

Minnesota Coed's Killer Posed As An FBI Man

TRUE DETECTIVE

OCTOBER 50c

SEP 16 1970

The most shocking crime
in Montana history...

**"I HAVE A
PROBLEM
... I'M A
CANNIBAL!"**

A shrewd homicide inspector remembered an old French proverb:

**NEVER TRUST A NEW WIDOW
WITH AN OLD LOVER**



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

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

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

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

Reduce where you want to

But suppose you don't want to lose weight all over your body. Suppose you just want to reduce your waistline or heavy thighs. How can you get the fast, positive results of the sweat-suit method right where you want it? An Olympic athlete thought about that problem and then came up with an ingenious answer: WAIST-AWAY. Now you can spot-reduce stomach bulge by the rapid, natural body heat method athletes use.

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

Wear it while you work, exercise, loaf

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

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

No weights to carry

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

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

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

Quick and easy to put on

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

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

Waist-Away designer Ike Berger Olympic champion



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

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

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



WAIST-AWAY aids posture and comfort

Firmly but gently, WAIST-AWAY's support induces better posture. The heating effect developed by WAIST-AWAY helps to ease backache and stiffness. Reduce in comfort!



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

THE BEST QUALITY

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

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

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

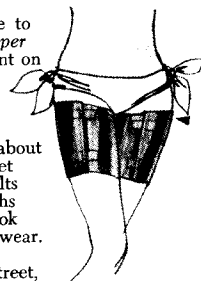
Whatever method of thigh reducing you've tried without success, don't give up. IBEM's new method produces the same effective slimming results on upper thighs as WAIST-AWAY does around the stomach.

Special composition material
IBEM Thigh Reducer Belts are made of

soft, pliable, rubber-like composition. They're easy to put on. The adjustable Velcro® fastening

keeps them snug as your thighs get thinner. (Be sure to indicate your upper thigh measurement on your order.)

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



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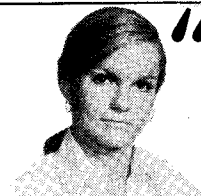
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<i>Editor</i>	<i>Managing Editor</i>	<i>Asst. Managing Editor</i>	<i>Editorial Assistant</i>
A. P. GOVONI	EDWARD GIBBONS	RICHARD F. GIBBONS	SHERRY TORCH
	<i>Art Director</i>	<i>Associate Editor</i>	<i>Editorial Assistant</i>
	FRIEDEL BENSON	CORA C. BISOGNO	A. B. DE ALMEIDA

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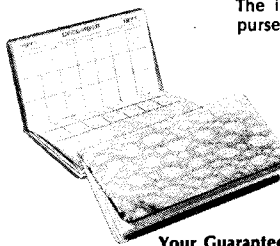


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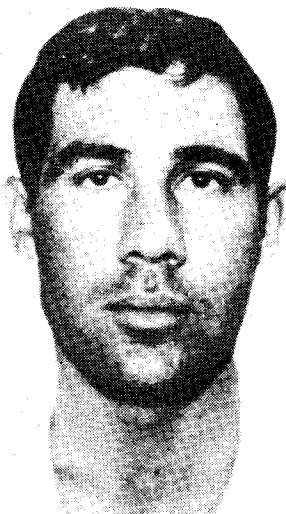
5'6"

5'3"

5'3"

TD LINE-UP

Watch for these fugitives



DEWEY CATRON JR. Charge: *Unlawful Flight (Armed Robbery)*. TD Reward: \$100. Age, 31; weight, 160-175; height, 5'7"; hair, black; eyes, brown. *If located, notify J. Edgar Hoover, Director, FBI, Washington 25, D.C.*

ALAN CLIFFORD SAUNDERS. Charge: *Unlawful Flight (Bank Robbery)*. TD Reward: \$100. Age, 43; weight, 170; height, 5'9" to 5'10"; hair, dark brown; eyes, gray. *If located, notify J. Edgar Hoover, Director, FBI, Washington 25, D.C.*

DEWEY CATRON JR., an ex-con with a record of several felony convictions, is being sought by the Federal Bureau of Investigation for unlawful flight to avoid prosecution for armed robbery.

On June 1, 1968, Catron and an accomplice allegedly robbed at gunpoint a family at Tahlequah, Oklahoma. At the time of the robbery, Catron was free on bond from a previous robbery in which he and another accomplice reportedly robbed a couple in Hot Springs, Arkansas of \$14,000 in money and jewelry.

Catron's accomplices in each crime have since been located and convicted for their parts in the robberies.

This fugitive has a police record which includes convictions for burglary, escape from a penal institution, assault with intent to kill, and forgery.

Catron, who sometimes goes by the name of Dewey Junior Catron, has held down several legitimate jobs in the past. He has been employed as a construction worker, cook, electrician, oil well worker and tile setter.

This fugitive has a cut scar and raised round scar on his upper right arm, and scars on his left hand and thumb. He also has tattoos of crossed arrows above "CATRON" on his right arm, "DEWEY" on left arm.

Consider this man armed and dangerous.

SPECIAL AGENTS of the Federal Bureau of Investigation are looking for a convicted thief on a charge of unlawful interstate flight to avoid prosecution on a charge of bank robbery.

On the afternoon of July 15, 1969, Alan Clifford Saunders allegedly robbed a branch office of the Doylestown National Bank and Trust Company at Doylestown, Pennsylvania of \$2,390 by reportedly indicating he had a concealed gun and presenting a threatening demand note.

After the holdup, Saunders made his escape in a rented late-model car and has been at large ever since.

A federal warrant for his arrest was issued on July 24, 1969 at Philadelphia.

Saunders, who has been employed in the past as a house painter, has a record of a conviction for theft.

This fugitive is reportedly an avid race track fan and a heavy drinker of alcoholic beverages.

Saunders is of medium build, with a fair complexion. His dark hair is receding. He has no scars, tattoos or other distinguishing marks.

Saunders allegedly has suicidal tendencies and, in view of the nature of his alleged crime, the armed robbery of a bank, consider him armed and dangerous.

(Continued on page 6)

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\$5 Twice Monthly
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\$5 Twice Monthly
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 1 payment \$4
\$5 Twice Monthly
 9 MONTHS TO PAY



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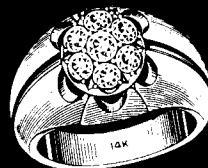
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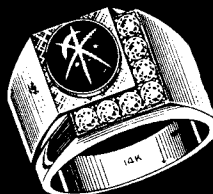
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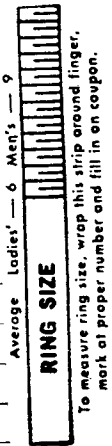
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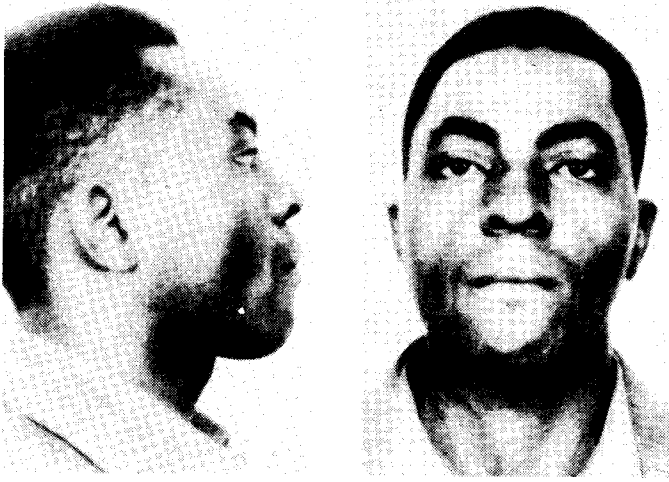
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ALBERT LOUIS BRADFORD. Charge: *Unlawful Flight (Assault Intent to Kill)*. TD Reward: \$100. Age, 36; weight, 185; height, 5'11"; hair, black; eyes, brown. If located, notify J. Edgar Hoover, Director, FBI, Washington 25, D.C.

SPECIAL AGENTS of the Federal Bureau of Investigation are looking for a convicted rapist and robber on a charge of unlawful interstate flight to avoid prosecution for assault with intent to kill.

On August 26, 1968, Albert Louis Bradford allegedly raped and brutally beat a woman in Clayton, Missouri. Bradford had been on parole only four months after having served prison time for rape and armed robbery.

A federal warrant for Bradford's arrest was issued on September 13, 1968 at St. Louis, Missouri.

This fugitive's background is full of contrasts. He has performed menial work, such as the duties of a porter, but has also been an artist.

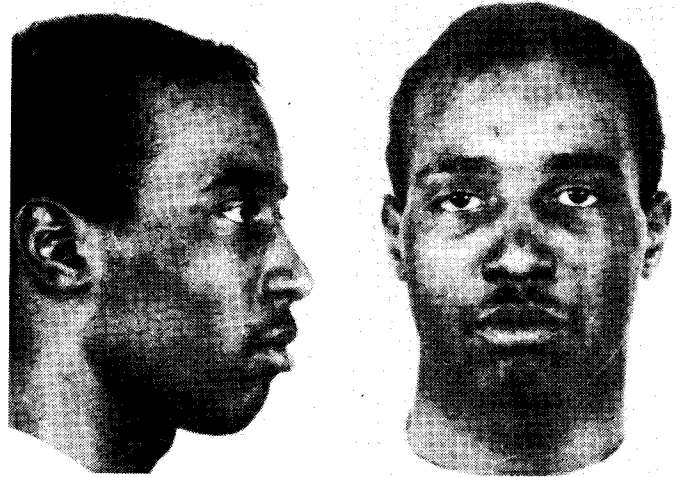
Bradford is reportedly a yoga enthusiast and a self-educated person, capable of speaking several languages fluently and with ease.

Bradford sometimes spells his last name "Bardford," and is occasionally addressed as "Al."

This fugitive, who may or may not be wearing a mustache, has scars on the back of his right hand. His build is medium, his complexion dark.

He reportedly uses Social Security No. 500-58-7177.

Bradford, who allegedly has attempted suicide in the past, should be considered armed and dangerous.



JAMES EDWARD McCLAIN. Charge *Unlawful Flight (Bank Robbery)*. TD Reward \$100. Age, 24; weight, 150-160; height, 5'11"; hair, black; eyes, brown. If located, notify J. Edgar Hoover, Director, FBI, Washington 25, D.C.

JAMES EDWARD McCLAIN, a 24-year-old man with a formidable police record, is being sought by agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation for bank robbery.

On September 25, 1968, McClain and an accomplice allegedly entered a credit union office in Detroit, Michigan and attacked the guard with a gun, striking him in the face.

The guard fired two shots, and the return fire by McClain reportedly wounded the guard on the chin. McClain and his accomplice fled in a car driven by a third man. The other two men were captured, but McClain is still at large. A federal warrant was issued for his arrest on December 20, 1968, at Detroit.

This fugitive, who has been employed in the past as a laborer, has been convicted of armed robbery, breaking and entering, assault and battery, obtaining goods under false pretense and resisting arrest.

McClain sometimes uses the middle name of Anthony, and occasionally is called by the nickname, Tony.

This fugitive who has been known to wear a mustache, has scars under his right eye, on his left wrist and on top of his left shoulder.

In view of the violence of his alleged crime, consider this man armed and dangerous.

\$400 REWARDS IN THIS ISSUE—377 CAPTURES TO DATE

**\$37,700 Rewards Paid By T.D. Publishing Corporation—\$20,770 Paid By Authorities
Total Rewards Paid To Readers—\$58,470**

LINE-UP is a free public service. All law enforcement agencies are invited to make use of it. Readers of TRUE DETECTIVE possessing authentic information concerning any fugitive pictured in LINE-UP are urgently requested to: **FIRST**—Communicate with their local police, or police in the city where the fugitive may be located. **SECOND**—Advise us *immediately* upon identification of the fugitive through LINE-UP. Where authorities are notified by letter or wire, send copy of same to LINE-UP Editor. *Application for reward must be postmarked within 24 hours after the hour fugitive has been positively identified through LINE-UP. (Police officers who effect the capture of fugitives wanted by their own department are not eligible for LINE-UP rewards.)*

TRUE DETECTIVE reward offers are in effect up to six months after the publication of photo and the reward is payable to the person who first identifies the fugitive, prior to his arrest, from the photograph of the wanted subject appearing in LINE-UP and gives the tip that leads to his capture.

TRUE DETECTIVE reserves the right of final decision in determining whether or not the evidence submitted by the claimant to the reward is sufficiently clear and conclusive.

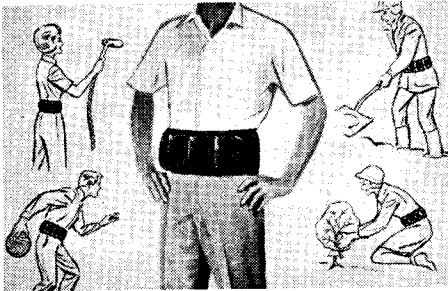
If you have any information on the whereabouts of the fugitives listed in this month's LINE-UP, send it in a letter addressed to A. P. Govoni, Editor, TRUE DETECTIVE, 206 E. 43 St., New York, N.Y. 10017.

Identity of Readers Who Furnish Information Leading to Captures Will Be Held Confidential Upon Request

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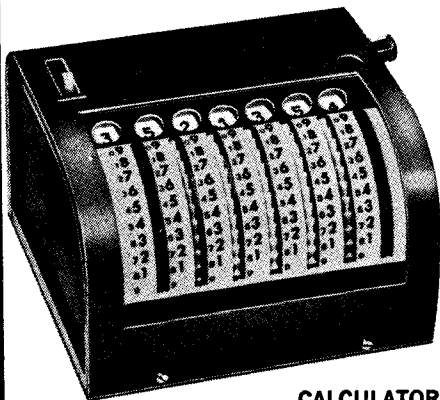
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to: TROOPER RICHARD E. TOMASIK

Howell Township Barracks, New Jersey State Police

THREE BANDITS, one of them armed with a sub-machinegun, staged a daring daylight raid on a New Jersey bank and got away with \$229,000—but not for long.

State Trooper Richard E. Tomasik chased the trio in his cruiser at high speeds for nearly a mile, ignoring the bursts of machinegun fire from the getaway car, which he finally forced into a driveway where it crashed in some underbrush.

The three fugitives fled on foot, but Trooper Tomasik quickly collared one of them at gunpoint, recovering \$188,000 of the loot and the machinegun.

Then he joined fellow lawmen in bottling up the other two armed men in a nearby patch of woods. Some hours later, one of the bandits made a break from the woods but was caught. His companion managed to escape with \$41,000 of the bank loot and, at this writing, is still at large.

The dramatic incident had its start late on the morning of July 15, 1970 when three men drove into the parking lot of the Howell Township branch of the Monmouth County National Bank on Route 9. Two of them, armed with pistols and wearing face masks, charged into the bank. The getaway car driver remained behind, with the .45 caliber sub-machinegun at the ready.

Once inside the bank, one of the stickup men herded employees and customers into a corner while the other gathered up the \$229,000 loot.

The pair then fled to the escape car... but not before one of the bank employees managed to trip a silent alarm which alerted officers in the nearby Howell Township barracks of the state police.

As cruisers began heading for the bank from the barracks, 22-year-old Trooper Tomasik, a one-year veteran of the state police force, was flagged down by a young couple near the bank parking lot who excitedly informed him that the holdup was in progress. Simultaneously, he received a radio alert on the robbery from the police barracks.

At that moment, the getaway car careened out of the parking lot and raced down a side road. Tomasik gunned his cruiser into action and gave chase, bird-dogging the streaking getaway car through several secondary roads, with both vehicles at times reaching speeds of 80 miles an hour.



Col. David B. Kelly, State Police Commissioner, congratulates Trooper Tomasik after the latter received award for heroism

At one point in the high-speed chase, one of the bandits smashed out the rear window of the fugitive car and began firing at the pursuing trooper with the sub-machinegun, but luckily his shots were off target. Tomasik withheld his own fire for fear of injuring innocent persons in the heavily-populated area.

Moments later, Tomasik forced the escape car into a driveway, where it went out of control and crashed in some bushes. Two of the gunmen managed to get free of the wrecked car and flee into the nearby woods. The third man was a little slower. He was just disappearing into the trees when Trooper Tomasik screeched his car to a halt and leaped out, gun in hand.

Tomasik raced after the fugitive and cornered him just inside the woods.

"Get those hands up high—real high!" the trooper snapped. The bandit quickly complied, then, at the officer's command, lay prone while handcuffs were snapped onto his wrists.

Tomasik, holding his prisoner under guard at gunpoint, then radioed his position back to headquarters and awaited help. When other officers arrived, a search of the area turned up a beach bag containing the bulk of the bank loot. The sub-machinegun was found a few feet away.

Dick Tomasik has been married three years, and he and his wife, Lynne, live

in Toms River with their two-year-old son, Jeffrey. A high school and University of Pennsylvania football player, he joined the state police in March, 1969, after graduating at the head of his class from the Police Academy at Sea Girt.

Tomasik is not very active in community affairs, explaining, "I concentrate all my energies on my work as a trooper—and on being a husband and father."

The young officer's gutsy and professional performance in the bank robbery incident brought him many commendations, including a personal note from New Jersey Governor William T. Cahill, which said, in part, "Your efforts... are to be highly commended and can only be a source of inspiration to your fellow troopers."

The governor, in a special ceremony, also presented Tomasik with the State Police's highest decoration for heroism, the Distinguished Service Award. The citation stated:

"Trooper Tomasik's professional skill, under extremely hazardous conditions, reflects great credit upon himself and is in keeping with the highest traditions of the New Jersey State Police."

We, the editors of TRUE DETECTIVE, couldn't agree more, and are proud to present this month's Public Service Award to Trooper Richard E. Tomasik of the New Jersey State Police. ♦♦♦

Each month TRUE DETECTIVE will present a TD PUBLIC SERVICE AWARD and a check for \$100 to an officer for outstanding merit. If you submit the name of a candidate, write details to: Editor, TRUE DETECTIVE, 206 East 43rd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

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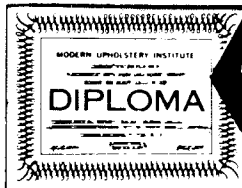
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APPROVED FOR VETERANS



by W. T. BRANNON

For 30 agonizing, suspense-filled hours, his family and the police of three Midwest states fearfully sought the answer to the question:

IS LITTLE TIMMY MARTIN ALIVE OR DEAD?

THE LONG-DRAWN-OUT case was far from complete when federal marshals appeared at the federal tier of the Cook County jail in Chicago to pick up the defendant and transfer him to the Federal Bureau of Prisons Hospital in Springfield, Missouri.

When the prisoner was turned over to hospital authorities later that day, Monday, February 9, 1970, the date marked the beginning of a long series of psychological and psychiatric tests which were still going on as this was written.

The accused was imprisoned as a direct result of events that began on Saturday, November 22, 1969, in Chicago. That afternoon a distraught young mother telephoned the Albany Park police station and reported that her son, Timmy Martin, 6 was missing.

Minutes later, Sergeant Michael Scardina was at the boy's home on North Lawndale Avenue in the northwest section of the city. Skidding tires signaled the arrival of other official cars bringing Detectives Troy Sandford, Eugene O'Connell and John Healy

from the Area Five Detective Headquarters.

The tearful young mother gave this account of what had happened: That morning, she gave Timmy permission to go outside and play. The lad had been in school all week and this was an opportunity for him to get outside. She knew that he usually played with a friend, a nine-year-old boy who lived in the neighborhood.

As Timmy skipped out of the house, his mother called after him and told him to be sure to come home in time for lunch. Timmy acknowledged this with a few affirmative words and a wave of his hand, then hurried outside in the crisp November air, which was in the mid-40s on that late-autumn day.

But Timmy had not come home for lunch, and when the worried mother went to look for him, she could find no trace of the youngster. She knew that he and his friend sometimes went to the field house of nearby Eugene Park and she tried looking for him there.

The caretaker told her that the field house was closed during the winter months and that he had chased Timmy and the other boy out about one p. m. The mother began inquiring of the neighbors, some of whom remembered Timmy and his friend skipping along the sidewalk around noon, but nobody could recall seeing them since.

The mother found Timmy's nine-year-old friend at home. He had just told his parents of the strange thing which had happened as he and Timmy were on their way back from the field house. According to the youngster, a man in a blue car had pulled up ahead of them and got out of the car. He approached the two boys and offered

them a dollar apiece if they would go for a walk with him in the La Bagh Woods, a small wooded area nearby.

Both boys had been warned repeatedly by their parents not to talk to strangers, nor to get in automobiles with them. When the boys rejected the man's offer, he started towards them and they ran, with the stranger trying to catch them. The nine-year-old got away and ran home, but Timmy slipped and fell and the stranger caught up with him.

The nine-year-old said that Timmy didn't scream, and he didn't seem afraid. He said the last he saw of Timmy, the man had him by the hand and was leading him toward the blue car. It wasn't clear to him whether Timmy had changed his mind; that may have been why he had not told about the incident until later in the afternoon.

Questioned gently by the detectives, the youngster told them that the man was a stranger; he didn't recall ever having seen him before. He said he thought the man was between 25 and 30 years old. He wore a blue jacket, and his hair was cut a lot shorter than the current mod style.

The boy said he did not know what kind of a car the man was in, but it was a late model and he remembered that it was blue. Asked about the license plates, he said he was sure they were not Illinois plates. Cars with plates from two adjoining states are fairly common in Chicago—Wisconsin and Indiana—and the boy was asked if it was one of these. Shaking his head, he said he didn't know.

The detectives described Wisconsin plates and the boy said he didn't think the man had Wisconsin plates. Then they described Indiana plates. This time the youngster said



Searchers in rowboats probed slimy park river to look for body of 6-year-old John Mazur who disappeared in area

he thought the car had that kind of license tags.

This didn't help much, but it gave the officers some idea of where to look for the stranger, possibly with a small boy beside him in the front seat. They realized this was more wishful thinking than real hope, but they began working on it.

Police departments around Lake Michigan, from Milwaukee through the industrial sections of Indiana and up along the resorts sections of Michigan, were alerted. All were given the vague descriptions they had of the stranger and his car.

Since the man had mentioned La Bagh Woods, the officers went there first. They made a thorough search, but found nothing to indicate that the man had brought the boy there.

What caused them to shudder was the fact that the north branch of the Chicago River ran behind Timmy's home and to the northwest. If the man had taken Timmy there, it wouldn't be the first time that a child or girl had been attacked by a deviate along the river bank.

Within an hour, more than 150 law enforcement officers were searching for Timmy, sometimes stopping late model blue cars in which children were riding. Farther north were sections of the Cook County forest preserve and neighbors organized parties to begin searching these wooded areas—designed for recreation and usually safe enough during the summer months, but generally deserted when the weather was cold. The forest preserve, too, had been the scenes of crimes against children and young women.

When no trace at all had been found of Timmy by early Sunday morning, the detectives reluctantly stared at the muddy waters of the Chicago River and decided that a deviate who wanted to get rid of a body in a hurry would likely throw it into the stream's forbidding depths.

With the combined facilities of the Chicago police crime lab and the Chicago fire department, grim-faced men began dragging the river, each fervently hoping that Timmy's body would not be found there.

Sunday was not too cold for motorists to be out in large numbers, many of them crowding the tri-state tollway as well as the Outer Drive. This road begins at Evanston, Illinois, on the north, and takes a twisting course near the lake front through the north and south sides of Chicago, with some access streets leading to the Dan Ryan Expressway that connects up with the Calumet Skyway. The Skyway, in turn, leads to highways through Hammond and Gary, Indiana, and along the lakefront resort areas of Michigan directly across from Chicago, northern Illinois and Wisconsin.

It was in this section that the more than 150 law enforcement officers concentrated on their search for the blue car with Indiana license plates. Many late model blue cars with Indiana plates were stopped and several youngsters were questioned. But none of them was Timmy.

About noon, after 24 hours had elapsed and there was sufficient reason to believe that the abductor had taken Timmy across a state line, FBI special agents joined the hunt. Assistant Special Agent in Charge George Lake of the Indianapolis office of the FBI led a contingent of agents in a search from the spot where Chicago ends and Hammond, Indiana, begins, along the lake shore and in isolated spots around East Chicago, Michigan City and Gary.

The Indiana Dunes, whence three Chicago girls had disappeared three years before—and had never been found—were given particular attention by the G-men who were joined by troopers of the Indiana State Police.

In Chicago, the north branch of the Chicago River was dragged for a mile both north and south of the rear of Timmy's home. Nothing but a lot of junk was brought up. The dragging operations were abandoned.

For Timmy's mother, who has two other children, girls then four and five years old, it was a bleak and agonizing day. She kept in close contact with the police at Area Five Detective Headquarters, who gave her periodic reports of no progress in the massive search.

The neighbors had not been found wanting. Dozens of them offered their services, searching the La Bagh Woods and other nearby sections of the forest preserve. Some

even patrolled alleys doggedly, looking in garbage cans and under stairways, where the body of a small boy might be hidden.

Then, late Sunday afternoon, came the good news. Timmy was alive and safe, although his abductor had escaped. He had been rescued through sheer coincidence by some hunters who happened to pass an isolated section of Lake Michigan, 40 miles north of Muskegon, and about 10 miles from Hart, Michigan.

Trooper Michael Hurd of the Hart Post of the Michigan State Police called the information to the Chicago police



Accused kidnaper of boy claimed a debt of \$1,000 and inability to hire a lawyer. He said, "Let Uncle Sam pay for it"



Accompanied by FBI agents, suspect (c.) hides face. A 6th grade teacher, he had criminal record

who, in turn, relayed it to the joyous mother.

After she had arranged for the care of her two young daughters, the mother went to Hart, accompanied by Sergeant Scardina and Detectives O'Connel, Sanford and Healy. Timmy seemed to be unharmed, and he was quite ready to tell what had happened.

He didn't know where or how far they had driven, but he said they had stopped twice to buy gas. Both times, the man warned him to keep quiet. "I wasn't scared, not too much," Timmy said.

That night the man pulled the car off the road and got in the back seat, leaving Timmy in the front to sleep. Again, he warned Timmy to keep quiet.

During the trip of about 250 miles, Timmy said he was not harmed, but he was given only a bag of potato chips to eat.

"I don't know if he was going to bring me home. I wasn't scared, but I begged him to take me home," Timmy related. "The man said, 'I'm taking you home.'"

The man in the blue car, with Timmy beside him in the front seat, drove on to Michigan, passed through Muskegon and Hart, about 30 miles to the north. Ten miles further on, in an isolated area known as Litte Point Sable on Lake Michigan, the man stopped.

"He told me to take off my shoes and roll up my pants because we were going in the water," Timmy said. "He picked me up and threw me in the river and tried to drown me, but I pretended I was dead already. And then he dragged me, but the hunting men came along and he let me go."

The "hunting men" were three hunters who just happened to come along as the man tried to drown Timmy.

However, they thought at first that the man was trying to rescue the boy and they left their dune buggy and started towards him to see if they could help. He dropped Timmy and fled to the blue car.

Two of the hunters "saw this man dragging a young boy out of the water," said Trooper Hurd of the Hart State Police Post. "They ran up to the boy and at first thought he was dead. When they got to him, they rolled him over. The boy broke into tears and became hysterical.

"He started shouting that the man had tried to drown him, had tried to kill him, and that 'he's a murderer.' One of the men picked the boy up and the boy calmed down."

Trooper Hurd said that, as the man fled, the hunters, who were well acquainted with the area, raced ahead of him on the only road out and set up their own roadblock with a pickup truck. When the man tried to crash through the roadblock in his blue car, which bore Indiana license plates, one of the hunters picked up a four by four piece of lumber and crashed it through the windshield of the fugitive's car.

But the man managed to get around the road block and sped away on the narrow road. The hunters got in the pickup truck and rammed the blue car from the rear several times, but the driver stepped on the gas and managed to pull ahead.

At about this time, a young man in his late teens came along on a one-lane road in the area. One of the hunters called out to him what had happened and asked him to call the police. The young man raced to his home nearby and telephoned the Hart State Police Post.



Happy conclusion of three-state manhunt for kidnaped boy came with reunion with tearful mother after his rescue . . .

Then he returned to the scene. "It was a one-in-a-million chance that the hunters were there," he said later. "The hunters were going back to get a jeep that was stuck. It was a good mile from anywhere that you could drive with a normal vehicle."

The young man had been close behind the blue car for a part of the distance to the Hart Post and he had memorized the Indiana license number, which he gave to Trooper Hurd. The officer contacted James Nagle, Special Agent in Charge of the FBI office in Indianapolis and briefed him on what had happened, then repeated the license number.

Since the suspect had last been seen in Michigan and it was not known which way he would go, special agents of

the FBI from Detroit, Indianapolis, Gary and Chicago poured out onto the roads and began searching for the blue car with a hole in the windshield.

Planes and helicopters from Chicago also took to the air with police officers trying to spot the car with binoculars.

Timmy, meanwhile, still wet from the dunking in Lake Michigan, was taken to the Hart Post, where dry clothes were provided while his own were dried out.

Asked about the abductor, Timmy said: "I never saw him before. I don't know his name. He told me he don't have no name."

However, the hunters and the teenager had gotten a good look at the man and they agreed he was between 25 and 30 years old, his dark hair cut short. They said he wore glasses and a blue quilted jacket.

In Hammond, meanwhile, Police Chief George Weiss and Captain William Blaemire, chief of detectives, recognized similarities between the kidnaping of Timmy and the abduction of six-year-old John Mazur, who went out to play from his home on 175th Street in Hammond on Saturday morning, September 6th, and never returned.

A search of the area, led by Captain Blaemire and Hammond detectives, who had help from scores of citizens, went on through the night, but no trace of the boy was found.

The news that the rather handsome six-year-old, whose dark hair was short—like a long crewcut—was missing brought literally scores of calls to Hammond police headquarters from people in the industrial area known as the Calumet Region that the boy had been seen. Each of these was checked out, but each boy reported proved to be someone else.

The first break came Sunday morning when searchers in Riverside Park found John's bicycle on the bank of the Little Calumet River. His mother identified it as the bike the youngster had been riding when she last saw him about 10 o'clock Saturday morning.

Numerous men in boats began searching the slimy waters of the river, while scuba divers probed its depths. Nearby Harrison Park Lagoon and water-filled foundations of the abandoned King Arthur apartment complex also were searched.

The massive hunt went on for two days, but it was not until about 8:45 a. m. on Monday—almost 48 hours after little John Mazur last had been seen—that his nude body was found on a Lake Michigan beach, about 25 feet from the water's edge and about 200 feet from the nearest road.

Picknickers over the week end had scattered a lot of paper cartons, napkins and other debris along the beach and the owner of a nursing home in the community, known as Beverly Shores and about 30 miles from John Mazur's home in Hammond, began clearing up the rubbish. It was then that he came upon the boy's nude body.

It was lying face down in the sand and there were signs that it had been violently battered. The resident immediately telephoned Beverly Shores Town Marshal Philip Bregen. He notified Porter County Coroner Leonard Wetmore, who relayed the information to the Dunes Post of the Indiana State Police.

Minutes later, Marshal Bregen, Coroner Wetmore, Indiana State Police Detective Sergeant Harry Young and several troopers converged on the scene, which was very close to the location of two other recent major investigations. One was the fruitless search for the three missing Chicago girls, the other the gruesome finding of the body of young Ella Jean Scott, a teenage beauty who had been buried on a farm nearby.

Now, the grim-faced officers stared down at the naked body of the boy for whom they knew a widespread search had been going on. This particular area had been combed less than 12 hours before and the boy's body was not there then. Obviously, the killer had brought him there within the past 10 to 12 hours.

Coroner Wetmore made a preliminary examination and expressed the opinion that the youngster had been dead no more than eight hours, possibly only about four hours. There were no signs of a struggle in the loose white sand,



Little boy told of harrowing ordeal with abductor who tried to drown him, "but I pretended I was dead already," he said

and it seemed obvious that the boy had died elsewhere and had been brought here, probably in an automobile, sometime after midnight.

After the troopers had made pictures of the body from several angles and had photographed the surroundings, Coroner Wetmore ordered the tiny corpse moved to a mortuary for an autopsy.

Meanwhile, Hammond Police Chief Weiss was notified. After a conference with Captain Blaemire, it was decided to add four Hammond detectives to those already working on the case and to ask help from the nearby cities of Chicago and Gary, from the FBI and from the Indiana State Police.

Commander Rudy Schultz of the Dunes Post already

had assigned Sergeant Young and two teams of detectives to help in the investigation and they joined the Hammond detectives. Some distance from where the body was discovered, further along the beach, the detectives found clothing that apparently had been worn by John Mazur.

But it was not badly soiled and there was no evidence of a struggle at this spot, either. It seemed clear that the boy had been forced to disrobe before he was killed.

Captain Blaemire, who maintains a list of known deviates in the Calumet Region, had each of them interviewed—by his own men, by Lansing and Chicago police if they lived across the state line, and by officers in East Chicago, Michigan City and Gary. Each of them had a good alibi and was cleared.

Then the Hammond detectives concentrated on trying to trace the movements of the boy on Saturday. Their efforts proved fruitless.

Preliminary reports of the autopsy indicated that the boy had not been sexually molested, thus adding another puzzle to the already baffling case. Or had the killer discovered a new means of sexual molestation that did not show up in an autopsy?

Captain Blaemire still considered it a sex crime, since all the boy's clothing had been removed.

Coroner Wetmore said the preliminary autopsy report indicated that the boy had been severely beaten about the body, the face and throat. He said the throat wounds suggested that John had been strangled or suffocated.

There was another puzzling aspect of the case. The autopsy showed that the boy had been given food after that which he had eaten at home. The preliminary post mortem indicated that John had eaten about midnight Sunday. Captain Blaemire said the autopsy showed John had died sometime between midnight Sunday and four a. m. Monday.

This meant that he had been held captive from 30 to 40 hours after he disappeared. Captain Blaemire and Chief Weiss appealed for information anyone might have about the boy's whereabouts between the time he left home on Saturday morning and midnight Sunday.

Little Timmy Martin had been held captive for about 30 hours and he had been given food. He had not been sexually molested, although an attempt was made to kill him. In these respects, the two cases were similar. But at the time John Mazur was murdered, Timmy had not been kidnaped. It seemed certain, however, that if the hunters hadn't come on the scene by pure chance, Timmy would have been killed, too.

The public appeal brought some information. It was recalled that a man had been arrested for molesting two teenage girls in Riverside Park, where John Mazur's bicycle had been found. Legal action against the man was still pending.

He was interviewed about John Mazur's disappearance and subsequent murder, but police were unable to connect him with the crime and he was released. He was free on bond and still faced charges in the cases of the two teenage girls.

After an exhaustive post mortem examination, everything but suffocation was ruled out and Coroner Wetmore said this was considered the cause of death. There were numerous cuts and bruises on the boy's body, indicating these had been inflicted before the boy died.

This suggested that the killer was the type of deviate who gets his kicks from inflicting pain on others, especially small boys. Or it could have been that the bruises had been caused at various times when John fought with his kidnaper or tried to escape.

Then a promising lead developed. A man who said he had been out of town since Saturday came to see Captain Blaemire. He said he had been at Riverside Park Saturday morning and had seen John. He said he saw the boy get into a car with a man. He described the car as a 1968 or 1969 Ford Torino or Ford Fairlane 500. He said he believed it was a Torino, but that it could have been a Fairlane.

Captain Blaemire put as many men as he could spare on the task of checking out every Torino and Fairlane 500

(Continued on page 58)



Local policeman kept vigil at edge of forest (left) as plane circled overhead in search for suspected killers. State troopers

by BILL ORMSBY

There would be no rest for police of a half dozen states until they tracked down a couple of hot suspects in the

CARBON COPY KILLINGS OF TWO INDIANA LAWYERS



(center) joined manhunt and tension mounted as one-man road blockades (above) were set up to prevent fugitives' escape

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY DAVID L. Riley of Wayne County, Indiana, shook his head in disbelief and cursed under his breath as he looked at the two dead officers. One of them was Ronald R. Goodwin, 48-year-old town marshal of Fountain City, a tiny community located on Route 27, about 15 miles north of Richmond in the east-central part of the Hoosier state. Goodwin was slumped over the wheel of his unmarked cruiser.

A few feet away, on the asphalt drive of a defunct service station, lay the body of Marshal Goodwin's brother-in-law, Deputy Marshal William G. (Bill) Peters, 51, stretched out grotesquely in a pool of blood.

"The poor devils never had a chance," Riley murmured to a fellow officer, noticing that neither lawman had drawn his service revolver from its holster.

Within minutes that morning, June 7, 1970, the crime scene was swarming with lawmen from the office of Sheriff H. D. McCann, from the nearby state police post, and even from the distant Richmond Police Department where detectives were eager to assist in the apprehension of a cop-killer. According to Sheriff McCann, whose deputies were the first investigators to arrive on the scene, the bodies of Goodwin and Peters were

discovered about 2:30 a. m. by a local man who lived close to the murder scene. The witness said he had seen the two officers alive only minutes before.

"I was driving home when I saw Marshal Goodwin and Peters looking at a car parked about here," the witness told detectives, pointing to a spot only a few feet away from Goodwin's patrol car.

"Did you notice what kind of car it was?" a detective asked.

"Yes, it was a dark-colored Mustang. I'm not sure of the year though," the man said.

"Did you see anyone else around?" police wanted to know.

"No, just Ronnie and Bill," the man said. "It was pretty dark, but I knew it was them because I know them personally."

"You didn't stop then?" police asked.

"No. It's routine, seeing them checking parked cars at that hour of the night. I might have tooted my horn . . . I do sometimes when I see them, but I drove straight home."

The witness said he'd been home only a short time when he heard gunfire.

