

“I Found a Murdered Woman in Bed Beside Me!”

# ★ TRUE DETECTIVE

MAC

MAY 50¢

B N APR 13

Florida police believe  
a killing resulted when  
**SUE REFUSED TO BE A  
SEX SLAVE FOR  
MOTORCYCLE  
GANGSTERS**



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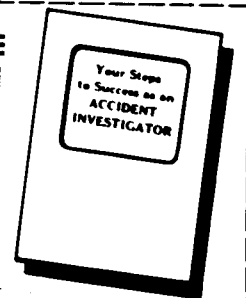
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MAY, 1971

Volume 95, No. 1, 48th Year of Publication

# TRUE DETECTIVE



THE AUTHENTIC MAGAZINE OF CRIME DETECTION

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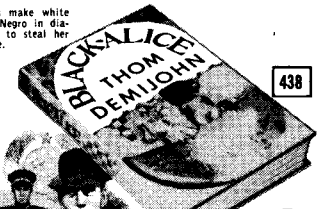
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Giant anthology of 19 great crime classics by Agatha Christie, Eric Stanley Gardner, etc.



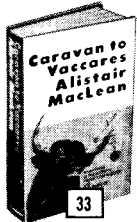
458

Diplomat meets mystery woman in airport terminal, becomes target. An Agatha Christie gem.



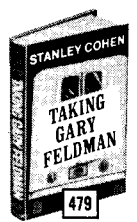
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Agatha Christie reveals her command of espionage in 3 fast, full-length novels.



33

Gypsy troupe, mysterious discovery turn idyllic setting into death trap for amateur sleuth.



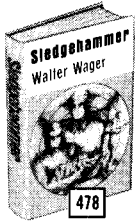
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Rich youth is held for big ransom. Kidnapers' quarrel brings about O. Henry surprise ending.



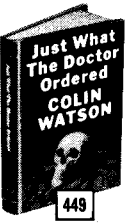
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Pretty student and congressman try to find murderer of high government official.



478

Elite group of ex-commandos takes on mobster gang to avenge murder of wartime buddy.



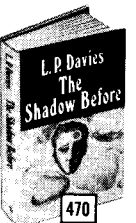
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Doddering town fathers suddenly assault local women. Hilarious British mystery-comedy.



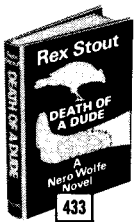
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A lovely corpse, 5 poisonings, one suicide, a rape, and 2 lost parents make for top chiller.



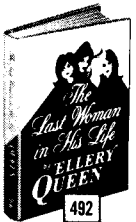
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Brain operation causes patient to wonder if he's leading a double life. A psychological thriller.



433

Nero Wolfe hunts Montana killer. Amazing tale of Rex Stout's urbane hero gone west.



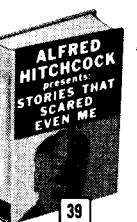
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A wig, gown, and gloves are only clues to death of a Casanova. Ellery's strangest stumper yet.



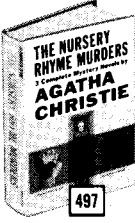
435

Gideon of Scotland Yard faces rash of sabotage, plus child murders. Hit thriller... rave reviews.



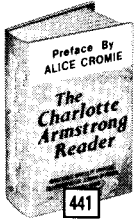
39

The Master collects 23 macabre stories, 1 chilling novelette, 1 hair-raising novel.



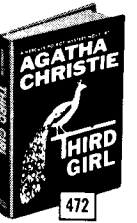
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Agatha Christie's A Pocket Full of Rye, Hickory Dickory Death, The Crooked House.



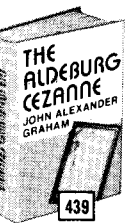
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Taut tales by mistress of the macabre. The Unsuspected, A Dram of Poison, The Turret Room.



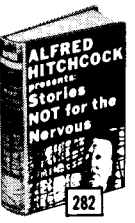
472

Sleuth seeks to prove girl's report of murder. New Hercule Poirot gem by Agatha Christie.



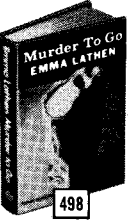
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Theft of apparently worthless paintings and 2 museum murders add up to stunning climax.



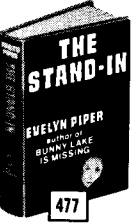
282

24 horror classics for those with strong nerves. 20 stories, 3 novelettes, 1 novel.



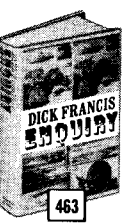
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Unknown poisoner uses restaurant chain to strike down scores in suspense tale with ingenious plot.



477

Macabre tale of revenge and kidnapped child. By author of Bunny Lake is Missing and The Nanny.



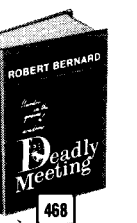
463

Jockey barred from racing seeks to prove he's been framed. A classic thriller. Rave reviews.



460

Staid banker and crony discover dead man and soon become involved with his two wives.



468

Delightfully wacky woman professor 'helps' detective ferret out campus murderer.

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# how "the candy man" infiltrated the memphis drug scene

**EXCLUSIVE!**

by MALLEY J. BYRD

**By the time this nervy ex-Marine finished prepping for his mission among the drug freaks, he could have fooled his own mother**

**T**HE HARDWARE sales clerk stared incredulously at his customer. A hippie-type character with a luxuriant beard and blue-tinted sunglasses, he wore mod clothing that looked slept-in.

Hardly the sort of customer you would sell a pistol to, not if you valued your license to deal in firearms. Yet there he stood, insisting he wanted to buy a .45-caliber automatic pistol and had ordered it weeks before.

"Look through your permit file," he insisted. "You'll find mine. The name is Robert E. Lively."

Glancing desperately around for his boss, who wasn't yet back from lunch, the clerk stalled for time by thumbing repeatedly through a sheaf of hand gun purchase permits issued by the Memphis, Tennessee Police Department. It seemed incredible, but one bore the name Robert E. Lively.

Then the front door opened and two

men walked into the store. The clerk recognized them and sighed with relief as he tried to capture their attention without alarming his weird-looking customer.

Strolling casually down the counter aisle, the clerk looked over his shoulder at the newcomers. They were city police officers. The expression on the clerk's face, the glance he directed at the hippie, told them all was not well.

Moving in to flank the weirdo, they asked him for his identification. The clerk watched apprehensively as the three men moved away from the counter and stood talking quietly while the bearded one produced identification papers.

One of the cops laughed, glanced at the nervous clerk, then walked to the pay telephone by the door. Minutes later he was back at the counter.

"This fellow says he ordered a pistol and left his permit here," said the

police officer. "Let's see it."

Apparently satisfied by a quick look, he handed the permit back. Pointing at the character in floppy hat, blue jeans and faded fatigue jacket; the policeman gave clearance for the gun sale: "He's OK, you can let him have it."

Mystified, the clerk watched the two officers walk out and climb into their cruiser parked at the curb. Then he brought out the .45-caliber Colt automatic and watched the hippie customer expertly check the clip and the action.

A faint smile played on the bearded face. A pattern of laugh wrinkles at the eye corners told the clerk he was the butt of some secret joke. The sloppy-looking customer paid for the weapon and walked out.

Only weeks later the sales clerk would learn that he had sold a pistol to an undercover agent for the Shelby County Sheriff's Department, a 27-



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Car Vacuum Cleaner your cost \$2.50 sell for \$7.95	Cube Flash Camera your cost 77c sell for \$2.98	Electric Hair Dryer your cost \$3.25 sell for \$9.95	Unbreakable Combs your cost 1c sell for 10c
Laminated Padlock your cost 20c sell for 59c		Beaded Purse your cost 19c sell for \$1.00	Miracle Full View Mirror (only 4" high) your cost 22 1/2c ea. sell for \$1.00 ea.
		Home Haircutter your cost 16c sell for 88c	Electric Scissors your cost 84c sell for \$2.98

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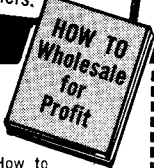
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year-old deputy known as a pusher-addict on the Memphis underground drug scene.

His name really was Robert E. Lively, as listed on the gun purchase permit, but to local junkies, pill poppers, acid heads and grass blowers he was known as "The Candy Man."

Even now he isn't exactly sure when he acquired the nickname. He thinks it came from carrying and munching on a pocketful of hard candy the first few days he circulated on the drug scene.

It all started in September, 1970, when drugs of all types—hard stuff, marijuana, hallucinogens, amphetamines and barbiturates—became so prevalent in Memphis and Shelby County that law enforcement authorities were thoroughly alarmed.

Not that the problem was local, by any means. Everybody who reads newspapers knows the drug problem is nationwide. But in Memphis, where illicit narcotics were so scarce five years ago that drifting addicts gave the town a wide berth, the growing drug traffic was a matter of deep concern. In years past, when dope pushers were a breed that Memphians read about but seldom encountered, the police department's vice and narcotics squad handled offenses of both types and the men had time to spare for other investigations.

Now it was different. The vice and narcotics squad had been split into two units, and even with extra manpower, the narcotics squad couldn't cope with the growing problem. The same was true with the sheriff's department, which has overlapping jurisdiction with the police department, but which is mainly concerned with law enforcement outside the Memphis city limits.

Several programs had been launched, aiming at educating potential users to the dangers of narcotics. One of the most promising, known as PAIN (Parents Against Illegal Narcotics), was the brainchild of former Sheriff William N. Morris Jr. The PAIN syllabus had been selected as the prototype for a national program of the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. But education is only effective with people who can and will listen.

Too many Memphians, especially young persons, were learning another way, the hard way, the hooked way, that the dope habit can't be turned off and on like a water faucet. And they were learn- (Continued on page 70)

◀  
The Candy Man, seen here with a batch of marijuana, told press, "Three times I was jumped by addicts and straights. The only excuse I got out of one of them, was that he wanted to put me in the hospital!" under cover cop added . . .



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**GEMSTONE SERVICE RING - \$89**  
 Designs for Army, Navy, Marines, Air Force, Army Airborne Vietnam dragon design for Army and Marines only. Choice of Red or Blue Gemstone. 10k White or yellow gold.  
 17 pymts. \$5  
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**\$5 Twice Monthly** 9 MONTHS TO PAY



**LINDE STAR SAPPHIRE RING - \$199**  
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 Star set diamond in 10k white or yellow gold. All services including Vietnam dragon design for Army and Marines only. Solid back.  
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 1 payment \$4  
**\$5 Twice Monthly** 10 MONTHS TO PAY



**DIAMOND ON GEMSTONE - \$109**  
 For all services including Vietnam dragon design for Army and Marines only. 10k white or yellow gold. Choice of Red or Blue gemstone. Solid back.  
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 Exquisite marquise diamond engagement ring with interlocking 4 diamond wedding band. 14k gold.  
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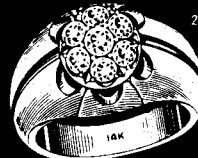
**JULIE - \$289**  
 5 diamond bridal set  
**\$12 Twice Monthly**  
 24 pymts. \$12 — 1 pymt. \$1  
 12½ MONTHS TO PAY



**DIVINE LOVE - \$229**  
**\$10 Twice Monthly**  
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**SULTAN - \$159**  
 Linde synthetic star sapphire. Blue or Red. 3 diamonds.  
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**ALADDIN - \$299**  
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**ROMANTIC LOVE - \$299**  
 11 diamond trio ring set.  
**\$12 Twice Monthly**  
 24 pymts. \$12 — 1 pymt. \$11  
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**STAR TIGER - \$159**  
 Linde synthetic Blue Star Sapphire or Claret Red Star in 10k white or yellow gold with 2 diamonds.  
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 19 pymts. \$8 — 1 pymt. \$2  
 10 MONTHS TO PAY



**LOVELIGHT - \$159**  
 11 diamond bridal pair.  
**\$8 Twice Monthly**  
 19 pymts. \$8 — 1 pymt. \$7  
 10 MONTHS TO PAY



**AZTEC - \$169**  
 Flashing diamond solitaire in ruggedly handsome 14k yellow gold setting.  
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 Linde star sapphire with 7 fiery diamonds. Blue or Claret Red. 14k gold mounting.  
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PRINT NAME \_\_\_\_\_ RANK \_\_\_\_\_

UNIT ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

APO or CITY \_\_\_\_\_

SERIAL NO \_\_\_\_\_ ENLISTMENT ENDS \_\_\_\_\_

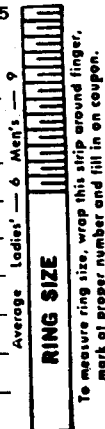
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SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

HOME ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

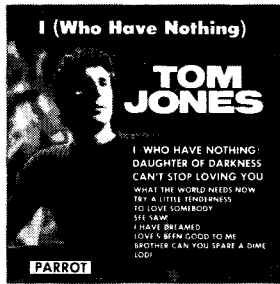
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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED — otherwise return merchandise by insured mail  
 Merchandise shown in white or yellow gold unless otherwise indicated.



Average Ladies' — 6 Men's — 9  
 To measure ring size, wrap this strip around finger, mark at proper number and fill in on coupon.





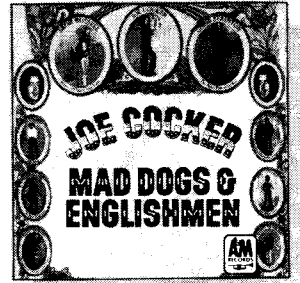
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195685 2 records count as 1



191338 2 records count as 1



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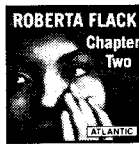
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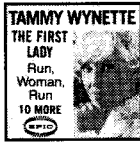
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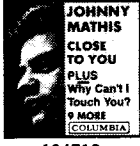
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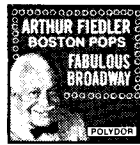
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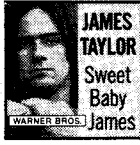
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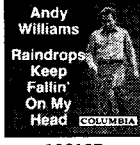
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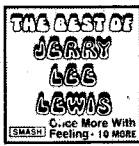
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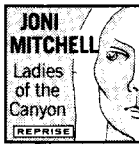
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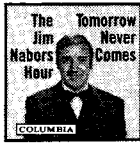
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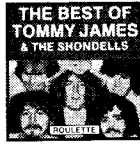
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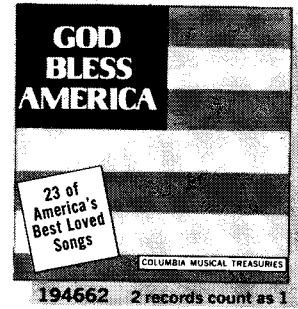
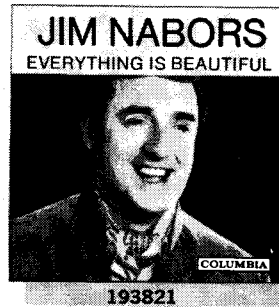
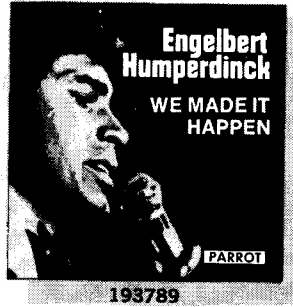
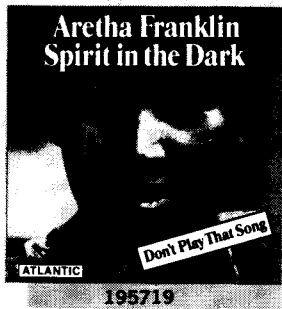
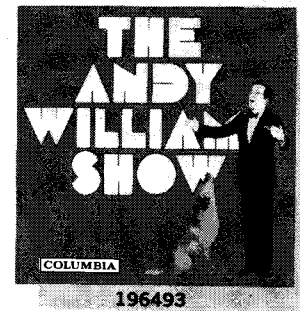
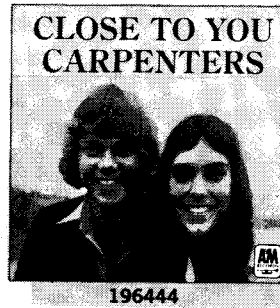
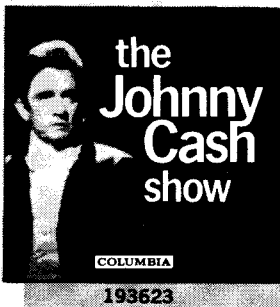


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# records for \$2.86

plus mailing and handling

**SAVE ALMOST 50% ON RECORDS**  
*Savings are off regular Club prices*  
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**COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB**

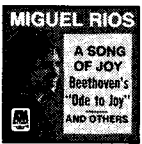
You simply agree to buy 10 records during the coming 2 years



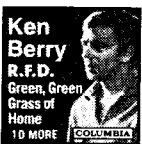
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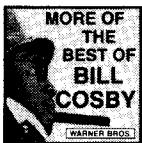
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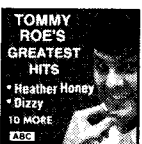
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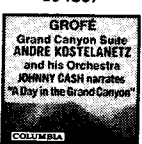
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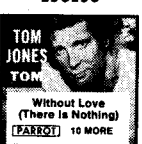
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**YES, IT'S TRUE** — if you join the Columbia Record Club right now, you may have your choice of ANY 12 of these best-selling hit records for only \$2.86. And all you have to do is agree to buy as few as ten records (at the regular Club price) during the coming two years.

That's right — you'll have two full years in which to buy your ten records. After doing so, you'll have acquired a sizable library of 22 records of your choice — but you'll have paid for just half of them... that's practically a 50% saving off regular Club prices!

**AS A MEMBER** you will receive, every four weeks, a copy of the Club's entertaining music magazine. Each issue describes the regular selection for each musical interest and almost 300 other records... hit albums from every field of music, from scores of record labels.

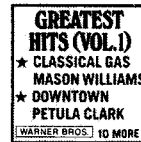
If you do not want any record in any month — just tell us so by returning the selection card by the date specified... or you may use the card to order any of the records offered. If you want only the regular selection for your musical interest, you need do nothing — it will be shipped to you automatically. And from time to time, the Club will offer some special albums, which you may reject by returning the dated form provided — or accept by doing nothing.

**RECORDS SENT ON CREDIT.** Upon enrollment, the Club will open a charge account in your name... you pay for your records only after you have received them. They will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of \$4.98 (Classical and occasional special albums somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

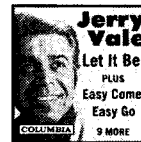
**FANTASTIC BONUS PLAN.** As soon as you complete your enrollment agreement, you will automatically become eligible for the Club's generous bonus plan, which entitles you to one record of your choice free (plus 25¢ for mailing and handling) for every one you buy thereafter!

**SEND NO MONEY — JUST THE COUPON!** Write in the numbers of the twelve records you want, for which you will be billed only \$2.86, plus mailing and handling. Be sure to indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested.

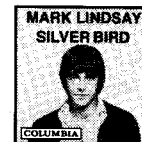
Columbia Record Club  
 a service of  
**Columbia House**  
 Terre Haute, Indiana 47808



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Please accept me as a member of the Club. I've indicated below the twelve stereo records I wish to receive for only \$2.86, plus mailing and handling. I agree to purchase ten records during the coming two years (I understand I may choose selections from any field of music), under the terms outlined in this advertisement. I may cancel membership any time thereafter. If I continue, I will be eligible for the Club's generous bonus plan.

**SEND ME THESE 12 RECORDS FOR ONLY \$2.86**


**MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one only)**

- Easy Listening       Today's Sounds  
 Country               Classical  
 Broadway and Hollywood       Jazz

Mr.  
 Mrs.  
 Miss  
 (Please Print)      First Name      Initial      Last Name

Address.....

City.....

State..... Zip.....

Do You Have A Telephone? (Check One)  YES...  NO  
 APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer

N30-7/6Z



If Florida probers had the case figured correctly, the brainy blonde's evening of slumming and bar-hopping at gang hangouts was climaxed by her killing when

# SUE REFUSED TO BE A SEX SLAVE FOR MOTORCYCLE GANGSTERS

by W. T. BRANNON

**T**HE CALL was received by the dispatcher in the office of Broward County Sheriff Edward J. Stack in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, at 3:22 p.m., Monday, December 28, 1970. The caller identified himself and said that he and some companions had gone to the C. Robert Markham County Park to ride their motorcycles.

They were just off State Road 84 about seven and a half miles west of Fort Lauderdale when they spotted the bloody, beaten body of a blonde woman, obviously dead, lying on her back, her head resting on the bank of a canal that is to be part of the park.

"Okay, I'll get a man out there

right away," said the dispatcher.

He turned to Detective Bordoux, told him of the call. "Go out there and see what it's all about," he said.

Detective Bordoux was speeding toward the scene when a radio call came in from Trooper V. L. Keene of the Florida Highway Patrol. He said that he had been passing the park when he was hailed by a group of young men on motorcycles. They showed him the body.

Trooper Keene was told that Detective Bordoux was on the way and he said he would protect the scene until the sheriff's officers arrived.

Moments later, Detective Bordoux arrived and made a cursory examination of the body. Then he hurried to his radio and called the dis-

patcher back. "It's a homicide, all right," he said. "Better get the crime lab and some homicide detectives out here."

The message was relayed to Detective Lieutenant Sam George, chief of the homicide bureau, who left at once, followed by Detective Sergeant Carl W. Carruthers and Technician Ernest LaRue in a mobile crime lab.

As in every case where there is unusual police activity, a crowd seemed to spring up out of the ground. Trooper Keene and Detective Bordoux urged the people back and managed to keep them at a distance from where the broken body of the blonde lay.

Minutes later, official cars skidded to a stop and Lieutenant George, Sergeant Carruthers and Technician LaRue hopped out.

"Over there," said Detective Bordoux with a backward gesture of his thumb.

The three detectives approached the body cautiously because there seemed to be both tire tracks and footprints close by. The victim was a blonde woman who appeared to be about 30 years old. It was apparent that she had been attractive in life, even though her face now was battered from a beating probably inflicted with fists. Her blonde hair was fairly short and freckles were visible on her nose.

She wore a black banyan type sweater with a turtle neck and long sleeves, a gray herringbone miniskirt, panty hose, and black slippers with medium height heels. There was a bracelet on her right wrist and a cocktail ring on a finger of her left hand.

The girl's clothing was not torn or in disarray and it appeared that she had not been sexually molested, at least at the scene.

Lieutenant George addressed the crowd: "Any of you people know who this girl is?"

Each of the spectators was allowed to advance to a point where there were no marks on the ground and from where they could get a good look at the victim. Each of them studied her face for a few moments, then shook his head negatively. Most of the onlookers had been on their way to or from Miami and had been drawn to the scene by curiosity when they noticed the police cars. None of them lived in the area.

Meanwhile, Sergeant Carruthers had taken a good look at the girl's wounds. In addition to the battered face, there were some head injuries, but it seemed that these were not serious enough to be fatal. There were two gunshot wounds, bullets that had gone through her left hand and arm. Both were through-and-through wounds and the one which

had gone through her left arm appeared to have plunged into her chest. There were numerous small puncture wounds in the arms and upper torso. At first, the detectives thought these were .22 caliber pistol or rifle shots, but when they found shotgun shell wadding, they decided the small punctures had been made by pellets from shotgun shells.

Technician LaRue succeeded in making some good plaster casts of the tire tracks and footprints. Each of these was tagged with a description and inventory number and preserved in a plastic bag for possible future evidence.

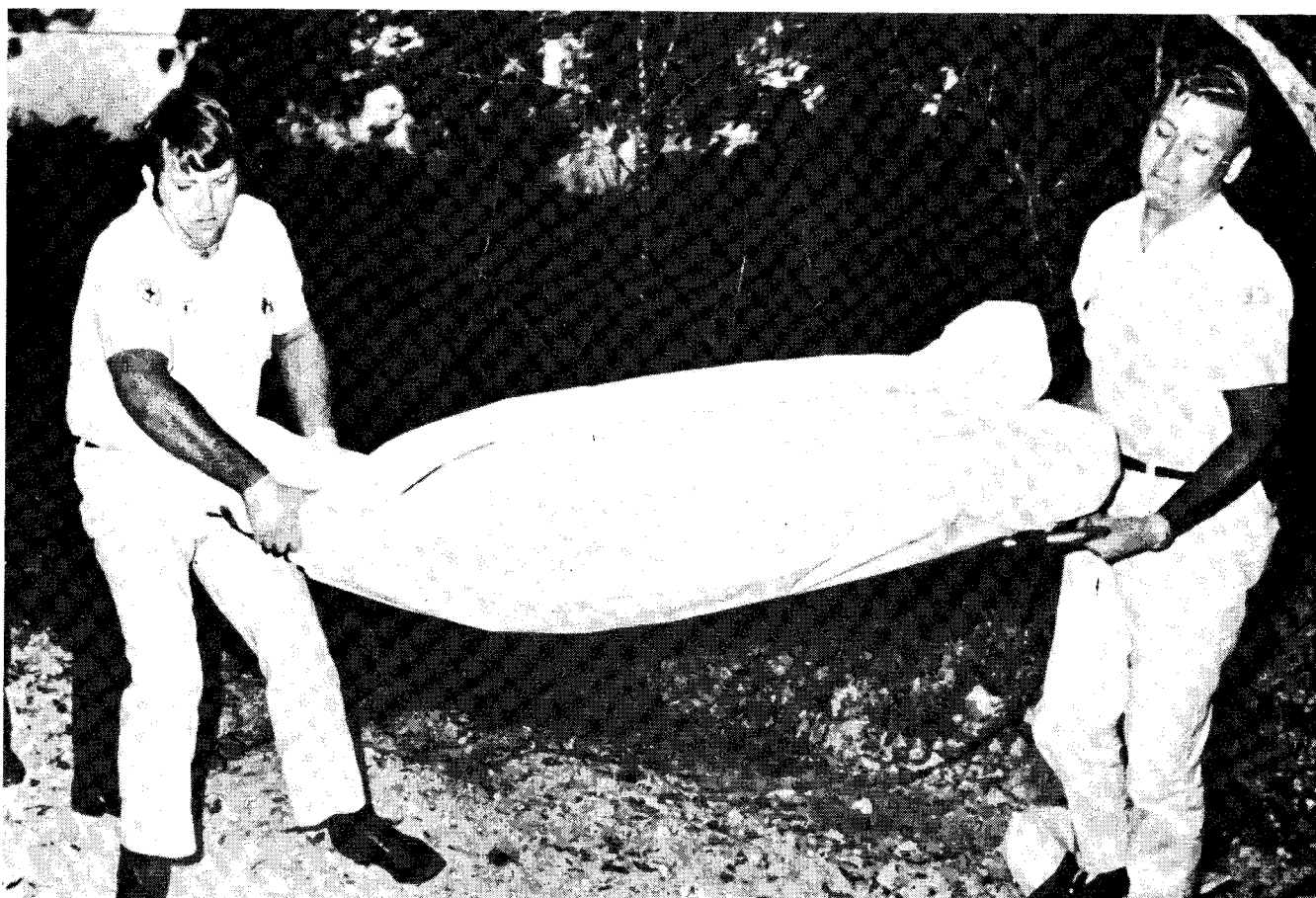
After he had completed making the moulages, the detectives, who had been joined by Homicide Detective James de Salvo and some uniformed deputies, began looking for clues. There was no sign of the girl's purse, and her clothing had been stripped of any identification there might have been in it.

Near the body was a styrofoam cup containing some dried coffee and a short distance away was part of a newspaper page, with jagged edges where it had been torn, from the Fort Lauderdale Sun-Sentinel of December 26, 1970.

Sergeant Carruthers wasn't sure whether the paper was evidence or not. He had read of cases where criminals had been tied to crimes when the jagged edges of part of a newspaper page had been matched to the edges of the other portion of



Rescue Squad attendants remove body of Sue Bacon (above) from canal where she was found beaten, stabbed . . . and shot twice . . .





# C. ROBERT MARKHAM COUNTY PARK

BEING DEVELOPED BY  
THE BOARD OF . . . .

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

IN COOPERATION WITH THE

BUREAU OF OUTDOOR RECREATION

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

AND THE

FLA. OUTDOOR RECREATION DEVELOPMENT COUNCIL

LAND AND WATER CONSERVATION PROJECT NO. 09-00020

After motorcyclists discovered victim's body in this park, detectives began checking her friends, business contacts



the newspaper page.

He was not optimistic that this would be one of those rare cases, but there was nothing to be lost by keeping the paper, which he carefully flattened out and preserved in a wide plastic container in such a way that the jagged edges wouldn't be damaged and, if he was lucky, could be matched to other edges like a jigsaw puzzle.

Lieutenant George, aided by his

homicide detectives, the technician and Trooper Keene, searched a wide area of the unfinished park. They knew that the site had been authorized for a public park and that funds from various agencies had been allocated, but little actual work had been done on it so far.

Although they combed every inch along the canal, and between it and the highway for a considerable distance, they found that the scene was

remarkably clean—from the viewpoint of a homicide investigator, that is. There were a few beer cans and bits of other rubbish but all these articles bore the signs of age, of having been exposed to the elements much longer than the girl's body.

Lieutenant George and Sergeant Carruthers estimated that the girl had been dead no more than 24 hours, probably less.

Normally, the county medical examiner goes to the crime scene, makes a preliminary examination and arranges for the body to be removed to a mortuary for an autopsy.

But at the time, Broward County had no medical examiner. There had been two until a short time before. There had been an unexplained death in the county and one of the medical examiners had done an autopsy to determine the cause of death.

A relative objected and filed suit, claiming that the medical examiner had no authority to order an autopsy. The case had been taken, through several appeals, to the Florida Supreme Court, which finally ruled that the medical examiner had no authority to order the autopsy; the high court decreed that only the prosecutor or a judge could authorize a post mortem.

As a result of this decision, both medical examiners had resigned. Broward County, which has a land area of 1,219 square miles and a population of about 650,000, was left without a medical examiner. However, both pathologists, who are noted forensic specialists and had no difficulty in finding work, have remained on friendly terms with county officials and agreed to continue autopsies on a per-case basis, after the authorization the Supreme Court insisted upon had been obtained.

They no longer went to the crime scene to make a preliminary examination, however, as they would have done if they had been official medical examiners. This could hamper an investigation. The issue was still unresolved when the body of the unknown woman was found.

Sergeant Carruthers called the sheriff's Chief of Detectives Robert Danner and explained briefly what had been found.

"Okay," said Chief Danner. "Get in touch with the State Attorney and see if he will authorize an autopsy, then ask Dr. Haugen to perform it."

Dr. Robert K. Haugen, who had been one of the medical examiners, was then a pathologist at Holy Cross Hospital and when called upon he performed autopsies in the hospital's morgue.

Sergeant Carruthers already had



Lieutenant George, who directed the initial investigation, confers here with two members of Highway Patrol



Overall responsibility for the murder probe was in hands of Sher. Stack

tures were made of the victim, after the pathologist had cleaned off the blood to try to make the girl more recognizable. The pictures were given to a secretary in the sheriff's office to file and when she looked at them, she suppressed a scream.

"What's the matter?" Sergeant Carruthers asked.

The secretary said the picture looked like her girl friend, Sue Bacon, who lived with her parents in a plush high-rise condominium apartment in the fashionable Harbor Beach section of Fort Lauderdale.

The Fort Lauderdale police were contacted and they sent a set of fingerprints taken from Susan Gail Bacon in July, when she had applied for a permit to work as a waitress in a restaurant where liquor is served. State law requires that such waitresses be fingerprinted. The prints from Fort Lauderdale were compared with a set taken from the victim by Technician LaRue and they matched perfectly.

The secretary in the sheriff's office gave Sergeant Carruthers the name and address of a relative who was a stock broker in Fort Lauderdale. He told Sergeant Carruthers how to get in touch with Sue's father at his place of business. The father later met Sergeant Carruthers.

The father said that Sue was 31 years old, that she was fairly independent and came and went as she pleased and her parents had little control of what she did. On the last day they saw her, she told them she was going to a party somewhere. The grieving parents furnished the names of a few of Sue's friends, but said they didn't know all of them.

One proved to be a close girl friend. She gave Sergeant Carruthers the names of several individuals she said she thought Sue had seen on that fatal Sunday. Later, these people came to the sheriff's office and gave voluntary statements. All were cleared of suspicion.

The sheriff's detectives had not yet been able to establish a motive for the slaying. They ruled out robbery after Sergeant Carruthers had established that the ring the victim wore was custom made and a valuable piece of jewelry.

Early the morning of December 29th, the victim's purse was picked up alongside the Florida Turnpike. It was turned over to troopers of the Florida Highway Patrol and the purse ended up at the headquarters of the Florida Turnpike Commission in West Palm Beach, where it was held in the lost and found department.

sent for an ambulance and when it arrived, the body was picked up by the attendants. Technician LaRue had photographed it from several angles and had completed this phase of his duties.

When Sergeant Carruthers outlined the case to State Attorney Philip Shailer, the prosecutor immediately authorized a post mortem. Sergeant Carruthers told the ambulance men to deliver the body to Holy Cross Hospital, then he telephoned Dr. Haugen to tell him the body was on the way. Dr. Haugen readily agreed to perform the autopsy.

Leaving Detective de Salvo to make inquiries at the few homes in the area, which is near the edge of the vast Everglades, the others returned to the sheriff's office, where they began checking the missing persons files of the Fort Lauderdale City Police and again drew a blank. They tried Pompano Beach and other cities in the area, but they had no better luck.

The next morning Polaroid pic-

►  
Victim's purse, shown here with its contents displayed, was found some distance away from the corpse







Police learned Sue left this tavern with male friends shortly before her death

There was no identification in it except a safety deposit key. This was traced to Sue Bacon. Officials of the depository said that only three persons, including Sue, had keys to the depository. The keys had been changed and all the old ones recovered except the one issued to Sue. It was assumed, until now, that it had been lost.

The purse was new looking, a brown vinyl type that matched the description of a purse Sue's mother said she had given the girl for Christmas. In addition to various articles usually found in a woman's purse, it contained a small amount of money.

The detectives learned that Sue had cashed a paycheck for \$93 that she had received on Christmas Eve when she began a vacation from a car leasing service where she worked. Officials of the agency said she had been scheduled to return to work the day after New Year's in 1971.

The trace of Sue's background indicated that she was of English parentage and was born in Bogota, Colombia, where her father was employed by Shell Oil Company. The detectives were told that the family moved to Fort Lauderdale when the girl was 15. They also learned that she had attended some of the best finishing schools in Europe and that she spoke four languages fluently, in addition to English.

Her command of French, Spanish and German had made her especially valuable to the car leasing service, which furnished cars for many foreign visitors. It was reported that Sue often met these customers when they arrived in Fort Lauderdale, by ship or plane, and was able to deal with them in their native tongues.

The detectives checking into her background learned that Sue had been employed by Goodbody & Company, the country's fifth largest

stock brokerage firm for about 10 years and that she had worked up to the position of executive secretary in the Fort Lauderdale office when she resigned early in 1970.

Friends said that she went to Jacksonville and took a job there to get away from Fort Lauderdale and a broken romance. But she had returned after a few months and her parents had persuaded her to give up her apartment and move in with them.

From then until the time of her death she had held several jobs for short periods. The detectives' investigation indicated that the family had independent means and it was not necessary for Sue to work. She had worked as a volunteer at Holy Cross Hospital during parts of 1968 and 1969.

Her taking jobs apparently stemmed from her desire to be independent. The detectives questioned the various employers and each said substantially the same thing: Miss Bacon was very competent and got along well with people but for some reason she was restless and didn't stay long on a job.

The detectives learned that Sue numbered among her many friends former Mayor and present City Commissioner Ed Burry and Sheriff Ed Stack. Others included some of the city's swinging singles and the children of migrant laborers.

Meanwhile Dr. Haugen had completed the autopsy on the blonde victim and he estimated that she had been dead about 12 hours when she was found. This would fix the time of death at around 3 o'clock Monday morning. The pathologist said that two guns had been used—a 12 gauge shotgun which fired No. 8 birdshot pellets, and a pistol, possibly .22 caliber, but more likely .38 or .45 caliber.

He said one shotgun blast had struck her left hand and some of the

pellets had punctured her shoulder and the upper part of her torso. This shot had pierced the artery in her left shoulder. The bullet had caused a double through-and-through wound. First it had passed through the fleshy part of her left arm, had plunged into her chest and passed through her heart, then had gone through the girl's back and out.

Dr. Haugen said that either shot would have been fatal. The severed artery in the shoulder had caused enough loss of blood to be fatal and the shot through the heart had produced instant death.

Although a search of the crime area had been made at the time the body was found and after it had been removed, neither a shotgun shell hull nor a spent bullet had been found. Now, Sheriff Stack, who had known Sue for a long time and thus had a personal as well as professional interest in finding the killers (the use of more than one gun convinced the officers there had been more than one) sent probes from several units to the scene and they searched every inch of the ground. They found the hull of a No. 8 shotgun shell fired from a 12 gauge shotgun, but they didn't find the bullet from the pistol.

Sheriff Stack told them to use shovels and dig up the sand in the eight feet between where the body had lain and the edge of the water. He told them to sift the sand very carefully in an effort to find the bullet. They began the tedious task.

Hearing of the search for the bullet and the weapons, a pawnbroker in Miami contacted the sheriff's department and said he had just bought a 12 gauge shotgun. The hull and the shotgun were taken to the Miami police crime lab where ballistics tests were made. It soon was established that the gun sold to the Miami pawnbroker had not fired the shotgun shell.

Lieutenant George, Detectives Stubbs and Angelo Ferrinata and Technician LaRue joined the others who were digging for the expended bullet. They dug up and sifted a lot of sand, but they found no bullet.

Determined not to pass up any chance, Sheriff Stack then engaged skin divers to search the canal. They dived and searched the bottom of the canal for a week, but they came up with nothing of any value. They dug in the mud on the bottom of the canal, but they failed to find the bullet.

After Sergeant Carruthers had talked to several of the slain girl's known friends, several stockbrokers came in and made voluntary statements. They said they had gone to the Chit-Chat Lounge to watch the football game between the Miami Dolphins and the Oakland Raiders on television.

They said that after the game was over they moved to the Parrot Lounge, where one of them telephoned Sue Bacon and asked her to

join them. She did. Having worked so long at a brokerage house, she was acquainted with all of them except one man, to whom she was introduced.

This man was among those who gave statements. He said he now lived in Sarasota, but until March of 1970, he had been with a brokerage firm in Fort Lauderdale. His story agreed with that of the other brokers that the party at the Parrot Lounge had broken up at 10:30 and all had gone home except Sue Bacon and her new friend.

Sue Bacon drove her car to the Button Lounge, which is located in the Holiday Inn on the corner of Atlantic Boulevard and Las Olas Boulevard, on the beach overlooking the Atlantic Ocean. Sue was accompanied to the Button Lounge by her new acquaintance. The Holiday Inn and a bank nearby share a parking lot, one section of it being designated for the Inn, another for the bank.

The bank lot has only one exit, but Sue knew this and used it to enter the lot. They had several drinks at the Button Lounge, and while they were there a friend, who later made a statement to Sergeant Carruthers, asked her to dance. She told him she couldn't because she was with somebody else. Shortly after this, Sue and her escort left the Button Lounge and Sue drove him back to the Parrot Lounge, where she dropped him off. It was then about 11:30.

She apparently returned directly to the Button Lounge. Her car later was found in the (Continued on page 67)



As murder probe picked up speed, James Starrett (above) and Larry Shockey (second from r., below) were questioned





# nebraska's riddle of the

**T**HE CITY OF LINCOLN was enjoying unseasonably good weather on the night of December 7, 1970, and the residents of Nebraska's capital city, along with everyone else in the state, were talking about the chances of the University of Nebraska football team to be declared Number 1 in the nation if they defeated the Tigers of the Louisiana State University in the Orange Bowl at Miami, Florida.

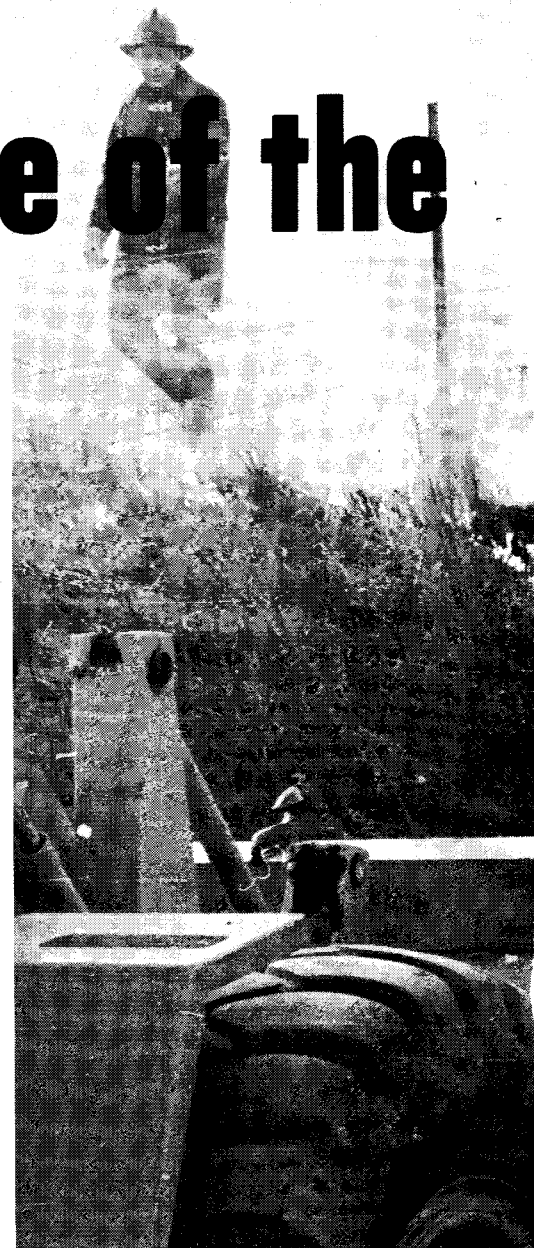
Captain Robert Butcher, in command of the second shift of Lincoln detectives, smiled indulgently as he heard the young officers on the force discuss the merits of the Huskers, who were ranked third in the nation with a chance to take it all if Notre Dame defeated Texas in the Cotton Bowl and Stanford knocked over Ohio State in the Rose Bowl. Butcher knew that many of the younger officers on the force had played football for Nebraska and that they had earned summer money by serving under Police Chief Joe Carroll while they were in school. At 9:57 p.m. his thoughts were interrupted by the shrill ringing of the telephone on his desk.

