. His thin lips curled back in a snarl to show stained, broken teeth, he hissed threats against Messague, whom he accused of professional jealousy, Chief Comte, whom he described as the anti-Christ, and the sergeant, whose hair and teeth would soon fall out as a result of his spells and who would die a slow and painful death from an incurable disease.

The prospect was not appealing to the sergeant who was not as completely skeptical in his attitude toward magic as the chief, but he continued his questioning until the Magician became entirely incoherent and began shrieking his threats and accusations in an unknown language and then returned to his superior's office.

"I think he is mad," he said, a little uncomfortably. "At least, I hope he is mad. Otherwise, I shall have no teeth or hair within a short time."

"Ah yes," said the Chief. "The threats again. If they were potent, I would have been dead last week. I suppose he said nothing of significance? In that case, we shall simply have to wait. Sooner or later, we are going to find the children or he is going to get tired of the questioning and tell the truth or some further information will be uncovered or..."

The end of the thread of information which the chief was hoping to uncover came to his hand the following day. For weeks he had been trying to find some person outside the Gerard household who had known the family well and had had some idea of what went on inside the old stone hospital. His efforts had all failed because the Gerards had lived as complete recluses. Finally, it had occurred to him that the two youngest children, Pascal and Natalie, had been born in Marsal and that Mrs. Gerard had undoubtedly had a doctor in attendance. This she denied, but Comte had found him in the person of Dr. Etienne Cave of the nearby village of Dieuze. Dr. Cave had some interesting observations to make and was also able to provide a lead to the most significant clue in the entire case.

"Both of the two missing children," said Dr. Cave, "were handicapped. Pascal suffered from a type of bone disease which made him crippled in one leg. Gabriel was nearly deaf and was afflicted with an impediment in his speech so that he could not talk normally. The other children were, however, normal."

He then added the comment which was finally to provide the chief with the material necessary to obtain an indictment.

"The doctor in Paris who assisted at Mrs. Gerard's previous births," he said, "is named Dr. Louis Brabant. I believe he

has his offices in the Rue Montmartre."

A few hours later, the Chief, Comte, was in Paris himself and talking with Dr. Brabant who confirmed the fact that Gabriel had been born partially deaf and dumb, but he was not able to provide any other information. "A large family," he observed. "The Gerards. Eight children."

"Eight?" said the inspector. "They only have six counting the two born in Marsal."

"I personally delivered Mrs. Gerard of six children here in Paris," said the doctor.

And a check of the city birth registry showed that the doctor had not been mistaken. The Gerards had indeed had eight children. Now they had four. Where were the other two?

Maurice Gerard's response to the question was the usual series of threats and denials that he had ever had more than six children. This time, however, there was concrete evidence and Chief Comte presented his case to the investigating judge in Nancy. The investigating judge, who in France acts as a grand jury, found sufficient evidence of foul play to have Gerard and his wife bound over for trial. At the same time, he ordered, at the chief's request, a complete psychiatric examination of the couple.

This was carried out by a panel of leading psychiatrists who on April 24, 1969 declared Maurice and Josiane Gerard to be insane and unaware of the consequences of their actions.

When she heard herself declared to be severely demented as to be capable of committing acts of violence upon her children, Josiane was so infuriated she threw an ashtray at the presiding judge. Nonetheless, a court order was issued committing both Maurice and Josiane to an institution for the criminally insane for the remainder of their natural lives. The bodies of little Gabriel and Pascal Gerard were never found and both parents have denied to the last any knowledge of the missing children.

The two disciples, Michel Dib and Michel Vaugrante were cleared of all complicity in the case. To them, Gerard, who admitted publicly that he has no supernatural powers, said, "If I've confessed to being a charlatan, it's to avoid the asylum. I continue to believe in my statuettes which speak." ♦♦♦

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The names, Lucien Comte, Jean Massue, Etienne Cave and Louis Brabant, as used in the foregoing story, are not the real names of the persons concerned. These persons have been given fictitious names to protect their identities.

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Over the years, the publishers of this magazine have handed out nearly \$40,000 to our readers. Various law enforcement agencies have added another \$20,000 to that.

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Last year, three captures were effected within a two-week period—two in Canada, one in Louisiana—and one fugitive had been on the FBI's "10 MOST WANTED FUGITIVES" list for almost a year. Commenting on the latter capture, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover wrote to the editor: ". . . This is an outstanding illustration of the excellent manner in which your magazine has assisted this Bureau over the years by publicizing individuals whom we are seeking."

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One of the fugitives there could be someone you've been seeing every day—where you work, on the bus, at the corner gas station, or maybe at a restaurant you patronize.

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You'll be performing a valuable public service . . . And as soon as we verify the capture, you'll be \$100 richer.

Can you think of an easier way to make \$100?

Half of Force Slain

(Continued from page 8)

he noted, was a dark-reddish Dodge convertible, late model, with one headlight out.

Could this be the bandit suspects? Officer Brandon trailed them. Slowly.

The Dodge slowed down still more, pausing inordinately long at intersections and stop signs. Brandon thought he saw someone in the car peering out the rear window, watching his patrol car. They traveled down Country Club toward the heart of the city, where it becomes First Street. Brandon remained a short distance behind the vehicle.

In addition to keeping tabs on the Dodge, the alert officer had also been busy on his radio. Other police cruisers began moving into the area.

At the intersection of First Street, Miller Street and Stratford Road, patrol cars suddenly seemed to materialize from all directions. As one news reporter wrote later, "It was like an armada—they swooped in from everywhere."

One thing was certain, the officers knew, and that was that the occupants of the Dodge weren't going anywhere—except where the officers wanted them.

Offering no resistance, the men in the Dodge, the suspected cop-slayers, filed meekly out of the car, hands high.

There were four of them. Police searched them and found two guns—a 22 caliber pistol and a .38. They were then taken to police headquarters, advised of their constitutional rights, and booked—with two charges of murder and two counts of armed robbery.

Sheriff Jim Taylor of Surry County said the next day that the men had signed "statements." He would not at that time say, however, if the statements were confessions.

The suspects were listed as Perry Sanders, 23; his 20-year-old brother, Lexie, and brothers James and Charles Monroe, 22 and 20 years old, respectively. All four lived in Sanford, North Carolina, a town approximately 100 miles southeast of Winston-Salem.

Another brother of Perry and Lexie told a reporter a few days after the slayings that he usually went with his brothers and their friends (although he hadn't that night) when they left their rural home for a trip to a large town. "There's fun in these towns," the brother said. "The people in Sanford like to fight."

Trial was set for the four men; after some delay, it began Thanksgiving week in Forsyth Superior Court (Winston-Salem) where it had been moved from Surry County.

Perry Sanders, a Vietnam war veteran, had admitted shooting the officers, but he entered a plea of not guilty to charges of first-degree murder. His court-appointed defense attorneys attempted to show that Sanders' actions were related to his experience while serving in the military in Vietnam, that the killings were a spontaneous reaction and not premeditated, which is a requirement to prove first-degree murder.

Calmly and in great detail, Perry Sanders leaned back in the witness chair, his hand to his mouth, and told the jury that he fired the first shot with his eyes closed and then "something snapped." He used the same care with details in admitting to the robberies (essentially the same as the versions recounted by the victims); his statement in open court describing the wanton shootings left several persons weeping unashamedly.

Sanders described a frustrating day in

Sanford, his home town, when his car broke down and when he and Lexie, in Lexie's new Dodge, got together with the Monroe brothers and started drinking and decided to "knock over" a service station to pay their bills.

He said they drove to Forsyth County, got lost and then robbed two service stations. He admitted doing most of the talking during the robberies and admitted hitting both attendants on the head. They then got lost in Surry County.

"We didn't know where we were and we were almost out of gas," Sanders told the jury. "We were in this little town and none of the stations were open. Then we saw this police car following us."

Perry related that they were stopped and told there had been some robberies, and one of the officers asked the driver, Charles Monroe, for his license. The four of them got out of the car, Sanders said, while the officers searched the car. Sanders testified that he hid his pistol, a nine-shot revolver, under the car. When one of the officers took a gun from one of the men with Sanders, Sanders said he reached for his own gun.

One of the officers had started to put handcuffs on James Monroe, Sanders said. "When he did, I just reached down and took the pistol and fired blind the first time. He started screaming. Something snapped in my head and I just started firing . . . There was still that horrible scream, and I kept firing . . . Then it stopped."

Sanders went on, "The other guy, he screamed and ran. I sort of ran behind him and fired. He fell and he started that screaming all over again. He kept screaming. I reached down and pulled his gun out (this would have been Officer East) and fired it . . . Then the screaming stopped."

Sanders testified that he shot two or three times into the officer's head.

Although Sanders denied going back to the first man (Branscome) and shooting him in the head, earlier testimony revealed that both officers were shot in the head with East's weapon.

It took the jury of eight women and four men three hours and 21 minutes to agree on two verdicts of guilty of first-degree murder.

There was no recommendation of mercy.

Perry Sanders stood silent, gripping the table in front of him, as Judge George M. Fountain read the mandatory death sentence twice—once for each of the officers slain. Sanders was sentenced to "inhale lethal gas of sufficient quantity to cause death on December 12 1969, some 10 months after that night of robbing and killing.

An automatic appeal in a death sentence in the state delayed execution, and, at this writing, Perry Sanders remains alive—on Death Row.

In addition to the two death sentences, Sanders was given 60 years in prison for two armed robberies; his brother, Lexie, was given 50 years on the robberies; James Monroe, the other gunman with Perry Sanders in the robberies, was given 60 years, and Charles Monroe was given 50 years.

Murder charges against all but Perry Sanders were dropped, and additional charges of aggravated assault, for striking the service station operators, were not prosecuted.

Two weeks after the trial, this writer was in Pilot Mountain talking with Chief Fulton about the case. "You know," Fulton said, "we lost another officer three years ago—shot right here in this room with his own gun when he was trying to lock up a man." ♦ ♦ ♦

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Murder Is a Family Affair

(Continued from page 39)

he knew that Leonard Tarrence was the son of Roy Tarrence, old-car buff.

In April of 1950, a charge of seduction had been brought against Leonard Tarrence, then 20 years of age. This charge was dropped when he married the girl, but several months later he had been hauled into Juvenile Court on her complaint. The upshot of that legal proceeding was that the judge ordered Leonard Tarrence to pay his wife \$7.50 per week for the support of his infant son.

The following year, 1951, Leonard Tarrence had been drafted into the United States Army, and when this happened, his wife succeeded in obtaining an allotment from his pay for herself and the baby. In August of that year, Leonard went AWOL from the army base at Fort Knox and remained at large until January, 1952, before he was apprehended and returned to the Fort Knox stockade to await a court martial.

In the meantime, however, his allotment payments to his wife were stopped. In January, he was charged in a civilian court in Louisville with child desertion, and this case was still pending. On February 12th, the slippery Leonard Tarrence had gone AWOL again. He was still at large.

"His wife finally gave up hopes of getting him to provide for the little boy," the missing attorney's secretary told Sergeant Miller. "Only last Monday she instructed Mr. McCormack to institute divorce proceedings at once."

Miller made copious notes about this case. The rest of the files yielded nothing of any importance, and he hastened back to headquarters to report to Lieutenant Young.

Young heard the sergeant out and was thoughtful for a few moments. Then he shook his head and looked up.

"One coincidence, maybe," he said then. "Two coincidences in the same case, same family—I don't buy. For my money, you've zeroed in, but let's not take anything for granted, or we might blow the whole deal."

"First, let's check every detail of Leonard Tarrence's father's alibi for Thursday afternoon. Then, and this is a must—find the son, or at the very least, find out where he's been since he skipped from Fort Knox."

With the cooperation of detectives under Jefferson County Police Chief Walter Layton, the Louisville homicide detectives went to work. The county officers were unable either to substantiate or to disprove Roy Tarrence's claim that he had been driving around Oldham County looking for a fishing companion at the time Frank McCormack was assaulted and kidnaped, but they did learn something from a storekeeper in the Floyds Fork region, several miles south of Jeffersontown.

This individual, who knew Roy Tarrence by sight, said the distillery worker had been in his place Thursday afternoon. He could not remember "for the life of me," however, whether it was early or late in the afternoon.

In the meantime, other detectives picked up Roy Tarrence and took him in to the Louisville police headquarters. A lineup was quickly arranged, and he was paraded before the five witnesses to the struggle in the alley beside the big supermarket.

None of the witnesses recognized Roy Tarrence as one of the assailants.

"I'm not your man," he solemnly assured detectives. "There was no reason for me or Leonard to hurt Mr. McCormack. We never even saw him, except in court."

While Roy Tarrence was at headquarters, Detectives Arthur Wallmeyer and Tom Burch went to the Tarrence home in Jeffersontown to make inquiries about Leonard Tarrence.

"Leonard isn't here," they were told. "You mind if we come in and look?" Detective Burch asked politely.

"I do unless you got a search warrant. I said he isn't here. Anyhow, Leonard had no call to do any harm to that lawyer fellow."

"Mr. McCormack was going to file a divorce suit against him," the detective returned. "That could have been a reason for Leonard to be angry with him."

"No it couldn't!" Mary Bixler retorted to this reasoning. "A divorce was just what Leonard wanted, what we both wanted. Leonard and me, well, we've been in love a long time. Leonard wanted that divorce so we could marry."

"If all this is true," Detective Wallmeyer said, "the smartest thing he could do would be to come in and clear himself."

"And go back to that army stockade?" the girl cried. "He hates the army. He got sick on the food. That's why he lit out last summer. Now they'll put him in jail."

"There could be worse things," Wallmeyer said evenly. "The electric chair, for one."

The failure to obtain an identification of Roy Tarrence by witnesses at the lineup gave serious pause to Lieutenant Young. Far fetched as it might be, he now had to give serious consideration to the possibility of a double coincidence in the baffling case. Although statistically improbable, it *could* have happened. For the time being, therefore, he had to explore the alternatives.

It took some time to run down the only other suspect in the case, the alcoholic Mike O'Shiel, but eventually he was traced to a cheap hotel where detectives found him sleeping off the effects of one of his marathon benders. He said he had begun his binge on Wednesday. When police told him why they had been seeking him, O'Shiel reflectively rubbed the whiskers of a several days' growth of beard and shrugged.

"If I did it," he said with disarming candor, "I don't remember a thing about it."

He could offer no alibi, for the simple reason that he didn't know where he'd been or what he'd done since setting out on his most recent drunken spree. It remained, in the long run, for the Louisville Police Department to clear him. Detectives checking his back trail through the city's liquor emporiums established beyond all doubt that from three o'clock in the afternoon until 8:30 on Thursday evening, February 28th, Mike O'Shiel had been boisterously present at the bar of a tavern on West Chestnut Street. At eight-thirty, the tavern keeper had had enough, and he and the bartender threw O'Shiel out of the place bodily.

A renewed effort, in which they had the help of federal authorities, was now made to apprehend Leonard Tarrence, but it wasn't till the afternoon of Saturday, March 1st, that they turned up their first lead on him. A county officer found a man who said he'd seen Leonard and his father early that morning

at Harrods Creek, a few miles northeast of Louisville. He knew the Tarrences and had paused to chat with them. He said they were toting a brown paper sack and had told him it contained garbage which they intended to dispose of.

The county police now obtained a search warrant and went to the Jeffersontown home of the Tarrences, but young Leonard wasn't there. The following Monday, through an attorney, he surrendered himself voluntarily to Criminal Court Judge Loraine Mix.

"I'm innocent," Leonard Tarrence insisted. "I hope Mr. McCormack will return so everything will be cleared up. I never had any bad feeling toward him. Everything was settled in court with my agreement. Anyway, I wasn't near Louisville last Thursday afternoon."