"Some kids around here have been jumping the Fourth of July with firecrackers," the witness said, "and at first I started to discount the noise. Then it dawned on me what time it

was and I suddenly remembered seeing the marshal and his brother-in-law back at that station. So I jumped in my car and drove back here and found them shot."

"Were you able to talk to them?" the interrogator asked.

"I tried to, but I think they were both dead," the shaken man said. "First I started to go back home and call the sheriff. Then I remembered the radio in Ronnie's car. I'd seen him use it often enough to know how it worked, so I just pushed the button on the microphone and started asking for help. In a few minutes deputy cars started coming in from all directions."

"You didn't pass the Mustang on the way back?" a state police detective asked.

"No, my car was the only one on the road between my house and here," the man said.

Since the witness lived north of the crime scene, police consequently theorized the killer had fled south, toward Richmond.

The witness' statement was largely corroborated by the sheriff's department dispatcher, who took the man's frantic cries for help and sent all cars speeding to the scene. The dispatcher then notified Sheriff McCann and state police, who are generally depended upon in most small Indiana

communities to investigate major crimes because of their extensive training and access to crime laboratory technicians and equipment.

The murder probe turned south to Kentucky when detectives learned from the sheriff's dispatcher that the car Marshal Goodwin and Deputy Marshal Peters had been checking out bore a Blue Grass State license plate.

"It was just before midnight when Marshal Goodwin radioed for a registration check on the car," the dispatcher told state police. "He said he'd found the car abandoned on the service station drive and it appeared the ignition had been wired around. The only thing I could tell him at the time was that the license had been purchased in Estill County, Kentucky, and that I'd contact him later if I could run down an ownership."

The dispatcher said that he was unable to get the needed information at that time of the night and advised Marshal Goodwin accordingly about an hour later.

"Did Goodwin say whether he'd located the driver?" the dispatcher was asked.

"No. As a matter of fact, the last contact I had with him was that he and Bill were going to wait there to see if the car was claimed," the sheriff's dispatcher said.

While authorities were investigating the double murders, the sheriff's department was notified of a house burglary within 100 yards of where Goodwin and Peters had been gunned down in cold blood. The home owner said he was awakened by the police activity around the service station and upon going to the back entrance of his house to investigate, he learned the door had been jimmied.

"What did they get?" Sheriff McCann asked the burglary victim.

"All my guns," the man said. He identified them as hunting rifles and shotguns.

But within minutes after investigators arrived at the man's house, the firearms were located.

"They were found wrapped in a blanket not too far from the murder scene," Sheriff's Deputy Riley said later. "Upon finding this evidence, we were able to piece together what probably led up to the slaying of the two town policemen," Riley added.

Police theorized that the killer or killers spotted Goodwin and Peters as they were returning to their getaway car with the stolen guns. The cops believed that the burglars lay in hiding, in hopes the two policemen would soon leave. When they didn't, police speculated, the brazen house thieves either approached their car thinking they could sweet-talk the cops into letting them continue on their way, or came out of the surrounding weeds with full intentions of gunning the lawmen down before they had a chance to question them.

Investigators were inclined to lean toward the latter theory, since Goodwin was shot to death before he had

a chance even to get out of his car. Because Peters' body was within a few feet of the patrol car, police speculated that he was gunned down the moment he set foot on the ground. Another volley of shots was fired into Goodwin before he had a chance to call for help or return fire, police theorized.

An initial inspection of the bodies at the scene showed that both men had been shot at least once in the head and several times in the body. When it appeared that weapons of two different calibers had been used, judging by the size of wounds, detectives theorized that at least two killers were involved.

An autopsy later showed that Goodwin was struck by four .38-caliber bullets and Peters had been shot to death with a .22-caliber gun. According to the autopsy report, each man was shot once in the head and three times in the body. Police said that from the trajectory of the slugs, it appeared the officers had been shot in the torso first and then "finished off" with bullets to the head to make sure the job had been done completely.

What was to become one of the most tense and massive manhunts ever conducted in the area turned south to Kentucky when Indiana authorities learned that the car Goodwin and Peters were investigating was registered to Kenneth Francis, a 21-year-old ex-convict fugitive from justice. According to Indiana and Kentucky authorities, Francis was believed to be running with another ex-con, 23-year-old Shirley Blevins, who was also on the lam. Police said the State of Kentucky for weeks had been looking for the pair, previously charged with armed robbery, breaking and entering and auto theft.

Both murder suspects, police said at the time, had served terms in the Kentucky State Prison at LaGrange, Blevins in 1966 and Francis in 1968. Both men were natives of the Clover Bottom area of eastern Kentucky, a densely wooded, high-hilled section of Estill County. Authorities in the county seat of Irvine were notified of the double killings and Kentucky State Police immediately put stakeouts on the residences of the two suspects' kinfolk.

In the meantime, Indiana cops rushed to a large old house in Richmond when a tipster informed them that Francis and Blevins and two women had rented an apartment there on Tuesday, four days before the cop-killings. But by the time police had turned up the information, the suspects and their female companions had packed up and left hours before.

"They had a bunch of little kids

▶
Handcuffed fugitive is helped into state police car by Trooper Nixon after being captured literally "with his pants down"





with them, too," the shocked landlady of the apartment house told Richmond police. This information was added to the all-points bulletins, requesting area police to avoid any unnecessary gunplay in the event the fugitives were spotted.

"We'd rather miss a capture, for the time being, than get a couple of innocent kids killed," Sheriff McCann said later.

The first lead to the escape route taken by the murder suspects came late that afternoon when the black 1966 Mustang getaway car was found on the outskirts of Greens Fork, a tiny Hoosier village located on Indiana 38, about 12 miles northwest of Richmond. The fugitives' car had been set afire, and a check with the local marshal's office indicated that the suspected killers had fled town in a high-powered 1969 Dodge RT, stolen from a local resident about 3:15 that morning.

Because Greens Fork is located off the beaten path, southwest of Fountain City and northwest of Richmond, police theorized that the suspects lit out on the back roads after the slayings, stole the Dodge and then went to Richmond to pick up their girl friends. Familiar with the ex-convicts' past behavior, Kentucky lawmen theorized that the fugitives then headed for the hiding country they knew best, the mountainous terrain of their native state.

It appeared the suspects' behavior pattern had not changed when Kentucky State Police Lieutenant James M. Cox, commander of the Richmond, Kentucky, post, was advised by Trooper McKinley Mayes that Blevins and Francis had been spotted near Kingston, located on U.S. 421 about seven miles south of Richmond. The fugitives eluded the officer, however, and nothing more was seen of them until Lieutenant Cox was tipped off that a car fitting the description of the getaway vehicle was seen at an abandoned shack outside town.

Lieutenant Cox ordered access roads blocked off around Kingston and then, in a battered pickup truck, he drove past the reputed hiding place to get a look at the car and observe the lay of the land, in the event the pair tried to escape. Cox arrived at the scene in time to see two men and two women and several children unloading clothes from a '69 Dodge RT. Fortunately, the rear of the car was facing the road, allowing Lieutenant Cox to see the license number. The Kentucky officer then returned to his cruiser and radioed for a license check, which revealed that the car had been stolen at Green Forks, Indiana.

Within minutes several state police cruisers were converging on the green shack at the side of the road. One of the cars dispatched to the scene was driven by Trooper Mayes, who had originally spotted the pair and reported his findings to Lieutenant Cox. On the way to the shack,

Trooper Mayes saw the Dodge RT again, but this time it was coming straight at him on a country road. The officer swerved in time to avoid a head-on collision, then radioed the pair's position to other cars in the vicinity. Mayes then spun his silver-gray cruiser around in the narrow road and went in pursuit of the suspected cop killers.

In the meantime, Lieutenant Cox and another cruiser manned by Troopers Jesse Bach and Lee Arnold joined in the high-speed chase over mountain roads which were barely safe for driving at any speed. The race continued for nearly 25 miles on Kentucky Route 499. The alleged killers' car suddenly turned onto Red Lick Road, a badly eroded blacktop road west of Irvine, the seat of Estill County.

Lieutenant Cox overshot the turn, but Troopers Bach and Arnold made it safely and chased the hounded Dodge to Crooked Creek Road, where it turned and continued on at speeds safe only to those who had driven it many times before—men who had cut their driving teeth on such mountain thoroughfares while teenagers. But the two troopers weren't exactly greenhorns at driving the treacherous road themselves, and they soon began making headway in their pursuit of the two wanted men.

Finally, Blevins and Francis apparently had enough of the hot chase and fled on foot into the wilderness at a point known locally as "Happy Top." Troopers Bach and Arnold, and several other officers who began appearing on the scene, attempted to follow the two fugitives. But it soon became apparent that their forte was driving police cars, not matching footsteps with hill-born natives. Even though police were encouraged to know the general whereabouts of the two alleged slayers, they were not optimistic about the prospects of making an apprehension in the immediate future.

"The only thing we can do now," Lieutenant Cox said, "is surround the area with a helluva lot of manpower and wait them out. Nobody but a damn fool would go in there alone and try to bring them out. Unless he was raised back there, like Blevins and Francis were, he'd be either hopelessly lost or ambushed within an hour."

A map of the area was produced and Lieutenant Cox began marking the surrounding roads where cars and armed possemen would be positioned in the event either suspect tried to make a break for it. But because there were scores of footpaths leading in and out between the roads, Cox knew his plan was far from foolproof.

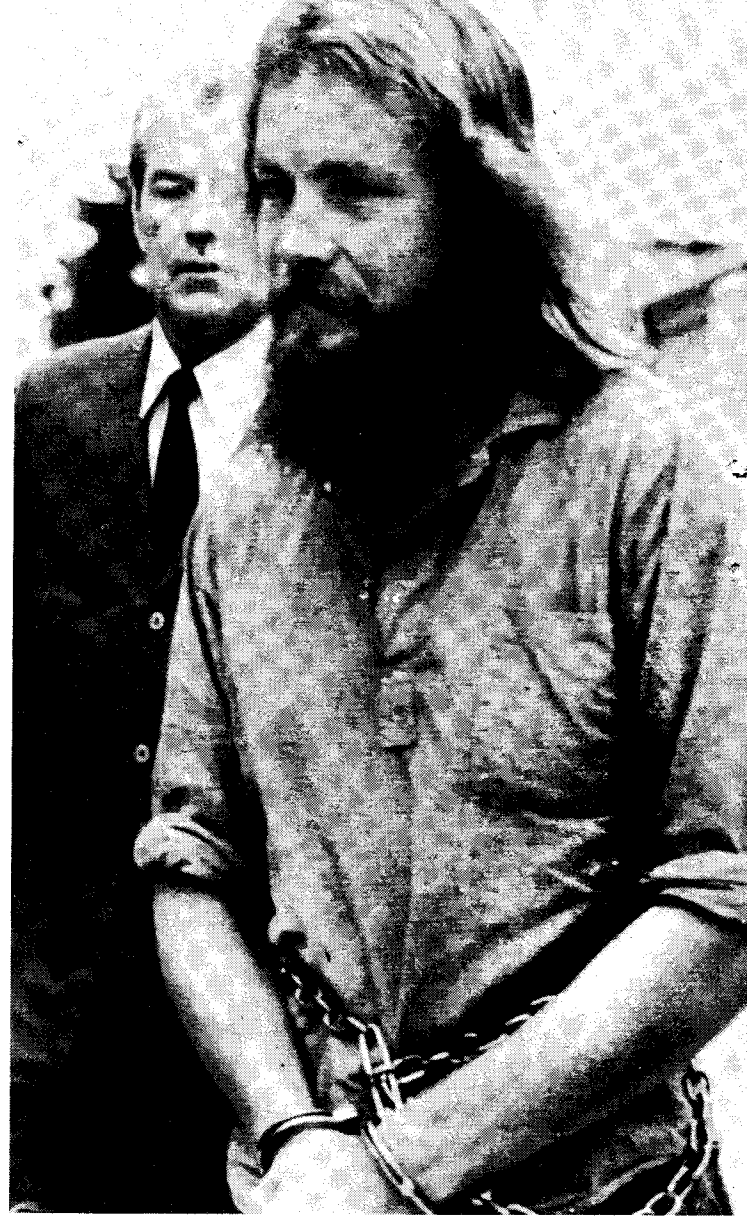
"But it's the best we can do until we can get some dogs in there with men who know the country," he told newsmen.

Bloodhounds and specially-trained German Shepherd dogs and their

(Continued on page 75)



Dismembered body of "nice guy" Jim Schlosser was found floating in the Yellowstone River



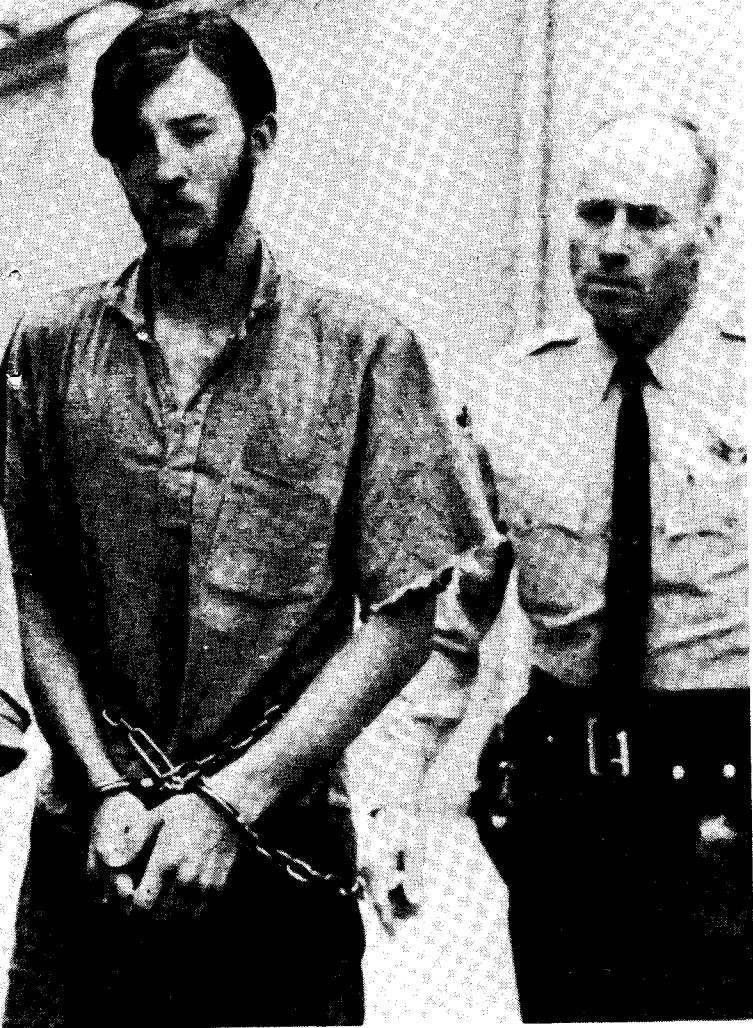
The most shocking crime
in Montana history . . .

"I HAVE A PROBLEM... I'M A CANNIBAL"

by ANDY STACK

If the strange man's story could be believed, a Good Samaritan's reward for helping a wayfaring stranger was to be killed in his sleep, then have his body cut up and his heart eaten by the man he befriended

Bearded suspects Stanley Baker (opposite page) and Harry Stroup were questioned after being stopped by policemen following a traffic crash



NOT BY THE WILDEST STRETCH of the imagination could murder ever be termed "socially acceptable," yet violent death has become so common in our society that the average citizen reads accounts of homicide deaths without blinking an eyelash. Every once in a while, however, a homicide story breaks which is so grotesque, so sickening, that even case-hardened law officers are revolted by the gory details.

Any case which even hints at cannibalism evokes such feelings of revulsion in American society. Fortunately, there have been very few such cases. The earliest mention of cannibalism in this country's history concerns the infamous Donner Party which perished in the high Sierras in pre-Gold Rush days. Snowed in by devastating blizzards in what came to be called the Donner Pass, the last members of the party to survive did so by eating their companions! Today, the spot is something of a macabre tourist attraction—a peaceful pine grove where a visitor still feels an eerie chill as he walks over the graves of what was left of the ill-fated group.

Another famous cannibal was a Colorado pioneer named Alfred Packer who was executed for killing and eating five men in his county. In more recent history, there was Edward Gein, of Plainfield, Wisconsin, a strange little

man who killed townswomen, trussed up their bodies like deer carcasses, and ate their hearts.

It has happened before, but cannibalism is so bizarre, so unthought of, that lawmen in Park County, Montana who were called to the banks of the Yellowstone River on Saturday, July 11, 1970, were ill-prepared for the grisly case before them.

In response to a call from a Yellowstone National Park employe who had found "something awful" in the river while he was fishing, Sheriff Don Guintoni, Deputy Sheriff Dan Bigelow, and Park County Coroner Jack D. Davis arrived at the river's edge. The site was a few miles north of the hamlet of Gardiner, Montana, just across the state line from Wyoming. Looming across the river in grim portent of what was to come is the famous "Devil's Slide."

"There," the fisherman said, pointing. "It's right out there—whatever it is . . ."

The lawmen followed his gaze to the meaty object which bobbed slowly in the current of the river. Then Deputy Bigelow waded out and maneuvered the floating horror to shore.

Grimacing, the investigators stared at the desecrated body which lay before them. The arms, head, and legs below the knee were missing. More shocking, a gaping hole in the chest area indicated that the dead man's heart was gone!

Shocked residents of the area, informed of the discovery through press media, asked the inevitable questions: "Who is he?" and "Why . . .?"

Coroner Davis, who had done preliminary medical tests could say only, "We don't know any more about it than you do. We don't know where to go or what to look for. This thing is just as if it fell out of the sky and landed in our laps." He did say that the body was of a large male who had weighed about 200 pounds. He ventured a guess that whoever had killed and dismembered the man had had help.

"It must have taken two or more persons to do this—this guy was so big."

Sheriff Guintoni's office had no missing persons reports to go on, but they were not surprised. Coroner Davis estimated that the body had been in the water only 24 hours. A grown man, missing only a day or so, is seldom the subject of a missing report. Hence the authorities guessed it might be weeks before the victim was missed.

Identification was the most pressing problem for the lawmen, and they hoped to find other parts of the body which might lead to that identification. If the arms and hands could be found, fingerprints might be obtained, or perhaps the victim had worn a watch or rings which might provide clues. If the cause of death had not been as brutal as the mutilation, the missing head might be familiar to area residents . . .

But time was vital—before the effects of water damage ravaged the missing tissues beyond recall.

Sheriff Guintoni arranged for helicopter crews to assist in combing the area on Sunday. Slowly, in the hot Montana sunlight, the copters hovered over the river, their rotors causing the Yellowstone's waters to move back against its usual current. For hours, the search continued; every weathered log bouncing in the water *could* be an arm or leg. Finally, one of the crewmen shouted, "There—there's something!"

It was something, all right. Another body was in the river near where the torso had been recovered! It, too, was male. On it were only a boot and a wedding ring.

Efforts to identify the second body failed Sunday night. With the news of a second body in the river, a pall of fear fell over the area. What kind of madman—or madmen—were loose? How many more bodies would the Yellowstone give up before the search was over?

On Monday, however, the mystery of the second body was cleared up. It was identified as that of a fisherman who had been missing and feared drowned since June 27th.

Tuesday, July 14th, dawned with no clue to the identity of the torso. Sheriff's deputies and divers continued to search the banks of the Yellowstone and its depths for

further evidence which might aid their case.

And then, more than a thousand miles away in the lush farming country of Monterey County, California, another lawman was faced with a disclosure that seemed almost beyond his comprehension.

For California Highway Patrolman Randy Newton, the bizarre occurrence had begun as a routine arrest. Cruising on the highway, he spotted a late model Opel ahead of him which fit the description of a car involved during the past few hours in a minor hit-and-run collision some 20 miles from Big Sur, California. Pulling the car over to the side, of the road, he noted the two long-haired young men inside. Neither of the occupants could produce satisfactory proof of ownership of the car. Suspecting that the Opel was a stolen vehicle, Trooper Newton took the man into custody.

Suddenly, the man who had told Newton his name was Stanley Dean Baker turned to Newton and blurted:

"I have a problem . . . I'm a cannibal!"

Newton looked at the bearded man incredulously, thinking, at first, that the confession was merely the insane product of a drug-maddened mind.

But, when the two men—Baker and his companion who claimed to be Harry Allen Stroup—were booked into the Monterey County jail in Salinas, a search of their clothes revealed a chilling discovery. They each carried bones in their pockets. At first thought to be chicken bones, an expert soon classified them as human finger bones!

Baker, the more talkative of the strange pair, volunteered to the Highway Patrolman that he had been in an electrical accident at the age of 17 and "I haven't been the same since."

The two men were booked on auto theft charges and placed in separate cells in the Monterey jail while law enforcement officers attempted to untangle their wild story.

Investigation disclosed that the Opel was registered in the name of James Michael Schlosser, 22, a social worker in Roundup, Montana. According to Baker, the young social worker had picked up the bearded hitchhiker. This act of kindness was to prove his last.

For the Monterey Sheriff's Department, Baker's alleged statements became more and more revolting. As one senior detective told newsmen later, "One sergeant has been assigned to the case and the rest of us don't want anything to do with it. We deliberately don't talk about it . . ."

That sergeant, John McMahon, had no choice but to listen to Baker's weird confession. "I have to listen," McMahon said. "But I can hardly stand it . . . I've been twenty-one years in police work in California and this is the weirdest one I've ever had . . . I have to back in there (the detention cells) right now and get a taped statement. It's making me sick."

The car's registration and the verified disappearance of James Schlosser who had been expected for a weekend visit with friends in Gardiner, Montana, four miles from the spot where the torso was discovered, made Baker's story of death seem ominously true.

But James Michael Schlosser seemed an unlikely slaying victim. A big man, six foot, 2 inches and 200 pounds, he was described by friends as a gentle man—and kind, given to helping others. Less than a month before, Schlosser had begun working in Roundup, Montana, for the State Welfare Department. His job was to interview and screen applicants to welfare aid. He had enjoyed his work, and the new position was the result of four years college study at Centralia College, in Centralia, Washington, and the College of Great Falls, where he had received his bachelor's degree in social sciences in May of 1970.

The financial demands of college had not been easy for Schlosser, the son of a small neighborhood grocer; he had to work to supplement any income from home. During most of the two years, Schlosser attended the College of Great Falls, he had arisen at 2 a.m. to help in cleaning a bar and cafe run by an uncle. From two to four every



Probers comb grass at death scene for bits of victim's body

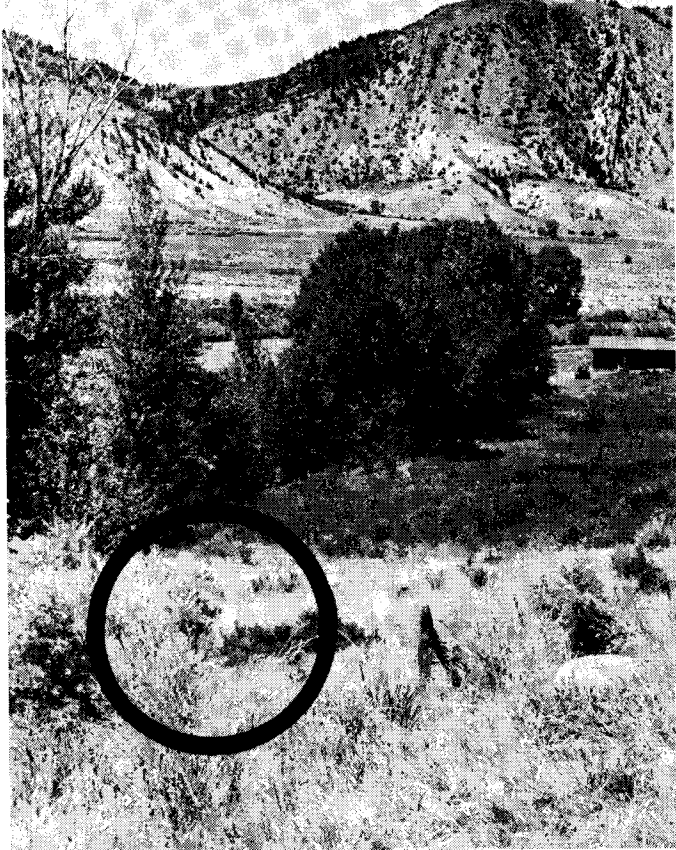


Slain man's torso was tossed into river at this spot

morning, the young student had diligently wiped down tables, scrubbed and waxed floors to help pay his college tuition.

No one who knew James Schlosser could recall that he had ever wanted to be anything but a social worker. In the summer of 1969, he had worked in a government-sponsored recreation program for underprivileged children in Stockett, Montana. He had taken the kids on hikes, planned games and other programs, and his summer experiences had only served to enhance his interest in working with people.

Perhaps it was this deep interest in people which had caused Schlosser to pick up the hitchhiking Baker. The idea that his passenger might harm him probably never entered the big man's head. Certainly, he could not have



Grass at death scene (circled) was soaked with blood



Sher. Guintoni (r.) directed divers' hunt for death weapon

imagined the grotesque subjects which, according to Baker's associates who were interviewed later, were constantly on Baker's mind . . .

What *did* happen on that hot Friday Montana afternoon of July 10th? Held in the Salinas jail, Stanley Dean Baker reportedly has talked freely to Detective Sergeant McMahon. And McMahon, listening has been reminded over and over of the wildly macabre Sharon Tate murder case and its bizarre cast of characters.

Stanley Baker who calls himself "Jesus" and revels in discussions of cannibalism, witchcraft, and other occult practices of the dark sciences, has continued to insist that he and he alone was responsible for Schlosser's fate—that Harry Allan Stroup became part of the case after the fact.

In statements to Sergeant McMahon, Baker allegedly has detailed the events of Friday afternoon, July 10th. Schlosser, he says, picked him up as he thumbed a ride beside the road. In one account, Baker told authorities that he had told the kindly social worker that he had a job possibility off the main highway and that Schlosser offered to drive him to the home of the job's foreman.

In another, the lanky, self-styled "Jesus" relates that he and Schlosser planned to camp that night in Yellowstone Park but that they were turned back at the north entrance because no camping space was available; the two men then doubled back, passing through Gardiner again, to a point 10 or 15 miles north of the tiny village.

There, some 75 yards from the river, Schlosser soon fell asleep in his sleeping bag. Baker allegedly admitted to Sergeant McMahon that he then shot the social worker twice in the head with a high-powered .22 caliber revolver belonging to Stroup. Later, he tossed the death weapon into the river, he said.

The killing itself was inexplicable . . . but what followed next staggers a sane man's senses. Baker allegedly described dragging the body to the bank of the river; he told of using his sheath knife to cut the body into six parts there. Working by moonlight, he severed the head, the arms and the legs from the torso.

Then . . . he tore out the dead man's heart and ate it!

Before throwing the victim's severed remains into the river, Baker severed several of the fingers—perhaps to retain macabre souvenirs . . .

Then, still according to Baker, he took the victim's car and drove north for some 90 miles to Big Timber, where he had parted from Stroup, picked up his buddy, and the two began a cross-country ride. Taking turns driving, Stroup and Baker crossed through parts of Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon until they had an accident about 25 miles south of Big Sur on the California coast highway.

Baker reportedly told officers that he had given Schlosser's sleeping bag to a hitchhiker near Big Sur.

While Baker continued to insist that he had accomplished the murder and dismemberment by himself, Park County Sheriff Guintoni's investigation turned up evidence which disputed this. Contacting a ranger in Yellowstone Park, Guintoni found that the man remembered the slaying victim's Opel, and the fact that its occupants had been turned back from the park entrance because there was no camping space.

"But," the ranger said, "There were three men in the car when it approached the park—not two."

Coupled with Coroner Davis' early theory that more than one man had been involved in the killing and dismemberment of so large a victim as Schlosser, authorities suspected that Stroup probably had guilty knowledge of, and might have been involved in the actual slaying.

As the news of Baker's confession hit press media in the Montana area, a Great Falls family got the shock of their lives. Ronald Trent, his wife and their children looked at the pictures of Baker and Stroup which accompanied the gruesome story and recognized, to their horror, the two hitchhikers to whom they had given a ride on Thursday—the day before Schlosser's slaying.

"We picked them up near Niehart," Mrs. Trent said, "and they told us they were returning from a rock festival in Toronto. They were both polite and gentle. When we stopped at King's Hill for lunch, we offered to share our picnic with them and they accepted . . . they were sure hungry. We talked about all sorts of things and they said they did not use drugs, but I think maybe they smoked marijuana.

"The man—Stroup—talked quite a long time with my husband about trains—my husband is an engineer. He said his father was an engineer in Wyoming."

Mrs. Trent said Baker did not discuss his personal philosophy of life, but that he did comment, "There are many things older people don't understand."

Mrs. Trent's 13-year-old son had gone off with Baker several hundred yards away from the rest of the family to fish.



Investigation of the grisly crime turned up teeth and fragments of victim's body at bloody death spot



This military-type knife was believed to be weapon used in the mutilation slaying

"We are all pretty shaken up right now," the woman commented. "My husband gave Baker seventy-five cents when he asked for a dime to make a phone call to Big Timber—he said he was heading there to look for work. We've always made it a practice to pick up hitchhikers . . . but I don't think we will anymore . . ."

Extradition papers were readied by Park County Attorney Byron Robb as word was received from California that Baker and Stroup had waived extradition. The step was taken as a precautionary measure in case the two should change their minds.

While awaiting transportation to return the two men to Livingston, Sheriff Guintoni and his crew continued to search the riverbank area for clues to the actual slaying site. They were helped in their search by a fisherman from San Diego who had made a discovery as he moved along the riverbank.

He had come upon a 12-inch military sheath knife lying in the grass alongside the river. He led Guintoni, Deputy Bigelow, Butte FBI Special Agent George Calle and several Yellowstone Park rangers to the knife.

Bloodstains were evident along the length of the razor-sharp blade. Fanning out from where the knife was found, it was only minutes before the men found what probably was the actual site of the dismemberment; the ground was literally saturated with blood. Special Agent Calle and Sheriff Guintoni made a meticulous examination of the area and found human bone fragments, pieces of flesh, bone marrow, teeth, and what appeared to be a human ear. Agent Calle carefully gathered specimens and placed them in plastic evidence bags for scientific evaluation at the FBI's laboratory.

The work was a sickening task for the lawmen; a powerful odor seemed to permeate the entire area as they came upon more and more evidence of dismemberment. Rocks, and even bushes, were drenched with blood, marking an unmistakable trail to the water's edge. Someone

had dragged the dead weight of a 200-pound man's body and over a steep 15-foot embankment to the river.

There was little doubt that the officers had found the spot where the hapless social worker had been killed and cut into six pieces. Still, they had to continue their search of the river. Working beneath the shadow of the mammoth red clay Devil's Slide, Sheriff Guintoni directed skin-divers Corky Dunagan and Jack Swanson into the water near the site of the knife discovery. It was frustrating work. Somewhere in the depths of the Yellowstone, Guintoni believed, lay the .22 caliber pistol, as well as several sections of Schlosser's body.

But the river was rough and muddy. The divers had difficulty seeing beneath its churning mass. In addition, several underwater currents pulled dangerously at the divers as they worked. One man was sucked into the vortex of a whirlpool and disappeared in its circling force as Sheriff Guintoni watched. Moments later, fortunately, he was catapulted out of the water. Yet in spite of the chances the men took to retrieve evidence, nothing more was found.

Then, on Saturday—one week and a day after the brutal killing, a bird hunter 45 miles downstream came across the only other section of Schlosser's body to be found. The victim's left leg had been carried many miles in the bouncing, rushing river.

Sheriff Guintoni made arrangements to return Baker and Stroup to Livingston for arraignment on first-degree murder charges. Making every effort to assure security in transporting the prisoners, he rejected the use of commercial airlines and instead chartered a private plane for the flight. He and Deputy Sheriff Dick Kyser flew to Salinas and accompanied the chained and handcuffed prisoners back to face charges.

On Monday, July 27th, they were arraigned before Montana District Judge Jack D. Shanstrom and formally charged with first-degree murder. The suspects remained quiet as the charges were read to them.

Baker has spent his time in jail reading the Bible. He has refused to eat for days at a time.

Who were the two young men whose names had been emblazoned in headlines all across a nation? Residents in their home town, Sheridan, Wyoming, were as stunned as the rest of the country when the news of the horrendous crime broke. The resort community at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains, just south of the Montana border, had seen Baker and Stroup change from clean-cut, average boys to men who favored a "hippie" appearance with long hair and beads and medallions but they had not been aware of other possible changes. Neither had been arrested although it was said that deputies had "had their eye on" Stroup, for a long time, for some reason which did not appear to be too serious.

Baker's statements about devil cults and cannibalism seemed impossible of belief to the townspeople who had seen him grow up. Son of a popular barber in town, Baker had resided in the area since birth. And from an early age, his father had included him in hunting and fishing trips in the Big Horn Mountains. His father recalls, "Before long, Dean could outhunt and outfish me. He lived the whole bit, the life of a kid growing up around here who lives in the outdoors."

Sheridan school officials remember Baker as a friendly boy and an average student. He played football and baseball. He was a Boy Scout and earned the coveted God and Country Award as a Scout. For years, he served as an altar boy at the Catholic Church.

Recalling the "electrical accident" that Dean had referred to in his statements to California Trooper Newton, a housewife told of Baker's risking his life to save her son . . .

When Baker was 17, he and four other boys were speeding down Big Goose Road near Sheridan around midnight of August 28, 1964. The car suddenly missed a sharp curve, careened off the road, and sheared off a power pole. As luck would have it, the five boys were hurt only slightly in the crash but the road was alive with sparks from a snaking 7200-volt power line which

had been broken by the terrific impact when the car knocked down the pole.

They were all afraid the car would catch fire," the woman said. "My son, who was in the back seat next to Dean, stepped out of the car. Then, a live power line hit him and knocked him into an irrigation ditch along the road.

"My son was lying in the ditch unconscious, with his face in the water and the live power line under him. Dean jumped out of the car and pulled him off the line and out of the ditch, burning himself badly on the legs. The other kids were frightened and ran—but not Dean."

Dean Baker spent some time in the hospital recovering from the effects of the electrical accident. Whether his mind was affected by the accident is a matter for conjecture.

A Sheridan policeman, Garry Laughton 22, who grew up with Baker remembers him as "just like the rest of us, but he was taller, a lot stronger—and very good looking."

Just a week before Schlosser's death, Baker's parents
(Continued on page 79)



As probe neared crucial stage, Baker (above with Sheriff Guintoni) and Stroup (below) were extradited for hearing



OHIO'S CASE OF THE

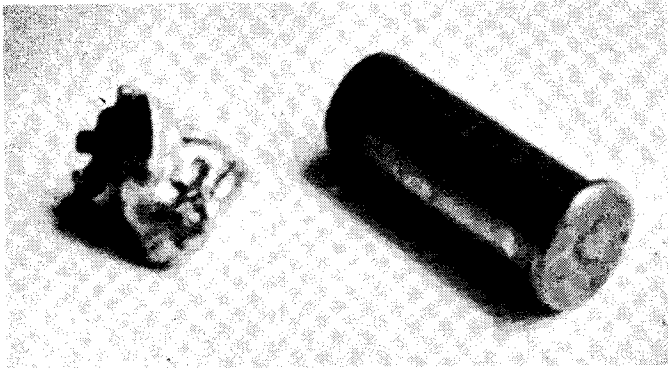
Probers were hopeful that black leather glove found at slaying scene would become the vital clue to a murder suspect . . .



Everybody has days when nothing goes right. Consider the poor guy caught redhanded in a stickup, using a gun which ballistics proved had killed a man a month earlier. But he didn't know that when, according to his story to police, he swiped the pistol from a parked car only the night before!

BAD LUCK THIEF

by BURT OGLESBY



Slug removed from slain youth's head and shell casing found beside his body were part of slim clues police worked with

"MARRIED and divorced and dead at nineteen. . . . It just doesn't seem right," lamented the grandmother of Harry Glen Ice as police were attempting to get a lead on the murderer of her grandson. The handsome youth's body was found about seven o'clock that morning, March 16, 1969, in a backroom of the Sohio Service Station located at 3255 Silver Drive in Columbus, Ohio. In what appeared to be a Chinese-execution type of killing, Ice had been shot once behind the right ear with a small-caliber weapon and probably died instantly, according to the coroner's office.

When homicide detectives arrived on the scene, located near the North Broadway exit ramp of Interstate-71, they learned that the slaying had been discovered by the assistant manager of the service station as he was coming on duty. Near the youth's body was the station's safe, which had been pried open and ransacked.

When the station's general manager arrived on the scene, he estimated that young Harry Ice had been murdered for "around \$200," which included the dead attendant's receipts for the night, the change he'd been left with when he went on duty the night before, and a few bills stuffed in the victim's shirt pocket. The manager said the missing money included two rolls of coins which were in wrappers marked "Indianola Junior High School" and "McGuffey Elementary School," when they were received from the bank.

"The poor kid, I just hired him the day before yesterday—and now he's dead already," the shaken station manager said.

He said Ice's shift, which started Friday night, was from 10 p. m. till 7 a. m. After questioning the station manager, police theorized that young Ice was murdered when he was unable to produce the key necessary to open the safe. The service station official told police that the type of lock on the vault required two different keys to open it. "The boy only had one of the keys," the manager said, "and my assistant manager had the other one. We thought this was the safest policy for several reasons . . . but I think we're going to change it."

While police technicians were photographing the scene, drawing diagrams of the station layout and dusting for fingerprints, officers under the direction of Homicide Lieutenant Robert Ruddock searched the area for the death weapon and attempted to locate witnesses to the crime.

In questioning attendants at another service station across the highway from the crime scene, detectives learned that young Ice was last seen alive about 5 a. m.