The man at the other end of the line seemed deeply concerned as he told Captain Butcher he wanted to report that his wife was missing.

He said his name was Antonio S. Vigil, that he drove a city bus and that he had not seen his 23-year-old wife, Carol, since shortly after 9 a.m. on Saturday, December 5th.

Vigil said his wife, accompanied by their small son, Antonio III, had appeared at a downtown cafe that she knew he frequented. She had told him she wanted to go shopping and wanted him to take care of the child.

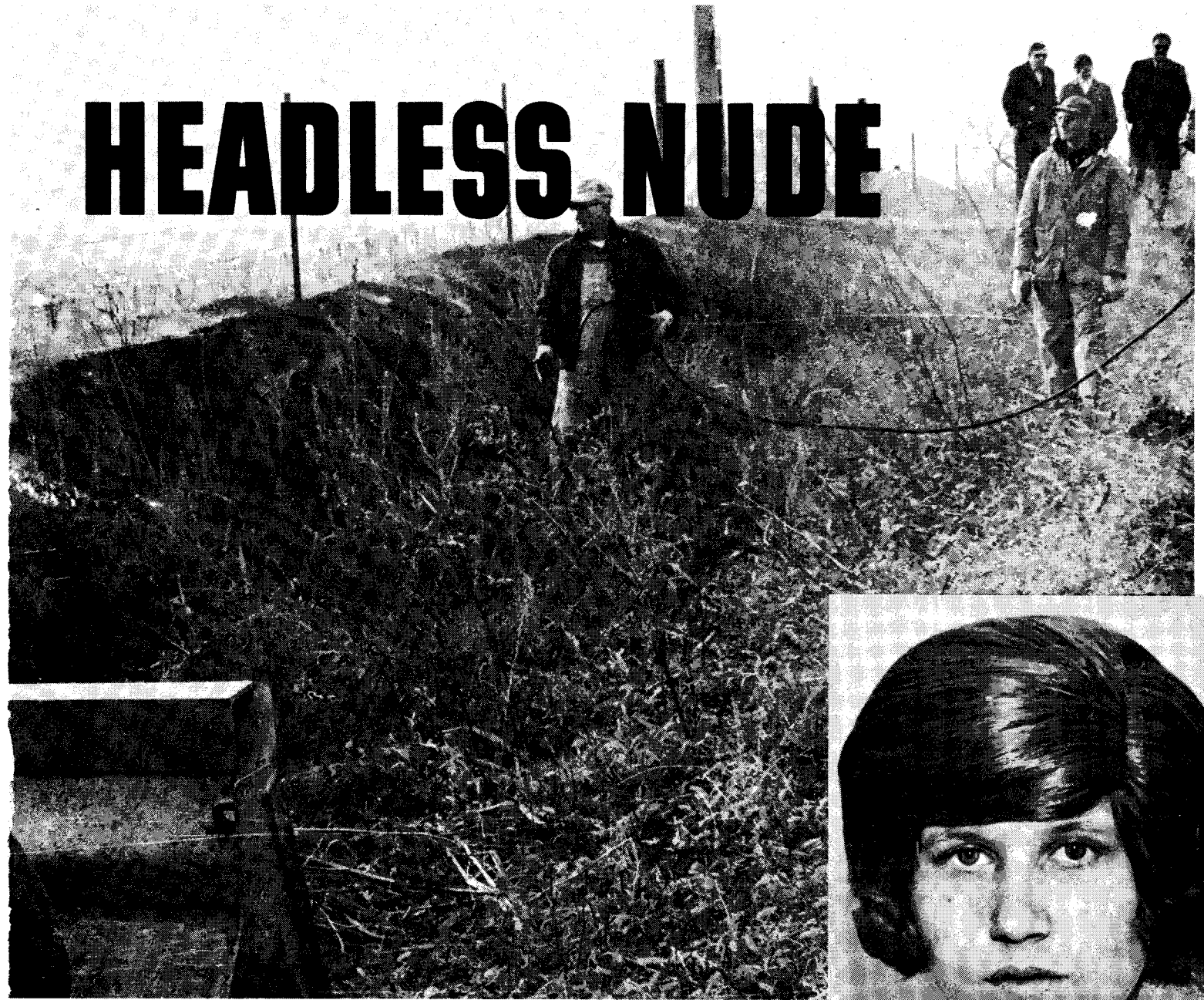
He said that although he knew it was against bus company rules for him to have the boy with him during working hours, he agreed. Vigil explained that his shift on the bus was split—that he worked



by **BILL BILLOTTE**

**Many things in the disappearance of Carol Vigil made no sense at all. If she deserted her family of her own accord, as was first believed, why had she left all her clothes behind? And when her body finally turned up, two more questions cried out for answers: 1. Why did the killer cut off her head? And 2. Where in the world had he hidden that head?**

# HEADLESS NUDE



Flamethrowers cleared field, then tractors plowed the soil. Finally detectives searched area, but head of attractive Carol Vigil (r.) was not found



from 5:45 a.m. until 9:30 a.m., returned to duty at noon, then drove until 6:45 p.m.

Vigil said he drove around the city looking for his wife that day, but he couldn't find her. He said that when she left him to go shopping she was wearing "baby blue" colored jeans, white tennis shoes, a blue sweater and a black jacket. He described his wife as five-foot-four inches in height, weight about 120 pounds. She had blue eyes and medium length brown hair.

Virgil said that he had waited until the time of his report hoping that his wife would return home. Apparently she had not returned to their

apartment at 310 South Eleventh Street for her clothes or other personal effects.

Captain Butcher had a missing person report filled out, knowing that it was entirely possible that he might soon get another call reporting the wife had returned home or sent a message to her husband that she no longer wanted the responsibility of running a home. This sort of domestic hassle was a common occurrence.

A preliminary investigation developed no evidences of foul play and the case of Carol Vigil became another missing person, her husband telling friends he was convinced his wife left him and their children.



As police checked into the case, they found that on July 29, 1970, Mrs. Vigil had signed papers giving the Department of Public Welfare of Lancaster County, permission to keep two of her children in foster homes. However, she made the specific provision that she would not relinquish permanent custody of the children—Kenneth and Teresa.

At that time, she retained possession of Antonio, and according to those who knew her, seemed devoted to the little boy. It was also learned that the woman had been employed in a Lincoln car wash, but she had received her last check on November 11th after having worked there only a month.

Most of those persons interviewed who were acquainted with Carol said they liked her, that she was easy to get along with. There were rumors, however, that sometimes she and her husband had difficulties.

Other acquaintances of the couple, questioned about the stocky, 28-year-old bus driver, said that he was popular with regular patrons who rode his bus; he liked to chat with the riders as he toiled his bus along the Lincoln streets. High school youngsters said he was one of the nicest drivers they encountered, that he liked to engage in friendly banter and didn't "bug them" about trifles.

The mother of one high school girl said she knew her daughter had visited at the Vigil apartment with some other young people; after the mother had met Vigil she saw nothing wrong with the visit.

Shortly after Antonio Vigil had reported his wife missing, police learned, he appeared at the Welfare Department. He said he was having difficulty in caring for young Antonio and signed papers stating he was willing to have the child taken care of by the authorities.

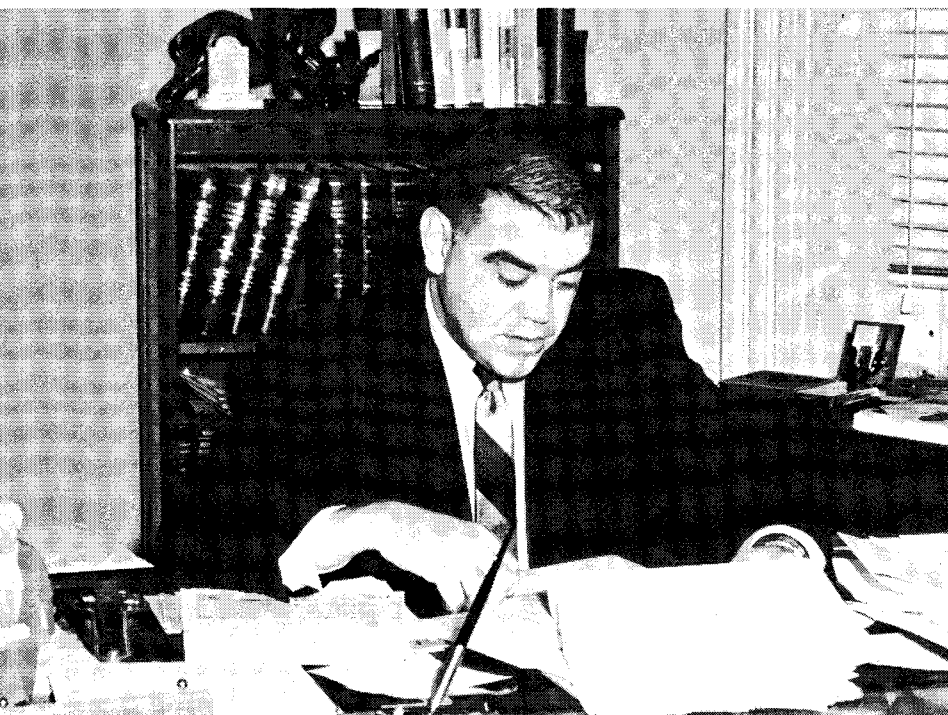
The customary investigation accorded a missing person report proceeded without any facts being brought to light that would give the police any grounds on which to take action. The days passed and even interest in the Christmas holiday in the football-mad state was overshadowed by feverish interest in the outcome of the football game at the Orange Bowl. All tickets were sold and scalpers were beginning to move in as it became known that 16,000 Nebraskans were going to converge on Miami by highway and plane to witness the showdown on the night of New Year's Day, 1971.

And then, on December 30th, there was a development that took the case out of the routine missing persons file and focused the full efforts of the Lincoln Police Department, as well as the Lancaster County Sheriff's Office, on the fate of Carol Vigil. Acting on a tip, deputies of Sheriff Merle Karnopp went to a railroad bridge on the outskirts of Lincoln.

There they found, under the bridge, the pathetic remnants of the clothes which Mr. Vigil said his wife had been wearing the last time he had seen her, when she told him she was going on the Christmas shopping trip



Ch. of Detectives Robert Sawdon agreed to go, alone and unarmed, with slaying suspect in search for the victim's corpse



County Attorney Paul Douglas worked alongside detectives in the investigation and he will head the prosecution when the suspect goes to court

from which she never returned. They found the light blue slacks, the sweater, a white tennis shoe and the jacket.

They also found a badly torn black brassiere and ripped panties. All were stained with what appeared to be blood.

The deputies contacted their headquarters and were instructed to secure the area, exercising care not to disturb any physical evidence. The Lincoln Police Department, which has always had excellent relations with the county authorities, were informed of the development.

When Chief Carroll, one of the most respected officers in the state, was told of the discovery, he knew that what had seemed to be a routine missing persons case was now a brand new ball game.

Chief Carroll led with his ac— calling in Chief of Detectives Robert J. Sawdon and telling him to take personal command of the investigation. Carroll and Sawdon have been instrumental in solving scores of tough

cases, including that of the infamous Charles Starkweather, who was sent to the Nebraska electric chair after killing 11 persons.

A dapper dresser with a crisp way of speaking, Sawdon has two short fingers on his gun hand. You have to know him a long time before you find out how he lost those fingers. He was a captain during the heavy World War Two fighting in the hedgerows of Normandy, in command of Company F of the Twenty-eighth Division, an outfit which relieved the fighting 134th Division of Nebraska when it was almost decimated outside St. Lo in 1944.

"I was throwing back those German grenades pretty good until one of them went off just as it left my hand," Sawdon remembers. "I woke up twelve hours later in a Jeep with a wounded German on the way to an aid station when we hit a land mine. I woke up that time in a hospital."

Sawdon was awarded a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart after that action. Criminals who have met Sawdon have never had reason to believe his injuries affected his ability to handle a pistol.

Taking over direct control of the investigation, while keeping in close contact with Captain Butcher, another veteran of the force with high qualifications, Sawdon moved the investigation into high gear.

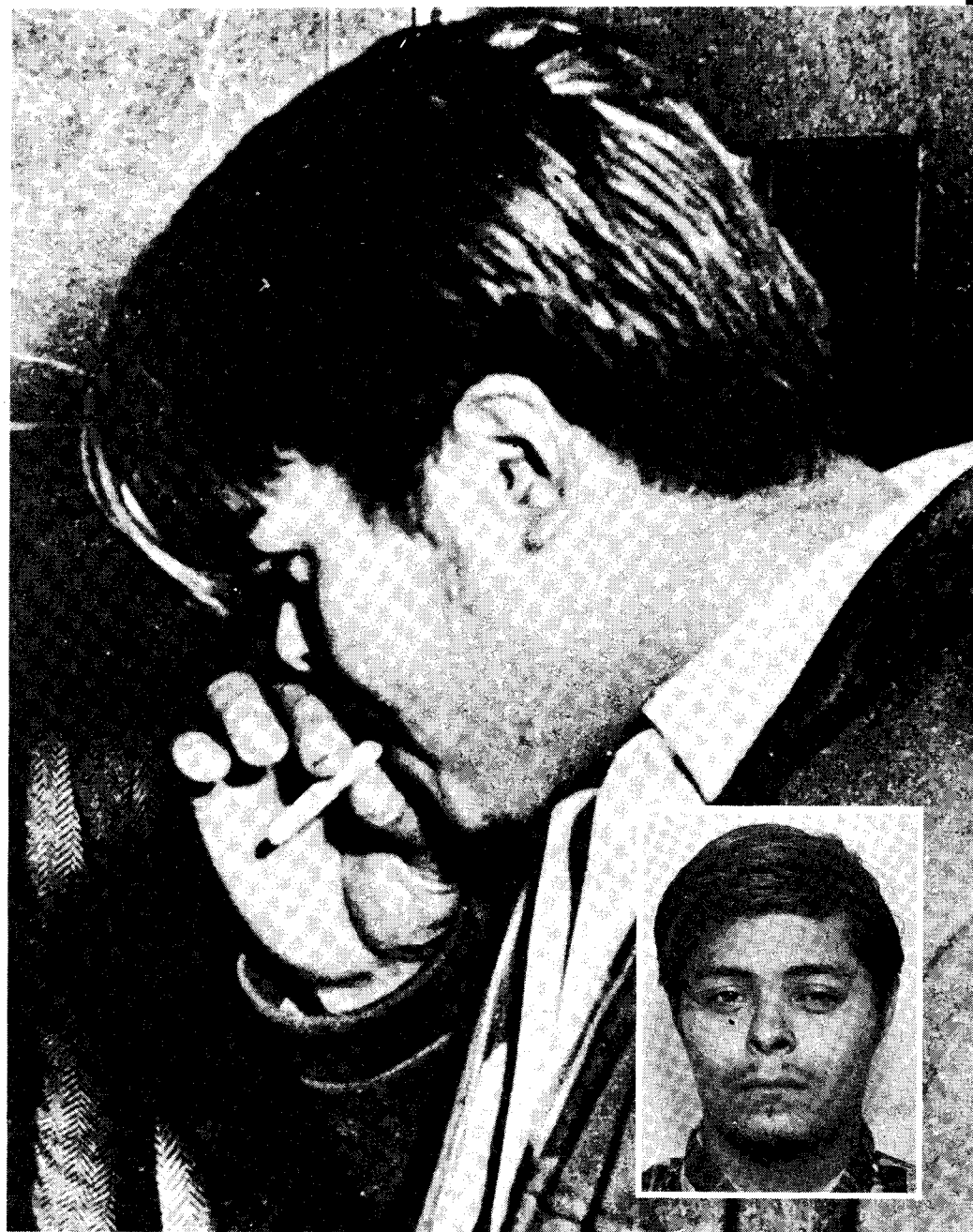
Antonio Vigil, informed of the discovery of the clothes under the bridge, appeared to be shocked as he identified them as those his wife had been wearing the last time he had seen her. Sawdon requested that Vigil be brought from Sheriff Karnopp's office to police headquarters for further questioning. Then Sawdon and Deputy Sheriff Ed Kringle went to the bridge under which the clothing had been found. The scene had been under constant guard since the important discovery of the clothes had been made.

Meanwhile, crack investigators from both the sheriff's office and the police were fanning out to gather every pertinent fact which, they were now convinced, would soon change a missing person case into a homicide.

Captain Lowell Sellmeyer of the Lincoln police and Sergeant Marvin Morgan of the Identification Bureau went to the Vigil apartment, hoping that despite the time which had elapsed since Mrs. Vigil had been declared missing, they might still find vital clues.

They found Deputy Sheriffs Dale Dahlheimer and William Coleman already there. Also there were two young women, and a young man who said that he had moved into the apartment with Vigil on December 28th at the bus driver's invitation. While the officers carefully inspected the premises, the trio was taken to police headquarters for further questioning.

Sergeant Morgan made a sketch of the apartment and the others checked each room. Stains that looked as if



Antonio Vigil told cops that night before she vanished, his wife had gone to a party and was jealous when another woman "naturally had eyes for me"

they might be blood were found on a mirror to a medicine cabinet in the bathroom. A bucket with russet colored stains on the inner side and rags found in the bucket were carefully marked as evidence and put to one side.

A doorknob which appeared to have stains on it was removed, and a mattress cover was confiscated as evidence. Vigil's car, a 1958 Pontiac station wagon, white over green, was ordered impounded and taken to the police garage, where identification men and detectives made a minute inspection of the interior and exterior.

While the investigating officers were at the Vigil apartment they fielded two telephone calls, both from women, after midnight. One caller asked for "Tony," and hung up when she realized she was not talking to him.

Another wanted to know if a party was scheduled, and when was it supposed to start.

As the investigators painstakingly gathered evidence, Vigil continued to express concern for the fate of his wife. He continued to maintain he had not seen her since she had left him to go shopping.

The young man who had been found in the Vigil apartment and who was taken to headquarters for questioning appeared willing to cooperate with police. He repeated his story about being asked by Vigil to share the apartment with him on December 28th. He said that at no time had Vigil indicated to him that he had had anything to do with the disappearance of his wife. He said that his friend had told him he wanted a divorce and that unless she (Continued on page 76)



Even the terrified hostages whose lives for hours hung on the unpredictable twitch of a trembling trigger finger can scarcely believe the weird things that happened in

# new york's wackiest bank robbery

by GEORGE CARPOZI JR.



Three female bank tellers, seen here in back of police car, were kidnaped by bandits who held hostages' heads outside car windows with guns at their temples

**W**HEN the Nassau Trust Company opened its sixth and newest branch last spring in fashionable Locust Valley on Long Island, in New York, no expense was spared to make this banking facility a suburban depositor's dream. Esthetically, the building and its decor, in American Colonial design were the last word in architectural appeal. Nothing was overlooked in making the office one of the most attractive banks in all of Nassau County.

Well, you could say *almost* nothing was overlooked. For it would seem that either because of their compulsion to create a structure that departed from the conventional, institutionalized look of most banks, or because they might have been caught up in their enthusiasm to create a thing of beauty, they never got to the basic essential of installing a little thing like a burglar alarm on the casement windows of the building.

And so on the last day of the year, December 31, 1970, a day when most people were preoccupied with thoughts of celebrating New Year's Eve, three husky strangers from New York City came to Nassau Trust's Locust Valley bank to make

a withdrawal which unquestionably would have made their revelry that night as jubilant as anyone could wish for. But the method they chose for taking funds out of the bank was a bit unorthodox. They ignored the ordinary office hours of 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. and arrived, instead, sometime around midnight.

Their mode of entry was different, too. They couldn't walk in through the front door because it was locked. So was the casement window nearest the street on the north wall of the bank—but it wasn't locked after one of the three men smashed a small hole in a pane of glass and sprang the latch.

As anybody knows, the mere feat of entering a bank when the manager, his assistants, and all the tellers are home sleeping does not a rich man make. Access to the vault is the key to any successful bank burglary, not to mention a clean getaway.

And like all members of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp., Nassau Trust's Locust Valley branch keeps its cash safely tucked away in the vault, and nobody can get in until the automatic timing device releases the lock at a pre-set time in the morning, just before the bank opens for business. Even then the door of the vault can't be opened until two people—each with only half the combination memorized—do their thing on the tumblers.

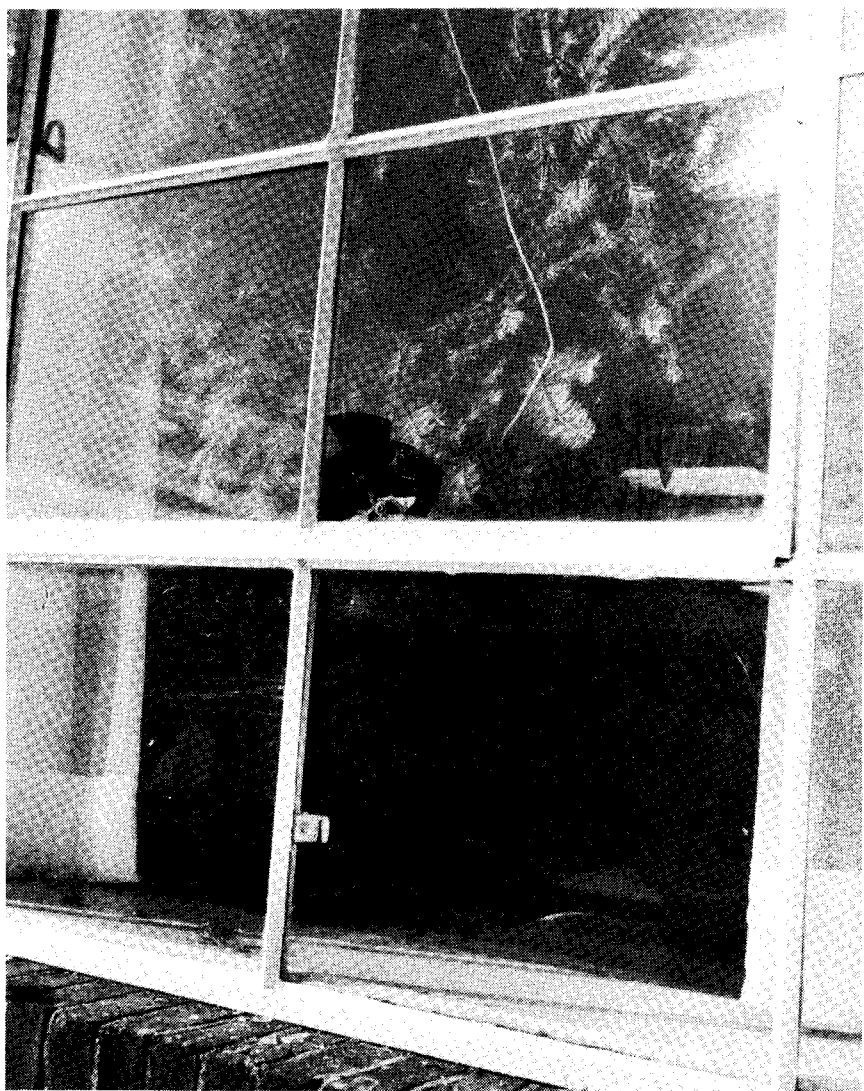
The intruders, of course, knew this and that is why they waited all night inside the bank and why they were so happy to see Robert Benson, 45, the manager, unlock the front door and make his entrance at 8:15 a.m. Happy, did we say? That's only an assumption because their faces weren't showing when the trio greeted Benson with a pair of guns and a knife. They were wearing ski masks.

"Now take it nice and easy and you'll be all right," one of the gunmen snapped. He ordered Benson to one of the executive offices in the back of the bank and held him at bay there while his two confederates remained hidden behind the vestibule walls awaiting the arrival of the other employees.

At 8:25, William Howell, a vice president of the bank who lives in Locust Valley and makes it his business to start his round of inspection of the branches by stopping at the local office first, came to the front door and knocked on the glass pane.

"You go open that door and be sure you act natural," the bandit covering Benson ordered. Benson obeyed, and Howell was whisked to the office in the back along with the manager.

The next to arrive was Robert Anunziato, 30, the head teller, who had his own key to the front door: When he came in, the two men waiting behind the vestibule walls jumped him and hurried him into the room with Benson and Howell.



Under cover of darkness, three masked men broke a window pane (above) and climbed into the bank. Then they calmly sat down and waited for the bank to open. The robbers didn't lose their cool, even when cops arrived (below)





In the following five minutes, the branch's three women tellers arrived almost on each other's heels, and each was taken captive and led to the office in back. For these last three employes—Mrs. Maria Van Cuilburg, 40; Mrs. Cathy Dunlap, 30, and Miss Karen Patten, 20—the bandits broke out handcuffs and manacled their hands behind their backs. Then they gagged the frightened women with adhesive tape and led them into a washroom. Before closing the door, the man with the knife warned them not to try and get out.

The robbers then turned their attentions to the three men.

"Which of you knows the combination of that vault?" the gunman who had spoken to Benson earlier wanted to know.

Benson and Howell both responded that they each had part of the combination.

"Okay," said the bandit, "go ahead and open it."

The holdupmen's timing was perfect. It was 8:45 a.m.—exactly when the automatic timing device frees the lock. The manager and vice president went to the vault and spun the dials which unbolted the door, then swung it open.

One of the bandits reached down on the floor and picked up a green duffel bag that the robbers had brought with them. Another reached for a smaller canvas bag which was lying empty on a shelf in the vault.

The thug with the gun who had been barking orders to the bank officials snapped another command. "Take the money and stuff it into these bags," he said to Benson and Howell. As they entered the vault to comply with that injunction, two of the bandits went inside with them and joined the manager and vice president in emptying the cash drawers and stuffing stacks of \$20's, \$10's, \$5's, and even \$1 bills, all neatly packeted, into the two bags.

The bandit with the gun stood guard at the doors of the vault with his weapon trained on Benson and Howell. Now and then he craned his neck and nervously glanced up at the clock on the wall. He was obviously concerned with the timing. It was now 8:55 and in just five minutes the bank's doors were scheduled to be opened to admit the early-bird customers.

"Hurry up, hurry up," he said, and his voice was edging on anxiety, if not fear. "We ain't got much time left . . ."

Suddenly the gunman swiveled toward the row of desks along the side opposite the tellers' windows and seemed to be staring through his ski mask at something that would not normally be cause for consternation. It was the phone on Benson's desk. It was ringing.

He turned back quickly and assured his confederates, "It's only the phone." It might have made a great



Karen Patten (with unidentified man) was told to warn cops: "Let us through . . . or we're gonna kill your friends," meaning Mrs. Cuilburg, Mrs. Dunlap (l. & c.)

deal of difference if it had been an alarm—and yet what the three bandits didn't know was that when Benson and Howell had opened the safe they had "neglected" to shut off the automatic silent alarm which is normally disengaged before the doors are opened.

By not shutting off the circuit, Benson and Howell caused the alarm to go off in the offices of the American District Telegraph Co., which monitors danger signals from virtually all banks in this part of the country. The ADT immediately alerted the nearest authorities—those of the 2nd Precinct of the Nassau County Police Department in neighboring Woodbury.

The precinct immediately dispatched Patrolmen Frank Leitner and Bernard McLean, both cruising in the vicinity in their separate motor patrol cars, to find out why the alarm had gone off at the bank.

Almost at the same instant that the ADT alert came into the Woodbury station house, another call was received from Howard Westlake, a vice president of the Nassau Trust Co. in the neighboring city of Glen Cove, the bank's main office, expressing concern about the situation at the branch in Locust Valley.

Westlake, who explained to the desk officer that it is his habit to phone the manager, Benson, every morning at 8:55, reported that his call went unanswered.

"Something must be wrong there," Westlake said. When he was informed the ADT had just reported receiving the silent alarm from the bank and that patrolmen were being

sent to look into the matter, Westlake decided to go to Locust Valley himself.

By now the bandits had stuffed a considerable amount of cash into the duffel bag and filled the smaller canvas bag with coins, but they were nowhere near their goal of emptying the vault of all of its contents. As it was to be learned later, the vault held more than \$50,000 but at 8:59 a.m. some \$500 in coin had been packed in the canvas container and another \$18,752 had been put into the duffel bag.

And that was as much as the bandits would have time to gather up. For at precisely that moment Patrolmen Leitner and McLean were on the scene. They made their presence known when Leitner, spotting the bandits in the vault from a vantage point at one of the casement windows at the side of the bank, fired a warning shot which was answered by two rounds from the gun held by the robber who had been standing as the lookout at the door of the safe. The bullets broke windows but hit no one.

"Let's get out of here!" he shouted.

His accomplices quickly picked up the two bags of bills and coin and headed out, herding the three bank officials in front of them. Suddenly, two shots rang from the back, shattering the glass of the rear door. It was Patrolman McLean, who commanded, "Don't move, we've got you covered."

The bandit who had fired at Leitner, wheeled and triggered a shot back at the patrolman. The bullet cracked another window.

"You'd better back off!" the gunman warned. "We've got hostages and you'd better not do any more shooting."

The three bandits quickly rounded up the three bank officials and herded them into the executive office adjoining the vault. They clamped handcuffs on Benson, Howell, and Annunziato, then led them to the washroom where the three women were being kept prisoners.

"All right, girls, get out!" commanded the bandit who had been shouting orders all along. As the terrified women emerged from their cramped quarters, the gunman demanded, "Which of you has a car outside?"

"My car is outside," Karen Patten replied.

"The keys, give me the keys," he snapped.

The keys were in Miss Patten's handbag, which had been left on a desk when her hands were manacled. One of the bandits went to the bag, took out the keys, and turned to Miss Patten.

"What kind of a car is it—where is it parked?" he wanted to know.

"A tan Valiant," she responded. "It's in the parking lot."

The bandit then yelled to Patrolman McLean, who was still standing near the back door holding his fire, "Get us that Valiant! Drive it up to the door. If you don't follow those orders we'll kill the hostages!"

By now some 20 police cars and about 40 patrolmen and detectives were on the scene, the bank was surrounded, and more lawmen were pouring into the area. But sheer numbers could not alter what was quickly assessed as a "hopeless situation" . . .

The bandits had the hostages and they were in command.

The only thing the police could do was obey the order to bring the Valiant up to the door. The bandit talking to McLean opened the back door and tossed him Miss Patten's car keys.

"We want the car backed up to this door," the gunman, still wearing his ski mask like the other two robbers, told the policeman.

McLean took the keys to Detective Sergeant Donald White, who had arrived with Detectives Conrad Miller and Brian Sullivan a few minutes earlier in an unmarked squad car. White, who by now had fully assessed the peril to the hostages and had heard what the bandit had told McLean about getting the car, gave the patrolmen clearance to back up the vehicle to the rear door.

The Valiant, with New York plates 8622-MW, owned by Miss Patten's mother, was brought to the door by McLean, who left the keys in the ignition and the motor running. As the car was being backed to the door, Miller turned to Sullivan and pointed to the sticker on the rear bumper. It read: "Respect Law and Order. Nassau County PBA."

Inside the bank, the interval in bringing the car into position for the getaway enabled the bandits to prepare for the escape. They pushed Howell and Annunziato into the rest room and closed the door with a warning "Stay there . . . don't try to leave." Then they grouped the three women and Benson in front of them and made them lead the way out the back door.

When they reached the car, one of the robbers directed the women into the back seat and then squeezed himself in with them. The other two bandits were about to force Benson into the front seat, then suddenly changed their minds.

"You stay put," one of the hold-up men ordered.

The two robbers got in and the car moved slowly out of the bank parking lot onto South 4th Street, passing a number of the nearly two dozen police cars massed around the building. The patrolmen and detectives stood by futilely. They could not make a move to capture the bandits, for they could see the man in the back seat holding a gun to the temple of the girl next to him.

"Let them go and we won't chase you," Sergeant White shouted a last ditch appeal which was ignored.

As the car reached the corner of South 4th and Forest Avenue, a main thoroughfare through Locust Valley, the driver made a right turn heading north. White and his partners, Miller and Sullivan, quickly jumped into their cruiser and gave chase.

What followed then was the grouping of police pursuers for what was to be the most cockeyed chase in the New York Metropolitan area's history, if not the country's. Even a Peter Seller's movie would be hard pressed to outdo this zany chase.

One by one, all the police cars around the bank fell in behind Sergeant White's cruiser until the procession of vehicles resembled a motorcade as it wound its way over local streets heading toward heavily-traveled Northern Boulevard, an east-west artery that cuts through Nassau and Queens, one of New York City's five boroughs.

The incredible pursuit was further characterized from its inception by a total lack of haste. The getaway car bearing the bandits and hostages was content to observe town speed limits of 35 and 40 mph—and even stopped at red lights. And the nearly 24 police cars that were following were satisfied with both the pace and the position each held in the line.

But the policemen were all aware of what was happening, right down to those bringing up the very rear of the strange caravan. For they were being kept apprised of the progress and routes of the chase by radio. The lead police car bearing White, Miller, and Sullivan was in constant communication with the dispatcher at police headquarters in Mineola, and the precise details of the route of the chase were being transmitted every few seconds.

This information enabled the formulation of some quick decisions at headquarters that were designed to facilitate the capture—when the opportunity came. But that opportunity was not now as the bandits led their police pursuers onto Cedar Swamp Road, heading south.

At this juncture, some eight minutes since the chase began in Locust Valley, a Nassau County police helicopter was airborne and homing in on the getaway car. Another department chopper, which was doing shore patrol duty over Long Beach and



While detectives questioned bank's manager, more than 5 dozen of their colleagues were chasing three gunmen who's main concern seemed to be a traffic ticket . . .



Jones Beach on the South Shore, was ordered to join the caravan, and minutes later the Suffolk County police copter was volunteered into service and sped westward to make its contribution as a spotter from the sky.

By 9:25 a.m., the overall supervision of the chase was taken over by Chief of Detectives Edward F. Curran, who was plotting the course on a map and, working against time, trying to second-guess the canny thieves by sending police cars from other areas to intersections that were being approached by the getaway car.

The object was to find an opportunity to cut off the Valiant, but the first two such occasions met with failure. Police cars that were posted at Cedar Swamp and North Hempstead Turnpike could not move in, nor could the cruisers that were waiting at North Hempstead and Glen Cove Road. In both instances the would-be ambushers saw how hopeless—and perilous—it would be to interrupt the fugitives' flight.

The bandit in the back seat was still holding the gun against one of the women's heads. From time to time, to make certain that the police were aware of their intentions, the bandit sitting beside the driver would turn in his seat, take one of the terrified hostages by the neck, and shove her head out the window. As he held her in that position with one hand, he put a gun in the other hand against her head.

Sergeant White, who could see these menacing gestures from his lead position in the line of police cars, kept headquarters advised of these moves. Curran then abandoned all plans to cut off the getaway car and, instead, placed full reliance on the pursuing vehicles. Sooner or later, he reasoned, the chase would have to end. The Valiant's gas supply was not limitless and the question of how far the car could go depended on its fuel. But no one except the occupants of the fugitive auto had any idea where the needle on the fuel gauge was pointing.

Although the pursuing policemen had ample weapons to deal with the situation—their vehicles contained rifles and shotguns, as well as the officers' own service revolvers—none had any tear gas grenades. Curran felt there was a need for these in this circumstance and he called for a police emergency van to join the caravan.

The van, bearing six policemen, all of them heavily armed, fell into the middle of the line as the parade of police vehicles, now grown to 35, continued to tail the bandits and their hostages.

It was 9:40 a.m. The improbable chase had gone some dozen miles and had turned into the westbound lanes of Hillside Avenue heading into Williston Park. Still the speeds were sedate and the fugitives were

seemingly content with the status quo. It appeared they were not trying to outrace their pursuers but merely trying to reach a terminal, wherever that might be, and in the process give their chasers the slip.

The route the thieves were taking began to look more and more as though it would lead into New York City. That became even more obvious when the Valiant took a turn north onto Willis Avenue and headed for the entrance to the six-lane Northern State Parkway. When the bandits passed the eastbound ramp, which would have taken them further out on the Island, and turned into the westbound side of the parkway, the police knew the robbers were trying to get to the city.

Curran alerted police headquarters in Manhattan, which immediately dispatched radio patrol cars to take up positions along the Grand Central Parkway in Queens, which borders on the Nassau line and where the Northern State becomes the Grand Central. It's the same parkway; only the names are different.

At the same time, a police helicopter from the NYPD's air fleet was pressed into spotter duty, joining the two choppers from Nassau's police department and the one from Suffolk's that were hovering over the weird caravan now cruising along at 50 mph, the speed limit on the parkway.

The caravan—and that's exactly what it looked like from the air to the four copter pilots—coursed along the Northern State for a little more than four miles and as the thieves and their hostages approached the Grand Central portion of the parkway, Sergeant White filed another advisory on his radio:

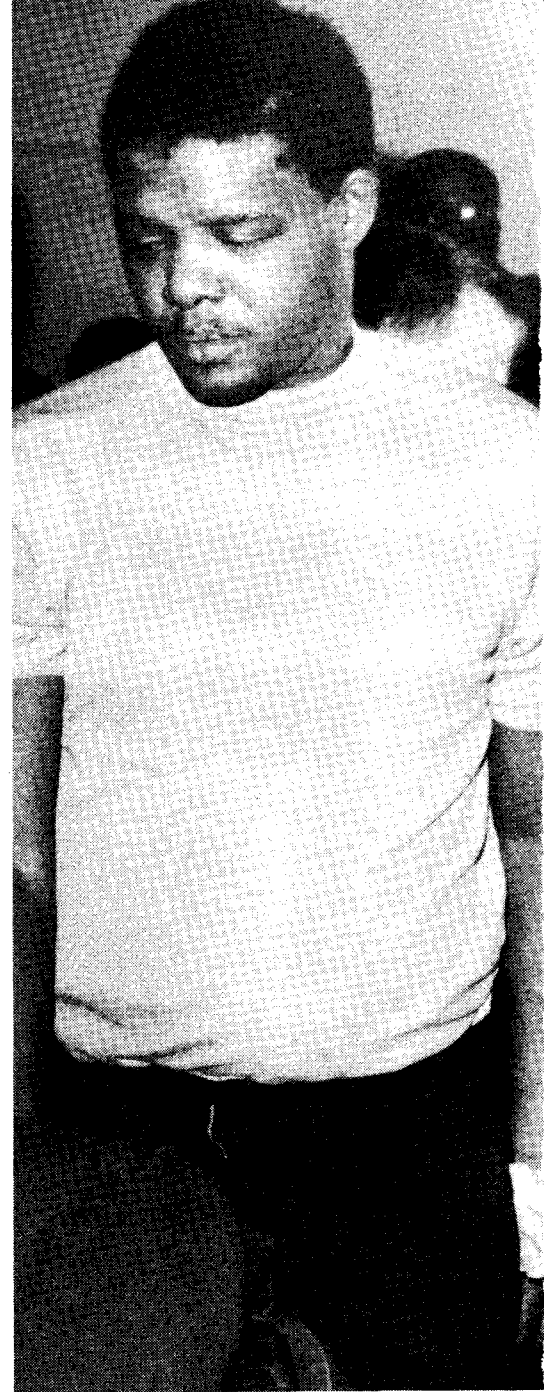
"We're going into Queens . . . Any instructions?"

"Yes," replied the voice from headquarters, "the chief says to stay on their backs. Don't lose them!"

The time now was almost 10 o'clock sharp—the chase had been on for nearly 50 minutes. And the end was still not in sight.

About two miles into the Borough of Queens, the fugitive Valiant took a cloverleaf turn off the Grand Central, a point where two New York City police cars were waiting. The patrolmen had been directed not to interfere with the getaway car unless they were absolutely certain they could capture the bandits without harm to the hostages. The policemen saw they could not cut off the car, and so they did the fashionable thing—they joined all the other cars. Now by actual count there were 40 police cars, not to overlook the police van. The total number of policemen? Exactly 70! This had now become the chase to end all chases.

The cloverleaf turn taken by the fugitive vehicle led onto the Cross-Island Parkway, a link in the Belt Parkway system, a circumferential



highway network along the outer edges of Queens and Brooklyn which, if followed to its extremities could put a motorist on the super highways leading west to Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and onward to the Great Plains, not to mention the Rockies and California.