This claim was swiftly exploded. Placed in a lineup, Leonard Tarrence was positively identified as one of the assailant-abductors by the five witnesses to the alley assault. Leonard insisted they were wrong.

Assuming the witnesses were right, the motive continued to be a baffling factor in the case. Investigation confirmed Mary Bixler's story that Leonard was eager for a divorce so he could marry her. Why then, would he bear any rancor toward his wife's lawyer?

And there still remained a great big question as to whether the attorney was alive or dead. Lieutenant Young and all other detectives on the case were reasonably sure he was dead; it would have been foolhardy for his kidnapers to keep him alive and risk being identified by him when he was released.

On Tuesday, March 4th, Young enlisted the aid of the Coast Guard in an attempt to find McCormack's body. Chief Boatswain's Mate Claude Albright led a party of sailors in boats up the Ohio River into Harrods Creek, where the Tarrences had been seen. They conducted a dragging operation in the deep waters of the creek, but brought up nothing but a lot of junk.

Other searchers combed the farm of a Tarrence relative and a pond on the property with no better results.

Leonard stoutly continued to insist he couldn't possibly have had anything to do with McCormack's disappearance.

"I was home all that day," he declared. "I didn't dare go out. I never could tell when some guy from Fort Knox would be nosing around, and I sure didn't want to go back there. My back hurt. I got sick on the army food. And they were fixin' to ship me out to Korea. I sure as hell didn't want that."

There was no shaking Leonard from this story. Authorities had the identification from eyewitnesses to the alley assault, to be sure, but Commonwealth's Attorney A. Scott Hamilton wanted considerably more than that before he proceeded with charges against the suspect.

Most important of all, he wanted the victim—alive, if possible, although he was not too hopeful on that score.

Investigators finally managed to secure the opening wedge they needed to penetrate the defense stories given by the father and son. They located a Jeffersontown teenager who said he had seen Leonard and Roy Tarrence driving out of the village toward Louisville at three o'clock on the Thursday afternoon of the assault.

The youngster had known the Tarrences all his life. He said he could not be mistaken.

On the basis of this information, Roy Tarrence was placed under arrest and

formally charged with "malicious striking."

Again he protested his innocence. "I'm not guilty," he swore. "Me and my boy are innocent. God in heaven knows Mr. McCormack and I never had any words or falling out with one another."

On Wednesday night, Roy offered to take a lie detector test, but he swiftly changed his mind. Leonard flatly refused to submit himself either to a polygraph examination or truth serum. His father wanted no part of truth serum, either.

"It almost killed a feller I heard about who took it," he explained.

By Friday, March 7th, Prosecutor Hamilton and Lieutenant Young had decided their best hope of breaking the impasse lay in concentrating on the younger Tarrence. Hamilton had Leonard brought into his office, with Young present, and the prosecutor coldly ticked off point after point of the state's case.

"Witnesses have identified you as one of the kidnapers," he began. "Not just one witness, mind you—but five—five reputable citizens of this community. Your father's car was used in the kidnaping of Mr. McCormack. We can prove this beyond any question."

"That is enough, I assure you, to get a conviction under the federal kidnaping law. And the penalty for kidnaping, under the Lindbergh act, is the electric chair. We do not have to prove murder, nor do we have to produce a body."

Leonard continued to hold out, but it was obvious, when the session concluded, that he was badly shaken. On Saturday morning, he asked for permission to talk to his father. It was refused.

"Okay, then," he said resignedly. "Call in Judge Mix and Mr. Hamilton. I want to get this off my mind."

Before he began to talk, however, Leonard made a valiant effort to strike a bargain with the prosecutor's office; he begged for a guarantee that he would get a life sentence instead of the chair in return for his cooperation.

"No deals," Prosecutor Hamilton told him flatly. "I can guarantee you nothing. If you confess, you're putting yourself at the mercy of God Almighty."

Leonard was shaken by an involuntary shudder. For a few moments, he sat quite still, saying nothing. Then he sighed deeply, and began to tell his story.

It was indeed true, he said, that at three o'clock on the afternoon of February 28th, he and his father had driven out of Jeffersontown headed for Louisville. They were going to a junk yard. It was pure chance, he insisted, that they spotted Francis McCormack entering the supermarket as they were driving up South Fourth Street.

"We pulled into the alley and waited for him to come out," Leonard said. "When he walked up the alley we hit him and then hauled him away in the car. We lit out fast. I was in the back seat with McCormack. I thought sure we were gonna get caught, 'cause we kept running up one dead end street after another."

"Finally we decided to take him up to Harrods Creek. We got there about dark. We parked and walked McCormack across the field—he was conscious then—toward the fishing cabin. He said, 'Do whatever you're going to do to me and get it over with.'"

"We walked him down the bank to the boat landing. I hit him again with my fists. When I'm in a fight I never use anything but my fists. Dad picked up something and hit him on the head."

"He fell down. We went up near the road and found a concrete slab and some barbed wire. We put the slab on his stomach, tied it there with the wire, and shoved him in the creek."

Leonard later guided a group of officers and Coast Guardsmen to Harrods Creek and showed them the exact spot where he and his father had disposed of the attorney's body. It was recovered shortly afterward from 15 feet of water.

A search of the slain man's clothing disclosed that his wallet, watch and personal papers were still in his pockets. The autopsy surgeon later reported that Mr. McCormack's skull had been fractured, apparently by some heavy instrument.

Leonard told Lieutenant Young that both he and his father were sober at the time of the crime. "Neither of us drink," the young man added virtuously.

When Roy Tarrence heard the news that his son had confessed, he was stunned into speechlessness. He declined to make any formal statement, but in a confrontation with Leonard after their victim's body was recovered, he said in a quavering voice:

"Son, we made a mistake—about as big a mistake as we could have made. I don't know why we ever did a thing like that."

Still a question mark, so far as the investigators were concerned, was the motive for the murder. Leonard explained it for them, and it proved to be a reason with tragically ironic overtones.

"I was after McCormack to get a divorce for my wife," he said. "He promised he would do it, but then he didn't. I hate a damned liar!"

Had he waited but a few days more, Leonard would have learned that the lawyer had not reneged on his promise, for at the very time he was murdered, Frank McCormack had already begun preparing papers to file for the divorce young Tarrence wanted so desperately.

A Jefferson County grand jury returned first-degree murder indictments against the father and son on March 12th. The Commonwealth's Attorney announced he would seek the death penalty for both defendants. Not guilty pleas were entered for both Tarrences at their arraignment in Criminal Court before Judge L. R. Curtis, but even as these pleas were being recorded, Roy Tarrence sobbed, "I'm guilty! I'm guilty!"

The two were tried separately, the father first. On April 2nd, Roy Tarrence was found guilty of first-degree murder. He was sentenced to die in the electric chair. Soon afterward, Leonard Tarrence went to trial, was found guilty, and also sentenced to death.

The unique case, involving capital sentences of a father and son for murder, continued to provoke widespread public interest for nearly two more years, during which a succession of legal appeals were made through various courts to win clemency for the convicted slayers.

But the higher courts were not swayed. Neither was the preponderant majority of public opinion among the citizens of the Blue Grass State. This opinion was reflected in editorials in many newspapers throughout the state which held that the paternal-filial relationship of the murderers only made their crime the more heinous instead of meriting mercy.

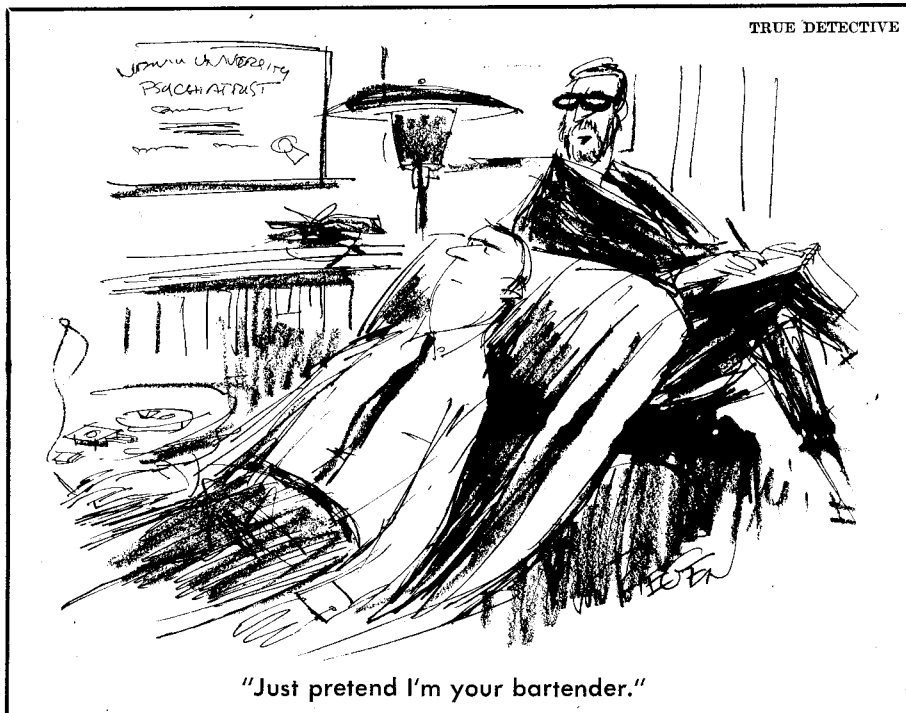
On March 17, 1954, the last appeal on behalf of Roy and Leonard Tarrence was denied. Roy, then 49, was led into the death chamber of the Kentucky State Prison at Eddyville a few minutes after midnight on March 18th, 1954. He was secured in the electric chair, the switch was thrown, and he was pronounced dead at 12:13 a.m.

The father's body was removed and Leonard Tarrence took its place in the death chair. Leonard was then 26 years old. At 12:27, he was pronounced dead.

It was the first time in Kentucky history that a father and son had been executed together. ♦ ♦ ♦

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The names Ted Ashe, Mary Bixler and Mike O'Shiel, as used in the foregoing story, are not the real names of the persons concerned. These persons have been given fictitious names to protect their identities.



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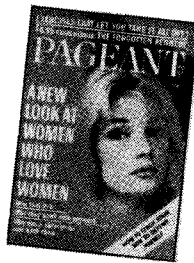
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... Magic Box

(Continued from page 43)

Abrams shrugged. "Your guess," he said, "is as good as mine."

The visitor and Able Albert parted amicably. They had agreed that Doc was to communicate with *The Scientific American* as soon as he got his patent.

Two more years passed—seven years now since Abrams had started the fraud ball rolling. He was going stronger than ever, continuing to sell the suckers, among other things, on the story about the assistant who existed only in his scheming mind. *The Scientific American*, with other exposés on its mind, had sort of forgotten about him. Now, though, one of the editors summoned the scribe who had gone to San Francisco and seen Able Albert.

"Send Abrams a telegram," the editor said to the reporter, "and find out if he's gotten his patent yet."

Curiously, *The Scientific American* was not, up to this point, suspicious of Abrams. Too many remarkable developments along scientific lines had taken place in the years just past for such a magazine to question anything without proof. But when Doctor Abrams didn't answer the telegram the magazine sent, and when he also ignored a second telegram, *The Scientific American* decided to do a little three-dimension work on the good doctor.

The first thing the magazine did now was to get in touch with Uncle Sam's Patent Office. What, it wanted to know, was the status of Dr. Albert Abrams' application for a patent on his diagnosis machine?

What diagnosis machine, the Patent Office wanted to know.

Why, replied *The Scientific American*, the machine by which Dr. Abrams was raking in a fortune telling distant patients, simply by examining a drop of their blood, whether they had asthma, cancer or whatnot.

It was now that *The Scientific American* got the word: *Uncle Sam's Patent Office had never heard of Dr. Albert Abrams.*

Figuring it would be useless to confront Abrams with its discovery, at least at this point, the inquisitive publication decided to lure him into something by mail. The editors took a drop of blood from a cat and put it on a blotter and, along with ten bucks, sent it to Abrams under the name of a friend of one of the editors. Back came the word that the cat was suffering from pneumonia—a disease from which cats are immune.

A second blood sample sent by the magazine brought back the word from Abrams that a cow was suffering from asthma—an impossibility.

So the magazine dispatched a man to the Pacific Coast to confront Abrams with what it had lured him into. But do you think the visitor and his ill tidings fazed our boy? Guess again.

"What can you prove by sending me the blood of a cat and the blood of a cow?" asked Abrams. "My work is to benefit mankind."

Abrams would simply not be lured into revealing one iota of information about himself or his work or his patients. And so *The Scientific American* man went back to New York, so to speak, empty-headed.

Time passed, with *The Scientific American* figuratively chewing its nails simply because it couldn't go to town against Able Albert until it could take

(Continued on page 58)

STOP SMOKING FOREVER

Over and over again we hear that tobacco is the cause of 98% of all lung cancer cases. Recent studies show that one out of every four smokers is a potential victim of this dread disease. Yes, tobacco is the most deadly poison developed by our civilization. Aside from lung cancer, cigarettes are the cause of other extremely serious diseases.



There is one chance in 4 that a heavy smoker may be stricken one day by lung cancer.

Tobacco smoke is composed of 84 substances, 5 of which are carcinogenic (cancer causing) and 30 are toxic (poisonous). Every time you draw on a cigarette, cigar or pipe, you are exposed to at least 44 different chemicals and poisons, 23 among the most deadly are: lutidin, rubidin, carbolic acid, formaldehyde, methalyimine, acreilin, collidine, viridin, arsenic, formic acid, nicotine, hydrogene, sulphide, pyrrol, furfuroi, benzpyrene, methyl alcohol, prussic acid, corodin, ammonia, methane, carbon monoxide, pyridin. Quite a lungful of deadly poison for just one puff of smoke!

In a recent survey conducted by a leading American Doctor the incidence of coronary diseases (infarction, angina pectorus, etc.) has been found to be 68% higher in smokers than in non-smokers.

So, if you want to stay healthy, you've got to stop smoking. But, be careful! Don't stop smoking all at once. That could be dangerous.

Now, where's this advice coming from? Some cigarette or pipe tobacco advertiser trying to make the best of a bad situation? Of course not!

This is the advice of the Anti-Tobacco Center of America, an organization designed especially to help you rid yourself of your addiction to tobacco.

OBEISITY LURKS JUST AROUND THE CORNER

Well, our experience has shown that a "confirmed" or "heavy" smoker should not stop smoking all at once, as this will seriously endanger his health and well being.

For years your body has been accustomed to its regular daily intake of toxic substances such as nicotine, tars, etc., and by now it is adjusted to that situation. Cutting tobacco out overnight will result in a shock to your physiological system accompanied nearly always by psychic disturbances. Which results in an imbalance of the sympathetic nervous system.

The digestive system becomes disturbed; the central nervous system becomes up-set; you become "bad-tempered", you can't be bothered by friends, spouse, children, etc., as the least little irritation will make you fly off the handle.

Life becomes hell for you and everybody around you.

But, that's not all; it has been effectively proved that anyone who attempts to stop smoking by sheer will power will suffer terrible damage to his health.

A VICE THAT CAN KILL

In order to compensate, he begins to eat and eat and eat. This is why so many former smokers put on excess weight and become fat. Stopping smoking all at once has been the cause of many severe cases of obesity.

So, giving up smoking, by yourself, is not the real solution, as it might endanger your health.

Then, how should you stop smoking?

Well, this is what the Anti-Tobacco Center of America is going to teach you.

Just clip and mail the coupon below to receive full information on a program which will help to rid you of your need to smoke. You'll be amazed to learn that you can stop smoking without any danger and without straining your will power; after only a few days the desire to smoke will vanish.

Just think how much happier you will be!