"Did you notice anything out of the ordinary the last time you saw him?" an employe was asked.

"No," the man replied. "He was just doing the usual things, pumping gas, checking oil and stuff like that."

After pressing his memory for a few moments, the attendant said that the last car he saw on the Sohio drive was either a 1955 or '56 Chrysler product, possibly a Dodge.

"Do you remember the color of it?" the detective asked.

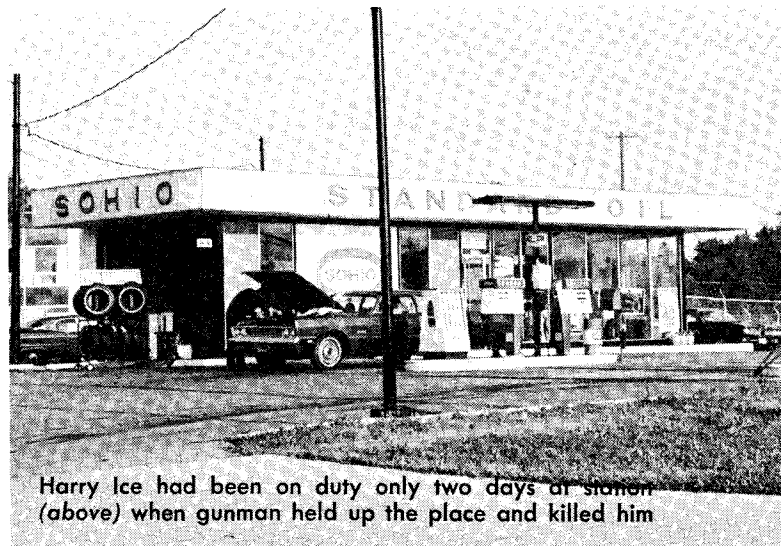
"Well, it's kinda hard to say that far away, but I think it was green, or maybe blue-green," the station employe recalled.

"How about the driver, did you get a good look at him?" the homicide officer asked.

"Not exactly, but he looked to be young, maybe nineteen or twenty. He went in the station with Ice and after a while came out by himself and drove off."

Police considered the information significant when the attendant said he did not see Ice service the mysterious man's car.

"And you didn't see Mr. Ice after five o'clock or so, is that right?" the officer asked.



Harry Ice had been on duty only two days at station (above) when gunman held up the place and killed him

"That's right," the attendant said. "It was about five-thirty or so before I saw another car pull in and then leave without being serviced. Between then and about six-thirty, several other cars came in and left after sitting there for a while. I thought it a little funny at the time when I didn't see the attendant coming out. But it never dawned on me that the guy was dead."

After questioning the attendant, police asked the cooperation of the news media in requesting the help of would-be customers who were unable to get service at the Sohio station on the morning of the murder. Through the process of elimination, police had hopes of pin-pointing the time of the slaying and possibly locating someone who had seen the killer leaving the scene.

In the meantime, homicide investigators at the crime scene came up with two clues which, hopefully, would put them on the trail of the bandit-slayer. One was a .22-caliber shell casing found under Ice's left leg when the youth's body, which had been lying face down, was removed to the morgue for an autopsy. The other clue was a single black leather glove, found between the front door and the gasoline pumps, on the north side of the station. Since technicians could find no discernible fingerprints on the safe, they theorized that the killer had worn gloves and they hoped he had dropped one of them in making his getaway.

"Our main worry at the time," said Homicide Detective Tom Jones later, "was that the murder had been committed by a non-resident passing through on heavily traveled I-71. If that was the case, we figured we'd be a long time finding a suspect on the basis of the slim evidence we had at the time."

The balance of the day was spent by detectives combing the surrounding area for the murder weapon, questioning nearby residents and business men, and checking Harry Ice's background, social activities and list of acquaintances. In doing the latter, police learned that the slaying victim had a formidable number of friends and enemies alike. And they were both male and female.

Among the first to be questioned about the murder were two youths who had been convicted of assault and battery on Ice several weeks before in an altercation at a local restaurant. According to Homicide Lieutenant Ruddock, Ice identified the youths as two of six or seven hoodlums who worked him over in a fight over a girl. Each was fined \$50, Ruddock said, and given suspended sentences.

"We're not completely satisfied with the suspects' alibis, and they will be interrogated again after we look into a couple of things," Ruddock said.

The next day police got a report from the coroner's office indicating that the slug which killed Ice had entered his head about two inches back of his right ear at the base of the skull and traveled to the top of his head where it lodged. Police said that the trajectory of the bullet indicated that Ice was shot either while he was bent over, possibly trying to open the safe, or while he was lying on the floor.

Although the slug was recovered, police were disappointed when they learned it was so badly damaged that it was impossible to tell its exact caliber or what type of gun it had been fired from. But based on the weight of the lead slug and the caliber of shell casing found under the dead boy's body, crime lab technicians were of the opinion that Ice had been killed by a .22 automatic pistol. Police Department ballistics experts immediately attempted to compare the firing pin mark on the brass cartridge with others they had found at the scenes of various shooting crimes in the city.

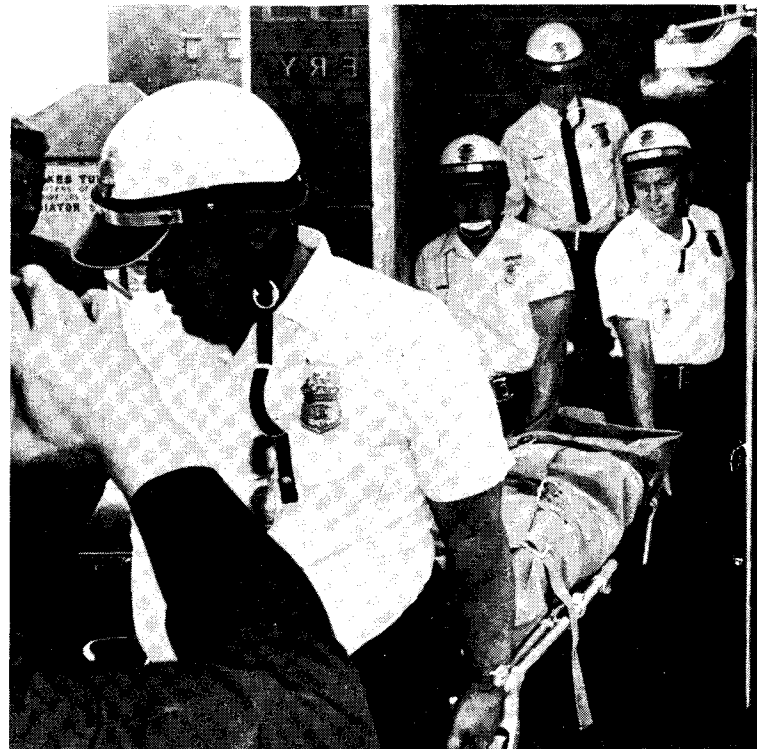
They realized, however, that the evidence they had would not be sufficient to make an arrest unless they could also locate the murder weapon and link it to one individual. By Monday night, police had questioned more than 50 persons considered capable of committing the crime.

And according to Homicide Detective Tom Jones, "None has been completely eliminated as a suspect."

He said several of the suspects had inconsistencies in their alibis, which would have to be checked out further before they could be exonerated. Detective Jones said none had been arrested, however, and that "no arrests are imminent at the moment."



Police wondered if slaying of Loren Bollinger, rocket expert, was related to rash of killings



Bollinger's bullet-riddled body is carried out by police after it was found. He was engaged in technical experiments . . .



Police Chief Stoler (l.) and Capt. Winters view one of six posters set up in attempt to locate suspect in killings

Also questioned by police were more than a dozen motorists; these were the persons who voluntarily called headquarters when they learned police were interested in questioning customers who were unable to rouse the attendant on the morning of the slaying. All of the would-be customers were at the Sohio station between 5:30 and 6:30 a.m. Aside from narrowing the time of the murder to that brief period, police were unable to learn anything else of value from the drivers, since none of them had seen anyone in the station or noticed anything unusual.

Among the 50 suspects questioned early in the investigation was the driver of a green 1956 Dodge, similar to the one seen by the service station attendant across the road from the crime scene. Although his age fit that given by the employe who saw the car, he was cleared when he was able to establish an air-tight alibi.

When the investigation was three days old, and seemingly at a standstill, police were encouraged when Standard Oil company officials announced they were offering a \$5,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the killer.

"A reward of this size might smoke out some information," Detective Jones told newsmen, "especially if the murder was committed by the member of some street gang. There's not much honor among most of those thieves, and if any of them are using narcotics they'll do about anything for that kind of money."

In the meantime, Columbus police talked to authorities in Akron to compare notes on a service station robbery-murder in that northern Ohio city during the same week end on which Harry Ice was killed. They discounted a

link between the two cases, however, when they learned the other murder was committed with a .32-caliber weapon and there were no other similarities between the two cases.

Alarmed by the increase of armed robberies in the city during the past months, Columbus Police Chief Robert Baus appealed to businessmen to exercise extreme care and common sense both in thwarting stick-ups and in aiding police to capture bandits when robberies occur.

Chief Baus advised merchants as follows:

- Do not keep large sums of money on hand.
- Do not resist a bandit's demands.
- Make it a practice to observe peculiarities of customers.
- In the event of a robbery, try to keep all witnesses at the scene, so police can question them.
- Protect any area where fingerprints might be found.
- Strive to give police a comprehensive description of the suspect.

Chief Baus said he was "absolutely appalled" at the high mortality rate among gasoline service station attendants in the past 40 months or so in central Ohio. It was noted that Harry Ice's death was the fourth such killing during that period and several other station employes had been shot and left for dead in the past three years.

Editorially, the Columbus Dispatch also denounced the killings and published statistics indicating that working in an all-night service station was getting to be more dangerous than working as a cop, noting that only two policemen in Franklin and adjoining counties had been killed on duty in the past four years. And both of them lost their lives in traffic accidents, the paper noted.

(Continued on page 72)

Her grief over her husband's horrible death was genuine enough, but her own son smelled a rat. And then a shrewd inspector made a discovery that reminded him of an old French proverb . . .


NEVER TRUST A NEW WIDOW WITH AN OLD LOVER

by JOHN DUNNING

IT WAS nine o'clock in the evening of February 23, 1970 and truck driver Yves Grando was tired. Since early morning he had been jockeying the big semi-trailer rig over the poplar-lined roads of central France. In another half hour he expected to reach Limoges, France's famous production center for fine china, and there he would spend the night.

In the meantime, there was the matter of D-7 to be negotiated. D-7 was a short-cut that would take him into national highway number 20 which led directly into Limoges. It was very much of a secondary road, narrow and curving. The saving in time, however, was considerable and, at this hour of the evening, traffic was practically non-existent.

Yves Grando rolled steadily on in fifth gear, occasionally riding the air brakes as the rig swung around the sharp curves. It was a clear, moon-lit night and the truck's headlights bored into the darkness, lighting up the smooth, clean, macadam surface of the road for some distance ahead. Presently, however, they began to fail before the brighter incandescence of another source of light.



Manacled suspect (r.) told police he had been taking walk in area where his friend met "accident," but it was several days before the tragic event . . .



Hiding face, new widow had told a convincing story about her husband's accident. But then alert investigators turned up a vital clue . . .

"My God! Something's burning!" said Grando, hitting the air brakes.

The semi-trailer slid to a halt and Grando flung open the door of the cab and jumped out. In the same instant, a woman darted out from the shadows at the side of the road. She was screaming and crying hysterically, and she ran in little half arcs around the Taunus sedan which was burning fiercely some 10 yards from the edge of the pavement.

The land sloped steeply down from the edge of the road at this point and the car was standing at the bottom of the slope. Grando ran forward to the edge of the road and peered down. "Merciful Jesus!" he cried. "There's someone in it!"

Ignoring the screaming woman, he ran back to the



His son said Rene Balaire (above) was a careful driver, so his accident looked very suspicious

truck's cab and got out the fire extinguisher. By the time he had clambered down the slope to the burning car, however, it had become apparent that rescue was impossible. The interior of the car was one solid sheet of flame and the figure crumpled behind the steering wheel was only a blackened caricature of what had once been a human being.

Grando applied the fire extinguisher until it was empty, but it produced not the slightest effect. Crawling back up to the road, he found that the woman had collapsed in a sobbing heap on the pavement. Grando gathered her up in his arms and carried her to the truck. Placing her in the cab, he got behind the wheel and set off down the road as fast as the driving conditions permitted. It was nearly a half mile before he reached the first house.

People living in isolated houses in the country in France and elsewhere are often not particularly enthusiastic about receiving unexpected visits during the night. When the door was finally opened in response to Grando's persistent and

(Continued on page 54)

Linda thought she was helping authorities track down narcotics dealers. Instead, she became a tragic slaying victim in a cornfield



by PETER OBERHOLTZER

By the time the wide-ranging investigation was over, probers had found ample evidence to support their theory that the

MINNESOTA COED'S KILLER POSED AS AN FBI MAN

A HUSH FELL over the courtroom and the spectators scarcely breathed as the defendant rose and faced the judge. The date was Friday, May 28, 1970, and there finally was to be a conclusion to the long drawn out case. . . .

Sheriff Robert Dudley of Rice County, Minnesota, was notified at his home in Faribault, Minnesota, by the dispatcher in his office that he had just received a call from a resident,

who lived about four and a half miles east of Northfield, that two young men had found the body of a dead girl in a nearby cornfield.

The caller said the location was about a quarter of a mile from his home and about 100 feet off County Road 80 in what probably was the only unpicked patch of corn in the county. It then was about 3:30 p. m. on Sunday, November 2, 1969.

"It looks like murder," the dispatcher concluded.

"Okay, I'll get out there right away," the sheriff said. Meanwhile, you notify Dr. Graham and call the State Crime Bureau. We'll need all the help we can get."

Although she doesn't like it, Sheriff Dudley's wife long ago has become accustomed to his being called out on a case on his day off or in the middle of the night. Now, Sheriff Dudley strapped on his gun belt and hurried to his radio-equipped car. He headed for State Road 80.

Sheriff Dudley, now in his 13th year in law enforcement work, is a dedicated officer to whom time means nothing when he is running down a hot lead. He began as a patrolman on the Northfield Police Department.

Northfield, presently an industrial city of about 9,000 population, won nationwide acclaim on September 7, 1876, when it still was a small but prosperous farming center with a very small police force. On that day, Jesse Jame's gang of robbers rode into town to rob the bank.

But the small police force and several public spirited citizens tackled the gang and foiled the robbery. Some of the Younger brothers and others were captured and lodged in the Rice County jail, which still stands. Although Jesse and Frank James escaped, the infamous gang which had specialized in train and bank robberies were broken up.

Though the city is small, Northfield long has been a lively place. Carleton College and Saint Olaf College provide the city with more than its share of the younger element. However, this

has not been a problem and wasn't when Robert Dudley became a Northfield policeman.

Ever since the routing of the James brothers, the Northfield Police Department has always had a reputation to be maintained and Robert Dudley did his share. After the sheriff of Rice County had noted Dudley's hard work and dedication, he offered Dudley the post of Chief Deputy Sheriff. It was accepted.

When the sheriff's term expired, Robert Dudley became a candidate for the office himself. He was elected, and since then he has been personally instrumental in solving several puzzling cases, including the murder of a 14-year-old girl about two months before the discovery of the dead girl in the cornfield on November 2, 1969. In that case, Sheriff Dudley had expended \$1402 of his own money in order to gain possession of a truck which turned out to have been the killer's.

Now, at about four o'clock on that otherwise quiet November Sunday afternoon, several official cars arrived at the spot near the cornfield on

County Road 80 at the same time. In them were Sheriff Dudley, Deputy Sheriff Bert Beucler, and Dr. Asa Graham, Rice County Coroner. A few minutes later, other official cars brought Agents Vern Losch of St. Cloud, Tom Burnell and Charlie Rider of St. Paul, all assigned to the Minnesota Bureau of Criminal Apprehension in St. Paul, better known as the State Crime Bureau.

In addition to scientific equipment, the agents had brought cameras and these were taken to the cornfield about 100 feet back from the road.

Although the section was one of the most isolated in Rice County, with very little traffic on the gravel road, a small crowd had gathered by the time Sheriff Dudley arrived. He asked them to move back to the edge of the cornfield and they complied.

The sheriff could see that several corn stalks had been flattened, forming a rough path to where the body lay, and he walked gingerly along beside it to avoid spoiling any possible evidence. He found a circular opening in the midst of otherwise heavy growth of corn and it was here that the body of an attractive young woman lay. She was face up, and still wore dark-rimmed eyeglasses. Her clothing was only slightly disarrayed. Examination showed that neither her dress nor any other garment had been torn.

She had dark hair, cut in a short bob, with bangs that came down almost to her eyelashes. Sheriff Dudley estimated she was in her early twenties, certainly not more than 25 years old. She could have been a student at one of the colleges in Northfield, or perhaps from Macalester in St. Paul.

The sheriff moved among people in the crowd, all of whom had taken a look at the dead girl. They said they didn't know who she was and no one could recall ever having seen her before; everyone was sure that she was a stranger to the area.

While he awaited the arrival of the state crime bureau agents, Sheriff Dudley talked to the two young men who had discovered the body. One was a 16-year-old boy, the other was his 25-year-old uncle.

They told Sheriff Dudley that they needed corn tassels and corn stalks for decorations, but these were hard to find because most of the corn in this area had already been harvested. Heavy snowfalls could be expected in only a matter of days.

The teenager and his uncle said they had driven along County Road 80 and had spotted the small patch of unpicked corn. They were not interested in the corn, but they hoped to find some good stalks still standing and some tassels.

Then, as they moved forward through the cornstalks, they suddenly came to a spot where many stalks had been flattened. That was when they saw the girl. After making sure that she was dead, and that there was nothing they could do to help her,



Slain coed's body was found, face up, in this field. She was later identified, through the name on her glasses, as Linda Tembruell

they ran back to their car and sought out the nearest telephone.

The closest house was a farm home about a quarter of a mile away so they stopped there. The owner had a telephone, and when he had been told what the two had found, he called the Northfield police. He was told the Northfield police had no jurisdiction in the area and it was suggested that he contact the office of the Rice County Sheriff in Faribault.

He did so, then went back to the field with the two young men. They walked carefully, took another look at the dead girl, then went to the edge of the field to await the arrival of the authorities. The latter were there in an amazingly short time.

Both young men said they didn't know the dead girl and had no recollection of ever having seen her before. However, the twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis were only about 40 miles to the north, and it was not unusual for people from those metropolitan centers to drive out this way, especially on a Sunday in the fall before the cold, raw weather had set in.

The Crime Bureau agents arrived and began taking pictures. The body was photographed from several angles, then pictures were made of the flattened stalks which created a path out of the cornfield. Beyond the edge of the field, there were definite marks in the ground and these also were photographed.

There seemed to be no question that the girl had been killed somewhere else, that her body had been brought to this remote spot in a car, and that then she had been dragged—probably head first—to the place where she now rested in the lonely cornfield. Her being dragged head first probably accounted for her clothing not being disarranged. It was not torn, and this suggested to Sheriff Dudley that she had not struggled for her life.

The reason became clear when Dr. Graham completed his preliminary examination and made a report. He said that the girl had been shot in the head at least twice, possibly more. He would have more information on this after an autopsy.

"Was she sexually assaulted?" Sheriff Dudley asked.

The coroner replied that there was no visible evidence of a sex attack. But this, too, would be more definitely determined by the autopsy. Dr. Graham arranged for the body to be removed to a mortuary in Faribault and he also arranged for a pathologist from Mankato to perform the autopsy.

Meanwhile, Sheriff Dudley and the state agents searched the girl's clothing for something that would identify her. Removing her glasses, Sheriff Dudley examined them carefully and found a name, Linda Tembruell, inscribed on the frame. But there was no address.

The only other item Sheriff Dudley found was a ring. It was removed and examined and appeared to be a class

ring. Inside was an inscription showing a date, 1965, and the name of Pierz High School.

Although he didn't know much about it, Sheriff Dudley had heard of the town of Pierz, Minnesota. The crime bureau agents, who have occasion to travel to any part of the state, said that it was a small town, with a population of about 1,000. It is in Morrison County and is about 150 miles northwest of Faribault.

Sheriff Dudley strode to his car and radioed his office. He instructed the dispatcher to telephone authorities in Pierz and try to find out if Linda Tembruell still lived there and if so, whether she was known to have been in the Faribault area.

Then Sheriff Dudley, Deputy Beuler and the three State Crime Bureau agents began a thorough search of the cornfield, hunting primarily for the girl's purse and the murder weapon. It was a tedious, time-consuming job, and when they had searched every inch of the cornfield, they had nothing to show for their efforts.



Sheriff Robert Dudley and his men made tedious canvass of filling stations and got a vital lead to a murder suspect . . .

They speculated that the killer would not have lingered in the area after disposing of the girl's body, but he might have thrown away both her purse and the gun after leaving. County Road 80 runs northeast to Hastings and southwest to Northfield, where it merges with State Road 3 and, a few miles further southwest, with Interstate 35, which begins at Minneapolis and runs southward into Iowa.

After the officers had scoured the fringes of the cornfield, they decided to search along both sides of the county road, from Northfield to Hastings, where it ends at the Wisconsin state line. Using several cars and peering on both sides of the road, the officers managed to cover the comparatively short stretch before darkness.

Meanwhile, the dispatcher had been in touch with police in Pierz. He learned that Linda Tembruell had been graduated from high school there in 1965 and that she was now a junior at St. Cloud State College in St. Cloud, a city having about 40,000 permanent residents in addition to the college students. St. Cloud is about 50 miles northwest of the Twin Cities.

The description of the dark-haired, bespectacled girl given by Pierz authorities left no doubt that the girl in the cornfield was Linda Tembruell, whose family lived in a farming section a short distance from Pierz. A friend of the family agreed to break the tragic news to them.

This information came just as the sheriff and other officers were completing their search of the cornfield. Taking one last look, Sheriff Dudley spotted the hull of a .22 caliber bullet. This was preserved for possible future ballistics comparisons.

The hunt now was switched to St. Cloud, where Police Chief Nick Grams assigned detectives to work with the others. They went first to the college, a co-educational institution with about 8,000 students. School records showed that Linda lived with four other girls in a rooming house. Her roommates said they last had seen her about noon Saturday, when she left with two books under her arm.

The girls said that Linda had not mentioned any plans to go anywhere with a man. They also emphasized that they didn't believe Linda would get in a car with a stranger.

The next day, with the help of college officials, Sheriff Dudley, the state agents and the St. Cloud police began questioning students on the campus. For a while they had no luck, but then a girl told them of a man who had been on the campus Saturday morning.

She didn't recall his name, she said, but he had identified himself as a special agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. She said she hadn't taken his word for it and he had shown her a card case containing his picture and what appeared to her to be authentic FBI identification.

"What did he want?" Sheriff

Dudley asked the girl.

According to the girl, the man told her the FBI had reason to believe that a ring dealing in narcotics or hallucinogenic drugs was operating on the campus and he was trying to find a lead. He asked her if she knew of anyone selling or buying narcotics or dangerous drugs. She told him she did not. That was the last she had seen of him.

"Was he on foot or in a car?" Sheriff Dudley asked.

The girl said the man was in a car. She wasn't sure, but she thought it was a 1960 Buick. No one else was with him, she said.

The sheriff and the detectives continued their canvass of the campus and questioned numerous other girls. Several said they had been stopped by the man who identified himself as an FBI special agent trying to get a lead on a narcotics ring. Each girl told him she did not know of the existence of such a ring and he drove on. They, too, said they thought he was driving a 1960 Buick.

One of the state agents said it sounded like the man was a phony, but just to be sure, he contacted the FBI offices in St. Paul and Minneapolis. He was told what he already suspected—that narcotics cases were handled by the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, and that the FBI had no special agents in the St. Cloud area on any kind of investigation the previous Saturday.

Now the officers knew that the man posing as an FBI agent was a fraud, and that he probably was using forged credentials. They assumed he had made a complete tour of the campus and they tried to retrace his movements. They went to the entrance and began questioning girls as they walked between classes. They learned from one girl that the man had entered the campus about mid-morning and had stopped her, flashing his fake credentials.

She had assumed they were genuine, however, and she got in the car with him. He asked her several questions about narcotics and dangerous drug use on the campus. When she was unable to supply any affirmative information, he thanked her and released her. She said that he made no effort at all to molest her in any way, but seemed to be all business.

"Can you tell us about the car?" Sheriff Dudley asked.

The girl said she had noticed that it was a blue 1960 Buick with Minnesota license tags. The car was the only suspicious thing she had recalled about the man and his mission; she'd always believed that federal agents used late model cars, not one as old as a 1960 model.

The state agents confirmed that she was correct in this assumption. Unless there was some good reason for using an old car, federal agents had cars that were not more than two or three years old.

Continuing their canvass, the offi-

cers learned that the man in the Buick had taken a circuitous route around the campus and had questioned several other girls. Each said she had gotten in the front seat with the man after he had shown her his FBI credentials and had submitted to questions about the use and sale of narcotics and dangerous drugs by students.

The girls said they informed him they didn't know of anyone who was pushing drugs on the campus. They said they told him truthfully that, if a drug problem existed among the students at St. Cloud, they were not aware of it.

In each case, the girls said, he had made notes in a small notebook, and after he was convinced that he would learn nothing from them, each was released unharmed. Each said that the man made no "pass" at her, but seemed to be interested only in the subject of his questioning.

Sheriff Dudley, Agents Losch Burrell and Rider, and the St. Cloud detectives questioned numerous girls. Some said they hadn't seen the man, a few said they had noticed the Old Buick but that the driver hadn't stopped, and others said they had been subjected to the drug questioning routine. But it was agreed by all of them that the man had made no move whatsoever to molest them.

Although they were certain they were on the right trail and that the man in the Buick was the one they wanted, the officers were puzzled by his seemingly decorous conduct. Why had he talked to and released without harm so many girls, then picked up one whom he later shot to death?

The officers speculated that he had been seeking some girl who had a particular interest in the problems of drug addiction, one who would accompany him willingly as he purportedly drove away from the campus to hunt for offenders.

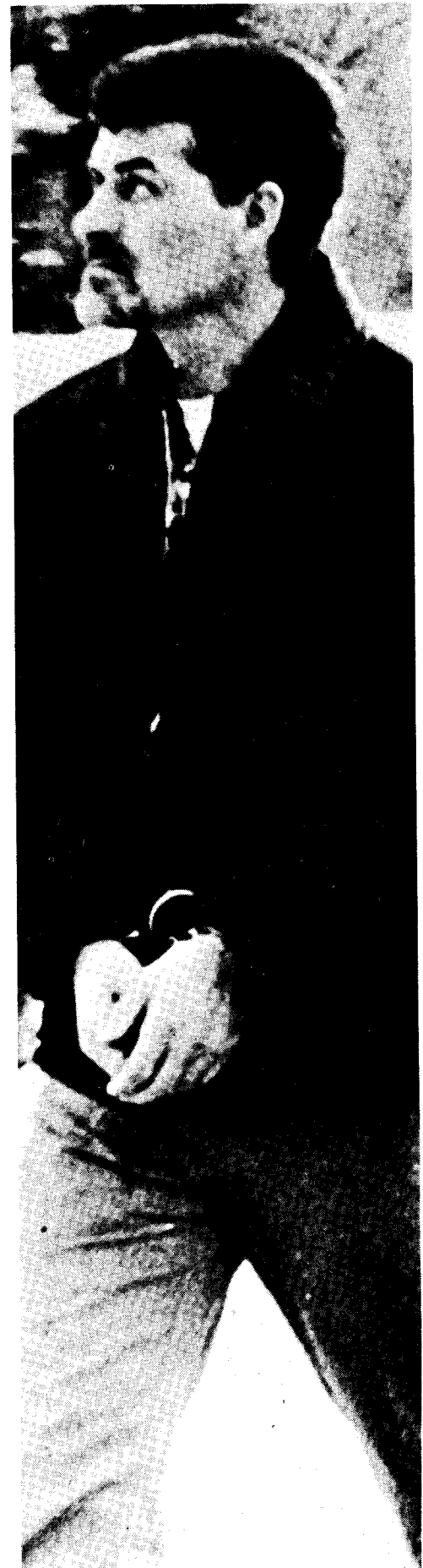
Sheriff Dudley talked to one girl the man had questioned near the campus exit. She apparently was the last one he had talked to before he picked up Linda.

All the girls said they had gotten a good look at the man posing as an FBI agent, and from what they told the officers, a picture of the impostor emerged:

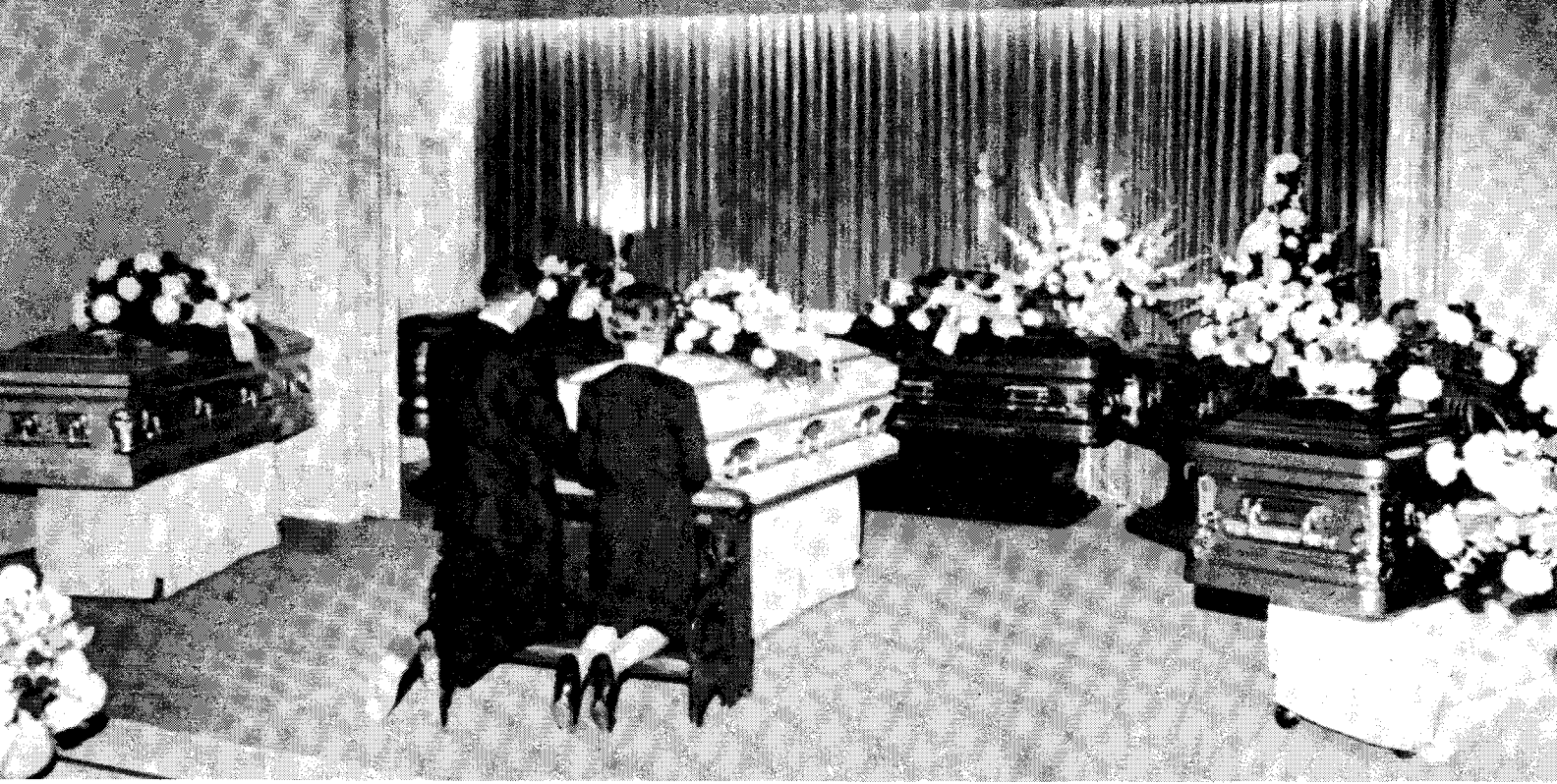
He was a white male about 40 years old, of slender build and average height. He had very heavy dark hair, cut in the current mod style except that the sideburns were short. He wore a mustache, and his features were regular except that they were slightly thin and his cheeks were slightly sunken. He had rather piercing dark eyes.

After they had completed the canvass of the campus, the officers went to St. Cloud police headquarters, where they discussed with Chief Grams what they had learned thus far and made plans for continuing the investigation.

(Continued on page 74)



Handcuffed suspect was identified by several coeds as man who went around asking information on dope pushers . . . 35



Somebody... somewhere... holds the answer:
After reading this comprehensive report,
you may be able to help police solve
**MICHIGAN'S NO.1
MURDER MYSTERY**

by DWIGHT McGLINN

EMMET COUNTY is the northernmost section of Michigan just below the straits that separate the main part of the state from the Upper Peninsula. The county has a permanent population of about 20,000, and this is about doubled during the summer when seasonal residents and tourists come to the sparsely populated, densely wooded area

that fronts on the east side of Lake Michigan.

But Emmet County isn't like the usual summer resort. Nearly all its summer visitors are wealthy or at least well-to-do and the area often has been called the playground of the rich, who in this instance come mostly from Detroit and Chicago.

The so-called cottages, some owned by regular summer residents, others rented to wealthy visitors by the season, would be called fine homes by or-

dinary standards. But there is little that is ordinary about this county.

The largest community and county seat is Petoskey, with a permanent population of about 7,000. In many ways it is different from other small cities of that size. For example, Saks-Fifth Avenue, whose styles and prices are largely for the affluent, maintains a shop there.

Both Petoskey and the balance of the county have very little crime. There never had been a mass mur-



In photo on opposite page, friends kneel in prayer for Robison family (left), all six of whom were shot to death in their summer cottage

der—until that Monday, July 22, 1968, when a call came into the office of Sheriff Richard L. Zink in Petoskey.

From his voice, it was clear that the man on the other end of the line was badly shaken. He identified himself as Kenneth C. Raymond, developer of a string of cottages in the heavily wooded section along Lake Michigan about two miles northwest of Good Hart, a small village about 30 miles north of Petoskey.

Raymond said that he had just discovered the six members of the Richard C. Robison family lying dead in their rustic but luxurious two-story log and stone six-room cabin. He said they were all on the first floor, though they had been scattered about different rooms.

The developer added that the family apparently had been dead for about a month and he was convinced that they had been murdered.

Sheriff Zink was out of the state

and during his absence, Undersheriff Clifford Fosmore was in charge. He knew that the Raymond family had lived in the area for generations and that they were thoroughly reliable. He knew that he could believe what Kenneth C. Raymond told him.

Undersheriff Fosmore immediately assigned Captain Guy A. Babcock to the case. Captain Babcock left at once and Undersheriff Fosmore said he would follow as soon as he could round up some help. This involved notifying the medical examiner, Dr. Richard Weber, and the Michigan State Police.

Lieutenant Colonel Melvin A. Kaufman, Deputy Director of the State Police, said he would send a mobile crime lab and several technicians, as well as detectives and troopers from nearby posts.

It was late that day when officers began converging on the site. Raymond was waiting at Highway M-131 to guide them because the house was concealed by dense woods. Raymond and his father, then 84, had built the cabin for Richard Robison 12 years before. It was located at the end of a two-rut deadend private road, down a steep grade into a heavily wooded area. The house was more than half a mile from the main highway running through Good Hart.

“All officers of this department, aided by the Michigan State Police, have worked diligently in an effort to find a lead to the killer or killers of the six members of the family of Richard C. Robison. We still are working hard and hope to bring about a solution. This office will welcome any information that will help us solve the case.”

RICHARD L. ZINK,
Sheriff of Emmet County, Petosky, Michigan

In front of the cabin was a broad lawn that extended to the white sandy beach of Lake Michigan. The front door led to the lawn and the back door to the driveway where two cars stood, a leased Chrysler and the family's Ford station wagon. Both were locked and undamaged. Raymond said they had been there every time he had been near the place and apparently had not been moved for about a month.

Raymond told the investigators how he had happened to discover the grisly crimes. Several times his 84-year-old father had mentioned an odor that seemed to come from the Robison house. He had discovered a number of bullet holes in the window next to the front door, but his son had discounted these as the work of neighborhood kids with pellet guns.

The nearest neighbors had a cottage about 100 yards from the Robison cabin. But they lived in Coldwater, in Lower Michigan, and didn't arrive at their summer place until July 22nd. The next cottage was more than half a mile away and the odor probably had been dissipated before it reached there.

But when the next door neighbors arrived on Monday, July 22nd, an immediate complaint was lodged with the younger Raymond, who with his Indian assistant followed the scent to the Robison cabin.

Mr. Raymond said he had not believed that the Robisons were still there. In June, his son had been killed in a motorcycle accident and on June 24th, Richard Robison and his wife went to see the Raymonds to offer their condolences.