But the bank robbers did not have their sights set on those destinations. They had ideas of going elsewhere, as the three women hostages suddenly learned to their utter dismay. The victims were introduced to their new fright when their captors drove off the Cross Island Parkway at the turnoff to, of all places, Kennedy International Airport.

It wasn't until the car, now trailing its police pursuers along the Van

Wyck Expressway turned into the sprawling airport, that the women heard what the bandits had in mind.

"We've gotten this far," the thug beside the driver said, "so let's go a little further and grab a plane to Europe or Africa."

With that, the driver veered off the expressway onto a dirt road that brought them past the United Airlines Terminal to the taxi ramp. The car was braked to a stop a mere 20 feet from a United jet on the apron, where it was taking on passengers for a trans-Atlantic hop.

Suddenly realizing that the bandits were determined to go through with their idea to fly to Europe or Africa, Miss Patten asked:

"Will we have to go with you?"

"No, not all of you," the bandit beside the driver answered. "Only one of you . . ."

This struck new terror in the women, but it was brief. One of the bandits spotted the helicopters hovering overhead and suddenly the plans to hijack the airliner went awry.

"Let's get the hell out of here," said the one holding the gun to the hostages' heads. "The cops are all around us."

The trailing police cars had begun to fan out in an attempt to form a circle around the fugitives' auto, but the strategy did not come off. The bandits quickly caught on to the ploy and didn't give the police a chance.

They barreled off, back to the Van Wyck Expressway—with the motorcade of police cars still behind—and went deeper into the airport.

Now the bandits seemed lost, for this was not the way to freedom. But the driver of the Valiant must have gotten his bearings because he turned off the expressway, went into the KLM Airlines cargo area, circled a hangar, and returned to the expressway lanes leading out of Kennedy.

Soon he was back on the Cross Island Parkway, picking up the route he had detoured from, and heading into Brooklyn. But just before crossing the borough line from Queens, the getaway car turned in another direction, off the Cross Island and into the maze of crowded streets in the Woodhaven section of Queens.

Now the chase had slowed to a crawl and Sergeant White reported to headquarters, "I think we can get them . . . it's only a matter of time now."

It was only a matter of time. The time was 10:20 p.m.—the chase had been on an hour and 10 minutes and had covered 45 miles of Nassau, Queens, and finally Brooklyn streets. The vehicle bearing the bandits and their hostages crossed into the Borough of Churches in the East New York section and suddenly found the going too cumbersome in the heavy traffic of Bushwick Avenue.

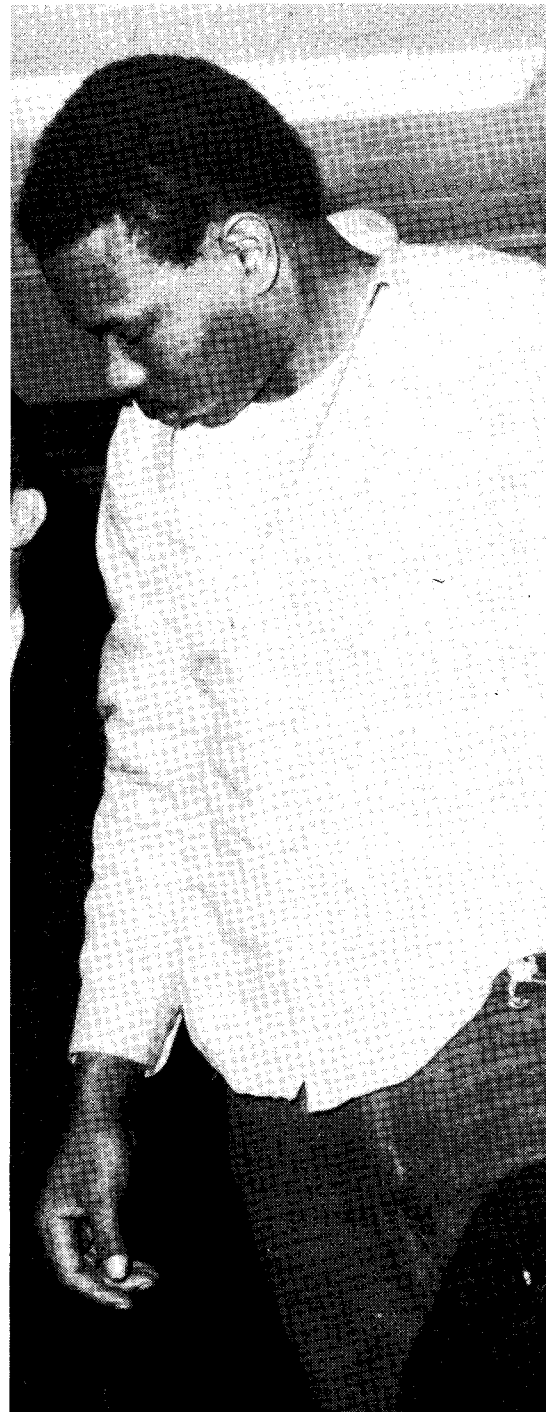
A turn was made into Chauncey

Street which took them to Evergreen Avenue, followed by a left turn into Moffat Street; then another left took the Valiant heading back to Bushwick Avenue.

By this time, the many changes of direction the getaway car had taken enabled the police cars to disperse over a wide area and begin sealing off escape routes. The coup de grace was administered by Detectives Charles Rush and Leroy Darling when they put their cruiser squarely across the intersection of Moffat and Bushwick.

As he drove down the last block of Moffat and spotted the police car blocking the way into Bushwick Avenue, the bandit driver braked the Valiant. (Continued on page 61)

Only one person was hurt in the unusual cops and robbers chase. Lee Johnson was in hospital being treated for a head injury (below), while his companions, Peter Durant (l.) and Moncure Fautner (r.), were being booked by police . . .





# "MATERNITY EMERGENCY" SET UP A COP-KILLING

by BILL ORMSBY



Smart police officers nowadays are on their guard when dispatched to potentially dangerous areas, but someone with murder in their heart cannily figured the Minnesota policeman would forget about normal precautions when responding to a "baby about to be born" call . . . especially when the location was across the street from a church!

**T**HERE APPEARED to be genuine panic in the voice of a young woman who telephoned the St. Paul, Minnesota, Police Department at 12:04 on the morning of May 22, 1970, and pleaded for assistance. Identifying herself as "Mrs. Brown," the caller advised the dispatcher that her sister was in labor at 859 Hague Avenue and that she feared the mother-to-be would deliver a child, unassisted, momentarily.

"Please hurry, officer," the woman said, "the pains are coming every two minutes and I'm scared—I've never been through this before."

"All right, lady," the dispatcher re-

plied, "just try to stay calm and we'll have a car there shortly."

After quickly checking the location of the district cars in the vicinity of the emergency, the dispatcher assigned the run to Patrolmen James T. Sackett and Glen Kothe, who were cruising nearest the Hague Avenue address.

"Advise if an ambulance is needed," the dispatcher said when Patrolman Kothe radioed back seconds later saying that he and his partner had arrived at the scene.

"Right," Kothe replied, and hung the patrol car microphone back in its cradle on the dashboard.

A few minutes later Patrolman

Kothe was back on the police radio requesting an ambulance—but it wasn't for the expectant mother.

It was for Patrolman Sackett, who had been ambushed by sniper fire while attempting to perform his mission of mercy.

Although Kothe's voice was controlled and intelligible, it reflected anger and tension as he threw the switch of his radio on two-way and warned all cars to turn off their head lights and enter the area with extreme caution.

"Are you under fire?" the dispatcher asked.

"Not at the moment," Kothe replied, "but this could be a set-up. It's



Patrolman Kothe (above) said Officer Sackett (l.) was still trying to draw his revolver as he fell shot in the back

darker'n a sonofabitch out here and I don't know where the shot came from."

"You all right?" the concerned radioman asked.

"Yeah, don't worry about me—it's Jim, he's down and bleeding like hell," the veteran cop said.

It was only seconds later that a police-escorted ambulance was on the scene and the entire block was swarming with cruisers, unmarked units out of the detective bureau and volunteer vehicles from the Ramsey County sheriff's office. Within minutes after the alarm went out, assistance was being offered by the police department of Minneapolis, St. Paul's twin city just across the Mississippi River.

Although numerous law enforcement agencies in the area would in time be called upon for cooperation, none at the moment could help Pa-

trolman Sackett. He was pronounced dead shortly after being sped to St. Paul-Ramsey Hospital.

According to Police Chief Richard Rowan and Captain Ernest Williams, head of the homicide division, the 27-year-old officer was killed by the slug of a large-caliber high-powered rifle which had been aimed at the small of the rookie cop's back.

"Jim never had a chance to defend himself," Patrolman Kothe told homicide detectives in relating what happened when he and his partner walked into a trap which had obviously been set by the mysterious "Mrs. Brown."

"Could you tell from which direction the shot was fired?" Captain Williams asked Patrolman Kothe.

"No, I was at the back of the house when it happened," the surviving partner said. "When we didn't get any response at the front door," Kothe continued, "I went around to the rear, thinking maybe the house was occupied by more than one family. Before I even had a chance to knock on the door, I heard the shot. When I ran around to the front I found Jim on the ground, just a few feet from where I'd left him."

The officer said Sackett, who had been on the force only 18 months, was writhing in pain and attempting to get to his service revolver when his partner found him mortally wounded. Kothe told the homicide investigators he saw nobody in the area when he came from the backyard. He had heard only the single shot. The officer also said that he did not hear an auto leave the area, nor did he detect the sounds of anyone fleeing on foot.

While a team of detectives was getting a rundown on the incident from Patrolman Kothe, uniformed police barricaded every conceivable escape route out of the area and K-9 units were rushed into the neighborhood to search out every possible hiding place. Pitch-dark alleys and backyards which 15 minutes before were inhabited only by rats and scavenger housecats were suddenly populated by heavily armed men in blue who moved cautiously into the shadows, acutely aware that even though the piercing beams of their flashlights might uncover a cop-killer, the illumination made them easy targets for a sniper who might be willing to exchange his life for those of several lawmen.

In the meantime, a horde of investigators out of the various detective bureaus and the intelligence division followed on the heels of house-searching uniformed cops to question residents. The search-and-quiz operation began across the street from where Patrolman Sackett was gunned down in cold blood. Before the night was out the painstaking line of questioning extended throughout the immediate neighborhood.

"The story was pretty much the same everywhere we went," homicide chief Williams said later. "With the exception of a couple of people who



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Chief of detectives Captain Williams headed the investigation into the ambush shooting of the rookie patrolman

said they heard somebody running down an alley shortly after the shot was fired, about everyone was either in bed asleep or were distracted by television when it all happened."

After talking to the persons who had heard running footsteps, police were still in the dark about how many persons were involved in the apparently well-planned assassination. Although one witness told police he was positive only one person ran from the area, another neighbor said the footsteps were directly below his open bedroom window "and there were at least two people—maybe three."

Police learned nothing of value from the occupants of the house which had been chosen as the site to ambush Patrolman Sackett. The shocked residents said they had never heard of a "Mrs. Brown," and they knew of no reason why their home had been picked for the sniping. Reportedly retired for the night when they were awakened by knocking on the front door, the witnesses said they were in the process of answering the door when the fatal shot rang out.

"When I looked out and saw a police car sitting in front of the house and heard the shooting, I wasn't about to go outside to see what was going on," a frightened woman told police.

Although she said she heard "somebody running," investigators theorized that the witness had heard Patrolman Kothe hurrying to his fallen comrade.

Although police combed the neighborhood inch-by-inch for clues during the rest of the night, the only evidence believed to be connected with the slaying were a set of footprints and the slug which passed through Patrolman Sackett's body and became lodged in a door post. While the gore on the deadly chunk of lead left little doubt that it was connected with the slaying, police couldn't be so sure about the footprints.

"They were detected under some bushes across the street on the lawn of the Shiloh Baptist Church," Captain Williams said later, "and since that was the general direction from which the shot was fired, we couldn't overlook the possibility that they belonged to the killer."

When the footprints and other impressions were discovered under the greenery, the site was cordoned off and crime lab technicians moved in to make plaster casts. Police admitted confidentially to newsmen, however, that the evidence would be pointless unless they could locate a suspect before he had an opportunity to dispose of his shoes. As for the slug, local



Unidentified detective searches for clues in front of the house where Patrolman Sackett was slain. Light tag on post to right of door (arrow) indicates where the bullet lodged and blood stain on the path shows where the victim fell

police technicians photographed and weighed the evidence before rushing it to the FBI crime laboratories in Washington, D.C.

Later in the day, St. Paul officials expressed shock and anger over the deliberate, cold-blooded murder of the young officer, who only three weeks before had become a father for the fourth time.

Mayor Thomas Byrne said: "I am shocked by this tragedy which has struck St. Paul. The entire city suffers from a cowardly deed such as this. For the good of our city, the person responsible for this must be found." Mayor Byrne offered his personal help in gathering information which might lead to the identity of the slayer.

"I will accept personal telephone calls, with no questions asked, from anyone wishing to help with information," the mayor said during a news conference. "Anyone with information may call me at my office or home at any hour of the day or night, or write me a card or letter."

During the City Council meeting the next night, Public Safety Commissioner William Carlson said that Patrolman Sackett's death resulted from a "planned assassination" directed not at the slain officer, "but at our police department in general." He noted that the killer could not have known which officers would respond to the false maternity case.

"They were simply out to kill a policeman . . . any policeman," Carlson said. "It happened to be Patrolman Jim Sackett, and words cannot explain the compassion I have for the widow and family of this officer."

Sergeant Richard Feider, president of the Minnesota Police Officer's Union, pleaded with the councilmen to consider adding more men to the force and agreed with Commissioner Carlson's earlier statement that the city should consider dispatching a minimum of two squad cars to the scene of all "blind" emergencies.

"Crime is eating away at the country like a cancer," Sergeant Feider said, "and we are getting pressure from private citizens and policemen's families alike to do something."

During newscasts that night, local radio station KSTP and KSTP-TV announced their offer of a \$1,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the murderer of Officer Sackett.

When the homicide case was 24 hours old, Acting Police Chief Robert LaBathe told newsmen that every available detective was working on the investigation, but that at the moment they had turned up absolutely nothing significant.

"Unless we get a break," LaBathe said, "it looks like a long, slow process of hard work." Although LaBathe admitted that more than a score of persons had been questioned in the past 24 hours, none was considered a prime suspect and he did not anticipate an early arrest.

"You might say we're fishing right now," LaBathe said, "but so far, we haven't had a nibble."

Although police declined to confirm reports which suggested that Patrolman Sackett had been the target of a black militant group, newsmen noted that several of the persons in the parade of suspects marched in and out of headquarters for questioning were the same individuals who had previously been interrogated in connection with a rash of bombings which had plagued St. Paul and Minneapolis in recent months.

Frustration and quiet anger had been mounting noticeably among local police and firemen—both black and white—ever since dynamite and Molotov cocktails began flying and veteran crime reporters in the Twin Cities feared an all-out conflict between the opposing factions if Jim Sackett's killer wasn't soon apprehended. Officers who were working around the clock on the murder probe with little rest were becoming testy at newsmen's questions on the progress of the murder probe and it became increasingly difficult for reporters to satisfy the appetite of their readers—and editors—for information on one of the biggest crime stories in the area's history.

Ironically, newsmen found less obvious anger in Patrolman Sackett's family than they did among the slain policemen's fellow officers, who had vowed to capture the cop-killer.

"We have never been bitter people," said Officer Sackett's 60-year-old father. "Jim didn't like a lot of things he saw in police work, but he never was bitter about it. He tried to understand, and I guess that's what we'll have to do now. Of course we're broken-hearted about this, but if Jim were alive and starting out again and wanted to be a police officer, I would be his staunchest supporter."

"Jim was a dedicated, open-hearted man and he always wanted to be in law enforcement work. This was his whole life and he accepted the risks that went with it. If he had been confronted face-to-face with his assailant, he could have taken care of himself; he was trained to handle that kind of a situation. But you can't really defend yourself from an ambush attack."

"This has to be the work of some mentally deranged person. But I don't like the word bitter—and I won't use it—because it will not help any of us."

The dead officer's young bride of eight years, left to raise four children whose ages ranged from three weeks to six years, reiterated her father-in-law's appraisal of Jim's attempts to understand the very type of person who took his life. In relating the couple's happier days to a St. Paul Dispatch feature writer, the pretty young widow said her husband was attending sociology classes on his own time at the University of Minnesota's extension division.



Police questioning this woman claimed that her voice sounded like that of the woman who reported fake maternity

"He said the course would help him in his relations with the public," Mrs. Sackett said. "Jim always tried to see a situation from the other person's viewpoint . . . he wanted to understand people"

So did the slain officer's mother. But she had difficulty doing so with the tragedy so close to home. "I just don't know why this happened," the tearful woman said. "Jim wanted to be a cop from the time he was small and he didn't think violence was the answer to anything."

The killing of the 27-year-old father of four children was highly reminiscent of the murder of State Highway Patrolman Glen Skalman, who was gunned to death in the line of duty about five years before. Like Sackett, Skalman was 27 when he was slain and, like Sackett, was in law enforcement work less than two years when he was murdered. According to the dead patrolman's widow, who wrote a letter of sympathy to Mrs. Sackett, Skalman, like the ambushed St. Paul officer, had wanted to be a cop since he was a child and, ironically, was a graduate of Johnson High School in St. Paul where Jim Sackett also graduated. Patrolman Skalman had three children be- (Continued on page 73)

# "I FOUND A MURDERED WOMAN IN BED BESIDE ME"

by BURT OGLESBY

**One of the things Ohio investigators had to determine was whether sexual hanky-panky occurred before—or after—the man came to and found his bedmate "bleeding so bad I could hear it dripping on the floor . . ."**

**W**HEN the defendant took the witness stand on April 22, 1970, he said he was "scared stiff" when he woke up in the middle of the night and found that the woman beside him had been shot through the head.

"I knew she was dead when I saw all the blood," he told the three-member panel of judges hearing the first-degree murder trial in Butler County Common Pleas Court at Hamilton, Ohio.

"Where was the deceased at that time?" the witness was asked by his defense attorney.

"In bed with me," he replied. "She was sitting on the edge of it, leaning over with her head resting against the wall."

Although the accused murderer admitted on the stand that he cleaned up the gore and hid the body of the attractive young woman, he denied putting a .38 slug through her head.

"I was pretty drunk and don't remember much of anything that happened that night," he said, "but I'd never forget something as awful as that."

The muscular cement block maker had stuck by a similar story ever since he was charged with Helen Penick's murder two days after her body was found buried in a shallow grave near the outskirts of New Miami, a community of less than 2,400 persons located three miles north of Hamilton on U.S. 127. The murder mystery began unfolding shortly after noon on November 3, 1969, when New Miami's assistant police chief, Otis Kimbrell, got a call from a woman who said "something strange" was going on in her neighborhood and and that she wanted to talk to him personally.

"Where are you, lady?" Officer Kimbrell asked.

"107 Elliott Avenue," she replied. "Are you having some kind of

neighborhood problems?" Kimbrell asked.

"I'm not," she replied, "but I think one of my neighbors is in trouble. I'd rather not talk about it on the phone."

"All right, I'll be right there," Kimbrell told the woman.

When Kimbrell arrived at the woman's house, she told him that she was worried about the safety of Helen Penick, 38, who lived a few doors away from her, at 101 Elliott Avenue.

"Helen ain't been around all day and I'm afraid something has happened to her," the worried woman told Officer Kimbrell.

"What makes you think that?" Kimbrell asked the neighbor lady.

"I don't know, it's just a feeling I've got. Besides, I don't like the answer I got when I asked her husband where she was at," the worried woman said.

"Who's her husband?" Kimbrell wanted to know.

"Theosit Penick. . . . we call him Theo," she said.

"Where did he say she was?" Chief Kimbrell asked.

"Just said she was gone and that she'd be away for a spell. Some of the women in the neighborhood who see Helen every morning got the same answer when they asked where she was at," the woman told Kimbrell.

"Where's Mr. Penick now?" the policeman asked.

"I don't know, but he's not home," the woman said. "I don't think he went to work this morning so I imagine he's out drinking some place."

"Why do you say that?" the cop queried.

"Because his car hadn't been moved all morning when I went over there about nine o'clock and found out that Helen wasn't home," the witness said. "Theo had already started drinking, and when he does that he don't go into work. I know how he is."

"Where does he work?" the nine-year police veteran asked.



"The Miami Cement Plant, out by American Materials," the neighbor lady said.

In further conversation with the woman, Kimbrell said later, he learned that some friends had been to the Penick residence the night before to play cards, but the guests left in disgust because of Theo's drunken behavior.

"I heard that Theo slapped Helen around during an argument and the people up and left when he pulled a knife and threatened to cut her," Chief Kimbrell was told.

"Were you at the party?" the policeman asked.

"No, but I talked to the people who were there and they told me what happened," she replied. She gave the investigator the people's names and said she thought the Penick house should be searched.

"I can't do that without a search warrant," Kimbrell told the woman. "Besides, just because the woman isn't around doesn't mean something has happened to her. You don't go busting into somebody's house just because they haven't been seen for a

few hours," the policeman added.

However, Assistant Chief Kimbrell agreed to talk to Penick about his wife. After leaving the witness, the officer stopped at 101 Elliott Avenue to see if the man was home. Kimbrell got no response when he knocked on the front door of the small house, which was only partially finished. According to the Buckeye State officer, only one room of the house was completed on the ground level and it appeared that the basement was being used as part of the living quarters.

"I was just about to chalk up the incident to the woman's imagination," Kimbrell said later, "when I noticed a stain on the front step which looked like blood. So then I started looking around the property, and there by the drive I located a woman's hair roller.

"It was bloodstained and I quickly changed my mind about the woman's imagination."

Officer Kimbrell immediately put out a pickup on Theotis Penick for questioning and requested the dispatcher to contact Butler County Sheriff Harold Carpenter. When County Prosecutor Richard J. Wessel

was advised of the probable cause evidence found on the property—namely the blood-smear hair roller—he put into motion the legal procedures for obtaining a search warrant.

Chief Kimbrell said that while he was waiting for the search documents to be delivered, a man who identified himself as Theotis Penick, 60, pulled up in front of the house in a dark blue 1964 Cadillac. The investigating officer said the car was being driven erratically and nearly missed the driveway as it pulled off the street.

"What's the trouble, Officer? What you doing here?" Penick asked, stumbling out of the car.

"There's a few questions I'd like to ask you," Kimbrell replied.

"I ain't answering no questions. I ain't done nothing and I ain't under arrest," Penick said.

"Well, you are now," the cop replied. "You're under arrest for driving under the influence."

Before Kimbrell had a chance to question the man about his missing wife the suspect became belligerent about the "false arrest" and soon found himself in handcuffs and on his



Car tracks were everywhere in sand pit used for adult games other than building castles. But one set led to shallow grave

way to the Butler County Jail in the back of a sheriff deputy's car, which had arrived on the scene in the meantime.

"He wasn't coherent and we couldn't make any sense out of what he was saying," Kimbrell said later.

When police entered the Penick residence, it was apparent that a considerable amount of drinking had been going on in the uncompleted house . . . and a considerable amount of shooting as well.

"There were bullet holes all over the place," Kimbrell said later. "According to his neighbors, he used anything in sight for target practice when he got mad or drunk, and some of the walls looked like the back of a shooting gallery."

But what police were interested in at the time was whether the prisoner's young wife had been one of his impromptu targets.

According to Assistant Chief Kimbrell, police found physical evidence that somebody had been injured in the combination bedroom and living room on the ground floor of the split-level frame house. Around some bullet holes in a wall near the bed were reddish stains which appeared to be the remains of washed away blood.

"It was also apparent that somebody had mopped up blood from the floor by the bedstead," Chief Kimbrell said. "Most of the bedclothes were missing and there were traces of what looked like bloodstains on the bed and mattress."

The chief felt the situation called for the expertise of the Ohio Bureau of Criminal Investigation and Identification, more commonly known as the BCI, whose agents are considered among the best scientifically trained criminal technicians in the Midwest. With central crime laboratories headquartered at London, about 25 miles southwest of Columbus, the state investigative agency operates several mobile lab units which are called on constantly by police and sheriff departments in the state whose budgets do not permit them to staff and equip their own crime laboratories.

"The mobile unit for our district was tied up on another case," Kimbrell said, "and we were advised that it couldn't get here for several hours."

In the meantime, Kimbrell and his superior, Chief Ben Kidd, secured the Penick residence, impounded the Cadillac and began questioning neighbors in an attempt to find out what they saw and heard around the two-room house the night before. They also attempted to learn where Penick did his drinking and whether he had been seen with his wife Sunday night after he reportedly broke up the card party with the threatening knife play. Penick's employers said he did not show up for work that morning and that he had not been seen all day.

Although several neighbors told police they heard a lot of "loud talking and screaming" at Penick's house Sunday night, they said the voices sound-

ed more like arguing than anyone crying out in pain or fear.

"Could you tell who was doing the screaming?" police asked one neighbor lady.

"It sounded like everyone hollering at once," the woman said. "But I guess Theotis and Helen was making most of the noise. I remember Helen screaming several times, but I've heard that so often I got to where I didn't pay much attention to it."

"Had Mr. Penick ever threatened to kill his wife, to your knowledge?" the woman was asked.

"Well, I don't know if he ever threatened to kill her, but Helen told me more than once that he was always going to shoot her or cut her up. Theotis is a hard worker and not a bad man when he's sober. . . . but he's awful mean when he's drunk."

The witness said things "got real loud and then quieted down" at the Penick house after the host's card-

playing friends left.

"What time was that?" Kimbrell wanted to know.

"It must have been around nine or nine-thirty," the woman said.

When police determined who Mr. and Mrs. Penick's guests were Sunday night, it was confirmed that Helen was threatened by her knife-wielding husband. One man said the party got "too rough for me" and that he and most of the others left around 9 p.m.

"Did Mr. Penick cut his wife while you were there?" the witness was asked.

"No, but he punched her around several times," the man said.

"Did he draw blood on her?" Kimbrell asked, mindful of the blood on the wall and floor.

"I didn't see no blood," the man said, "but I don't know what happened after we left."

"What was Penick mad about?" the cop asked.

Chief Collins, Sgt. Ebbing, Att. Holcomb and Asst. Chief Kimbrell (below, l. to r.) examined footprints in sand before Collins uncovered victim's body (opp. page)



"Oh, everything in general and nothing in particular. He just had too much to drink and wanted to argue about everything. Then Helen accused him of cheating on her and that set him off pretty good."

"Did she have reason to accuse him of that?" police asked.

The witness shrugged. "What Theotis does is his business. I don't know nothing about his love life," the man said.

But another informant seemed to know plenty about Theotis' love life and suggested that police "find out who stayed with him last night." The witness would say no more.

Police at the time were not in a position to insist on anyone talking if

they chose not to, since the only crime they knew had been committed for sure was the traffic violation for which Penick had been jailed. And he conceivably could be released momentarily on that charge if somebody showed up to post the \$300 bond which had been set.

Even though police weren't furnished with the name of the person who allegedly spent the night with Theotis Penick, they put two-and-two together and came up with a three-way tryst, consisting of Helen, Theotis and the woman who first reported the absence of the jailed man's wife and was so certain that something had happened to her.

After intensive questioning by As-

sistant Chief Kimbrell, the woman admitted that she had spent "some time" with the man early Monday morning. But she insisted that she had nothing to do with Helen Penick's disappearance.

"If I did, do you think I would have called you?" the frightened woman said. "I could have let this thing go and nobody would have known the difference for a long time."

"What time did you go to the Penick house?" the woman was asked.

"I don't know for sure, but it must have been after two in the morning or so," she replied. "I didn't want to go until Theo told me Helen wasn't home and wouldn't be back the rest of the night."

"Where did he say she was?" Kimbrell asked.

"He didn't say. He just said they'd had a fight and that she left," the woman said.

Kimbrell said that by the time he finished questioning the woman, she finally admitted that Penick had told her that he had killed his wife.

"But I didn't take him seriously at the time," Kimbrell quoted the woman. "He was drinking and I thought he was jiving me. I knew they had been fighting and it seemed logical that she'd spend the night someplace else. But when she didn't show up all day that's when I got worried and called you."

Although police did not discount the possibility that the full story of Helen Penick's disappearance had not yet been told there was little they could do about it at the time.

"We still didn't have a body or even any tangible evidence that Helen Penick had met with foul play," Kimbrell said. "As far as we knew, the woman could have up and left her husband because she was afraid of him."

But shortly after the BCI arrived on the scene about eight-thirty that night, police began uncovering hard clues pointing to foul play.

"When the trunk of Penick's car was opened," Kimbrell said, "we discovered blood-soaked bed clothing and there were traces of blood in the front seat of the car."

The BCI agents tagged a bed sheet and blanket and placed them in plastic bags for later examination under laboratory conditions, where they would type the blood in an attempt to link it to Penick's missing spouse. The technicians also obtained samples of fresh dirt and sand which were embedded in the car's undercarriage, indicating it had recently been bogged down. Plans were then made to analyze the soil samples in an attempt to find out where the vehicle had got stuck.

Although police held little hope of finding Mrs. Penick's body on her home premises in the event she had met with foul play, the BCI agents nevertheless searched every nook and cranny in the (Continued on page 56)





# THE AXE-KILLER LAY DOWN TO SLEEP IN HIS VICTIM'S BLOOD

by JOHN DUNNING



This was a case in which the strange slayer might well have gotten away with murder, if investigators had not gotten interested in a tired man who spent the night in a barn, some fabric fibers found in dried blood, and a monumental hangover

**J**OHANNES UNTERBERGER was a worried man. A sort of milkman in reverse, he did not distribute milk to his customers; he collected it, but for the past three days there had been no milk to collect at Madlegg Farm.

As he knew that farmer Alois Schiefer was the owner of ten cows, this was strange enough in itself, but even more alarming, he could hear

the cows mooing and bellowing from the great, grim, fortress-like farm house. They sounded very much as if they had not had anything to eat for some time.

Johannes Unterberger descended from the high cab of the milk truck and made a cautious circuit of the building. There was no sign of Schiefer or his wife. With the exception of the lowing of the animals, the

place was as silent as a tomb. For reasons which he could not clearly define, the hairs at the nape of his neck and along his spine suddenly rose and he gave a slight, involuntary shudder. In an abrupt surge of panic, he turned and almost ran to the truck. A moment later, he was bumping down the narrow, dirt road, the milk cans clanging loudly in the back of the truck and the wheels



Aloisia Schiefer (*inset left*) could not hear her husband, Alois (*inset right*) being slain, because she was deaf. She was also dumb and couldn't even call out when the killer came at her with an axe

bounced in and out of the numerous potholes.

Although the truck was not capable of much speed, it would not take him long to reach the village of Seitenstetten. Madlegg Farm was a scant half mile from the village, but in Austria this was considered to be an isolated farm. In Austria, as in most other parts of Europe, farming developed according to a completely different pattern than that found in the United States. Isolated farmhouses standing in the midst of their fields are a rarity. When farming first began, Europe was a dangerous place and farmhouses huddled together in little, fortified villages which could be easily defended by the inhabitants. The fields lay around the village and at some considerable distance, an inconvenience for the farmers, but one which they were

willing to accept in exchange for a greater degree of personal safety.

The few farms which lay isolated from the village were invariably huge, stoutly built buildings which looked more like fortresses than farmhouses. Windows are small and, whether in the village or out of it, barns, stables and running quarters usually form the sides of an enclosed court. Not infrequently, all of the farm buildings are incorporated into one huge structure. This was the case with Madlegg Farm.

A short fifteen minutes after leaving the farm, milkman Johannes Unterberger was sitting in the tiny office of Sergeant Hans Gruber, the local representative of the Austrian National Gendarmerie in Seitenstetten. "Alois Schiefer hasn't set out any milk for three days now," he said bluntly and without preamble.

"I think there's something wrong out there at Madlegg Farm. The cattle are all bellowing as if they hadn't had anything to eat for a week."

Sergeant Gruber was a tall, dark haired and dark complected young man with a somewhat military bearing who wore the uniform of the Austrian Gendarmerie with considerable pride. He had only completed his police training a year and a half earlier and had been fortunate enough to find himself assigned to his own, native village. "Did you look inside the house?" he asked.

"No," said Unterberger, shaking his head. "I wasn't about to step foot in that house without an invitation. You know what Aloisia Schiefer's like."

"Mrs. Schiefer has a bad temper alright," said the sergeant in agreement, "but, if you thought there was

something seriously wrong, you still should have gone on in. Why didn't you say something the first day that they didn't set the milk out?"

"Well, I thought they might be using it themselves," said Unterberger. "Schiefer hasn't been putting out too much milk lately anyway. I expect most of his cows are with calves. I figured that they just didn't have enough to make it worthwhile sending down to the creamery."

"And the first day that they didn't set out any milk was. . . ?" asked the sergeant.

"Last Friday," said Unterberger. "November 27th. Then there wasn't any on Saturday or Sunday and now there isn't any today, Monday."

"That makes four days in all," observed the sergeant. "Alright. You come along with me and we'll go out and take a look. It could be that the Schiefers are sick."

It was bitterly cold and the frozen grass crackled slightly underfoot as Sergeant Gruber and Johannes Unterberger approached the massive, silent building known as Madlegg House. Although it was nearly noon, no glimpse of the sun could be seen through the dense cloud of freezing fog which had hung over the lowlands around Seitenstetten for the past five days. No snow had, as yet, fallen and the frozen soil around the farmhouse was exposed, raw as a naked wound. The cattle had ceased to bellow now and there were no sounds except that of the men's footprints over the dead grass.

"Do you know how to get in there?" asked the sergeant. He spoke in a hushed voice as if he were afraid of being heard.

"The front door is on the other side of the building," said Unterberger in the same low tone. "They never use it though and I think it's barred shut. They always come into the house through the kitchen from the courtyard." He led the way around the corner of the house and through the arched gateway into the little courtyard, completely surrounded on all sides by the buildings of the farm.

"You take a look in the stables and see if there's anybody there," said the sergeant. "I'll try the house."

Johannes Unterberger shuffled his feet nervously. "If it's all the same to you," he said, "I'll just stay right here in the courtyard. You're the police officer. I'm just a milkman and this place gives me the willies."

Sergeant Gruber did not reply but walked stoutly over to the kitchen door, rapped on it with his knuckles and called out in a sharp voice, "Mr. Schiefer!"

"If he's not there, she won't hear you," remarked Unterberger. "She's deaf and dumb, you know."

The sergeant nodded his head. "I know she's deaf and dumb," he said. "When I was a boy, we used to come out here to steal apples and we were always scared to death of Aloisia



Technicians, going over the bloody scene at this isolated farmhouse, said there was every indication that the slayer had slept like a babe in his victim's blood

Schiefer. She'd take after us with a pitchfork if she caught us. She couldn't say anything, but she'd make awful noises."

There had been no reply to the sergeant's hail and he now called out again, this time even louder. There was still no answer and, after a moment's hesitation, the sergeant said, "I'm going to have to go in, I guess, if the door isn't locked."

The door was not locked. It opened easily when the sergeant turned the handle and swung back, creaking slightly. The sergeant put his head inside. "Oh. Oh!" he said in a tone of consternation and bewilderment.

Johannes Unterberger stepped forward and peered over his shoulder. By the comparatively dim light which filtered through the fog outside the little windows of the big farm kitchen, he could see that the room was in a state of complete disorder. Papers, cooking utensils, articles of clothing and furniture were strewn about the floor. In the midst of it all lay the body of Alois Schiefer. Around his head a large pool of blood had dried into a black, viscous sheet over the scrubbed kitchen floor. There were smears and splotches of the same black substance elsewhere and the kitchen was deadly cold. It was obvious that there was no fire in the house. "She's killed him!" said Unterberger in an awe-struck voice.

The sergeant had by now somewhat recovered his wits and he stepped through the kitchen door, motioning to Unterberger to stay back, and knelt beside the body. His attempt to raise the arm to feel for a pulse failed. The body was absolutely rigid. "Well, he's dead in any

case," said the sergeant, standing up and picking his way back to the door through the furniture and objects scattered about the floor. "Somebody's killed him. His head's all smashed in."

"You going to look for her in the stables?" asked Unterberger. He spoke in such a low whisper that his voice was scarcely audible at all. At the same time, he began to edge in the direction of the entrance to the courtyard. Johannes Unterberger was not a man who enjoyed the prospect of violence.

"No," said Sergeant Gruber, coming out of the kitchen and closing the door behind him. "This is a criminal case and I'm not authorized to deal with criminal cases. We're going to have to go back to Seitenstetten and I'll call headquarters at Anstetten. They have people who are trained to handle this sort of thing. You stay here and see that no one disturbs anything until I get back."

"Not on your life!" said Unterberger. "You think I'm going to stand here and wait for old Aloisia Schiefer to come around and bash my head in too? You can stay here if you want to. I'm going back to Seitenstetten."

The sergeant did not pause to argue, but silently led the way at a run to the Gendarmerie car parked at the edge of the road. Fifteen minutes later he was in his office in Seitenstetten and was talking on the telephone to Captain Harold Friedmann at Gendarmerie Headquarters in Anstetten, some twenty miles to the northeast. "I'll be down immediately," said the captain when he had finished listening to Sergeant Gruber's report.



Although the road between Anstetten and Seitenstetten is not particularly good, the captain arrived at Sergeant Gruber's little office in something less than twenty-five minutes. He was a square-faced, stockily built man with long, black sideburns. As a criminal investigation's officer, he was in plain clothes and he was alone. The Austrian National Gendarmerie is not over-staffed.

"You're assigned to me until the investigations here are completed," he told the sergeant. "We're a little short handed up at Anstetten, but I suppose that you won't mind doing a little criminal investigations work for a change."

The sergeant did not mind at all. In Seitenstetten his duties largely consisted of settling quarrels between farmers over strayed cows and the occasional pursuit of a bicycle thief. "I've been assembling a little information while I was waiting for you to arrive," he said eagerly. "I thought that you might be able to use it."

"Good work," said the captain approvingly. "You can tell me what you found out while we're driving out to the farm. We'll take my car, but you drive. You know where the place is."

The sergeant took the wheel of the captain's car and the captain got into the front seat next to him. "The place we're going to is called Madlegg Farm," said the sergeant. "The owner, the man who was killed, is named Alois Schiefer. He inherited the farm from his father. Schiefer is forty-three years old and his wife, Aloisia, is forty-eight. She's been deaf and dumb since birth. As far as I know, there's never been any trouble in the family, but Mrs. Schiefer has a reputation for having a terrible temper. When I was a boy, all the kids were scared to death of her. I never heard of her actually doing anything to anyone, though."

The sergeant brought the car to a halt at some little distance from the farmhouse. "We'll have to walk in," he said. "The ground here is too muddy for the car. It's just frozen on top."

The captain looked up at the massive old building looming out of the cold, clammy fog. It looked more forbidding than ever and the cattle had once again set up their deep, eerie bellowing. "Whew!" said the captain. "Whether it is or not, I've never seen a place that looked like a more ideal setting for a murder."

The sergeant appeared to be in complete agreement with this opinion for he led the way silently and gingerly into the courtyard. "The kitchen door is over there," he said, indicating the direction with his finger but showing no inclination to lead the way.

The captain was less timid. "You check out the barn and the stables," he ordered briskly. "I'll take a look

at the body and, if it really is homicide, we can use the radio in the car to get the doctor down here from Anstetten. We'll need an autopsy and a medical opinion on the cause of death and so on."

The sergeant moved reluctantly in the direction of the stables and the captain walked over to the kitchen door, opened it and stepped inside. He crossed to the corpse, looking carefully as to where he placed his feet and trying not to disturb anything on the floor. The inspection of the body took only a few minutes and he then turned his attention to the doors leading off from the kitchen. There were four of them. Continuing his careful progress across the litter strewn room, he opened the first door and stepped inside.

In the meantime, Sergeant Gruber was progressing carefully through the barn and stables, his drawn and cocked pistol held firmly in his right hand. The barns were very large and there were hay mows and other places where it would have been easy for a person to hide. In the end, however, the sergeant came to the conclusion that there was no one there.

The cattle had set up a tremendous lowing at his appearance and, being a former farm boy, he knew exactly what to do. Dipping water with a bucket from the tank at the end of the stable, he began filling the watering troughs and then went up to the hay mow where he pitched down enough hay to fill the feeders. Gradually the hungry cries were replaced by a contented chewing and munching sound as the starved animals gratefully consumed the fodder.

Captain Friedmann was standing in the door of the kitchen when the sergeant emerged from the stables. "You can stop looking for the woman," he called. "Come over here. I want to show you something."

The sergeant crossed the courtyard and joined the captain in the kitchen. "Be careful where you put your feet," cautioned the captain. "This wasn't a family quarrel. We're going to have to have a full scale investigation." He opened the first door to the right of the back wall of the kitchen and motioned to the sergeant. "Take a look in there."

Sergeant Gruber stuck his head into the room. It was even darker than the kitchen, but there was enough light for him to see Mrs. Aloisia Schiefer lying on the bed. The covers had been turned back slightly and the pillow and the woman's hair were crusted with the same black substance he had seen on the floor of the kitchen. Obviously, Mrs. Schiefer was dead and, just as obviously, she had died in the same manner as her husband.