This is the experience of an ex-smoker we all know: MAURICE CHEVALIER "I was sunk in a vice which had left life no meaning at all. I was chronically dominated by a mountain of cigarettes, which like a growing invasion of grasshoppers succeeded in ruining my nerves. I stopped smoking twelve years ago. (Chevalier wrote this in 1950) And it is since this fortunate decision that my mental activities, my intelligence, my memory developed so much, that I - who had lost all interest in life - could escape that growing scepticism and rediscover interest in what happened around me. I was able again to read and . . . to remember what I had read!"

Among the 28,683 former smokers helped by the Anti-Tobacco Center, we give you the testimony of some doctors. We have chosen this profession intentionally because, among doctors, there are the few who are able to help you. They are able to help you.

IF YOU STOP SMOKING YOU WILL:

- Sleep better
- Eat less fat
- Gain weight
- Avoid the chance of cancer
- Be in good humor
- Keep your good eyesight
- Keep your calm
- Have a good memory
- Get back your muscle tone
- Drink less alcohol
- Have clean breath
- Grow old less quickly
- Find a revival of your vitality
- Save money

WHAT DOCTORS SAY!

Dr. A. C. "The efficacy of your product surprised everybody. I stopped smoking in ten days exactly. Thank you sincerely."

Dr. J. T. "I have used a supply of your product . . . I was informed of its composition by a friend, Dr. C., who was, truthfully speaking, rather sceptical. But after having used it, I do not smoke any longer and have no desire whatsoever to start again. The result is absolutely clear, without a shadow of a doubt, and I feel it my duty to tell you so."

Dr. E. C. "Since January 23, 1962, I no longer smoke. I have already given the "tip" to several of my friends and patients."

Dr. P. C. "I am happy that I do not smoke any more, this of course being due to the use of your product. All my thanks."

Dr. L. D. "The result was rapid. I think that anybody who wishes to stop smoking can do so."

(Since European law forbids all publicity for doctors, we can only publish their initials.)

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STAMP COLLECTING

200 WORLDWIDE 10¢ Approvals. White, Box 26265-C, Indianapolis, Indiana 46226.

his little box apart—and it was hardly in a position to do that. And all the while, Abrams was hard at work on something else—not to replace the diagnosis box but to work in addition to it.

Abrams had been a con man for a decade, cleaning up never less than a quarter of a million dollars a year, when he announced in ads in the shabby journals that he had perfected something new and wonderful. What he came up with was another magic box that he was calling ERA—meaning Electronic Reactions of Abrams.

The second Abrams invention, a metal device not much larger than the diagnosis box, took up where the first box left off. That is to say, the Abrams ads informed the suckers, the ERA box cured practically any disease.

Abrams explained, in the ads, how this was possible. Specific drugs cured, he pointed out, such as quinine for malaria. What, actually, did quinine do to malaria, our boy asked the suckers in his ads. It gave off a vibration that killed malaria.

Abrams had, he went on to explain, developed in his ERA box a wide variety of electronic waves, or vibrations, that produced a wide variety of results. By playing a wide variety of waves, or vibrations, on a patient, Abrams explained in his ads, one of the waves was bound to hit the ailment of the same wave length and that's all there would be to it. Zingo! Cured!

Looking back on it, it sounds incredible. But this was taking place in the year 1920 when people were just as natively smart and as dumb as they are today, but less widely informed. Infantile paralysis, pneumonia and other dread diseases were usually fatal when contracted and anybody coming along with a clue to how to cope with them was usually welcomed with open arms.

The big difference between the first Abrams box—the one which diagnosed—and this new one which cured—was that Able Albert planned to manufacture this second one on a large scale and place it with quacks or unsuspecting physicians throughout the land. Widespread use of the boxes was necessary simply because while a sucker could send a drop of blood to be analyzed from a distance, it would be necessary for a patient to be sitting right along side of an ERA box to receive its benefits. So the Abrams ads advised the boobs to consult their physicians as to when their good doctors were going to get one of the ERA boxes.

In retrospect, it all seems unbelievable. But a fact, as H. L. Mencken always said, is a fact, and the fact is that tens of thousands of bilkees throughout the land beseeched their doctors to get the magic boxes which cured practically any ailment under the red hot sun. If a doctor scoffed at the idea, a patient would simply go to another doctor.

So what happened? This happened: By the end of a year, Abrams had about 100 boxes at work throughout the land. He had the boxes made at a little shop outside of San Francisco, at a cost to him of about ten bucks each. He didn't sell them; he leased them. He charged whatever the traffic would bear. Bouncing around the country in person, supervising the boxes from coast to coast, Able Albert collected not less than \$100 per month per box, which made his take ten grand every month.

An ERA box could not be opened. The only openings in it were several

**PROVEN IN THE LABS — PROVEN ON THE ROAD —
PROVEN ON THE INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY
— and finally released to the public!**

Yes, proven at Indianapolis — proven in the same test laboratories used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler . . . proven by the world's largest automobile fleet owners! An exciting new scientific "breakthrough" that means . . . no matter what kind of gas you use . . . no matter what kind of car you own you can now pile up 100 miles of driving a week, month after month and fill your gas-tank as little as once a month . . . pile up 100 miles of driving a day all 365 days of the year . . . and save up to 500 gallons of gas each year!

NOW! 30 DAYS OF DRIVING ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS!

— even more startling, now save up to \$16 a month, up to 50 gallons of gas each month, without changing a single part on your car!

Laboratory reports . . . PLUS road tests conducted on Indianapolis proving grounds reveal you may now get as much as 37 miles of driving from each gallon of gas . . . save up to 50 gallons of gas each month . . . save up to \$200 on your car each year!

Six months ago, for perhaps the first time in history, the United States Government issued patent protection to an invention that has been classified **ILLEGAL!** Sound strange? Not really here's why: I'm sure you're familiar with the famous gasoline-economy tests run by all the major oil companies. Well, do you know that the remarkable new invention described on this page is actually banned from these tests because it is **TOO EFFECTIVE!** Do you know that because this invention saves so much gasoline . . . that because it gives so much economy, it is actually **ILLEGAL** for a test-driver to fit one on his car! And do you know that because it boosts gasoline mileage up to 11 more miles per gallon . . . it has actually been **OUTLAWED** in every recognized cross-country economy run . . . simply because the officials who conduct these tests were forced to rule that it gives all cars that have it **AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE!**

In other words, if you are a person planning on entering one of these cross-country economy runs . . . then this message is not for you. **YOU JUST WON'T BE ALLOWED TO USE THIS NEW INVENTION—SORRY, BUT IT'S SIMPLY ILLEGAL.** BUT . . . if you are a person who is not interested in setting any records . . . who is only interested in getting more miles per gallon than you ever dreamed possible — and doing it the very same way that many of America's leading corporations are doing at this very moment — then what you are about to read is perhaps the most thrilling and exciting news in automotive history.

TEST DRIVERS REPORT UP TO 11 MORE MILES PER GALLON —

The name of this great new invention is the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** . . . and there is no letter way to describe to you the increased performance and economy it will give you . . . than to tell you of the "bombshell effect" it had on research scientists and test-drivers, who simply refused to believe their own gasoline gauges when they first tried it out. Look:

CUTS GASOLINE COSTS TO AS LITTLE AS 1¢ A MILE

1. When the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** was first tested by the same research laboratories used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler . . . results were so overwhelming, (a staggering increase of up to

68 per cent) . . . it actually lowered gasoline costs to as little as **ONE CENT A MILE.**

2. When tests were made by the world's leading auto rental system with this incredible money saving invention . . . and then test-run on the road and on such world famous proving grounds as the Indianapolis Speedway . . . the test-drivers of these vehicles were absolutely amazed to see **big 8 cylinder sedans get better gas-mileage than small European economy cars!**

3. When large fleet owners and some of the nation's largest taxi fleets tested this great new invention to determine just how much gas it would save them . . . the results were so dramatic that within 30 days they reported savings of not hundreds . . . but thousands of gallons of gas the very first month alone!

UP TO 500 MILES OF DRIVING FROM A SINGLE TANK OF GAS

Yes, from test after test . . . road tests, laboratory tests, tests by some of the world's most famous drivers . . . come re-

BEST PROOF OF ALL!

World's Leading Rent-A-Car Company Road-Tests Amazing New Invention For 3 Solid Months . . . Then Orders Fleet of Cars IMMEDIATELY EQUIPPED!

they report "Savings of up to 54 gallons a month per car" . . . Yes, from one of the nation's largest automobile fleet owners comes the most dramatic proof of all . . . A company that spends more money on gasoline in one weekend than the average person spends in a lifetime . . . they tested this incredible new invention and here is what they found. **BOOSTED GASOLINE MILEAGE A WHOPPING 32% ON ALL CARS TESTED.** Wouldn't you like to save up to \$200 a year on your car? For full details read the rest of this page.

ports of cars that drive for hundreds and hundreds of miles ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS! Reports of test cars from Ford, General Motors, Chrysler that get more miles per gallon today than when they were brand new! Reports of big, luxury sedans that weigh 2½ times more than small European cars . . . yet get better mileage, better performance and huge dollar savings thanks to this new miracle invention.

IF IT WORKS SUCH MILEAGE-MIRACLES, HOW COME THE CAR MANUFACTURERS HAVEN'T INSTALLED THIS TYPE UNIT IN THEIR CARS? — THE ANSWER IS THAT TWO ALREADY HAVE!

By now you are probably wondering just what is the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** . . . and how does it work? Well, to make a long story short . . . if you were to look under the hood of one of those \$20,000 European luxury cars like the Maseratti or the Aston-Martin, you would see sitting in those engines . . . a special gasoline unit . . . especially designed to extract more blazing power, more energy from each gallon of gasoline. This remarkable booster-unit is what gives these cars such magnificent performance . . . such **TOTAL POWER** . . . such increased engine efficiency.

And this is precisely what the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** is designed to do — enable your engine to extract more piston-driving power, more raw, blazing energy and more gasoline economy . . .



HERE IT IS — IN ACTION — The miracle **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER**, caught by the eye of ultra high-speed cameras at one of the world's most famous proving grounds. Yes, here on the big viewing console you see dramatic picture-proof of tests conducted by leading automotive authorities at the Indianapolis Speedway . . . tests that **PROVE** you can now actually take ordinary gasoline . . . feed it into your engine in a new and different way . . . trigger it into piston-driving energy . . . and unleash a blazing source of power for your car. For full documented proof of just how this amazing new discovery can save you up to \$200 in gasoline bills in the next 12 months . . . read the rest of this page. (Tests performed by official Indianapolis test driver.)

ONLY, instead of costing \$100 to \$150 (like the European booster-units) . . . the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** costs but a mere fraction.

That's because after years of intensive research automotive experts have finally found a way to simplify these booster units . . . reduce the number of parts in each unit . . . mass produce them . . . slash costs to a mere fraction . . . and make them available at a price so low it's almost too ridiculous to mention. Why do you realize what this means to you if you are a person who is determined to save yourself up to \$16 a month on your gas bills . . . up to 50 gallons of gas each month . . . yes, up to \$200 a year on wasted gasoline.

INSTALLS IN MINUTES — PAYS FOR ITSELF IN AS LITTLE AS 15 DAYS!

It means that no matter what kind of car you now have . . . no matter how old that car may be . . . no matter what condition it is in . . . no matter how many miles you pile on each month . . . here at last is the automotive discovery you've long dreamed about . . . and has now come true. Because, from this day on you too can now save up to 500 gallons of gas each and every year. **NOW** you too can drive for weeks and weeks on end without ever stopping at a service station. Now you too can drive across 6 states of the union on just a single tank of gas, blaze a trail from New York to Chicago on just 2 or 3

tankfuls. In other words; perform mileage miracles that only yesterday you thought were impossible.

So if you too want to achieve the same wondrous results as America's largest automotive fleet owners, by Indianapolis test-drivers, and by research scientists at the very same testing laboratories used by Ford, Chrysler and General Motors, then take advantage of this special Free-Trial introductory offer. Remember, all you risk is the few minutes it takes to fill out the special reservation coupon below, and you have a lifetime of driving convenience and economy to gain.

THIS OFFER EXPIRES IN

15 DAYS — YOU MUST ACT NOW!

Now the price of the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** on this special introductory offer is not the 15 or 20 dollars you might expect . . . but only \$5.95. Why, you'll save up to 10 times that amount in gasoline savings in no time at all . . . not to mention the hundreds of gallons of gasoline and hundreds of dollars in money you save year after year.

However, due to the enormous demands of trucking companies, car-rental companies, taxicab fleets and other large users, only a limited number of **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBERS** can possibly be allocated each month for consumer orders. Therefore, all orders must be filled on a first-come, first-served basis. So to take advantage of this limited introductory offer . . . mail the no-risk coupon today!

ORDER TODAY — ON FULL, MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

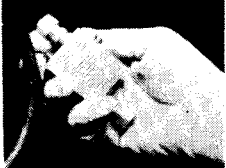
**AMERICAN AUTOMOTIVE UNITS INC. Dept. 1132
4806 BERGENLINE AVE., UNION CITY, N.J. 07087**

Please rush me the sensational **G. T. Energy Chamber** immediately! I understand the price is \$5.95 for which I enclose cash, check or money order. It is understood that I may return the unit anytime for full purchase price refund if I am not fully satisfied.

Make of Car _____ Year _____
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SPECIAL OFFER: Purchase one for yourself and one for a friend and save even more. Order two **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBERS** for just 10.95 (a savings of \$1.00) same guarantee as above. Make of Second Car _____ Year _____
() C.O.D. orders enclose \$1.00 deposit. Same money back guarantee.

LOOK HOW EASY IT IS!



All you do is simply attach the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** on your fuel line. Since it is a precision instrument, with a special model for each make car, there are no special adjustments for you to make. They've already been made for you at the factory. You simply screw it into place . . . and that's all. In fact, it's so easy you need not know a single thing about an engine to install it — and easy picture directions accompany each unit. Total installation time: 3 to 5 minutes. Total savings on gas: up to \$200 a year!

**Need Extra Cash?
Want to Be
Your Own Boss?**

Start A Profitable



**Saw Sharpening Business
Of Your Own—In Sparetime**



**Sharpen Saws
Professionally with
Foley Saw Filer**

You can sharpen combination (rip and crosscut) circular saws, band saws, hand saws, crosscut circular saws — and do a perfect job every time without experience or special training. The precision Foley Filer does it for you automatically! A complete repair shop in one machine! Set it up in your basement or garage.

Beginners Earn Up to \$6 an Hour

People, just like yourself, all over the United States are making extra cash—\$20 to \$30 a week—right now in their spare time. "My sparetime saw filing business has made me \$952 these first ten months," says R. T. Chapman. Many start part-time, find it so profitable that they build year-round service business. You can, too, simply by following easy Foley plan.

Free Booklet Tells How

Free Book "Money Making Facts" shows just how you can start at home in spare time. Small investment—time payments if desired. Get this booklet—study it! Send coupon today. No salesman will call on you.

FOLEY MFG., Minneapolis, Minnesota 55418

**Foley Manufacturing Co., 338-O Foley Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55418**

Send Free Booklet on Saw Sharpening Business.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____



(Continued from page 58)

small slits. It was through these slits that the vibrations came when a wire running from the box was plugged into an electric socket. A patient was simply to stand in front of that part of the box containing the slits, with his or her back to the slits. Then the box was to be plugged in for eight seconds and that's all there would be to it. During those eight seconds, a wide variety of vibrations would strike the body of the patient and one of those vibrations could come in contact with and destroy similar vibrations being given off by whatever the poor soul was suffering from. Yes, it was as simple as that.