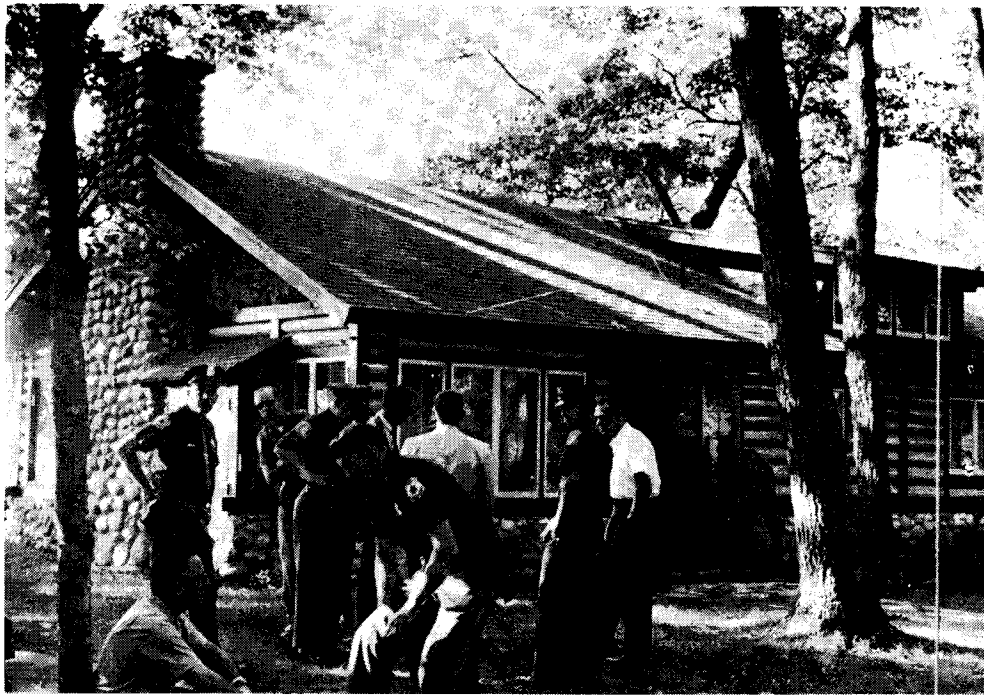
At that time, Raymond said, Robison told him the family was planning a trip that would take them to Kentucky, Tennessee and Florida. He told Raymond that a man in a Lear jet was to pick them up on the 25th or 26th. He said they planned to be away for about a month.

This did not seem unusual to Raymond because he knew that Robison was a licensed pilot and that he often flew a plane in the Detroit area and sometimes from the Pellston airport in Emmet County.

When Raymond and his aide arrived at the Robison cabin, they found the back door locked and the front door padlocked. They walked around the house and found that all the windows were securely fastened. But with everything closed there still was a horrible stench. The malodorous scent made the atmosphere reek for almost half a mile.

Raymond was well acquainted with the layout of the cabin because he had built it. He knew that the big living room, containing tables, easy chairs and sofas, as well as a fireplace, ran the entire length of the house, the front door opening onto the broad lawn and the back door onto the driveway where the cars were parked.

The developer removed the padlock and went in the front door. To the left, between a sofa and a chair, lay



Bullet-riddled bodies of victims were found in this cottage months after murders

the body of Mrs. Robison, 40. It had been covered with a blanket.

There was a hallway that ran from the middle of the living room to the far wall. It gave access to a front bedroom, a utility room and bath room in the front and a large back bedroom. Access to the kitchen, between the rear bedroom and the living room was from the rear of the living room.

In the hallway were the bodies of Richard Robison, 42, his 12-year-old son, Randall, and his eight-year-old daughter, Susan. Richard, Jr., 19, lay in the doorway of the back bedroom and Gary, 16, was near a closet in the same room.

After the two men had taken one quick look, the Indian was left to guard the house with orders not to let anyone in, while Raymond went next door and called the sheriff's office in Petoskey.

Captain Babcock, Prosecutor Wayne Richard Smith and the medical examiner went in and took a quick look when they arrived at the cottage, but they couldn't stand the stench and they came out again. Soon, Undersheriff Fosmore was there and after he had taken in the situation, he radioed the State Police post and suggested that the men being sent to the scene bring gas masks to wear while they checked the interior of the house. Even though they opened all doors and windows, it would be hours, perhaps days, before the fetid odor could be dissipated.

While they waited for the arrival of reinforcements, Captain Babcock and Undersheriff Fosmore made a

visual examination of both the exterior and interior of the house. They noted there were six bullet holes in the window near the front door, but a sheet of note paper had been taped to the glass in an apparent effort to cover them.

The note was to the effect that the family would be gone to the south for a few weeks. "We expect to return on July 7th or 8th," the note concluded.

Undersheriff Fosmore knew that Richard Robison had been a highly intelligent man. He certainly would realize that such a note would be an invitation to a prowler to break into the house.

"Maybe he was forced to write the note at gunpoint," Captain Babcock suggested.

Undersheriff Fosmore agreed this was quite likely if Robison had indeed written the note. That could be determined by handwriting analysts after verified specimens of Robison's writing had been obtained.

Inside the house, the body of Mrs. Robison was covered partially by a blanket. She apparently had been shot where she lay, possibly by the bullets fired through the window.

Near the fireplace was a rug that covered a pool of some substance now dried and dark brown, undoubtedly blood. A streak across the living room rug led to where Susan's body now lay. This indicated that she had been shot near the fireplace, that she had been dragged across the room to the hallway, which was darker than other parts of the house.

This suggested that the killer or killers had made an effort to conceal

the crime as long as possible. All the shades were drawn, but the killer apparently speculated that the curious, perhaps wanting to see into the plush house or, later on, attracted by the odor of decomposing bodies, might try to peep around the edges of the shades.

This theory was pretty well borne out by the examination of the balance of the interior of the house, though the officials had to go out into the open air briefly before continuing this noxious task.

In the far corner of the living room was an overstuffed chair in which Richard Robison apparently had been seated. Here, too, a rug had been put down to cover a pool of blood. Then a streak led from there to the hallway, where his body now lay.

Young Randall apparently had been seated on the sofa which was across the room from the fireplace and the spot where Susan had been slain. He,

too, had been dragged into the hallway, where his decomposed body now rested.

The father, apparently had been the first to be dragged into the hallway, because a leg of his daughter and one of his son's were across his legs. The scene was reminiscent of the murders of eight nurses just two years before in Chicago. In that case, some bodies had been moved and in one room there were three partially piled upon each other.

At the back end of the living room, opposite the chair where Richard Robison had been sitting, was a table. At either end was a deck of playing cards. The officers speculated that the two older sons had been sitting at this table, each playing a game of solitaire. They believed also that the two managed to escape to the hallway while other members of the family were being shot.

In the closet in the back bedroom

was a rifle and the boys apparently were trying to get to it. But Richard Jr., was felled in the bedroom doorway and Gary was brought down in front of the closet containing the rifle. Perhaps because this side of the house was a little darker, the killer made no effort to conceal either body. These two were left where they fell.

On one of the beds was an open suitcase, obviously being packed for a trip. In another bedroom were several other suitcases, also partly packed. In the living room were several very expensive cameras which the Robisons apparently had planned to take with them on their trip south. Since these were untouched, as were several other valuable items in the house, it appeared that robbery was not the motive.

But if it wasn't, what was the motive? Were the Robisons the victims of a homicidal maniac?

The Raymonds were well acquainted with the family and knew them to be rather strait-laced, although not stuffy. No member of the family was ever known to have taken a drink or smoked. They were devout members of a Lutheran church in Lathrup Village, a suburb of Detroit where their permanent home was. Richard Robison had helped to found the church.

Lathrup Village is a community of many fine homes, whose residents are affluent without being ostentatious. The Raymonds knew that Mr. Robison was the head of an advertising agency known as Richard C. Robison and Associates, and the publisher of *Impresario*, which was subtitled, "A Magazine of The Arts," and had a circulation of about 50,000. They were housed in a building near the Robison home.

Both ventures had prospered and Robison was said to have amassed a fortune of at least \$250,000. In addition, the income from the two businesses enabled the family to live luxuriously. It was not unusual for Robison and his family to spend the entire summer at their northern Michigan cabin.

Most of this was known to the Raymonds, who passed the information along to Captain Babcock and Undersheriff Fosmore, who had been unable to stay in the house after the initial survey.

State Police detectives and troopers began arriving and they were soon followed by Dr. Weber, the medical examiner, and a mobile crime lab with five technicians. They brought gas masks, which were donned by all the investigators and permitted them to remain in the house with reasonable comfort as they went about their grisly task.

Numerous pictures, in color and black and white, were taken of the interior of the house and of all the bodies. When the blanket was removed from the body of Mrs. Robison, it was found that she was nude from the waist down.



Undersheriff Fosmore checked bullet holes in window of the death cottage

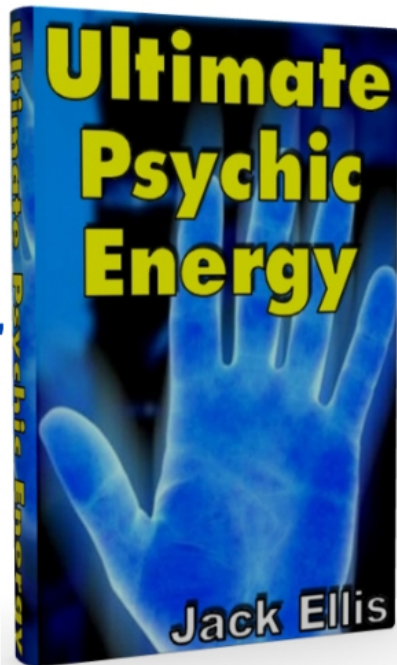
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Did this mean that she had been sexually assaulted? Or was it a trick by the killer to mislead the investigators into believing she had been raped?

The Younger Raymond, who acted as caretaker for all the cabins in the subdivision he and his father had built, had seen the Robison family a number of times since their arrival on June 16th. He recalled that Mrs. Robison had worn two expensive rings which had been gifts from her husband. Both were missing from her fingers when her dead body was found, and a thorough search of the house failed to turn them up.

While he was making his preliminary examination of the bodies, Dr. Weber discovered that little Susan had been struck over the head with a hammer, leaving a dent in her skull. The hammer was dropped at the scene, but it failed to yield any fingerprints, although there were many useless smudges.

In an effort to establish a motive, Undersheriff Fosmore probed the backgrounds of each member of the family. The Raymonds were very helpful in supplying information. Other information was obtained from Albert Ferenzi, the chief executive officer for the advertising agency and Impresario Magazine, whom Robison had referred to as his right-hand man for the past three years; and from Henry Burton, executive editor of the magazine.

Robison was a handsome man of average height who was always in nearly perfect physical condition. He had a dynamic personality and was well liked. As far as the detectives could find out, he never had made an enemy.

Mrs. Shirley Robison, 40, was an attractive woman who always was fashionably dressed. She was pleasant and well liked, but was rather quiet most of the time.

Richard Jr., had just completed his freshman year at Eastern Michigan University and had planned to continue there. He was slim and handsome, but different from most young men of his generation in that he did not have extremely long hair or sideburns. Despite this and the fact that he neither drank nor smoked, his personality was such that he was well liked, and he was not considered a stuffed shirt. He wrote his parents twice a week and usually telephoned them once a week. He was slightly over six feet tall.

Sixteen-year-old Gary also was slim and handsome and stood six feet tall. Like other members of the family, he didn't drink or smoke. He was a senior at the Southfield-Lathrup High School. He, too, was well liked by boys and girls his age. He had a modest haircut, neatly trimmed and not the current mod fashion.

Randy, like all the other Robisons, was a handsome boy who often attracted comment because of his good manners and neat appearance, unlike

many 12-year-olds. His hobbies were coin collecting and raising tropical fish. He, too, like all the Robisons, had that strange faculty of being well liked, even though he wasn't as active as most 12-year-olds and didn't engage in the more strenuous sports.

Although she was only eight years old, Susan spoke like an adult. One neighbor described her as "a beautiful child with her long brown hair and big blue eyes."

Several persons questioned by Captain Babcock and Undersheriff Fosmore said that the Robisons were a very close-knit family and it was customary for them to do things together whenever this was possible.

Executive Officer Ferenzi and Executive Editor Burton were interrogated separately about Richard Robison. Each told the officers, "He was a genius," without knowing the other had said it. They said that Robison distrusted travelers checks and that,

cluding the cameras, which were worth several thousand dollars?

Searching the house, the detectives and troopers found numerous shell casings from automatic guns. Some were .22 caliber and others were .25 caliber. One of the neighbors recalled that Mr. Robison had a .25 caliber Beretta, which he kept in the cabin. A thorough search failed to turn it up. It now appeared that the killer had started shooting with a .22 caliber weapon, probably a rifle, and after the entire family had been shot, he found the Beretta and shot them some more.

After the technicians had processed the house, dusting for fingerprints, taking samples of blood and collecting other evidence, the medical examiner arranged for the bodies to be removed to a mortuary. However, performing autopsies on six decomposed bodies was too big a task for one man and he had to engage some help.



State police technicians used mobile crime lab in gathering, examining evidence

in anticipation of the trip south, he probably had carried \$1,000 or more in cash on his person.

They said that Mrs. Robison, too, might have had a large sum of money in her purse. When the purse was examined, it was found to contain \$31. If she had been robbed, the thieves probably had left this much in her purse to confuse investigators.

Robison's wallet, containing various identifications papers and cards, was found in one of his pockets. But it contained no money at all. Thus, it did appear that he had been robbed.

But had that been the primary motive? If so, why hadn't the killers also taken many other valuable items, in-

While he and other pathologists were performing their grisly tasks, the sheriff's men and state police delved further into the backgrounds of what appeared to be an almost perfect family. These efforts yielded little. They did learn more to add to the perfect family image:

Richard Robison was a strict disciplinarian, and that accounted for the three boys not having mod style haircuts. Even while he was strict with them in certain aspects, he also was very kind. The children yielded to his wishes and at the same time, loved and respected him.

As a young man, Robison had set up his original business, the adver-

tising agency, on a shoestring. Although it and the magazine had prospered, he had accumulated no debts. His associates said that he had a phobia about owing anything and paid all his bills very promptly. At the moment, said his associates, he had no outstanding debts.

One informant told the detectives that the man who was scheduled to fly the family south in his Lear jet was a Mr. Roberts. It was believed that Mr. Roberts had some sort of business deal with Richard Robison in the formulative stage. It probably had been planned to discuss this on the southern trip.

But why hadn't Mr. Roberts come forward? Why hadn't he inquired about the Robison family when they failed to appear at the Pellston airport?

Robison had told several persons questioned by the officers that he was going to look at farms in Kentucky where he might breed Western quarter horses. It was well known that Robison had a strong interest in horses, especially the Western type, which he considered even more intelligent than the thoroughbred race horses bred in Kentucky.

Why hadn't the people he was to see in Kentucky, Tennessee and Florida inquired about the family's failure to arrive on schedule? Such inquiries would have led to discovery of the mass execution much earlier and before the trail became so cold.

How cold the trail was the officers realized when they quizzed residents of the area. It appeared that nobody had seen any of the Robisons after their call on the Raymonds on June 24th.

A widespread search was made for evidence. What the detectives found, if anything, was not revealed. However, it was disclosed that Robison's Beretta pistol was not found. It apparently had been used by the killer.

When the autopsies were completed, it was revealed that all the Robisons had been shot by .22 caliber bullets apparently fired from a rifle. Then the killer apparently found the Beretta. Two .25 caliber bullets were fired through Gary's head and one in the head of each of the others.

Because of the advanced state of decomposition, it was impossible to determine whether Mrs. Robison had been sexually assaulted.

Although it is a small city, Petoskey has its quota of deviates and ex-convicts. Each of these was interviewed and each of them was cleared.

As soon as he had learned of the mass murders, Sheriff Zink had cut short his trip and had rushed back to Emmet County to take charge of the investigations. He literally combed the area trying to find a witness or a clue. He did find one witness, a man who operated a tree trimming and pesticide service in the county.

He said that he had been at the Robison cottage on June 25th and they all had been alive and well. He last saw them at 6 p. m. that day and



Undersheriff Fosmore, here with Deputy Heise (left), learned that Robisons were regarded by friends and associates as "perfect family"

it is believed that he was the last person to see them alive except the killer.

Sheriff Zink and others speculated that it was shortly after the tree trimmer left that the killer appeared and carried out his mass slaughter.

The tree trimmer said he was there the following day and noted the house was locked, the windows were down and the shades drawn. He saw the noted taped to the window, it covered the bullet holes and his suspicion was not aroused. He knew that it was customary for the entire family to go along when there was a trip.

When the autopsies were performed, the medical examiner found something that could not be explained. It was a St. Christopher medal on a pendant around the neck of Richard C. Robison. It bore the inscription:

Richard
To my chosen son and heir
God bless you
Roebert

The medal itself was particularly puzzling because it is one that normally is worn by Roman Catholics, not by Lutherans. Robison was known as a devout Lutheran.

Even more mysterious was the inscription. Who was Roebert? Inquiries among the Robison family's friends were made and none of them had ever heard of anyone named Roebert. Was it a misspelling? Was this the Mr. Roberts who was supposed to pick up the family in his Lear jet? Who was Mr. Roberts?

Early in September, after a long

and frustrating investigation, Sheriff Zink obtained permission from the executors of the estate, a Detroit area bank to search the cabin again and as many times as he chose. Sheriff Zink, Undersheriff Fosmore and Captain Babcock made another search and in one of the closets they found fourteen .22-caliber spent shells.

"How they were missed in the original search of the home is not known, but they have been sent to the crime lab at East Lansing for checks against those found earlier," Sheriff Zink said.

State Police Detectives Lloyd Stearns and John Flis, who had been on the case from the beginning, were placed in charge of the investigation, with help from Detective Avery Goodrich and others when it was needed.

At the request of Sheriff Zink and Colonel Frederick E. Davids, director of the State Police, the Detroit News offered a \$5,000 reward under its highly successful Secret Witness plan. On the theory that "somebody knows" about every crime besides the criminal, the News devised a method for submitting information anonymously. If the criminal is caught and convicted, the anonymous tipster is paid off. Many criminals, including killers, have been caught through the plan since it was inaugurated more than five years ago.

Samples of Robison's handwriting were taken from his home and office. He was in the habit of making strange markings and doodles on pads. Some of these markings compared with those found on the St. Christopher medal.

Following the discovery of the 14 expended shells, the bodies of Robison, his wife and their son, Gary, were exhumed and additional bullets were removed after they had been located by X-ray. These were turned over to the state police crime lab and the bodies were buried again.

After every conceivable lead in Emmet County had proved fruitless, the investigation was shifted to the Detroit area. A jeweler in Birmingham described Mrs. Robison's missing rings in detail in the hope that they would be offered for sale to a jeweler or pawnbroker.

The Birmingham jeweler said the least expensive ring was unusual, that it was a woman's platinum, sapphire and diamond dinner ring. It contained a light blue Ceylon 6.31 carat sapphire. Two marquise diamonds of .38 carats each, two .16 carat marquise diamonds. Ten tapered baguette diamonds each of .90 carats and 24 round diamonds each of .43 carats were in the ring setting. When the ring was purchased in 1964 its value was \$3,100.

Although it was not so fancy, the second ring, also bought in 1964, was valued at \$9,310. It was a woman's platinum diamond ring with the main diamond a round brilliant cut of 3.24 carats, with a platinum mounting

(Continued on page 73)

Arthur Taylor and Baldwin Bradell had been caught redhanded once, but they were, without a doubt, a couple of the most remarkable operators in American criminal history. From their prison cell,

THEY MADE A DEAL WITH UNCLE SAM— WITH COUNTERFEIT MONEY!

by ALAN HYND

World's Foremost Authority on Swindlers and Confidence Men

WHEN, in March of 1932, I spent some time with William J. Burns, the country's greatest detective, at his estate in Sarasota, Florida—a month before his death at three score and ten,—and asked him to pinpoint for me the strangest case he had ever handled as a Secret Service operative or as the head of his own great agency, he didn't have to think long for his answer. Burns, a small peppery man with traces of his early red hair still showing through the gray of age, replied to me: "Those sons-of-bitches Taylor and Bredell."

The curtain had gone up on Billy Burns' strangest case when the little sleuth, about to reach his 40th birthday, and with several years in the Secret Service behind him, was summoned from Chicago, where he was functioning, to the home office in Washington. There he was greeted by John E. Wilkie, who had just been appointed chief of the

Secret Service after distinguishing himself as a city editor of the Chicago Tribune. Burns and Wilkie had known and admired each other in Chicago.

The Secret Service, Wilkie explained to Burns, faced one hell of a problem: catching whoever was producing an all-but-perfect one-hundred-dollar bill featuring the head of President James Monroe. The bill had been in circulation, apparently originating in Philadelphia, for several months now, Wilkie told Burns, and caused a storm of trouble. For one thing, it had lost a good job for William P. Hazen, chief of the Secret Service, who had been sacked by Lyman Gage, the flinty-eyed Chicago banker who was secretary of the Treasury, because he had not been able to turn up so much as a single suspect in the counterfeiting.

The Monroe-head hundreds had been cutting a merry swath through fiscal circles, without so much as raising an eyebrow, Wilkie told Burns, until a teller in a Philadelphia

bank noticed a smudge of red on his thumb after he was through counting a stack of new bills. Examining the bills, one by one, the teller found the source of the smudge. It was the red seal on a Monroe-head hundred. The bill seemed perfect except for that red seal—it gave off a smudge when damp.

It wasn't until the suspicious bill reached Secret Service headquarters in Washington that trouble a lot more alarming than a smudge widened the eyes of the observers. The Monroe hundred was placed in a pan of hot water, and left there, to see if trouble of any other sort developed. And trouble sure did develop. After about a quarter of an hour *the bill in the hot water simply came apart, splitting in half, the front half coming completely loose from the back half.* This was a new type of counterfeiting problem—one that the Secret Service had never faced before or since.

"How in the hell," Burns interrupted Wilkie to inquire, "did anybody split a bill in two pieces without damaging the paper?"

"It's not easy," Wilkie replied, "but a bill can be peeled in half if you know how to do it. First you soak the bill thoroughly in water and then you simply start working from one edge of the bill and peel and peel and peel."

Wilkie, who knew Burns from the Chicago days, did a little soaking and peeling. A bill's only qualifications, he said, was that it start out fresh and crisp, preferably unused.

After splitting a one-dollar bill in two, Wilkie was explaining, the counterfeiters (he was sure more than one man was involved) had simply bleached the front half and the back half of a piece of currency. Thus they had perfect money paper, complete with colored silk threads running too deep in the paper to be affected by the bleach. Then they were ready for business—printing the front of the one-hundred-dollar Monroe-head bill on one half of the split one-dollar paper and the rear of the Monroe-head bill on the other half.

"But how do they put the two halves together so that they'll hold after they're used?" Burns asked Wilkie.

"By pasting them together," smiled Wilkie mirthlessly.

Chemical analysis, Wilkie told Burns, disclosed that the counterfeiters had used as paste a simple mixture consisting principally of powdered rice and water. "It's the damndest stuff you've ever seen, Billy," said Wilkie. "It sticks better than glue, doesn't wrinkle the paper and simply won't come apart unless it's soaked in hot water."

There had been about a score of the pasted-together bad Monroe hundreds which had been detected by the Secret Service, most of them appearing in Philadelphia, which was why Wilkie thought the counterfeiters were there. The engraving, Burns saw by examining one of the bills, was superb—the work of a master. And the ink and the printing were the same. Thus Burns, as he set out on the strangest case of his career, knew that he had his sleuthing cut out for him.

Burns didn't need the instinct of a brilliant detective to begin his probe by heading for Philadelphia. The Quaker City was the engraving capital of the country. Burns was too clever to disclose his identity as he began the rounds of the engraving companies; the chance was too great that one or more of the criminals might be working with one of the companies. So Burns posed as a Midwestern man in the market for a big order of engraved paper.

The first place he dropped in on was E. A. Wright & Company, the Quaker City's leading printers of stocks and bonds for many Eastern banks and brokerage houses. It was here that he boned up on the invention of photoengraving, then in its infancy. One look at samples of the Monroe counterfeits convinced experts in the Wright company that photoengraving, not hand engraving, had been used by the criminals.

Hand engraving is the very difficult process of cutting lines in metal for reproduction by printing. In photoengraving the subject is photographed. Then what is photographed—the image—is transferred to a metal plate in a way similar to making a photographic print on paper.

Burns got a break very early in the game, during his visit to E. A. Wright and Company—a break which, he was later to tell me, he richly deserved in view of all the trouble that lay ahead. The Wright company had, until a year previously, employed a young fellow named Arthur Taylor who had mastered the new technique of photoengraving and then left the company.

"Left, eh?" asked Burns. "Where'd he go?"

"In business for himself—with another young fellow who also worked here—fellow named Baldwin Bredell."

"What was Bredell's specialty?" the sleuth asked.

"He was quite an artist."

"Where'd they go into business, this Baldwin and Bredell?" Burns asked. "Here in town?"

"Yes, right here in Philadelphia," came the answer. "They're in a business building at Ninth and Filbert Streets."

It didn't take Billy Burns long to place Arthur Taylor and Baldwin Bredell under suspicion. The young pair—Taylor, the photoengraver was 24 years and Bredell three years younger—kept curious hours for two young men who had gone into business for themselves. They were never anywhere near their business establishment during business hours; customers came and went away because nobody answered the door.

No, Taylor and Bredell worked only at night. Burns, holed up in a building across from the one where the suspects had their engraving business, would see them arriving late in the afternoon or early morning and not leaving until dawn or later.

But he couldn't see what Taylor and Bredell were doing. Their quarters were on the third floor of a building and, even after Burns wangled viewing space in a building across the street, his vantage point was useless because the suspects always worked behind drawn blinds. Burns tried the only door leading into the suspects' quarters—three rooms, all facing the street—but found it so securely locked that he feared tampering with it would arouse suspicion.

Burns dibbed and dabbed around to fill himself in on Taylor and Bredell without letting anybody know what he was up to. Taylor, the older of the young pair, was the son of a widow who ran a rooming house and lived with his mother. He was a loud, free-swinging extrovert who had wangled a year's instruction for himself at the Franklin Art Institute when he was 14 and had gone to work for the Wright people a year later. He had mastered the art of photoengraving about a year before he was to run afoul of Billy Burns.

Baldwin Bredell, in appearance and personality, was the complete opposite of Arthur Taylor. Small, shy, quiet, he had been orphaned to live in the Quaker City streets when he was 10. With practically no education he was, nonetheless, a born artist. Thus he had eventually wound up doing art work for the Wright company.

Attractions of opposites, Taylor and Bredell seemed to have been born for one another. They urged one another on to greater efforts at work and hit the beer bars together after hours. They chummed around week ends, sometimes blowing a week's meagre pay on a couple of females.

By now Chief Wilkie had given Billy Burns half a dozen men to help him. Thus Taylor and Bredell were, as they phrase it in surveillance circles, being gotten up in the morning and put to bed at night. The fact that the suspects continued to check into their quarters at Ninth and Filbert from late afternoon until late at night made grim sense. The Monroe-head C note had been publicly called in because of the bad bills that had turned up and come apart, so the continued activity of Taylor and Bredell meant to Burns that they were at work on something else.

Burns bided his time. "The bums," he told Chief Wilkie, "will make a false move of some kind sooner or later—and when they do I'll be ready for them."

Sure enough the false move came. One Saturday, Taylor and Bredell, who worked six nights a week at

(Continued on page 62)

In the light of repeated examples of public indifference when people were reluctant to get involved, even to save a life, this Detroit case might be called a "man bites dog" story . . .

CITIZENS GANG UP ON MURDER SUSPECT TO HELP COPS

by S. T. PETERS

THIS IS a slightly different kind of story. In recent years, we have heard a great deal about people who didn't want to "get involved." There have been numerous cases where unfortunate victims were attacked and killed, some of them women who were raped before they were slain while witnesses looked on but did nothing to help, not even taking the trouble to call the police.

They were almost like sadistic spectators in the ancient Roman Colosseum whose greatest pleasures were the spectacular contests between prisoners and wild beasts in which the human participants almost invariably were literally torn apart by the hungry, unrestrained animals.

This is a story about 10 Detroit people, ranging in age from young to not-so-young, who not only "got involved" but materially aided the police in trapping a man accused of the brutal sex murders of two attractive middle-aged mothers.

Although court action in the case was spread over a period from October, 1969, to May, 1970, and is not yet complete, the incidents in which 10 people demonstrated that they were not afraid to "get involved,"

lasted only a very short time.

It all began for the Detroit police on Tuesday, October 7, 1969, when a woman's voice edged with tears called police headquarters. She identified herself as Diana Estrada, 20, and said that her mother had been shot at the tavern where she was employed as a barmaid in the 9300 block of Greenfield in the northwest section of the city.

"The police will be there right away," she was assured. Then the dispatcher sent out a brief message to investigate the case, which occurred in the 14th precinct.

The message was picked up by Scout Car 14-13, manned by Patrolmen Earl Cunningham and Gary Kompera, and by Patrolmen Henry Randall and John Elsey in Scout Car 14-6, at 11:40 a.m.

The drivers of both cars trod heavily on their accelerators and raced to the scene. Arriving moments later, both cars skidded to a stop and while Officers Kompera and Cunningham hurried inside to see exactly what had happened, Patrolmen Randall and Elsey removed their stretcher and started inside with it.

When they pushed their way past a

few quickly gathered spectators through the front door, Patrolmen Cunningham and Kompera were met by two tearful young women, who identified themselves as Diana Estrada, 20, and her girl friend. They led Patrolmen Kompera and Cunningham to a rear room, where an attractive woman of early middle age lay face down in a widening pool of her own blood.

Her dress had been pulled up under her armpits and her pantyhose were yanked down below the knees. Obviously, the attack had been sex-motivated. The woman was identified as Mrs. Sara Jo Estrada, 42, Diana's mother.

Patrolmen Elsey and Randall wheeled their stretcher in and lifted the bleeding victim onto it. Then they pushed through the gathering crowd to their scout car. She was rushed to nearby Mount Carmel Hospital, where Dr. Donald Ruppricht was on duty in the emergency room.

He made a thorough examination, an unsuccessful attempt to stem the flow of blood, and pronounced the woman dead on arrival at 11:58 a.m. The office of Wayne County Medical Examiner Dr. John Burton was noti-



Det. Sgts. Robert Taylor, Henry La Housse and Herman Wagner (l. to r.) were members of investigation team that gathered important evidence in slayings

fied and Dr. John Shada, assistant medical examiner, ordered the body removed to the Wayne County morgue for a post mortem examination.

Meanwhile, Detective Inspector Delore Ricard, chief of Detroit homicide detectives, had been notified. He ordered Detective Sergeant John Click and Detective Robert Smith to the scene and both responded immediately.

Other homicide men, Detective Sergeants Don Carter, Fred Davis and Joseph Zisler, later joined the investigation.

Other bureaus were notified. Patrolman Dale Tiderington of the Central Photo Bureau sped to the bar and took pictures of the scene. Detective Sergeant Robert Taylor went from the Scientific Bureau. He was accompanied by Sergeant Bobby Taylor, also of the Scientific Bureau. They were joined by Patrolmen William Winter and Wilmer Jrol of the Identification Bureau.

While the four men searched for scientific evidence, Sergeant James McDonald of the 14th Precinct Station, Detective Sergeants Robert Riteman and Robert Sullivan searched the premises for any sort of evidence.

When the two young women, Diana Estrada and her friend, had recovered from their shock, they gave this account to Detective Sergeants Herman Wagner and Henry LaHousse, who had been assigned by Inspector Ricard to take charge of the investigation.

Mrs. Estrada was employed at the tavern as day barmaid and worked from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. That morning she was driven to work by her daughter, Diana, and Diana's friend.

Diana and the friend remained in the bar, chatting with each other and with Mrs. Estrada when she was not busy waiting on customers.

"How many customers did she have?" Sergeant LaHousse asked the distraught girl.

Diana replied there had been only two, both men, neither of whom was known to her. She said that the shorter of the two men, who also appeared to be older, had finished his drink and left the bar shortly after 11 o'clock.

About 11:15, the two girls left to go to a hamburger place nearby. In the bar at the time was the lone man and Mrs. Estrada. The man was nursing a bottle of beer, which he poured occasionally into a glass from which he drank.

Diana and her friend purchased hamburgers to be taken out and brought them back to the bar, arriving at 11:35 a.m. The man was gone, although the beer bottle and glass were still on top of the bar, opposite the stool where he had sat.

But no one was in attendance behind the bar and the girls thought that unusual. Diana called to her mother and received no answer. Then she went into the back room, where she found the body. With tears stream-

ing down her cheeks, she ran to the telephone and called the police.

"Can you describe the two men who were in here?" asked Sergeant Wagner.

Between the two girls, these descriptions emerged.

1. The man who had left before the girls did: He was white, about 35 years old, about five feet eight inches tall, husky build, weighing 170 to 190 pounds, with short dark hair and a receding hairline. The girls said he needed a shave. He wore a green, work type uniform, and he stuttered badly when he talked.

2. White, about 30 years old, five feet ten inches tall, of medium build, with light sandy hair cut very short, possibly balding. He had a prominent nose and was clean shaven. He wore dark clothing and carried a dark blue or black duffel bag that opened with a zipper.

The 14th Precinct men searched the alley behind the barroom and found the zipper bag. It was black. Handling it gingerly, they brought it in and turned it over to Detective Sergeant Robert Taylor. He waited to open it until it could be dusted for fingerprints by Patrolmen Winters and Krol.

Both technicians had been busy dusting the beer bottle and the glass. They found a few good prints and some smudges, but not a complete set from which a classification could be established. The classification was necessary to search for the actual prints if they were on file.

Now, they turned their attention to the zipper bag. It, too, yielded a few prints, some of them duplicating those found on the beer bottle and glass, but still there was not a complete set. The prints on the zipper bag were photographed with a fingerprint camera.

It was planned to hold the zipper bag as evidence and an attempt would be made to keep the prints intact. Patrolman Winters, experienced in the proper handling of such evidence, gingerly unzipped the bag and called to Sergeant Robert Taylor.

After he had inspected the contents, they were photographed, then removed by Patrolman Winters. They included various articles of men's clothing and some papers. One of these was a receipt for rental of a motel room issued to one Lynn Sanderson.

The name was vaguely familiar to the detectives, although at this moment they didn't recall in what connection. It did appear that he was the owner of the black zipper bag, and the prints connected him to the beer bottle in the tavern. The man drinking from that bottle was the last known person to have seen Mrs. Estrada, and police believed that he was the killer.

Detective Sergeant LaHousse telephoned the Record Bureau at headquarters and asked for a rundown on Sanderson. It turned out that the latest entry on Sanderson was on August 22, 1969. On that day, he was working as a cab driver and Detroit police stopped him for a traffic violation. A routine search revealed that he was carrying a pistol and that he had no permit for it. He was arraigned the following morning before Recorder's Court Judge George W. Crockett Jr.—who had become controversial because of allegedly extreme leniency in some cases—and was released on personal bond and ordered to appear for a pre-trial examination on September 19th.

At the time of Sanderson's arrest, police mug shots had been taken and he had been fingerprinted. It was discovered then that the tip of his right middle finger had been amputated and only nine prints could be taken. Sanderson failed to show up for the examination and Judge Crockett issued a warrant for his arrest. It was still outstanding.

"There's a lot more," Sergeant LaHousse was told. "You can take a look when you get back to headquarters. I'll have a copy of his sheet made and send it over to homicide."

The two Sergeants Taylor were going over the back room inch by inch. They found a hole in the wall slanting upward and dug out a .38 caliber bullet. The wall was plastic and Sergeant Robert Taylor removed a small section of it showing where the bullet had entered. The wall itself, showing the hole, had been photographed by Patrolman Tiderington.



Sara Jo's killer sat on stool at the right counter drinking beer. He waited for other customer to leave, then he shot and sexually molested the barmaid

As Patrolman Winters removed the contents of the black zipper bag, Sergeant Robert Taylor made an inventory and put an identifying tag on each item. Then the bag itself was tagged. Patrolman Winters tagged the beer bottle and glass said to have been used by Sanderson, as well as the glass the other customer had used.

All these items were carefully preserved and taken to headquarters to be held as evidence.

Detective Sergeant Ritzman went to Mount Carmel Hospital, where he picked up the clothing removed from Mrs. Estrada, put inventory tags on the garments, and conveyed them to the homicide bureau to be held as evidence.

Diana Estrada and her friend agreed to make formal statements and were conveyed to the homicide bureau in Scout Car 14-44 by Patrolman Paul Kunnath, who began taking the statements.

Detective Sergeants Wagner and LaHousse, who were in charge of the case, returned to the homicide bureau, where the record of Lynn Sanderson was awaiting them. This furnished a better description and Inspector Ricard was already preparing a pickup order and circular for Sanderson:

The suspect was a white male, 31

years old, and his full name was Lynn Richard Sanderson. He was five feet 11 inches tall, weighed 125 pounds, had short blond crew cut hair and hazel eyes. The tip of his left middle finger had been amputated.

Sergeant Bobby Taylor had returned to the Scientific Bureau with the .38 caliber bullet and he furnished additional information to be added to the circular: The slug was a .38 caliber special lead bullet, with six lands and grooves, left twist, 157½ grain weight.

Patrolman Winter, who also had returned to headquarters, obtained the latest fingerprint record of Lynn Sanderson and compared the prints he had taken at the scene with them. They matched perfectly, and this completed the information needed for the circular. Mug shots were included in the circular. Copies were made and sent to all law enforcement commands in Michigan.

Even before the circulars had been printed, the information on them was broadcast to all cruising squads in the greater Detroit area and was sent by teletype to all law enforcement agencies on the statewide hookup. The alert was passed along to the Michigan State Police and it was broadcast on the statewide radio hookup, going to all cruising squads.

Sergeants Wagner and LaHousse

studied the rap sheet prepared by the Records Bureau and it gave a concise history of the wanted man: Sanderson first had become entangled with the law in 1953, when he was 15 years old. He had shot a woman and tried to molest her sexually. He had been arrested and sent to the Ionia State Hospital for the criminally insane and had been treated there for 11 years until 1964, when he was released on outpatient status. He continued to be treated for two more years, and in 1966 was discharged as cured.