"Double murder," said the captain, closing the bedroom door and drawing the sergeant in the direction of the courtyard. "It looks to

me as if someone beat their brains out with the butt of an axe. In any case, there's an axe lying on the kitchen floor and there's blood and hair on the blunt end of it. There's no point in our looking for the murderer here. He's obviously gone. These people have been dead for several days at least."

"And now?" asked the sergeant. He was completely confused. Murders are not common in small Austrian villages and he had never before had any contact with one.

"And now," said the captain, "I'll go out to the car and call Anstetten. We're going (Continued on page 64)



Suspect (without hat) told investigators that he wanted to sleep "in the kitchen where it was warm" but the farmer told him, "the barn was good enough for me"

The Deacon with his Bible was as larcenous as a heister with a gun, and just as effective, because he had a prayer on tap to open and close all his con games . . . The remarkable case of

# THE "AMEN" SWINDLER

by ALAN HYND

World's Foremost Authority on Confidence Men & Swindlers

**F**RED "The Deacon" Buckminster, who functioned as a confidence man for a quarter of a century—from 1915 to 1940—occupied a niche of his own in confidence circles because he specialized, as nobody else has ever done in the history of taking suckers, in bilking crooked big shots. Buckminster was, through the years, like a big fish who swallowed smaller fish who had first swallowed minnows. The bigger they came, the better the Deacon liked him.

Buckminster was a big, shuffling man with a well-nourished frame, cherubic countenance, honest blue eyes and a hearty chuckle. He usually played the part of a citizen from the rural precincts, affecting baggy gray suits and, in the summertime, floppy Panama hats. He usually carried a little Bible in his pocket and frequently stopped to read it in the middle of a swindle—a practice that often had a profound effect on a victim, and one that prompted another con man to give him the "Deacon" label.

"Once in a while I'd take an honest chump," the Deacon told me one day in 1942, a year before he checked out at the age of 80, "but only when I was badly in need of money. But there was no kick in life for me like fleecing the wise guys—the crooks who had taken other people."

Confidence men usually get going on their chosen profession in their late twenties or early thirties. The Deacon, though, was unique: He was 52 before he entered the swindling profession. He had previously put in 15 years with the Chicago Police Department and had also served a term in prison for a crime he didn't commit—an experience that so deeply embittered him that, when released from the Big House, he decided to get even with society by bilking its leading—if not necessarily most upright—citizens.

Through the years, Fred, like so many leaders in his field, averaged not less than 50 grand and sometimes twice that much per annum. Of the three pleasures—wine, women and song—Fred preferred women. He never married but there were periods in his life, he told me, when he was keeping six doxies in Chicago alone.

"Tell a dame that you're crazy about her and that she's the most attractive dish you've ever savored, and follow that up by being a real man in bed," the Deacon explained, "and you've got it made. Sure, buy her nice things, and don't be a skinflint while you're at it, but it's how you treat a woman, both vertically and horizontally, that really counts."

The Deacon blew a ring of his cigar smoke after enlightening me,

obviously reliving some of his past. "I never," he mused, "had any trouble . . ."

Why, I asked Buckminster, had he chosen to play the role of a churchman in a great deal of his confidence work. "Because," he explained, "in spite of the fact that some of the biggest crooks in the land go to church every Sunday—and to prayer meeting during the week if there is one—everybody trusts a churchman."

The Deacon did a lot more than just carry the Bible and occasionally read it some time during the course of a swindle; he really knew the Good Book and could, when the occasion demanded, let go with an appropriate quotation. When a sucker had fallen for the bait, supremely happy and excited as most marks are at such a time, the Deacon would usually come up with one or all three of these sayings from the First Epistle of Paul The Apostle To The Thessalonians: *Quench not the spirit, Rejoice evermore and Pray without ceasing.* When in the midst of explaining to a takee how sure of a big return his pitch was, the Deacon would quote the 11th verse of the second chapter of Proverbs: *Discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee.* Once in a while, when Buckminster held a man he was taking in such low regard that he could hardly help himself, he'd let go, with a devilishly pious face, this first verse from the 27th chapter of Proverbs: *Boast not thyself of tomorrow; for thy knowest not what a day may bring forth.*

Fred was born on Chicago's North Side, one of a family of six, of good old American stock, in the year 1863. He was a hell-raiser in grammar school, which is as far as he ever got, but he was seldom suspected by the teacher of making trouble because of the innocent-looking blue eyes that looked out unblinkingly from his round, cherubic face.

Our boy was 18 when, already having developed an antipathy for the humdrum, he began to trade horses with homesteaders on their way West. He simply traded run-down plugs, after disguising them, for healthy beasts. It was while so engaged that he came upon a great truth that he was to use to the end of his days: Look a man straight in the eye, and don't blink while you're telling him a whopper, and he'll swallow it every time.

After 12 years of horse trading, Fred, age 30, had a little bundle and he returned to his native Chicago, looking around for the next opportunity. The Chicago of 1891 was a rip-roaring man's town, bulging with saloons and bawdy houses, and its city administration was the crookedest in the country. The way to get a share of the gravy, Fred learned, was to go into politics and the door to

politics was through the police department. So Fred paid a politician a thousand clams—a real bundle in those days—for an appointment to the force. As a cop, he began collecting graft for the politicians, his take being 10 per cent.

Fred was "on the cops" for 15 years when, in 1906, at age 43, the city administration fell into the hands of honest men and people like Fred on the police force found themselves kicked into alleys. So Fred, although he had put aside quite a bundle as a graft collector, was suddenly out of a job.

**D**uring his career on the cops, Fred had made many friends. Now he contacted two of them—highly-respected businessmen—and the three of them shelled out to form the Buckminster Can Company—tin cans, bread boxes, kitchen cabinets and postcard frames.

The business was a success, and so was Fred's sex life, what with four kept women in different parts of the city. But one of Fred's two partners—a man who never missed church on Sunday or prayer meeting during the week—didn't think the profits were high enough. So what did he do one night—after the Buckminster Can Company had been going for five years—but set the place on fire to collect insurance.

The cops scented something that didn't smell right about the fire and arson was established. The Buckminster partner confessed—that Fred had thought up and started the blaze. Fred, because of his reputation and on the testimony of his lying partner, was convicted of the arson and given five years in Joliet.

Buckminster grew increasingly bitter as the time passed in Joliet. He thought of little else than the partner who had committed the crime and put the blame on him. This man was, to those who knew him, a paragon of virtue. He didn't use profanity, he didn't touch alcohol, he was known as a faithful husband and was apparently deeply religious. Now, though, Fred knew that the arsonist was dishonest all the way through and that all of these alleged virtues were simply put-ons.

Yet, Fred recalled, as he thought about the jurors who had decided that he was guilty, the lying partner had made quite an impression on the 12 good men and true in the box. Why? Because of his pious appearance and mien. That was the beginning. Fred was to tell me years later, of his idea to pose as the Deacon in his later confidence work. If people liked to believe liars, he'd be one, by God.

Fred had served two of his five years in Joliet when the onetime partner who had committed the arson job confessed the crime, and exonerated Fred on his deathbed. So Fred was released—still very embittered and pledged to bilk big shots.

There he was, then, our hero, at

age 52 in the year of 1915, all set for a quarter of a century of confidence game enterprise. Having made the acquaintanceship of other con men in Chicago during his police days, and afterward, Fred contacted one of the boys he had known and asked him to go along with him on an idea he had.

The idea was to swindle a horse-betting joint that was operating illegally four miles from Joliet and which catered only to Chicago big shots who made the journey there to plunge big sums on the bangtails. The two characters who ran the betting parlor were a pair of well-heeled muggs whom Fred had come to dislike while on the police force.

The plot was to take the betting joint just once—but with a big bundle on an also-ran that came in first. To do this it was going to be necessary for Fred's partner to get to the betting place, which was too far in the woods to have a telephone before a runner employed by the betting parlor arrived with results that came in over the telegraph to the Western Union office in Joliet. Then Fred was to get the result of a race in which the kind of a horse he wanted came in first and get the result to his partner at the remote betting place before the runner arrived with the result, enabling the partner to lay a bet and clean up.

"But how the hell," asked the other con man who was going into the plot with Fred, "are you going to lay hands on that race information and then how will you get it to me before the runner arrives and I can't bet anymore?"

Our boy simply smiled. "Don't worry about the details," he said, "I'll take care of them.

**A**nd how did Buckminster take care of such details as getting the race information in the first place—confidential stuff that came into Western Union over a machine that clicked Morse code? And, once in possession of the information, how would he beat the runner out to the remote betting parlor?

Buckminster simply mastered Morse code so that, while sitting around the Western Union office, he could de-code the information that was clicking in for the betting parlor. And, once in possession of the information, he simply got it to his confederate out there at the betting joint by a simpler code that was faster than the runner by a long shot. This code was relayed from a railroad locomotive, the drunken engineer of which lay over in Joliet between runs from Chicago and who was more than happy to be cut in on the plot. The engineer tooted the code on the engine whistle and Buck's pal could hear the toots four miles from town.

Thus it came to pass that one day—and one day was all Buck asked for—he heard just what he liked clicking into the machine at Western

Union, then hustled out to the engine. So the first thing his pal at the parlor did when he heard the code being tooted by the drunken engineer was to get five grand down on the horse that already came in at 15 to one.

"The trouble with the Joliet job," Fred told me, "was that it could be pulled only once in the same place. Betting parlors would be sure to catch on to also-rans coming in first after hearing that locomotive whistle. And as far as pulling the same job elsewhere it was too difficult to find a drunken engineer who was laying over and where the parlor was so far in the woods to have no phone."

Fred Buckminster was the originator of fixing a fixed roulette wheel. That is to say he hired a freelance inventor known as Kid Dimes to come up with an invention that would cancel out the machinations of the crooked croupier, who made a wheel stop at a certain number, and make the wheel ignore the croupier's number and stop at one chosen by the inventor—the number that would pay off to the astonishment of the crooked house.

Kid Dimes—a gnome-like little man with bow legs, a shiny bald head, a hawk nose and beady brown eyes—addressed himself to the problem over a period of months. But there was no hurry, said Fred, who was financing the Kid, so long as Dimes came up with perfection in the end.

And don't think Dimes didn't. He came up with a dazzlingly intricate system of wires and batteries which, when put into action by the pressing of a small out-of-the-way button under the bettors' end of the table, canceled out the system by which the croupier buttoned the ball to come up with a number other than that chosen by the bettor.

The problem with the fixed fixed roulette wheel was installing that winning system. It had to be done in the early hours of the morning, when nobody was around the building housing the wheel, and many sessions were required to get everything right. "But Dimes and I didn't mind the work," Buck told me. "I stood watch while he installed the system. And it sure as hell was worth it in the end."

**B**uckminster began operations with the fixed crooked wheel at the King George Club—a crooked den in the heart of Chicago's Loop. Fred was, like most con men, a natural actor, and so when he put in his appearance at the King George Club he didn't bear much of a resemblance to his natural self. Outfitted in boots and a ten-gallon hat and speaking with a Texas drawl, he posed as a loudmouth who had just struck oil.

Fred could see the management of the club—wise guys who were clipping the suckers to a fair-thee-well—laying plans to knock him for a big loss at the (Continued on page 50)



# NORTHWEST'S CASE OF THE "MONKEY-MAN" GIRL-SLAYER



Thirteen-year-old Laura Lea headed for pet shop, vanished, and ended up the victim of a callous killer

◀ Slaying victim's clothes were unearthed from shallow grave

**When all the facts were in, it was clear to Washington probers that Laura Lea's love for animals made her an unsuspecting victim of a homicidal wolf in sheep's clothing . . .**

by **ANDY STACK**

**T**HE SHERIFF'S DETECTIVES of Pierce County, like all law enforcement officers throughout the country, have grown accustomed to receiving numerous complaints of "missing girls." On the warm summer morning of July 2, 1970, in fact, they expected a barrage of "missing" complaints. The Buffalo Party and Sky River Rock Festival was about to begin in the county hamlet of Eatonville and teenagers would be flocking to the area—some with parental permission, but many without.

Still, when the first call came in to Detective Victor Knabel of the Juvenile Division concerning the disappearance of 13-year-old Laura Lea Burbank, he sensed at

once that this was not to be a simple runaway. There is a pattern in missing complaints on teenagers—and Laura Lea did not fit that pattern. The slim blonde girl had not been seen since shortly after noon on July 1st. Her parents had called the sheriff's office at 10:30 p.m. and again at midnight. At first, officers hoped she had decided to spend the night with a friend—neglecting to call her home—but when she had not returned home by 10 the next morning, Knabel initiated a full-scale search for Laura Lea.

In talking with her relatives and friends, Detective Knabel soon learned that Laura Lea was anything but a precocious teenage type. Rather, she still clung to the activities of childhood; she was not allowed to date, nor did she show any interest in boys. Her principal love in life was animals.

Knabel and Detective Henry Suprunowski spent the afternoon of July 2nd attempting to trace the child's movements of the day before. Questioning her mother and three sisters at the family home on Steilacoom Boulevard S.W., they learned that Laura Lea had left home about 12:30, saying she was headed for the pet shop located in the B. & I. market in a nearby shopping center.

"Had there been any arguments, any trouble that might make her want to leave home?" Knabel asked.

"No . . . nothing," her mother answered. "Laura Lea was in good spirits. She has always minded and always been home before dark. I've warned her over and over

about talking to strangers. Laura Lea has spent only a few nights away from home and that was with girlfriends who live just a few doors down the street from us. But she loves to go over to the B. & I. Pet Shop and watch the animals, usually with other girls but sometimes by herself."

"When was the last time she went there?" Suprunowski asked.

"Let's see—it must have been Monday. She walked over alone to buy some shoes—but then she found she didn't have enough money so she went over to the pet shop instead. There was one thing that kind of bothered me. At the time, I didn't think too much of it, but now—"

"Yes?" the officer encouraged.

"Well, she told me she'd talked to an 'older man' in the pet shop area, and that he'd driven her home in his truck. I was home, but I didn't see the truck. She told me that the man told her if she wanted to come back Tuesday or Wednesday he'd let her play with some of the animals.

"Later, she walked back to the store with Cindy Bowles and bought the shoes. And then the girls walked home together. I think Cindy might have seen the man and the truck that brought Laura Lea home. You might want to ask her about it."

One of the Burbank girls ran down the street and returned with Cindy Bowles, who told the detectives:

"Yes, I saw a white pick-up truck with either a canopy or one of those camper things on it driving away from in front of Laura's house, but I didn't actually see her get

out. Then Laura told me she met this man over by the pet shop and that he told her he would let her play with the animals some day."

Cindy could not describe the man.

"Cindy," Knabel asked, "when Laura Lea walks to the B. & I., do you know which route she takes?"

"Well, there are two ways. When she goes alone, she walks down Steilacoom Boulevard and then cuts through the pasture to the rear of the Mountain View Cemetery. She walks through there, crosses the railroad tracks and comes out near the bakery next to the B. & I. When we go with her, we walk along Steilacoom all the way to the main entrance of the cemetery and then cross the railroad tracks."

Riding with the detectives, Cindy pointed out the routes Laura Lea probably had traveled the day before. As the officers retraced the routes, their eyes searched the underbrush for some sign of the missing girl but they found nothing.

It was shortly after 6 p.m. when the two detectives arrived at the residence of Arthur Olson, the owner of the B. & I. According to information gleaned at the shopping center, one of Olson's employes, a man named David Fisher, was supposed to be living with the shop owner. Fisher was said to be in his late twenties.

Knabel and Suprunowski noted a late model yellow Chevrolet pick-up truck parked in front of the house with "B. & I. Pet Shop" inscriptions painted on the doors of the

When the slain girl's woodland grave was uncovered, the first article of clothing visible was her blue jeans



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Probers measured grave and checked the area for footprints



This truck was allegedly used to take victim into woods

vehicle. Mrs. Olson came to the door and invited the officers inside. Asked about David Fisher, she said they would find him in the back yard where he was setting up a barbecue. The bearded, handsome Fisher greeted the detectives and suggested that they move to the front yard to avoid the late afternoon sun which still blazed down.

Told that they were looking for Laura Lea Burbank and shown her picture, Fisher said that he had seen her. "Sunday or Monday, she was hitchhiking on Steilacoom Boulevard and I gave her a ride home."

"You mean she was actually *thumbing* a ride?"

Fisher said that she had been. After picking her up, he recognized her as the girl who had come into the pet shop on three occasions. "I often pick up hitchhikers—it doesn't matter who they are," he said.

"Did you see Laura Burbank on the afternoon of July 1st?" Suprunowski asked.

"No, I definitely haven't seen her since I gave her a ride home."

In explaining his own activities on July 1st, Fisher told the detective he had worked in the pet shop with Olson until about 4:30 and that he had not left the shop at all during that time. Asked about his background, Fisher told the officers he was born in Portland, Oregon in 1941 and that his principal employment was in door-to-door book sales. Although he helped Olson in the pet shop, he was not actually working there he explained. Asked if he had any criminal record, Fisher said only for a reckless driving charge in Seattle in 1965. He had been in the Navy at one

time and had been discharged in 1961.

"Have you ever lived in Sumner or on Sixth Avenue in Tacoma or sold shoes at the Tacoma Mall?" Suprunowski asked him. The question was prompted by a check through Pierce County files which had turned up the name of a David Fisher connected with unsolved child molestation and attempted rape cases.

"No, before I came here, I spent about five months in Oakland, California," was the reply.

Throughout the conversation, David Fisher remained calm and cooperative. When asked if he would be willing to take a polygraph examination—on questions regarding the disappearance of Laura Lea Burbank only—he agreed readily.

"What do you think?" Knabel asked his partner as they left the Olson home.

Suprunowski shrugged. "He didn't seem shaken up, did he? Let's go talk to Arthur Olson at the pet shop and see what he says about the afternoon of July 1st."

"Yeah, Dave and his wife live with us," Olson responded to the officers' first question. "They've been with us about a month; he helps out some in the shop and I give them free board and room—they're expecting a baby and I know he doesn't have much money. He bought a monkey from me and came into the shop a lot and we got to be friends."

"Do you happen to remember if he worked here on Wednesday?" Knabel asked casually.

"Yes . . . he came down about noon—and he worked until about two or two-thirty. Then he asked me for the keys to the pick-up—said he had to contact somebody. He brought the truck back around 6:30."

"You're sure about the times?"

"Well, I didn't jot them down or anything, but that's just about right."

It had been a long day for the two detectives but they had a premonition they were working against time. With every passing hour, Laura Lea's disappearance became more ominous. Leaving the pet shop, they drove back to the Burbank residence. Mrs. Burbank said that her husband was out looking for Laura Lea; they had had no word of her at all since last talking to sheriff's officers. A teenage girl sat with Mrs. Burbank, who told the officers:

"This girl has been at the pet shop with Laura a few times."

Knabel and Suprunowski questioned the 14-year-old girl.

"Have you ever met a man named Dave at the pet shop?"

"Him? Yeah, I've met him. He's about 25 to 29, long dark hair and sideburns? We were looking at the monkey keys and he came over and asked us if we liked animals."



Overall supervision of the murder investigation was in hands of Detective Chief Janovich (left) and Detective Capt. Keck



He talked to us for about a half an hour and said if we came back on a Monday or a Wednesday he'd let us walk them. Then he asked us if we'd like to go for a ride with him sometime to Steilacoom and he'd show us where he took them out to exercise them. Laura was all excited about it but I figured he was just on the make for me. I never went back there again, but Laura talked about him and the animals a lot."

"How would you describe Laura Lea?" Knabel asked.

"Well, she's real shy, you know. She'd never get in a car with anyone. One time my neighbor offered her a ride—and she *knew* him—but she wouldn't get in . . ."

Checking in to the detective unit the next morning at 8:30, the officers learned that Laura Lea was still missing.

"He asked the girls to go to Steilacoom with him to exercise the animals and one of the neighbor kids says that he promised Laura he'd show her some raccoons and kittens. The only place around here that would have animals like that would be the Phillips Game Farm," Suprunowski commented. "Let's take a run out there and see if any of the employes remember seeing a B. & I. Pet Shop truck around there on Wednesday."

But game farm employes could not remember seeing either the truck or Fisher and the girl. The two officers next talked to every pet shop owner in the vicinity of Laura Lea's path to the pet store but she had vanished without being seen as if she had been swallowed up into the air.

"She may be hurt or ill some place around that pasture shortcut or cemetery. We've checked it every way we can—except with dogs," Knabel commented. A call was put in at once to Deputy Jack McDonald who is active in handling the Search and Rescue Dogs. McDonald, assigned temporarily to handle the teeming thousands of young people at the rock festival in Eatonville, was located and called back to say he would alert members of Search and Rescue Dogs group (a largely civilian unit) and arrange for a search.

At 6 p.m., eight Search and Rescue volunteers and their highly trained dogs arrived at the cemetery and Flett's pasture. For five long hours, the dogs, working grid patterns, moved silently between the grave stones and through the wooded meadow. Finally, the detectives and dog-handlers were satisfied that, wherever the missing teenager was, she was not lying wounded—or dead—along the trail she had taken on July 1st.

During the evening, a call had come in from Laura Lea's father saying he had heard that a junior high school teacher had talked to Laura Lea on the afternoon of July

1st. This man, located at Clover Park High School where he was teaching summer classes in Driver's Education, proved an excellent source of information.

"I left home about 2:30 that afternoon," he said, "riding my daughter's horse across the pasture and up behind the cemetery. As I crossed the railroad tracks, I noticed a young girl sitting on the ground next to the path. I said, 'Come on, Bobbie, let's go!' to the horse and the girl stood up and told me she knew a girl who had a horse named Bobbie. I told her that was my daughter. I asked her what she was doing sitting there on the edge of the tracks and she told me, 'I'm waiting for a friend to take me to see some raccoons and her kittens.'"

The teacher said he rode on by, talked to a friend for about five minutes, and rode back across the tracks about 15 minutes later. The little girl was gone.

The days crept by and still Laura Lea Burbank did not return. Her picture was flashed across television screens in the Seattle-Tacoma area and newspapers publicized her disappearance, but no one came forward with information.

David Fisher's movements were watched carefully by Detectives Suprunowski and Knabel, but it was a frustrating time for them. Working day and night to locate the missing girl, her clouded path always led back to the B. & I. Pet Shop. If she was dead—as they now feared—her body was hidden, and, without a body, they could not bring charges.

Following up on prior morals cases in which a suspect, never apprehended, reportedly had been named David Fisher, they found the victims positive that the David Fisher in the picture of him which had been obtained by Knabel and Suprunowski was *not* the man who had attacked them . . .

And then Eric Olson told the detectives something interesting. Eric, the son of the owner of the pet shop, said he had seen a friend who asked him, "What were you doing out on the Fort Lewis Reservation the other day?" Eric had not been there, he told his friend, but the friend insisted he had seen the pet shop's pick-up truck parked along a lonely road.

The officers contacted the friend, who recalled that he had seen the truck parked on the Reservation on June 25th. "As far as we know, the only person who had the truck on that day was David Fisher," Suprunowski commented. "He wasn't there with Laura Lea on that day—but I'd like to know what he was doing out there. We'll ask him about it when the time is right."

Officers searched the yellow pick-up truck, with Arthur Olson's cooperation, but found nothing that would indicate Laura Lea had ridden in it; it was dirty and had obviously not been cleaned for some time.

Detective Suprunowski placed a call to the Olson residence early on the morning of July 7th. Fisher's 17-year-old wife answered. Her husband was not at home, she told the detective. She promised she would have her husband call back as soon as he got home.

When Fisher called Suprunowski back in five minutes, the detective casually mentioned that Fisher had indicated he would be willing to take a lie-detector test, and one had been set up for Friday, July 8th at 1 p.m.

Fisher said he didn't think he could make that appointment. "I have heart trouble—had rheumatic fever in 1957 and it's left me with a heart condition. I'm supposed to see my doctor on Friday." Suprunowski asked the name of the doctor and was given a name and telephone number in suburban Tacoma. Calling the number, he found that the doctor in question had not practiced in Tacoma or its suburbs for some time.

The next morning, Fisher called Suprunowski and said he had "just happened" to consult his attorney on some other legal matter and mentioned the pending polygraph exam and the attorney had advised him not to give a statement or take a lie-detector test under any circumstances. However, he finally agreed to come into Pierce County headquarters and talk to Detectives Knabel and Suprunowski.

Advised of his rights, Fisher reiterated that he had not left the pet shop on the day of Laura Lea's disappearance



Juvenile Division Detectives Knabel (left) and Suprunowski were credited with solving mystery



When children using this playhouse in woods came across the young victim's skull, it led homicide men to her grave

until 4:30 p.m. At that time, he said, he had borrowed the keys to the yellow pick-up and had driven to see a man in Lake City who owed him \$15. He said he was back at the pet shop by 7 p.m. and remained there until closing when he went home with Arthur Olson.

Asked for the names of some of his associates in the book-selling business, he gave the officers the name Forrest Williams and his apartment address. When questioned about the date he gave Laura Lea Burbank a ride home, he now believed it had been somewhere around the 25th of June.

Detective Knabel contacted the suspect's business associate, Forrest Williams, at his residence. Williams said that David Fisher had attempted to borrow not only his car, but that of another friend, beginning on July 2nd. Williams had finally let Fisher take his automobile on the fifth of July. The suspect had taken the car about 4:30 in the afternoon and had not returned it until almost 10 that night. "He told me not to wonder if the car smelled bad—he said he had run over a skunk. I didn't notice any odor because I had hayfever and couldn't smell anything. He also insisted that he would come over and wash my car the next morning. He's borrowed it before and he's never offered to wash it . . ."

Detective Knabel asked that sheriff's officers be allowed to check the V8 Rebel some place where the search would not be observed by neighbors. Williams said that he would take it into a service station for a lube job and officers could check it there. The car was free of bloodstains or bits of clothing or hair, but the trunk floor had pieces of grass and a dry branch near the latch. With the car up on

the hoist, Knabel noted a great many strands of long grass and grass seeds on its underbody; there were traces of green bark scrapings on the gas tank bottom. Asked if he had driven his car in a grassy or wooded area recently, Williams was positive that he had not.

It was an upside-down sort of case. The officers felt sure that they had a killer; yet they had no victim.

On July 10th, a Tacoma resident asked to see the officers working on the Burbank case. The informant, the father of an eight-year-old girl, told Knabel that he didn't know if his information would be helpful or not but that his daughter had been friendly with the man in the pet shop and that he felt the "monkey-man" had shown undue interest in the little girl.

Detective Knabel talked to the girl who said, "I was looking at the monkeys and he talked to me for a long time. Then he said that he often took the monkeys out in back to exercise them and he would show me the place where he took them. He told me it was a 'secret place' and that I must not tell anyone about it. I finally said I'd go out in back with him and he took me out the back door."

"We walked behind the lumber yard and across the tracks into the woods. It was raining and I wanted to go back because I was getting scared. He showed me a dead limb up in a tree and he said he didn't like dead limbs because they hurt the other trees and he wanted to hold me up so I could get it down, but I wouldn't let him. Then he asked me if I ever played games like hide and seek but I said I didn't like to play those games when it was raining."

The child led Detective Knabel and her parents to the area in question. She pointed out the tree limb and Knabel noted that it could easily be reached by an adult of normal height. Shown several pictures, the little girl at once picked out one of David Fisher.

Knabel returned to the brushy and swampy cat trail where Fisher had taken the child and searched it on foot for two hours, wondering if perhaps he might find the remains of Laura Lea Burbank. It was a fruitless search. The only item of interest found was a woman's white blouse with green trim which did not match the clothing Laura had last been seen wearing.

On July 14th, Detectives Suprunowski and Knabel arrived at the Olson residence and found David Fisher home alone. They asked him to show them the route he had driven on July 1st to try to establish a time element and a possible alibi for him. They drove from the B. & I. Pet Shop area at exactly 1:35 p.m. and headed down South Tacoma Way to Union Avenue and then turned down the Spanaway Loop Road to Military Road and onto the Mountain Highway.

Fisher directed them back and forth for about 40 minutes covering each street from 161st to 168th. He told them he was searching for the customer's house—the man who owed him \$15—but didn't find it on the First. Knabel asked him why, since he had had an address, he hadn't stopped at a post office or fire station which the trio had passed several times and ask for directions instead of wasting time and gas aimlessly driving back and forth. Fisher said he had never thought of doing so.

Finally, the detectives halted the search and said, "Do you mind if we take you for a short ride to look at something?" Fisher consented and they proceeded out to the Pole Line Road and drove to the lonely road where witnesses had spotted the B. & I. truck on June 25th. They asked him if he had ever been there before and he said he hadn't. Then they asked him again. The suspect took a long time to answer and finally said:

"Well—about three weeks ago, I drove a kid who works in the shopping center out here with his girl friend. I brought a bottle of wine for myself, but I didn't give them any. Then I sat by the truck and waited while they 'took a walk.' I think maybe the kids had intercourse—but I didn't touch the girl myself."

Then Fisher directed the detectives further along the circuitous route he claimed to have taken on July 1st. The entire route described by Fisher—even with his getting lost—took only one hour and 30 minutes to traverse.

Back at the shopping center, the detectives walked Fisher into the area where he had taken the eight-year-

old girl. They asked him about taking a young blonde girl for a walk and used the terms she had related to the officers. Fisher was visibly shaken but vehemently denied that he had ever walked behind the pet shop with any girls.

Driving home, the detective team confronted Fisher with their suppositions that he knew what had happened to Laura Lea Burbank. He refused to discuss her and told detectives he would call them in the morning.

Like a house of cards, David Fisher's alibis began to crumble. Mrs. Arthur Olsen called detectives that afternoon to say that at first she was not sure about what her non-paying boarder had done on July 1st but that now she was beginning to believe that he was somehow involved in the disappearance of Laura Lea Burbank.

"He stayed at the store with us that evening until after 9, and we all went home together," she said. "Dave's wife had prepared an especially nice dinner but he refused to eat anything; he always has been a heavy eater before and never skipped a meal. During the rest of the evening and the next day, he was upset, rude and abusive to his wife and talked very little. In the morning, he insisted that his wife wash the trousers that he'd worn the day before—even though always before he'd sent all his clothes to the dry cleaners, even wash-and-wear items."

Early the morning of July 15th, Mrs. Olson and the suspect's wife arrived at sheriff's headquarters for an interview with Detective Suprunowski. Gently questioning the very expectant Mrs. Fisher, Suprunowski learned that Fisher had refused to accompany the two women to headquarters.

Mrs. Fisher said that she realized that her husband probably had some sexual abnormalities, saying that he often brought home pornographic films and magazines. She said that she thought he was a sick man, and had become very seclusive, hiding money from her and lying.

Detectives Knabel and Suprunowski next called on the youth Fisher said had accompanied him and the young girl friend to the parking spot on Pole Line Road. The teenager said he didn't want to get anyone in trouble, but the officers advised him they were working on a very serious case. At first, he denied being with Fisher, but then admitted that the suspect had asked him many times if he knew any girls they could take out. The boy had arranged a double-date but the girl who had been meant for Fisher refused to go at the last minute. So the three of them had driven to the Army Reservation and gotten drunk on wine Fisher had purchased. The youth admitted having intercourse with the girl but said Fisher had not participated. After that, Fisher had taken the boy home first and then said he would drive the girl home. Reluctantly, the youth gave the officers the girl's name.

"Yes," the 17-year-old girl admitted, "I went out to the Reservation with my friend and a man about 29. We—my friend and I—made love while Dave waited by the truck. When we came back, the man tried to get me to work as a prostitute for him. He said he'd pay me \$100 a week and would get me a place to stay, five days a week and we would split the money. He kept asking but I told him no. After he took my friend home, we drove out Pacific Avenue to Spanaway Park and he pulled off and parked by the creek. He kissed me a few times but I told him I had to get home so he drove me directly home. I got out and he said, 'I might see you again. You can call me at the pet shop.'"

A warrant was issued for David Fisher on charges of soliciting prostitution for a minor girl under 18.

But David Fisher had disappeared . . .

Later, Detectives Knabel and Suprunowski went to the Olson home and picked up a pair of panties which had been found there. They then contacted Laura Lea's parents and reluctantly told them that things looked bad for their missing daughter. Viewing the lace panties, the missing girl's mother and sisters recognized them. The mother said she recalled having laundered them only a few weeks before and pointed out a spot where the lace had been torn. She added that the panties had not been seen in the house since Laura Lea left.

"If we could place Laura Lea in the pick-up truck on July 1st," Suprunowski murmured, "we'd have more leverage in questioning Fisher when he turns up."

The two officers, aware that Fisher often used the Fort Lewis Reservation area for his private pursuits, asked Army personnel to notify all servicemen on the base about the missing girl and the description of the pick-up truck in an effort to place the distinctive yellow vehicle in the



David Fisher, shown with and without beard, was questioned in the probe

area. In response to the request, an Army trainee came forward and said that he had seen the truck directly in front of his barracks on July 1st, and added:

"I used to be a truck driver myself and I hope to get a pickup truck so I noticed this one. The girl in the truck seemed to be about fifteen years old and had long hair—the driver was older. I know it was the first of July because I was standing in the phone booth in front of the barracks trying to call my mother in California. She had just switched to an unlisted number on that date and I had a lot of trouble getting through to her."

For the detectives, the methodical investigation had ground to a frustrating halt. Laura Lea was inexplicably gone. They felt sure that David Fisher knew where she was but he was gone too. Teletypes were sent throughout the Western states in an effort to trace him. On July 22, 1970, David Fisher, with his attorney, surrendered on the soliciting charge. However, he refused to discuss Laura Lea Burbank and was bailed out of jail at once. There was nothing more Pierce County sheriff's detectives could do.

The weeks passed. Laura Lea's (Continued on page 62)



# DEATH TRAP DECOY FOR THE BLONDE OHIO COED

by CHARLES O'BANION

**Under other circumstances, the vivacious teenager could never have been deceived, but either through grimly ironic luck or diabolical design, her murderer fooled her with precisely the right choice of time, place and approach . . .**

**I**T HAS BEEN NOTED many times by police who have had cogent reasons to give the matter some thought, that young girls who normally would know better, occasionally display a capability for injudicious behavior that can and does lead to tragic consequences.

And all too plainly apparent, side by side with a contemplation of that unfortunate capability, can be found unmistakable evidence that this feminine failing has not escaped the notice of that special breed of male monster who preys on the weaknesses of the weaker sex. Curiously enough, in matters of this sort, sex criminals, not otherwise distinguished for their mental accomplishments, display a native canniness which is nothing short of remarkable.

In most instances when they are successful in their bestial designs, it is due to an interlocking combination of time, place, circumstances and approach. All of these elements figured in the entrapment of a vivacious blonde Ohio coed named Judy Sooy.

At the age of 18, Judy was as bright as they come. She had completed her freshman year at Kent State College with honors. She had acquired that protective veneer of sophistication common to young girls of her generation which gives them built-in alarms that set off bells in their pretty heads when they sense danger from the male animal. And for the most part, they display a truly uncanny perceptiveness in their evaluation of men of any age.

How, then, can girls like this be deceived?

We come back to the elements stated before: time, place, circumstances and approach. If Judy had been away from home when she received that fateful call, it is a virtual certainty that her reaction would have been different. She would have inquired at greater length and demanded details which, in all likelihood, would have scared the man off, or, in his attempts to answer them, would have betrayed him as an impostor.

If it had not been close to the beginning of colleges' fall terms, she would have asked more questions. But that was a time of year when going-away parties, or farewell-to-summer parties, were a common enough circumstance.

That was the approach used by the young man who had sinister designs on the pretty girl from Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, a suburb of Akron, who would soon be returning to Kent State to begin her sophomore year.

Judy may have been surprised when the telephone call came that Sunday inviting her to an impromptu get-together, but only mildly. True, Mike Dorrance had never called her before, but that didn't really mean anything; she was a good-looking girl, and there was no reason he shouldn't have developed an interest in her, even if he was a couple of years older. Girls grew up, boys noticed that, and there had to be a first time.

And Mike was a handsome guy who had everything going for him. The son of a well-to-do family, he lived in a beautiful home in the most exclusive residential suburb north of Akron. He had been a couple of years ahead of Judy in school, but everybody knew Mike Dorrance, one of the most popular guys in the area. He was a topnotch football star, for one thing.

It was ages since Judy Sooy had seen Mike, except from a distance, but apparently he had seen her. After an exchange of small talk when he called that Sunday, he told Judy that a bunch of other fellows and girls were coming over for a sort of farewell-to-summer party which would be the usual thing—records, dancing and refreshments.

So Judy agreed to go, but she told Mike in advance that she didn't want to stay out late; she had already planned a very full day for Monday, when she was going to start getting ready to go back to school in earnest.

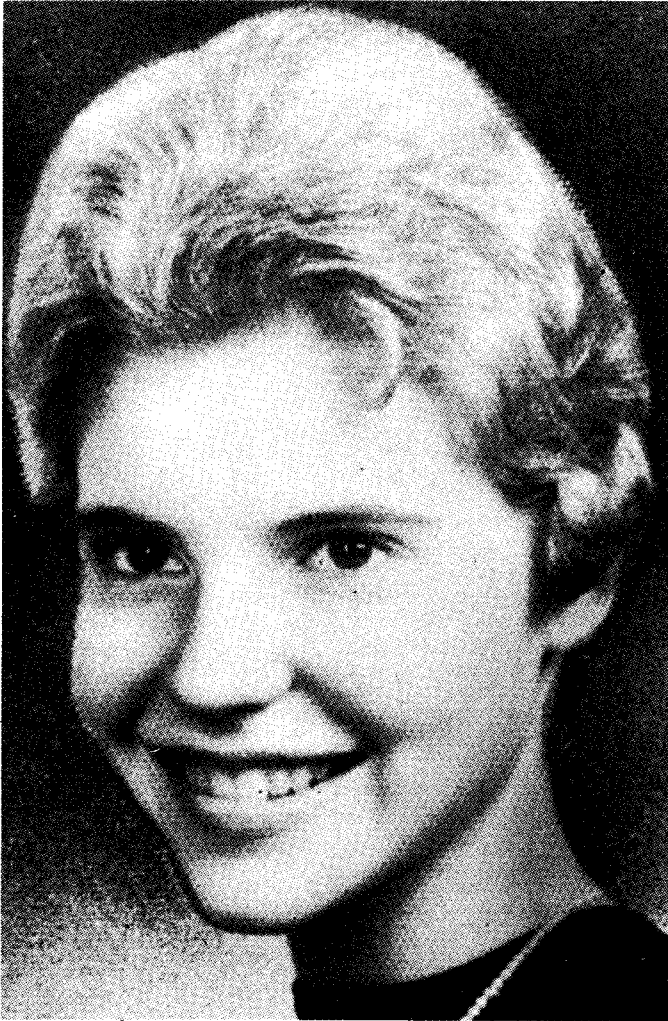
That seemed to be all right with Mike. There was a little discussion about how she would get to the party, and when that was straightened out, Judy hung up.

This part of the telephone conversation Judy had with her caller would become a pivotal point in the police investigation that would get under way in all too short a time. And in the final analysis, it turned out to be one of those things which might have sounded strange to an adult, but which was a very usual, commonplace thing among teenagers of Judy Sooy's generation. And again, a combination of factors lulled her into a false sense of security.

If she had experienced even a twinge of doubt, which was questionable under the circumstances, she probably said to herself, what can happen to me in my home town?

In any case, Judy rushed around getting ready for the party, then, breathlessly as she was going out the door, she called back, "I'll be home before midnight—I've got a

**TD**  
double length  
feature



Pretty Judy had plenty of dates but was delighted to get a party invitation from caller she thought was football hero a couple years her senior. It was an invitation to murder . . .

million things to do tomorrow."

Now there was one thing about Judy that never varied. When she said she was going to be home—or any other place—at a certain time, she meant exactly what she said. She had a thing about never being late. She always kept appointments on the dot, or a few minutes early.

But on that Sunday night of September 3, 1961, Judy was not home at midnight. Nor was she there by 12:15. When she still had not returned by half-past twelve, there was cause for concern. With another girl, a half hour's tardiness might have been considered of little consequence, but not with a girl of Judy's known promptness.

Concern turned to undisguised alarm when a call was made to the home of her host, Mike Dorrance. For now some frightening truths emerged . . .

Judy Sooy was not at the Dorrance residence. She had not been there at any time that evening. Neither, for that

matter, had the handsome youth who was supposed to be hosting a party there that night to which the Sooy girl had been invited.

"There must be some mistake," the servant at the Dorrance home said. "There's been no party here tonight."

What about Mike Dorrance? Where could he be reached?

That was hard to say, exactly. He might be at his fraternity house. He had left home the day before to return to his eastern university to begin his senior year.

"Someone must have been playing a practical joke," the servant said.

If it was indeed a practical joke, it was a grim one, Detective Captain John Stewart of the Cuyahoga Falls Police Department thought when he arrived at Judy Sooy's home a little later in response to the report of the girl's strange absence.

When he was told about the telephone call which had lured the pretty blonde coed from her home, the detective chief, who had had a lot of experience with teenage antics, mildly suggested that possibly Judy herself had been a party to a prearranged scheme to deceive her family.

Teenagers frequently employed such ruses to keep



After talking to coed's parents, Capt. Stewart (l.) told Det. Zentz (r), "This is either an abduction, or something worse"

adults from learning too much about their affairs, Captain Stewart pointed out.