During his travels plumping for the ERA box, Abrams was quick to spot a sawbones who needed just a little sales-talk to lease one of the wonder contraptions. So he made his invention sound very scientific by dropping, as he talked a blue streak, such words as reflexophone, biodynamometer, gyrogram, pathogram and nomenclature. If a sawbones prospect so much as questioned Able Albert as he talked, our boy would simply glare at the man, make him feel stupid and, completely ignoring the question, go on with his talk.

It was now that The American Medical Association, in its *Journal*, put the blast on Able Albert. Abrams, the *Journal* said, was, in effect, an arrogant fraud. It was impossible, the *Journal* pointed out, to diagnose an illness from a drop of blood. And it was equally impossible, the *Journal* went on, to cure an illness through electrical vibrations.

The trouble with the attack by the AMA was that its charges appeared only in the *Journal*, and the publication was read only by other doctors. Half of the doctors with Abrams boxes were out-and-out quacks, and the rest of them really believed in the box and were making fiscal killings to boot. Some medicos with a box were getting twenty-five bucks for that eight-second deal and there was standing room only in their waiting rooms.

The big charge of the AMA's *Journal* against Abrams, however, was that the man was positively dangerous. How many people, suffering from some ailment which could bring death if not properly treated in time, were completely unaware that they had such an ailment after sending ten bucks and getting an incorrect diagnosis?

How many of the Abrams patients-at-a-distance had cancer or tuberculosis, only to be told by Abrams that they were suffering from a mild case of asthma? How many trusting souls, the AMA was now asking, were going into doctors' offices from coast to coast and being assured that they were cured of everything by Electronic Reaction of Abrams when in fact, prompt genuine medical attention was needed if their lives were to be saved?

What with everything continuing to roll right along, both in the diagnostic and curing rackets, Doc, a restless soul, thought of something else. The country in those days was scared to death of the disease of syphilis. Once you caught it, you were either doomed to slowly go to lethal pieces or, if the dread disease was caught in its early stage and arrested, you never could be sure it wouldn't break out again. Stories were always going around about people having contracted syphilis not from lascivious sex-

(Continued on page 62)

DIABETIC?

Cut High Medicine Costs

If you are using any of the Diabetic medicines that require a Doctor's prescription, or if you are using Insulin, Tes-Tape, Clin-test Tablets etc. — we can save you money.

Your prescriptions filled exactly as your Doctor ordered by Registered, Licensed Pharmacists in strict compliance with Federal Food and Drug Laws. Find out the facts. Let us quote you prices on any drug or prescription without obligation. Write today for proof of savings.



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Find buried gold, silver, coins, treasures.

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Write for free catalog



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Be a DETECTIVE**

INTRIGUING! REWARDING! BIG DEMAND!
Learn modern detection methods from former Federal Agent for pennies per day. Easy monthly payments.

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LEARN SURVEYING AT HOME
U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics predicts shortage of 50,000 civil engineering technicians (Surveyors, etc.) by 1975. Send for FREE "SURVEYING CAREER KIT." No salesman will call.
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See how your words can be turned into a song. Songs recorded, phonograph records made. Send your best poems or songs for prompt FREE information.
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FOR CEREBRAL PALSY
JOB TRAINING
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**EUROPEAN DOCTOR DISCOVERS THE REAL CAUSE AND CURE FOR BEING OVERWEIGHT!
POSITIVE PROOF — FOUND 100% EFFECTIVE IN ENDING THE OVERWEIGHT PROBLEM FOREVER!**

“Yes! I lost 84 lbs. of Ugly Fat... In only 2 short months!!”

**HERE IS MY ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE STORY ON HOW I LOST 84 POUNDS OF EXCESS WEIGHT
IN ONLY 2 SHORT MONTHS... NO DIETING... NEVER HUNGRY... NO CALORIE COUNTING
... NOR DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTIONS.**

In July of 1965 I came across an article written in a leading women's fashion magazine about an entirely new method to end the fat problem forever. This article told how a Viennese doctor, after 14 years of endless scientific study, finally came upon the real reason why some people can eat like horses and never gain a pound, while others, like myself, could eat like a bird and put on pound after pound of ugly fat. Disbelieving this doctor's theory, myself, I thought I would try this method, for I had nothing to lose, but some time and plenty of excess weight. To my utter amazement I was able to eat! eat! and eat! those pounds away! Wasn't hungry at all... and the more I ate the faster and more weight I lost. Could this really be true? Was there something wrong with me physically that I don't know of? Was my scale wrong??... and what I saw in the mirror untrue? Well believe me it worked like a miracle, and I've remained slim and trim ever since. Yes, I'm 84 pounds lighter and what a difference it makes on my health and appearance.

**NOW! YOU CAN ACTUALLY OVEREAT
AND LOSE POUND AFTER POUND**

And lose weight as fast as you like and best of all increase your vitality and improve your physical condition while you shed those excess pounds and inches.

**EAT, EAT, THOSE POUNDS AWAY PERMANENTLY!
YES, BELIEVE IT OR NOT THE MORE YOU EAT
THE MORE WEIGHT YOU LOSE!!**

Let's face the facts. I know as well as anyone how hard it was for me to lose even a few pounds before I came upon this wonderful new technique. How I starved and deprived myself of the joys of eating delicious tasting foods that I loved so much... And how sometimes I would watch others gorging themselves while wondering to myself: "Was it all worth it?"... and even so if I did lose a few pounds, the weight kept coming back faster than I lost it... plus more. Now this depressing story is in the past... Since I came upon this Sensational Discovery.

**MY AMAZING PLAN IS RECOMMENDED
THROUGHOUT EUROPE
AND IS USED BY THOUSANDS OF OVERWEIGHT
PEOPLE WITH COMPLETE SUCCESS AND SAFETY!**

Yes! Now with the use of this Amazing Method I could lose as much as or as little weight as I desired and so can you... by following my simple directions. I call my Method "BEL-DOXIN". Yes, the

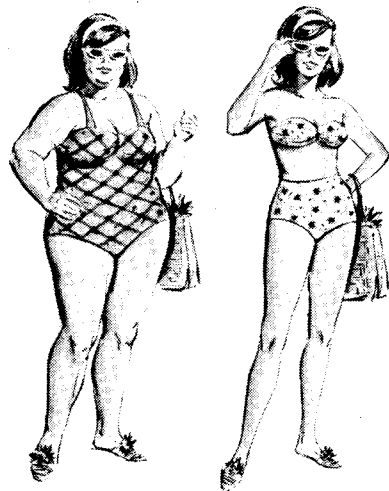
"BEL-DOXIN" Method was certainly my means of ending the "FAT PROBLEM" and the answer for Tens of Thousands of men and women throughout the country... and it can be yours too.

**YES, AFTER AN EXHAUSTIVE STUDY
THAT LASTED FOR 14 FULL YEARS
THE PROBLEM OF CONTROLLING YOUR WEIGHT
EASILY AND PERMANENTLY
CAN NOW BE ACCOMPLISHED**

Here's how simple it is to use the "BEL-DOXIN" Method. Take 3 "BEL-DOXIN" Tablets a day, one before breakfast, 1 before lunch, and 1 before dinner... following the enclosed method. And that's all. "BEL-DOXIN" will do the rest. My formula was so fast ACTING that when I looked in the mirror I had to look a second time... Was it Really Me? As though a miracle took place I had trimmed down to almost half the size I was. I felt and looked like a different person and my body was still in perfect proportion.

**DRAMATIC WEIGHT LOSS OF 20-50-90 POUNDS
OR MORE MAY NOW BE ACCOMPLISHED
IN JUST 60 DAYS OR LESS**

The "BEL-DOXIN" Formula is made under strict control by a leading manufacturer and in the opinion of medical authorities is probably the BEST POSSIBLE SYSTEM FOR REDUCING AVAILABLE TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC TODAY.



Here I am Fat, Uncomfortable and Unattractive.

Now this is what I Look Like after Losing 84 lbs.

THIS IS THE RATE OF SPEED THAT THE FAT MELTED AWAY AS USED THIS METHOD!!

**I LOST 23 POUNDS OF EXCESS WEIGHT
IN THE FIRST 2 WEEKS
I LOST A TOTAL OF 44 POUNDS
BY THE END OF THE FIRST MONTH
AND I WENT ON TO LOSE A TOTAL
OF 84 POUNDS
BY THE END OF THE SECOND MONTH!!"
TOTAL WEIGHT LOST =
84 POUNDS IN ONLY 60 DAYS!**

**EVERYONE KNOWS THAT IF YOU STARVE YOURSELF
YOU'LL LOSE WEIGHT.
BUT WHO WANTS TO SUFFER STARVATION AND
ALSO RUN THE RISK OF A SERIOUS VITAMIN
DEFICIENCY THAT CAN DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH!!**

"BEL-DOXIN" is completely SAFE, FAST ACTING, AND EFFECTIVE TO LOSE THOSE POUNDS AND INCHES.

THE SAME FORMULA IS FOUND IN SOME OF THE FOREMOST MEDICAL JOURNALS AND CLINICAL EVALUATIONS IN THE WORLD. NOW ALL THIS SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE IS AVAILABLE TO YOU!!!

**I GUARANTEE RESULTS IN SEVEN DAYS
OR MONEY BACK!!!**

Remember, with the "BEL-DOXIN" Method you get results and fast. So take advantage of my FREE TRIAL OFFER TODAY. Remember, results guaranteed or money back. The positive proof of what "BEL-DOXIN" can do is to try it yourself at my expense.

**HERE IS MY GUARANTEE
TO MY CUSTOMERS:**

1. You MUST see pounds and inches start disappearing almost immediately.
2. You MUST see faster results than you have ever witnessed before.
3. You MUST feel and look better.
4. You MUST lose the amount of weight you desire — or return the unused portion for a complete refund.

BEL-DOXIN INC.

PLEASE FILL IN ENCLOSED INFORMATION BLANK AS TO HOW QUICKLY YOU DESIRE TO LOSE WEIGHT.

- _____ I would like to lose pounds in 15 days.
- _____ I would like to lose pounds in 30 days.
- _____ I would like to lose pounds in 45 days.
- _____ I would like to lose pounds in 60 days.
- _____ I would like to lose pounds in 90 days.
- _____ I would like to lose pounds in 120 days.

SHIPPED IN PLAIN WRAPPER!!

BEL-DOXIN INC., Dept. 432

P.O. Box 135, Peck Slip Station, New York, N.Y. 10038

Enclosed is my payment in FULL for your wonderful "BEL-DOXIN" Formula. I understand that if I do not lose pounds and inches after following your "BEL-DOXIN" Method... I am entitled to a refund of the complete purchase price.

- Enclosed is: Cash Check Money Order
- 30 Day Supply of "BEL-DOXIN" only \$5.98
 - 60 Day Supply of "BEL-DOXIN" only \$10.00 (Save \$2.00)
 - 90 Day Supply of "BEL-DOXIN" only \$15.00 (Save \$3.00)
 - 120 Day Supply of "BEL-DOXIN" only \$20.00 (Save \$4.00)

Name _____

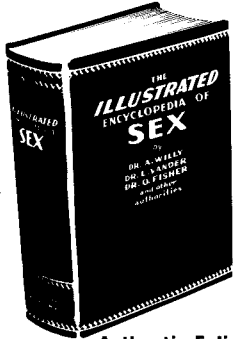
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City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

SORRY... WE DO NOT SHIP C.O.D. ORDERS

A Complete, Modern, Doctor's Guide to Sexual Knowledge and Compatibility for All Couples

THE Illustrated ENCYCLOPEDIA OF Sex



By Dr. A. Willy,
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and other
authorities

Made Available in
this Country by
Cadillac Publishing
Company

This Complete Book
Contains Nearly 200
Authentic Enlightening Illustrations

This up-to-date authoritative guide to enduring, harmonious married love is an explicit discussion of the sexual side of human nature. Presented as a serious, straightforward study about sex for mature men and women. This book, written by physicians in everyday language. Includes important NEW information on sexual enlightenment. Nearly 200 illustrations, many in color, by medical artists are unprecedented in sex education books and make many points easier to understand, though the text is written simply. Includes authentic answers to every possible sexual problem, both abnormal as well as normal, honestly discussed and frankly presented in a sensible, unobtrusive manner. Understand and see the physiology and functions of the sex organs of both male and female. Many troubled men and women have found a new happy married sex life and new confidence in themselves by reading "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex." Sells for \$5.00—but it is yours for the amazing low friend-winning price of only \$2.98. This offer good for a limited time only. Mail coupon NOW to receive this factual explanation of sexual functions of the human body written simply by doctors to satisfy legitimate adult interest.

Partial List of 61 Big Chapters. 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
- Blunders made by men in sex act that deprive women of satisfaction and how to avoid them
- 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
- The first sex act with a virgin bride—how it affects future sex life
- Why woman takes longer to respond to sexual stimulation than man—techniques that speed response
- Causes and differences in man and woman's sex urge
- Emotions during sex act and climax in men and women compared
- How masturbation affects man and woman's sexual performance and gratification
- Determining if woman experiences complete orgasm in intercourse
- Natural birth control
- 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
- How often can a couple have sexual intercourse
- Erotic dreams and nocturnal emissions
- Correcting male's premature climax to prolong sex act
- 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!

Partial List of Illustrations

- Step-by-step growth of child in pregnancy
- Areas of male and female organs producing greatest sensation
- Women's "SAFE" and "FERTILE" days illustrated
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- Function of man and woman's sex organs
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- Normal sexuality in male
- Woman's sensitivity curve
- How man's erotic desires are evoked
- Two inserts of female bodies showing how pregnancy takes place . . . plus many more illustrated instructions.

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Send me "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex" in plain wrapper marked "personal." I will pay postman \$2.98, plus postage on delivery (sells for \$5.00). If not completely satisfied within 10 days, I can return book and my money will be refunded. I am over 21.

Name _____

Address _____ Zip _____

City _____ State _____

SAVE C. O. D. MAILING CHARGES

Check here if you wish to save postage, by enclosing with coupon only \$2.98. Same Money-Back Guarantee! (Orders Outside U.S.A. \$3.50. No C.O.D.'s)

(Continued from page 60)
ual hijinks, but from a drinking cup just used by a disreputable person.

So Doc decided to put syphilis on a paying basis. He took out ads suggesting that the peasants check with him, at ten bucks a throw, to see if they had, without knowing it, accidentally contracted the dread disease. They were to send not blood, but a sample of their handwriting. Doc claimed to have found proof in the handwriting of many famous Americans, including Edgar Allan Poe and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, that they were syphilitics.

"So send along your handwriting," read Doc's ads, "but be sure it is of recent origin—written at least ten days after you suspect you were open to exposure."

It was but a matter of months until almost half of Doc's office mail was from men who were sending in specimens of their handwriting. This didn't prompt Doc to do anything but raise the price of a syphilis inquiry from ten to twenty bucks.

The *Scientific American*, frustrated for a long time now, thought it might be able to get something on Doc by examining one of those ERA boxes scattered around the country. But the well-intentioned magazine had another think coming. It sent reporters to more than a score of Able Albert's ERA leaseses and the reporters got everything but a look at a box—everything from a polite refusal to the bum's rush.

There were two reasons for this. There wasn't a single lessee of an ERA box who wasn't making a killing. And the cunning Able Albert had, when signing up a doctor for a box, made the sawbones sign an agreement that stipulated the lease of the box would be cancelled if it was shown to a representative of *The Scientific American* or The American Medical Association.

Never a man to let well enough alone, Doc, by the time he had had his ERA box off the ground for two years, upped the number of boxes to 200 throughout the land. Nor was he completely satisfied with the take of his swindle in his San Francisco office. He began to run ads in the no-good publications that lured the boobs for two new reasons. Abrams was now, from handwriting specimens, foretelling the future of de-

veloping diseases and measuring life spans.