The original commitment had been from Branch County, in south-central Michigan near the Indiana state line. It was assumed that he had returned there; nothing more about him appeared in the police records until he showed up in Detroit in August, 1969, and was arrested for carrying a pistol without a permit.

In view of what had happened to Mrs. Estrada, it was presumed that the suspect was armed and all police officers were warned to consider him dangerous. The records showed that he had no permanent address and that he was known as a drifter.

Diana Estrada and her friend were still at police headquarters and they were asked to view photographs. Mug shots of nine men, all of the approximate age and size of Sanderson, were shown to the two girls. Both pointed out Sanderson and said that he looked like the man in the bar, when they left to get hamburgers, who was gone when they returned. This was reported by Detective Sergeant Joseph Ney of the homicide bureau, who showed the pictures to the girls.

News of the slaying and the search for the two men who had been in the bar that morning was broadcast on radio and television. Soon afterward, a man appeared at the homicide bureau and talked to Detective Sergeant Harry Hill.

He said he had been the other man in the bar that morning, and had noticed the two girls and the man who was drinking beer. He told Sergeant Hill he had left the bar before the shooting—already confirmed by the two girls—but he had come to headquarters to help in any way he could. He said he thought he would be able to identify the man if he ever saw him again.

Sergeant Hill obtained the pictures already viewed by the two young women and showed them to the witness. He looked them over carefully, the selected the photograph of Lynn Sanderson.

Sergeants LaHousse and Wagner discussed the investigation with Inspector Ricard and it appeared there was an airtight case against Sanderson. But finding him was the next problem and that turned out to be not easy.

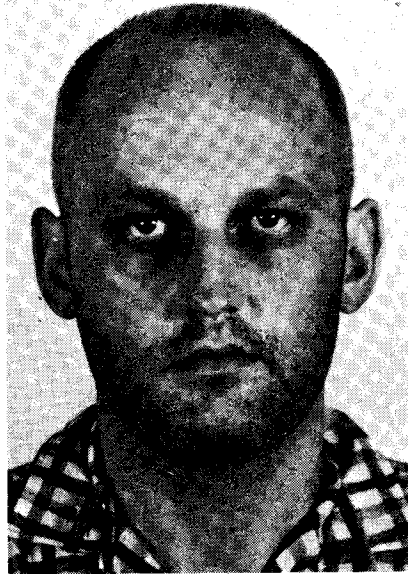
The detectives hoped that there would be more people like this new

witness who was not afraid to become involved. As it turned out, there were, but for two weeks it appeared that Sanderson was going to be hard to find.

Then at 1:16 p.m. on Monday, October 20th, a radio alarm went out to police cars in the vicinity of Plymouth and Asbury Park in the northwest section of Detroit:

"Investigate at cleaners. See what happened to a woman. May be a holdup."

The message was picked up by Patrolmen David Schwansky and Roger Grover in Scout Car 14-11, and by Patrolmen George Wysocki and Cass Cody in Scout Car 16-14. Moments later, almost simultaneously, the two police cars jolted to a stop in front



Suspect was one of two seen drinking at bar before barmaid's slaying

of the cleaning store on Plymouth. They hurried inside to see what was wrong.

They were followed quickly by Patrolman Ronald Wilson and Donald Reedy in Scout Car 14-3.

Led by Patrolmen Wysocki and Cody, the officers ran to the door of the cleaning shop and found it locked. A man who identified himself as Edward Tunstill, who had a store across the street—one of the people who chose to get involved—quickly opened the door and led the officers to the rear of the shop.

Lying face down on the floor in a pool of her own blood was an attractive middle-aged woman. She was nude except for her glasses and

a nylon stocking tied around her left wrist. Mr. Tunstill explained that he had heard gunfire, had left his store and crossed the street, calling out to ask if anyone was there when he saw nobody behind the counter. Then he walked to the back room and found the woman's body.

Mr. Tunstill used the cleaning store telephone to notify the police, then locked the front door and awaited their arrival. He said the woman was Mrs. Dorothy Pauch, 52, who lived only a couple of doors away, and that she was a clerk in the cleaning store.

Patrolman Schwansky and Grover, in Scout Car 14-11, rushed the unconscious woman to Mount Carmel Hospital, where Dr. Frank Bredau was in attendance in the emergency room. He made a quick examination, said that the victim had been shot six times, and pronounced her dead on arrival at 1:35 p.m.

The office of the medical examiner was notified and Assistant Wayne County Medical Examiner Taisja Tworek ordered the body removed to the county morgue, where he would perform an autopsy.

The homicide bureau had been notified, as had other units at headquarters. Various officers converged on the cleaning store at about the same time: Detective Sergeants John Loch and Raymond Smith from homicide; Patrolman David Kippen from the Central Photo Bureau; Patrolman Wilbur Krol of latent prints; Detective Sergeant Robert Taylor and Sergeant Bobby Taylor of the Scientific Bureau. They were followed shortly by Detective Sergeants Wagner and LaHousse, who had been put in charge of the case by Inspector Ricard, who has worked his way through the ranks to his present post and who had a hunch that this latest killing might be the work of Lynn Sanderson. Since Wagner and LaHousse were in charge of that investigation, he assigned this one to them, too.

Mr. Tunstill, who had been the first witness to see the body of Mrs. Pauch, described what he had found to the detectives. They all agreed that it appeared to be the work of the same man who had slain Sara Jo Estrada.

Sergeants Jack McDonagh and Jack Pierson moved among the crowd which had gathered in front and questioned people. Some had seen a man run out of the store and vanish into an alley. Their description of him matched that of Lynn Sanderson. Sergeant Pierson had one of the wanted notices with him and he used that to describe the wanted man when a pickup order was broadcast from headquarters.

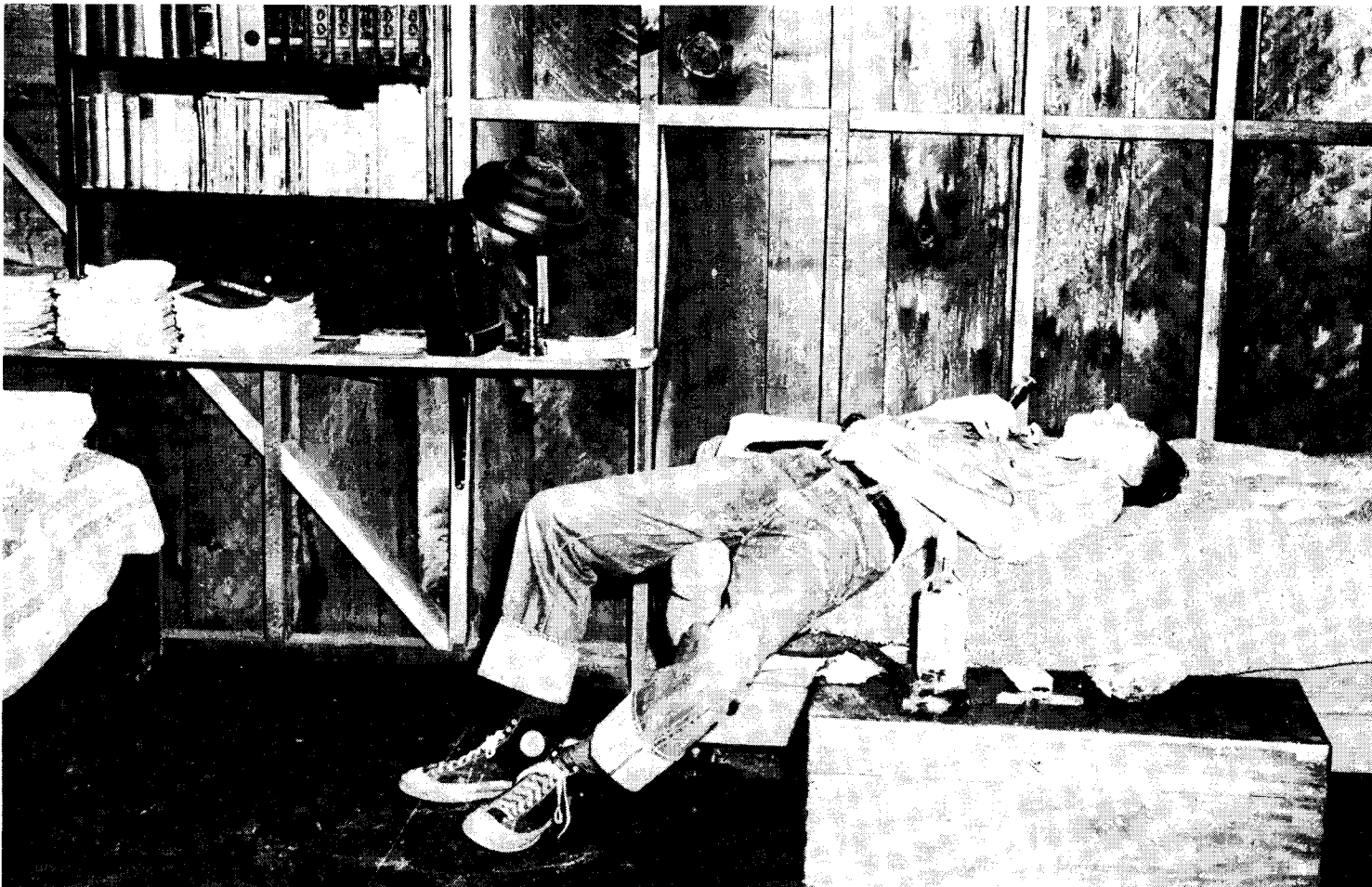
Patrolman Kippen photographed the store and made closeups of various sections of it. Sergeant Robert Taylor found one .38 caliber spent bullet

(Continued on page 69)

by RICHARD CALLENDER

California Crime Classic: **HE FRAMED A DEAD MAN ON A MURDER RAP**

Knife plunged into his solar plexus and suicide note indicated Joe Banks killed ex-wife before killing himself



**A canny character with a
devious mind spotted the chance
to take advantage of
another man's motive and make
a fortune for himself. All it
would cost was two human lives**



Kind hearted Camille Banks had let ex-husband stay in cottage and gave him money even after divorce . . .

THE PLOT was so outlandish, so utterly far-fetched, that the killer very nearly got away with it for the very simple reason that no detective in his right mind would ever think any murderer in his right mind would dare anything so preposterous; hence, the two deaths would be accepted for what they seemed to be—tragic murder and suicide to put a bitter end to an unhappy marriage once and for all.

All the evidence was, figuratively if not literally, right out there in plain sight for anyone to see. Usually in one of these devious murder plots, the killer goes to great pains to cover up his tracks, to hide things.

This was the exact opposite; in this instance, he made sure everything would be found, and the things he planted about for his evil purpose were found just as he wanted them to be. Moreover, they were interpreted by the investigators precisely as he wanted them to be . . . up to a point.

The key word there is "precisely." Everything was just too damn precise and when you come right down to it, that's what blew the whole ball of wax. For there is one thing about the police investigator's mind that the slayer could not have known: it mistrusts things that are too precise, too neatly packaged, too pat. Whenever a good cop runs into that sort of a situation, he may accept it, up to a point, and then bells ring, the hackles go up on his neck, and he starts lifting up rocks, pebbles and grains of sand to see what's under them that shouldn't be there.

And that just about sums up what happened in what proved to be a "profit motive" double murder at the swanky resort near San Francisco. Also proved was the fact that Camille Malmgren Banks had not been slain by her ne'er-do-well husband, and that he, in turn, had not taken his own life . . .

Despite her checkered marital career, Camille Banks was the envy of all the women who knew her. She was a mature woman who had seen a lot of life and made the most of it. She was independently wealthy. She was an artist and writer of considerable accomplishments. She had traveled extensively all over the world. She moved in interesting and glamorous social circles, had an engaging personality, was a brilliant conversationalist, dressed with flair and style, and looked 10 to 15 years younger than she actually was, which was 52.

Death—especially violent death—is always tragic, but somehow the tragedy is always magnified when it strikes down someone like Camille Banks, someone who, in the words of the old cliché, "has everything to live for."

This would be true even if the newspapers did not make

a *cause celebre* out of the slaying of a victim from a social stratum several levels above average middle class. Newspaper editors are often criticized for "sensationalizing" such a case, but any veteran journalist will defend them with a simple, and indisputably valid explanation: The public is interested, vitally interested, in the murder of anyone rich, prominent or famous.

Thus, the week end editions of San Francisco and Bay Area newspapers were filled with stories of the case when Camille Banks was found savagely slain on the afternoon of Friday, September 17, 1954. Her body was discovered by a woman friend, Kay Arlen, in one of the cottages of Sea Downs, the plush, exclusive resort owned by Mrs. Banks at Stinson Beach, on Bolinas Bay, on the Marin County coast about 25 miles across the Golden Gate. It was an experience Kay Arlen would never forget.

There was a sense of foreboding in the gray autumn afternoon as she knocked repeatedly on the door of the little seaside cottage. There was no answer, no sound other than the drumming of the Pacific surf, the cries of wheeling gulls.

"Camille!" Kay Arlen called. "Are you in there?"

She waited in vain for an answer. A shuddery premonition seized her. This was her second attempt to reach her old friend. At 9 o'clock that morning she had knocked at Camille's door. When there was no answer, she had walked to the main building of the resort. It too was deserted. Going back to the cottage, she noticed a dim light behind the drawn curtains of the front room. She had concluded that her friend had been up late and was sleeping.

But now, at 3:30 in the afternoon, the light was still burning, and still no one answered her anxious knocking.

Only a few weeks earlier, the place had been bustling with vacationers and tourists. For many years, Sea Downs had been the most popular resort along the Marin County coast at Stinson Beach. But this was the end of the vacation season, and chilly weather had driven away

all but a few permanent guests and an occasional habitue who might drop by. On that fateful Friday afternoon the place seemed a lot more lonely and quiet than it should have been. Not a living soul anywhere in sight, Mrs. Arlen noted with another shiver of chill and apprehension.

Once more she knocked at the door. "Camille!" she called out again. "It's Kay. Are you there? Is anything wrong?"

She listened tensely, but she could hear only the pounding surf, the screaming gulls, the beating of her own heart.

She tried the door. It was locked. She went around to the back. That door was not locked, she found. With a vain hope of seeing someone, she glanced up and down the beach. It was deserted. She didn't relish the idea of going in alone, but there was no help for it. She pushed open the cottage door, and walked into the kitchen. Through the half-open living room door she saw the light still glowing. But within the house the silence was so thick she could almost taste it.

But suddenly she shook herself out of her dark mood. She thought, I'm imagining things, and strode purposefully into the living room.

"Camille," she began. "Cam—"

Then she stopped, frozen—paralyzed would be a better word—on the threshold. One hand flew to her mouth to stifle a scream as she gazed through the open door into the bedroom beyond. For an instant she stood there, rooted to the spot. Then, trembling, she ran from the cottage and over to the main house where she knew there was a telephone.

When in response to her call, Deputy Sheriff Bill Woodington arrived a short time later, he went in through the kitchen door alone. Kay Arlen remained outside, shivering with cold and shock, still unable to accept the real-

ity of the horror her eyes had seen.

It was obvious now why the cottage was silent, why the light had burned all day. Camille Malmgren Banks would never again take off on one of her world-roving trips.

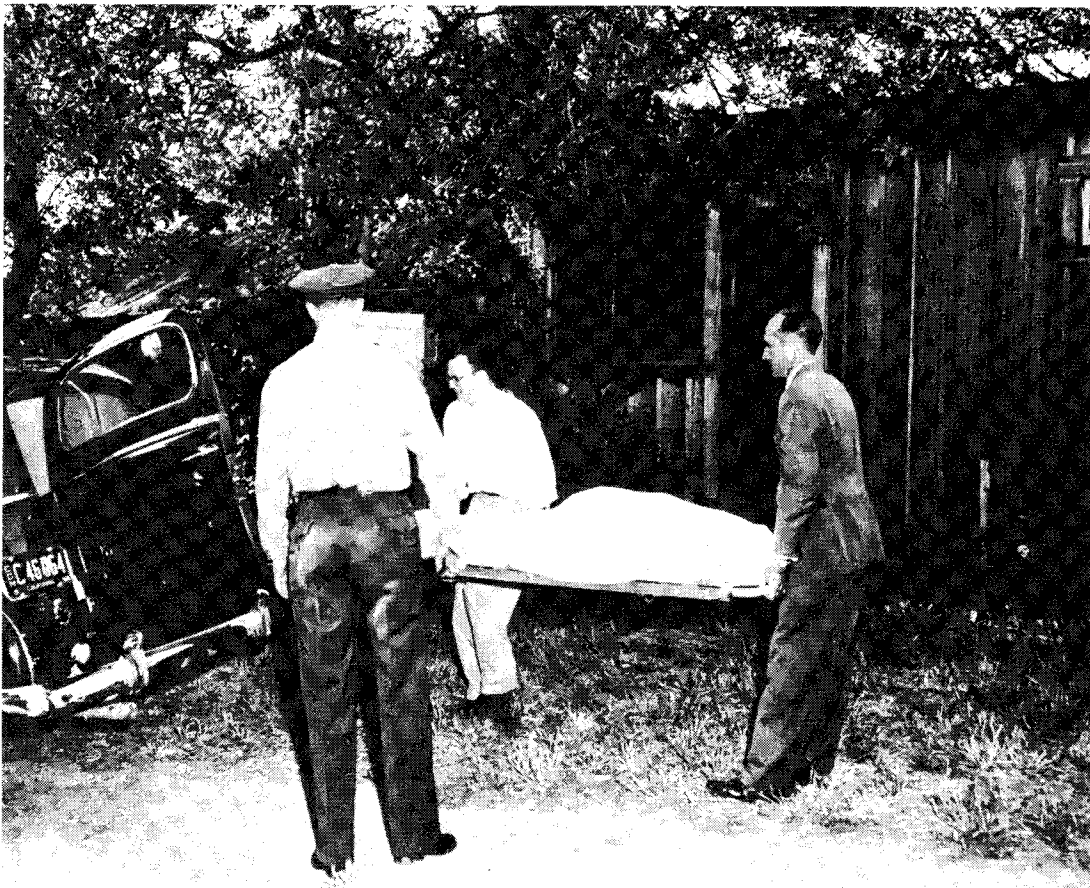
Accustomed though he was to scenes of violence and bloodshed, Deputy Woodington was shocked by the scene in the bedroom of the little cottage.

Camille Banks lay on the rumpled bed, clad in gaily colored beach bra and shorts. She was curled up on one side, her head pillowed on an arm. At first glance one might have thought she was asleep. But on the exposed side of her head, just back of the temple, was a raw wound crusted with blood. Blood matted her lush brown hair. The sheets were stained dark reddish-brown. On the rug beside the bed was a small but heavy sledge hammer. One of its striking surfaces was gummed with blood and hair.

But that was not all of the horror. For sprawled on a couch in the living room lay Camille's gray-haired ex-husband, Joseph Banks. A long hunting knife was plunged deep into his body at the solar plexus. His right hand still curled loosely about the hilt. Dried blood caked the ragged wound, and the couch cover beneath him. He was half-on, half off the corner of the couch, with his sneaker-shod feet resting on the floor.

Accentuating the bareness of the rooms, which seemed to have been stripped of most of their furniture and ornaments, and adding a bizarre touch to the gruesome scene, were two large, flamboyant travel posters on the walls; "Visit Egypt," they invited, and pictured were brightly colored scenes of pyramids, palms, camels, desert sands and butterfly-sailed boats on the Nile.

Deputy Woodington's practiced eyes roved over the scene. On a chest beside Joe Bank's cot was an empty



After thorough check of cottage, the bodies of Joe Banks (above) and Camille (r.) were removed. Then an examination of

whisky bottle. Another one lay overturned on the floor. It was empty, too.

Woodington shook his head sadly. The beach deputy had known the couple well, and he was all too familiar with Joe Banks' unfortunate weakness. The circumstances at once suggested murder and suicide, very probably inspired by alcohol.

Woodington could find no sign of disorder, no indication of any sort of struggle which might have taken place in the cottage. The place was neat and clean, except for the whisky bottles and a couple of unwashed highball glasses on the living room floor. They still held the dregs of drinks.

As the deputy walked slowly out through the kitchen, he spotted a piece of paper on the table. He picked it up carefully. It was a note scrawled in pencil, and it read:

"I had been hushed long enough. This is the end. I am responsible to what you see and find."

The signature was, "Joseph Banks."

Holding the note carefully by its edges to preserve possible fingerprints, the deputy walked outside and showed it to Mrs. Arlen. By this time, she had been joined by a sober-faced group of men and women, the skeleton staff of Sea Downs employes and the few remaining guests.

"Well," Deputy Woodington sighed, "it looks like Joe's finally done it. Looks like he killed her, and then himself. Must've gone berserk over something. Don't go in there. I'll call San Rafael."

When Chief Deputy Sheriff Bill Seibert, Deputy Coroner Gerry Gooch, and other officers and technicians arrived, followed by newspapermen, from the county seat 12 miles away on the other side of Mount Tamalpais, they found beach residents and friends of the dead couple talking in hushed whispers. And it was obvious to the late arrivals at the scene that there was one point of unanim-

ity in the thinking of everyone there, everyone who had known the dead couple.

They all assumed that Joe Banks had killed his ex-wife and himself in a drunken frenzy, probably when she had spurned a reconciliation attempt by him.

"They used to fight all the time," Deputy Woodington commented. "She was always after him for his drinking. She had him put away a couple of times, you know. People called me up here every few weeks to quiet them down.

"I guess something like this was overdue. Don't know what we could've done to prevent it, though. It was her own idea, to keep him on here after she got the divorce."

From Mrs. Arlen, Mrs. Sonya Brett, who lived across the road from the death cottage and from other friends and the employes, Chief Deputy Seibert and Coroner Gooch pieced together the history of the dead couple and the background of the tragedy.

They learned that Joe Banks, 58, was the third husband Camille had lost to death. Born in Wisconsin, Camille was first married while in her teens, but her youthful husband had died while both were still attending Marquette University.

An artist of considerable talent, with a flair for writing as well, the beautiful young widow made a modest living for herself for some time in these pursuits. But she was innately restless. She took up the profession of restaurant hostess, and became very successful at it. She worked in a number of fine restaurants which catered to the artistic trade in several Midwest cities. In this line of work, her employers agreed, Camille demonstrated a fine head for business and a genuine talent for "handling" people, whether they were clients or employes.

It was not long before she was managing, and eventually owning and operating restaurants. She would take over a rundown business, build it into a profitable enterprise, then sell it for a handsome profit and move on to a new venture. For a woman like Camille, the pattern was productive of a couple of important satisfactions: it made her a lot of money, and it appeased her nagging urge to explore greener pastures around the next corner.

In 1943 she had come for a vacation to Sea Downs, which at the time was a wellknown and swanky resort operated by Theodore Malmgren, the wealthy scion of a socialite California family. Sea Downs had become the hub of a beach colony of rich art dilettantes and patrons.

Camille was entranced by the atmosphere of the place as well as its natural surroundings, the lonely sheltered beach, nestled under the shoulder of Mount Tamalpais—the "Sleeping Maiden" of Indian lore—and the calm blue Bolinas lagoon up the beach behind the long sandbar. It was the western edge of the world, and it exactly suited Camille's taste for combining solitude and company.

She had not been there long when a romance developed between her and Ted Malmgren and they were married. Camille joined him in the operation of Sea Downs and took an active part in its management. The big rambling building in which they lived had a restaurant, a long bar and a dance floor. Grouped around it were small guest cottages.

Theodore Malmgren died in September, 1948, leaving everything to his attractive widow. Less than a year later, Camille married Joseph Banks. He was then 53. She was 47, but she could have passed for 32.

Joe Banks was something of a mystery man, or at least no one knew much about him. He had turned up rather suddenly at the beach resort, he didn't seem to have to work for a living, and he was rumored in various accounts—which did not always agree as to details—to have "a little money of his own." That is one of those vague terms of reference which in certain circles means, he's not really rich, but he'll never have to go out and get a job to support himself.

Joe Banks also spoke with a British accent, a quality which somehow makes eccentric behavior—even bad manners—more bearable to certain people.

From the very beginning of their marriage, as Deputy Bill Woodington had reported and as Camille's friends confirmed, the couple had quarreled over Joe's addiction



slain woman's documents brought out surprising evidence

to the bottle. He was supposed to help her in the operation of the resort, but most of the duties and work devolved on her. Moreover, it turned out that the rumors were wrong; Joe Banks had no money at all, and he looked to his bride to support him in the manner to which he rapidly accustomed himself.

With a more than "comfortable" income from Sea Downs, Camille probably regretted the unfortunate marriage into which she had plunged too hastily in her widowhood. She took up her painting and her writing again. She mingled more with people. Also, she decided to indulge her long-cherished dream of world travel.

Leasing out the resort, Camille left on a long trip, alone, which took her to South America and to the hinterlands of Mexico. Under her lease agreement at Sea Downs, she retained quarters for herself and her husband in the big house. She had hoped that the separation caused by her solo jaunt would have given Joe a chance to get himself straightened out, but it didn't. He was no better when she returned than when she had left.

She spent weeks with him, trying to get him to mend his ways. Joe didn't seem to want even to try. Twice she had him committed to Napa State hospital as an alcoholic.

Early in 1954, Camille left again for an extended trip around the world. On her way home in July, she stopped off in Tyler, Texas, and stayed there long enough to obtain a divorce from Joe Banks.

When she returned to Sea Downs she let him live in the little cottage—the one where both their bodies would one day be found. He did occasional handyman jobs for the people who had leased the resort from Camille, and she continued, despite the divorce, to supply him with "walking-around money."

Apparently rejuvenated by her world trip, Camille announced to her friends that the real purpose of her trip abroad had been to find an ideal place in which to live, one which combined beautiful surroundings and gracious living with low cost. She had found it, she said, on the exotic island of Ceylon in the Indian Ocean. She had leased a bungalow there on a ten-year term at the "ridiculously low" figure of \$20 per month.

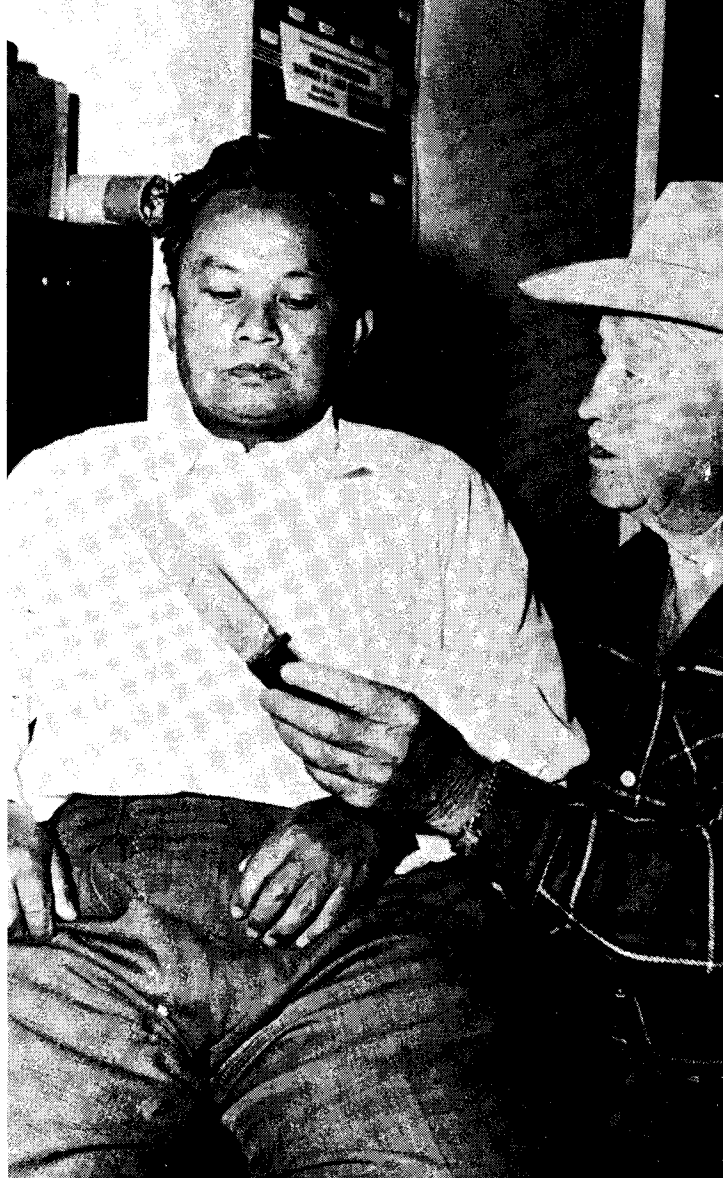
Camille said she planned to live luxuriously in Ceylon on the revenue from the California resort. With the lease to its current operators expiring, she now made a much more lucrative deal in leasing Sea Downs to a former Colorado health resort operator for ten years. The income ran well into five figures on a yearly basis, and Camille would have a sizable fortune at her disposal.

The new lessor was to take over on October 1st, and Camille had promised to vacate the big house as soon as possible so that he could proceed with renovations. So toward mid-September she had begun to pack her books, curios, art objects, personal furniture, the accumulation of a lifetime, to be shipped to the tropical island. She entertained her friends as she fluttered about the place, packing bags, suitcases and trunks, giving to each some small item of her treasures.

To help her pack, she hired wealthy Mrs. Brett's accommodating little Filipino houseboy-chauffeur, Bart Caritativo. Bart, in addition to being an efficient servant, was also an aspiring writer. He sometimes discussed art, literature and philosophy with Camille Banks as he did chores for her.

She had already shipped two large trunks to Ceylon. Others were strapped and ready to go. With the big house emptied of most of her belongings, which were stored in vacant cabins for sorting, she told Kay Arlen that on September 16th she was moving into the small cottage with her ex-husband, with whom she still remained on amicable terms, till she sailed on October 15th for Ceylon.

To the investigating officers, the roots of the tragedy seemed plain. Joe Banks, his masculine vanity wounded by her divorcing him, found Camille's blithe preparations to leave for Ceylon and to go out of his life forever the last straw. Also, he stood to lose his soft berth. Perhaps he knew that the new operator of Sea Downs would evict him when soft-hearted Camille was no longer around to intercede. Inflamed by liquor, he apparently had decided that if he couldn't have Camille, the Far East couldn't



Sheriff Walter Sellmer (r.) confronts suspect with hunting knife similar to that used to stab Banks, hara-kiri style

either. So he killed her, then himself.

The condition of the bodies, and the fact that the dishes were washed and neatly stacked on the kitchen sink, suggested that the murder-suicide had taken place after supper Thursday night. The absence of any signs of a struggle indicated to the officers that Mrs. Banks had been bludgeoned to death with a single blow as she slept. She never knew what hit her. Then Banks staggered into the living room and plunged the knife into his own stomach.

But though the whole matter appeared to be open and shut, it still was necessary to go ahead with the regulation procedures of the law to verify everything. At Chief Deputy Seibert's direction, the death scenes were carefully photographed from different angles. The sledge hammer, the 12-inch hunting knife, and the penciled suicide note were preserved for scrutiny at the crime lab. The bodies were removed to San Rafael for routine autopsy.

To County Coroner Frank Keaton, who also was public administrator, fell the duty of informing the dead couple's relatives and searching for their wills. The new lessee of Sea Downs would be anxious to know who was to inherit the resort. Going through Camille's personal papers and talking to her friends, Keaton located and informed Mrs. Banks' kinfolk, her mother and three sisters, two of whom lived back in Wisconsin.

Keaton also traced Joe Banks' two brothers, both busi-

nessmen, one in San Francisco, the other in Sacramento. They rushed to San Rafael when they heard the news, and their shock at the death of their brother was exceeded only by their unwillingness to believe that he had killed himself and his wife.

"Joe wouldn't do a thing like that," one of the brothers declared fervently. "There's something wrong here. Joe used to drink, sure, but he was a good man. And this doesn't sound like a note Joe would write."

The brothers frowned over the suicide document. "It looks like his handwriting," one conceded, but it's sort of—well—illiterate."

The coroner gently reminded them that Joe probably had been very drunk when he wrote it.

The brothers had known that Joe was at Sea Downs, but they hadn't seen him for three years. They had not known of his confinement to Napa, but they filled in a bit of his background.

A native of England, Joe Banks had come to San Francisco with the family in 1903. He served overseas in World War I with the U. S. Army, and was a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. His elderly parents were still living in San Francisco.

Coroner Keaton found no will among Banks' papers. Apparently he had nothing to bequeath. The coroner promised the brothers a full report on the tragedy as soon as the investigation should be formally closed. There probably would be an inquest, he said.

It was just a matter of routine cleaning up of loose ends.

But there was a surprise in store for Coroner Keaton. Among the papers in a strong box stored with Camille's belongings in an adjoining cabin, the coroner found a will by Mrs. Banks, dated September 1, 1954. Moreover, it had an appended codicil, dated September 16th, the very day of her death!

The handwritten will did not bequeath the \$150,000 Sea Downs resort property to her mother or her sisters, as might have been expected. Nor yet to Joe Banks.

The beneficiary of the will was none other than Bart L. Caritativo, Sonya Brett's obliging Filipino houseboy!

The will was couched in more or less formal terms, leaving him the estate "with no strings attached." But the codicil, typewritten and signed in red ink, read:

"Bart: Since I have known you I have continually observed your character because I had the feeling that someday I would be able to do something for you in return to what you have been doing and helping me. Now I come to the conclusion that you are a very refined boy—honest, sincere, real and true friend and above all you are a perfect gentleman.

"Because of these fine qualities you possess I have chosen you to be the heir to my estate known as Sea Downs here in Stinson Beach, California, with the four conditions attached."

The document then instructed Caritativo, after the estate should be settled, to pay Camille's mother \$50 a month for the rest of her life; to pay Stinson Beach Community, Inc. \$100 a year for five years "as my personal contribution to the community," to give \$1,000 to a woman friend, and to pay Mrs. Banks' accountant what was due him. Then the codicil resumed:

"Bart, I like you a lot. I consider you like a brother. Please always be a good boy. Don't give me away. I wish you all the luck and happiness, and may God help you and bless you.

Your true friend,
Camille Malmgren."

Coroner Keaton brought the news to Bart Caritativo at the beautiful home of the diminutive Filipino's employer.
(Continued on page 60)



Flanked by lawyers, defendant (arrow) denied he forged slain woman's signature on will naming him heir to her fortune

Never Trust A New Widow . . .

(Continued from page 31)

violent knocking, he found himself facing the business end of a hunting rifle. At the other end of the rifle was a very determined farmer and behind the door was the farmer's wife.

"There's been an accident," said Grando. "This woman should be taken to a hospital immediately and the police have to be called. Do you have a telephone?"

The farmer did have a telephone and he let Grando use it, but he did not immediately put down the rifle. It was only when he heard Grando speaking to the police and when he saw the woman, who had now subsided into a state of numb shock, that he put away the gun.

The woman was laid out on the living room couch, and the farmer's wife brought a blanket to put over her. Fifteen minutes later, the ambulance arrived. It was from Limoges. Grando, not knowing the district, had simply called the emergency numbers pasted on the wall over the telephone.

The woman was bundled into the ambulance which immediately set off for Limoges, passing the patrol car from the Limoges traffic department on the way.

The patrol car picked Grando up at the farmhouse and took him back down to the scene of the accident. There, the officers took his statement and then brought him back to his truck. There was very little that could be done at the moment. The fire had burned itself out, but the wreck was still too hot.

The police wrecker arrived 45 minutes later, and the burned out car was hauled into the police compound in Limoges. The body was still in it. It was removed under the direction of the police physician, Doctor Marcel Breton, and taken to the police morgue. As yet, no one had any idea who the dead man was. The woman had been taken to the hospital and placed under sedation and she would not be available for questioning until the following morning.

The next day, Sergeant Antoine Lescault of the Limoges traffic department called the hospital and, having learned that the woman was now fully recovered, went over to take her statement concerning the details of the accident. He found her dressed and only waiting to make her statement to the police before leaving the hospital.

The woman gave her name as Yvette Balaire and her age as 43. She said that the man who had burned to death in the car was her husband, Rene Balaire, 44. The couple lived in the little town of Bourgneuf, 25 miles east of Limoges.

"We were coming back from a conference in Toulouse," she said. "Rene turned off National Route Twenty onto D-7. He said that there would be less traffic and that we could make better time. Suddenly, as we were coming around the curve, Rene lost control.

"I remember the car going over the edge of the embankment and when it hit the bottom, my door flew open and I fell out onto the ground. I tried to go back to help Rene, but the car was already burning. I think he was unconscious. He didn't move or try to get out and the flames were so hot that I couldn't get near the door."

"About what time did this happen, Mrs. Balaire?" The sergeant asked. "Was

it a long time before the truck driver came along?"

"No," said Yvette Balaire. "It was only a few minutes. Five or ten minutes at the most."

The funeral was held four days later in Bourgneuf. The coffin remained closed, of course, and Mrs. Balaire did not attend the funeral. "She's taking it very hard," said one of the mourners.

However badly the widow of the dead man was taking it, one of the mourners was quite unmistakably sincere in his grief. He was Gerald Balaire, who had come down from his job as a technical draftsman in Paris, immediately upon learning of his father's death. The 22-year-old man had been extremely fond of his adopted father and he was quite inconsolable.

He was also suspicious. "Dad was a good driver," he told everyone who would listen to him. "He would never have taken a curve too fast like that. I can't believe that this was an accident."

After the funeral was over, Gerald Balaire went to Limoges where he asked to speak to the doctor who had examined his father's body. "I haven't seen a death certificate," he said to Doctor Breton. "Could you tell me what was given as the cause of death?"

"Of course, Mr. Balaire," said the doctor. "Your father was burned to death in his car."

"How do you know?" Gerald Balaire asked. "Did you perform an autopsy of the body?"