The captain's suggestion was promptly refuted. Judy simply was not that kind of a girl. There would have been no reason to lie about the identity of her caller. She was a thoroughly dependable and self-possessed young lady who enjoyed the complete trust of her parents and knew they would have no objection to her spending the evening with friends.

Captain Stewart was impressed, and explained that he had offered the suggestion not to impugn the missing girl's character, but because more often than not in cases of this type, one form or another of youthful deception proved to be behind the missing person's absence.

"I'd like to ask a few questions about Judy now," he said, "because if she is actually missing and not just late, the more we know about her, the easier it may be for us to find her."

In the interview that followed, the captain's questions elicited answers which impressed him even more with the character of the missing girl, and gradually he began to have the uneasy feeling that the situation might well be something far more serious than thoughtless or ill-considered teenage behavior.

Before her graduation from the local high school a year ago the past June, Judy Sooy had been a member of the National Honor Society as well as half a dozen other student groups. She had always been a serious student but despite that, she was more than just a "bookworm." Naturally outgoing and vivacious, she partook in many other extra-curricular activities and was popular with her classmates. She dated and went to dances, but she had no steady boy friend. It was rare for her to go out on a date without other couples being along.

College had not brought about any great change in the pattern of her social activities, it seemed. Judy continued to live at home, commuting to Kent State College nearby. For that reason, she took little interest in campus social activities. Just about all of her close friends lived right there in Cuyahoga Falls.

To help finance her education, Judy had obtained a job as a secretary for a local employment agency when her college year ended in June and had worked for this firm all summer. She planned to quit the job soon, however, because she had to return to classes in two weeks.

Judy had been a little surprised when the call came from Mike Dorrance to attend a back to school party that night. She was just finishing her freshman year when the popular young football star graduated from Cuyahoga high school and went on to a college in the east.

Judy had known Mike, of course, but in a casual way, and after the call came that night, she'd said it was the first time he had ever called her. She had made sure there were going to be other girls present. She inquired twice about that before she asked permission to go to the party and agreeing to meet another guest at the shopping center near her home.

"What's this about meeting another guest?" Captain Stewart asked. "Why didn't the fellow who invited her



Ohio's Governor, James Rhodes, heard the final appeal of killer of a popular blonde coed, then decided youth's fate

to the party call for her?"

The explanation for that was a logical one, as Judy had explained it. Her host was "up to his neck" in last-minute arrangements for the impromptu party. A pal of his who lived in the same neighborhood was coming to the party and would pick her up a few blocks from her home. It would be simpler for his friend to find her at the shopping center, a popular rendezvous for local teenagers, because he might have difficulty finding her home.

Judy had left the house about an hour after receiving the telephoned invitation. It was only five short blocks to the shopping center at State Road and the Portage Trail. She should have arrived there in plenty of time for the 9:30 appointment to meet the other guest who would take her to the party.

This, then, was the background for the still unexplained absence of Judy Sooy. Before leaving the girl's home, Captain Stewart telephoned police headquarters and made arrangements for detectives to go to the shopping center at once. If someone

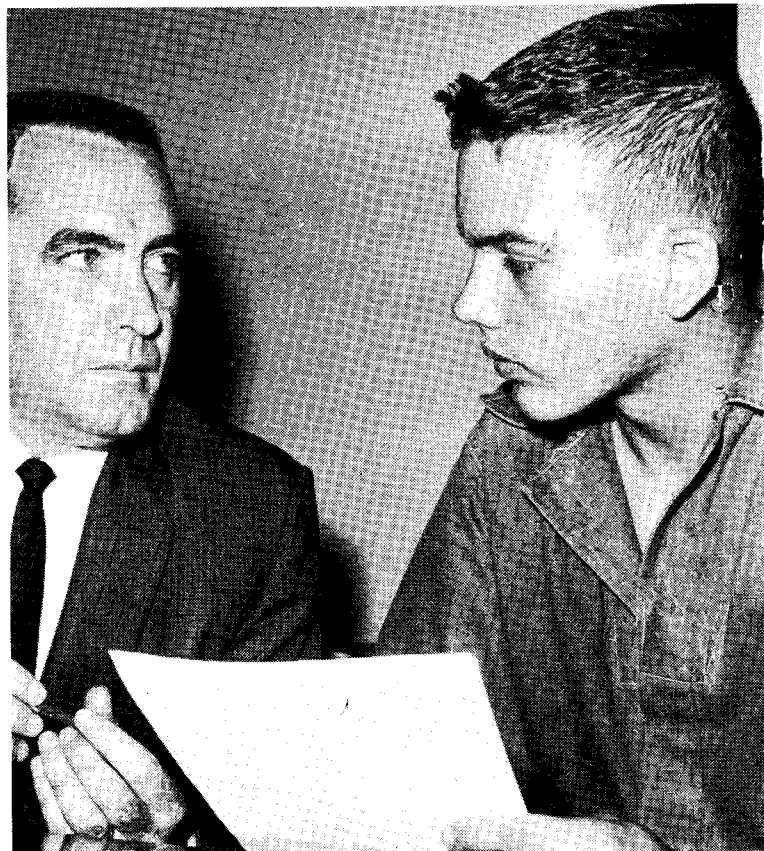
had used young Dorrance's name as a ruse to get the girl out of her home, that person's meeting with the pretty girl might have been witnessed. Judging from her picture, Captain Stewart believed that Judy Sooy was the type of girl people turned around to get a better look at.

"I can't go along with the idea that this is merely some prank pulled by some of the girl's friends," Captain Stewart told Detectives Doran Hammack and Bernie Zents.

"And I'm convinced that the girl wasn't trying to pull the wool over her family's eyes, when she left for her meeting with the fellow who was supposed to pick her up."

"You think it's that serious?" asked Detective Zents.

"I do," Stewart replied. "This is either an abduction, or something worse."



Youth (r.) told Chief Coleman, "I did not intend to rape the girl. I just wanted to undress her and look at her nude body"



The captain then drove out to the Dorrance home, where he was happy to find lights still burning. The reason became apparent when Stewart apologized for calling at that late hour.

"I'd have waited until morning," he told Mr. Dorrance, "if the matter wasn't so urgent."

Dorrance assured him no apology was necessary. He said he didn't know what was going on, but that when he heard about the girl who was supposed to have attended a party given by his son that night, he was anxious to do whatever he could to clear up the misunderstanding, or whatever it was.

Then he told Captain Stewart that he had already telephoned his son at college to talk to him about it.

"Good," the captain said. "What did he say?"

The youth's father shrugged in bafflement, then said, "Mike tells me he barely remembers the Sooy girl. He says they spoke when meeting on the street, but that was all. He said he didn't even see her once while he was home this summer."

At the detective captain's request, Mr. Dorrance put through a second long distance call to his son at college. After the connection was made, the father explained to Mike that Captain Stewart was at their home and would like to ask him some questions, then handed the phone to the officer.

Without preliminary, Stewart asked, "Have you any idea who might have used your name to lure this girl from her home?"

"Neither who, nor why," young Dorrance replied straightforwardly. "I hardly know the girl. She goes with a much younger crowd, and it wouldn't have occurred to me to try to date her, although she's certainly a pretty girl and very popular."

"To your knowledge," the captain then asked, "have any of your pals ever used your name before in trying to get dates?"

"No," Mike declared promptly, "and if anyone had, the police would have heard about it."

Returning to headquarters, Captain Stewart found his aides waiting to report. A dozen persons who lived along the route Judy presumably would have walked to the shopping center had been awakened and questioned. All had been at home and awake between 9:30 and 10 the previous evening. One couple who had been sitting on their porch said they had seen the girl.

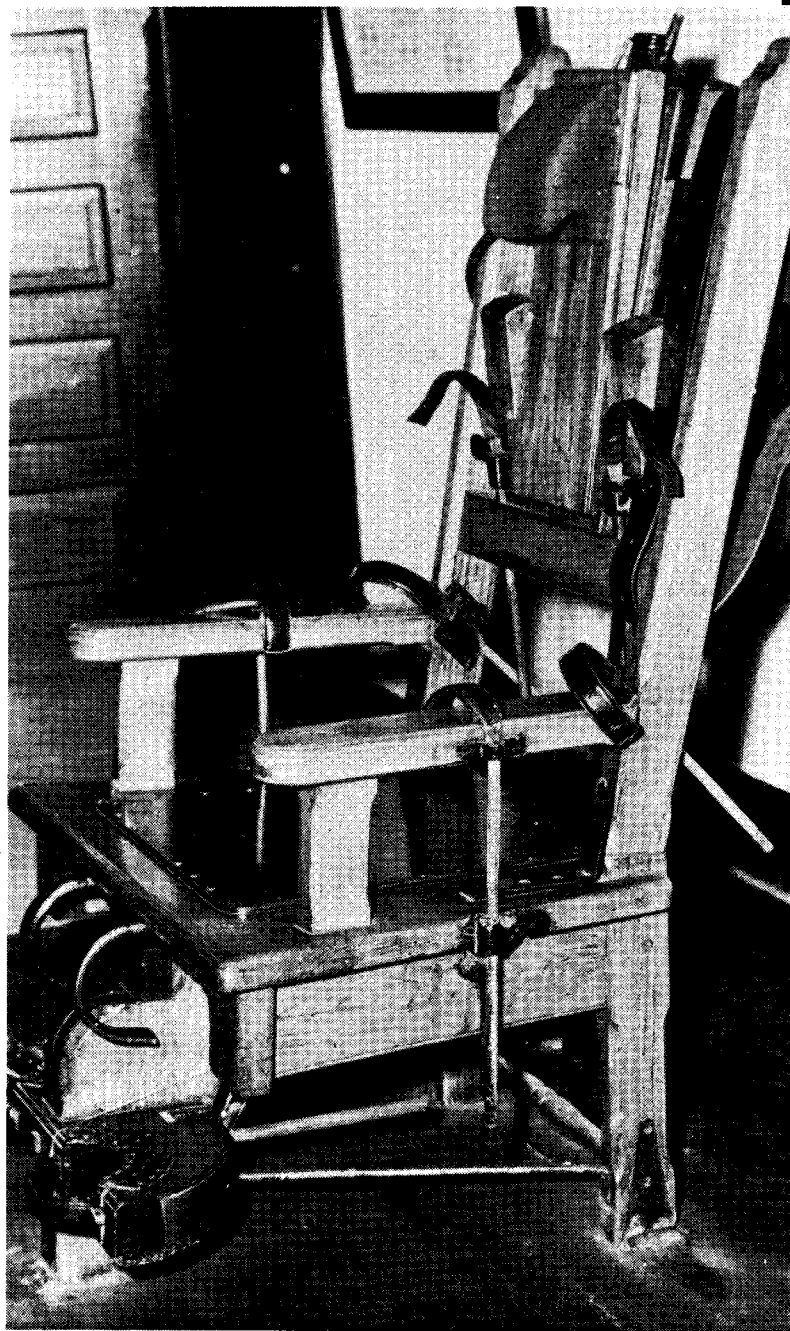
Judy, a familiar figure in the neighborhood had strolled by in the direction of the shopping center, they recalled. She had been alone and seemed to be in a hurry.

At the shopping center, the two detectives had found the vast parking lot deserted, illuminated only by the flashing headlights of passing cars. Persons who lived in the immediate area had neither seen nor heard anything to arouse their curiosity during the period in question. Several, however, volunteered that teenage boys of the neighborhood often met their dates in the parking lot, after the stores beyond it were closed for the night.

In the missing persons alert broadcast at daybreak, Judy Sooy was described as 5 feet 6 inches tall, with a shapely, well-matured figure and regular features. With blue-gray eyes and silvery blonde hair arranged softly above her ears, Judy was wearing a dark knitted dress, low-heeled slippers and red anklets. She carried a white leather handbag containing cosmetics and a leather wallet. In the wallet was about \$10 in cash and an oil company credit card.

The description, along with a plea for anyone who had seen her to come forward, was published in newspapers throughout Monday, Labor Day. Among those who heard one of the late broadcasts that evening were Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Ekson as they were returning to their home after a weekend visit with friends in southern Ohio. Their home was less than a mile from the residence of the missing girl. They heard the report as they pulled into the driveway of their home, which was six blocks from the State Road Shopping Center, shortly before 10 p.m.

Mr. Ekson, the first to enter the house, went in through



For two and a half years, the teenager convicted of luring a pretty girl to her death, lived in the shadow of electric chair

to the basement, intending to get some food from the refrigerator there for a snack before retiring. Mrs. Ekson was setting the table in the kitchen when her husband appeared at the head of the stairway from the basement a few minutes later. His face was ashen.

"There's a dead girl down there!" he exclaimed. "She—she's been murdered!"

He then said at once that the dead girl fitted the description of the teenager about whom they had just heard the missing person report on the car radio. He said that as he stepped around behind the furnace toward the basement refrigerator, he almost stumbled over her fully clothed, blood-spattered body where it lay face up on the concrete basement floor.

A dozen local and county officers arrived at the house minutes later in answer to Ekson's call. Among them were Captain Stewart and Summit County Coroner William Pittenger. The latter two went directly to the body while the other officers questioned Mr. Ekson, after ascertaining that nothing had been disturbed on the floor below.

In the basement, meanwhile, (Continued on page 53)

# The "Amen" Swindler

(Continued from page 39)

proper moment. So he began betting comparatively small sums. He was well aware that the house was playing against him when he began winning quite regularly. And he was doubly assured that the house's system of steering the ball was very much in order when the croupier said to Fred:

"You're doing pretty well tonight, sir. Why don't you take advantage of your luck and put down a big sum?"

"Do you think I should?" asked Buckminster. "Do you really think I should?"

The conversation attracted the attention of other bettors—some of them lured to the place by con men who went out and brought them in for a cut of the take. Fred made sure of this because when he pressed the button that would cancel out the house's control of the wheel he wanted so many people to see him winning that the house wouldn't dare question it for its own good.

So Fred said: "All right, I think I'll bet ten thousand."

Fred put the bundle on Number Eight. And what happened? Leaning against the table, Fred simply pressed the out-of-the-way button that canceled out the croupier's mechanism to stop the wheel at anything but eight and so the wheel came in at eight—and Fred Buckminster simply stood there and collected a small fortune.

In the years that lay ahead, Fred Buckminster and Kid Dimes were to travel around the country, between Fred's other cons, sneaking into gambling joints under cover of night, fixing wheels, and subsequently cleaning up. "Fixing a fixed wheel," Fred told me, "was practically like an annuity—a sort of shelter against a rainy day."

It was during the early days of the fixed wheel that Fred took on the guise of the Deacon. Nobody questioned a man of the cloth, he had decided. Not only that, but Fred was blessed with a round cherubic countenance and a big loose-jointed body that somehow made him look just like a minister when he donned black attire and a turned-around collar. Added to that was his voice. It was high and querulous and that of a man who didn't know many of the answers and who was in need of guidance.

And what was a minister doing in a gambling joint? The characters who ran the joints, Fred had found, didn't give one good or bad damn about who they took, just so money resulted. Fred's pitch as a minister in a gambling den—a man who didn't know the first thing about a roulette wheel—was that his church had burned down and that he was badly in need of funds with which to rebuild it. His favorite piece of acting after hitting a jackpot with the fixed wheel, just so his hosts wouldn't get suspicious before he got away with the loot, was to raise his eyes heavenward, blink them soulfully, and utter just four words: "Thank you, oh Lord. . . ."

Fred, who liked to travel between cons, was, in New Orleans, trying the dishes and the drinks and the dolls, when he heard about a sharp citizen outside of the town of New Iberia who was trying to palm off, on whoever was stupid enough to buy it, a salt mine that wasn't producing. Our man boned up on salt mines, something he had never before heard of. He learned that the way

salt was brought to the surface was by pumping distilled water down into a subterranean layer of salt through a pipe, melting the salt, pumping the salt water to the surface, then evaporating the water, leaving only the salt. A salt mine that was producing was worth a small fortune.

So Fred went to New Iberia, carrying his Bible and wearing his turned-around collar, and bought the bad salt mine for a song—for his flock's future, as he explained things to the owner. On all sides of him were the derricks of the mines that were paying off handsomely.

Fred went to Chicago, in search of operators he would need to help him in this one. He first contacted a con man named Frank Tarbeau, a very shady operator who was known to his friends as Indian Frank despite the fact that he had no Indian blood. In some swindles, Tarbeau played the part of a Pawnee prince with oil lands in Oklahoma and he knew practically everything there was to know about mining.

Filling Tarbeau in on the non-producing salt mine he had just bought, the Deacon explained what he wanted Indian Frank to do: "Simply get a sucker—a banker if possible—and tell him you've found out about this parson down in New Iberia who has this salt mine. Tell him that the mine is worth at least a quarter of a million but that the man who owns it is a religious nut and will let it go for a song to somebody who goes to church regularly."

"How have you fixed the mine to fool whoever I get, Fred?" Indian Frank wanted to know.

"I've sprinkled so many goddamned bags of salt all around that mine and into it that it can't miss looking like the real thing during the brief time it'll take to unload it."

"And what else are you doing?"

"I figure on getting Jimmy Walsh—or somebody like him if I can't get him—to appear in the state geologist's office in Baton Rouge with a glowing state report for the sucker on the property."

Indian Frank rubbed his chin and chuckled. "It sounds great," he said. "And I wouldn't be surprised if I have just the man we need already lined up."

Indian Frank, who had been posing in the Windy City as a pigeon who flew around the country smelling out big opportunities for Chicagoans and leading them to them for a commission, had been in contact with one T. Ellsworth Ravenwood, the president of a thriving bank in a suburb of Chicago. Ravenwood was a tight-lipped, flinty-eyed character in a neat blue serge suit—a typical banker of the era.

So while Indian Frank set out to spring the good news to the banker about the bargain in New Iberia being offered by the "religious nut," our man set out to find Jimmy Walsh, a very hard drinker who sometimes vanished for weeks at a time, was a tanned, outdoor type who looked just like a civil engineer when he put on a khaki shirt and puttees. Fred was lucky. Walsh was between benders and would be glad to get into the Louisiana deal.

"You say this man's a sort of religious nut?" the banker asked Indian Frank after the con man had explained the opportunity in New Iberia.

"He thinks of nothing but the Bible."

The banker chortled. "This'll be great," he said. "I teach Sunday School myself and we should get along just great."

It was a great scene in New Iberia when Indian Frank arrived with T. Ellsworth Ravenwood. The air was alive

with quotes from the Good Book on both sides. "God has called me and I won't be here long," our man told the Illinois banker after the initial blessings had been bestowed, "and I have no living relatives to leave money to. All I want is enough to leave to some churches."

Fred let the banker taste some of the planted salt that was coming up from the fixed mine—and salt is salt. How much, the banker wanted to know, would Fred want for the mine?

Fred shrugged. "Like I said," he replied, "money isn't everything. The fact that you are religious is what is important." Fred stroked his chin and looked off into space. "Let's say this: I'll take half of what the state geologist's office says it's worth. And may God bless us both."

So off they went—the banker-sucker and Indian Frank to the State House in Baton Rouge. There, while the banker waited outside, Indian Frank went into the state geologist's office where Jimmy Walsh, all decked out in his surveying costume, was waiting. Walsh sure looked like the real thing to the banker when he came out with Tarbeau. He was carrying a fictitious document, carefully prepared by our man beforehand, that, like all fictitious stuff the con men use, looked more real than the real thing. It broke down, in dollars and cents, the result of a survey that the state geologist allegedly had recently made of the salt mine being offered for sale.

T. Ellsworth Ravenwood read the document, then questioned Walsh, who was palming himself off as the geologist who had made the survey of the salt mine. "What would you say, sir," asked the greedy banker of the phony geologist, "that this mine is worth?"

"I couldn't give you an exact figure, sir," said Walsh, speaking words supplied by Buckminster for the occasion, "but I'd say not less than a quarter of a million. You see, that's one of the best mines in New Iberia and the minister who owns it doesn't know its real worth."

"What do you think the minister thinks it's worth?" Indian Frank cut in to ask the other con man.

Walsh shrugged. "That minister's kind of touched in the head, in my opinion," answered Walsh. "I think if he got fifty thousand he'd be very happy."

Now the banker, back in New Iberia talking to our man, showed himself in his true colors. "The state geologist's office says your mine is worth forty thousand dollars," he said to Fred. "I'm not only going to give you the full price of your mine, although you agreed you'd take half, but I'm going to add ten thousand extra for your wonderful religious work."

The banker at this point, Fred was later to tell me, put on a little act by raising his eyes heavenward, uttering a little prayer, and sighing. "Tarbeau and I," Fred told me, "damned near blew the job at that point because we had such a hard time keeping from busting out laughing."

So Fred got the 50 grand, cutting Indian Frank and Jimmy Walsh in for some of it, and T. Ellsworth Ravenwood got the saltless salt mine.

After pulling a job, Buckminster usually departed from a singularly posh apartment on the Windy City's Lake Shore for a trip to Europe. Accompanying him abroad was a broad—his favorite doll of the moment. "I liked three kinds of dolls," Buck told me. "I was crazy about brunettes, wild about red-heads and nuts about blondes."

Never a man to let the grass grow under his feet, Fred, even though he traveled the luxury liners as "The Deacon"—sometimes posing as a minister, sometimes simply as a church leader—made his passage money in card games. Letting himself get lured into games run by con men working the ships, he pulled the same thing on them as he pulled in the gambling houses—feigning innocence when the pot was small and then, when he had what seemed to be his life's savings on the table, dealing 'em off the bottom to take the sharpies.

Confidence men have sold or leased the Brooklyn Bridge, New York skyscrapers and the information booth in New York's Grand Central Terminal as a fruit stand. Fred was among those who leased the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

The idea to put the Eiffel Tower on a paying basis came to our man through an item in the Paris edition of the New York Herald-Tribune. The item stated that the French government was playing with the idea of tearing down the tower, which had originally been put up only as an attraction of the Paris Exposition of 1889, because repair costs were so high.

Fred ran an ad in the Paris edition of the Manhattan paper under the name of Reverend Harry Collingwood, suggesting that visiting Americans interested in making a financial killing communicate with him at the Crillon Hotel—then and now one of the lushest hostelrys on the globe. He drew just one reply—but one, as it was to turn out, was enough.

The man who answered the ad was a farmer from Illinois who was vacationing in Paris with his wife and daughter. His name was Henry H. T. Leach, and he had, Fred was quick to learn, cleaned up in Midwest real estate.

"You look like a religious man," our man said to the potential sucker.

Leach allowed that he was. "That is all to the good," said the Deacon. "Then we can pray."

It wasn't until after a short prayer that Fred got to the point. He had just learned, he said, after going to a local sawbones to find out why he was having stomach pains, that he had an incurable disease and had but a few months to live. "But before I go," he said, "I want some good Christian American to take advantage of what I have."

And what did the Reverend Harry Collingwood have? He produced papers—authentic-looking counterfeits—on the stationery of the Commission that was in charge of the Eiffel Tower. The papers gave the Reverend Collingwood, in return for an investment of his, rights to the fiscal returns of the Tower for five years.

And what were the fiscal returns? Why, the dough paid by the countless tourists who took the ride in the elevators up to the top of the Tower to look at the enchanting scenery that lay on all sides.

It sounded fascinating to the sucker. He had just two questions to ask: How much had the Reverend Collingwood paid to the Eiffel Tower Commission for his five-year lease and why, if he didn't find it now feasible to take advantage of the agreement, didn't he simply get his money back from the Commission?

Our man smiled sadly. He had, he said, paid \$50,000 for the five-year lease—10 thousand a year in advance of money raised by his parishioners. Of course, he could return the contract and get his money back but, as a true Christian, he much preferred to see some other true Christian, such as Mr. Leach, take advantage of the contract.

So the man from the Midwest actually forked over 50 grand, after several delightful sessions with our man, to take charge of the Eiffel Tower the first day of the following month—July.

"I wasn't, of course, anywhere near the Eiffel Tower, or France, for that matter, when that chump arrived to take over the tower at nine o'clock on July First. But I can imagine that he gave the gendarmes a rough time when they arrived and tried to explain to him that he had been taken." Fred explained.

As the years passed, the Deacon became a well-known figure in confidence circles. He continued to rely, basically, on three of his original cons—roulette wheels fixed by Kid Dimes, the no-salt salt mine in Louisiana and getting someone to take over his Eiffel Tower lease.

Having earned the respect of other con men, Fred became something of an underworld Bernard Baruch (the banker who dispensed advice to all and sundry). When younger bilk artists had problems they came to Buckminster with them and Fred dispensed to them, for a cut of a take, the wisdom of the years.

Fred was never without his Bible. Sometimes he posed as a minister, sometimes simply as a deeply religious man. But the Bible was always an asset. It sure as hell helped him with big shots who never missed church Sundays and who gave the fiscal business to their friends weekdays. And when Fred was dealing with somebody to whom the Good Book meant nothing, it at least made him appear to be a strictly honest man. In the words of Fred: "The Good Book sure as hell was a good book to me."

As time passed, Fred, much to his advantage, looked more and more like somebody from the rural precincts. So he laid it on thick, with baggy pants, oversized jackets and shirts that were several sizes too large for him. Added to all that, he had a way of opening his blue eyes so wide that he looked like somebody who hardly knew how to read a clock.

When he was pretty well along in his career, Fred, like most con men, continued to find himself short at the pockets. That was because, like his colleagues in the profession, he was himself a sucker for chances of cleaning up quick—like betting on long shots or buying bad stuff in the stock market. Thus he was constantly either trying to think up new dupes, which was hard in itself, or playing the old games, which were getting to be pretty well known.

It was now, in the Twenties, that Fred originated the dead-prizefighter gimmick. He got it going while attending the Iowa State Fair, wearing his baggy

clothes and floppy Panama hat, but still a man with a Bible. He struck up the acquaintanceship of a rich farmer named Harry Spink, and learned that Spink was a man who liked to bet on a sure thing.

Our man told Spink he had just the thing for him because he was going into it himself. And what was that? Spink wanted to know. It was a fixed prize-fight to be staged by a private club in Chicago. A couple of lightweights named Kid Royal and Kid Dynamite were going to go 10 rounds and while Kid Royal was the big favorite he was going to take a dive in the fourth round.

"How much are you going to bet?" Spink asked our man.

"About fifty thousand," said Fred.

"What are the odds going to be, do you know?"

Fred didn't know, but he guessed about two to one.

Spink said he wanted some of that dough. So the rich farmer and the confidence man went to Chicago. There Fred had really arranged things. He had hired a barn on the outskirts of the city, in the name of a real private club, half a dozen con men and a hundred other sharpies who were to pose as rich bettors—plus two real lightweights who were to stage the fight. In the centre of the barn was a real ring.

On the day of the fight, Fred took Spink out to the barn. It sure looked and smelled like the genuine article. A con man acting as the betting commissioner walked around through the cigar smoke, taking bets in large bundles of stage money from other actors.

Fred summoned the betting man. "I want to place this fifty thousand," he said, handing the other con man real money, "on Kid Dynamite."

Getting a receipt for the money, Fred turned to Spink. "Now it's your turn," he said. And Spink handed the fake commissioner another 50 grand of real loot.

The fight started and everybody acted very much on edge. The first, second and third rounds went by, with Kid Royal, the better of the two fighters, holding an edge. Then came the fourth round, when Kid Royal was to take the dive.

The first minute passed, with Royal in there punching and no sign of a dive. The second minute passed, with the better fighter still holding the edge. Now Kid Royal, the fighter on whom Spink had bet his 50 grand, let go with a hay-maker and Kid Dynamite hit the canvas.

The referee counted 10, with Dynamite still on the canvas, apparently out cold. A couple of minutes passed and Dynamite was still lying there. The phony referee leaned down and listened

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**FIGHT BIRTH DEFECTS**

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to Dynamite's heart. Then he stood up and yelled: "Is there a doctor in the house?"

Our man had thought of everything, including a phony doctor, complete with stethoscope. The doctor climbed into the ring, leaned down and listened to Dynamite's heart. "This man," the fake sawbones said to the fake referee, "is dead."

Buckminster stiffened and nudged Spink. "Let's get out of here—fast," he said. Nothing was said on the way back to Chicago. Arriving there, Fred said: "Gee, but that was close! We could of been pinched as witnesses to a murder."

"What should I do?" Spink asked our man. "I've lost fifty thousand dollars."

"Count your blessings," said Fred, "and get back to Iowa as fast as you can."

Fred worked the dead-fighter dodge for years and all went well until the con man he hired as the betting commissioner pulled a boner. This particular con man hated suckers with an all-consuming hatred and he had heard about Dapper Don Collins, another swindler, calling his victims and uttering just two words into a phone: "Hello, sucker." So this helper of Fred's called the latest chump who had been taken in the dead-fighter dodge and said: "Hello, sucker."

This latest sucker was so enraged that he left his home in the rural precincts, returned to Chicago and made a call on Detective William B. Shoemaker, a sleuth who hated confidence men. All Shoemaker did was to walk around Chicago for a couple of weeks with this latest Buckminster sucker, telling the man to let him know when he saw Fred.

Fred was coming out of the Blackstone Hotel with a broad late one afternoon when his victim saw him. Fred couldn't buy out the detective and, since he wouldn't return any of the loot, he was convicted of grand larceny and sentenced to Joliet—the prison where he had done the time for a crime he didn't commit—for three years.

Out of the Big House in 1930, and broke at the age of 67, Fred had problems. His virility had run down on him. And he had no money. But he had that scheming brain—and that all-consuming hatred for big shots. So he borrowed dough from friends to get going again.

Now Fred opened a store—a fake brokerage office in two rooms of a building on Dearborn Street. He called his store Frederick Q. Buckley, Incorporated. It looked more real than the real thing—fake ticker tape, a battery of fake telephones and a stock company of phonies whose job it was, when a chump appeared, to sit around yelling buy and sell orders. Fred had an office just off the room where all the action took place.

After opening the store, Fred went to Indianapolis and placed an ad in one of the papers saying he had come to town to buy a factory. He got a nibble from a man named Oscar Scriggins, who had a factory for sale on the outskirts of town.

Scriggins was a wizened little man with crafty eyes and a fine set of yellow false teeth. He was greatly impressed when Fred pulled a Bible from his pocket and read a few lines. "I'm a leader in my church," he said. "I'm glad to see that you carry the Good Book."

Scriggins took Fred out to look at the factory he had for sale. With his knowledge of the human animal, Fred knew that Scriggins was basically dishonest—just the kind of a man he loved to take.

Fred said he liked the factory and asked what the price was. "Twenty-five thousand," said Scriggins.

Now Fred let Scriggins in on a little secret. He wasn't buying the factory for

himself, he divulged, but for Mr. Morgan.

"Not J. P. Morgan?" said Scriggins.

Fred simply smiled and nodded.

"I wish I'd known that before I told you the price," said Scriggins.

"It's not too late to change the price now," said Fred, in a conspiratorial tone. "Mr. Morgan has plenty of money."

Scriggins quickly entered into a deal with Fred. He would raise the price of the factory to one hundred grand and cut Fred in for a third of the price. So the churchman and the con man shook hands on the deal.

It would be necessary, Fred now divulged, for Scriggins to accompany him to Chicago, where he ran a brokerage office when not scouting around for J. P. Morgan, while details of the hundred-grand deal were put on paper.

Once in that fake brokerage office, Scriggins was really hooked. The ticker tape was going, the phones were ringing and the actors were at their best. In our man's private office, where Scriggins was nursing a drink, the phone rang. Fred buzzed for a secretary and when she came in from the other room, he asked her to take the phone on an extension and see who was calling.

The girl came back with the word: "It's Mr. Morgan, sir. Mr. J. P. Morgan."

While Scriggins listened, naturally, our man had quite a conversation with Morgan. "I've bought just the factory you need outside of Indianapolis, J. P.," he said. "And I got it for one hundred thousand—a real bargain." At this point Buckminster winked at Scriggins.

"Oh, fine, J. P. I knew you'd approve. Then you say you'll be sending a check direct to Mr. Scriggins on the fifteenth? Fine, J. P. Fine."

Following the end of the conversation with the fictitious J. P. Morgan, another fake secretary came into our man's private sanctum, with Scriggins all ears. "It's about that Bolivian matter, sir," she said to Fred.

"What about it?"

"The Pinkerton Detective Agency has completed its investigation for you, sir, and wishes to advise you that you are in sole possession of the names of all the stockholders."

"Wonderful," said Fred, breaking into a big smile. "Wonderful." He reached for a pencil and began to scratch some figures on a pad. "Let's see," he said, talking to himself, but loud enough for Scriggins to hear him. "Twenty thousand dollars at two dollars a share is forty thousand dollars. Twenty thousand shares at two hundred dollars a share is four million dollars."

Fred put down the pencil and apologized to the money-hungry Scriggins for the interruption.

"What's going on?" Scriggins wanted to know.

"Oh, I've got hold of something really big. A New York firm sold twenty thousand shares in a Bolivian tin mine last year at two dollars a share. Now I've just got a tip that nobody knows who all the stockholders are except me."

"Has the stock gone up?"

"Up? I'll say it has! They've struck tin down there. I'll show you the geologist's report."

The fake report made each two-dollar share worth two hundred dollars and indicated an additional jump as time went on. Fred could see the Hoosier's mouth starting to water.

The days passed, with Scriggins staying in the Windy City while his Morgan contract was being worked out with the lawyers. And all the while he was wondering how to get in on that Bo-

livian stock, which was still selling at only two bucks a share since Fred's brokerage outfit, which was in control of things, hadn't let the news out.

Late one afternoon, Scriggins was sitting in Fred's office, while Fred was reading the Bible. Suddenly, Fred looked up. "Brother Scriggins," he said, "I have just had a message from Heaven—and it concerns you."

"Really!"

"Yes." The message was that Fred was going to arrange things so that Scriggins could get in on that Bolivian stock that was going to rise to four million dollars once the news got out.

"Great!" said Scriggins. "How?"

Fred said he'd attend to the details and that Scriggins needn't bother about them. All he would need would be \$100,000 and Scriggins would double the money in 10 days. That was a lot of money, but Fred, alias Frederick Q. Buckley, had made a stunning impression on the money-hungry hoosier by getting a hundred-grand from Morgan—or so it seemed—for a 25-grand factory.

A few days later there took place one of those scenes that made truth seem stranger than fiction. Scriggins had gone to Indianapolis, borrowed a hundred grand from his bank, and came to Chicago with it in the form of a certified check made out to Frederick Q. Buckley, Incorporated. All Fred did was cash the check, pay his helpers, and leave town.

When the truth dawned on Scriggins, he eventually found himself in the office of Detective Shoemaker. After listening to the Hoosier's story, and getting a description of Frederick Q. Buckley, Shoemaker got right to the point: "It's that bum Buckminster."

Shoemaker's trouble was that Buckminster had left town. He opened another fake brokerage house in Detroit, where he and the boys took a businessman with the Bolivian story. Then they moved to Milwaukee and did the same thing. Then to Los Angeles.

But Fred loved Chicago. So he returned, only to be picked up for the Scriggins job, almost immediately, and sent to Joliet for the third time.

Fred got out of durance vile in 1939, at the age of 76—a remarkably spry old fellow with twinkling eyes and a pot belly. He opened a little hotel on Chicago's South Side. It quickly became a hot hostelry in more ways than one. One entire floor was taken up by B-girls who brought their clients to their rooms. Another floor was inhabited almost entirely by criminals on the lam. But Fred, just to make appearances deceiving, populated the lobby with fake ministers, sitting around reading their Bibles. Con men from all parts of the country made for that hotel of Fred's, to seek the advice of the master.

Fred had been running the hotel only a year when his health suddenly cracked and he sold the joint. He took a small apartment and lived all alone. I felt kind of sad when, in 1943, Fred Buckminster kicked off at the age of 80, from the infirmities of the years. There was nobody in the ranks of the con men to fill in Fred's shoes—to take those who take others. ♦♦♦

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**

*T. Ellsworth Ravenwood, Henry H. T. Leach, Harry Spink and Oscar Scriggins are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of these persons, fictitious names have been used.*

# Death Trap

(Continued from page 49)

Captain Stewart and the coroner noted that a length of stout clothesline had been knotted tightly about the vicim's neck. Judy Sooy's short blond hair was matted with blood and it was apparent that she had been struck a number of crushing blows with a heavy blunt instrument.

As the coroner examined the corpse, other officers found a bloodstained mechanic's hammer in a pile of rubbish several yards away. There was no sign of the victim's purse.

Death, the coroner said, had occurred many hours earlier, probably sometime before midnight Sunday.

Captain Stewart returned to the first floor, where Mr. Ekson and his wife were being questioned by other detectives. "Recognize either of these?" he asked, showing them the hammer and the three-foot length of rope which had been bound around the girl's throat.

"Not the rope," Mr. Ekson replied. "The hammer is similar to one I carry in my car. I believe there's another one like it in my stepson's car."

The stepson, questioning disclosed, had been left at home when the couple departed for southern Ohio two days before. He was 17-year-old Richard John Stewart—Mrs. Ekson's son by a previous marriage.

"Rick's been working in a neighborhood drug store during the summer," the man said. "We asked him to go with us on our trip, but he said he planned to have a buddy over to the house and preferred to stay home."

Ekson said his stepson apparently hadn't yet returned from work that evening. He named the drugstore where the youth was employed and said Rick usually returned home in his old Chevy sedan at about 6:30 p.m. The house was dark when they got home, however, so it was evident Rick had not gotten home yet. That wasn't unusual, though, because he often ate out and went to a movie before coming home.

Captain Don Brown and two uniformed officers started for the all-night neighborhood drugstore as other officers continued to question the couple who had moved into the house only a few months before.

As far as they knew, young Stewart—no relation to Captain John Stewart—had not been on friendly terms with either Judy Sooy or young Mike Dorrance. Richard, a junior at Cuyahoga Falls high school, may have been at least casually acquainted with the girl, a graduate of a year ago. Dorrance, however, had left the local high school before Stewart became a freshman there.

An examination of Richard's room revealed none of his clothing missing, except those he was presumably wearing when he went to work that morning. The boy had been paid on Friday night, and probably carried most of his \$30 weekly pay on his person.

Before the police left, they learned that a .22 caliber rifle was missing from the house. Doubt was expressed that Richard, a quiet boy who never had shown any interest in hunting and abhorred any form of violence, would have taken the weapon.

Captain Stewart telephoned the home of the pal who was supposed to have stayed with Richard over the weekend and, in response to a question, the youth said: "Rick promised to stop by

my place in his old Chevy last Saturday night. I waited for him till nearly three o'clock Sunday morning, but he never showed up. I called his house, but got no answer."

Richard's friend added that he had tried to locate his pal again on Sunday, but again received no answer when he phoned the Ekson home. Under further questioning, he said he knew nothing about a party for Cuyahoga Falls High School graduates the previous night, and doubted very much that Rick would have been invited to one at Mike Dorrance's home.

Soon after this conversation, Captain Brown called back to reveal that Richard had not reported for work at the drugstore that morning. None of his fellow employes had seen him since he quit work at 6 o'clock Saturday night. He hadn't mentioned to anyone how or where he planned to spend the next day.

A tri-state alert was immediately broadcast for young Stewart as officers spread throughout the neighborhood to question his schoolmates and others who might have seen or heard something to throw light on his disappearance. Meanwhile, Judy Sooy's body was taken to the county morgue at Akron, where an autopsy was performed during the early hours of Tuesday.

Neighbors who were questioned said they had seen nothing untoward around the Ekson home. So far as police could learn, young Stewart's battered sedan, usually parked in the driveway beside his home, had not been there since the previous Friday night. No one could be found who had seen any other car stop at the place during the entire Labor Day weekend.

At daylight, the coroner revealed that Judy Sooy had died of strangulation. Two crushing hammer blows on the back of her head could have proved fatal, had her slayer not tightened the

clothesline about her throat after felling her, the autopsy surgeon reported. Death was believed to have occurred about 24 hours before the body was found shortly after 10 p.m. on Monday.

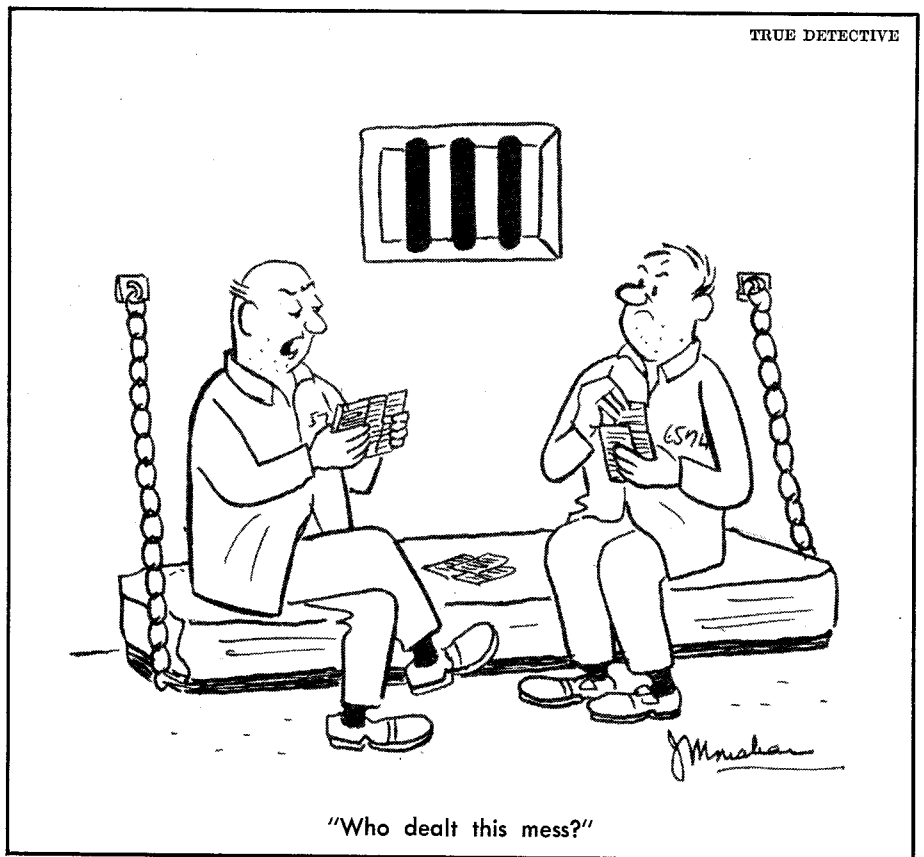
The coroner added that there was no evidence of sexual assault, although broken fingernails on the victim's right hand indicated the girl had put up a struggle against her assailant. And tiny splinters of shattered glass were discovered in the fabric of Judy's clothing.