The *Scientific American* and The American Medical Association could have gone on indefinitely in their futile attempts to undo Abrams had not Doc solved the problem for them. Abrams contracted pneumonia in January, 1924, when he was 61 years old. He apparently didn't use either the diagnosis box in his office or one of the ERA contraptions because he simply died.

Leaving an estate of some ten million bucks, Abrams was still of vital interest to *The Scientific American*. The magazine wondered about the original diagnosis box in Abrams' office. It had disappeared—gone forever.

The fact that the vanished box had been a complete fake, utterly meaningless, and that Abrams had imagined everything he diagnosed for those sending in loot, was to be borne out almost immediately after his death. The magazine succeeded in getting its hands on one of the ERA boxes from a doctor who had begun to lose faith in Abrams and who no longer feared him now.

Taking the ERA box apart, the magazine was astonished—astonished that anybody had had as much gall as Abrams. Because what was inside of that magic box was nothing but a lot of meaningless hardware—nuts, bolts, screws, wires and a condenser, an ohmmeter, rheostat and a magnetic interrupter.

Turning the ERA box over to a body of experts consisting of two physicians, an engineer and a radio expert, the magazine received a long-winded report, which it published. The final words of this report were: "At its best, the ERA is an illusion. At its worst it is a colossal fraud."

The death of Abrams naturally put a quick stop to his mail-order business. And *The Scientific American's* exposé did the rest—except for the case of some of the quacks who still had the boxes. No longer fearing Able Albert, now the quacks, loath to let go of a good thing, kept right on collecting stiff fees from people who stood in front of the boxes for eight seconds. These quacks really had a good thing going. For, it now developed, Abrams had somehow or other lost the list of leasees of the boxes and the quacks no longer had to pay the stiff monthly rental. ♦♦♦



No Down Payment • 15 Day Approval • 100% Guarantee



STONE SERVICE RING — \$69
 Designs for Army, Navy, Marines, Air Force, Army Airborne, Vietnam for Army or Marines. Choice of Red or Blue stone. 10k white or yellow gold. Solid Back
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LINDE STAR SAPPHIRE RING - \$189
 Army, Navy, Marines, Air Force and Army Airborne. Vietnam for Army or Marines. Red or blue. 10k white or yellow gold. Solid Back
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DIAMOND SERVICE RING — \$89
 Star set diamond in 10k white or yellow gold. Army, Navy, Marines, Air Force, Army Airborne Vietnam for Army or Marines. Solid Back
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VIETNAM SERVICE RING --\$89
 For Army and Marines only. Star set diamond in 10k white or yellow gold dragon design Solid Back
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COUPON MISSING? Write your order on plain paper to address above. World wide airmail service.



SKINDIVER - \$99
 100% waterproof. Depth tested 666' 17 jewels.
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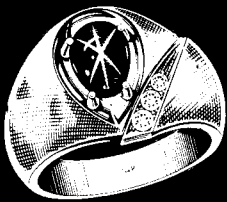
ANITA - \$239
 Exquisite marquise diamond engagement ring with interlocking 4 diamond wedding band. 14k gold.
 \$12 Twice Monthly



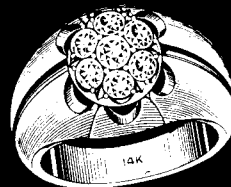
JULIE - \$235
 5 diamond bridal set
 \$12 Twice Monthly



DIVINE LOVE - \$189
 \$9 Twice Monthly



SULTAN - \$159
 Linde synthetic star sapphire. Blue or Red. 3 diamonds.
 \$8 Twice Monthly



ALADDIN - \$249
 7 fiery diamonds clustered at crown of this massive 14k gold dome setting.
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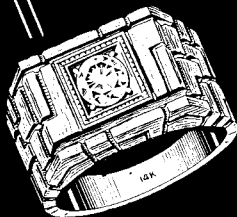
ROMANTIC LOVE - \$249
 11 diamond trio ring set.
 \$12 Twice Monthly



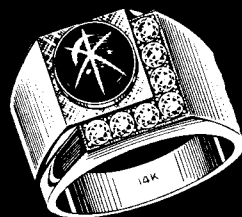
STAR TIGER -- \$139
 Linde synthetic Blue Star Sapphire or Claret Red Star in 10k white or yellow gold with 2 diamonds.
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STARFIRE -- \$129
 4 sparkling diamonds glorify beautiful Linde synthetic Star. 14k gold. Blue or red.
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 Flashing diamond solitaire in ruggedly handsome 14k nugget gold setting.
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 Fine solitaire diamond in handsome two-tone 14k gold setting
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MARK JEWELERS — 9041 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90035

Send me (item) _____ Price \$ _____

(HERS) _____
 White Yellow Size (HIS) _____ Color of Stone _____ Initial _____

PRINT NAME _____ RANK _____

UNIT ADDRESS _____

APO or CITY _____

SERIAL NO. _____ ENLISTMENT ENDS _____

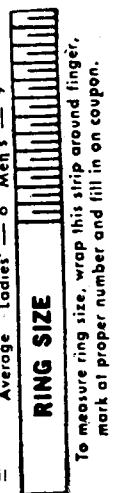
SOCIAL SECURITY NO. _____

SIGNATURE _____

HOME ADDRESS _____

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED — otherwise return merchandise by insured mail
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Average Ladies' — 6 Men's — 9

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Did the Extortioner Kill to Prove . . . ?

(Continued from page 25)

St. Petersburg and Tampa. His ad read: "Write what you know on any sheet of paper. Then tear off one of the upper corners in a jagged fashion. You keep the corner you tear off. Send the larger piece to Father Thomas Fitzgerald, Church of the Redeemer, in Sarasota, Florida."

Mr. Addy offered a reward of \$5,000 for information in each case—the murder of Mrs. Mable Holmes and the attempted extortion and threat on the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Addy. He assured anonymous informants that their identities would be protected whether they received a reward or not.

The plan is similar to one that has been operated with considerable success by several newspapers in large cities. The *Detroit News* still offers rewards under its Secret Witness plan that has brought about the arrest and conviction of more than a score of criminals, mostly killers, in the past three years.

However, in this instance, there was not a flood of tips as in most such cases. Weeks passed and the hoped-for information was not received.

On August 11th, Mr. Addy decided to double the rewards, raising each to \$10,000 for a total of \$20,000. He continued to advertise in the newspapers in the Sarasota and Tampa Bay areas.

Again weeks passed without any tips. The Sarasota detectives continued their investigation, questioning every new potential witness they could find. But they had no luck.

Finally, early in November, four months after the slaying of the elderly housekeeper, a development, about which police would offer no comment, occurred, and the investigators focused their attention on Frederick Richard Dornau, 38. Police would neither confirm nor deny speculation that their interest in Dornau had been sparked by informants motivated by the reward advertising.

Frederick Dornau, a resident of fashionable Siesta Key and for the past two years a prominent businessman in Sarasota, had, with his brother, formerly operated Ra-Dor Industries in the Bronx, a borough of New York City. About two years before, they had moved the business to Sarasota. They were said to have a contract with the federal government to manufacture Long John missiles, which are about 30 feet in length.

But there had been some trouble and in October, 1969, they had been charged with making fraudulent claims against the federal government. A federal grand jury for the Southern District of New York City had indicted Frederick and his brother on a charge of making fraudulent claims against the government for \$395,270.

The federal indictment in New York City contained a total of 45 counts: 29 for submitting false claims against the government; one for uttering a forged government document; 11 for mail fraud and four for fraud by wire.

Earlier, on March 24, 1969, the firm was declared bankrupt in federal district court in Tampa, after the brothers had been accused of the false claims against the government and a total of \$700,000 in false claims against private and government organizations.

Frederick Dornau's brother was not named as a suspect in the murder of Mabel Holmes and in the extortion attempt.

Following the federal action, Frederick Dornau's fingerprints had been taken and were filed when the information was received. Lieutenant Ray obtained a copy of Frederick Dornau's prints and compared them with the prints he had developed on the extortion notes found in the phone booths. Police would not disclose whether they matched.

On the basis of evidence gathered, however, warrants charging Frederick Dornau with first-degree murder and with attempted extortion were obtained. Dornau was found at a downtown shopping center, where he was taken into custody.

He was booked at the city jail on Thursday, November 13th, on both charges. Bail of \$10,000 was set on the extortion charge, but no bond was allowed on the murder charge. He was held in the city jail pending further legal action.

A search warrant for Dornau's home was obtained and it was reported that several guns were found, including one .25 caliber. However, authorities have declined to reveal whether the .25 caliber gun fired the fatal shot.

The evidence against Frederick R. Dornau was presented to the Sarasota County grand jury which, on November 24th, returned indictments charging him with first-degree murder and attempted extortion.

As this was written, the suspect was held without bail in the Sarasota County jail and further legal action against him was pending. It was expected that the case would be prosecuted by State Attorney Frank Schaub, the man who won a conviction of Dr. Carl Coppolino, even though Coppolino was defended by the widely acclaimed F. Lee Bailey. ♦♦♦

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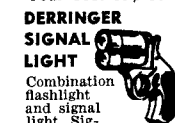
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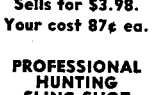
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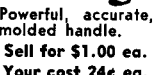
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... Killer on Crutches

(Continued from page 21)

have gone through and it would be a good idea if deputies searched for the slugs in and around the ditch.

Sheriff Nehls agreed and hurried to his radio to summon every available man from his office in Juneau. The dispatcher alerted Deputies Don Dye, David Henke and Joe Trejo and said he would send others as soon as he could get in touch with them.

Dr. Richards, meanwhile, had arranged for the body to be taken to the morgue at a hospital in nearby Beaver Dam, where he would perform the autopsy.

As soon as he had completed the arrangements, Sheriff Nehls examined contents of the girl's pockets and found papers identifying her as Angelia G. Stevens, who lived at an address in Watertown. According to the papers, she was 16 years old and was a sophomore at Watertown High School.

Sheriff Nehls contacted Watertown police and asked that the tragic news be conveyed to the girl's parents.

"She must have been at the YAC dance last night," said the Watertown dispatcher.

Sheriff Nehls knew of the activities at the youth center, including the midweek dances. "We may have to question every kid who was there," he said.

While they waited for the ambulance to take the body to Beaver Dam and the deputies who were on the way, Sheriff Nehls questioned the people who had assembled at the scene.

Mrs. Norman Rusch, whose home is on Rusch Road, about half a mile from where the body was found, told the sheriff about an unusual occurrence that

night. About 11:30, her dogs began to bark furiously. Her husband, who is a mail carrier and works part time at an evening job, was due home at any minute.

She turned on the outside lights, which illuminated the front of the house and the garage and, by reflection, much of that section of Rusch Road.

She said she saw a car and it was about to stop in front of the house. She had been expecting her husband and thought it was strange that he didn't drive on into the garage.

But when she took a closer look, the woman saw that it was not her husband's car. It was one she didn't recognize at all. Almost as soon as the outside lights were switched on, Mrs. Rusch said, the driver of the car put a heavy foot on the accelerator and it sped away.

"Did you see who was in the car?" Sheriff Nehls asked.

Mrs. Rusch said she had seen the occupants, but they had got away so rapidly she didn't get a chance to take a good look at them. She didn't know whether she was acquainted with them.

Mrs. Rusch said she was still trying to figure out what the occupants of the car were up to when a second automobile she didn't recognize pulled into the driveway. The outside lights were still on and she could see a young couple getting out of the car.

They told Mrs. Rusch that they were Dennis Irwine of Oconomowoc and Jean Nagle of Watertown. Irwine asked if he could use the telephone to call the police. She asked what he needed the police for.

He explained that he and the girl were driving in Rusch Road and just before they reached the intersection of County Trunk Highway MM, both had noticed a girl sprawled in the ditch. Irwine braked the car and the couple got out to see if they could help the girl.

Irwine had made a perfunctory examination and said he was convinced the girl was dead. He recalled having passed the Rusch house and turned his car around and drove back there. He was given permission to use the telephone and call Watertown police headquarters. This resulted in Officer Schmidt, Sheriff Nehls and Dr. Richards racing to the scene.

Meanwhile, Norman Rusch came home a few minutes later. He had been on County Trunk Highway MM and had turned into Rusch Road. As his headlights swept in an arc, the beam rested momentarily on the ditch along Rusch Road and he spotted the girl. He skidded to a stop and got out to have a look at the girl.

After he had convinced himself that she was dead, he drove on home to notify the sheriff. But when Irwine told him the sheriff already was on the way, he realized it wasn't necessary to make the call.

"She was fully clothed, but her hands and head were bloody," Mr. Rusch said. "It looked as if she had been dropped out of a car."

That was about all the witnesses knew about the case.

"What about the license number of that first car you saw? Did you get the license number?" Sheriff Nehls asked Mrs. Rusch.

Mrs. Rusch said she didn't. But she said she thought it was a Wisconsin license. Though most were Wisconsin licenses, there was a good sprinkling of cars from nearby Illinois, especially during the hunting season.

"Well, can you give me a description

(Continued on page 68)

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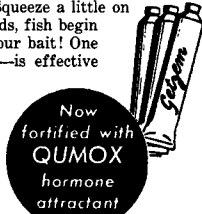
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(Continued from page 66)

of this car?" the sheriff pressed.

After considering the question for a few moments, Mrs. Rusch said she thought it was a black hardtop, although she didn't know what kind. She added that she thought the automobile was about 10 years old.

The deputies arrived and Sheriff Nehls told them what he knew of the case. Deputy Henke was assigned to get Dennis Irwine's account of what he had seen and done.

Irvine said that as he and Miss Nagle rode along Rusch Road, on their way to Watertown where Miss Nagle lives, they saw another car's headlights. They say it make a left turn into County Trunk Highway MM.

Then, as they crossed the intersection and the other car had disappeared into the darkness, they spotted the body of the girl huddled in the ditch. Irwine slammed on the brakes, and backed his own car to the shoulder of the road opposite where the girl lay. The young couple got out and Irwine took a closer look.

When he was sure that the girl was dead, he hurried back to the car with his companion. They recalled having passed the Rusch home earlier and drove there to use the telephone to notify the police.

He, too, said he had been unable to get the license number, but he believed it was a Wisconsin license.

"Can you describe the car?"

Irvine said he could give a general description. He said the car he had seen turn off onto Highway MM was a black, two-door Ford hardtop, about a 1959 or 1960 model. At that time, however, the couple hadn't yet discovered the body in the ditch and there was no reason to take the license number.

"Did you notice anything about the people in the car?" Sheriff Nehls asked. "How many there were, how old they were?"

Irvine replied that he had seen only two people. He said that both were young men, possibly in their teens, and that both were in the front seat.

Undoubtedly this was the car that Mrs. Rusch had seen. Had the girl been shot already? Were the two young men looking for a place to dispose of her body when they slowed down in front of the Rusch home?

At that time of night there was not much traffic on Rusch Road and it seemed improbable that there had been two cars of the same general description. But how were they to locate even the one car?

After the grief-stricken parents had recovered from the first shock of the tragic news, they told Sheriff Nehls what they could of their daughter's movements. They said Angelia liked the dances and she had left early that evening to go to the Youth Activities Center in the Municipal Building.

The sheriff learned the names of the sponsors of the dance and drove at once to their homes, despite the late hour. They were in bed, but the news shocked them awake and they readily agreed to help in any way possible to find out what had happened.

They told Sheriff Nehls that the dance itself had been orderly. They said they were unable to name from memory all the teenagers who had attended, but that a register was kept. This showed the name of each youngster attending, as well as the time he or she had arrived.

The sponsors accompanied Nehls to the Municipal Building, where the register was kept. It showed that Angelia Stevens had been there and that she had

checked in early. It did not show what time she had left, or whether she had stayed until the dance had ended.