"No," said the doctor, mildly surprised and a little disturbed by the question. "The cause of death seemed obvious. Why? Do you have reason to believe that he died from any other cause?"

"No concrete reason," admitted Balaire, "but I know Dad and I know how he drove. I don't believe that it was a simple accident."

"Did he have a record of heart-trouble or fainting spells?" asked the doctor. "He could, of course, have had an attack while he was driving, but it would seem that your mother would have noticed it."

"He had no record of illness of any kind," said Balaire. "He was a very healthy man, in the prime of life. Do I have the right to demand an autopsy even though the body has now been buried?"

"Yes," said the doctor. "If you believe that the cause of death was incorrectly given or that there are any circumstances surrounding your father's death with which you are not satisfied, you can ask to have the body exhumed and an autopsy carried out. You'll have to pay for the exhumation, however."

"I'll pay," said Gerald Balaire. "How soon can this be done?"

"Immediately," said the doctor. "I suggest that you go and see Inspector Jean Beaufort in the Criminal Investigation Department of the police here. He can help you take care of the details of getting the court order and arranging for the autopsy which I will, of course, carry out."

Balaire immediately went to call on Inspector Beaufort whom he found to be a chunky, pleasant-faced man who apparently patronized a better than average tailor and who looked not unlike a successful business executive.

"Sit down, Mr. Balaire," said the inspector, holding out a crumpled pack of Disque Bleu, a cheap brand of black tobacco cigarettes, not at all in keeping with his otherwise somewhat natty appearance. "Why do you want an autopsy performed on your father's body? Do you believe that there is a possibility

of foul play? Did he have enemies?"

"Dad didn't have an enemy in the world," said Balaire. "He was a wonderful person. No. I can't say that I suspect foul play. I can't see any motive for it. It's just that I'm not satisfied with the way all this happened. I'll never rest until I know and I'm prepared to pay to have the body exhumed if the police doctor will carry out an autopsy on it."

"Well, it's your right," said the inspector. "You'll have to sign some papers and I'll take care of the rest of the details for you. Will you be staying here until the autopsy is completed or do you have to go back to Paris?"

"I'll be staying here," said Balaire. "When do you think I could have the report?"

"The written report? The day after tomorrow, I expect," replied the inspector. "I'll have Doctor Breton telephone you, though, as soon as he's finished. If there is anything unusual, he'll let you know."

It was not, however, Doctor Breton who called at four in the afternoon two days later. It was the inspector himself. "Mr. Balaire," he said, "your father was shot through the heart with a 7.65 caliber pistol bullet. I have officially opened the investigation."

The inspector had indeed opened the investigation and his assistant, Detective Sergeant Pierre Montreau, was at this moment on his way to Bourgneuf with instructions to bring Mrs. Yvette Balaire to the inspector's office for questioning. Mrs. Balaire had objected violently to the exhumation of her husband's body.

She accompanied the sergeant, however, without objection, to the inspector's office where she made once again essentially the same statement, that she had made to Sergeant Lescault of the traffic department. The inspector, who had obtained a copy of the original statement from the traffic department, listened silently until she had finished.

"As Sergeant Montreau told you, Mrs. Balaire," he said, "your husband died from a bullet wound in the chest. The bullet entered his body on the left side; in short, on the opposite side from where you were sitting. I have been out to inspect the car, but there is no evidence of the bullet passing through the lefthand window or the windshield. As a matter of fact, the glass in the car was so badly shattered by the heat, that I was unable to tell anything. Now, did you notice just before the car went off the side of the road, anything that sounded like a pistol report, or do you recall anything striking the glass of the window on your husband's side or the windshield?"

"No," said Mrs. Balaire. "I didn't hear any report. As for something coming through the glass of the window on my husband's side, it couldn't have. He had the window rolled down. He often did that when he was driving because he said that the fresh air helped to keep him awake."

The inspector concluded his questioning and had Mrs. Balaire driven back to Bourgneuf. After she left the office, he turned to his assistant and asked, "What do you think, Pierre?"

The sergeant shook his head. "It could have been an accident, of course," he said. "Someone fired a 7.65 pistol somewhere in the area and the bullet went right through the window and struck Mr. Balaire. It's possible. A 7.65 carries quite a distance."

"It's a pity that the body was so badly burned," said the inspector. "We can't tell now whether the bullet was fired at

close range or at some distance. In fact, all we know is that he was shot and with a 7.65 caliber bullet. I don't know where to start."

"Do you think that Mrs. Balaire might have done it herself?"

"I don't see how," said the inspector. "The bullet entered his body on the side away from where she was sitting. She would have to have walked around the car to shoot him and that doesn't make sense."

"Unless she was sitting in the driver's seat at the time," said the sergeant. "For all we know, the car may have been stopped at the time of the shooting. If you like, I'll run over to the traffic department and see how much of an investigation they made of the scene of the accident. They're supposed to make a complete record."

The traffic department had made a complete record of the accident. The photos and drawings, however, showed nothing of particular significance. "You were out there at the scene, weren't you, Lescault?" asked Montreau.

The sergeant pondered briefly. "Well, it was a kind of a funny accident," he said. "The curve there isn't that sharp. What's more, if you'll look at the photos, you'll see that there aren't any tire marks on the macadam. He apparently never braked at all. Just rolled right down off the edge of the embankment and crashed. Aside from the fire, there wasn't as much damage to the car as you'd think there'd be, if he was going at a high enough speed to spin out of the curve."

"Why didn't you send a report on this to our office?" Montreau asked. "This is all suspicious as hell!"

"Sure, now it is," said Lescault. "When you know that he was shot. But you've got to remember that I didn't know that. To tell the truth, my opinion was that he was having a fight with his old lady and he took his hands off the wheel. As for the damage to the car, the ground down there at the foot of the embankment was pretty soft and it could have taken up a lot of the shock."

"And what would have been the effect if he had been shot through the heart while driving along at a moderate speed?" Sergeant Montreau asked.

"Just about the same," said Sergeant Lescault. "As a matter of fact, that's what now seems to have happened."

Montreau returned to the inspector's office, bringing along the files from the traffic department. The inspector too found the information concerning the presumed accident confusing.

"It seems unlikely that Mrs. Balaire would not have noticed it if her husband was shot," he said. "On the other hand, a thing like that would happen very quickly. If she were dozing or looking out the window on her side, she might not notice anything. At even forty miles an hour, the car would have been off the road before she realized what was happening."

"If that was what happened, then the shooting was presumably accidental and the person who fired the gun should have no hesitation about reporting to the police," said the sergeant. "If I may make a suggestion, I think that we should put out an appeal over the radio and in the newspapers for any person having fired a gun in that area on the evening in question. We can promise immunity from prosecution and, if someone reports in, that will clear up the case."

"A good idea," agreed the inspector. "You take care of that, and, in the meantime, I'll send a party of men out

to the area and let them see if they can locate any tracks. The only thing that bothers me, is, that it was definitely a pistol. Now, if it had been a sporting rifle, then it would be more understandable. Someone firing a pistol out there in the country, after dark, is harder to explain."

The sergeant went off to arrange for the radio broadcast and the articles in the newspapers and the inspector called in one of the detection specialists from the police laboratory and instructed him to get up a party to search the area around the scene of the accident for footprints or any other signs that someone had been present.

The announcement was broadcast that same evening and the appeal appeared in the newspapers the following morning. There was, however, no response—at least not immediately. The search party which had gone out that afternoon was able to report more concrete results.

"They located the trail of what seems to have been our mysterious gunman," said the inspector to Sergeant Montreau. "They've got casts of a half a dozen of his footprints. From the way it looks, he was actually at the exact scene of the accident, presumably before it took place. I find it very hard to believe that this was a coincidence."

"Were they able to follow the tracks anywhere?" the sergeant asked.

"Yes," said the inspector. "There's a dirt road through the woods which runs parallel with D-7 at that point. The fellow apparently parked his car in this road, and then walked over to D-7 which he reached at a point just about one hundred yards down the road from where the accident took place. He must have walked down the macadam in the same direction that the Balaires were driving because there are no footprints until just short of the place where the car went off the road. From that point, the footprints lead straight back to where he had parked his car in the dirt road. Now what do you make of that?"

"Well," said the sergeant slowly, "discounting Mrs. Balaire's story, it sounds to me as if this fellow deliberately parked his car in the dirt road and then walked over to D-7 to wait for the Balaires or perhaps some other car. They stopped and picked him up and proceeded down the road for a hundred yards, at which point Balaire was shot. If the tracks do not start from the scene of the accident, but from the side of the road, that would indicate that the car did not go off the road immediately. The fellow got out upon the road and then walked back to his car. The conclusion that I would draw is that Mrs. Balaire is lying."

"Precisely the way I figured it," said the inspector. "Of course, this is purely circumstantial evidence. We can't prove that the fellow walked over to D-7 and then walked back to his car even on the same evening that the Balaires had their so-called accident. Nor can we prove that he fired the fatal shot. There's nothing there with which we could gain an indictment, but there's certainly enough to take a much longer and harder look at Mrs. Balaire."

"And I suppose you want me to do it," the sergeant said.

The inspector nodded. "I believe that you should look for a lover. This case has all the earmarks of the classic triangle," he said. "I'm beginning to suspect that we are faced with a particularly clever attempt at the perfect murder. And I can't help but recall the old

proverb about not trusting an old widow with a new lover."

The sergeant was a man skilled at his trade. It took him precisely 36 hours to determine that Yvette Balaire, had, indeed, had a lover. She had been very discreet, but not discreet enough but what the sergeant was able to ascertain both the relationship and the name of her secret friend.

"His name is Bernard Cousty," said the sergeant, reporting in to the inspector. "Forty years old, and only recently widowed. His wife died just at Christmas time. They have a little girl named Michele. She's eleven years old. The affair has apparently been going on for some time, four or five years at least."

"Bring him in," said the inspector. "And get a party out to his house with a search warrant. I want the lab to check every pair of shoes he owns against the casts that they made at the scene of the accident. The search party can look for the pistol."

Bernard Cousty was arrested and brought to police headquarters. He denied all connection with the shooting of Rene Balaire and, although he admitted to knowing the Balaires as a couple, he stated that there had never been anything between him and Yvette Balaire. No pistol was found in his house, nor could the police find any evidence that he had ever owned one. With the plaster casts of his footprints, however, they were more successful. One pair of his shoes matched the cast perfectly!

"Yes," said Cousty. "I was out in that area, but it was several days before the accident. The twentieth of February, I think. I sometimes go for walks in the country and I just happened to pick on this place."

The inspector was unwilling to swallow this version of Cousty's walk at the scene of the accident, but he realized that, without further evidence, there was no way he could prove that the man had actually been there on the same day that Rene Balaire had been shot. Cousty was, however, unable to provide any verifiable alibi for the evening of the shooting. He merely said that he had been at home and had gone to bed early. Michele, his little daughter, had been spending the night with his mother.

"If he is guilty, I suppose he got rid of the gun," said the sergeant doubtfully. "The only question is, how did he happen to have a gun in the first place? Unless, of course, they've been deliberately planning the thing for some time."

"They?" said the inspector. "Yes, I suppose that Mrs. Balaire would have had to be in on it. We'd better pick her up too, and I want her house searched. For all we know, she may have the gun."

The inspector's guess proved accurate. Mrs. Yvette Balaire was arrested and brought to the station for questioning. A few hours later, the search party returned from her house with the 7.65 pistol that had killed Rene Balaire. The confirmation was provided by the ballistics section of the police laboratory a short time later. The gun, it seemed, had belonged to Rene Balaire himself.

Yvette Balaire's response to the questioning was to threaten the police with false arrest. She insisted that she had not had an affair with Bernard Cousty and that the accident had taken place exactly as she had described it.

The inspector, who by now was quite sure that a murder had been committed and who had committed it, kept both suspects under continual interrogation,

and presently, contradictions and discrepancies began to appear in their statements. It was Yvette Balaire who broke down first.

"Rene would not agree to a divorce," she said. "I never asked him for one, but I knew how he felt about such things. Bernard and I decided that if we were ever going to have any happiness, we would have to get Rene out of the way.

"When we left for the conference, I put a can of gasoline in the trunk of the car. I had taken the pistol the day before and given it to Bernard. Rene had a peculiarity. He always picked up hitch-hikers. We had planned to take advantage of that.

"Bernard knew approximately when we would be coming back from the conference and he was waiting beside the road."

"But how did he know that you would be coming down D-7?" asked the inspector. "That wasn't the main highway into Limoges."

"Rene wasn't driving, I was," said Yvette Balaire. "I was the one who turned into D-7 and I told Rene that I had done so because I thought that there would be less traffic."

"But didn't your husband recognize Cousty?" the inspector asked. "Cousty told us that he knew you both as a couple."

"It isn't true," said Yvette Balaire. "Rene had never seen Bernard."

"All right," said the inspector. "Let's hear the rest of it. Who actually fired the shot?"

"Bernard," said Yvette Balaire. "We were driving along D-7 when we came to where Bernard was standing at the edge of the road with his thumb out. Just as I knew he would, Rene said, 'There's some poor guy who wants a ride. Why don't we pick him up?'"

"I stopped the car and Rene got out to push the seat back so that Bernard could get into the back. As you know, the car was a two-door model. Bernard had a wrench in his pocket and when Rene bent over to push the seat back, Bernard hit him over the back of the head with the wrench.

"I guess he didn't hit him hard enough because it didn't knock him out. He turned around and tried to grapple with Bernard and Bernard pulled the gun out of his belt and shot him. He fell over dead immediately.

"Bernard and I put Rene in back of the steering wheel and then pushed the car over the edge of the embankment. Then we went down and opened the door on the passenger's side so that it would look as if I was thrown out. We got the can of gasoline out of the trunk and poured it inside on the upholstery and put a match to it. Bernard went back to where he had parked his car and I settled down to wait for someone to come along. We thought that the car would be all burned up before any car showed up, but the truck came along only a few moments afterward."

Despite Yvette Balaire's confession, Bernard Cousty still insisted that he had nothing to do with the murder. "She may have killed her husband," he said, "but I didn't have anything to do with it. I wasn't her lover. I think she must be crazy."

"This fellow is a hard case," said the sergeant to Inspector Beaufort. "He won't admit to anything. Do you think we can get an indictment on the basis of Mrs. Balaire's testimony?"

"I should think so," the inspector said. "After all, we have the plaster cast of his footprints at the scene of the murder. However, there is something else bothering me. Cousty's wife seems to

have died very conveniently for his purpose. I've checked it, and there was no autopsy carried out on the body. I'm ordering it exhumed and an autopsy carried out now. I suspect that we may find some evidence of foul play in her death as well."

Mrs. Ginette Cousty had died on Christmas Day, 1969. The cause of death as given by the doctor who had signed the death certificate, as heart failure. There was, however, no evidence that the woman had ever had any trouble with her heart, and she was only 38-years old at the time of her death.

While the inspector was arranging for the exhumation of the body, Sergeant Montreau went out to talk with little Michele Cousty who was staying with her grandparents. The child remembered the circumstances of her mother's death very well. "It was on Christmas day," she said. "She died while I was opening my presents. Daddy was with her."

"And was she sick before?" the sergeant inquired.

"No," said Michele. "She was very happy. She wasn't sick at all. I was in the living-room unwrapping my presents and she said that she was feeling terribly sleepy. She went into the bedroom to lie down and take a rest. Daddy went in too. After awhile, he came out and said that Mommy was very sick and that he was going to have to call the doctor right away."

"How long were Daddy and Mommy in the bedroom before he came out?" asked the sergeant.

"I don't know," said Michele. "I was unwrapping my presents. Maybe a half hour, I guess."

The body of Ginette Cousty was taken from the grave in the cemetery and brought to the police morgue. Doctor Marcel Breton, who was to perform the autopsy, was not optimistic.

"After all, she's been dead for two months now and the body has been embalmed," he said. "What are we looking for anyway?"

"I don't know," said the inspector. "I suppose that you might begin by determining if she actually died of a heart attack or not. If she did, there's not much point in going any further. If she didn't, then you'll have to try and find out what she did die from."

Two hours later, the doctor telephoned the inspector's office. "It wasn't a heart attack," he said.

It was not, however, until the next day that the doctor was able to determine the true cause of Mrs. Ginette Cousty's death. Immediately following the completion of his tests, he came to the inspector's office to make a preliminary verbal report while the official report was being typed up.

"I thought you'd want to know as soon as possible," he said. "The woman died of ether poisoning. In addition, there is evidence of a massive overdose of commercial sedatives. It would appear that she was administered a heavy overdose of sleeping pills and, while unconscious or at best semi-conscious, from their effect, was killed through the application of an ether-soaked cloth or cushion held over the face. There's very little question but that it was murder."

"I suspected something like that," said the inspector. "We'll see what Mr. Cousty has to say to this."

Bernard Cousty had nothing to say to the latest revelations other than that Doctor Breton was either mistaken or a liar. "It's not true!" he shouted. "You've made this whole thing up because Yvette Balaire said I was her lover. Well, that wasn't true, either. Yvette

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Balaire is crazy! I didn't help her kill her husband and I didn't kill my wife!"

The inspector, however, thought differently and for the next four days, Cousty was subjected to continuous interrogation. It was only on the morning of the fifth day, when, apparently recognizing the hopelessness of his situation, he broke down and admitted to his part in the murder of Rene Balaire. He still denied having murdered his wife.

"Why continue to waste time, Cousty?" snapped the inspector. "You know that we've got you and the murder of Rene Balaire is enough to cost you your head. You can't be any worse off than you are now. Why don't you make a clean breast of it so that we can end the interrogation? You can be sure of one thing—it's going to continue until you do."

"The interrogation had taken a severe toll of Bernard Cousty's otherwise excellent nerves. His face was drawn, he was shaking badly, and his voice was little more than a hoarse croak.

"Give me a cigarette," he pleaded. "I'll tell you what you want to know. I can't stand any more. I want to go to sleep."

The inspector extended the pack of cigarettes and held a match. Cousty took a long drag on the cigarette and blew out the smoke with obvious relief. "Yvette knew that I killed Ginette," he said. "We planned it together."

"Give us the details of the murder," ordered the inspector. In the corner of the room, the police stenographer waited with his pencil poised.

"I wanted to do it on Christmas Day when Michele was unwrapping her presents," said Cousty. "That way, I thought no one would suspect anything. No one did, either." He took another long pull on the cigarette. "Ginette and I always had a glass of good wine on Christmas Day to celebrate," he said. "I put a half tube of sleeping tablets in her glass

when I poured the wine out in the kitchen.

"After a while, she began to feel sleepy, so I suggested that she go and lie down. I had a bottle of ether in the night table beside her bed, and as soon as she was sound asleep, I poured it into one of the pillows and held it over her face. She never woke up at all.

"As soon as it was over, I took the pillow out to the incinerator out in back and burned it. I put the empty ether bottle in my pocket, and the next morning I went and threw it into the garbage dump.

"The ether still smelled very strong in the bedroom and I was afraid it would give me away, but the doctor did not arrive for nearly an hour and by that time, it was nearly all gone. He didn't notice anything.

"I didn't want to kill Ginette, but we had to have her and Rene out of the way. We didn't have any other choice."

Bernard Cousty was indicted for the murder of his wife, Ginette Cousty, and for the murder of Rene Balaire. Yvette Balaire was indicted for the murder of her husband, Rene Balaire. Both are now awaiting trial and it is expected that the prosecutor will press for the maximum penalty in the case of Bernard Cousty, at least. In France, in the case of a guilty verdict, this means the guillotine. ♦♦♦

EDITOR'S NOTE

In order to comply with French police regulations regarding publication of the names of police officers and to protect the identities of persons other than police officers, the following names, as used in the foregoing story, are fictitious: Dr. Marcel Breton, Sergeant Antoine Lescault, Inspector Jean Beaufort and Detective Pierre Montreau.

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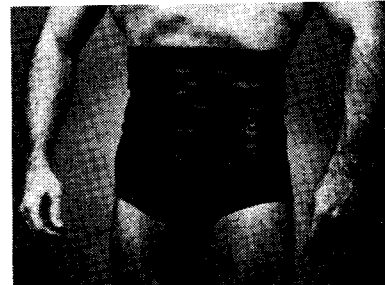
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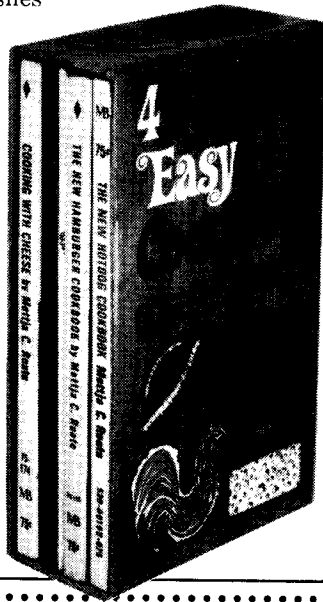
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Is Little Timmy Alive or Dead?

(Continued from page 15)

registered in Lake and Porter Counties. It was a tedious job, because there were hundreds of such cars. As an owner was located, he was interviewed, then cleared and released. The tedious task continued.

There was one other lead. Another man, around 30 years old, and a stranger to the residents, had been seen in the neighborhood where John Mazur had lived. His dark hair was cut short and he wore glasses. Nobody knew who he was and nobody had seen him in the neighborhood after John Mazur disappeared.

But all efforts to learn the man's identity failed.

Three days after John's body was found on the beach, Hammond Mayor John Klen offered a reward of \$1,000 to be paid to anyone furnishing information leading to the arrest and conviction of John Mazur's killer.

This brought a flurry of telephone calls, but no real leads.

On September 15th, the FBI, which had aided in the search for the boy, now officially entered the investigation. But the G-men had no luck.

The car clue on which Captain Blaire had pinned his hopes began to fade on October 15th, when detectives assigned to the task reported they had checked every 1968 or 1969 Torino and Fairlane 500 registered in Porter and Lake counties and each owner had been cleared.

There were other crimes and other work for the detectives to do. Three men were assigned to continue full-time investigation of the murder of young John Mazur, but others had to be assigned to other duties. The State Police detectives continued to help when there was a promising lead.

But leads of any sort became scarce. The three detectives reviewed the reports to try to see if they had missed anything. The only loose end was the stranger with short hair who had been seen several times near the Mazur home before the boy disappeared, but who had not been seen there since.

That was the status of the case when Timmy Martin was kidnaped and held for 30 hours, then miraculously rescued. Hammond police found many similarities between the cases of Timmy and John Mazur:

The prime suspect in both cases had dark hair cut short, was about 30 years old, and wore glasses.

Both boys had been held captive at least 30 hours. John had been murdered, and only a miracle had saved Timmy from being killed.

Both boys had been out playing on Saturday morning and both had last been seen (until Timmy's rescue) being driven away by a man in a car.

One car was white and one was blue, but it was believed that the man in the white car had disposed of it after a witness had described it to the police.

Meanwhile, FBI Agent in Charge Nagle had traced the license number he had been given to John E. Walrath, 30, at an address in Fort Wayne. He no longer was there, however, and he had not left a forwarding address.

But inquiries were made among people who said they had been acquainted with Walrath. One said that he had

moved to Hammond and that he was a teacher in the school system at Griffith, Indiana, near Hammond.

Hammond police and FBI special agents went to the Hammond address—on 175th Place—and found Walrath. He was packing a bag, as if he planned a hurried departure. He was informed of his rights, then was placed under arrest. He declined to answer questions.

He became a prime suspect in the John Mazur case because of his description and because of the fact that 175th Place, where he lived, is only three blocks from 178th Place, where John lived.

Checking into Walrath's background, it was learned, police said, that he had been convicted in Fort Wayne of 37 burglaries. He had been sentenced to 10 to 20 years in prison, but had been released on parole after serving three and a half years.

In 1964 he had entered a college in Fort Wayne and had taken a degree from the college in 1969. He had been recommended by the college for a teacher's certificate and it had been issued. At the beginning of the fall term, he had started teaching sixth grade reading and English in the Wadsworth Elementary School in the Griffiths school system.

The Griffiths school superintendent said he had been unaware of Walrath's criminal record. A spokesman for the college said that officials of the institution had known of the prison record, but he added that it was a "Christian college," and that Walrath's past had not been held against him, especially since he had done so well in his studies. That was why he had been recommended for a teaching certificate.

On Tuesday, November 25th, Walrath was taken before United States Commissioner W. J. Glendening in Hammond and was ordered held without bail for action by the federal grand jury for the northern district of Illinois in Chicago.

On Tuesday, December 2nd, the grand jury indicted Walrath on a charge of kidnaping Timmy Martin, an offense that carries a mandatory life sentence on conviction. The penalty had been execution until recently, when the United States Supreme Court ruled that life imprisonment was the top penalty that could be given for the offense.

Walrath told Commissioner Glendening that he was \$1,000 in debt and couldn't hire a lawyer. "Let Uncle Sam pay for it," he was quoted. The commissioner appointed a Hammond attorney to represent Walrath until he was transferred to Illinois.

The following week, Walrath was taken to Illinois and on Friday, December 12th, appeared before Judge Abraham Marovitz with a Chicago attorney appointed by the court. Walrath allegedly had been identified in a lineup by Timmy Martin and the federal grand jury had indicted him. He pleaded not guilty. Then his attorney asked for 10 days to file preliminary motions and asked that Walrath be given a mental competency examination.

The judge granted both requests.

Because of strict rulings by the United States Supreme Court, Walrath could not be questioned about the fate of John Mazur and about whether he had any part in it.

At a subsequent hearing, Judge Marovitz ordered Walrath committed to the Federal Bureau of Prisons Hospital in Springfield, Missouri, for extensive sanity tests. He was taken there on February 9, 1970, and as this was written, the tests had not been completed. ♦♦♦

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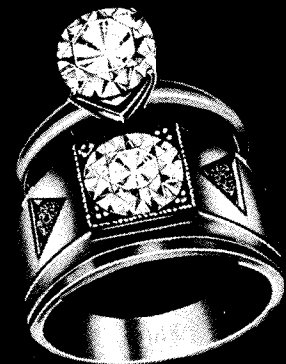
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He Framed A

Dead Man . . .

(Continued from page 53)

Bart could scarcely believe his good fortune.

"I was always friendly to Mrs. Malmgren-Banks," he said. "She was a good friend of Mrs. Brett and I used to help out over there sometimes. She liked to talk to me about the Orient. She wanted to know all about life there."

But never in all the time he had known Camille Malmgren Banks, Bart said, had she so much as hinted that she planned to make him her heir. In his spare time during the past few days, he said, he had been helping her with packing, working for an agreed upon two dollars an hour. He was very grateful for his good fortune, he said, and he would certainly carry out Camille's instructions.

Overnight, Bart Caritativo became a celebrity, and the short, dark stocky little fellow with the broad smile and flashing white teeth was besieged by reporters for interviews. Everyone loves to read about someone coming unexpectedly into a great inheritance.

Bart revealed that he had been born in Luzon and came to the United States in 1926. He attended a technical high school in Oakland, and later a junior college in Sacramento. He returned to the Philippines in 1930, was married and had a son, who was born in 1932. He returned to California the same year, this time for good. He had sent money to his wife and son regularly ever since.

He had become a United States citizen in October, 1953, and was proud of it.

What were Bart's plans, now that he was rich, the owner of a property valued conservatively at \$150,000?

Well, first, he said, he would take care of Camille's instructions. Then he thought he would take a trip back to the islands. But ultimately, he revealed, he planned to devote himself to the work of curbing juvenile delinquency in the Filipino colonies of San Francisco and Oakland, a field in which he was greatly interested and had done a lot of work.

Unbeknown to Caritativo, however, a fly was beginning to buzz around his ointment. Marin County District Attorney E. Warren McGuire received a visit from an attorney who told him he was highly suspicious of the purported will of Mrs. Banks. Just before leaving on a trip to Mexico two years before, the lawyer said, she had come to his office and asked him to draw up a draft from which she wanted to make a holographic will leaving everything to her mother. He had done as she asked, the attorney said, but no such draft or handwritten will had been found in her effects.

Undersheriff Don Midyett, who had just returned from a mission out of the state, went over to Coroner Keaton's office and examined the documents.

"That doesn't sound like an educated woman's writing," he said. "And this suicide note of Banks' looks odd to me, too. I think this thing deserves further investigation."

The undersheriff lost no time pursuing his probe, in the course of which he consulted a wide range of experts, including a language expert and an Orientalist. After lengthy conversations with these

specialists, Midyett reported his findings to the district attorney's office.

"These things were written by a person who doesn't speak or write perfect English," Midyett said. "They couldn't be the work of an American woman college graduate."

"Notice one thing in both of them—the peculiar use of the word 'to.' Here in the codicil it says, 'something for you in return to what you have been doing and helping me.' And the suicide note says, 'I am responsible to what you see and find.'"

"That's an unusual use of the preposition 'to,' where the writer means to say 'for.' But it's a typical grammatical error made by a Filipino speaking English, even one who thinks his English is perfect. He's unconscious of slips like that."

Midyett now commented on the manner of Joe Banks' suicide. "How many Americans or Englishmen would kill themselves by plunging a knife into their stomachs? That's an Oriental touch, like the Japanese hara-kiri. It's a typical Filipino suicide position—sprawled on the back, with the hand clasping the knife plunged into the stomach—and upward—sort of a ceremonial position."

Before this conference ended, another electrifying development emerged with the delivery of the coroner's autopsy report, which stated that a routine test of Joe Banks' blood showed an alcohol count of 4.5. This meant that Banks could not have been conscious at the time of his death. He had passed out, and hence he could not possibly have plunged the knife into his own stomach!

Undersheriff Midyett and Chief Deputy Siebert now swiftly pursued several further avenues of investigation. A search through Camille Banks' personal papers turned up several good samples of her handwriting.

The two officers established that the codicil had been typed on Camille's own typewriter. They located, also, samples—authenticated samples—of Joe Banks' handwriting.

Superficially, the investigators found, the handwriting of the codicil signature matched that of Camille Banks, and the suicide note bore a superficial resemblance to Banks' handwriting. The specimens were forwarded to the State Division of Criminal Identification and Investigation at Sacramento for study.

The probers then interviewed Bart Caritativo, who told them that on the night of the killings he had been in San Francisco all evening till very late, visiting several gambling clubs. He was reluctant to name them for fear of causing trouble for the operators, he claimed.

The officers asked him to write a copy of the will and codicil in his own handwriting, and the little Filipino smilingly obliged. This also was sent to the crime lab at Sacramento.

On Friday, September 24, 1954, eight days after the strange deaths of Joe Banks and Camille Malmgren Banks, Midyett and Seibert heard from Sherwood Morrill, examiner of questioned documents at Sacramento.

"That alleged will, the codicil, and the suicide note are clever forgeries—all of them," Morrill reported. In his expert opinion, Morrill added, the signature to the typed codicil had been forged by Bart Caritativo. He could not be positive about the suicide note, he said, but it looked like the work of the same hand.

Taken into custody, Caritativo was about as communicative as a graven idol. Other than to protest his innocence, he would only say, "I don't know. I

(Continued on page 62)

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ise you will show the catalog to at least ten men. That's your only obligation. No selling. No sales talk. No pressure. No asking for an order. Just show the catalog. If you don't make at least \$15.00 profit for yourself the first ten times you hand the catalog to another man, mail it back to me and forget the whole thing.

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But, you see, I KNOW what will happen. Within a week you will have sent at least ten orders. And, when you do I give you a pair of Hanover Shoes entirely free as a bonus. You take your pick of any pair at any price up to \$21.95 (the \$39.95 value) and that pair is yours, free, as my way of marking the day when your tenth order was received.

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You decide how far you want to go. But, right now, send your name on the coupon. Everything I send you is free. Your only obligation is to just "show" the Hanover catalog to ten men. Then, if you're not excited over the money making possibilities, mail it back to me and you will not be under the slightest obligation.

Gordon King

Vice President

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Gordon King, Vice President
The Hanover Shoe, Inc.
571 Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa. 17331

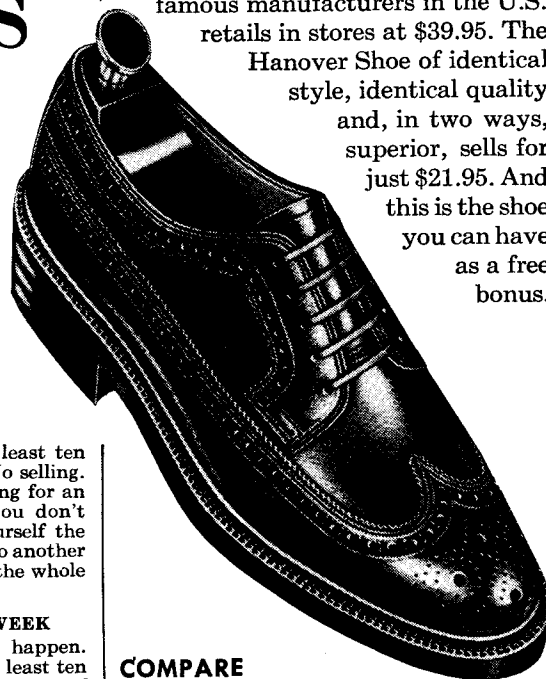
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can't answer that on advice of my attorney. I stand on my constitutional rights as an American citizen."

Undersheriff Midyett summed up the Filipino's attitude for newsmen:

"He wouldn't give us the time of day if he had eight watches."

The houseboy was locked up in the county jail at San Rafael on a formal murder complaint charging him with the double killing.

In the meantime, Undersheriff Midyett and his associates pressed a probe for further evidence against the accused man. In his living quarters they discovered a number of surprising items not normally found among the possessions of a perfect servant, even one with artistic tendencies.

Among them was a small arsenal—two knives, a .22 rifle, and a revolver. Both firearms were loaded. Bart claimed he used the guns to shoot rabbits, and the knives to skin the animals.

Even more surprising, however, was a saving bank passbook from a Mill Valley bank. It was astonishing in that it was filled with false entries, complete with tellers' initials and stamped dates, showing deposits totaling \$133,000!

A hasty conference with bank officials established that the actual balance in Caritativo's account was a paltry two dollars and eight-fifths cents! He sullenly declined to offer any explanation for the discrepancy of \$132,997.15.

Nor would he offer any comment on the statement of a local notary that about a week before the killings, he had sent a notarized letter to his wife in the Philippines telling her he expected to come into some money in the near future.

On October 5th, the Marin County grand jury indicted Bart Caritativo for the murders of Camille Malmgren Banks and Joseph Banks. Application for bail was denied, and the diminutive houseboy was ordered held for trial. He consented to talk to reporters, but his replies were considerably less than illuminating.

Bart smilingly denied having had anything to do with the deaths of Joe and Camille Banks. He seemed to have aban-

doned all hope of ever getting the inheritance from Camille which would have made him a rich man. Now he was petulantly concerned over how he could collect the \$40 he said Camille Banks owed him for his help with her packing—20 hours work at two dollars per hour.

In February, 1955, Bart Caritativo went on trial in San Rafael to face the charges of double murder. And on February 28th, the jury of nine women and three men, after deliberations, lasting four hours and 15 minutes, returned a verdict of guilty, with no recommendation for mercy.

The little Filipino houseboy was brought into court again on March 3rd and heard the judge sentence him to execution in the gas chamber at San Quentin.

The usual series of appeals delayed Bart's date with the executioner, however, but they met with no success in hearings before the state supreme court, the California Court of Appeals, and the United States Supreme Court. A final appeal for commutation of the death sentence to life imprisonment was rejected by the governor of California at the time, Goodwin Knight.

"This case has been extensively reviewed since Caritativo's conviction in 1955," Governor Knight stated. "Every opportunity has been given the defendant in the courts."

Bart Caritativo finally kept his appointment with the State of California's official executioner in San Quentin's gas chamber on October 24, 1958. The date was four years, five weeks, and two days after he had taken two lives in an effort to make himself heir to a fortune in a hurry.

EDITOR'S NOTE

The names, Kay Arlen and Sonya Brett, as used in the foregoing story, are not the real names of the persons concerned. These persons have been given fictitious names to protect their identities.

Counterfeit Money!

(Continued from page 43)

Ninth and Filbert and went to church on Sundays, didn't go near the place. Instead, each carrying a satchel, they took a train from the Quacker City to Lancaster, 65 miles distant. Burns, prepared for practically anything, was riding right along with them without their knowledge.

In Lancaster, Burns was successful in making a tail of the engraver and the artist to an abandoned warehouse on the edge of town. The two young men were in the warehouse for about an hour when, not carrying the satchels, they left to go out to eat.

Burns found the warehouse as tightly locked up as the quarters in Philadelphia. But he was in luck—luck that would be pulled out of the ozone by a small dick. A 10-year-old boy was playing baseball, all by himself, with a very old-looking baseball in the rear of the warehouse—right near a nice big ground-level window.

"How'd you like a new baseball, sonny?" asked Burns.

"Would I?" the kid breathed. So the sleuth bought the kid's baseball for a buck and the kid vanished.

Now Burns heaved the ball through the window, then unlocked it and let himself in. By leaving the very-much-used ball there for the suspects to find when they returned from lunch, Burns would allay suspicion; the suspects would simply think some kid had broken the window and departed in fear.

What Burns found in a quick run-through of the abandoned warehouse was plenty. There was the counterfeiting press where bills were run off. There was everything else the counterfeiters needed—paper, ink and the rest.

And the plates? Plates for a new non-Monroe C-note—which Taylor and Bredell had no doubt been working on during all those sessions in their quarters in the Quacker City—were in one of the two suitcases the boys had brought with them from Philadelphia.

Leaving things as he found them, Burns let himself out of the warehouse through the broken window. Then, late on the Saturday night, when Taylor and Bredell were getting to work on the actual printing of their new hundred-dollar issue, Burns and other Secret Servicemen, along with Lancaster police, stormed the warehouse. Taylor and Bredell were caught with their plates down.