Nearly everyone questioned described Richard "Rick" Stewart as a quiet, industrious boy who had never been in serious trouble. In school he showed little interest in extra-curricular activities, although he was an enthusiastic football fan and attended all local games. His school record was below average, but there was nothing in his background to hint at a potential emotional explosion that might culminate in violence.

From questioning of Rick Stewart's schoolmates, however, a somewhat different picture of the young man began to emerge. He was a strong, healthy youth, but he took nothing more than spectator interest in outdoor sports, according to his classmates. Though "quite good looking, except for facial blemishes," he had shown no interest at all in girls. Several of his classmates described the youth as "an introvert, shy and unsure of himself with girls, and extremely sensitive about his pimply face."

The slain girl's friends told police that Judy "didn't know Stewart at all." She was two years ahead of him in school and socialized with a different group. Both had attended the same party on a recent occasion, however, and Judy's friends thought it possible they might have talked to each other there.

An all-points bulletin was flashed on the youth and his old Chevrolet sedan with a bashed-in right side and bearing



Ohio license plates with the number C-1142-W. For the next 48 hours, Stewart remained unreported. On Thursday, George Pappas, assistant county prosecutor, obtained a fugitive warrant from U.S. Commissioner William Curtice charging flight to avoid prosecution for a criminal offense. The FBI entered the case at 11 o'clock that morning, and exactly an hour later local police got their first break in the case.

Word came in that Stewart's car had been found in a vacant lot near Carlisle, Pennsylvania, apparently abandoned with a flat tire three day before.

Detectives Hammack and Ed Jones were sent to Carlisle to check the car out.

In the meantime, tips that the fugitive might have contacted acquaintances in Indiana and Florida were pursued, but with negative results. Hammack and Jones searched Stewart's car on their arrival in Pennsylvania, but the results of this search were not announced. They also had it thoroughly dusted for fingerprints. In the meantime, Pennsylvania state police found Judy Sooy's white leather handbag in a patch of weeds less than 100 yards from where the car had been abandoned.

It still contained the girl's cosmetics and an oil company credit card, but the money was missing.

During the next few weeks, Ohio officers ran down more than a score of tips that the young fugitive had been sighted. They came from widely separated cities, but in each case, after careful checking they led nowhere.

The manhunt would not reach its climax until four weeks, to the day, after the brutal murder of pretty Judy Sooy. The scene was a long, long way from where that happened.

Out in California, on the night of Sunday, October 1st, Lieutenant Ray Warner, of the Monterey Park Police Department, was driving north on the San Bernardino Freeway, seven miles from downtown Los Angeles, when he spotted a youth attempting to hitch a ride. He stopped and picked up the youth, then asked him if he knew it was against the law to hitchhike on the freeway.

The youth flashed a sullen look and retorted, "How is a stranger supposed to know that?"

The lieutenant didn't like his tone. Warner, wearing civilian clothes, identified himself as a police officer and told the young guy he was taking him in for investigation. The youth made no move to resist. He just lapsed into sullen silence.

At the station, a search showed the young fellow had only 17 cents on him, and no identification papers. He was locked up.

The following morning, Police Chief William Coleman questioned the prisoner. Suspecting the young guy might be wanted by the law somewhere, the chief advised him that he could be sentenced to a long term at the county work farm for vagrancy.

"That will give you plenty of time to check you out," Coleman added.

The tall youth, unkempt, badly in need of a shave and haircut, and wearing soiled, rumpled clothes, was thoughtful for a moment, then said:

"I'll save you the trouble. The police back in my home town, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, have been looking for me for a month.

"They want to question me about a girl who was murdered back there four weeks ago."

The prisoner now gave his name as Richard John Stewart and his age as 17.

He said he'd been "on the road" since the day after Judy Sooy's murder. He also said that after he abandoned his car in Pennsylvania, he had hitchhiked to the West Coast, then back to Ohio, and then back to California again for the second time in a month.

Rick Stewart told Chief Coleman he would waive extradition. When this news was relayed to Ohio, authorities there sent Assistant Prosecutor Pappas and Detectives Hammack and Zents to California to bring the prisoner back.

Upon their arrival on the Coast, Chief Coleman told them that the suspect had signed a seven-page statement in which he admitted having killed the pretty blonde coed after enticing her to the basement of his home.

"I did not intend to rape the girl," Stewart's statement was quoted. "I just wanted to undress her and look at her nude body.

Rick's first request after being returned to Ohio and locked up in the Summit County Juvenile Detention center was for a peanut butter sandwich and a glass of milk.

"I haven't had a peanut butter sandwich in a long time," he said. He talked freely to officers about the tragic events of the night of September 3rd.

"Stewart got a hammer from the garage of his home and put it in his car," Captain Stewart later told reporters. "He also took a three-foot length of rope and stowed it in his basement. He knew Judy Sooy slightly—only enough to say 'Hi' if he passed her on the street. He never had dated her."

As Captain Stewart reconstructed the sequence of events leading to the slaying, Rick, posing as the former high school football star, telephoned Judy Sooy about 8:30 with the fabricated story of the impromptu party. Judy accepted the invitation. He told her he'd be busy with last-minute arrangements and couldn't pick her up personally, but he would send a "friend," Rick Stewart. Rick picked her up at 9:30 at the shopping center parking lot, midway between their two homes.

"We drove back to my place and I told her I had to pick up a record player inside," the captain quoted Rick's statement. "She left her purse in the car and we went in. I had the hammer, carrying it down by my side so she wouldn't see it.

"I told her the record player was in the basement, so we went down there. When she turned her back, I hit her twice with the hammer. This knocked her down—but it didn't knock her out.

"She screamed and raised up to a sitting position and swung at me, knocking off my glasses. I decided to kill her then. I hit her about seven or eight times with the hammer. I then attempted to strangle her with my hands, but I didn't have enough strength. So I took the rope and put it around her neck to strangle her that way. I knotted the rope around her neck and when her body went limp I knew she was dead."

According to the detective captain, the youth then forgot why he had lured the girl to her doom. As soon as she was dead, he went upstairs.

"I took a bath, wiped the blood off my shoes, got in my car and headed toward the Pennsylvania Turnpike," Rick Stewart was quoted.

The confessed killer was tried and convicted of the murder of the pretty blonde coed, and a sentence of death in the electric chair was imposed upon him. But for 30 months, his attorneys fought the verdict and sentence through

a long succession of court maneuvers.

In January of 1965, however, they had exhausted all avenues open to them under the law, and the only chance remaining that Rick Stewart's life might be spared hinged on the governor's reaction to a report on the case by the Pardon and Parole Commission.

For two and a half years, since he first entered the Death House, Stewart had sweated in an agony of suspense while his lawyers tried everything in the legal books to save him from the electric chair. His execution had been scheduled for February 11th. But now, at long last, he knew that on January 21, 1965, the governor would announce his decision, a decision which would determine whether the killer of an innocent young girl should live or die.

On that morning of January 21st, they brought breakfast to Stewart in his Death House cell, but he barely touched it. All morning long he paced the floor erratically, back and forth, across, from one corner to another. Sometimes he would just stand by the door and lean his face against the bars. He lay down on his bunk, but he couldn't stand the inactivity. He got up and resumed his pacing. Lunchtime came, and again he had no appetite for food. Finally, early in the afternoon, the suspense ended for Richard J. Stewart.

The warden entered the area and came to his cell. Stewart's knuckles were white as he clutched the bars and waited for the warden to speak.

Then came the words the condemned man had prayed for . . .

"The governor has commuted your sentence to life."

In a statement accompanying his decision, Governor James A. Rhodes noted that Stewart was "a deeply disturbed boy of seventeen" at the time he committed his crime. The governor had acted on the recommendation of the Pardon and Parole Commission, which voted unanimously for clemency.

"Although legally sane at the time of his crime," Governor Rhodes' statement said, "the inmate was a deeply disturbed boy of seventeen. To let the death sentence stand in this case would go contrary to the legislative intent with respect to juveniles and contrary to the Juvenile Court having original jurisdiction.

"No risk to the public is involved, as the inmate cannot be released on parole without further commutation."

The Pardon and Parole Commission noted that psychiatrists who had examined Stewart agreed that he required long psychotherapy and must of necessity be confined during such treatment.

In July of 1968, Rick Stewart was transferred to the Marion Correctional Institution at Marion, Ohio. Before his case can be reviewed by the parole board for the first time, he must serve 12 years of his sentence. He will have served that much time in June, 1974. But this procedure will be simply a review of his record in prison, not a consideration of parole. His first hearing before the board for that purpose will be in April, 1982. Parole for prisoners under life sentence is rarely granted on the first hearing. ♦ ♦ ♦

*Mike Dorrance, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Ekson are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of these persons, fictitious names have been used.*



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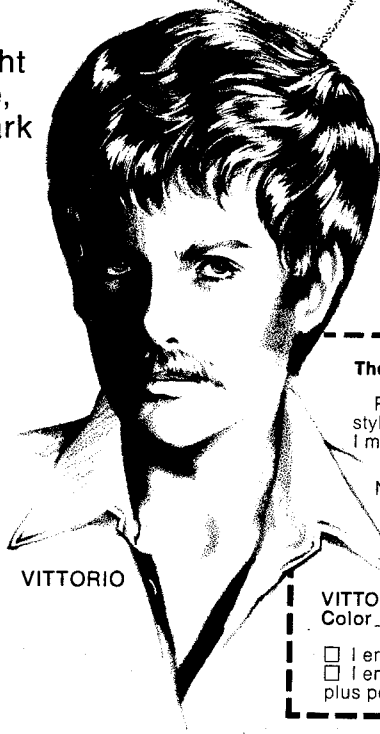
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# "I Found a Murdered Woman"

(Continued from page 33)

tiny house and scanned the yard and surrounding properties for signs of a freshly dug grave. Since the state investigative agency was unable to get to New Miami until after dark, huge portable flood lights were pressed into service and the remainder of the night was spent searching the immediate areas for clues to the missing woman.

"Considerable time was taken by the agents digging spent slugs from the floor and walls of Penick's house," Assistant Police Chief Kimbrell said later. "The technicians concentrated first on probing the bullet holes which looked the freshest and were the nearest to the blood stains we found on the floor and wall near the bed."

Even though numerous chunks of lead were salvaged, Kimbrell said, most of them were badly damaged and the agents held little hope in matching them to a weapon if and when a gun was recovered. Special attention was paid to one particular bullet hole in the wall closest to the bed, since tiny splinters detected on the floor indicated that the damage was more recent than most of the others. Although the slug pried out of the wood and plaster was badly disfigured and the lab men doubted that they could get any decent riflings from it, they had aspirations of locating a cartridge which hopefully would contain tracings of matching metals and gun powder.

Sleuths searching the Penick yard under the blazing floodlights were unable to locate any clues or evidence considered pertinent to the mysterious disappearance of Helen Penick. But in the meantime detectives in the house recovered a pistol.

It was a .38 Special, found tucked between the mattress and the springs of the bed near the blood stains, according to police. The heavy revolver was in a leather holster and contained a pair of spent cartridges, which would later play an important role in the investigation.

Throughout the remainder of the night police conducted a house-to-house canvass searching for persons who may have seen Helen Penick, or may have heard through the grapevine where she—or her corpse—might be located.

Working on the premise that the gore-soaked bedclothing found in the trunk of Penick's car was stained with the blood of his missing wife, police questioned the woman who first brought the mystery to their attention. The probers were trying to establish the hour of night at which Mrs. Penick was removed from her home. After questioning the woman, who admitted to police that she had something going on the sly with Theotis Penick for several months, the investigators theorized that whatever happened to Helen occurred between 9 p.m., when the Penicks' guests left, and about 2 a.m., when the obliging neighbor lady came visiting for a few hours.

The assumption was based on the woman's testimony that she saw no blood around the bed when she was there and that the sheets and blankets were missing from the mattress when it was "used."

Although police could not be certain that the young wife's bleeding body was not stuffed in the trunk of her cheating husband's car while he reportedly dal-

lied with one of Helen's "friends," investigators surmised that the missing woman had been delivered elsewhere by the time the hanky-panky was taking place.

Even though police did not rule out the possibility that Penick had just returned from hiding his wife's body when he was arrested by Chief Kimbrell for drunken driving, they leaned toward a theory that the missing woman was removed from the house about 1 a.m. The assumption was based on the testimony of a neighbor who said he saw Penick driving away at about that hour of the morning. According to the witness, Penick was alone at the time.

Try as they would, police were unable to find anyone who saw Theotis carrying or dragging anything to his Cadillac during the night. Since they were also unable to establish Penick's presence at any after-hours joints between one and two o'clock in the morning, police leaned even more heavily toward the theory that Helen was taken from the house between one and two a.m.

The theory was strengthened when investigators were able to trace Penick's movements from the time he got up Monday morning until he drove home in the afternoon and was nailed on the driving violation in front of his house by Officer Kimbrell.

While police were trying to determine the fate of Helen Penick Monday night, BCI lab technicians established the fact that the blood on the bedclothes found in the trunk of her husband's car was human and that one of the slugs dug out of the wall by the bed had been fired by the .38 Special found under the mattress. Tests also indicated that the weapon had been fired in the past 24 to 36 hours.



Police and legal heads out of the prosecutor's office quickly huddled to determine whether or not they could legally test Penick's hands for traces of gunpowder without the defense challenging the constitutionality of the examination on the grounds that the prisoner was being held on a traffic violation, not a gun charge. In the meantime, Assistant Chief Kimbrell made a futile attempt to question Penick in the Butler County Jail at Hamilton.

"But it was no use," the policeman said. "He was hung over and sick and refused to talk. All he would say was that he didn't know what happened Sunday night. I didn't press him too much or tell him exactly what we'd found or what he was suspected of at the time. I didn't want to tip our hand too much until he was in a condition to talk with a clear head."

After checking with the area hospitals the next morning and learning that no woman fitting Mrs. Penick's description had been brought in for knife or gun wounds, Kimbrell took another stab at talking to Theotis Penick in connection with the disappearance of his 38-year-old wife.

The prisoner's head had cleared considerably, but he again flatly refused to admit that he knew what had happened

to Helen. According to Kimbrell, all he would say was that he'd been drinking all night and most of the day on which he was arrested and he "guessed" that Helen had "just packed up and left."

Finally advised of the bloodstained bedclothing found in the trunk of his Cadillac, Penick said that didn't prove he'd done anything to his wife because "people" were always using his belongings, including his car. He said he didn't recall loaning his car to anyone Sunday night "but that don't mean they didn't . . . the keys are always in it."

Getting nowhere with a man who was suspected of something—police weren't sure of just what—Assistant Chief Kimbrell left the jail, resigned to the knowledge that there was little left to be done until he got word from the BCI and the prosecutor's office advising him and the other investigators what their next step should be.

Although the blood specimens taken from Penick's house, the bedclothing in his car and the bloody hair roller found in the yard had been typed and determined to have come from the same person, police were unable at the time to locate official records showing what type and classification of blood Mrs. Penick had. When Kimbrell left the county jail about 8:30 a.m., he learned from the BCI laboratory that the investigation was at a standstill until the missing woman's blood type was determined and chemists had finished analyzing the dirt samples taken from Penick's car.

Weary from a long day and night of working on the puzzling case with little sleep, Assistant Chief Kimbrell returned home for a few hours rest before officially returning to duty that night. But the adrenalin was rushing through his veins from the momentum that had been built up in the probe and he found it impossible to relax.

"I was too keyed up to sleep and decided to unwind with a round of golf, since it was a dry balmy day for November," Kimbrell said later.

The young officer changed into slacks, turtle-neck sweater and an old white golf hat and was heading out the door of his home when his wife called him to the phone. When Kimbrell finished the telephone conversation he advised his wife that his golf plans had been changed and that he probably wouldn't be home for lunch. He didn't bother to change back into his uniform before leaving the house.

"The man on the other end of the line said he had some information about Penick's activities Sunday night," the soft-spoken officer said later, "and I wanted to get to him before he changed his mind about talking."

According to the New Miami officer, the caller identified himself as a co-worker of Penick's and said he lived near the Miami Cement Products Company, where both of the men were employed.

"Now what is it that you wanted to tell me about Mr. Penick?" Kimbrell asked the cement worker.

"Well, I don't want to get Theo in no trouble, but I've heard his wife is missing and if he's done something bad I want to help. Folks tell me there was blood in the house and in Theo's car," the man was quoted as saying.

"We don't know what's happened," Kimbrell told the man. "All we know is that Mrs. Penick is gone and we're trying to find her. That's about all I can tell you. Now what is it you wanted to talk to me about?" (Continued on page 58)

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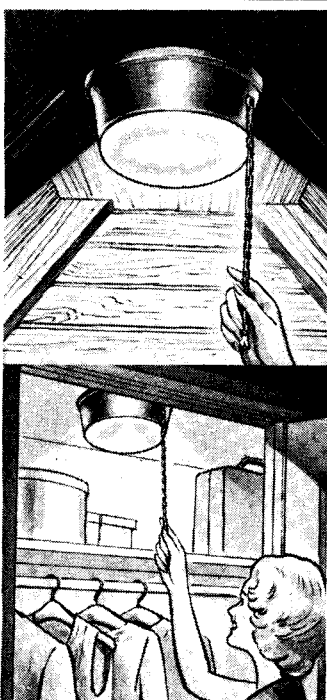
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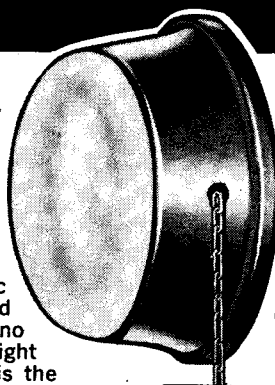
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(Continued from page 56)

"Well, it was about 1:30 Monday morning when I heard a car that sounded like it was stuck. Since it was dry out and no snow or anything, I got curious and looked out the window. I couldn't see anything but the noise sounded like it was coming from over by American Materials.

"I figured some darn kids had got stuck back there in the sand—they're always takin' girls back there and drinking—so I just went back to bed. Then in a few minutes I heard somebody knocking on the door and it was Theo. He said he was stuck and wanted me to help him."

"What time did you say this was?" Kimbrell asked the witness.

"'Bout 1:30. Matter of fact it was exactly 1:30, 'cause I looked at the clock when I got up."

"So what did you do then?" Kimbrell asked.

"Well, I got my car and chains out and helped Theo, of course. Like I say, he's a friend of mine. But I ain't wanting to help somebody who's breaking the law, mister. This ain't gonna get me in no trouble is it?"

"No, of course not. You did the right thing by calling me. Like I said, we don't know if Mr. Penick has done anything wrong. We're just trying to find out what became of his wife," Kimbrell replied.

He then asked the informant to show him where Penick's car was stuck two nights before. The man guided the policeman to an area between the Miami Cement Products Company and the American Materials Corporation, where the latter firm stockpiled huge amounts of construction sand.

Pointing to auto tracks in the otherwise smooth sand, the police informant said, "Right there, Officer, that's where I pulled Theo out. You can see up ahead there where he was bogged down to the axle. Thought I'd never get him out."

"Did Mr. Penick say what he was doing back here at that hour of the night?" Kimbrell wanted to know.

"Nope, and I didn't ask. Like I say, this has become a parking place for drinkers and lovers, but long as they don't bother me, I don't bother them. I could tell Theo had been drinking and I just figured he'd come back here to turn around or something and got hung up."

"Was anyone with him at the time?" Kimbrell asked the cement worker.

"Nope, not that I could see anyways," the man replied.

Being careful not to disturb the tire tracks in the soft sand, Chief Kimbrell followed their trail to the spot where the 1964 Cadillac had obviously been bogged down Sunday night. But what the officer was more interested in was a spot in the sand some 30 or 40 feet away from where the car had been stuck.

"It was a grave-shaped spot that stood out from the rest of the sand because it was darker in color, due to being damp," Kimbrell related. "An attempt had been made to level the spot out but the dark color and numerous footprints around it were dead giveaways that something had been buried there recently.

"It didn't take any great deduction to tell me that Helen Penick's body was buried there," Chief Kimbrell later said wryly.

After advising his prize informant to stand by, Kimbrell secured the suspected burial plot with a length of rope from his car and radioed for assistance. Arriving shortly on the scene were Assistant Butler County Prosecuting At-

torney John Holcomb, St. Clair Township Police Chief Darrell (Jake) Collins, Hamilton Police Department Detective Sergeant Glenn Ebbing and his boss, Lieutenant Paul Timmer, chief of detectives, Patrolman Darrell Payne, St. Clair Township Police Department, Hamilton Detective Sergeant Charles Reid and Sheriff's Detectives Harold May and Larry Castator.

But within minutes after Chief Collins had sunk a scoop shovel into the soft sand, a radio request was made for the appearance of the BCI and County Coroner Dr. Garret J. Boone.

"Less than a foot under the sand we found a woman's body wrapped in a light green, blood-stained blanket," Assistant Chief Kimbrell said later.

The policeman said the discovery was made at 9:40 a.m. and that by 10:00 he had filed first-degree murder charges against Theotis Penick in Hamilton Municipal Court.

The corpse was identified as that of Helen Penick when it was observed by relatives at the county morgue, where BCI technicians obtained blood specimens, hair samples and fingernail scrapings before the body was X-rayed and the autopsy was performed.

According to Dr. Boone's post mortem report, the woman died from a single .38-caliber slug which smashed into her brain at close range.

After Penick was indicted a few weeks later for murder in the first degree, he signed a waiver relinquishing his right to a jury trial and requested that his case be heard by a three-judge panel. The request was granted by Common Pleas Court Judge Fred B. Cramer, who assigned himself and Judges Arthur J. Fiehrer and Robert L. Marrs to hear the testimony.

When the panel was agreed upon by the state and the defense, Judge Cramer was named presiding judge to hear the trial's testimony, which got underway on April 20, 1970.

In his opening statement, Prosecutor Richard J. Wessel said the state would prove beyond a reasonable doubt that Helen Penick's murder was premeditated by her accused husband.

Surprisingly enough, the defense did not deny in its opening statement that the defendant killed his wife. Instead, Defense Attorney George Elliott, a Midletown lawyer who was assisted by Hamilton Attorney Jackson Bosch, said that "if" Theotis Penick did indeed murder his wife, "it was without criminal intent because he had been drinking heavily."

From the tone and tenure of the defense's opening statements, veteran newspaper crime reporters and courtroom observers speculated that Penick's lawyers had little hope of getting their client off scot free, but would make every attempt to keep him out of the electric chair; the three judges had previously said upon questioning that they were not unalterably opposed to capital punishment. The judges then visited the defendant's house and the sand lot where Helen Penick's body was dug up.

Among those testifying for the state, besides the investigating officers and doctors who testified as to Penick's sanity, were the people who said they witnessed the defendant slug his wife during the card party and threaten to kill her with a knife; the neighbor lady who testified that Penick told her that he did his wife in the night that she spent "some time" in bed with him, and the cement worker who said he towed the defendant's car out of the sand only feet away from where the body was buried.

(Continued on page 60)

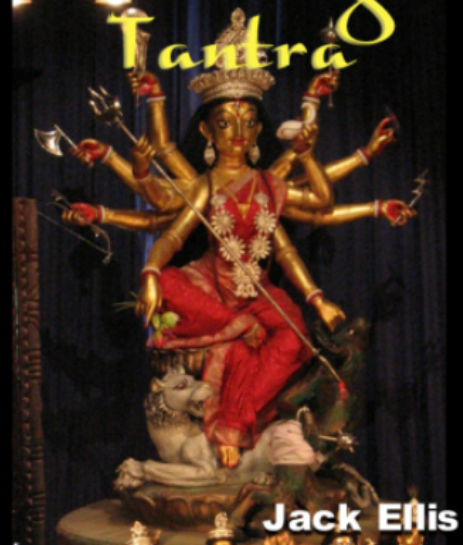
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(Continued from page 58)

New Miami Assistant Chief Kimbrell testified that Penick admitted to him after Helen's body was found that he buried the remains in the sand on the American Materials Corporation property.

"Did Mr. Penick ever admit to you that he shot his wife?" the defense demanded during cross-examination of the officer.

"No, sir," Kimbrell replied.

In re-direct examination of Kimbrell by the prosecution, he was asked:

"What was Mr. Penick's answer when you asked him about the shooting, Officer?"

"He said he was too drunk to remember what happened," Kimbrell replied.

"But he did remember cleaning up the blood, he did remember carrying the woman's body to the car, and he did remember burying her body—is that correct?" the state asked.

"Yes sir. The only thing he didn't remember was shooting her."

"That is all, Officer," the prosecutor said.

BCI agents taking the stand testified that Mrs. Penick was killed with the gun found under Penick's mattress and that clothing, identified as belonging to the

defendant, contained bloodstains matching the dead woman's type. The lab technicians said that the footprints found around Helen's makeshift grave were made by the shoes that Penick was wearing the day he was arrested. The agents also testified that the defendant's shoes bore traces of blood "which was the same type as that of the deceased."

When the defense took over, it made every attempt to show that Theosit Penick was not responsible for his actions because he was highly intoxicated most of Sunday night and all day Monday, until he was arrested for drunken driving. The defense cross-examined the people at the card party, the woman who reported Helen missing and the man who towed Penick's car out of the sand; all agreed that the defendant was drinking the night Mrs. Penick was murdered.

When Penick took the stand, he said he passed out shortly after the card players left and he didn't know what happened between that time and about midnight, when he woke up and found his wife sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Her head was up against the wall," Penick said, "and I thought she'd just passed out that way. Then I saw all that blood and I knew she was dead. She was bleeding so bad I could hear it drip-

ping on the floor."

Penick said he got scared and took his gun out of its holster, thinking a killer was still in the house. He said he owned the pistol for "protection" and that he always kept it under his mattress. Because he was scared and thought he could not satisfactorily explain to police how his wife was shot, Penick said he cleaned up the blood and decided to bury the body. He said that explained how he got Helen's blood on his clothes.

Under direct questioning by his defense counsel, Penick repeatedly denied that he shot his wife, yet on cross-examination he said he was so drunk that he didn't remember anything.

The main thrust of the defense throughout most of the trial was an attempt to show that Penick's state of drunkenness obscured his sense of responsibility for an act he "may or may not have committed," that he did not have sufficient presence of mind to know right from wrong and he was without mental capacity at the time to form any criminal intent.

The state countered by saying that in the first place, drinking did not give a man a license to go around killing people, and in the second place, Theosit Penick was not on trial for intoxication.

"The defendant is on trial for murder," the prosecution declared, "and it is irrelevant whether he was stone sober, mildly intoxicated, or falling-down drunk when the crime was committed. The state has proved unequivocally that this man is guilty of murder in the first degree."

The prosecutor argued that Penick's earlier threats with a knife on his wife proved that the slaying was premeditated, "as opposed to a sudden fit of anger."

As for the defense's contention that Penick was without presence of mind to know right from wrong and that he did not have the mental capacity to form criminal intent, the prosecution reminded the three judges that Penick admittedly cleaned up his wife's gore, wrapped her dead body in a blanket and buried it in the sand pile.

"Oh, he knew right from wrong all right," the prosecutor said sarcastically, "otherwise he would have had no reason to hide the corpse. The defendant knew full well that he had committed a crime and he had the presence of mind to do something to cover it up, as botched up as the job was."

The state found it "interesting" that although the defendant said he was too drunk to remember what happened, he did remember what his reactions were and what he did "so soon after the cold-blooded murder that he could hear her blood dripping on the floor." The prosecution said the defendant remembered everything except the one act which could put him in the electric chair, pulling the trigger on the .38 Special.

At the conclusion of the three-day trial, the three leading judges found Theosit Penick guilty of murder, but they agreed with the defense that the slaying did not fall within the realms of premeditation, as defined by law.

Judges Cramer, Fiehrer and Marrs ruled the slaying second-degree murder and on April 22, 1970, they sentenced Theosit Penick to serve a life term in the Ohio Penitentiary.

Penick later filed a motion for a new trial but it was denied. At this writing, he was paying his debt to society behind the ancient gray walls of the state prison at Columbus. ♦♦♦

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# Bank Robbery

(Continued from page 25)

There was no place to go. Police cars were behind and more police cars flanked Rush's and Darling's cruiser.

The bandit in the back seat grabbed Miss Patten's shoulder and snarled:

"Go tell those cops that they've got to clear out and let us through . . . If they don't we're gonna kill your friends here."

Then he opened the door and pushed Miss Patten out. The terrified teller raced to the nearest car, which was the cruiser bearing Sergeant White and Detectives Miller and Sullivan. She relayed the message.

White responded by grabbing Miss Patten and pushing her protectively behind the police car. Then he signalled the small army of patrolmen in blue and detectives in street clothes.

"Let's move in!" he shouted.

From all directions the force of lawmen converged on the fugitives and their hostages. The bandits froze in the car like marble statues. They had no escape route left—not even on foot.

Policemen flung open the doors of the car and yanked the three bandits out, so unceremoniously in the case of the suspect later identified as Lee I. Johnson, 43, that he was dragged out feet first and in the process hit the pavement with the back of his head. And this caused an injury that required a brief stop at Wyckoff Heights Hospital.

His two accomplices, identified as Peter Durant, 36, a self-employed painter of 390 Madison Street, Brooklyn, and Moncure Fautner, 28, a truck driver, of 116-43 134th Street, South Ozone Park, Queens, were quickly packed into a police cruiser for the trip to police headquarters in Mineola.

In the wake of this electrifying ending to the bungled bank heist, it should be noted that the police recovered the green duffel bag and when the loot was counted back at headquarters it amounted to exactly \$18,752.51.

Some hours after Johnson, Durant, and Fautner were booked in Mineola, detectives went to 42 13th Street in Locust Valley, introduced themselves to Luther Jackson, 32 and placed him under arrest. Authorities said he was the native who cased the newly-opened branch of the Nassau Trust Co. and alerted the others that it was an "easy hit."

The reason that Jackson was not with the trio in the bank was the nature of his assignment—he allegedly was the lookout and the driver of the getaway car, which was outside the bank, but he reportedly made tracks on his own when Patrolmen Leitner and McLean arrived in response to the silent alarm.

On January 18th, the evidence in the case was presented to the Nassau County grand jury by Assistant District Attorney John R. Lewis. The prosecutor was so convincing in his presentation that it took the panel mere minutes to return indictments against all four suspects, charging them with kidnaping in the second degree (three counts, one for each of the victims), robbery in the first degree, grand larceny in the second degree, possession of weapons as a felony, burglary in the third degree, and possession of burglar's tools.

If the three men are convicted of these crimes they can each receive a maximum prison sentence of 122 years. But until they are found guilty by a jury of their peers they must be considered innocent of all the charges. ♦♦♦

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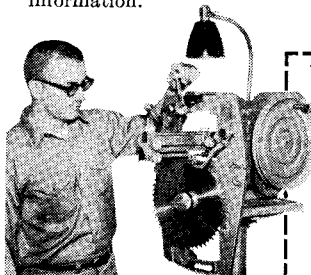
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# Northwest's

## Case . . .

(Continued from page 45)

sister and friends returned to school, but any hope that she might have been a summer runaway who would return for fall school sessions was dashed by a macabre discovery made in Lacey, Washington in Thurston County (adjoining Pierce County).

On September 12th, three children who lived in a trailer park near Lacey came across a human skull in the wooded area near a gravel pit which was a favorite play area for them. Unaware of the significance of the find, they had removed the skull to a ramshackle playhouse nearby. The children found several other bones and decided they should report the matter to their parents.

Thurston County Sheriff's deputies arrived at the secluded scene and began a foot-by-foot search. They located a shallow grave, which had obviously been disturbed by wild animals, and, working carefully on their onerous task, unearthed a lower jawbone; a scalp with long, dark blonde hair; blue jeans; white tennis shoes and a woman's swim suit.

The bones found in the grave, along with those located widely scattered over the area, were sent at once to FBI headquarters for testing. However, the first impressions by the officers about the remains in the shallow grave were that they belonged to a woman between 25 and 35 who probably had been buried for up to 10 years.

Detective Knabel heard a radio communication concerning the grim find and noted, with sinking heart, that the dead woman had been wearing blue jeans and tennis shoes—clothes such as Laura Lea Burbank had worn when she walked away from home for the last time. He contacted the chief criminal deputy of Thurston County, Harold Bade, for a more complete description of the clothing. He learned that a blue and white polka-dot swimming suit had also been found. Bade informed Knabel that a local dentist was in the process of making a dental chart of the victim's lower teeth.

Suprunowski and Knabel arranged to pick up dental charts of Laura Lea's teeth and went at once to Olympia where they compared the two charts. They were identical. The detective team called their Chief, George Janovich, and Chief Deputy Prosecutor Olson and arranged for a meeting.

The next morning, the officers drove with Mrs. Burbank to Olympia, where Coroner Hollis Fultz had spread out the victim's clothing on a table. The broken-hearted mother identified the blue jeans and the bathing suit. She pointed out paint spots on the tennis shoes, remarking that they had come from a painting job the family had done earlier in the summer.

Laura Lea Burbank had been found.

A warrant charging David Harry Fisher with first degree murder was issued at once. But the elusive Fisher did not want to talk to the sheriff's deputies. Although his wife still lived with the Olson family, Fisher himself had been denied residency there. He was thought to be living with relatives in suburban Tacoma and a stake-out was placed on that home. Deputies spotted a man entering the home, but, when they

knocked on the door, they were told that no one but a female resident was home; the officers felt that the suspect had run out the back door while they entered the front.

Teletype wires hummed with an all-points bulletin on David Fisher but he managed to evade officers for days. Then, on September 28, 1970, David Fisher surrendered to sheriff's detectives. He appeared in stocking feet. Upon seeing Suprunowski and Knabel, he muttered bitterly, "Well, you finally won, didn't you?"

A week after Fisher was booked, a jailer called Suprunowski and told him that a prisoner in the same tank with Fisher wanted to talk with him about things that Fisher had been saying.

The prisoner remarked, "I can hardly stand to be around him because of what he's in jail for—I want to get out of that tank before I do something drastic to him!" Suprunowski made arrangements to meet with Perrin in the back of a jail panel truck used to transport prisoners to the hospital so that Fisher would not be suspicious. As the panel truck drove around Tacoma's streets, Suprunowski listened to the prisoner's story:

"I'm satisfied he did it—killed the Burbank girl—and I hate his guts for it. He told me that he strangled her after she got scared and tried to leave. He said, 'They're saying I went out on this Sunday afternoon and picked up a body that had been out in the sun for two weeks.' He told me he borrowed Williams' car and told him he had hit a dead skunk. He said he used a shovel to bury her. Then he said, 'They're probably going to say I raped her.' I asked him how and he said, 'They'll figure it out.'"

The prisoner was returned to the tank with Fisher but was later removed because Fisher had threatened to kill him, suspecting that his cellmate was talking to the officers.

On October 23, 1970, a report came back from the FBI Laboratory that the victim had probably succumbed as the result of a blow from a blunt instrument which had crushed her skull. There were no signs of gunpowder on any of the victim's clothes or on any of the bones examined.

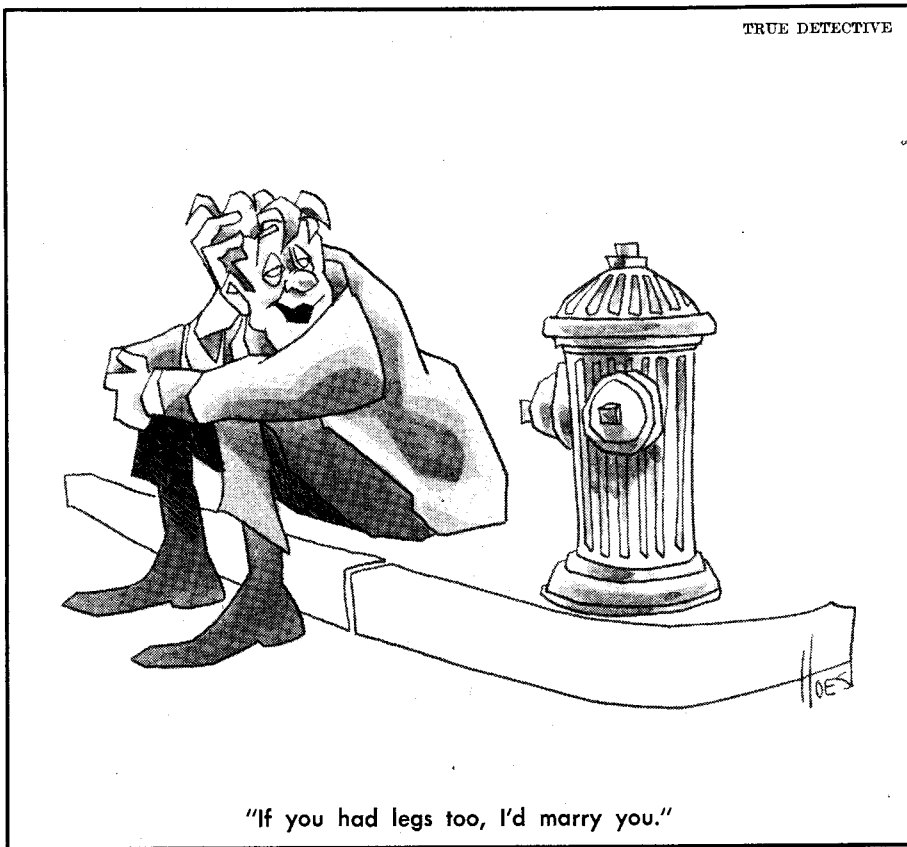
A December trial date was set for David Harry Fisher. This was postponed to February 1st, 1971. However, before that date Fisher pleaded guilty to manslaughter and was sentenced to 20 years in prison—full sentence to be served without parole.

For Detectives Suprunowski and Knabel, it had been a long, hard case. Had Fisher buried his victim deeper beneath the surface of the desolate gravel pit, the remains of the freckle-faced child who loved animals might never have been found. As it was the ravages of heat and coyotes possibly had destroyed evidence without which a first-degree murder conviction would have been impossible to obtain.

Suprunowski says, "We think we know what happened. We think he took her from the B. & I. Pet Shop to the reservation and killed her there. Then, when he got nervous, he borrowed his friend's car and moved her body out to Lacey, where he buried it. We think he strangled her. But a skeletonized body hides a lot of secrets. He won't talk to us now, but we think some day he will—and then we'll know the complete story . . ."

### EDITOR'S NOTE:

Cindy Bowles, Arthur Olson, Eric Olson and Forrest Williams are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of these persons, fictitious names have been used.

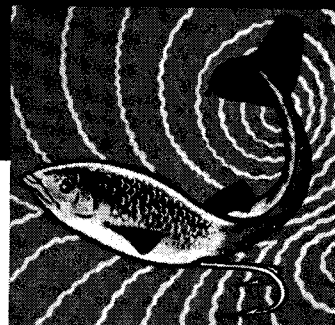




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My lure works in lakes, ponds, streams, salt water, saves you time, work, money and disappointment, is ideal for amateurs, experts, trollers, casters, shore fishermen. My lure catches fish differently from anything you've ever seen before in fresh and salt water. Even veteran U. S. fishing guides have been surprised at its astonishing catches. And the French government itself has certified my lure by actual patent as UNIQUE.

### An Underwater Discovery

I am a Frenchman, a science teacher, a skin diver and I have fished all my life. For years I have studied fish underwater — WHILE FISHERMEN ABOVE WATER were trying to catch them. What I discovered changed every idea I ever had about fishing and fish lures.

### Lures Can Frighten Fish Away

I watched UNDERWATER exactly how fish reacted to every lure, live bait, every fishing maneuver and trick used to catch them. I watched fish approach even the best performing lures, seem ABOUT TO STRIKE — then suddenly TURN AWAY. Something about even the best performing lures was obviously often KEEPING THEM FROM CATCHING fish. As for the average lure, mostly they seemed actually to BORE the fish — as though they looked to the fish as they looked to me UNDERWATER — shiny, painted bits of metal, plastic and wood. I saw live bait after it was cast turn white and die before my eyes — and saw fish often approach, prepare to strike — THEN TURN AWAY.