"Do you suppose some of these kids check in at the dance, then sneak away and go somewhere else?" Sheriff Nehls asked.

The officials replied that was possible, but if it did happen, only a small number of youngsters left because there was no noticeable diminishing of the attendance. If there had been, the sponsors would have launched an investigation.

They said they had noticed that Angelia was at the dance, but they were unable to say whether she had stayed through the entire program. But they suggested there were friends—they said Angelia was a very popular girl—who undoubtedly would be able to tell Sheriff Nehls when she had left and who had been with her at the time.

The sponsors named one girl who had been a close friend of Angelia's and the deputies went to her home and got her out of bed. She said that Angelia had been at the dance through the evening and, she thought, until it ended at 10 o'clock. But she didn't know if the girl had left alone or with someone.

The girl was shown the list of those who had been in attendance and went through it carefully. She selected the names of about 20 persons who had been considered close friends of Angelia's—boys and girls. Most of them had cars—especially the boys—that belonged to them or their parents. Any of the 20 might have offered Angelia a ride home.

In addition, the girl gave the deputies the names of Angelia's teachers at Watertown High School. Even though some of the teachers had not attended the dance, the probers thought they might know something about Angelia and her relationship with boys that would help the sheriff in his investigation.

Although it meant getting them out of bed in the middle of the night, the teachers were questioned, one by one. They all told Sheriff Nehls and the deputies that Angelia had been well liked in school and that she had been an unusually friendly girl. They said it would have been quite unusual if Angelia had not had boy friends, but they were unable to supply names of any specific youth.

This information would have to come from among Angelia's 20 friends. Sheriff Nehls called his deputies together and divided the names and addresses of the 20 boys and girls among them. It would be necessary to get them up and interrupt their sleep, but it couldn't be helped.

"We want to talk to them while the events at the YAC dance are still fresh in their minds," he said. "I don't know how much they'll be able to help us, but we've got to try."

The parents of the teenagers contacted were the first victims of the deputies' nocturnal calls. But when they had heard about the murder of Angelia, they called their offspring, who were jolted awake by the news of the murder. They all readily answered the questions asked by the sheriff's deputies.

"I just can't believe it!" said one shocked teenager, expressing the feelings that were repeated over and over by the youngsters the deputies interrogated.

The teenagers the deputies questioned readily admitted they were on friendly terms with Angelia and they all said they recalled her being at the YAC dance on Wednesday night. Most of the witnesses said they thought that Angelia had stayed until the end of the dance at 10 o'clock.

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But as usual in such gatherings, in the crush and confusion of leaving, it had been difficult to keep track of any one person, and in those crowded moments no one seemed to have noticed whether Angelia had left with a group, with a boy or girl, or alone.

But the deputies didn't give up. From some of the teenagers they quizzed, they obtained the names of still others who had been special friends of Angelia. These also were questioned, although it meant rousing them from sound slumber.

From the latter group, it was learned that one particular friend of Angelia's was Melvin Christian, 19. But it seemed hardly likely that she had been in a car with him. The young people explained that young Christian's left leg was in a cast as a result of an injury in an automobile accident. Because of this he couldn't dance, and they didn't think he could drive.

Eventually, the deputies found a teenage girl who said she had seen Angelia getting into a car shortly after the dance ended. But it had been from a distance, it had been dark, and she didn't know who was at the wheel of the car.

Trying to identify the driver of the car, the deputies continued questioning other teenagers, asking each if he knew whose car Angelia had entered.

They had no immediate luck, but they recalled what Sheriff Nehls had emphasized—that the most important and often the most fruitful time in pressing an investigation is the hours immediately following discovery of a crime.

They continued rousing youngsters out of bed and asking them questions. Finally they found a boy who said he had seen the girl walking towards Main Street with another boy. It was after 10 o'clock, he said. Although the dance had ended promptly at 10 o'clock, many of

(Continued on page 71)

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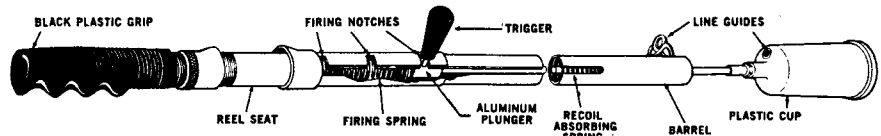


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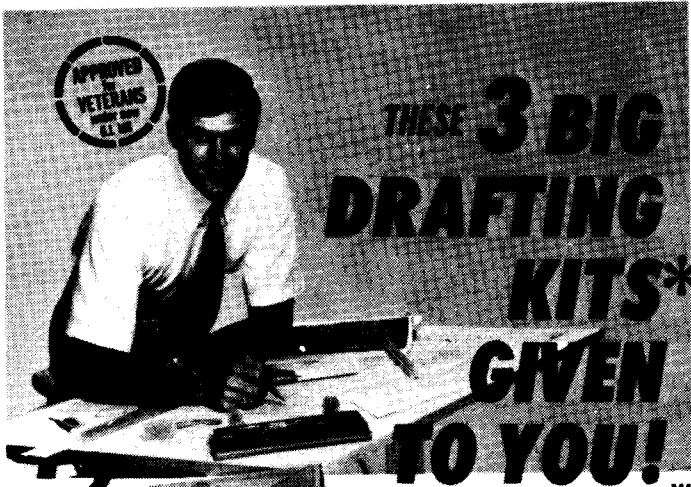
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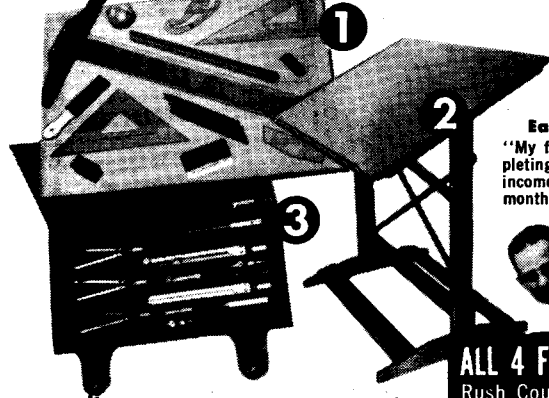
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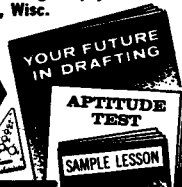


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(Continued from page 69)
the youngsters had stayed on a few minutes to chat.

"Who was this boy she was with?" Sheriff Nehls asked.

The informant named a 16-year-old youth whose address was on file at the Youth Center. Deputies immediately went to see him and he readily admitted that he had walked towards Main Street with Angelia. He said they got in a car with Melvin Christian at the wheel.

"I thought he couldn't drive because of a broken leg?" said Deputy Dye.

The boy said it was Christian's left leg that was in a cast and that he could drive well enough with his right foot to operate the gas pedal and the brake.

"Was Christian at the dance?"

The teenager replied that Christian had been there, but only as a spectator. His main purpose, apparently, was to wait until the dance was over so that he could pick up Angelia Stevens.

The youth added that there were two other 16-year-old boys in the car with Christian when he and Angelia got in. He named the other boys. He said that Christian had dropped him off at home at 10:40 and he understood one of the other boys was to be taken home, too.

The other teenager's address was obtained from the roster of the youth center and deputies drove out and talked to him. His account was substantially the same as the other boy's. He said he had been dropped off at home a few minutes after the other youth. When he got out of the car, Angelia was still in it with Christian and a 16-year-old. He said the car was headed out Rusch Road, away from Watertown.

Asked to estimate the time, the teenager said it was about 11:15 when he got out of the car. This was about 15

(Continued on page 72)

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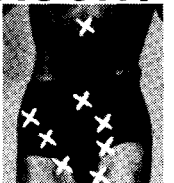
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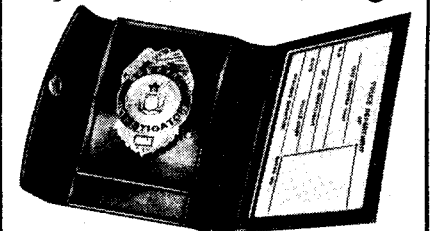
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minutes before Mrs. Rusch had looked out and had seen a car slowing almost to a stop in front of her house.

The youth was asked to describe Christian's car and he said it was a 1959 two-door black Ford hardtop. The boy also told Deputy Dye that he had seen a gun in the possession of the boy with Christian.

"What kind was it?" Deputy Dye asked

The youth said it was a .22 caliber Winchester bolt action single shot rifle. He said the barrel had been sawed off so that it was about 12 inches long. He said he knew that it belonged to Melvin Christian.

Asked if Christian went to school, the youth said that he was a dropout.

The addresses of Christian and the 16-year-old were obtained for future use.

Meanwhile, Dr. Richards had completed the autopsy and reported to Sheriff Nehls. The pathologist said the young girl had died of three gunshot wounds in the head. Two of them had been fired at very close range—either with the gun pressing against her head or no more than one inch away. This was indicated by powder burns.

Dr. Richards said there was no evidence that the girl had been sexually attacked, although an attempted sex attack that she resisted possibly had triggered the shooting. The pathologist said he had removed several bullet fragments during the autopsy and that he would bring them to the sheriff.

At the ditch where the body was found, Officer Schmidt and Deputy Trejo had searched for anything that could be considered as clues or evidence. But in the darkness they found nothing. They did take samples of the blood in the ditch and preserved them as evidence.

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As soon as the new day dawned and they could work by daylight, the two officers began another minute search. This time their luck was better. They found two .22 caliber shell casings in the ditch. They searched for more casings and other evidence, but further efforts were fruitless.

They delivered the shell casings to Sheriff Nehls about the time Dr. Richards arrived with the bullet fragments. These were given to a deputy, who delivered them to the Wisconsin State Crime Laboratory in Madison in less than half an hour. Ballistics technicians there had been alerted and were waiting.

A few minutes later, they phoned a preliminary report to Sheriff Nehls. They said the evidence indicated there were fragments of three .22 caliber bullets. Because of the fragmentation, it would be impossible to match them up with a gun, if one were found. However, they said it would be possible to determine whether a certain gun had fired the shell casings.

Sheriff Nehls decided he had enough evidence. About six o'clock, approximately six hours after the sheriff and his deputies had started working on the case, Melvin Christian and the 16-year-old were taken into custody.

Both denied having shot the girl, but

Sheriff Nehls said both admitted she had been killed with Christian's gun, which they said had been thrown into the Rock River.

Since the gun probably would be the decisive evidence in the case, the sheriff launched an intensive search for the weapon. Some of the sheriff's deputies, aided by skin divers from a local club, began plunging into the chilly depths of the Rock River. They found nothing.

Melvin Christian was charged with the first-degree murder of Angelia Stevens and was taken to the Dodge County jail in Juneau. Walking on crutches, Christian appeared before Dodge County Judge Clarence Traeger on Tuesday, March 25th.

He pleaded not guilty and Judge Traeger scheduled a preliminary hearing for Thursday, April 3rd, and fixed his bail at \$50,000. He was unable to post it and was held in the county jail.

Although no charge had been filed against him, the younger boy was held in the county jail in Juneau. District Attorney John Kaiser said that a juvenile detention petition was signed by Dodge County Juvenile Judge Joseph Schultz.

Judge Schultz was asked to waive the 16-year-old's rights as a juvenile so that he could be tried as an adult. After some deliberation, Judge Schultz granted the request and the boy was charged with first-degree murder. A Beaver Dam attorney was appointed to represent him.

An agreement was reached between the district attorney, the defense attorney and Christian's parents and on April 1st, Judge Traeger ordered him to the Central State Hospital at Waupun for 60 days to undergo mental examinations.

Meanwhile, the skin divers doggedly continued their chilly search for the gun and finally, under the Cady Street bridge, they found it. It was the sawed-off Winchester described by one of the boys who had ridden with Christian on the fatal night. Ballistics tests showed that it was the weapon from which the shell casings had been ejected.

The tests undergone at the Waupun hospital showed that Christian was capable of cooperating with his attorney in his own defense and he was returned to Juneau.

Christian's companion was scheduled to go to trial on the murder charge on July 9th. On July 3rd, his attorney asked Judge Gergen to set the order aside. Judge Gergen refused and ordered the trial to proceed on Wednesday, July 9th.

The trial lasted four days. On Friday, July 11th, the youth on trial testified in his own defense that it was Christian who fired the shots and killed Angelia Stevens. The next day, in rebuttal, Christian testified that it was the boy on trial who fired the shots.

But the jury apparently didn't believe Christian. Early Sunday, July 13th, they returned a verdict of not guilty. The boy was freed.

The next day, Monday, July 14th, Melvin Christian appeared before Judge Gergen for a preliminary hearing. After the evidence, including the gun, was presented, he was bound over for trial on October 10th.

On that day he appeared before Judge Gergen and pleaded guilty to second-degree murder. Judge Gergen accepted this plea and immediately sentenced Christian to an indeterminate term in prison, but not less than 20 years. As this was written, Christian was in the state penitentiary in Waupun, serving his sentence. ♦♦♦

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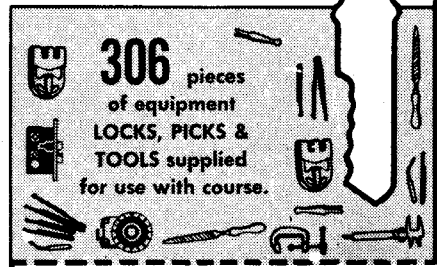
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"I'll Take An FBI Agent With Me!"

(Continued from page 15)

On December 10th Pegram was brought before Sarpy County Judge Orville Entenman at Papillion, Nebraska, from the penitentiary. The old-fashioned courthouse was under heavy guard as the handcuffed prisoner, wearing spectacles, was brought in.

Deputy Sheriffs and four state troopers guarded the doors as Sarpy County Sheriff Richard D. Whitted unlocked Pegram's handcuffs after he was seated in the courtroom.

Judge Entenman asked Pegram if he had an attorney. The suspect replied by nodding his head in the negative. When asked if he wanted a lawyer, Pegram nodded his head again, this time indicating that he did want an attorney. Pegram then indicated he was unable to sign an affidavit requesting a court-appointed attorney because his head wound had affected the use of his right hand.

His bond was set at \$50,000 and when Pegram indicated he had no way of raising it, he was returned to the penitentiary to await future court action.

Law enforcement officers were deeply interested in the telephone call that Pegram was making when he was spotted in the public telephone booth, reasoning that he might have been attempting to contact confederates regarding another bank burglary attempt in the area.

Paul Young, agent in charge of the FBI office in Omaha, said that William Clubb, the known associate of Pegram, might still be in the area and urged that anyone seeing him contact the office or local authorities. He said that Clubb should be considered extremely dangerous.

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Guns for Grass

(Continued from page 28)

"Yeah, but they said they weren't ready yet to start supplying us with heroin and other hard stuff," replied Detective Frattarola's stoolie. "They did agree to come up with at least a kilo of marijuana."

"Good," interrupted Chief McLaughlin. "We'll give you \$25 in marked money to pay for the stuff you've already bought, and enough more to cover the cost of the wholesale buy you'll make tomorrow."

"Marked money?" their informant repeated doubtfully. "What happens to me if they examine the bills and find the markings?"

McLaughlin explained that they would not actually mark the bills. Instead, the serial number of each bill would be listed, and police witnesses would subsequently swear in court that any of those bills admitted as evidence bore recorded serial numbers.

Then came the surprise for which none of those present had been prepared:

"They won't take money for the wholesale lot I told 'em I wanted to pick up tomorrow," their informant said flatly. "They want guns! They said they could bring me at least a kilo of pot, but only if I'd deliver five handguns to them at the time they gave me the stuff."