First thing Burns did was to grab the plates of the new issue. Then he de-

manded to know where the Monroe plates were. Fearful, new in crime, the photoengraver and the artist led the fiery little Burns to a field not far from the warehouse. There, by lantern light, they dug up the Monroe plates.

"Now," Burns said to Taylor and Bredell, "you're going to pay for what you've done!"

So Arthur Taylor and Baldwin Bredell—the master artist and superb engraver—were, unable to cope with the high bail that had been set for them—placed in a cell in Moyamensing Prison on the outskirts of the Quaker City. They were, supposedly, to cool their heels there until time for their trial came. Then, Burns and Wilkie felt, it would be but a matter of course until they were found guilty and sentenced to a long stretch, probably in Atlanta, where counterfeiters went.

But the troubles of Billy Burns with Taylor and Bredell were just beginning. Things started with the choice of an attorney that the two prisoners made. His name was John E. Semple and, compared to Semple, a corkscrew was comparatively straight.

The first thing Semple did was to succeed in getting his two young clients rushed into court where they avoided trial by pleading guilty to counterfeiting. Then, though, through legal hocus-pocus of one sort or another, Semple got the date of the sentencing of Taylor and Bredell postponed and postponed and postponed. Months and months passed with Taylor and Bredell, presumably, just sitting in their cell in Moyamensing.

It was in the 13th month of the incarceration of Taylor and Bredell that Semple with a whiskey breath two yards long, popped up in the office of United States Attorney James M. Beck,

who was handling the prosecution of the counterfeiters.

"Mr. Beck," Semple said to the U.S. Attorney, "my clients have a sort of confession to make to you."

"What about?" asked Beck.
"About another bill they made before they were arrested for making the Monroe bill."

"You mean to say the Monroe bill was not their only work?" asked the astonished official, "the Monroe and that other hundred-dollar job they were about to start on when they were arrested?"

"I'm afraid not," said Semple.
"What on earth is this third bill?"
"The Alexander Hamilton twenty."
"No!"
"Yup."

Now the shifty lawyer got down to business. His clients, he said, would divulge the locale of the hidden plates of the Alexander Hamilton 20 only if some sort of an arrangement—a deal, actually—could be made whereby Taylor and Bredell would get lighter sentences for their work on the Monroe hundred. Such an arrangement was then sometimes made with counterfeiters because the Secret Service has always been more interested in laying its hands on good and dangerous plates than in the length of punishment for counterfeiters.

Beck, of course, said he'd have to think things over. First thing he did was to phone Chief Wilkie in Washington and first thing Wilkie did was to summon Burns. When Burns heard of the new turn the plot had taken he hit the ceiling and, after coming down, said to Beck: "I'll go to Moyamensing and talk to those two snakes!"

Billy Burns was in for a surprise when he went to Moyamensing. Taylor, a loud and aggressive character to begin

with, was now louder and more aggressive than ever. He simply looked coldly at Burns, ran his tongue over his lips and, when Burns was through asking and accusing and threatening, simply said: "See my lawyer." As for Bredell, the retiring one, he had picked up some of his partner's arrogance and he, too, wouldn't give the sleuth the time of day.

"I had a problem with Taylor and Bredell there in Moyamensing," Burns recalled years later. "I had no way, right then, of knowing whether Taylor and Bredell had really made a twenty or whether they were, on the advice of that crook who was representing them, simply bluffing."

Billy Burns, after his highly unsuccessful session with the two prisoners, was wondering which way to turn when a sharp-eyed teller in a Philadelphia bank gave things a shove along. Word had gone out to the banks to give special attention to Hamilton 20s and this teller, taking his job and his orders seriously in hopes of a raise, happened to feel that the Hamilton 20 he was studying didn't seem quite right.

The teller couldn't figure out what wasn't right until he put the Hamilton under a magnifying glass. Then he clearly saw what was wrong. Hamilton's lips were too thick. Not much, just a trifle—but not the same lips as he saw on a Hamilton 20 that he knew to be genuine.

Burns felt the first of several headaches coming on. So Attorney Semple had not been bluffing when he said that his clients had made a Hamilton twenty.

Now that the alert was out for them, several more Hamilton twenties were discovered—but always in Philadelphia banks. This puzzled Burns. Since Taylor and Bredell had been in Moyamensing
(Continued on page 67)

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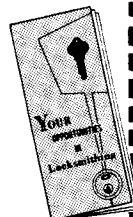
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As of right now, a total of 377 fugitives from justice have been apprehended as a direct result of information furnished to authorities by our sharp-eyed readers!

For example, three captures were effected within a two-week period—two in Canada, one in Louisiana—and one fugitive had been on the FBI's "10 MOST WANTED FUGITIVES" list for almost a year. Commenting on the latter capture, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover wrote to the editor: "... This is an outstanding illustration of the excellent manner in which your magazine has assisted this Bureau over the years by publicizing individuals whom we are seeking."

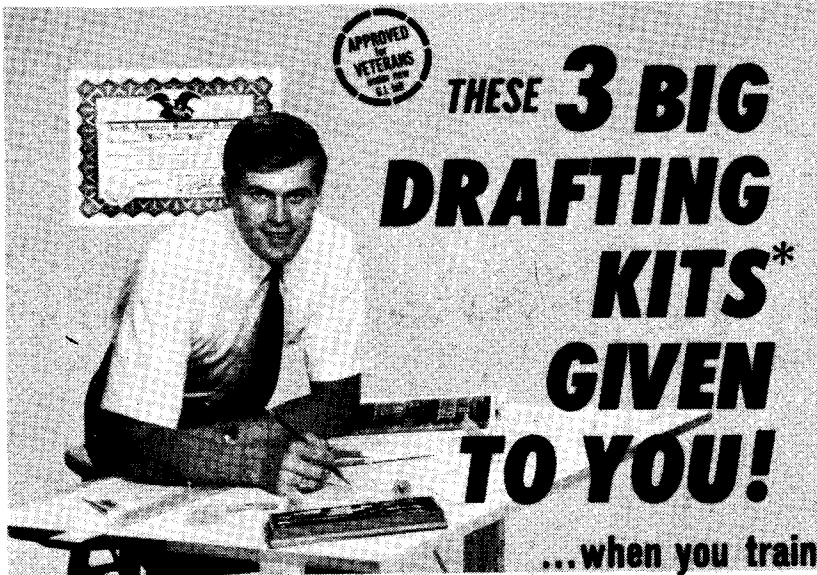
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One of the fugitives there could be someone you've been seeing every day—where you work, on the bus, at the corner gas station, or maybe at a restaurant you patronize.

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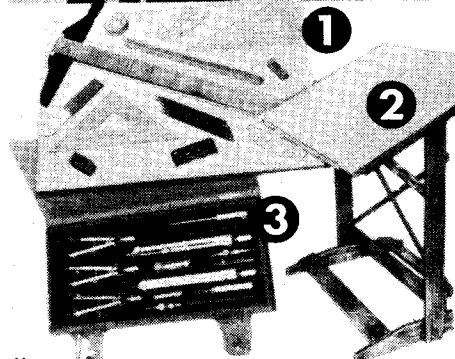
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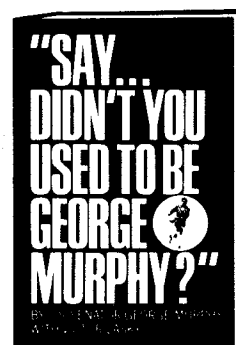
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for 13 months how was it that the bills were just turning up now?

There was one major difference between this Hamilton twenty and the Monroe hundred: the bill which had been bleached to serve for printing purposes had not been split in two. The Hamilton counterfeits didn't come apart when put in hot water. Did this mean, Burns asked himself, that Taylor and Bredell had not put out the all-but-perfect 20? Burns simply couldn't ditch the thought that Taylor and Bredell were his counterfeiters. There simply wasn't anybody on the horizon who could make money like them—and this Hamilton, save for one little flaw, was a masterpiece.

Now Burns made one of those discoveries that seems easily made after it is made but which isn't an easy discovery at all. Examining one of the Hamilton counterfeits, he got to playing around with the serial number—a very long string of numerals. Now he happened to notice that the long serial number on the counterfeit was exactly the same as the long serial number on the genuine Hamilton. All well and good since the counterfeit had been copied from the genuine bill. But the serial number on the Hamilton twenty had not gone into circulation until more than three months after Taylor and Bredell had been clapped in Moyamensing.

The inference to be drawn from this startling discovery was that the counterfeit twenty had been produced in a cell that Burns knew Taylor and Bredell had never once left since being confined in it. The serial number on the counterfeit—the one matching that on the genuine bill—was so long that it seemed beyond the most remote mathematical possibility that Taylor and Bredell had come upon it by chance before the Hamilton 20 was issued.

Pondering the problem, Burns didn't know what to think. He agreed that Taylor and Bredell couldn't possibly have chanced on the same long serial number that was on the genuine Hamilton. Yet it also seemed impossible that a bill as good as the counterfeit 20 could have been produced in a cramped jail cell—a cell that measured only nine feet by six feet by nine feet.

The paraphernalia needed for a first-rate counterfeiting job, the little sleuth knew, would have been far too bulky to fit into a cell—even if outside co-conspirators had been able to slip it past guards to the second floor of the prison. Billy Burns, then, was, from one way of looking at things, coping with the mystery of a bill that could not possibly have been produced either before or after the genuine article had been issued.

Burns wasn't getting too much sleep as the Hamilton counterfeits continued to turn up—always in Philadelphia banks. There seemed to be but one answer for the little detective after he had muddled the problem every which-way: Taylor and Bredell had made those Hamilton bills in that jail cell!

Burns was a charming and persuasive man—when he didn't get mad. And he could be particularly kind and persuasive when the chips were stacked against him. So it was a combination of the two sides of Burns—the gentle and the ferocious—that Taylor and Bredell were to encounter when Burns made his second visit to their cell.

"Boys," began Burns, who was almost twice the age of the prisoners, "It'll be to your advantage to confess this whole business. In the first place, I have prof

—through a little oversight on your part—that you made this Hamilton bill right here in this cell. I don't know just how the hell you did it—but I know you did. And would you like to know how I know?

Taylor and Bredell, though silent, seemed interested.

So now Burns let go with the big surprise: that serial number on the Hamilton that had not come into existence until three months after Taylor and Bredell had been clapped in the can.

Burns stopped talking after he dropped the bombshell and he could see the sweat popping out on the two prisoners.

Now Burns followed through with something he had never done before and was never to do again. He told the two youths that if they spilled all they knew—the names of those who must have been in the plot with them—he'd see if he couldn't do something about getting light sentences for them.

Burns talked for more than an hour, now kindly, now severe, now kindly again, all the while pouring salt on the wound caused by his disclosure of how he knew the bills had been made in Moyamensing. And so the prisoners broke and told Burns this tale:

The unique counterfeiting operation—the crime of making money in prison—had gotten underway with Taylor and Bredell's choice of an attorney after being clapped into Moyamensing because they were unable to raise bail. Attorney Semple, listening to their story of how Burns had made them produce the plates to the magnificent Monroe bill, had frowned and said: "Too damned bad you handed over those plates."

"Why?" asked Taylor. "Isn't honesty the best policy?"

"Yes and no," answered the mouthpiece. "And in this case decidedly no." Now the lawyer explained to the two clients who were woefully inexperienced in crime that Uncle Sam's prime concern in any counterfeiting case is not punishing the counterfeiters but laying hands on the plates.

"With plates as good as yours," the mouthpiece said, "you boys could have made a good deal with the Secret Service."

"Like what?" asked Bredell.

"Like getting a very short sentence," answered Semple, "or maybe even a suspended sentence."

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When the mouthpiece left, Taylor, the loud and aggressive one—the master photoengraver—lapsed into deep thought. When he came out of it, he said to Bredell: "I've got a hell of an idea."

"What is it?" asked Bredell.

"We'll get some plates to bargain with the Secret Service with."

"How?" asked Bredell.

"By making them right here in this cell."

Bredell studied his partner, thinking that perhaps the fellow had gone slightly off his rocker. But such was far from the case.

The cell they were in, Taylor pointed out to Bredell, afforded the privacy they would need for counterfeiting. Now he proceeded to go into chapter and verse. The cell was on the second tier of Moyamensing and two doors separated it from the catwalk immediately outside. There was a sliding window, at eye level, in each of these doors and a space wide enough to permit a person to stand between the doors. It was in this space that visitors stood, one at a time, to talk to the prisoners. It was in this space, too, that a guard, unlocking the outer door, came to look into the cell to see that everything was all right.

Most of the time, Taylor pointed out to Bredell, the guard seldom came into the space between the two doors but simply gave a passing glance through the window in the outer locked door to see if things were all right. "Actually," Taylor said, "the guard on duty hasn't the slightest idea of what might go on in this cell."

Warming up to his subject, Taylor, pointed out the fact that the window in the cell, which was directly opposite from the doors, faced west. "That'll give us the good afternoon sunlight we'll need," he said, "to work on a sensitized plate."

Bredell, at first, couldn't see how his partner's plot was possible but Taylor was a good salesman, brimming with enthusiasm, in addition to being a smart cookie. "I'm a photoengraver," he said, "and you're an artist, so we'll just do the impossible."

There was just one question that Bredell had to ask when Taylor was through talking: "Where will we get the stuff to work with?"

Taylor grunted. "No problem at all," he said. "I'll get my mother and brother Harry to bring it."

Next time when Mother Taylor and Brother Harry called to visit the prisoner and stood, one by one, in the space between the two doors and the cell, the plot was unfolded to them. They were simply to go out and buy what the prisoners would need for their unique undertaking — engraving equipment, steel plates, bleaching material, paper, ink—everything. They were also to take the stuff away after it had served its purpose—part of the plot.

Mother Taylor, who was a big overweight woman given to flowing clothes, and who was barely able to squeeze herself into the space between the two doors, was to secrete the bulkier of the counterfeiting equipment in her clothes. Brother Harry, on the other hand, was to hide the less heavy stuff, such as paper and ink, on his person. One thing the plotters—all four of them—had going for them was that Moyamensing Prison was run in a most slipshod fashion and it was possible to sneak practically anything except a herd of deer into or out of the place.

So the stuff started coming—every last bit of what would be needed to make money up there in that second-tier cell. The boys could get it out of sight if they had to, by stuffing it into the mattress of their bed. It was a rare occasion when a guard ever passed through that inner door and actually entered the cell.

The counterfeiting plot had gotten underway about six months after Taylor and Bredell had arrived in Moyamensing—three months after the new Hamilton they were to copy had gone into circulation. This was one facet of the crime that the counterfeiter and their attorney, who supplied the Hamilton, overlooked—the clue that was to lead Burns to pay dirt.

Taylor worked mostly by night, when the guards never came in. He worked by the light of a tiny alcohol lamp while Bredell stood at the door, holding a piece of black cloth over the opening.

Working in quiet desperation, the first thing Taylor did was to bleach the dollar bills that Semple had brought to the cell. Since speed was important, Taylor did not split the bills in this operation because splitting would have been a long process. He split just one bill—the Hamilton 20 that Semple brought in and which was the key to the plot. He oiled both halves of the split bill until both were completely transparent. In that way he had what amounted to a picture of each side of the bill. He had thus eliminated the long and painstaking job of duplicating the bill he was going to reproduce.

Now Taylor prepared an emulsion and

coated one side of a steel plate. Then he took one half of the split-and-oiled 20—the face—and laid it on the emulsified plate. Next, Taylor held his work up to the strong sunlight that came through the barred window during the day. This daytime work was dangerous for the boys because Bredell could not block the view into the cell during the day without arousing suspicion. So he simply kept an ear cocked and coughed when he heard approaching footsteps.

It was tedious work, to be sure, and the boys took turns at the window. But Taylor's work was successful, as evidenced by the following comment that Burns made to the Secret Service:

"They moved the sensitized plate to and fro so that the bars of the window would not shadow it, and from there they had a photograph of the front of the real note transferred to the plate. Repeating the process, they transferred the back of the note to the back of the plate."

After each side of the plate had been held up to the window for a sufficient time and Taylor had removed the transparent halves of the bill from the treated surfaces, he saw that the sunlight had acted as a perfect accessory to the crime. It had given him his guiding designs on each side of the plate. Now the rest was easy, at least for Taylor. He simply got busy with the engraving.

The printing operation was pretty crude, considering the fine product that resulted. For a press, Taylor used a specially fashioned iron, weighing only three and a half pounds, that his mother brought in in her bustle. By night, working under the illumination of the alcohol lamp, the counterfeiter ran off 50 copies of the Hamilton 20.

After the bills were printed, Taylor's mother and brother Harry took the stuff away just as they had brought it to the cell. Then Attorney Semple started dropping the counterfeit Hamiltons.

So that was the story that the two young prisoners gave to Billy Burns. Burns knew it was the truth.

Attorney Semple, Burns decided, was the big villain in the Moyamensing job, even though Arthur Taylor had thought it up. So Burns and his boss, Wilkie, had a conference with U.S. Attorney Beck. Mr. Beck had not liked Attorney Semple since the time the latter had come in to let him know about the Hamiltons. So the plot was to get Semple out of circulation and make recommendations to go easy on Taylor and Bredell at sentencing time.

So Semple was put on trial, charged with masterminding the Hamilton plot. Taylor and Bredell were the government's principal witnesses against him, outlining for the jurors the story of how it was possible to do the impossible—make money in prison. Taylor's Mother and brother added their stories as Uncle Sam's witnesses in return for not being prosecuted.

But the 12 good men and true simply couldn't swallow what they were sure was impossible—making money in a little jail cell. So Attorney Semple was acquitted.

And Taylor and Bredell? Some wires were pulled, Burns told me in recounting the story, and they went to Atlanta for only 10 years, not even being prosecuted for the most unique crime in the history of American counterfeiting—making phoney money in prison. ♦ ♦ ♦

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Citizens Gang Up On Murder Suspect

(Continued from page 47)

in the rear of the store, and dug a similar bullet out of the front door facing. On the floor, he found a fragment of a bullet, apparently a .38 caliber.

These were turned over to Sergeant Bobby Taylor, a ballistics specialist, who put identifying tags on them, put them in envelopes and carried them to headquarters, where they would be compared with the bullet which had been fatal to Mrs. Estrada—and with bullets fired from any suspect weapon that might be found.

Sergeants Loch and Smith searched the rear room and found a dress and other feminine garments crumpled and tossed onto a shelf. People who were acquainted with Mrs. Pauch said they were her clothes. They were conveyed to headquarters, where they were identified with inventory tags and held as evidence.

Detective Sergeants John Oatey and Wallace Graustein of the Robbery, Breaking and Entering Bureau also had responded to the scene. Now they went to Mount Carmel Hospital, where they picked up the glasses and a left shoe worn by Mrs. Pauch and the nylon stocking tied around her left wrist. These were conveyed to the homicide bureau, where they were inventoried and properly tagged.

Scarcely had the pickup order for Sanderson been broadcast when Patrolman Richard Weal, in Scout Car 14-43, radioed that Lynn Sanderson had been found and was in custody. Sergeant LaHousse replied that the suspect should be transported to headquarters.

"I had a lot of help on this from civilians," said Patrolman Weal. "You want to talk to them?"

"We sure do," Sergeant LaHousse replied. "Where are you now?"

"Wadsworth and Robson."
"Okay, we'll have a scout car over there to transport them to headquarters. Do you have enough help to get the suspect down there?"

"Yes." Weal explained that he had cornered the suspect, he had radioed for help and Patrolmen Kenneth Toner and Daniel Zemaitis in Scout Car 14-14 had responded. They would help him get the suspect to headquarters.

Sergeants Wagner and LaHousse sent a scout car to pick up the four witnesses at the scene. Then he learned the names of six others who had aided the police and who were witnesses. Four of these were conveyed to the homicide bureau. Two had businesses they couldn't leave and promised to come in later for formal statements.

Taking a last look around before he left, Sergeant Robert Taylor spotted a black zipper kit in the rear of the store. It contained shaving supplies, as well as a variety of pictures of nude women. Sergeant Taylor took this along to place in evidence.

At the homicide bureau, the eight witnesses gave statements, and from their accounts, Inspector Ricard and Sergeants Wagner and LaHousse were able to piece together the story of the 10 people who had not been afraid to get involved, and whose actions had materially helped the police to capture Sanderson:

Mrs. Dorothy Pauch, 52, whose children are grown, married and live elsewhere, resided about two doors from the cleaning shop where she worked as a

clerk and was known to nearly everybody in the neighborhood. Her next door neighbor was the Provenzola family. She had become a good friend of Joseph Provenzola, 17, and sometimes he went over to the cleaning store to chat with Mrs. Pauch.

Frequently, business was slow in the early afternoon hours and when Joe dropped in for a visit, it helped to relieve the tedium. She always welcomed him.

Today, when he entered the front door, there was nobody behind the counter. But in a few moments, Mrs. Pauch came running from the rear room. She was nude except for her glasses, a nylon stocking tied around her left wrist and a slipper on her left foot.

"Call the police!" she screamed. "He has a gun!"

It was then that young Provenzola saw a man behind Mrs. Pauch and he did have a gun. As the teenager turned to run out the front door, the man fired two shots. Both of them missed, crashing into the door facing.

The young man ran to his own home a short distance away and told his mother to call the police, that a man with a gun was in the cleaning store with Mrs. Pauch. Then the teenager went back to the cleaning store, stopping just outside as he heard a burst of gunfire.

Shortly afterward, the man with the gun came out of the store and paused to put on a green jacket that matched the green trousers he was wearing. The man started walking down an alley in the direction of Asbury Park. Provenzola started walking behind him, not too close, but keeping pace.

The man became aware that he was being followed. The boy was close enough to be in range, but far enough away so that careful aim would be necessary to hit him. The man apparently decided not to shoot and continued walking at a brisk pace, Provenzola staying the same distance behind him.

Meanwhile, others had taken part in the drama. Mrs. Joanne Jones was driving west on Plymouth with her daughter, Shelly, 16, beside her in the front seat. As she passed the cleaning store, she heard two gunshots. However, traffic was so heavy that she could not stop and had to drive two blocks before she could turn around.

As she reached the cleaning shop, Provenzola ran in front of her car and she could see that a man was running down an alley in the direction of Asbury Park. Shelly asked him what had happened and he said: "That man just shot somebody!"

Mrs. Jones let her daughter out of the car and told her to call the police. She hurried to the cleaning shop, but learned that the police already had been notified.

Then Mrs. Jones pulled up alongside Provenzola and asked if she could help. The young man replied: "That man raped and shot someone." Provenzola continued to follow the man on foot and Mrs. Jones followed the young man in her car.

She came to a dead end street and had to turn around. She went to the next block and the man crossed in front of her car. She went back to the dead end street and picked up Provenzola and drove to where she had seen the man cross the street.

Provenzola caught sight of the man, got out of the car and again stalked him on foot. Mrs. Jones returned to the cleaning shop where, by now, several policemen had arrived. She picked up one officer and drove him to where she

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had last seen Provenzola following the man.

Meanwhile, Robert Banasiak, 20, was at home when he heard police sirens. He got in his car and picked up a friend, Drake McClean, 18, and they drove to a filling station on Plymouth, where another friend, Dave Gallaway, 17, was employed.

He told them there had been a shooting at the cleaning store, that a woman had been shot by a man dressed in green. He got in Banasiak's car and the three young men began cruising the neighborhood, looking for the man dressed in green.

Joseph Provenzola had not given up his pursuit of the suspect meantime. Keeping the same distance behind, he followed the man in green as he fled at a brisk walk through alleys and on side streets until he reached a pancake house, which he entered.

Provenzola waited outside trying to keep an eye on the front and rear doors. The man in green didn't come out, and Provenzola decided to go in. The police, alerted by Mrs. Jones, apparently had been following Provenzola.

They went in the pancake restaurant where Rita Borys, 44, was employed. She said that about 1:30 or 1:35, a man dressed in green entered the restaurant, came to where she was standing and repeated several times: "Come here, I want to talk to you."

Miss Borys said she walked away from him and he fled through the back door. In a few moments, the police were there. She didn't know which way the man had gone, but said she would be able to identify him if she ever saw him again.

Terry Randall had been in his father's store across from the cleaning shop when he heard the sound of gunfire, a pause and then more gunfire. He said he saw the man in green come out of the cleaning shop and run into the alley towards Asbury Park, followed by Provenzola.

He got a good look at the man in green and he matched the description of Lynn Sanderson. His description was broadcast over the police radio.

The broadcast was heard by Patrolman Richard Weal, in a one-man scout car, 14-43, and he began cruising the neighborhood looking for the wanted man.

Banasiak, meanwhile, paused at the filling station where Dave Gallaway worked, to tell his employer that Gallaway was helping in the manhunt. Robert Cunningham, 30, a customer who was having a tire changed, told them the man in green had just been there.

He said he had been making a phone call when the man in green brushed past him. He said it irritated him and he ran out to the street, where he hailed a passing police car and told them about the incident. The police car took off in the direction the wanted man had gone.

Banasiak, McLean and Gallaway continued their search and they spotted the man on Wadsworth. Just ahead of them was a one-man police car driven by Patrolman Weal.

Weal caught up with the man in green, hopped out of his scout car and grabbed him. Banasiak, McLean and Gallaway were close behind and Banasiak skidded his car to a stop. The three young men jumped out of the car and in a moment, they had Sanderson surrounded, giving support to Patrolman Weal.

The officer had called for help and now it began to arrive. The prisoner was taken to headquarters, where he was identified as Lynn Sanderson. He was held for a showup.

After the witnesses had given statements and signed them, the two missing witnesses were notified and all ten were in the audience when Lynn Sanderson appeared on the lineup platform. All ten of the witnesses identified him as the man they had seen running from the cleaning shop after the shooting. Joseph Provenzola identified Sanderson as the man who had shot at him twice.

Lynn Randall Sanderson was charged with first-degree murder and Sergeants Wagner and LaHousse obtained a warrant from Recorder's Court. Sanderson was fully advised of his constitutional rights. He declined to make a statement.

Sergeants Wagner and LaHousse also obtained a warrant for first-degree murder in the slaying of Sara Joe Estrada. Sanderson was taken before Recorder's Judge Joseph Maher on October 21st. After an attorney had been appointed to represent him, Judge Maher ordered a preliminary hearing scheduled for October 31st in the Estrada case. Sanderson appeared the following day in the Pauch case and the same pre-trial examination

date was set.

After some of the evidence at the pre-trial hearing was presented, Sanderson was ordered sent to the Center for Forensic Psychiatry at Ann Arbor to undergo tests to determine if he was legally sane.

After extensive tests, the Center ruled that Sanderson was mentally competent to stand trial, and he was returned to Detroit. He was scheduled to go to trial for the murder of Mrs. Dorothy Pauch on May 11, 1970 before Recorder's Court Judge Thomas L. Poindexter.

However, Judge Poindexter ordered Sanderson turned over to the State Mental Health Department for an 18-month commitment without trial. Assistant Wayne County Prosecutor Jay Nolan protested the action and asked unsuccessfully that Judge Poindexter reconsider and let Sanderson go to trial. The judge refused, and Sanderson was committed.

Prosecutor Nolan said that he would appeal to the State Attorney General to overrule Judge Poindexter. He said also that the prosecutor's office would attempt to press the murder charge for the slaying of Sara Jo Estrada.

Sanderson's attorney said that Sanderson was unable to assist in his own defense, claiming that he couldn't remember what had happened. Judge Poindexter apparently based his action on this contention.

As this was written, Sanderson was in the custody of the Mental Health Department. No decision had been made on the appeal to the Attorney General, and no date had been set for Sanderson's trial for the murder of Sara Jo Estrada.

But there was one encouraging outcome: The investigation demonstrated that at least 10 people in Detroit, including four teenagers, not only were willing to get involved, but were willing—and did—risk danger to themselves on the side of the law.

It was a welcome change from repeated television accounts of riots and attacks against the police. ♦ ♦ ♦

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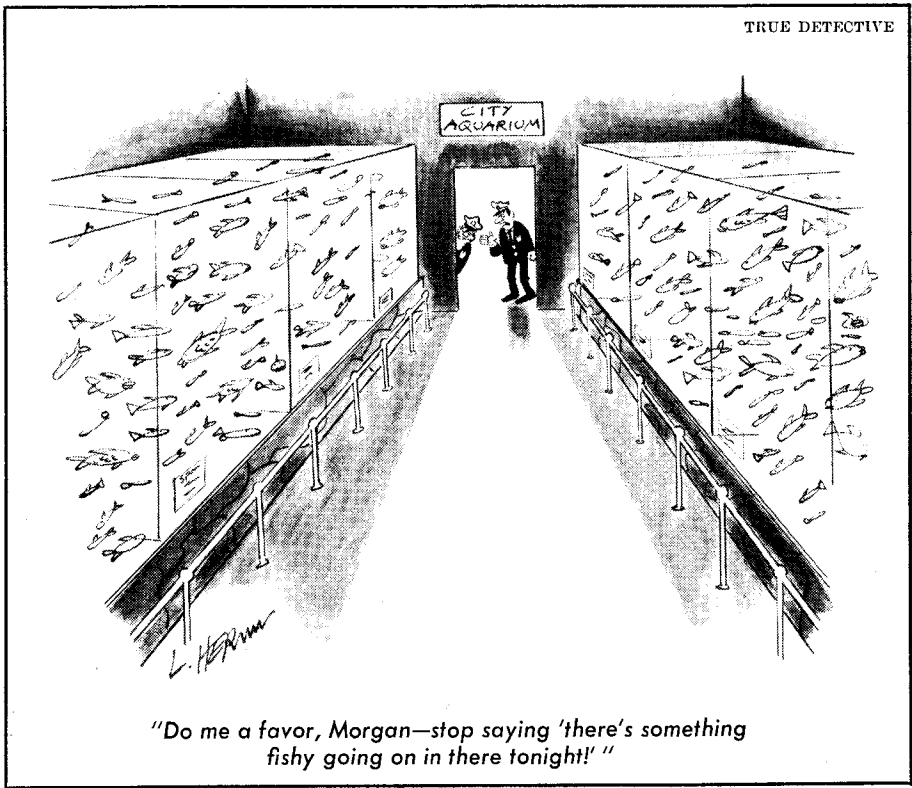
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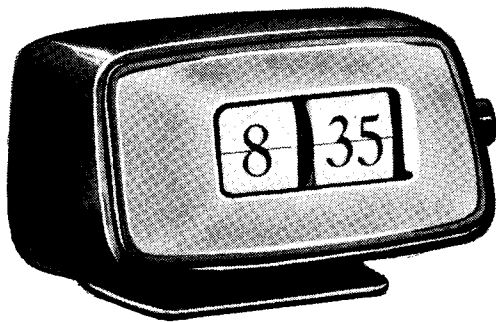
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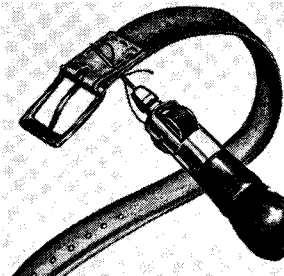
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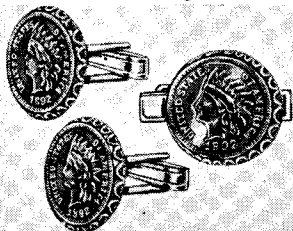
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Bad Luck Thief

(Continued from page 29)

According to police records, the relentless chain of service station assaults and homicides started in September of 1965, when a 53-year-old attendant was shot in the head during a holdup at a Payless Service Station on East Main Street. The man hovered between life and death for several days, but lived to identify his assailant, who was convicted.

A few weeks after the Payless incident, two other attendants were shot during stick-ups at two different stations within a six-week interval. They weren't so lucky—they were both killed.

One was 19-year-old Chester Scowden, who was murdered for a few dollars at the Certified Oil Station, 361 East Main Street. The other victim was Claude Quesenberry, 41, who was gunned down in cold blood at the Kocolene Station on Route 40, just east of West Jefferson Street in Columbus. At this writing both murders were still unsolved, although police had established that the same .25-caliber automatic weapon was used to kill both men and was also used to murder Loren Bollinger, an Ohio State University rocket expert.

Bollinger's bullet-riddled body was found May 23, 1966, on the third floor of a seamy building at 274 South Third Street, where he rented an office for his highly technical experiments. Bollinger's killer is also still at large.

Another service station attendant, Kyle Chapman, 39, was critically wounded a month later in a stickup of another Payless station located at 3085 South High Street. That murder was also unsolved at this writing.

Following the murder of Ice, police feared that service station employees might again arm themselves to do battle with bandits, as they did after Kyle Chapman was shot. Scared by the outbreak of violence at all-night stations, many companies shut down at night unless two men could be kept on duty. Several stations defied the bandits by staying open and arming their employees to the hilt, an action that led to several gun duels with bandits.

In the first three months of 1969, the year Harry Ice was murdered, there were more than a half-dozen incidents in which stubborn attendants engaged robbers in gun fights or used other weapons to resist holdups. Several injuries resulted and police said "only a miracle" prevented any deaths in the resisting action.

A couple of days after Standard Oil offered the tempting \$5,000 reward in the Harry Ice murder, police began hearing from money-hungry informants. Although some of the information was quickly discounted, detectives paid particular attention to a report that Ice had been blackballed from a local motorcycle gang.

According to Lieutenant Ruddock, who headed up the murder probe, five or six youths had at one time or another threatened to shoot Ice. The policeman said some of the trouble was over girls, the motive behind a bad beating Ice had sustained a few weeks before he was murdered. The gang reportedly carried guns, Ruddock said, but police were unable to get that rumor substantiated after talking to several members of the bike group.

What had appeared to be a prospective piece of incriminating evidence early in the investigation fizzled before the week was out when detectives ques-

tioned the owner of the glove found at the station and learned that the young man was nowhere near the crime scene when Ice was murdered.

"He had been at the station early Saturday night," Lieutenant Ruddock said later, "but was able to prove that he was not in the area at the time of the murder. He came to the detective bureau voluntarily when he heard about the glove and produced its mate. According to his story, which checked out, he dropped the glove while at the station buying cigarettes and had no idea where he lost it until he read about the evidence in the papers."

The youth was released and the case was back where it started. The only new development turned up in the case during the latter part of the week was the oil company's official audit, which showed the killer had taken a total of \$230 from the safe and off Ice's body. No merchandise was reported missing, the auditors told police.

And then on March 27th, 11 days after Harry Ice was slain, Columbus Robbery Squad Detective Dan R. Miles cracked a case which resulted in the arrest of three suspects believed to be responsible for nearly a score of armed holdups in the area. According to Robbery Squad Sergeant Donald Shartzter, the trio was in possession of .22-caliber weapons and they immediately became suspects in the Ice murder.

Police, however, were unable to link the three accused bandits to the murder. All three denied knowledge of the crime and ballistics tests of the .22-caliber guns they carried proved none was the weapon used to slay Harry Ice. After interrogating the trio for several hours, Sergeant Shartzter said that he had his doubts about the three being involved in the holdup-killing at the Sohio station.

"But we have not ruled out the possibility of a fourth accomplice being involved," Shartzter said. "The four youths did not always operate together, and from what we've been able to learn from the other three, the one who is at large is considered capable of killing."

"The other three have cooperated with us in answering questions and we are satisfied they are not involved in the murder of Mr. Ice."

Sergeant Shartzter commended Detective Miles for breaking up the robbery ring and said the hardworking officer was spending his full time hunting the wanted man. In the meantime, the three alleged bandits were held under high bond and were bound over to the Franklin County Grand Jury.

During the next six weeks, members of the Columbus Police Department Robbery Squad and the Homicide Bureau worked together methodically and without fanfare on the Harry Ice murder case, and on May 16th, two months to the day after the young attendant was killed, Police Chief Robert Baus announced the first major break in the case.

In the formal news release, Chief Baus said that his men had recovered the .22-caliber automatic pistol used to kill Ice.

Chief Baus said that laboratory tests "proved conclusively" that a gun taken from a suspect in a Mansfield, Ohio, service station robbery on April 29th "is the one and same weapon which fired the bullet that killed Harry Glen Ice."

According to police in Mansfield, located about 55 miles northeast of Columbus, the alleged murder weapon was taken away from Howard James Ingram, a 20-year-old itinerant Columbus resident

whose last known address was in the 600 block of Miller Avenue. Ingram was apprehended by two Mansfield detectives who pulled into a service station drive while he allegedly was in the process of robbing the attendant.

The alert cops got the drop on Ingram and relieved him of the .22 pistol which is believed to have killed at least one man. It is also believed that the two detectives may have appeared on the scene in time to stop another killing, since they told Columbus detectives that the attendant said Ingram threatened to shoot him just before the cops came rushing through the door.

According to court records, Ingram pleaded guilty to armed robbery in that case on May 5, 1969, and was sentenced to the Mansfield Reformatory for 10-to-25 years. When the pistol used in the holdup was released by the prosecutor's office after the sentencing, it was delivered to the Columbus Police Department for ballistics tests.

After the crime lab technicians determined that the gun was used in the Harry Ice slaying, detectives questioned Ingram at the reformatory. According to Chief Baus, the suspect denied shooting the Sohio Service Station employee.

"He told our homicide detectives that he stole the murder weapon from a parked car in Cleveland on April 28th, the night before he was caught," Chief Baus said. "He also said he wasn't in the Columbus area on or about the night Mr. Ice was murdered, but our department can prove otherwise."

Chief Baus said his homicide detectives traced the murder weapon from its very origin in Germany to Florida, Virginia, Indiana and then Columbus. He said his officers had even located the man who purchased the gun from an owner in Indiana, but declined to say how the pistol ended up in the possession of Howard Ingram.