### 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.

How, I asked myself, could a fish lure be created that would attract fish just as the actual living swimming minnows did — and that once attracted would get the same ravenous STRIKE as live minnows — WITHOUT the hesitation, suspicion and FEAR aroused by the lures I saw used?

### My Man-Made "Minnow"

After 19 years of study and testing, I have finally created such a man-made "minnow," so like a living, swimming minnow in shape, form, texture and motion that fish ravenously STRIKE — without caution — and I catch more fish, bigger fish — faster than ever before in my life.

Because my man-made "fish" looks, darts, wiggles, even "feels" like a minnow... bass, pickerel, pike, perch, trout, and many other kinds of fresh and salt water fish attack voraciously — without suspicion or fear — even when they're not biting for another fisherman on the lake.

### Astonishing Catches Reported

I call my lure VIVIF. Once I perfected VIVIF I started selling them to other fishermen. Soon news of astonishing catches came in — first France — then from other countries.

Yes, from all over come reports of amazing catches — of fish biting where other lures failed — of the sureness, the simplicity, the effectiveness of this VIVIF lure. And what does this mean to you?

Simply this. Now YOU can get more out of fishing than ever before. Now YOU can catch more fish, bigger fish than ever in your life. It is GUARANTEED — or you pay not one penny. It means now no longer need you come back with an empty creel from a long day's fishing. It means no longer need you spend hours of work digging worms or catching minnows or other bait. It means you can save the endless expense of continually buying expensive spinners, flies, plugs, bait and lures. It means you can often catch the fish that are not biting on worms, bugs, plugs, spoons, canned bait, flies, cut bait or spinners or no cost. It means you can troll, cast, or shore fish with my lure with equal success. It means you can go out after and come back with large mouth bass, small mouth bass, pike, pickerel, perch, bream, trout, walleyes, salmon, red tuna, striped bass, blue fish, weak fish and do it time and again — or your money will be refunded at any time. VIVIF is catching fish in 25 countries for delighted fishermen. 3,000,000 VIVIF's have been grabbed up. Already reports from U.S. fishermen say VIVIF is the greatest lure they have ever used. I predict VIVIF will be the world's fastest selling fish lure. But test the magic power of VIVIF yourself without risking a penny.

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L. K., Chicago, Ill.

"With Vivif I caught plenty of Bass."  
S. F., Pittsburg, Pa.

"Amazing! Caught 6 Bass, then 4 Northerns 24" to 31" — in 1 day."  
R. C., Waukegan, Ill.

"Trolling Vivif I landed 15 Yellowtails and 2 Bonito — out of 19 starts."  
C. C. S., Encinita, Calif.

Caught 31 lb. Pike, 40 lb. Salmon, 30 lb. Rock Sturgeon, limits of Walleye, Pickerel. Magic with Perch, Striped Bass, Blue Fish, Weak Fish.

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To get your VIVIF now, mail Amazing Trial Coupon. U.S. supplies are still limited. Order now to be sure you'll have your VIVIF in time for your next fishing trip. Only if you act at once can we guarantee to fill your order immediately.

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It took me 19 years of hard work developing, improving, and perfecting VIVIF to achieve my final result. But you can test the magic power of VIVIF yourself without risking a penny. VIVIF takes the luck out of fishing, lets you have more fun out of fishing — because you catch more fish. All you do is mail the no-risk trial coupon below. When you receive your VIVIF, use it anywhere you like... to prove its fantastic catching powers. Use it to catch bass, trout, perch, pickerel, pike, walleyes... any sport or pan fish you like to catch.

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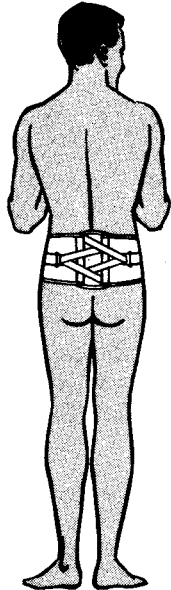
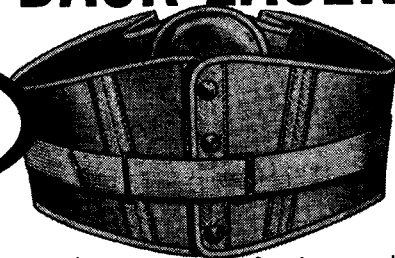
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# The Axe-Killer

(Continued from page 37)

to need the doctor and some men from the police laboratory who are trained in detection techniques. We are also going to need equipment. In all that mess in there the murderer must have left some clues. We're going to have to try to determine what they are and then trace him."

"And what can I do?" said the sergeant.

"You're a local man and you know this district," said the captain. "I want you to get out and start asking questions of everyone around Seitenstetten. Find out if the Schiefers had any enemies or if they had had any trouble recently with anyone living around here. See if you can locate any reports of strangers in the area within the past four or five days. See if you can find anyone who knows whether the Schiefers kept large amounts of money in the house or not. Make note of everything that you hear and report back to me as soon as you have something interesting. If you don't find anything of interest, report that back to me also. I'll be here at the farm."

The sergeant set off at a dog trot in the direction of Seitenstetten and the captain went to the car to call headquarters at Anstetten over the police radio. He then sat down in the car, started the motor and turned on the heater. He had just managed to become comfortably warm when the police ambulance and a squad car arrived from Anstetten.

"Where are they?" asked Doctor Karl Niel, the Gendarmerie medical officer, coming over to the captain's car. He was short, plump and was wearing a thick fur coat which made him look almost spherical. Despite a fur cap which he wore pulled down over his ears, his round, cheerful face was quite red with the cold.

"I'll show you," said the captain, getting out of the car. "You men from the laboratory, bring your equipment and come on into the house. I want everything examined and a report as soon as you can give it to me."

He led the way in through the courtyard to the kitchen door. "Just look at the bodies and try and give me an estimate of how long they've been dead and what the cause of death was," he said to the doctor. "Don't disturb them just yet. I'd like the men from the laboratory to finish their investigation before we take the bodies down to the morgue. Later on, I'll want an autopsy of course."

The captain stood in the door of the kitchen watching while the doctor and the four technicians threaded their way through the debris of the kitchen to where the body of Alois Schiefer lay. The two stretcher bearers from the ambulance were standing in the courtyard with their stretcher and stamping their feet against the cold. "You might as well go sit in the ambulance," said the captain. "It'll be a little while before you can bring the bodies out."

The investigation proceeded deliberately and with precision, but, by six o'clock that evening, the bodies had been removed to the police morgue in Anstetten where Doctor Niel was beginning his autopsy. The technicians had concluded their search of the premises and were now presenting their report to Captain Friedmann in Sergeant Gruber's little office. The sergeant him-

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self had still not returned.

"The axe was the murder weapon," said the senior of the technicians. He was a tall, dark man with a lean face and a hooked nose. "Apparently, the man was killed first. His skull was completely smashed in with blows from the butt of the axe. The woman must have been sleeping in the room next to the kitchen while this was going on and there's no explanation as to why she didn't notice anything. There must have been a certain amount of noise."

"She was deaf and dumb," explained the captain.

"That explains that then," said the technician. "Following the murder of the husband, the person must have entered the bedroom and killed the woman in her sleep in the same manner. Her head is also completely crushed. He then returned to the kitchen and thoroughly searched it. If there was any money there, he found it and took it away with him. There is none there now. We didn't find any money anywhere else in the house and that might be an indication that the murderer knew that the money was kept in the kitchen but not precisely where. He didn't bother to search any of the other rooms."

"Any indication as to who he was?" asked the captain.

"Someone who knew the Schiefers", replied the technician. "There were two dirty wine glasses in the kitchen. It would seem that Alois Schiefer was drinking wine with the murderer and that Mrs. Schiefer had gone to bed. A quarrel arose and the stranger killed Schiefer. He then went in and killed Mrs. Schiefer in her bed. Afterwards, he came back out, searched the kitchen and, presumably, found whatever money there was. He then continued to sit in the kitchen and drink wine and eventually lay down on the floor beside the body of his victim and went to sleep. He must have slept all night, literally in Schiefer's blood, and left the next morning."

"How in heaven's name could you determine that?" asked the captain.

"By the amount of wood ash in the stove," said the technician. "That's a wood burning stove and someone had to feed it with wood all night long. In addition, there are fibers from the man's clothing stuck in the blood on the floor and there are even imprints to show where he laid. Oddly enough, we didn't find a single fingerprint other than those of Mr. and Mrs. Schiefer. Either the fellow was wearing gloves or he was terribly careful or terribly lucky."

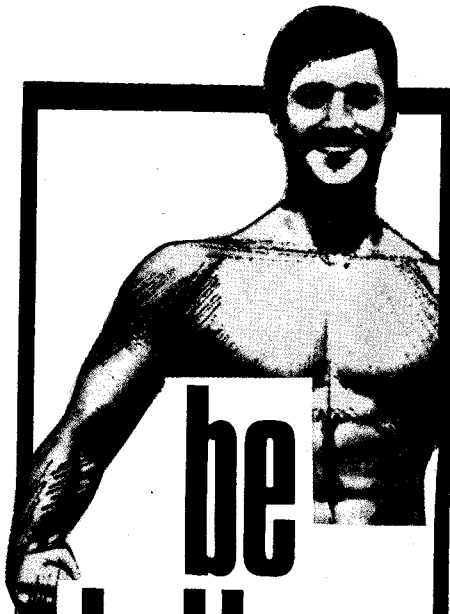
"And that's all?" questioned the captain.

"For the moment, yes," said the technician. "Dr. Niel may be able to give you something more from his examination of the body, but I'm inclined to doubt it. Can we go back to Anstetten now?"

"Yes," said the captain. "I'll be remaining here in Seitenstetten until this thing is cleared up. If you turn up anything else, let me know."

The technicians returned to headquarters and an hour later Sergeant Gruber reported in to the little office where the captain was still waiting.

"I have a number of interesting things to report," began the sergeant. "There was a strange man seen here in Seitenstetten last week. Nobody knows who he was and he's gone now. The other thing is that Schiefer told one of the neighbors last week that he was expecting a visitor. He didn't say who was coming. I wasn't able to find out wheth-



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er the visitor has already got here or not. Schiefer didn't say when he was coming."

"Well, that's the most promising thing that I've heard today," said the captain. He quickly outlined to the sergeant the results of the technician's investigation and concluded, "Dr. Niel is working on the autopsies right now. He should have a report for us tomorrow morning and, although I don't think that he'll be able to give us any clues to the identity of the murderer, he may be able to give us a reasonably exact time as to when it took place. That could be useful."

The sergeant had obtained a description of the strange man who had been seen in the neighborhood the week previous and the captain immediately called Anstetten and asked for a general alarm to be put out for the man's apprehension. There was no indication as to which direction he might have taken on leaving Seitenstetten. This concluded, the captain went down to Seitenstetten's sole inn where he booked a room for an indefinite period, had his dinner and then went to bed.

The following morning at quarter to eight he was back in the sergeant's office where he found the sergeant already on duty and talking on the telephone to Dr. Niel in Anstetten. The doctor had completed his autopsies and gave, as his opinion, the evening of November 27, 1970, as the date of the murders. The skulls of both victims had been crushed with repeated blows by the butt of the axe found in the kitchen. Aside from this, there was no information.

The sergeant went off to continue his questioning and, at ten o'clock, there was a call from headquarters at Anstetten to report that a man answering to the description of the stranger seen in the neighborhood of Seitenstetten during the week in which the Schiefers were murdered had been located in the town of Enns, nearly fifty miles to the northwest of the village. He was a salesman named Jules Krach who specialized in selling fire extinguishers to farmers. A preliminary check had, however, shown that the equipment was worthless and that Krach was a swindler who was already the subject of numerous complaints filed with the Gendarmerie. He admitted to being in Seitenstetten at the time of the murders, but denied that he had called on the Schiefers or had had anything to do with the crime. He was now being returned to Anstetten under police guard.

"It looks as if you may have solved your first case," said the captain to Sergeant Gruber as he returned to the office at noon for lunch. "They've already picked up that stranger that you reported here in the district. He hasn't confessed, but he sounds like a likely suspect."

The sergeant listened quietly to the captain's account of Jules Krach and his activities in swindling farmers and then said, "That's good, but, in case Krach isn't guilty, I've been working on the visitor that Schiefer said was coming to see him. It seems that his name is Leopold Horak and he is a casual farm laborer who worked for Schiefer at one time. I know him by sight. He's a little younger than I am, about twenty-three years old, and he was around here for quite a while. He's not a local man though."

"Did you find out if he's already been here?" asked the captain.

"Yes," said the sergeant. "He spent the night of the twenty-eighth in a barn belonging to one of Schiefer's

neighbors. He told the people there that he came back to Seitenstetten to look for work, but that it was too late and he wanted some place to spend the night. They knew him, so they let him sleep in the barn."

"Why not in the house?" asked the captain. "After all, if they knew him ..."

"They thought he was a little funny in the head," said the sergeant. "A lot of people did when he was around here before. I don't think that he's too bright."

"Well, if no one knows where he is now," said the captain, "we'd better call Anstetten and have them put out an alarm for him too. You can call them up and give them the description yourself. While you're at it, ask them to send Krach down here as soon as he arrives in Anstetten. I want to talk to him."

Jules Krach was brought down to Seitenstetten that same afternoon, but the captain's questioning evoked nothing but denials. Krach, a heavy set man of forty-two, appeared to be badly frightened and he freely admitted swindling farmers with his worthless fire extinguishers but denied vigorously that he had ever seen the Schiefers or had had anything to do with their deaths.



The captain ordered him returned to Anstetten to be held for further questioning and by the following day was gratified to learn that there was a new suspect for questioning. Leopold Horak had been picked up in the little town of Melk, some twenty-five miles east of Anstetten. He too denied any connection with the murders and was being brought back to Seitenstetten for an interview with the captain.

Horak, on his arrival, told an unlikely story of having tramped all night on the evening of November 27th and all of the following day. He had, he said, arrived at the farm where he had spent the night in the barn completely exhausted. When asked why he had not gone on to visit the Schiefers as they had expected, he denied that he had ever intended visiting them. He said that he had worked for Schiefer, but that Schiefer was a skin-flint and that he wanted nothing to do with him. After spending the night in the barn, he had gone on in the direction of Melk where he hoped to find work.

"I don't think that you can believe a word of that story, Captain," said Sergeant Gruber after the prisoner had been safely locked away in Seitenstetten's one cell jail. "The people where he spent the night in the barn say that he was suffering from a terrible hang-over. They said you could smell the alcohol on him from a distance of fifty feet. He couldn't have been tramping all night and all day and getting drunk at the same time."

"There's more than that," said the captain. "They took his clothes to the laboratory up in Anstetten for examination and they say that there are definite traces of human blood on them. In addition, the fibers that were found dried into the blood on the kitchen floor appeared to match those from his coat. The trouble is, there isn't enough

concrete, physical evidence that we could be sure of getting an indictment. What we need is a confession."

The following morning when the captain appeared at the little Gendarmerie Station in Seitenstetten, Sergeant Gruber was not there, but he turned up forty-five minutes later. "I had an idea last night, captain," he said. "I don't know if this will get you your confession, but I think it's another piece of physical evidence against Leopold Horak. It occurred to me, that if Schiefer were expecting a visit from Horak, he would have registered him with the local residence registry office. It's the law and Schiefer was a very exact man. I've been over there checking just now. Schiefer filled out a residents form for Leopold Horak for the week beginning November 27th, Friday."

"You know," said the captain, "if you keep up this sort of thing, I'm going to ask to have you transferred to the Criminal Investigations Department up in Anstetten. Bring Horak in and let's see what he has to say to this."

Horak's reply was another denial, but he was unable to keep up with his protestations of innocence for very long. The captain was now convinced that he had the right man and he bore down relentlessly. As the questioning continued, Horak became more and more confused, mixing up his answers and finally refusing to answer at all. Oddly enough, his confession only came when he was finally taken before the examining judge, who in Austria serves in the place of a grand jury. His formal indictment apparently convinced Horak that there was no point in further denial.

"It was over the bedroom," said Horak. "We'd been drinking wine all evening and I wanted to sleep in the kitchen where it was warm. Old Schiefer said that if he could sleep in a cold bedroom, it was good enough for me too. I told him that he had a woman in bed to keep him warm, but that I had to sleep all alone. He said that he didn't care about that, that I was going to sleep in the barn and that was the end of it."

"That made me so mad that I went out to the shed and got the axe and came back in and hit him over the head with it. I kept on hitting him until I had pounded his damned head right in. Then, I was still so mad that I went into the bedroom and killed the woman too."

"I came out and went through everything in the kitchen. I knew that Schiefer kept his money there, but I thought there was more of it. All I got was twenty-four dollars."

"I was tired then so I lay down on the kitchen floor and went to sleep. I told old Schiefer that I was going to sleep in that kitchen and I did."

Leopold Horak was examined by the state psychologist who pronounced him somewhat feeble-minded, but aware of the consequences of his act and capable of standing trial. He was formally indicted for the first degree murder of Alois and Aloisia Schiefer and ordered held for trial. The trial will take place sometime during 1971 and the State is expected to press for life imprisonment, the maximum penalty. ♦ ♦ ♦

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

In order to comply with Austrian police regulations, the following names, as used in the foregoing story, are fictitious: Johannes Unterberger, Sergeant Hans Gruber, Captain Harold Friedmann, Dr. Karl Niel and Jules Krach.



# Sue Refused to Be A Sex Slave . . .

(Continued from page 15)

bank parking lot. The man who had earlier asked her to dance and who gave a statement to Sergeant Carruthers said he saw her sitting alone at a table and joined her.

After they had talked briefly, she said she wanted to go to the Sand Box Bar. He said he had heard this was a hangout for members of the Pagan and Outlaws motorcycle gangs and he tried to talk her out of going, but she insisted, so he accompanied her the short distance, about 3/4 of a block south on Atlantic Boulevard.

So far as the detectives later could determine, there were 28 people in the place at the time. Most of these were members of the two motorcycle gangs. The witness who had accompanied Sue said he had never been in a place like this before and he was quite taken with it.

He said in his statement that he struck up conversations with some of the motorcycle gang members and at the time, he concluded that they were not as bad as they were reputed to be.

Sue seemed to be acquainted with some of the members and began talking to them. She had attracted the attention of the whole group, who were making gestures to each other and then pointing at Sue.

They had given her nicknames and referred to her as "Susie Cream Cheese" and "Susie Cream Jeans." The witness said that she didn't seem to mind and mingled with the group. This seemed to agree with what the detectives had been told by the manager of the brokerage house where Susan had worked for about 10 years. He had said she "had an extremely outgoing personality. She liked the whole world."

Meanwhile, the man she had arrived with had become involved in a pool game with members of a motorcycle gang and they were buying beer for one another. He said he was getting along with them quite well. This continued until about five minutes before the 2 o'clock closing time. People began to leave.

The man who had gone to the Sand Box with Miss Bacon said that the last he saw of her was when she got into a Volkswagen with some members of one of the gangs. The Volkswagen drove away and was followed by more gang members in a white 1965 Chevrolet and more in a third car which the witness said he remembered only as being of a dark color.

At first, the witness said he didn't remember or hear any names. But he had gotten the impression that there was some hostility between the Pagans and the Outlaws and noticed that members of the two groups didn't talk to each other.

After some thought, he recalled two nicknames, Striker T and Mendoza. They were members of the Outlaws gang. He said the Pagans had left separately and that the men in the three cars he had noticed were members of the Outlaws.

Sergeant Carruthers knew that the gangs had chapters in both Fort Lauderdale and Miami. The Pagans had originated in Virginia, but the Outlaws had chapters in Chicago, Detroit and other cities. Most of the members of the Fort Lauderdale chapter were from Ohio.

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Some years before, a member of the Outlaws had been involved in the murder of an 11-year-old girl and several had participated in what came to be known as the crucifixion of a teenager. She had failed to obey orders to raise money by prostitution and it had been decided to discipline her. Her hands and feet were nailed to a tree in the manner of a crucifixion and she was forced to stay there for some time. Then she was taken to a West Palm Beach hospital for treatment. The Outlaws members responsible were located, arrested, tried and convicted.

As a result of these incidents, Sheriff William Heidtman of Palm Beach County, Sheriff Stack of Broward County and Sheriff E. Wilson Purdy of Dade County had begun collecting mug shots of gang members, with their right names and all known nicknames. Every gang member had one or more nicknames, a device which made it difficult for lawmen trying to keep track of them.

The three sheriffs had kept pretty constant surveillance on the activities of the gang members and learned most of the nicknames. When a member changed his nickname, this usually became known to the undercover deputies. Also undercover men of the Fort Lauderdale police frequented the bars where gang members were known to hang out.

Sergeant Carruthers and Detective Bill Mix, who had helped in the interviews, began checking the files, but they couldn't find either Striker T or Mendoza listed. They took mug shots of the motorcycle gang members to the Sand Box Bar. One employe said that Striker T was a member of the chapter of the Outlaws in Columbus, Ohio. He didn't know the man's name, but said he had been driving a 1965 white Chevrolet with Ohio license plates.

The witness who had seen the three cars driving away, with Sue Bacon in the lead car, was contacted and he agreed to try to help the detectives. Sergeant Carruthers learned that the Pagans were having a New Year's Eve party in Pompano Beach and he arranged to help them celebrate.

Sergeant Carruthers, Chief of Detectives Danner, Detective Lieutenant Ed Roland, Detective Sergeants Ed Werder and John Ryan and numerous officers of the uniform division, accompanied by the witness who had been in the Sand Box Bar, arrived at the place in Pompano Beach where the Pagans were having their party.

The officers joined in the celebration and stayed almost until dawn to give the witness an opportunity to look at the different members. He had met some of them in the bar on December 27th, but the men he had known as Striker T and Mendoza were not at the party.

The lawmen finished up their celebration at the sheriff's office with pizza and coffee, but they didn't give up.

The witness was taken to a number of other places where members of the Outlaws hung out, but again he was unable to identify any of them as Striker T or Mendoza.

However, at the second stop, they located a man named Eddie Lee Summers, whose nickname was Grubby. The location where they found Summers, who assertedly had been at the Sand Box at the same time as Sue Bacon, had been under surveillance by the Fort Lauderdale police because neighbors had complained of the character of the occupants as well as the late hour noise.

"Have you seen Mendoza?" Sergeant Carruthers asked Summers.

Summers replied that Mendoza had gone out of town for the New Year's week end, but he was expected back Monday as he had to go to work that day.

Sergeant Carruthers didn't ask Mendoza's right name then, because there were numerous others at the place and he didn't want to arouse suspicion. However, he contacted the Fort Lauderdale police and learned that one of their undercover men had been in the Sand Box Bar the night Sue Bacon last was seen alive.

This man had learned that Mendoza was the nickname of Richard Crimmer, who lived in the area. He was unable to learn the name of Striker T, but he did get the Ohio license number of the 1965 white Chevrolet.

During the next few days, Sheriff Stack assigned Lieutenant Ed Roland to help him coordinate the investigation and he also assigned as many men as he could spare from the vice and other divisions. They worked with Sergeant Carruthers and Detective de Salvo interviewing people who had frequented the Sand Box Bar and who had been known acquaintances of Sue Bacon.

They learned that Sue had been in the Sand Box several times before and that she was acquainted with many members of the Outlaws. Sergeant Carruthers also learned that Sue had had trouble with some members of the Out-

laws gang when she had been employed at the restaurant during the summer.

In addition, the officers learned that a man named Rudolph Lee Lunsford, 21, was a member of the gang who had been present in the Sand Box on the fateful night and whose testimony might be useful. Lunsford, however, was now living in Brookville, Ohio, a small town near Dayton.

Keeping members under surveillance, Sergeant Carruthers and Detective de Salvo were led to a body shop in Fort Lauderdale where the gang had their cycles and cars painted. Talking to the owner, Sergeant Carruthers learned that the 1965 white Chevrolet had been brought to the shop and was presently jacked up in the rear of the shop.

The body shop owner said that one of the Outlaws, Grubby Summers, had come back and exchanged the rear tires on the Chevy. Although the license plates had been removed, the VIN (vehicle identification number) had not been obliterated. Sergeant Carruthers jotted it down and began a trace of ownership through the manufacturer and dealers.

The Chevrolet was impounded and a search warrant was obtained. The car was towed to headquarters, where it was processed by Lieutenant Daniel Hein, the sheriff's chief technician. The car yielded one important clue—a torn portion of a page from the Fort Lauderdale



dale Sun-Sentinel for December 26, 1970, was found in the back seat.

Sergeant Carruthers and Lieutenant Hein carefully placed it on a flat surface and brought out the torn page which had been preserved after it was found near the girl's body. With extreme care, they moved the jagged edges of the two portions and they were a perfect fit. They now were a complete page from the newspaper.

Both sections were preserved as evidence. It was one of those story-book clues that Sergeant Carruthers had never expected to find, although he had kept trying. Sergeant Carruthers had been in police work since June, 1963, and all the intervening time has been with the Broward County Sheriff's Department. He spent four months at the Dade County Police Academy in Miami and served his apprenticeship as a uniformed deputy before he was transferred to the detective bureau and the homicide division. His job is non-political and he has worked under a number of sheriffs.

He has attended several schools to learn more about law enforcement and in 1970 attended the Southern Police Institute in Louisville, Kentucky, where he took a course in homicide investigation, adding to his already considerable knowledge of that phase of law enforcement. Sergeant Carruthers is married and the father of two daughters, one a baby born in December, 1970.

Sergeant Carruthers, a thoroughgoing professional himself, works with other real pros. His boss, Chief of Detectives Danner, is retired from the New York City Police Department, where he was a detective captain commanding a unit of 140 men. Lieutenant Roland also is retired from New York City, where he was a detective lieutenant with a squad of 20 detectives under his command.

These three men met with Sheriff Stack, Lieutenant George, State Attorney Shailer and his assistant, Barney Lenahan, to discuss the latest development. It was decided then to send Sergeant Eddie Werder to Brookville by air to try to locate Rudolph Lunsford.

Sergeant Werder was met at the Dayton airport by a Brookville police officer and the two worked together in trying to run down Lunsford. They succeeded in tracing him and found him in the company of another young man, Eugene Shockey. It was learned that both had visited Florida, leaving Brookville on December 22, 1970, and returning just before New Year's Day.

Sergeant Werder had been coached by State Attorney Shailer on how to interview Lunsford without violating his rights. Werder interviewed both men and he said they both implicated two Florida men, James Walter "Blue" Starrett as the trigger man, and another man as one of the principals in the slaying of Sue Bacon. According to the police, Miss Bacon had been slain because she resisted the sexual advances of a number of the members of the Outlaws gang.

According to statements attributed to Lunsford and Shockey, Miss Bacon had been beaten until she was groggy; this occurred at the place where she had gone with the men in the three cars. Then she had been taken to the park area near the Everglades, where she had been shot.

On the basis of this information, both Summers and Starrett, who had been kept under surveillance for other offenses, were arrested. Starrett made no statement, but asked for his attorney. He was held in Broward County jail.

"He has it pretty well down pat, he's been arrested several times and he knows just what to do," Sergeant Carruthers commented.

Starrett was arrested on the night of January 11, 1971, and Summers was nabbed by Sergeant John Nolan the following morning, January 12th. Both were charged with first-degree murder.

In Ohio, Lunsford and Shockey waived extradition and were returned to Fort Lauderdale. Richard Crimmer, the man known as Mendoza, gave himself up. Because of other legal matters involving the Outlaws, their attorneys had been keeping in close touch with them and they were readily available.

On Wednesday, January 13th, Starrett, Summers, and Shockey, whose nickname is Shotgun, appeared before Circuit Judge Louis Wissing. He ruled there was no probable cause to hold Summers, but ordered Starrett and Shockey held for grand jury action.

The Broward County grand jury heard the evidence and on Friday, January 21st, indicted Starrett and Shockey on first-degree murder charges. The jury also indicted Summers as an accessory after the fact of first-degree murder.

Shockey was arraigned on Friday, January 22nd, and won a separate trial. He pleaded not guilty and Circuit Judge Arthur Franza tentatively set his trial for March. Starrett was arraigned on Friday, January 29th, and stood mute. Presiding Circuit Judge Stewart F. LaMotte entered a plea of not guilty. When Starrett said he was indigent, the judge appointed an attorney to represent him. No trial date has been set.

Nor has a date been set for the trial of Summers.

As this was written, all three defendants were held without bail in the Broward County jail and further action against them was pending. Lunsford was not charged with a crime. Sheriff Stack said he was being held as a material witness. All of the accused must be presumed to be innocent, of course, pending adjudication of the charges against them.

When he was informed that the story of the work done in the case would appear in this magazine, Sergeant Carruthers said: "My wife thought I was staying out to get away from the baby. When she reads the story, maybe she'll know better." ◆◆◆

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# "The Candy Man"

(Continued from page 6)

ing in the classic manner—from pushers.

Sheriff Roy Nixon, who succeeded Morris in early September after serving six years as chief deputy, decided it was time for some drastic action—something dramatic that would grab attention. He called a conference of top aides, including Chief Deputy Gerald Proctor and Captain Joe Cox of his own department's narcotics squad.

The drastic action Nixon had in mind was a strong drive against pushers, to dry up some sources of supply, and to throw fear into some of the more flagrant violators.

"The pushers are going to go where the young people are," said Sheriff Nixon. "I'm thinking in terms of putting undercover agents on the scene and letting the pushers come to them."

Other details of that conference are immaterial. Important to our story, however, is the fact that a decision was made to send one or more volunteers into the drug underworld as undercover agents.

Officer Lively, an ex-Marine with three years service in the department, was selected. There were several reasons for the choice, in addition to the fact he is a quick learner with a good memory and well able to defend himself if necessary.

Lively is originally from California. He was not widely known in Memphis, and most of his law enforcement career had been spent riding squad cars outside the city limits. Members of the drug culture would not be likely to recognize him, and his Marine Corps training would stand him in good stead if he had to defend himself.

There was one thing wrong with Robert Lively for the assignment. He knew next to nothing about narcotics, had never associated with addicts, and knew only a few of the pseudonyms for various drugs.

Which didn't give him pause when the assignment was outlined. He promptly volunteered. Later, after his cover was broken, he said: "Somebody had to do it. I had an opportunity to get in with this particular type of people, so I did."

But before he could get in with them there was a period of preparation. During that time he read voraciously on drugs, drug addicts and their way of life. He also listened to numerous informal lectures by more experienced narcotics agents.

He learned that heroin is known as snow, stuff, skag, smack or horse.

He learned that marijuana is referred to as joints, sticks, reefer, weed, grass, pot, muggles, mooters, hay, tea, locoweed, giggle-smoke, griffo, mobarky and mary jane.

He learned that junkies use the word "acid" to refer to hallucinogens, and that barbiturates or "downers" are variously called red birds, yellow jackets, blue heavens and goof balls. Amphetamines or "uppers," are known as bennies, co-pilots, pep pills, slenderizers, hearts and footballs.

Codeine, Lively learned, is called schoolboy, and cocaine is simply "the leaf" until mixed with heroin, and it then becomes snow or smack.

It was a concentrated education of sorts that he got, an education in depravity, to enable him to pass for a pusher-addict among the people he would walk and talk and traffic with in

the world of the living dead.

He had to learn that OD'd meant being overdosed, and that to be OD'd was to be burned. He learned that a speed freak can't sit still, that a heroin addict coughs frequently and sniffs as if he has a cold, and that barbiturate users are lethargic and often "go on the nod" after dosing themselves.

Before plunging into the hippie world, however, he had to do more than memorize addict lingo and learn their code. He had to be able to pass for one of them.

This involved growing more hair and a beard. It involved getting mod clothes—blue jeans, weathered shirts and a soiled, floppy hat—and it involved acquiring puncture scars and scabs to simulate those of an addict's phypodermic needle.

Then more time touring the areas frequented by users and pushers, just making the scene to become known on sight, trying to make initial contacts, and proving he was no pushover for bully boys of the sub-culture.

"Three times I was jumped by addicts and straights," he remembers. In what is probably an understatement, he adds, "I managed to subdue them."

"The only excuse I got out of one of them," he says, "was that he wanted to put me in the hospital."

Still others, he says, "wanted to rip me off." In the down-under lingo, "ripping off" means taking money, by whatever means necessary, frequently on the false promise that drugs will be delivered later.

Lively soon learned that when novices try to buy narcotics for the first time it is almost standard practice to "rip off" their money and leave them with nothing to show for it.

"There is no honor among pushers," he observes.

It was during his slow, gradual initiation into the fraternity of addicts that Lively acquired the Candy Man sobriquet. Before long he was known by that title even to pushers who sold him drugs without ever knowing his real name.

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Not that he gained full-fledged membership in the Memphis drug clan overnight. He didn't. It was a tedious and sometimes dangerous process, complicated by the suspicion with which pushers and users view each other and the rest of humanity.

"I found most of them almost paranoid in their view of society," remembers Lively. "Gaining their confidence took time."

Even when a potential buyer did win a pusher's confidence, he says, frequently he couldn't make the first buy unless he used the drug in the seller's presence. Without elaborating on now he did so, he adds:

"I never actually took any drugs, though I left the impression that I did. There are ways to simulate or fake it."

What he really faked was the behavior pattern that users manifest after swallowing, shooting or sniffing drugs. He became proficient at "going on the nod" to act the role of a barbiturate user, or at feigning the rapid, excitable, irritable mannerisms of a person taking amphetamines.

He soon learned to spot hallucinogen users at a glance. One tipoff was their tendency to see and hear things that weren't apparent to anybody else.

"I had one guy tell me he was being attacked by an oak leaf, that it kept coming at him," Lively remembers. "He was so convincing he had me looking for it."

Shaking his head, he recalls another acid user on a bad trip who thought he was crawling alive with bugs. He plucked at the imaginary vermin so vigorously that he drew blood from his own skin.

As he got deeper into the realm ruled by drugs, the Candy Man found invitations plentiful to crash pads, the meeting places for addicts where some of them actually live.

"A crash pad is a handy place to go when the user is coming down hard—like somebody coming off a bummer (bad trip) on LSD," he says.

It was in such a pad, which also served as the "tea room" for pot parties, that Candy Man observed the fascination which bright lights and flickering images have for many addicts.

The place was almost bare of furniture. A motley collection of people sprawled on the floor, some on ragged blankets or quilts, others on the splintered boards.

Some of the celebrants were popping pills, washing them down with beer or wine for a quicker charge. Others were puffing pot, some in cigarettes, some in pipes.

"Addicts don't go much for hard liquor," says Candy Man. "It doesn't do what they want, but beer and wine are cross-matches for the drugs. Some of them even shoot up on it to make it work faster. Wine, that is."

Occasionally guests would leave the pot party and go into a back room, either alone or in pairs. The Candy Man suspected they were users of hard stuff, slipping away to shoot up on smack out of sight of the beginners who thought only a little "harmless marijuana" was involved.

This, too, was part of the pusher's method. Get the neophytes started on pot, wean them off to something more addictive, then let them steal, rob or beg to feed their new habit.

There was nothing new about it to people knowledgeable of the drug culture. It was old hat to the junkies. But each time Candy Man saw the process in action he became more aware of the true enormity of the narcotics menace.

Once, sitting in a corner, listening to an acid head high on mescaline (peyote cactus) try to describe "the sound" of a color, the undercover agent was approached by a shaggy type he took for the host. He asked Candy Man where he stayed. The officer noticed addicts never used the word "lived." It was always, "stayed."

"Around and about," he said. "No special place."

"Like, man, you can stay here if you got nowhere. It's not fancy, but it's warm."

The undercover agent gave his would-be benefactor a slack-jawed grin, shrugged noncommittally. Across the room he could see an all-but-tame cockroach munching on a banana peel.

Later he was to say, "I wasn't about to stay overnight in that pad. I had big enough bugs in my beard already."

Then somebody turned the television, the pad's only notable piece of furniture, to an educational channel and the *Sesame Street* program so popular with youngsters came on the screen.

Miraculously, the jabbering stopped.



All eyes turned toward the video tube, even though Candy Man knew that many were beyond focusing. It dawned on him slowly that this was the hit TV show for addicts feeling the rush of drugs.

"It really turned them on," he observed later. "It's something about the bright lights and the circular movements."

For similar reasons, he noticed, drug addicts are often movie addicts, especially where old or poorly-made quickie films are involved. Something psychedelic about the impact of flickering images gets to junkies.

But enough was enough, even for Candy Man, and he got up and lurched out of the crash pad, looking like a genuine hippie floating on downers headed somewhere to nod himself to dreamland.

Real addicts in the pad would have been aghast if they had seen him 30 minutes later, carefully writing down names, dates, addresses and other tidbits of information that would come back to haunt them in court.

For the most part, Candy Man operated around the intersection of Southern and Highland Avenues in southeast Memphis. It is an older, middle-class neighborhood just off the Memphis State University campus, and it consists largely of taverns, hash houses, small shops and theatres.

Many young habitues of the area are college students, but there are others with no visible means of support who never saw the front door of the registrar's office, much less the interior of a classroom.

Yet, observed the undercover agent, there is a terrible sort of sameness about those on the make for drugs—students and dropouts alike—and it's more a matter of attitude than appearance.

There is their supercilious tolerance of each other, their contemptuous disregard for conventional morality. There is the common lack of direction, as if they have lost all ambition or desire to do anything more than feed their habits from day to day, and to hell with next week or next year.

"When you stay around drug users a while, you get the impression they're running from something," Lively says. "With some, it's personal responsibility; with others, it's human relationships. But they're all running."

Although they were more alike in outlook than appearance, the young addicts Candy Man came to know did go heavily for outlandish garb. Long hair, beards, love beads, peace symbols and body odor. All these were very much on the scene.

But in the hippie world, as anywhere else, appearances can be deceiving. The undercover agent, who worked at looking, as well as acting, his role, learned that a bizarre appearance doesn't necessarily denote a junkie. A few of the addicts he came to know were immaculate.

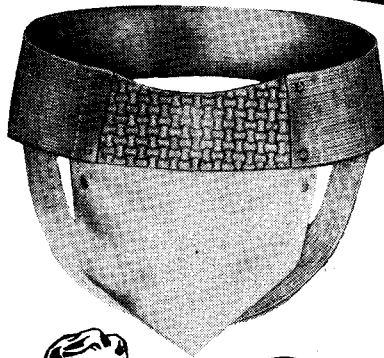
"Long hair and beards are no markers," he says. "Long hair may just be some guy's bag and have nothing to do with taking drugs."

By the same token, Candy Man found, there is little or no correlation between drug selling or usage and race, creed or social status. The people involved came from all walks of life, and not all of them were young.

"I found a few middle-aged, well-to-do adults making the drug scene," says Lively.

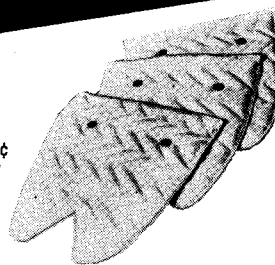
There seemed to be about as many females involved as males, he noticed, but that could be traced to the fact that some pushers, especially those who are

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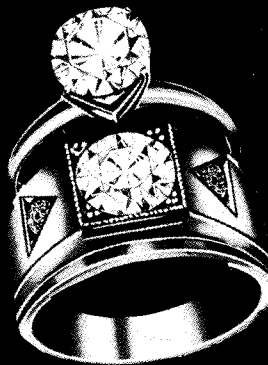
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pimps, concentrated on hooking young girls in order to bend them to their will.

The old story of a young female turning to prostitution to obtain narcotics is no melodramatic cliché, Candy Man discovered. It is a grim tragedy that repeats itself time and time again.

Not all the addicts Lively came to know turned to crime to feed the monkeys on their backs. Some were the offspring of indulgent parents who unknowingly fostered the drug trade by doling out too-generous allowances.

Many dealers, he found, were users intent chiefly on maintaining an adequate supply for themselves. This was even true with marijuana users whose dependence was psychological rather than physical, as it is with heroin addicts.

"I met one dealer who would buy a lid (one ounce) of marijuana for \$5, then break it down in smaller portions and resell them for around \$15," says Candy Man. "By reinvesting and retailing small portions, he stayed in business and kept himself supplied."

Slowly, methodically, Candy Man increased his knowledge of drugs, and of pushers and users on the Memphis scene, until he knew over 100 on sight. As time went by and his contacts increased, he made more frequent and larger buys of everything from heroin to illicit prescription drugs.

Occasionally, he would venture out of the primary trade area near Memphis State University to other neighborhoods where young people congregated and where pushers operated. One such place was Overton Park, a wooded hang-out for the so-called flower children who liked to loll in the leaves and grass on balmy days.

By making such excursions, he broadened his circle of contacts, sometimes by persuasion, sometimes through an introduction from a cultivated drug user or pusher.

From time to time, arrests were made as a result of information funneled to the undercover agent's superiors. But Candy Man took no part in raids. He continued to walk the streets playing his role of a lone wolf addict-pusher.

It was, of necessity, a lonely role. Only Sheriff Nixon and a few top aides knew of the operation. Even Lively's former squad car partner didn't know where he was or what he was doing. And city cops who looked disdainfully at the shuffling hippie apparently never dreamed of his true identity.

Which was perfectly all right with Candy Man. His cover was his main protection, even though he sometimes went armed and once had to flash his weapon to get out of a tight corner.