"Guns?" McLaughlin and Jackson echoed simultaneously. "Did they tell you why they wanted them?"

"No, but it's my guess that they suspect I might be working with the police," the informant replied tremblingly. "They probably reason that the cops would never risk arming them with deadly weapons, and this is their way of testing me."

"Which means that if you can't produce the firearms, they won't produce the kilo of marijuana tomorrow and any possibility of making a deal for hard stuff in the future goes out the window?"

The stoolie nodded in agreement, adding that it might also mean his life wouldn't be worth a plugged nickle if he failed to meet those terms.

Once more there was a hurried conference between Chief McLaughlin and Sheriff McMahon. Although both veteran law enforcement officers recognized the danger of handing over firearms to suspected narcotics dealers, they realized that to do anything else might well put an end to their hopes of frustrating a plot to flood the country with heroin and other dangerous drugs.

After weighing the possible results of one risk against the other, McLaughlin and McMahon arrived at the agonizing decision which, both realized, might well determine their personal futures both politically and as law enforcement officials:

They would supply Detective Frattarola's informant with the deadly weapons demanded by his underworld contacts—but not let any of the men to whom those weapons were given to out of their sight for a single moment until they were under arrest and the guns recovered.

Both officers, of course, realized that their decision meant there would be no chance now of getting the suspects on charges of sale or possession of heroin or other hard narcotics. Chief McLaughlin later told this writer:

"But we were confident that we'd at least be able to stop them from introducing these addictive drugs into our schools, if that actually was their plan. And we hoped that their arrest and prosecution would serve as a warning to others who might have similar plans."

After advising their men of the decision they had reached, Chief McLaughlin and

Sheriff McMahon made plans to spirit their informant out of the region as soon as he had completed his part in the roundup of the suspects. Within 48 hours, he would be taken under guard to a hideout in New England where he would remain until his underworld associates were tried and convicted.

At 10:15 next morning, the same group of officers met again at Chief McLaughlin's home. After reviewing their earlier decision, all agreed to make one more attempt to have the sheriff's investigators, posing as would-be drug distributors, make personal contact with the suspects.

At 10:30, Detective Frattarola's informant phoned the Dobbs Ferry number. When Parlante answered, he was told that arrangements had been made to turn over the guns that had been requested—but only if he was willing to talk personally with one of the potential distributors who was to supply the weapons. Meanwhile, more marijuana was wanted immediately.

Turning back to the officers gathered about him after ringing off, the informant reported that Parlante had agreed to meet him and one of his three "distributors" at the former's Dobbs Ferry home. They were to be at the house, on North Broadway, in exactly one hour, he said. At that time, Parlante would deliver 25 "nickel bags" of pot in exchange for \$80 in cash if payment of the \$25 for the previous night's sale was forthcoming.

Within minutes, Investigators Conklin and Gale were on their way to Dobbs Ferry, where they would brief Chief of Police Edward D. Doyle and Detective Robert Cunningham on what had taken place during the past 24 hours. Meanwhile, Senior Investigator Jackson was supplied with \$105 in bank notes whose serial numbers had been listed, and instructed to accompany their informant to the Dobbs Ferry address in an unmarked 1955 Ford sedan which had been borrowed from a local dealer.

What happened during the next hour and a half is related in a report submitted by Investigators Conklin and Gale . . .

Arriving at a public school on the west side of North Broadway 100 yards from the Dobbs Ferry-Hastings-on-Hudson town line at 11:15 a.m., the two country detectives took up positions from which they could keep the two-story frame house directly across the street in constant view. Nearby, concealed behind the curtains of another school window, were Chief Doyle and Detective Cunningham.

Fifteen minutes later, a woman arrived at the house across the street in a Plymouth sedan, alighted and entered with groceries in paper bags. A few minutes after that, a distinguished looking man of middle age walked from the house to a bus stop on the corner, where he met a small boy who alit from a passing school bus. Together they returned to the house.

Parked in one of the two garages beneath the gray-shingled living quarters of the two-story building, officers using binoculars could see a blue Cadillac—the same car which they believed had been used in the delivery of the first marijuana purchase the day before.

At 11:36, the 1955 Ford in which the informant and Investigator Jackson had left Chief McLaughlin's home an hour before pulled up and stopped in front of the house across the street. Its occupants alighted and went toward the open door of the garage housing the blue Cadillac. A man whom the watching officers recognized as 26-year-old Nick Parlante came from the house, joined them inside the garage, and the door behind him was closed.

Five minutes later, all three emerged. Parlante went back to the house. Investigator Jackson, carrying a brown paper bag in which there were 25 envelopes of marijuana, got into the blue Ford behind the driver's wheel. The informant climbed in next to him. They backed from their parking place, turned and headed back toward the Cross-County Expressway, leading to Rye and other communities along the northern shore of Long Island Sound.

Back at their meeting place in the basement play-room of Chief McLaughlin's home, Investigator Jackson reported to the others who rejoined him that:

—Parlante, still suspicious and reluctant to discuss the sale of drugs other than marijuana, had nonetheless agreed to deliver an additional kilogram (2.2046 pounds) of grass late on the same day. But he insisted that he be paid for this merchandise in firearms. Until that was done, there would be no further sales.

—Delivery of the guns was to be made at a rooming house over a bar on Purdy Avenue in Rye at eight o'clock that same Tuesday night. At this meeting, it was stipulated, Parlante would be present with his partner, and Jackson (who had been introduced to the young marijuana dealer by their informant as "Hay,") would bring the other two prospective distributors, "Brian" and "Duck," whom he would leave outside until the transaction was actually completed.

—Jackson was also to bring the five pistols, in a leather briefcase which would be handed over when the kilo of marijuana would be given him.

—After the guns were safely in the hands of the men who would deliver the brick of marijuana, the other "distributors" would be called in and arrangements for the distribution and other hard narcotics could then be discussed. Meanwhile, either Parlante or his companion would have left with the firearms.

After reporting to Chief McLaughlin and Sheriff McMahon on his meeting with the suspect, Jackson was supplied with a brief case containing five unloaded .32- and .38-caliber revolvers. Then, accompanied by Chief McLaughlin and Lieutenant Balls, the sheriff's investigator went on to the rooming house over the Purdy Avenue bar where the meeting for that night was scheduled.

Advised that two strangers to whom he had rented Room 3 earlier in the week were planning to use his premises for illegal purposes, the operator of the rooming house agreed to give the authorities his full cooperation in their efforts to trap the culprits in the act of making a wholesale delivery. A key to Room 8—adjoining that in which Jackson was scheduled to meet Parlante and his partner that night—was then turned over to Chief McLaughlin by the rooming house operator. Listening devices were installed, and all the officers left the place. It was then nearly 5 p.m.

Less than three hours later, the Rye chief of police, accompanied by Lieutenant Balls and Investigator Wall, stationed themselves in Room 8 above the bar on Purdy Avenue. Outside the building were Investigators Gale and Conklin, at observation posts from which they could observe anyone entering or leaving the building.

At 7:45, Senior Investigator Jackson and the two officers posing as "Brian" and "Duck" pulled up in front of the bar and Jackson alighted before the others drove on to an adjoining parking lot and turned off the car motor. Jack-

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son went on up to the rooms occupying the second floor of the building, knocked at door Number 3, and was admitted by Parlante.

Inside, Jackson was introduced to Parlante's partner, Joseph Trocchio, the Bronx man to whom the blue Cadillac that had been under observation for the past 48 hours was registered.

"Did you bring the guns?" Jackson was asked.

Tossing his brown leather briefcase on a double bed at the far side of the room, Jackson handed Parlante a small key and told him to look for himself. Parlante went over to the bed, opened the brief case and glanced inside. Seemingly satisfied, he turned to his companion and said crisply, "Get the Ki (kilo), Joe."

Trocchio left the room. From the street outside, Investigators Gale and Conklin saw him descend the staircase at the side of the building, and go on to the 1963 Blue Thunderbird sports car in which he and Parlante had arrived.

Taking a brown paper bag from beneath the front seat of the sports car, the suspect then returned to the second floor of the Purdy Avenue building.

A moment after he reentered the room where Investigator Jackson waited, Chief McLaughlin and other officers who had been watching and listening to the suspects' every movement and word pushed their way in behind him.

Advised that they were under arrest for possession of the kilo of marijuana found inside the brown paper bag, Parlante and Trocchio were taken on to Rye Police Headquarters where they were booked on nine charges, ranging from sale and possession of dangerous drugs to illegal possession of firearms.

A search of the late-model Thunder-
(Continued on page 77)

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Lures Can Frighten Fish Away

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Minnows Irresistible

Then I saw the same fish approach actual live swimming minnows and without caution or suspicion STRIKE RAVENOUSLY. I saw the same fish that rejected the lures again and again attack without caution LIVE SWIMMING MINNOWS. In fact, these little minnows seemed to DRAW many fish from a distance—even before being seen.

Why Lures Often Fail

My talks with fish scientists and my own studies convinced me it was the swimming motion of minnows, particularly the swishing tail that attracted many fish. I concluded that no lure I had ever used had SUFFICIENTLY duplicated the living minnow and its motion.

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By EMILE PLANES (AS TOLD TO PAUL STAG)

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(Continued from page 75)
bird from which Trocchio had taken the brown paper bag to be traded for guns later turned up \$240 in a case that had been hidden under a front seat. Included in the stack of currency were four of the \$10 bank notes whose serial numbers had been re-ordered before they were handed to Parlante earlier in the day in payment for 25 "nickel bags" of pot.

After ordering the Thunderbird confiscated and held as evidence in the trial of the pair at a future date, Chief McLaughlin appeared before County Judge Leonard Rubinfeld and submitted evidence on which warrants authorizing a search of Parlante's Dobbs Ferry home and the blue Cadillac in his garage.

Before morning, accompanied by the accused seller of the marijuana purchased in Dobbs Ferry, Sheriff's Investigator Gale and Dobbs Ferry Detective Cunningham returned to the home of Nick Parlante. There, in the presence of Nick, his attractive blonde wife and his father, a prominent Westchester County attorney, the house was searched.

During the search, according to Gale and Cunningham, a quantity of marijuana was found in a brown paper bag concealed beneath a mattress in Parlante's bedroom. A .22-caliber pistol was also taken from the drawer of a dressing table in the same room.

Taken to the Dobbs Ferry Police Station, young Parlante was booked for violation of local laws restricting the possession of drugs and firearms.

Satisfied that they had broken up what might have become one of the biggest importations of marijuana and other drugs into suburban Westchester County communities in recent years, Chief McLaughlin and his fellow officers swore to complaints charging the accused with crimes for which both could be sentenced to long prison terms.

Meanwhile, both men refused to talk when advised of their constitutional rights and lawyers had them free on bail even as the informant whose tip to the Rye detective had brought about their downfall was being spirited out of the county.

Before the pair appeared in Supreme Court at White Plains on the following May 5, 1969 to enter guilty pleas to two of those charges, all other counts were dropped.

Parlante, pleading guilty to attempted criminal sale of narcotics in the first degree, was then sentenced by Judge P. Raymond Siriganoto to five years' probation. Trocchio, entering a similar plea to "criminal possession of drugs in the fourth degree," was put on probation for three years.

Four months later, after the reopening of schools throughout the country for the fall term, police and educators in scattered parts of the nation estimated, anywhere from 50 to 90 percent of the teenage pupils in their respective areas were currently using marijuana, and might soon be going in for hard narcotics.

Chief McLaughlin is far more optimistic. As a direct result of the arrest of the two men whom an informant had accused of threatening to flood the schools of Rye and other suburban New York seaboard towns with illicit drugs, there has been a marked decrease in the use of marijuana in local schools, he believes. This the chief attributes to an awareness on the part of parents to the danger of the situation, largely due to publicity given the arrest of the men who wanted to trade drugs for guns—followed by an educational campaign. ♦ ♦ ♦



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Apologetic Rapist

(Continued from page 19)

opening up his own gymnasium, the Tiger Athletic Club in Decatur, which, Chief Hand knew, specialized in the training of women in self-defense. Tiger also used the gym to train a heavyweight boxer he was grooming for the professional prize ring.

The chief figured Wagner could take care of himself in such a stakeout if anyone could. That left only the other half of the stakeout team.

"What about the girl?" Hand asked.

"I've got her," Wagner declared. He went on to explain that the partner he proposed to use in the unusual trap was working right in the DeKalb County Police Department.

She was, he said, Carolyn Hanson, a 19-year-old blonde, blue-eyed employe of the department's records division. Carolyn was a native of nearby Conyers, Georgia, and only the year before had graduated from Rockdale County High School. After a few months as a secretary at a couple of local firms, she had joined the police department in January, 1969. The five-foot seven-inch, 113-pound policewoman had, in fact, since August of 1968 been studying self-defense under the detective. She was his star pupil, had already won a blue belt, and was instructing other students.

Wagner's explanation of his plan was enough for Chief Hand. He gave it his full approval. The DeKalb department, with Tiger Wagner and Carolyn Hanson leading the way, was all set to confront The Apologetic Rapist in his favorite haunts.

That afternoon the waitress moved out of her ill-starred apartment, taking her two children with her. At the urging of Detective Wagner, she left her furniture in the apartment. After dark, Wagner and his female partner slipped into the apartment via the back door to begin their unlikely vigil.

Wagner, in the darkened apartment, prepared the hiding place which would be his "office" for some time. In a closet which commanded a view of the hallway and the bedroom window, he spread a blanket and placed a straight-backed chair, mindful of the dangers of drowsiness. Then he took off his shoes and settled down to wait.

Carolyn Hanson, meanwhile, once Wagner was ready, flipped on the lights in the kitchen, living room, and bedroom. She moved around the apartment to make sure that any unseen watching eyes would know someone was home—and that that someone was female.

At 2 a.m., after Carolyn had had her fill of late-evening talk shows and old movies, the two knocked off for the night and gone to their respective homes. The closest thing Carolyn had seen to a mad rapist was a mediocre love scene on television. Wagner had missed even that in his closet hideaway.

The next night at 7 p.m., however, they were back in the apartment. They also were back on the boring routine of the night before—until 10 p.m. Wagner, well aware that in all three previous rapes the attacker had struck right at 10 p.m., was extra alert. His alertness paid off.

Just minutes after the hour, the detective saw a shadow cross the bedroom window! The shadow, he figured, shouldn't be there because the window faced a yard between two buildings. From his earlier careful survey of the stakeout area, Wagner knew that there was no walkway through the yard. Mus-

cles and nerves taut, he slipped to the bedroom window, almost unconsciously lapsing into the traditional karate stance, and peered around the blinds.

A man clad in a white shirt was standing with his back to the bathroom window. His senses now almost screaming from the tension, Wagner eased back the blind and tiptoed to the bedroom door, where he slipped his pistol out of its holster and lay prone on the floor.

From his position, he had a straight shot into the bathroom and at the bedroom window, yet he could use the door frame for quick protective cover if necessary. Like a well-trained Marine, he waited for the coming encounter.

Half an hour later, he was still waiting, muscles now sore from the unrelenting tension. With resignation, he arose and once more tiptoed to the bedroom window to peer through the blinds. As he had feared, the man he thought was his rape-prone quarry was gone. After that, the rest of the night was anti-climactic. At 2 a.m. there had been no further signs of the intruder, and Wagner and Miss Hanson knocked off.

The nights of May 4th and 5th offered nothing like the nerve-racking half-hour of that strained, abortive ambush. Tired of television talk shows and out-dated films, Carolyn brought a novel with her to read during the night-time stakeouts. Wagner didn't have even that outlet for relaxation. For hours on end he was glued to his chair, with his eyes constantly roving the confines of the small apartment. When May 6th came, both were relieved to take their two days off.