On Sunday, May 18th, Homicide Sergeant Herman Stoffe and Detective Charles Cahill left Columbus for Radford, Virginia, to question Ingram's relatives and acquaintances "about some information which can't be revealed at this time."

When the team of investigators returned a few days later, Sergeant Stoffe said they had obtained information "and other things we went after" and that murder charges would eventually be filed against Howard Ingram in the death of 19-year-old Harry Glen Ice. Stoffe said there would be no hurry in filing the charges, however, since more work needed to be done on the case "which we want to be solid when we take it to trial."

The sergeant said too many man-hours had been worked by too many police departments on the knotty case "to blow it by getting in a hurry to charge a man that's already in custody. He's not going anyplace for a while."

It was not until Friday, September 5th, that police felt they had a strong enough case against Ingram to charge him formally with murder in the first degree. But they continued working away on the suspect's alleged activities in an attempt to clear up the rash of armed robberies and shootings in the area during the time the accused was known to be running between Columbus and Cleveland.

It was hinted that authorities hoped they could link Ingram to "dozens" of previously unsolved crimes, but they declined to elaborate on them at this writing.

"We're just taking first things first," an officer said, "and right now we're con-

centrating on getting as many facts as we can on more cases than we want to talk about."

The evidence turned up in the Harry Ice murder probe was eventually presented to the Franklin County grand jury, which on June 5, 1970, indicted the Mansfield Reformatory inmate on two counts, murder in the first degree and armed robbery.

At this writing, Howard James Ingram was still incarcerated in the Mansfield prison, awaiting a governor's warrant for his arrest and a date for his trial, which has not yet been set. ♦♦♦

Michigan's No. 1 Murder Mystery

(Continued from page 41)

containing two small tapered baguette diamonds.

Inquires in Lathrup Village and in the Detroit area pictured Robison as a man without a vice. "This guy is just too good to be true," one detective remarked.

Detective Stearns and Flis learned that Richard Robison had a multi-million dollar deal brewing. His associates did not know the identity of the backer, but they had been told that the deal was expected to go international in a short time and that from 50 to 100 million dollars would be involved.

The most substantial information was obtained from a man who ran a small advertising business in his home in Lathrup Village. He said he had met Robison at the Village square dance club and the deal had been described to him as a promotional—purchasing business and the target date was September.

"Robison had told me I was to run it," the man said.

From various informants, Detectives Stearns and Flis learned of a mysterious hotel visit by Robison near the Detroit Metropolitan Airport, only 20 miles from his home, and only three days before the family left for Emmet County and their \$40,000 cabin.

Records show that he checked in at 2:11 a. m. Thursday, June 13th, registering under his right name. He was there until Saturday morning, June 15th, paying a bill of \$74.42. During the 50 hours he occupied the room, nobody could be found who saw him leave it. He had all his meals served in the room.

Employes could not recall his having any visitors, but Detectives Stearns and Flis were convinced that he had gone there for a secret rendezvous with a business associate, probably the backer of his multimillion dollar deal.

The detectives worked on this angle for weeks and they finally found a witness who said he had gone there to meet the mysterious Mr. Roberts who, the detectives believe, was to be the backer of the million dollar deal. They suspect, also, that he is the Roebert whose name was inscribed on the medal.

What went on during the meeting has not been found out—or at least it has not been made public. However, the detectives believe that some money was involved. They checked all telephone calls made by Robison and on June 25th, he telephoned his bank. The detectives were told he inquired if \$200,000 had been deposited to his account. He was told no such sum had been deposited.

As far as the detectives could learn,

the only other person to talk to Robison that day—believed to be the last day of his life—was the tree trimmer.

The detectives explored the possibility that the mass murders had been inspired by Truman Capote's best-selling book, *In Cold Blood*, which related in detail the murders of the Clutter family in Kansas by two men in 1959. They were caught and before they were executed, admitted they did not know the Clutters, but thought they would find a lot of money. Mr. and Mrs. Clutter and their two children were shot to death to prevent their identifying the two men.

But in the case of the Robisons, there was a difference. The cabin was not easy to find by strangers, who would have no way of supposing the Robisons kept a large sum of money in the cabin. Detectives are convinced the killer or killers of the Robisons were acquainted with them and their habits.

In February, 1969, the administrators of the estate, with the consent of the heirs, had the expensive cabin torn down. It had taken on an eerie image and had affected the whole county. Residents and visitors alike were relieved.

Detectives Stearns and Flis continued their investigation through most of 1969. Just before Christmas, they compiled a 300-page summary of what they had learned, including a great deal of evidence that was not made public. Copies were turned over to State Attorney General Frank J. Kelley and to Emmet County Prosecutor Donald C. Noggle. Noggle had succeeded Prosecutor Smith, who had been elected to Circuit Court.

Colonel Davids and Sheriff Zink indicated that they believed there was enough evidence in the report to charge one or two suspects. However, on January 12, 1970, Attorney General Kelly and Prosecutor Noggle announced they had agreed there was not enough evidence to make an arrest. They said more work would have to be done on the case. Director Davids of the State Police told Detectives Stearns and Flis to continue their investigation, and as this was written, they were still on it.

If any reader of this magazine has any information that he thinks will help in the solution of the case, it may be sent to the Michigan State Police in East Lansing, or to Sheriff Richard L. Zink in Petoskey, Michigan. Any information will be welcomed. ♦♦♦

EDITOR'S NOTE

The names Kenneth C. Raymond, Kenneth D. Raymond, Albert Ferenzi and Henry Burton, as used in the foregoing story, are not the real names of the persons concerned. These persons have been given fictitious names to protect their identities.

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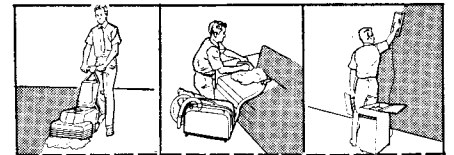
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Coed's Killer

(Continued from page 35)

It seemed certain that the man posing as an FBI agent had been the killer. It also seemed probable that he had kept questioning different girls until he found one who displayed some interest in the problems of drug addiction, one who would accompany him as he presumably sought more leads.

But who was he? And how would he have been able to duplicate an FBI identity card?

All the officers came up with the same answer: In all likelihood he was an ex-convict or parolee who had had experience with the federal agents and was well acquainted with the sort of identification they used.

Since the slain girl's body had been found near Northfield, about 90 miles southeast of St. Cloud, it seemed probable that he had taken the main road, U.S. Highway 10, into Minneapolis, where he had picked up Interstate 35. Spreading out a map showing the area south of the Twin Cities, they speculated that the killer had driven to State Road 3, where he had turned east. A few miles further on, at Northfield, he had picked up County Road 80 and driven about four and a half miles until he came to the isolated cornfield, where he had disposed of the body.

But where had the girl been slain? Why had only a few drops of blood been found at the scene? Why had there been little blood on the girl's body?

The answer to the last two questions was provided by the Mankato pathologist when he completed the autopsy. He reported that Linda Tembruell had been shot twice in the head, once on each side, and that the .22 caliber bullets had lodged in her brain. He said this type of wound produced little bleeding.

The pathologist said he could find no evidence that the girl had been sexually molested. However, the officers believed that sex was the motive. They speculated that the killer had made his elaborate build-up in the belief that the girl would submit to him willingly—and that when she didn't, he had shot her.

But why had he felt that he had to kill her? Was he a man who was wanted by the police, someone whose picture might appear on a wanted poster?

Like many other states in recent years, Minnesota had instituted the work-release program for convicts who were considered not dangerous. Under this plan, a convict was released in the morning to go to a regular job, where he worked like anyone else. But at night, he had to go back to prison. Was the killer a man on the work-release program?

Warden Jack Young of Stillwater Penitentiary was contacted and asked to supply a list of men who were then on the work-release program in the St. Cloud-Twin Cities-Faribault area. He said that numerous men had been released to work in Minneapolis and he would send a list.

Meanwhile, one of the technicians picked up the bullets from Coroner Graham and took them to the State Crime Bureau in St. Paul. The slugs matched the shell casing which had been found at the scene. The problem now was to find the gun and the man who had used it.

Sheriff Dudley now led a group of men on what was to be a tedious canvass of

U.S. Highway 10. At every house, at every filling station, at every place of business, Sheriff Dudley and his men stopped, described the suspect, and showed a picture of the slain girl he had obtained in St. Cloud.

Dudley eventually established that the pair, headed south, had stopped in a filling station outside of St. Cloud. The attendant who waited on them was positive of this. He said he noticed no indication that the girl was in the car with the man against her will.

The officers speculated that this meant the impostor had not yet made a pass at her and that she still believed she was helping an FBI agent track down narcotics violators.

The canvass continued. At some places of business along the way, Sheriff Dudley found other persons who recalled seeing the dark-haired man and the girl wearing glasses in a blue 1960 Buick with Minnesota license plates. However, all the witnesses said there seemed to be nothing wrong.

The list of convicts on work-release was provided by Warden Young. These were all men who had jobs in Minneapolis, and who were required to spend their nights in the Hennepin County jail in that city. The state agents contacted the county jail warden and asked him to determine if all the men were accounted for and where they had been on the previous Saturday and Sunday. The agents were promised a quick response.

Before it came, however, Sheriff Dudley's determined canvassing—there were several days when he worked as long as 18 hours—had provided the identity of the man in the Buick. He was Leo Albert Kampa, 41, also known as Frank Kampa, and he was known at two different places where Sheriff Dudley made inquiries.

His acquaintances said the last they had heard of Kampa was when he was sent to Stillwater Prison to serve a term on an aggravated assault charge. When they saw him in the Buick with the girl, they said they assumed he had served his time or that he had been paroled.

The Hennepin County jail warden reported that six men had failed to return to the jail after completing work on the previous Friday. A seventh, Kampa, had returned and since his work record was good and he hadn't caused any trouble at the jail, he was given a week-end pass to go to St. Cloud, where he said he had relatives.

But Kampa had failed to return to the jail Sunday night, and he was on the list of wanted men. A picture of him was furnished the state agents.

Now, armed with the pictures of both Kampa and the girl, Sheriff Dudley continued his canvass. It led directly to Minneapolis, where Kampa had stopped at a liquor store to buy whisky, while the girl waited in the car.

The last trace of Kampa and the girl was south of Minneapolis, where Kampa had stopped at the home of a friend. Here he had borrowed a .22 caliber one-shot Remington rifle. The man said he assumed Kampa wanted to go hunting. This had been in Rice County, and the gun later had been returned to him.

He surrendered it to Sheriff Dudley, who sent it to Director Harold Higgins of the Minnesota Bureau of Criminal Apprehension. Higgins reported, after ballistic examinations, that it was the weapon which had fired the fatal shots.

On the basis of this, Sheriff Dudley and Rice County Attorney Thomas Dillon went before Judge Everett Malleuge

in Faribault Municipal Court at a special session just before noon, Friday, November 7th, and obtained a warrant charging Leo Albert Kampa, 41, with the first-degree murder of Linda Tembruell.

Then an all-points bulletin was issued for the apprehension of the suspect. It failed to bring any trace of Kampa. Sheriff Dudley and Prosecutor Dillon then asked the FBI for help. The Minneapolis Agent in Charge agreed and obtained a warrant in federal district court charging Kampa with unlawful interstate flight to avoid prosecution for murder.

The search for the fugitive then became nationwide, but days passed and there was no trace of Kampa, whose criminal record dated back to 1954, when he had first been arrested. He had been convicted twice for grand larceny, once for escape, and once for aggravated assault, according to records furnished by Warden Young.

Sheriff Dudley learned that Kampa was originally from Avon, a small community near St. Cloud. Chief Grams arranged for periodic surveillance of that area on the chance that Kampa would return.

But he didn't. It was in Phoenix, Arizona, on Sunday, November 23rd that Kampa was caught by the FBI. He was held in the Maricopa County jail for arraignment the following morning before a United States Commissioner. The Minneapolis office of the FBI notified Prosecutor Dillon and Sheriff Dudley. Dillon said that he would begin drawing up the necessary extradition papers immediately following the hearing on Monday, November 24th.

At that hearing, Kampa waived extradition and was returned to Faribault. At a hearing before Judge Malleuge in Municipal Court on December 2nd, Kampa said he was indigent and asked the judge to appoint counsel to represent him. The request was referred to District Court Judge Urban J. Steimann, who appointed two noted Faribault attorneys as counsel for Kampa.

The two attorneys made a motion for a change of venue, claiming that Kampa could not receive a fair trial in Rice County because of publicity.

Judge Steimann took the motion under advisement. At the same time, he issued an order forbidding anyone having any connection with the case from giving out any details they might have about the investigation and the evidence.

Then on Friday, February 13, 1970, Judge Steimann announced that he would grant the motion, permitting the trial to be held at some place outside of Rice County. He did not name the location, but said he would do that later. He did, however, set the tentative date of May 11th for the trial.

Weeks passed and no place for the trial was named. Then on Friday, May 1st, Kampa, accompanied by his attorneys, went to district court and offered to plead guilty to second-degree murder.

Judge Steimann accepted the plea and ordered Kampa held without bond in the Rice County jail while a pre-sentence investigation was made. He said he would pass sentence as soon as the report was completed.

Most of May was required for the investigation and the report was submitted on May 28th. After reading it, Judge Steimann sentenced Leo Albert Kampa to the penitentiary for 40 years.

Sheriff Dudley, whose untiring efforts had resulted in the identification of the killer, personally escorted Kampa to the Stillwater Prison on May 29th. ♦♦♦

Carbon Copy Killings . . .

(Continued from page 19)

handlers were brought to the scene and within minutes the animals' barking and baying were echoing through the ridge county which is nearly impenetrable for human beings. But by nightfall it was decided the dogs would not be sent back, since they were unable to follow the fugitives trail through the steep, wooded knobs and small cultivated creek bottoms which are interlaced with numerous intersecting creeks.

"They're in the water, and they'll stay there till the dogs are called off," said one gnarled old native who over the years had served on dozens of posses. "Ain't no dog around what can trail 'em in the cricks," the old timer said, "and their bayin' away jest tells them fellers where not to be."

By nightfall, every road in a 12-square mile area was manned by state troopers, sheriff's deputies from several adjoining

counties, volunteers, town marshals and even FBI agents, who were called in when it was determined that the fugitives had violated federal statutes by transporting a stolen car across state lines. Shotguns, deer rifles, pistols and submachine guns were brought into play and every posseman was advised to "take no chances" if one or both of the suspected cop-killers broke out of the underbrush.

But this possibility was not a likelihood, at least for several days or even weeks. Blevins, especially, was known to be an experienced outdoorsman and once boasted that he could survive in the Kentucky mountains indefinitely, living off the land. As a matter of fact, police said, he once served as an apprentice state forest ranger. The fugitives not only had their knowledge of the ridge country going in their favor, but their chances for survival were also enhanced by the season, with the wild berries coming on around the creeks, which were teeming with fish, frogs and turtles.

"And besides that," said one local lawman, "they are personally acquainted with every farmer and 'baccar grower

in the area. Their friends won't turn 'em down for food and clothing and I don't think they got any enemies. A lot of folks in there don't believe in what they do for a livin', but they like them, just the same."

When darkness fell over the hills and hallows, a brace of lawmen was rushed to the Pea Ridge area, about three miles west of Wisemantown, when two simultaneous reports were made. One of the tips concerned the suspicious activities of the father of a former girl friend of Blevins and the other was about a man seen trying to short-wire the ignition of an automobile in the same area.

Following on the heels of those reports, another call came from the Sand Hill area, near Pea Ridge, stating that Blevins and Francis had been seen getting into a car owned by a friend. When the car was reported heading for Richmond, Kentucky, in adjacent Madison County, police there were alerted and roadblocks were soon set up. But the Pea Ridge stakeout was called off about three hours later when the car the fugitives were reportedly seen in was located at the home of the owner's

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girl friend, five miles north of Irvine and in the opposite direction of Richmond.

The next day, as state police planes and helicopters hovered over the concealing woodlands, Lieutenant Cox gathered with more than two scores of searchers at the main checkpoint on Highway 499 to plan the strategy for the day. The tall, balding veteran commander of Post Seven in Richmond told newsmen, who had come in droves from practically every major daily in the state, that he had called in reinforcements from state police posts at Dry Ridge, London, Elizabethtown, Lebanon and the state capital, Frankfort.

"We're sure Blevins and Francis are still in there someplace," the post commander told the media, "and unless they've already found friends, they're cold and hungry. And they're scared. And that's what scares us. There's nothing worst in this kind of country than to run up against an armed man who's scared, especially these two men if they are guilty of killing those policemen in Indiana. They've nothing to lose now."

Also scared were many of the residents around Irvine and the tiny farms that ring the area where the fugitives were hiding. Even though many of the natives knew "Kenny and Shirley," they were apprehensive about what the pair would do in their attempt to escape. Farmers with families were particularly tense, telling searchers they dreaded any gun battles that might erupt if the fugitives were seen in or around their barns . . . or homes.

Particularly tense were the troopers who had drawn lonely one-man road blockades in order to spread the thin forces over the scores of narrow gravel roads and footpaths which weaved in and out of the hill country like spiderwebs. One such trooper was Tom Adams, a 29-year-old resident of Lebanon who was assigned to the lonely and dangerous task of guarding one of the numerous crossroads in the area. The young policeman's alertness was witnessed by two reporters from the Kentucky Post and Times Star at Covington, who came upon the officer in the darkness while checking on the massive manhunt.

"We heard the hammer on his rifle cock before we were even in sight," one of the reporters told colleagues later.

With only the broken messages on his patrol car radio to keep him company as he peered into the darkness, Trooper Adams admittedly was a sitting duck to anyone in the woods wanting to take a potshot at him.

"You have to be alert at all times," Adams told the newsmen as he lowered his rifle from their faces.

The young cop said he'd been so intent on watching the woods he hadn't dared take his eyes off the trees long enough to cut a watermelon he had in the back seat of his patrol car.

"If one of you guys will cut it, we'll have a feast," Adams said. "I don't want to be caught without my rifle long enough to cut it myself."

The newsmen found the tension and devotion to duty repeated over and over again as they made their way along the seemingly impenetrable fence of lawmen on duty that night.

The following day, FBI agents and local lawmen entered the 12-mile-square wooded region to talk to the scattering of hill people who lived there, most of whom were known personally by a few sheriff's deputies. The residents also included the fugitives' parents and sev-

eral other relatives.

"We asked their assistance in seeking the two men out," Lieutenant Cox said later, "in hopes of bringing them in without bloodshed. The people were scared stiff that we would send in an army of men to hunt the pair like animals and gun them down if necessary. We assured them that was not our intention, if we could avoid it. We asked the fugitives' relatives to make all attempts to persuade the two men to give themselves up without resistance."

Police said later that they got assurances of cooperation from some of the residents "and just blank stares from others." From the latter, possemen expected no help in taking "one of their own." From the others, police began to get response almost immediately.

"As a matter of fact," one deputy said, "we started getting so many calls from people who thought they'd seen Blevins and Francis that we began to wonder if we were purposely being sent on wild goose chases." Police, nevertheless, responded to every call, in hopes of capturing the two accused killers before anyone was hurt.

One such report kept police busy most of the next day. The tip was relayed to authorities by a radio newsmen at station WIRV at Irvine, who said he'd had a call from a youth who said he was "pretty sure" he'd seen Francis and Blevins entering the barn of a neighbor. According to police, the teenage boy lived on a road west of the sealed-off area and the barn belonged to a 90-year-old widower who was almost completely blind. Lawmen were inclined to believe the boy, not only because of his obvious sincerity, but also because Blevins and Francis knew the old man and probably figured their chances of being seen in his barn were remote, because of his failing eyesight.

"Were there just two men?" an agent asked the youth.

"I only saw two," the boy replied.

Asked why he reported what he saw, the youth said, "I figured that if they were the guys police were after, they could kill somebody else."

Five police cruisers, including an unmarked car with two FBI agents, moved to the scene. Ten lawmen fanned out through the woods and headed for the barn. State police Detective Sergeant Lewis Babb was posted on top of a rise, which gave him a clear view of the barn in the opening. He carried a shotgun loaded with deer slugs the size of twenty-twos. Next to Babb stood a federal agent, his revolver drawn.

Task force commander Lieutenant Cox assigned himself to the dangerous job of entering the barn, knowing full well his appearance might be greeted with point blank gunfire.

His only orders were, "Cover me," as he clicked the safety off his riot gun and began creeping down the steep hill toward a fate he was not sure of. In the woods to the right—between the clearing and the old barn—the shuffling steps of other possemen could be heard as they moved into position to keep their leader covered.

Overhead, a Kentucky State Police spotter plane flew in tight, low circles, ready to pounce on the pair like a hungry hawk in case the fugitives tried to make a break for it. The drone of the blue and gold trimmed silver plane and the soft sound of footsteps in the thick woods were the only sounds to be heard. Lieutenant Cox gave all signals with silent hand gestures.

It was not until he was within a

few feet of the barn, crouched behind a junk car sitting on four concrete "Kentucky jacks" that Cox spoke out. Calling each man by name, the state cop advised them that the barn was surrounded and that escape was impossible. Getting no response after several such announcements, Lieutenant Cox gambled with his life to find out whether or not the alleged cop-killers were hiding inside. He exposed himself long enough to draw fire from the barn and then ducked back behind the rusting hulk.

No gunfire came from the barn.

There was only one way left to find out whether or not the possemen were on another wild goose chase. Cox motioned for his cover to close in, and then pointed out a couple of men to enter the barn with him. After cautiously peering through a dusty window to locate cover inside the leaning, unpainted, two-story structure, Lieutenant Cox briefed his men on the location of "things to hide behind."

And then as one man, they stormed the barn and dropped behind bales of straw, boxes and other assorted junk in the barn. A cow moored and chickens panicked. But there were no other sounds. The hayloft was searched.

No Francis. No Blevins.

But they'd been there. The only thing left in their hayloft "nest" was an empty cigarette pack and a horde of ants, indicating the fugitives had obtained food some place to eat in their hiding place.

"How long they been gone?" a deputy asked.

"How long we been here?" Cox replied.

"Half-hour, I suppose."

"Then that's how long they've been gone," the commander said. "If they're as wily as people say they are, they probably ditched the minute we stepped foot in the woods."

Realizing they probably didn't have a chance of tracking the pair down in the woods, which the fugitives knew like the backs of their hands, police nevertheless spent more than an hour trying to pick up their trail before calling off the search.

In the meantime, Indiana authorities arrived at Kingston to question the two women who had shared an apartment with the suspected killers at Richmond. Police identified them as the same women seen with the fugitives unloading clothes from a car shortly before the futile chase to the woods in the Cumberland Mountains. The women, aged 20 and 22, were questioned by Sheriff H. D. McCann and other interrogators at the Kentucky State Police barracks at Richmond, Kentucky.

McCann told newsmen that the two women had given him "some valuable information" in connection with the slaying of Town Marshal Goodwin and his brother-in-law, but he declined to say what it was.

Later in the day, an all-points bulletin was issued in Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio and Tennessee for a pickup on a maroon 1965 Corvette, which had been hot-wired and stolen from an Irvine car lot the night before. According to police, the car bore Kentucky license number 253-022. When witnesses said two men were seen in the stolen car, police speculated that Blevins and Francis possibly escaped through the human chain of possemen the previous night when a fog set in that reportedly was so thick that police had difficulty identifying each other at a few feet.

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men subsided for police the next morning, however, when the Corvette was found abandoned north of Irvine, stripped of its goodies.

"This obviously was the work of car-part thieves," Lieutenant Cox said later, "and not the work of men running for their lives. We think Blevins and Francis are still in the hills and we're going to stay right here and wait them out."

The waiting game was still being played nearly three weeks later and authorities themselves began to wonder how much longer they could afford to tie up more than 100 men, many of whom were needed desperately for other police duties.

One of the greatest dangers, one officer said, was the possibility of weary, discouraged possemen going "stale," a psychological phenomenon that could result in inadvertent laxness which could cost somebody their life.

"How long can you keep the men alert?" a newsman asked Lieutenant Cox.

"Hopefully until a capture is made," the field commander said flatly. "We don't have much choice but to stay here until they give up. As long as we know they're still in there—and we know they are—you just can't pack up and walk away from murderers. We'll wait them out. We're in a better position than they are. We can bring in some fresh men from the outside if we have to... there's just the two of them, with nobody to substitute for them."

The month of June wore on. Lieutenant Cox rested his determined possemen the best he could under the con-

ditions and reported that the morale of the men was high, despite the long hours of sitting and standing in one position hour in and hour out, peering into the underbrush day and night. By then the roads had been opened for regular traffic, even though every car and truck was searched thoroughly, a routine that most residents had become accustomed to for nearly a month. In the meantime, a Wayne County (Indiana) grand jury indicted Kenneth Francis and Shirley Blevins for first-degree murder in the deaths of Fountain City Town Marshal Ronald Goodwin and his brother-in-law, Deputy Marshal William Peters.

Then on Monday, June 29, after a week end of numerous reports that Blevins and Francis had been seen, Lieutenant Cox got a call from a highly guarded source that Francis could be found that minute in a certain house "if you hurry." The post commander, who had been working almost day and night for three weeks on the manhunt, would only tell newsmen later that the hiding place was in the Sand Hill section of the area which had been cordoned off for nearly a month.

Working quietly without fanfare or publicity, Lieutenant Cox called in five troopers known for their marksmanship and planned the strategy to be used, hopefully, in apprehending at least one of the two wanted killer suspects. Cox said later the plan the officers came up with was "plain and simple." He said that after four sides of the house were covered by four men, "two of us just went in and got him."

The policemen literally caught the sus-

pect with his pants down.

"When we entered the house about 7 a.m.," Cox told reporters later, "Francis was in bed in his jockey shorts. He jumped up and ran for a cubby hole in a wall. We blocked the entrance, told him we knew he was in there and advised him to come out with his hands up. His only reply was, 'Don't shoot, I give up.'"

Cox said later that he was optimistic about capturing Shirley Blevins "pretty soon," but declined to elaborate. He also declined to say whether any arms were located in the house where he was captured.

Police did say, however, that the house in which Francis was apprehended was occupied by "an old woman" who apparently was unaware of the consequences of harboring a fugitive and, consequently, would not be charged on that offense. The next day Francis waived extradition to Indiana and was delivered to the state line by Kentucky troopers, who turned their prisoner over to Indiana State Police and Wayne County Sheriff McCann.

Although police declined to say whether or not Francis gave them a statement in connection with the whereabouts of Shirley Blevins, FBI agents in Orlando, Florida, were alerted to be on the lookout for the fugitive there a few hours after his alleged partner in murder was dragged out of the cubby hole in the old farm house.

Lieutenant Cox said he understood that Blevins was smuggled out of the Kentucky hills in the trunk of an automobile on the night of June 27th. He declined to elaborate further, however, saying that "we are still working on that angle." Cox also hesitated to say whether police suspected Blevins' liberator of driving him to Florida in the same auto. On June 30, Lieutenant Cox announced that the accused killer-at-large had been captured in Orlando.

"I was tipped off that he might be there," Lieutenant Cox said, "and then the local FBI agents got Blevins' exact address from an informant." According to Cox, Blevins was arrested at the home of a friend after returning from a relaxing day of fishing at a nearby lake.

Cox indicated that Francis had advised police that Blevins could be located in Orlando when he told newsmen that "Blevins was pinpointed by the FBI Monday afternoon, not too long after we caught Francis near Sand Hill."

Following his arrest, Blevins was incarcerated in the Orange County (Florida) Jail under \$110,000 bond.

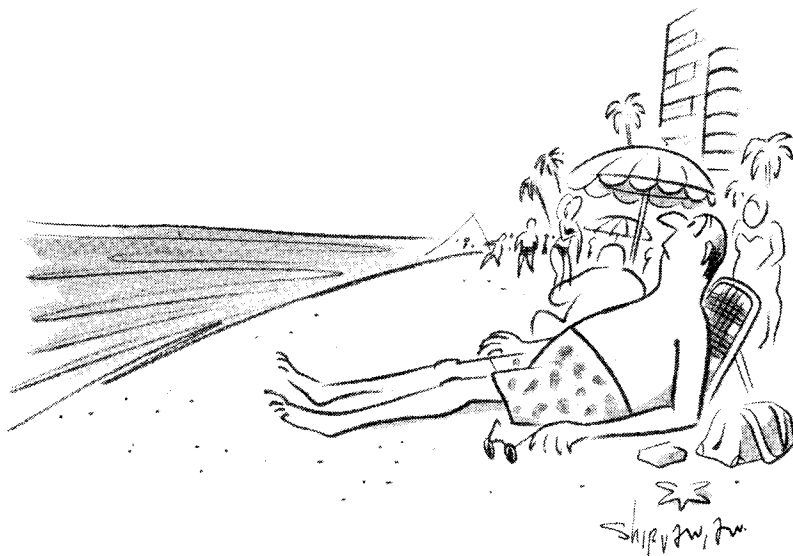
According to Wayne County (Indiana) Prosecutor Wayne Tash, Blevins refused to waive extradition to face murder charges in the Hoosier state. The prosecutor said that if the alleged murderer of Marshal Ronald Goodwin and Deputy Marshal William Peters continued to fight extradition proceedings, he would ask Indiana Governor Edgar D. Whitcomb to intervene.

In the meantime, police said that the FBI had located a .38-caliber revolver and a nine-shot .22-caliber pistol assertedly pawned by Blevins in an Orlando hock shop. According to Prosecutor Tash, the two weapons are believed to be the firearms used in the slayings of Marshals Goodwin and Peters.

At this writing, Blevins was still being held in Orlando and his alleged accomplice, Kenneth Francis, was incarcerated in the Wayne County Jail at Richmond, Indiana, awaiting a trial date to be set for the murders of the two Hoosier police officers. ◆◆◆

TRUE DETECTIVE

BURN,
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"...I'm a Cannibal"

(Continued from page 25)

received a letter from him which he evidently wrote while at the rock festival in Toronto. It betrays no evidence of what was to come:

"Dear Mom and Dad,
"Sorry for not writing. We've been here for two weeks. Will be leaving tomorrow. People are really nice up here. They are more open-minded toward long hair etc. They don't have the conflict of ideologies that goes on in America. Maybe because they aren't involved in that war.

"I don't know how to act around the women up here, tho? There's so many of them and they're all nice to look at. Well almost all of them.

"I'm going to work as long as possible so I can go back to school for d.j. thing (Baker wanted to go to school to become a disc jockey.) About time to get the rag out.

"I didn't tell you that we were coming up here as you probably would have got upset, etc. Easier this way, right? I just don't want to cause any worry to you as you are my people and I love you.

"Every day I get a little closer to what I want in life. Maybe someday I'll get what I want."

"Well, adios for now.
Your son, Dean"

But if the reports can be believed, there was another side to Dean Baker, a side, hidden perhaps, from his parents and the rest of the "straight" world. It concerns rumors of "devil worship" in remote clearings in the Big Horns, cult functions where small animals, such as frogs, were eaten alive. One teenager, a close friend of both Baker and Stroup, says of Baker:

"He was at every party here—bouncing all over the place and saying to everybody: 'I'm so high I'm flying—I'm flying.' He was a real weirdo who, frankly, scared the hell out of everyone—including myself!"

He scared a pretty Sheridan College coed who remembers seeing Baker at a "kegger" (beer and pot party) on June 19th in the Tongue River Canyon north of Sheridan.

Baker had been dressed in his usual costume of black leather bell-bottom pants, engineering boots, brown leather vest and had his bone necklace around his neck. He strolled through the murky forested area, glaring at everyone and making guttural noises deep in his throat. Said the coed:

"With all that hair hanging down to his shoulders, his flashing . . . bright eyes and his half-laugh, half-sneer . . . Well, he was really scary. And he almost drove me up the wall."

There are many "hippie types" who dress in leather and some probably wear bone necklaces too. But the incident stamped in the memory of the young people of Sheridan who moved in drug-soaked circles sets him apart and, perhaps, prepares one for the description of the scene for Schlosser's ritualistic death.

It took place at "The Pits"—a favorite spot for beer and pot parties. There is an old open coal-mining pit filled with rain water there. Baker was strolling among the crowd as usual and cut his foot badly on a broken beer bottle. In full sight of more than a dozen couples, he carefully drained as much blood as he could from the deep wound into

a large cup.

Then he stared at the crowd until every eye was upon him. With his eyes gleaming wildly, he drank the blood very slowly—every bit of it. As the sickened couples watched him, he carefully wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Then he beat on his chest and chanted, "Ahhhhhh . . . this is really good!"

Less than three weeks later, James Michael Schlosser was dead, with his heart ripped out of him . . .

And Stanley Dean Baker, the lanky handsome youth who had been a credit to his hometown, a hero, a competent sailor in the U.S. Navy, and gentle and considerate to motorists who picked him up, was wildly declaring to a state patrolman: "I have a problem . . . I'm a cannibal!"

In Park County, Montana, Baker and Stroup remain closely guarded in the county jail. Citizens are asking for a speedy trial hoping that some of their unanswered questions may be resolved when the two suspects face a jury of their peers.

In Great Falls, memorial services have been held for James M. Schlosser. Private funeral services took place in Our Lady of Lourdes Catholic Church, and the man who wanted only to "help people" was at rest—having served only one short month in the profession he had studied for years to attain.

Harry Allan Stroup, 20, has continued to refuse to make any statements at

all about the events of the dreadful Friday of July 10th.

Friends of his expressed astonishment and disbelief when they learned he was a suspect in the gory mutilation slaying. Stroup, a National Guardsman—although he reportedly had failed to attend recent meetings of his unit—was described as a "quiet, poetic type who never raised his voice," and "too intelligent, too cautious" ever to become involved in such a ghastly affair as the dismemberment killing of James Schlosser.

It will be up to a jury to decide if he was indeed with Baker when the murder and mutilation took place, or if the boy who was described as "just like the rest of us—only taller—and a lot stronger," killed the 200-pound Schlosser and dragged his corpse 75 yards to the river's edge where he dismembered it. Until such time as such a determination might be made, however, both men are presumed to be innocent.

In the meantime, Baker, his leather bell-bottoms exchanged for jail coveralls, reads his Bible and talks of "cleansing my soul." ♦♦♦

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The name Robert Trent as used in the foregoing story, is not the real name of the person concerned. This person has been given a fictitious name to protect his identity.

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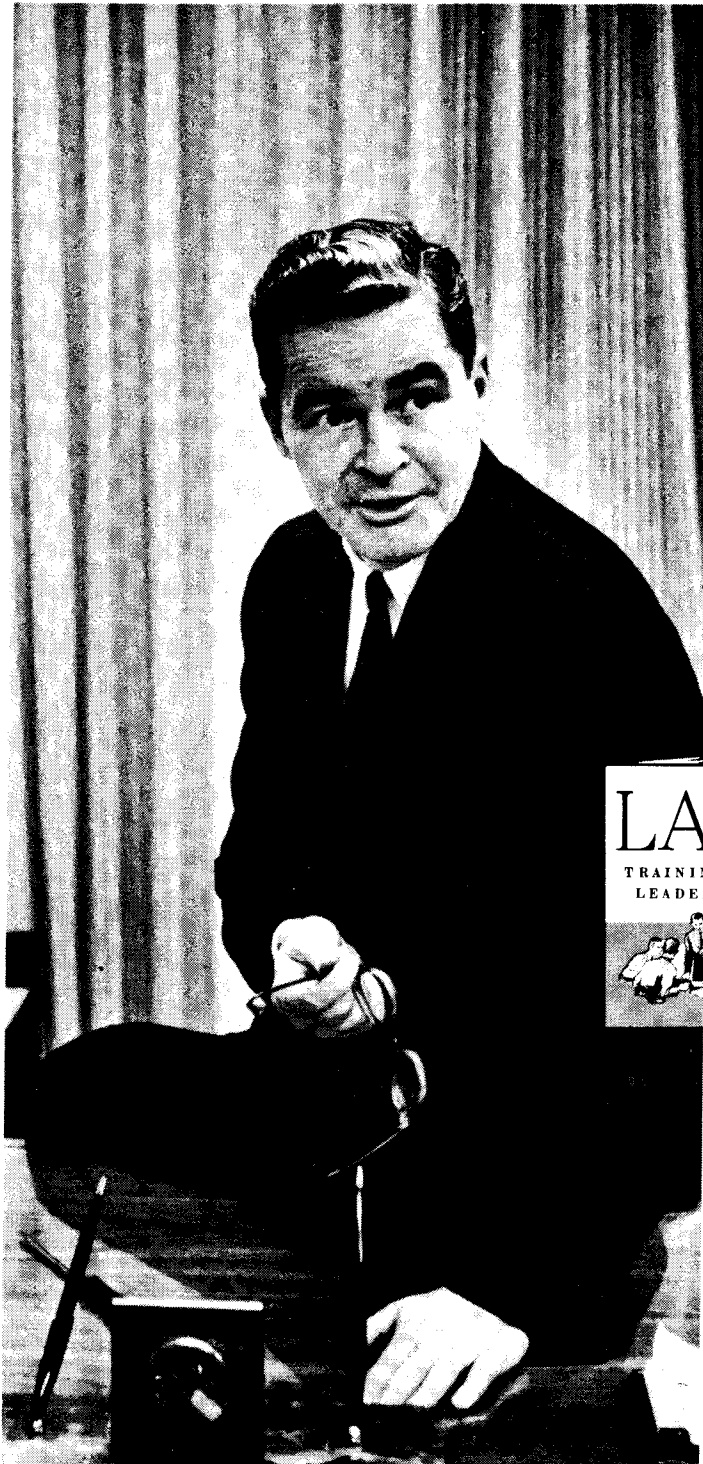
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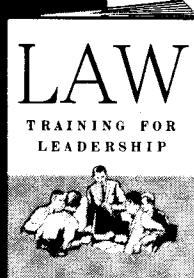


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