"It had nothing to do with my mission," he says. "So I got by without breaking cover."

Even today some of the drug traffickers who were "busted" because of his efforts wouldn't know Candy Man if they met him on the street. For that reason the only pictures published of him have been those shot in such a way that he is unrecognizable.

The tight corner he had to get out of by flashing his pistol wasn't the only one he found himself in while masquerading. Once a tough pusher he followed into a lounge took a swing at him. On another occasion, a suspect who didn't like him tried to run over him with an automobile.

Such experiences disabused him of a notion cultivated by some drug culture apologists—that junkies are usually mild-mannered people who only harm themselves. Some are. Some are not.

Many harm themselves and others.

Another common belief about the drug traffic—that it is invariably dominated by the Mafia or some other syndicate—turned out to be a myth, as far as the Memphis scene was concerned.

Which is not to say that syndicate bosses didn't profit—somewhere down the line—from hard drugs sold in the Bluff City, but they didn't control distribution down to the retail pushers.

Some people in a position to know say the acid, speed, uppers and downers sold in Memphis isn't even imported. After all, it takes very little equipment and space for a competent chemist to concoct pills to a known formula.

Regarding the origin of such drugs, Candy Man cryptically remarks, "The sources are not necessarily from out of town."

As for marijuana, Candy Man learned, there were dozens of people—some rank amateurs, some more or less professional—ready and willing to transport the stuff for the fast money involved.

It all added up that on the retail level the Memphis drug traffic came across as a fragmented disorganized picture, and it reflected dozens of independent sellers, small-time entrepreneurs peddling slow death for puny profits and kicks.

That didn't make Candy Man's assignment any less hazardous. The more people involved, the more danger that one will stumble onto an agent's identity. Possession and sale of drugs are felonies. Charges can be involved that many people will try to avoid at any cost.

And a cop killed by a two-bit punk with a matchbox full of pot in his pocket is just as dead as one knocked off by an international smuggler. As the days grew shorter and chillier, Candy Man's superiors decided time was running out for the operation.

Before they pulled him in from the cold, however, he managed to set up a really big buy from a wholesaler who supplied many of the hip-pocket dealers. And this was the fish he was really angling for, one of the sharks.

With the financial backing of an Illinois operator (actually another deputy) he was supposed to buy \$15,000 worth of heroin and LSD tablets, plus 40 to 50

pounds of marijuana. Delivery was to be made at a motel on the outskirts of Memphis.

A stakeout was set up at the motel, where other officers rented a room for Candy Man and his "mobster friend" from Illinois.

In an adjoining room, Sheriff Nixon and several deputies waited for the action to begin. Other plainclothesmen were strategically stationed to block all drive-ways from the motel.

The appointed hour came and went, but the wholesaler didn't show. An hour slid by, two hours, three. Still no knock on the door, no telephone call. The stakeout was called off.

Next day Candy Man tried to set up another buy, but the wholesaler was vague, evasive. It was then that Sheriff Nixon and Chief Deputy Proctor decided to break Lively's cover. They felt his masquerade was becoming too risky.

An indirect compliment to Candy Man's effectiveness as an actor was paid him by a jail deputy as he shuffled toward the sheriff's office to make his final report. Not recognizing him in costume, the other officer was ready to arrest Lively as a suspicious person until he identified himself.

By then, 14 persons had been jailed and warrants issued for three others on information developed by that ubiquitous drug scene character, the Memphis Candy Man, and 10 of those faced pusher charges. Drugs confiscated included heroin, LSD, marijuana, dilaudid, cocaine, and a variety of "uppers" and "downers."

Two weeks later three men were arrested with 200 pounds of marijuana, worth approximately \$200,000 at retail prices, in the trunk of their car. Sheriff Nixon refused to say what connection, if any, the raid had with Candy Man's operation, but he did say the suspects had been under surveillance for several months.

There have been other arrests that the dealers attribute to Candy Man, but his superiors refuse to affirm or deny his responsibility.

A month after he came back above ground, shaved off his beard and put on clean clothes, Patrolman Robert E. Lively was promoted to Sergeant Lively. At that time he turned in badge No. 13 and was issued badge No. 18.

Some of the security problems taken to protect him are still in effect. Nothing has been published about his marital status or where he lives. And his telephone is not listed in the Memphis directory.

Does he fear reprisals? He says not, adding, "There's always the possibility, but it would be foolhardy. After all, the people I busted have already been arrested and jailed."

What effect has the operation had on the Memphis drug traffic? The answer is to slow it almost to a crawl, for a time, and it was going at full gallop before.

"A lot of people are looking over their shoulders now," Candy Man says. Then he grins and adds, "And that includes me."

Now that it's over, how did it feel to be playing footsie for keeps with some desperate characters, knowing very well that help couldn't come if things got sticky?

"It's a difficult feeling to describe," says Candy Man. "But you know from the start you're going to be out there alone. The main thing is not to lose your cool. Did I ever lose mine? I guess not—they never found out about me."

"If they had, I might not be here now." ◆◆◆

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# Cop-Killing

(Continued from page 29)

tween the ages of 10 months and six years when he was shot to death while attempting to apprehend a suspected felon.

Because the key to Jim Sackett's ambush slaying was the mysterious "Mrs. Brown" who had lured police to the Hague Avenue address, Homicide Detective Captain Williams' investigators concentrated their efforts on identifying the woman. Although conventional, routine police procedures and informants were also used in an attempt to uncover the face behind the voice, detectives leaned heavily on scientific electronic technology to link the voice to a particular individual.

To this end, Bell Telephone technicians brought in highly sophisticated electronic equipment which has been designed in the computer age to classify indisputable characteristics of the human voice, which are believed to be as individual and foolproof as a person's fingerprints. But like the whorls and loops of a tell-tale fingerprint, the electronically recorded traits of a human voice which distinctively separate them from all other individuals are useless until they can be compared either to a live voice or one which has previously been recorded, classified and filed in the brain of a computer.

The equipment has been used effectively in telephone harassment and crank call cases and police in the nation visualize the voice-decipherer as one of the most promising crime detection devices ever devised, even though the equipment was not originally created exclusively for that purpose. According to officials at Western Electric, which makes communications equipment for Bell Telephone, banks and large credit card firms foresee the day when a person's voice classification code will be imprinted on his credit card, which would be fed into a computer at the store of purchase to determine whether the document was issued to the prospective buyer whose live voice could be recorded on the spot for comparison.

Electronic engineers claim that extensive testing has shown that the machine will correctly match up voice sounds even though they are disguised or distorted through other equipment, such as amplifiers, phonograph records and tapes.

But until massive code files are compiled at such central locations as state police posts, the FBI in Washington, D.C., and crime laboratories, in large metropolitan police departments, identification technicians who presently have the equipment available for their use have to rely on the procedures used by the St. Paul Police Department in the investigation of Patrolman Sackett's murder.

The system began by classifying the voice of "Mrs. Brown" from the tape which routinely records every call coming into the police dispatcher. After the characteristics of the mystery voice were analyzed and classified, technicians spent countless hours feeding the sound into the mechanism which compared it to voices on the scores of tapes which the identification bureau had filed over the years.

Also fed into the electronic mechanism during the weeks to follow were the taped voices of several witnesses, suspects, informants and other individuals who were brought into headquarters for

questioning in the case. Since the mystery voice was the single best clue which police had to work with in the murder probe, investigators reportedly taped the voices of practically everybody questioned in all other types of crimes, just in case "Mrs. Brown" happened to be brought into custody on a different charge.

But if police were getting anywhere with the electronic crime fighter, they weren't talking about it. Homicide Detective Captain Williams even denied having a suspect in the case the following Sunday despite rumors which were circulating around City Hall. According to police reporters, they were tipped off that at least three persons were being considered as prime suspects and that one woman was questioned at headquarters Sunday night.

"We have had some leads," Captain Williams was quoted as saying in the press on May 26th, "but so far, they have failed to progress the investigation, which is proceeding slowly at the moment. But as far as having suspects in mind, we have none, and nobody is in custody."

Police did admit, however, that they had questioned numerous persons suspected of being part of the "Kill the Pigs" movement in the area, but maintained that the interrogations were "routine," and did not mean they actually suspected any of the persons as being the triggerman who shot Patrolman Sackett in the back.

Although the homicide investigators never announced voluntarily that they were also questioning persons believed to have knowledge about the numerous fire-bombings of recent months, they admitted to newsmen that they were not overlooking "anyone" in their quest for Patrolman Sackett's killer. Asked if he had concluded that the officer was shot by somebody hiding in the bushes on the lawn of the Shiloh Baptist Church, Captain Williams said:

"We only know that the shot came from that general direction and from about that distance. As far as the footprints found there, we have yet to match them up with any person we've questioned."

The painstaking homicide probe had dragged on for two months when the St. Paul City Council announced that the dead officer's widow and children had been awarded workmen's compensation insurance totalling \$25,000. According to the council, Mrs. Sackett was to receive \$70 a week in monthly installments until the figure of \$25,000 was reached, which would be in about seven and a half years. The young mother of four children also received \$750 from a special city fund to go toward funeral expenses.

But it was the compassion and generosity of the general public over a large area which assured Mrs. Sackett that her children would be fed, housed and educated in the years to come. It was tangibly demonstrated through donations to the James T. Sackett Memorial Fund, which had reached more than \$63,000 in just two months. Bank officials in charge of the fund said donations came in from policeman and private citizens throughout the country who had read about the tragedy.

In thanking the City Council and the public, Mrs. Sackett said, "This is a tribute not only to my husband but to every peace officer in the country."

The peace officers who had worked tirelessly and quietly on the case for five solid months broke the case on October 30th, when headlines in the local press

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announced that a suspect in Sackett's slaying had been apprehended.

Charged with first-degree murder was Constance Louise Trimble, an attractive 18-year-old St. Paul girl who was arrested near her home at 1027 Fuller Avenue.

According to Police Chief Rowan, the girl was arrested by detectives out of the homicide and intelligence divisions after it was determined that Miss Trimble had been identified as the mysterious "Mrs. Brown" who allegedly set Patrolman Sackett up for the kill. Chief Rowan said the arrest warrant charging the pretty girl with murder was issued by Municipal Court Judge J. Clifford Jones on a complaint filed in the office of Ramsey County Attorney William Randall by homicide's Captain Williams.

Miss Trimble was taken to the St. Paul Public Safety Building and booked at 10:30 p.m. October 30th. Within minutes Captain Williams, Lieutenant John O'Neill, head of the intelligence division, FBI agents and other top police officers went into conference while the suspect was being routinely processed in the police department identification division. Appearing at the safety building shortly after the alleged murder was arrested was Attorney Neil B. Dieterich, a prominent Minneapolis defense lawyer who conferred briefly with his client before she was transferred to the Ramsey County Jail at 11:15 p.m.

Police declined to discuss with newsmen the details behind Miss Trimble's arrest, except to say that the apprehension and charges resulted from "lengthy and intensive investigation by members of the homicide and intelligence divisions."

But as it turned out there was much, much more behind the girl's arrest, details of which were later to come to the surface and expose one of the most bizarre criminal cases ever investigated in the St. Paul-Minneapolis area. Although many of the details were literally developing before the public's eye on the day on which the accused woman was arrested, they were cloaked in other felony cases which the average newspaper reader could not recognize as being part of the Officer Sackett homicide probe.

As a matter of fact, a couple of arrests made on the day Connie Trimble was taken into custody appeared to be so far divorced from the cop-killing that even the arresting officers didn't know at first just how big their prize actually was. And it was not until after the young Trimble woman was indicted that the man on the street was able to piece together the several baffling cases and see what Minnesota police have called one of the most potentially disastrous crimes ever planned in the northern section of the United States.

Two days before Miss Trimble's case was to be heard by the grand jury, her attorney attempted to have the murder charge against his client dismissed. In making his appeal before Municipal Court Judge James M. Lynch, Attorney Dieterich claimed that the arrest warrant for Miss Trimble was issued without sufficient probable cause and that it was based on "incompetent evidence."

After listening to Dieterich's motion to quash the charges, Judge Lynch advised the criminal lawyer that the arrest warrant was issued by Judge James after the jurist had conducted a probable cause hearing with Captain Williams and had concluded that police had enough evidence to warrant Miss Trimble's arrest.

"I might also point out," Judge Lynch said, "that a preliminary hearing for your client has been set for November 27th, at which time you can again raise the probable cause question."

The jurist then closed the discussion with his gavel and said, "Your motion to dismiss the charges is hereby denied."

Obviously disappointed by the ruling, but apparently undiscouraged, Attorney Dieterich made an unusual legal attempt to prevent his client's case from going before the grand jury. On the morning of the hearing, Dieterich filed an injunction in District Court asking that the state be prohibited from proceeding with the hearing, contending that the evidence to be presented was "incompetent and insufficient."

District Court Judge Otis Godfrey Jr. quickly denied the motion, advising the lawyer that the court had no way of knowing what evidence the state intended to offer the jurors.

And since the laws are very strict about grand jury testimony being leaked outside the hearing doors, the public also had no way of knowing what evidence the state presented. But whatever it was, the jurors must have been satisfied that it was sufficient; on the afternoon of November 12th, they returned a true bill indicting Constance Trimble for the first-degree murder of Patrolman Jim Sackett.

Following the indictment, County Attorney Randall would only tell newsmen that the true bill came after the testimony of seven witnesses, "most of them policemen who worked on the case."

Asked if the jurors heard testimony from electronic technologists who analyzed the voice of "Mrs. Brown," the county attorney had a "no comment" answer and said that everything which was presented to the grand jury would be introduced in court when the accused went on trial.

Any likelihood of the evidence being made public during Miss Trimble's scheduled hearing on November 27th was voided with her indictment, since under the Minnesota criminal statutes, all proposed hearings on felonies are automatically cancelled upon an indictment for the same charge.

Within the hour after Connie Trimble was indicted, the Minneapolis Police Department received a telephone call from an informant in St. Paul, who gave the intelligence division a tip which sounded like something lifted from a James Bond thriller. The information sounded so patently incredible that police might have discounted it as coming from some kind of a nut had detectives not recognized the tipster as a highly reliable source.

According to Minneapolis Deputy Police Chief Joseph Rusinko, the informant warned police that a 20-year-old fugitive from justice by the name of Robert Reese planned to kidnap Governor Harold LaVander and St. Paul Councilwoman Rosalie Butler and hold them hostage aboard an airliner, which he and several accomplices planned to hijack at the Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport.

Chief Rusinko said later that according to the information furnished police, Reese planned to board a plane disguised as a woman about 8:45 a.m. on Friday the 13th, or less than 24 hours following the telephone tip. Governor LeVander and Councilwoman Butler were to be held, the informant was quoted as saying, until several "political" prisoners were released and promised amnesty.

One of the "political" prisoners assertedly was Constance L. Trimble.

Within seconds after the call was received, FBI agents, state police and top brass in the St. Paul and Minneapolis police departments were rushing toward a closed-door meeting to plan their strategy to counter the startling development.

The first step taken was to assign several officers to guard the palatial home of Mrs. Butler and the Governor's Mansion, which were located on adjoining properties in St. Paul's exclusive Summit Hill district. Armed with shotguns and dispatched in unmarked cars, the special guards had the two properties enclosed in a ring of security within a few minutes. The action was taken so quickly, quietly and unobtrusively that even the governor and his personal bodyguard were unaware of the incident as it was unfolding almost under their very noses.

In the meantime, top airline officials were called in to coordinate the steps which might be necessary to foil the alleged hijacking plot. Even though the police authorities were satisfied that they had reduced the chances of the governor and Mrs. Butler being abducted, they were not satisfied that the reputed would-be kidnapers did not have alternate hostages in mind in case their original plans were thwarted. There was also a chance that in the event Reese suspected something was wrong around the Governor's Mansion, he might attempt commandeering an airliner and holding the plane's crew and passengers as hostages until his jailed friends were released.

Following the consultation with the airline officials, more than a score of St. Paul and Minneapolis plainclothes policemen, FBI agents and officers out of a special tactical squad were posted strategically at International Airport.

While the special forces were closely observing every person approaching the several airline ticket counters and studying the entire layout of the busy terminal, other lawmen were working frantically to locating Reese in hopes of making an apprehension before he reached the airport.

"We were more concerned about the safety of hundreds of innocent people at the airport than we were about making an arrest during the act of an actual hijack attempt, which could result in gunplay," Chief Rusinko said later.

The deputy chief also said that Reese was not unknown to local police, since he had been hunted in the area since November 1st after Nebraska authorities informed Twin Cities police that warrants had been issued for the suspect in connection with the armed hold-up of an Omaha bank, where a security guard was wounded when he was shot by one of the two robbers as they fled the scene.

During the next several hours after the guards were posted at the airport and at the residences of Governor LeVander and Mrs. Butler, wife of a wealthy St. Paul businessman, police kept in constant contact with their key informant, who was attempting to locate Reese's hideaway. Police got the information they were anxiously awaiting in the early hours of Friday morning and they immediately processed a search warrant and other legal documents in order to take the suspect into custody.

According to their informant, Reese was holed up in an upstairs apartment at 712 Washington Avenue, Southeast, near the University of Minnesota campus in Minneapolis.

The suspect's reported hideout was



completely surrounded with police armed with scatterguns and at 3:50 a.m. on Friday the 13th, the apartment, located above a wholesale food distributor, was raided and Robert Reese was placed under arrest before he had a chance to go for a sawed off 12-gauge double-barreled shotgun, which police said was within inches of his reach as they stormed through the front door. Police indicated that Reese was alone when apprehended. Although police declined to say what they confiscated from Reese's apartment—besides the shotgun—they did reveal several of the items which the suspect allegedly had on his person.

Minneapolis Deputy Police Chief Rusinko later in the day made the revelation in a press conference which sent the electronic news media reporters hurrying to their microphones to scoop the afternoon newspapers, which were going to press momentarily.

According to Rusinko, Reese's pockets contained several notes in connection with plans for kidnaping Governor LeVander and Councilwoman Butler and the step-by-step procedures for the hijacking. Both Eastern and United airlines were mentioned as possible targets, Rusinko said.

"Without a doubt, they were planning to hijack an airplane," Chief Rusinko said.

With that, he released to the newsmen copies of the contents of a hand-written note which he said Reese had in his pocket when arrested. It read as follows:

"Message to control tower to be relayed to Gov. LeVander, police, FBI or any agent of government concerned:

"We are revolutionary. Take heed to our first and last warning. If there is any attempt to interfere or stop us, we will blow up this airplane and everybody on it. We are well armed and we are carrying explosives. The plane and hostages will be held until our demands are met.

"We demand that: Connie Trimble, Carey Hayes and Lawrence Cook be released in three hours in exchange for three hostages. We want them all released from St. Paul County Jail, brought to the airport and allowed to board the plane unescorted.

"We want in exchange for the rest of the hostages and plane a political prisoner for each hostage who will be given political asylum. Our list of other prisoners will be presented at a later time. We want the Black Panther Party to be given national TV time to present their program and platform.

"We want \$50,000 in gold.

"The fate of these hostages will be determined by the United States Government. Will they live or die? We will not hesitate to kill or die for our freedom. We have nothing to lose and everything to gain. For the benefit, comfort and safety of the hostages, it would be best for you to be expedient."

The message concluded by saying: "All power to the people. Seize the times."

Written on another piece of notebook paper, Chief Rusinko said, were the words, "liberate prisoner," "kidnap governor," "hijack," "leave country," and, again, "hijack."

A third note allegedly found on Reese's person, police said, started with the word "flight," which had five lines drawn from it to the words "disguise," "tickets," "guns," "demand," and "personnel." Mentioned throughout the notes, police said, were the words "pieces," and "sticks," which in the vernacular of militants mean "guns" and "dynamite," respectively.

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Chief Rusinko said the numbers "38" and "32" were also used in the notes, probably referring to the caliber of guns planned to be used in the kidnappings and hijackings. The police official emphasized, however, that only the 12-gauge shotgun was found in Reese's possession, leaving him to theorize that smaller handguns were to be furnished by other members of the group involved in the conspiracy to trade Governor LeVander, Councilwoman Butler and possibly other high political figures for the freedom of Connie Trimble, Cook and Hayes.

The Minneapolis deputy chief of police said that among the numerous items confiscated from Reese's apartment near the college campus was a lengthy list of names, telephone numbers and street addresses. Although the officer declined to release the names or publicly speculate on the significance of the list, he said, "Every attempt will be made to contact each individual for questioning."

Asked if he thought there was a possible connection between the accused slayer of Patrolman Sackett, Reese and the other two "political" prisoners who were to be included in the trade for the governor and the councilwoman, Rusinko said the investigators had "some theories we're working on at the moment."

While police hesitated to say publicly that they suspected Reese of being implicated in the cop-killing, they did report that Connie Trimble, Reese and Lawrence Cook were known to have lived in the same house at times. It was also noted in the press that Cook was arrested in the 900 block of Hague Avenue in St. Paul, just four blocks from the address where Patrolman Jim Sackett was fatally ambushed. It was also noted that Cook was apprehended about the same time that Miss Trimble was taken into custody on the murder charge.

According to police records, Cook was picked up at the request of Nebraska authorities, who said they had a warrant charging him and Reese with the armed bank robbery which resulted in the wounding of a security guard. The 19-year-old youth was being held in the Ramsey County Jail at St. Paul under \$50,000 bond at the time of the aborted kidnaping-hijacking plot.

The third "political" prisoner named in the letter found in Reese's pocket, 16-year-old Carey Hayes, was being held on a charge of attempted first-degree murder in connection with an explosion which seriously wounded a wom-

an customer who was shopping in Dayton's, one of St. Paul's leading downtown department stores, when it was bombed in September. Although police said they suspected that young Hayes may have been acquainted with Miss Trimble, Reese and Clark because of their common philosophical and political views, they did not suggest that the youth was involved in the ambush of Patrolman Sackett. Police declined to say whether or not Hayes' name was included on the roster found in Reese's apartment.

The guards at the residences of Governor LeVander and Councilwoman Butler and the special forces at International Airport were removed about eight hours after the 20-year-old suspect was taken into custody.

Reese was charged with conspiracy to commit aircraft piracy and violation of the national firearms act in connection with possession of a shotgun by a felon who failed to register same. The suspect's bond on the firearms charge was set at \$25,000 and his bail on the bank holdup charge in Nebraska was placed at \$150,000, the highest bail ever set in Minnesota at the time.

At this writing, several legal maneuvers and motions were being considered by the courts in connection with Connie Trimble's trial and police were continuing their far-ranging investigation.

No trial date for Miss Trimble had been set at press time, since her attorneys were in the process of attempting to win a change of venue out of Ramsey County. Defense Attorneys Neil Dieterich and Donald E. Wiese argued in District Court that their client could not get an impartial hearing in Ramsey County because of the publicity on the slaying of Patrolman Sackett and her name being used in connection with the alleged kidnap-hijack plot.

In support of the motion to move the murder trial to another jurisdiction, the defense attorneys introduced several newspaper clippings publicizing the murder and kidnap-hijack plan and argued that they had caused "local hostility" among people who could not serve as impartial jurors. The court took the motion under advisement.

On December 11th, police suffered a setback in Reese's case when United States Commissioner Bernard Zimperfer dismissed the charge of "conspiracy to commit aircraft piracy," as filed by the FBI against the suspect. In handing down his decision, Zimperfer ruled that

no overt act had actually been committed—as defined by federal law—and that the notes found on the defendant were insufficient evidence to prove "conspiracy with another person."

Commissioner Zimperfer held, however, that there was probable cause for continuing the charges against Reese on the federal firearms act violation and uphold the \$25,000 bond set in that case. Also upheld was the \$150,000 bail set in the bank holdup incident in Nebraska, where the defendant at this writing was awaiting a trial date.

Nineteen-year-old Lawrence Cook, charged with Reese in the bank job, was being held in custody under \$50,000 bond and at this writing was also awaiting a trial date.

During Cook's extradition hearing before Municipal Court Judge Edward Delaney, Ramsey County Assistant Attorney Richard O'Reski hinted that the alleged bank bandit, who once lived in the same house with Connie Trimble and Robert Reese, might be questioned about the slaying of Patrolman Sackett.

In arguing against the release of Cook, which was being sought, the suspect's attorney, who said the extradition action was "a subterfuge to hold the defendant in custody under \$50,000 bail," O'Reski said the Nebraska charge was a serious one and told the court that there possibly were even more serious charges "pending against him here."

Cook's attorney noted that his client had been held in jail on a Nebraska warrant for 30 days "and to date there have been no papers received and as far as we can tell there is no evidence of any charges pending against him in Nebraska."

Judge Delaney ruled that the prisoner be held, however, after O'Reski told the court that he had been advised that day that the Nebraska extradition papers were on their way to St. Paul. At this writing, Cook had been extradited to Omaha and was awaiting a trial date on the bank holdup charges with Reese. ♦♦♦

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*Robert Reese, Lawrence Cook, Carey Hayes are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of these persons, fictitious names have been used.*

## The Headless Nude

(Continued from page 19)

returned by January 1st he intended to file.

The interrogation of the two young women who had been found in the apartment was more productive. One of the women said that she, Vigil and another man had spent the night together in the apartment and that she was under the impression Vigil's wife had left him.

The other was more specific, police said. Angela Talbeau said that she had met Vigil while he was driving a city bus earlier in the month. She was a passenger, he seemed friendly, and soon they were engaged in a conversation.

Angela said he told her he had a problem—that he wanted custody of his three children—that one was at his "mother's place" and the other two were being taken care of by welfare authorities.

She said that the bus driver told her that his wife had brought the youngest child to him and that she was going shopping. Angela stated that Vigil told her that his wife had never returned.

The young woman informed authorities that Vigil told her that he had had a fight with his wife and that he had "bruised her up pretty good." Angela said Vigil did not say where the fight with his wife had occurred but that he "probably would not get the kids" now that his wife was missing. She said that on December 29th at about 7:30 p.m. she had accompanied Vigil to a laundromat and that he had washed some clothing there and later cleaned out his car.

Meanwhile, other detectives were quietly canvassing fellow workers and acquaintances of the bus driver and reporting their findings to Chief Sawdon and Captain Butcher.

All of the probers realized that they had the apparently bloodstained clothes of a woman who had been reported miss-

ing, but they also knew they were, as the younger generation says these days, "nowhere" without the body.

An extensive search in the area under the bridge had yielded nothing after the initial discovery of the clothing. Darkness had prematurely ended the exhaustive search planned by Chief of Detectives Sawdon, but he and the officers with him doubted the ultimate answer would be found there.

A check by Detective Frank Valentine of others who had known Mrs. Vigil added additional significant information. Valentine, a quiet, dogged investigator who is used to "hitting the bricks" when other leads have gone down the drain, turned up a neighbor, Mrs. Mamie House, who said that she had last seen Carol Vigil on December 6th. Mrs. House said that Vigil and his wife came to her home on that date and they had some drinks from a bottle of bourbon Vigil had brought along. She said that she had never seen Mrs. Vigil after that.

The woman said Vigil returned the next night and told her his wife was missing and he didn't know what had happened to her. She told Detective Valentine that Vigil had returned several times after that, telling her that he had not heard from Carol.

Finally, she said, he had brought some of his wife's clothes to her home and told her that she might as well have them; he was convinced his wife would never return and he thought he might as well get a divorce.

Other evidence was piling up as the detectives carefully inspected the bus driver's Pontiac in the police garage. With Identification Bureau men dusting all surfaces for fingerprint evidence, the investigators worked until 3 a.m. They found stains on the cushions they thought might be blood, and two packages containing new seat covers.

In the glove compartment of the Pontiac station wagon they found a billfold containing the missing wife's identification papers.

Why, they wondered, would the woman disappear without any method of establishing her identity? Why would her billfold be in the family car when she supposedly was going on a shopping trip?

Chief of Detectives Sawdon, carefully assessing the facts which had been gathered by deputies of the sheriff's office and his own detectives, now directed the main thrust of the probe on the missing woman's husband, who was still telling his interrogators that he had no idea of what had happened to his wife.

Authorities were careful, at all stages of the questioning, to advise Vigil that he was not obligated to answer any questions, that he was entitled to the services of an attorney, and that any answers he might give could be used against him in court.

But Antonio Vigil, the authorities said, insisted he had nothing to hide and that all he wanted was to clear up the mystery of his wife's disappearance.

Both Chief Carroll and Chief Sawdon, when they were convinced that they might be faced with a murder case, established immediate contact with Lancaster County Attorney Paul Douglas, who, they knew, would be on the firing line once the case ended up in court.

Douglas is a prosecutor who likes to go to the crime scene as soon as possible to prevent any errors in gathering evidence that might handcuff him in court when the legal objections begin to fly.

He and Sawdon carefully inspected the scene under the bridge where the clothes were found, but both knew that until the woman was located or a body was found, they had nothing to go on as far as a major charge was concerned.

And while the rest of the state started to build toward the climax of the Orange Bowl game, with the Number 1 rating in the country riding in the balance, Sawdon, Douglas, and Carroll once again called Antonio Vigil in for questioning.

As Vigil walked into his office, Chief Sawdon said, the man was again advised of his constitutional rights. He was told the case was still under investigation and that he, Vigil, might want to consult an attorney. Chief of Detectives Sawdon reported that Vigil said he had nothing to hide and they started to talk.

Vigil, Sawdon said, claimed he was in love with his wife but that many times she angered him when they were out at parties. Vigil said he liked to dance and socialize and that women "naturally had eyes for me," and that his wife seemed

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to resent his popularity with the opposite sex.

During the questioning, Vigil said that he sometimes told his wife that she should drink along with him but she usually objected. When she did drink, he said, she became more jealous of the other women at the parties who seemed to like him. Vigil still insisted he had no knowledge of his wife's disappearance.

Sawdon told Vigil that he and the other officers investigating the case were convinced that his wife was dead, and that as far as they were concerned, he was a prime suspect until he could give them information that would make them believe otherwise.

Finally, Sawdon stated, Antonio Vigil leaned back in his chair and said: "Okay, I'll tell you the story if you will let this one woman come up here and talk to me."

The detective chief agreed and a few minutes later, Vigil was talking privately to the woman he had requested to see.

After several minutes, Vigil returned to the office and allegedly said he was willing to take Sawdon to the place where he had concealed the body of his wife; but, he said, it had to be done his way—that he and Sawdon must travel alone and that Sawdon must make the trip unarmed.

Sawdon took a long look at the suspect, talked quietly to him for a couple of minutes, and made his decision. This could be the big break in the case. He felt that if he did not go along, the suspect might resume his further insistence that he did not know what had happened to his wife and that the investigation would again reach an impasse.

The chief of detectives left the office for a few minutes and talked to Chief Carroll. When he returned to agree to Vigil's suggestion, his holster was empty, but his service pistol was in the righthand pocket of his topcoat. And Chief Carroll was quietly making arrangements with the department's helicopter pilot and a crack team of detectives to keep the pair under constant observation from the air.

As Sawdon drove the unmarked police car westward from Lincoln, Vigil, the detective chief said later, talked more freely than he had at the police station.

None of those who saw the car moving through the university city had any inkling of the intense drama that was unfolding before their eyes. Only those in the helicopter, hovering unobtrusively overhead, and other detectives trailing the car at a discreet distance, knew what was happening.

Vigil allegedly told the chief of detectives how he had become angry at his wife at the party and then drove her out on a lonely county road, still arguing, and how he had killed her before he had reported her missing.

Sawdon reported that Vigil said he became angry at the party when his wife objected to a girl "who had been making eyes at me," and that he couldn't understand why his wife wasn't willing to just have a good time.

Suddenly, as the car approached an isolated spot, Sawdon faced an unexpected crisis. Three men with rifles, who appeared to be hunters, tried to wave the car to a stop. Sawdon instinctively knew the men had probably located the body of the missing woman. Knowing it would be important to the prosecution's case in court that the suspect point out the exact location where the body was concealed, Sawdon slowed the police car and told the men, before they

could say anything, that he would return and that they were to wait for him. Then he proceeded on down the road, assuring Vigil that he did not know the identity of the men.

A short time later, Vigil told Sawdon to stop the car and took him to a couple of sparse trees some distance off the road that were growing on the edge of a gully.

Wordlessly he pointed down into the ditch and now, for one of the few times in his career, the chief of detectives recoiled at what he saw. There, only lightly covered with brush, was the nude body of a young woman.

It was headless.

For a few moments, the detective chief stared at the grisly scene below in silence and then he became aware of the sound of the chopper hovering overhead.

Sawdon then told Vigil that he would have to notify headquarters so that a thorough investigation of the scene could take place. Vigil nodded his agreement. Sawdon called in and Captain Butcher, Detective Lieutenant Ronald Flansberg and Sergeant Morgan soon arrived at the scene, which was 10½ miles west of Tenth and O Streets, also north of the heart of the city.

As they waited for the other officers to arrive, Sawdon said Vigil gave him additional details of the gruesome killing, telling him that he had stabbed his wife several times with a hunting knife and then severed her head as their quarrel reached a climax on the lonely road.

Sawdon returned and talked to the hunters and learned that his hunch had been well founded; they had found the body shortly before he and the suspect had arrived on the scene. He explained to them that it had been necessary for him to ignore their signal when they attempted to stop his car. They agreed to stay around until they could give a

complete account to other officers when they arrived.

County Attorney Douglas also had been immediately notified of the discovery of the body and was on the way to the murder site. He arrived at about 4:30 p.m. By that time Vigil allegedly had told Sawdon that he had buried the head of his wife at another location. He said he was willing to cooperate in the search for it, but also said he was less certain of where he had disposed of it.

Vigil told Sawdon he recalled disposing of the clothes under the bridge after hiding the body and then becoming extremely nervous about being stopped by a roving police car while the head of his wife was still in the car.

Sawdon said Vigil told him, however, that he recalled throwing his hunting knife as far away as he could after he had buried the head. He said that he had wiped the knife clean with grass and leaves before he hurled the murder weapon from him. Pressed by Sawdon to estimate the distance he might have thrown the knife he said from 40 to 55 feet.

Sawdon considered the information important because, he reasoned, if the knife were found the distance could be paced off in several directions and would eventually lead to the missing head of the corpse.

With the area roped off and the investigators, who had arrived at the scene, making a foot-by-foot search for clues, Douglas, Sawdon and other searchers, with the suspect directing them, made the most of the waning daylight in a search for the head.

Vigil took them to several locations, stating that the terrain at each resembled the area where he had disposed of the grisly clue. But, although each spot was examined with the utmost care, the investigators came up with nothing.

Both Sawdon and Douglas, studying Vigil closely as he led them from one place to another, were convinced that he was sincere in his attempts to lead them to where he said he had buried his wife's head.

But when darkness closed in to make any further search useless, Sawdon and Douglas called it off and returned to Police Headquarters, knowing they had a full night's work ahead of them documenting the dramatic events that had led to the solving of the mysterious disappearance of Carol Vigil.

When the two men returned to headquarters in downtown Lincoln, they found a report ready for them given by the woman that Vigil had requested to talk to before he agreed to accompany Sawdon to the scene where the headless body was found.

Studying the report, County Attorney Douglas and Chief of Detectives Sawdon learned that Vigil had told the woman substantially the same story, although in less detail, that he had related to Sawdon as the two men made the trip to where the body was found.

The woman said in her statement that she had known Carol Vigil, as well as her husband, and that he had seemed to have an affection for her which she did not return.

She said he had told her that he and his wife had a disagreement at a party in which his wife had become unruly because another woman "had made eyes at him" and he had danced with her. She said that "Tony" had told her that he had choked and stabbed his wife on a country road and that he wanted her to be one of the first to know.

The woman said that after the dis-





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appearance of Carol, Vigil had told her while she was a passenger on the bus he was driving that his wife had left him without taking her clothes or identification. She said Vigil told her at that time that if his wife had not returned by January 1st, he intended to file for divorce.

Further reports were coming in on how the dead woman's clothing had been found. Chief Deputy Sheriff Glenn Allen said that two blankets and a car seat cover, apparently soaked with blood, had also been found under the bridge three miles west of Lincoln on Van Dorn Street. Allen said the articles recovered apparently had been dropped from the bridge. He said that a youngster, playing in the vicinity, had found them and told his father who, in turn, called the sheriff's office.

Farmers in the vicinity were asked to inspect their outbuildings for more clues and the hopes that the missing head might be found. And just before the New Year dawned, County Attorney Douglas announced to the press that Antonio Vigil would be arraigned on a first-degree murder charge in connection with the death of his wife.

Lancaster County Judge Ralph Slocum on New Years Day ordered that Vigil be held without bond on the charges that he had murdered his wife. He set the preliminary hearing date for January 19th.

With Sawdon and Chief Joe Carroll intent on wrapping up the murder case, it was more than business as usual at the police station on January 1st, with most detectives working overtime.

County Attorney Douglas said that he considered the finding of the murdered woman's head essential to a complete investigation, although there could be no doubt about the identification of the body. As soon as the early winter light permitted, the investigators moved out into the area where the body was found.

Flamethrowers were brought in to burn down the brush in the areas where Vigil had indicated he had buried the head of his wife and tractors with blades on the front were set at a shallow depth as they moved in to turn over the soil in the fields.

Top men from the fire department were brought in to supervise the burning operations so that no fires would burn out of control.

Antonio Vigil again agreed to accompany Sawdon and Douglas into the field to aid in the elusive search but after an intensive search over the countryside that included eight widely-separated gullies, the searchers had again been frustrated.

Patrolman Ronald Bruder and Detective Al Maxey moved into the area with one of the better tracking dogs, which had been instrumental in running down clues in other cases, in the hope that he might lead them to where the head had been buried.

Sawdon was specially interested in finding the hunting knife that Vigil said he had used in decapitating his wife. He reasoned that once the knife had been found, the searchers would be able to find the missing head within an hour.

After the fruitless search on Friday, he contacted a couple of Lincoln companies that were known to possess powerful magnets which they used in their daily traffic in metals. They agreed to donate their equipment in an attempt to locate the knife believed to have been used in the murder.

The report was in on the post mortem performed on the frozen body which had been taken by assistants from the

Metcalf Mortuary to St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Lincoln. Dr. E. D. Zeman, pathologist said the Vigil woman's death had resulted from multiple stab wounds.

Further questioning of the suspect allegedly revealed that after he had killed his wife and severed her head he had put it in the back of his car; Sawdon said Vigil told him that it was the last thing he disposed of on the grisly night of the slaying.

While the investigators concentrated on the killing, Nebraskans were celebrating a series of football events that occurred during the day. Notre Dame defeated Texas and Stanford trounced Ohio State and 16 thousand Nebraskans who had journeyed to Miami saw their team beat Louisiana State University, 17 to 12, to become the Number 1 team in the nation.

The next day it started to snow, with winter winds howling across the Midlands to trigger a blizzard that has been declared the worst to hit Nebraska in 25 years. Snow drifted in many areas to between 10 and 15 feet, and some people died on the highways when they were caught in their cars. Even the major cities of Omaha and Lincoln were paralyzed—schools were closed, mail went undelivered and stores and other business places closed for the day.

It snowed all day Sunday, and when it was over Sawdon knew that his search for the head of the unfortunate housewife had come, at least temporarily, to a halt. But he knew that the search would have to be continued as soon as possible if the state was to present a complete case when Vigil is brought to trial.

Accompanying the gum-chewing Vigil when he appeared before Judge Slocum was court-appointed Attorney T. Clement Gaughan. This highly respected lawyer had been defense counsel for the mass killer, Starkweather. Later Gaughan was appointed to become the first public defender in the history of Lincoln. County Attorney Douglas and other Lincoln lawyers know the stocky Irishman can be a formidable opponent even on what seems to be an almost hopeless case.

A study of Antonio Vigil's record disclosed that he had served time in the Nebraska Penal Complex in Lincoln for first-degree arson. It was learned he had been born in Chadron, Nebraska, and had completed the 10th grade in schools in Nebraska and Colorado. Prosecutor Douglas said the Vigil family moved to Lincoln early in 1970 following the closing of a tire plant where he was employed in Topeka, Kansas.

On Tuesday, January 19th, Vigil again appeared before Judge Slocum, with Attorney Gaughan at his side, and waived preliminary hearing. Judge Slocum ordered that Antonio Vigil should stand trial in District Court and ordered that he continue to be held without bail.

As this story was written, the head of the ill-fated housewife had not yet been recovered.

Chief of Detectives Robert Sawdon has vowed the search will go on until it is.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**

Angela Talbeau and Mrs. Mamie House are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Fictitious names have been used because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of these persons.

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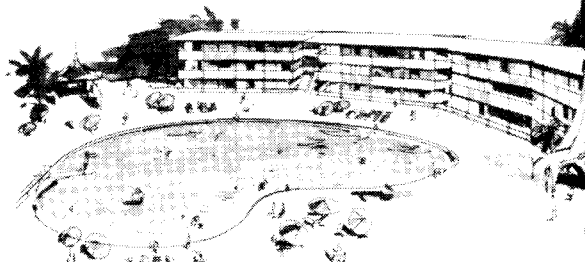
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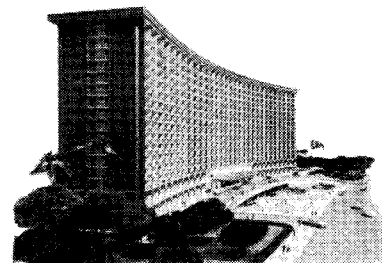
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