The two-day respite seemed all too short when Thursday, May 8th, rolled around and the karate practising-pair were due to resume the stakeout for the fifth day.

Detective Wagner, although he had no intention of voicing his doubts to his pretty partner, was concerned. The detective was fearful that somehow they had lost their quarry. Possibly, he surmised, the man he had spotted by the bathroom window had actually been the rapist who had been frightened off by something, never again to return.

The night itself did nothing to allay his fears. A driving rain was beating down, and the detective reasoned that even a demented rapist probably liked his comfort and would stay inside. His forebodings of failure weren't lessened when he learned that Carolyn would be late for the stakeout. Rather than waste the time sitting uselessly in a darkened apartment, Wagner took the opportunity to go to the nearby home of the waitress' mother, where she was staying. The DeKalb Police Department, far from confining its attempts to catch The Apologetic Rapist via the stakeout, had also followed the standard police procedures recommended by the other detectives. Wagner had some mug shots of sexual offenders to show the waitress.

After running through the pictures for almost an hour, however, she still had not found any previous offender who resembled the man who ravished her.

Disappointed once more, Wagner returned to the apartment, slipping in through the rear entrance. At 9:30 p.m. Carolyn arrived in the company of Detective R. H. Williams, who posed as her boyfriend. The two walked in the front door of the apartment where Wagner, determined to keep his concern over impending failure to himself, had sequestered himself in the closet. Williams left after about five minutes.

In a touch worthy of a member of Actors' Equity, instead of the DeKalb Police Department, he whipped out a

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handkerchief as he walked toward his unmarked car and wiped his lips, as if ridding himself of the traces of lipstick.

The Thursday night stakeout went slower, if anything, than any of those before. It was especially rough on Detective Wagner, alone with his growing doubts that he might not make good on his promise to Chief Hand. Nonetheless, as the clock crept around to 10 p.m., he felt the familiar tautness in his nerves. For The Apologetic Rapist, 10 p.m. was the twitching hour.

Carolyn had fixed coffee for herself and her partner. Wagner was sipping the hot brew when, almost as if on schedule, three light raps sounded at the back door. The knocking, to the tense detective, rang through the entire apartment. He went rigid, then carefully set down the cup and walked softly into the hall. "It's the back door," Carolyn whispered.

A thrill of apprehension and anticipation coursed through the detective. By prior arrangement, any detective who had reason to call at the apartment during the hours the stakeout was in operation was instructed to inform Wagner and Carolyn by radio walkie-talkie in advance of the impending visit. None had done so. Furthermore, the other detectives were under instructions to use the front door. With almost uncanny certainty, Wagner knew this was the moment for which he had waited out those long, boring hours in the tiny closet.

Stationing himself in the living room where he could hear but not see the rear door, Wagner unholstered his pistol and motioned Carolyn to open it. The policewoman eased open the door to be confronted by a youth wearing a dirty white tee shirt. Her eyes went immediately to his hair: It was dishwater-blond!

"Hey!" the man said.

"Hey!" Carolyn replied. "What do you want?"

"I want to see your husband," the caller said, his eyes probing the interior of the apartment.

"He's not here," Carolyn said.

"Oh," the man declared. "Are you alone?"

"Yes," Wagner heard his partner reply, followed by a loud "thump" as if someone had been pushed hard against the wall. Hard after that came a surprised exclamation from Carolyn. She gasped out one word: "Tiger!"

Instantly the detective stepped into the kitchen-living room doorway. It framed a frightening picture: Carolyn was pinned against the wall by a light-haired man, one arm across her chest, a hand clamped over her mouth. With an expression of incredulous shock, the man looked into the barrel of Wagner's .38 caliber police special, dropped his arms, and turned to flee.

"Halt!" Wagner ordered. Heedless of the warning, the man sped out the rear door of the apartment.

Wagner fired, and saw the fleeing man stagger as the slug caught him in the shoulder, then regain his balance and hit the first step on the short flight of stairs in the hallway. Determined that the fugitive wouldn't escape, Wagner fired once more. This time, shot through the right lung, the man staggered again and sprawled, bleeding, on the floor.

Wagner told Carolyn to call the back-up car, stationed nearby, and walked over to the man he had just shot. The dishwater-blond hair now was streaked with the blood which flowed from two bullet wounds, but the man was still breathing. The detective saw him loaded into an ambulance, then turned to take

home the pretty blonde partner who had assisted him with such courage. To the other detectives he left the task of identifying the gunshot victim.

That proved to be an eyeopener. The man was Richard Wayne Neyhart, a 26-year-old Georgia native who worked for a Decatur truck line and was not exactly unknown to police.

On his 17th birthday, after a surprise party thrown by his mother, Neyhart in a fit of passion, had battered her to death with a baseball bat!

Police records disclosed that on June 24, 1960, Neyhart's mother, on a pretext, had driven her son to a friend's house. There the teenager was the guest of honor at an unexpected birthday party. After the merrymaking, Wayne and some friends had gone to a movie, then played miniature golf until after midnight. His mother was awake and waiting when he got home, and scolded her son for staying out so late. After exchanging acrimonious words with her Neyhart had gone to bed and brooded about the argument.

Finally he had arisen, seized a baseball bat, strode into his mother's room and slugged the sleeping woman unmercifully until she was dead.

He had then taken her purse, containing \$4, and the family car (his father was in the Navy, at sea at the time), and driven to Reidsville, North Carolina. There, after driving off without paying for \$3 of gasoline he had ordered, young Neyhart was picked up by police.

In September of 1960, Neyhart had been tried on the murder charge, but was found not guilty by reason of insanity. He was sent to the State Mental Hospital at Milledgeville, but subsequently was released as cured. He was married, police learned, but had no children.

Now, Neyhart, despite his serious gunshot wounds, at the apartment, stayed in the hospital only two weeks—under constant guard—before he was released. That very night, with Detectives Wagner and Glosson on hand, Neyhart was placed in a lineup. Two of the rape victims, the manicurist and the waitress, identified him immediately as the man who had assaulted them.

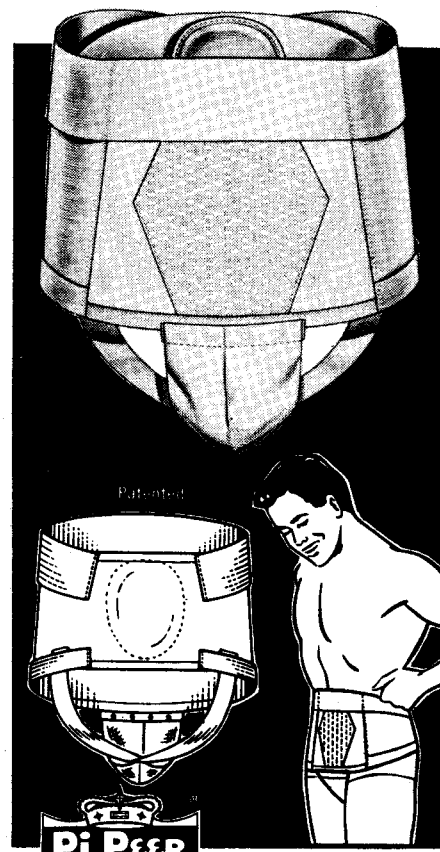
On June 4th Neyhart was admitted again to the mental hospital at Milledgeville on orders of DeKalb County Superior Court Judge Clarence Peeler. He was thoroughly examined and returned to DeKalb County Jail to await trial after being pronounced mentally capable.

On October 10, 1969, Neyhart appeared before Superior Court Judge William T. Dean. Assistant District Attorney Dennis Jones, represented the prosecution.

Faced with the damning evidence against him, Wayne Neyhart pleaded guilty, even though he had never admitted his crimes to police. He was given life sentences on each of the two rape charges against him, and 20 years for assault with intent to rape in the case of Miss Hanson.

Shortly after the trial, both Carolyn Hanson and Detective Wagner received letters of commendation from Chief Dick Hand and DeKalb County Commission Chairman Clark Harrison. The chief noted that their work together had been "in keeping with the highest traditions" of the DeKalb force.

Chairman Harrison commended the two karate experts for their "good judgment and calm courage"—both qualities which were amply demonstrated in their apprehension of The Apologetic Rapist.



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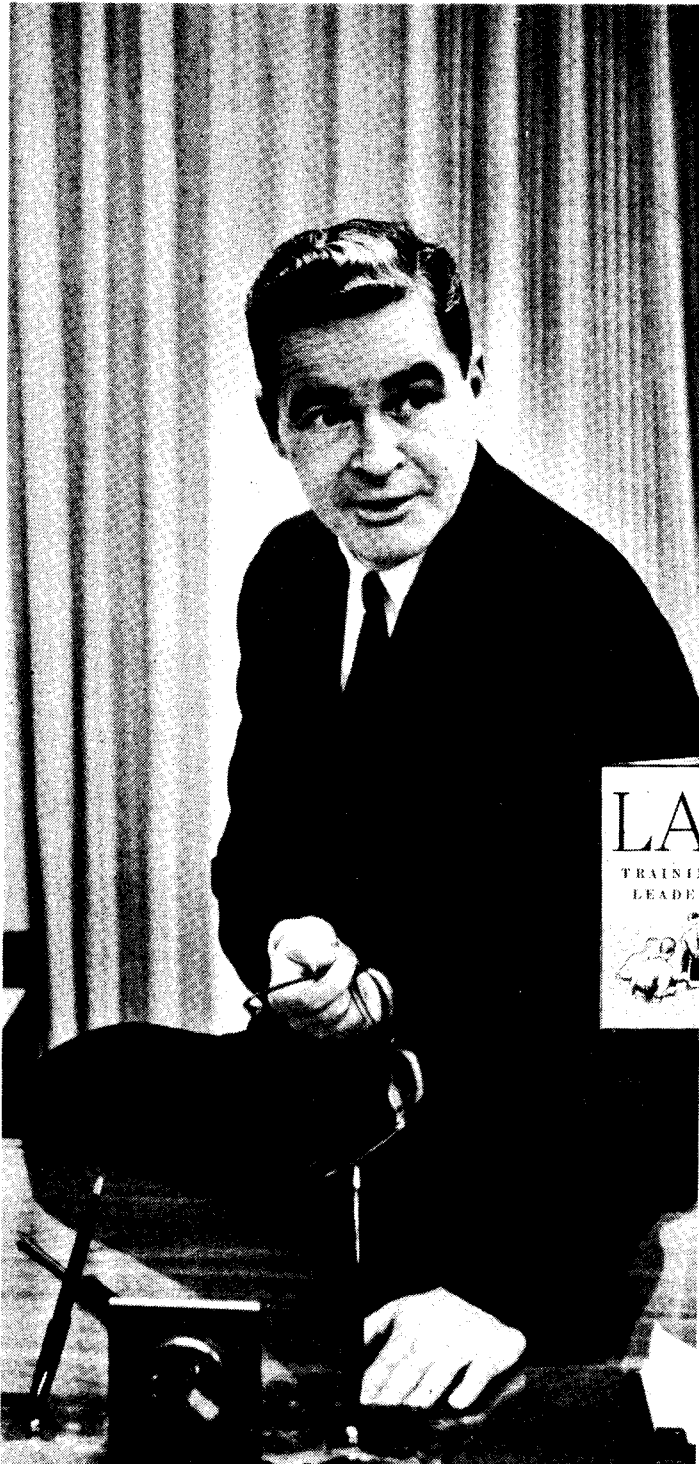
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HONEYSUCKLE VINE



PINK SPIREA



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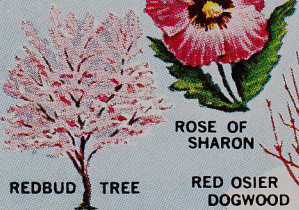
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ROSE OF SHARON



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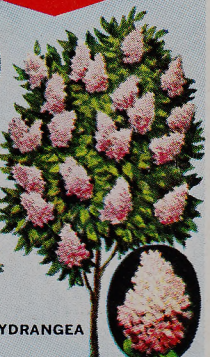


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ALL FOR ONLY
\$2.98
YES! *this is our biggest Flower Bargain in America Today!*



TULIP TREE



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HERE'S WHAT YOU GET*	Our Price If Ordered Separately
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20 FOOT PRIVET HEDGE (Ligustrum . . . Species we think best suits your climate). Grows Vigorously. 10 plants.	.80
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1—WEIGELIA (Weigelia Florida Varieties). Lovely 8-10 ft. shrub covers itself with masses of rose pink flowers.	.69
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1—HONEYSUCKLE VINE (Lonicera Japonica Halliana). Sweet scented white flower changes to yellow. Climbs trellises, posts, etc.	.80
1—PINK SPIREA (Pink Flowering Varieties). 4-6 ft. shrub used as a contrast plant with white spirea. Pink flowers in clusters.	.85
2—FORSYTHIA (Forsythia Varieties). Popular 9-12 foot shrub, with golden blooms early spring.	1.18
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1—HYDRANGEA P.G. (Hydrangea Paniculata Grandiflora). Comes to you in shrub form for growing into a tree by following simple directions. Giant white flower clusters turn lovely pink and purple. Bonus For Ordering by Deadline Date.	1.00
PRICE IF PURCHASED FROM US INDIVIDUALLY.....	15.98

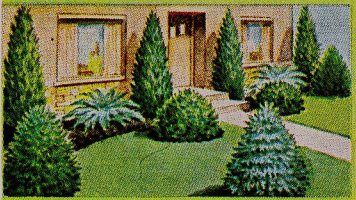
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*Varieties personally selected by our experts as being suitable for most parts of the U.S. In severely cold climates, check for hardiness. Blooms illustrated are reasonably accurate as to shape of varieties named although they may vary because nature often turns out tints and shapes found nowhere else. Evergreens—in extremely hot southern climates check for growth ability. While not anticipated, should we sell out one or more nursery grown varieties, we may include instead any equally suitable planting stock, nursery grown or native collected wild of equal or greater beauty. Our 3-way guarantee protects you.

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Be sure to mail coupon now to get this final combination bargain offer. Your 32 piece landscape gardening assortment will be sent at proper spring plant time, roots carefully wrapped in moist material with easy cultural instructions. If C.O.D. postage extra. Cash orders add 75c and we ship postage paid. Mail your order before deadline date and get Hydrangea as bonus. Don't wait. Mail coupon now.

EVERGREENS* . . 34c



Save money on your evergreen foundation planting. Check coupon and get these 12 evergreens for spring planting only \$3.98 . . . less than 34c each!

12 Piece Foundation Planting . . All for \$3.98

YOU GET ALL 12 EVERGREENS—2 COLORADO BLUE SPRUCE (Picea Pungens)—2 PFITZER JUNIPERS (Juniperus Chinensis Pfitzeriana)—2 EASTERN RED CEDARS (Juniperus Virginiana)—2 AMERICAN ARBORVITAE (Thuja Occidentalis)—2 DWARF MUGHO PINES (Pinus Mugho Mughus)—2 AUSTRIAN PINES (Pinus Nigra).

Combination offer of 6 popular varieties, 12 Evergreens, 1 to 3 year old planting stock, nursery grown from seed or cuttings, 3 to 12 inches tall which is desirable size for this easy first transplanting.

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Send order as checked. If not satisfied on arrival for Spring Planting I may return within 10 days for purchase price refund.

- GIANT 32 PIECE ASSORTMENT plus HYDRANGEA and 4 planting guides . . . \$2.98
- Double order, 64 plants PLUS 2 Hydrangea and 4 planting guides . . . 5.75
- 12 PIECE EVERGREEN FOUNDATION PLANTING . . . 3.98
- Double order . . . 7.65
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- Double Order (100 plants) . . . 7.65
- Remittance Enclosed. Add 75c and we ship postage paid. Send C.O.D. plus postage.

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