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the case of the missing coupon

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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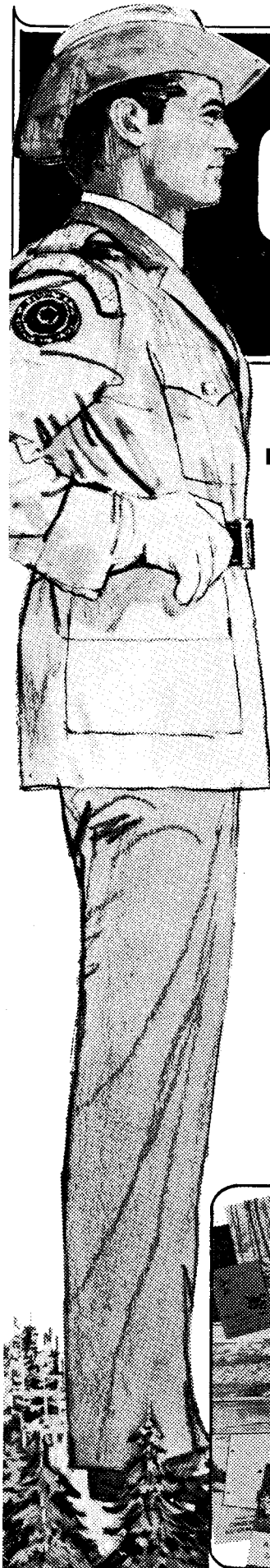
November issue of TRUE DETECTIVE on sale October 14th

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TRUE DETECTIVE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by TD Publishing Corporation, New York.
EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 206 East 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. Advertising offices also in Chicago and Los Angeles.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: In the United States and its possessions, one year \$6.00; two years, \$12.00; three years, \$18.00. Canada, one year, \$6.50; two years, \$12.50; three years, \$18.50. All other countries, \$7.00 per year.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 8 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please forward stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made only if you send us your old, as well as your new address. Write to TRUE DETECTIVE, 153-01 Tenth Avenue, Whitestone, New York 11357.
MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage and will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss, or injury.
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SOVIET PLOT TO STEAL OUR MOON SECRETS

by **GEORGE CARPOZI JR.**

AMERICA was trailing far behind the Soviet Union in the space race back in those grimly embarrassing days of 1961.

While we were feeling our way off the launching pad with 90-mile sub-orbital flights, the Russians were preparing to send their cosmonauts on thrilling journeys around the earth and even on trips to the moon. We lived only in hope then, a hope generated by President John F. Kennedy's dream to land our astronauts on the moon before the end of the decade.

Meanwhile, hundreds of firms and thousands of engineers, scientists, and technicians were engaged in the crash program launched by the United States to build the hardware for our ventures into the uncharted seas of space.

One such firm was the Value Engineering Company in Alexandria, Virginia, and one such engineer was John Huminik, the firm's brilliant 26-year-old vice president who had

achieved considerable prominence in the study of lunar exploration.

Men like Huminik and their particular skills were very much in demand, for this was a period when the National Aeronautics and Space Administration had begun developing a spacecraft designed to soft-land scientific instruments and cameras on the moon and explore its surface in preparation for the later ventures of our astronauts.

It had become a well-publicized fact by the Spring of 1961 that NASA was feverishly working on the Surveyor spacecraft; sketches and drawings of the proposed vehicle had been released to the public and the list of firms which would produce the various components, from the giant Atlas-Centaur rocket that would boost the Surveyor out of earth's gravity to the smaller liquid-fueled jets for cushioning the craft's landing on the lunar landscape, had all been published in the newspapers.

But no spotlight had been turned on

John Huminik and there was no reason for a man like Valentin A. Revin to gravitate toward the slender, dark-haired, bespectacled American that Spring day of 1961 at the technical meeting being held in the auditorium of the American Association of University Women.

Huminik was there by invitation but Revin was not. His ticket of admission was his gall. He simply strolled over to the reception desk in the lobby, apologized for losing his invitation, and was allowed in.

Once inside, Revin spotted Huminik, who happened to be looking toward the door, and walked over to him.

"Hello," the uninvited guest said with a smile, "I am Valentin Revin . . . a member of the scientific staff at the Soviet Embassy."

That was no put on. Valentin Revin was indeed a scientist—and also the Third Secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Washington.

His introduction stunned Huminik

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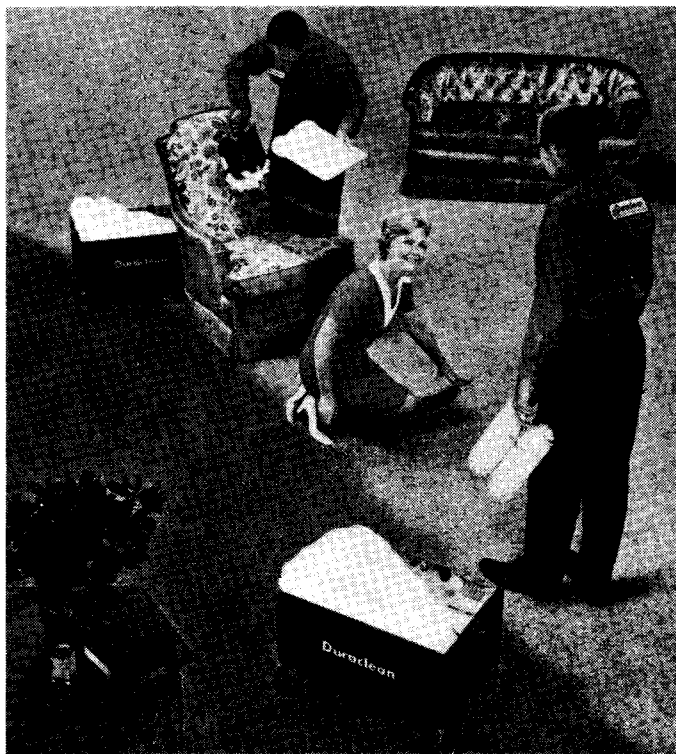
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momentarily. When the American recovered, he responded with a polite "how do you do" and introduced himself.

"That is not an Irish name?" the Soviet diplomat asked jocularly.

"Hardly," Huminik laughed politely. "It happens to be Russian."

Revin seemed pleased. "Then we have something very important in common," he said, throwing his head back to get a better look at Huminik.

"With what firm are you connected?" the Russian wanted to know.

When Huminik told him, Revin's eyes seemed to light up.

"You must be a genius," he complimented. "Why, you are so young—and already an executive. I cannot believe it."

Revin glutted Huminik with questions—did he have a wife, children, where did he live? Yes, there was a wife named Alice at home in the nearby Washington suburb of Camp Springs, Maryland, and four young children.

"And I live in Silver Spring," the Russian came back, referring to another suburb just north of the nation's capital.

Huminik was wondering about this stranger who descended on him so precipitately. Why the sudden flash of friendship? What was he after?

Revin, a dark, brooding, gentle-faced man, didn't wait long to lay it on the line.

"I'd like you to be a good fellow and help me obtain some information and material which I am sure you will be able to get without much trouble," he smiled. "Can I count on you?"

Flustered, Huminik stammered, "What information?"

"In particular," the Russian replied, his voice deliberately low in the crowded meeting hall, "we would like to find out about certain aspects of American technology in the iron and steel industry."

Huminik was puzzled. "But you shouldn't have any trouble obtaining such data. You can go to the Govern-

Suspect (above and l.) thought he had it made in the game of counter-espionage he played with federal agents and a brave man who volunteered to be bait for the spy in a highly dangerous game

ment Printing Office and ask for pamphlets and brochures on the subject."

Revin curled his lips into a benevolent smile.

"Of course, it is the way to do it," he said airily. "I know that. But I have good and valid reason to ask you to perform that little service for me..."

Suddenly his voice took on a furtive tone.

"I cannot talk anymore now. Allow me to invite you to dinner, perhaps next Monday evening?"

Huminik did some fast thinking.

"I suppose that's all right," he said finally. "I (Continued on page 8)

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(Continued from page 6)

don't have any pressing business coming up Monday evening that I can think of."

"Good, good," Revin said pleased. "Then we shall meet at the Blair Mansion Inn. Is that all right with you?"

Huminik nodded as the Soviet diplomat set the time at 7 p.m. and promised to handle the reservation. They shook hands and Revin disappeared into the crowd.

His brief but traumatic experience with the first Soviet diplomat he'd ever encountered left Huminik shaken. But his judgment was not impaired. As he told this writer later:

"It was a blatant attempt by a Soviet Embassy official to recruit me into the nightmarish world of espionage. I knew the score—that the request for U.S. Government office literature would only be the beginning, and once I delivered that material there'd be requests for more important data, which I might even have to steal."

Huminik was convinced that Revin was a genuine Soviet spy. And with that thought burning his mind, he hurried out of the auditorium to his car. He drove home urgently and straight to the phone.

That evening, at a site designated by the FBI, Huminik met two agents from the bureau and recited in precise detail about his encounter and conversation with Valentin Revin.

"A smart move . . . keep the date," advised one of the G-men on hearing that Huminik had agreed to meet the Russian for dinner. "And bring him the material he asked for. In fact, we'll get it for you so that you won't have to be bothered."

Huminik was given some advice: act toward Revin as he did the first time—be friendly but be coy. Also, pretend to need money when Revin brings up the subject. The FBI agents were certain the Russian would bring it up.

"If you indicate that you're not too well off financially, he'll take it for granted that you'll be willing to do anything for money," Huminik was told. "You'll be able to draw him out and find out what he's really after."

The agents didn't believe, anymore than Huminik did, that Revin's request for Government Printing Office material on the iron and steel industry was his primary goal. That was only to test Huminik—to see if he was willing to deliver.

For the youthful engineer the assignment was a challenge he readily accepted, just as other Americans before him who had been approached by Russian agents and reported it promptly to the FBI.

He was now a counterspy

This was a delicate, extremely sensitive mission. He would have to provide the FBI with accurate reports on every huddle held with Revin. He would have to supply the most detailed accounts of what was said and precisely what secrets were sought by Revin or any other Russian who might join the conspiracy in the future.

Even before it began, the FBI saw a measure of futility in the case as in others before it. Valentin Revin was a Third Secretary at the Soviet Embassy. He had diplomatic immunity—a built-in escape hatch. He could not be prosecuted even if caught red-handed with stolen secrets. The worst that could happen is ouster from the U.S. He'd probably be punished by Moscow for his failure as a spy, but that would not stop the Kremlin from sending other emissaries of es-

pionage to this country cloaked in the robes of diplomatic immunity.

Yet there is always the chance that with the possible involvement of others in the spy conspiracy, persons who might not be able to escape the due process of our laws, any evidence Huminik gathered could be used against them. Thus the engineering executive's role was significant and critical.

Was he still willing to go through with it?

"I was anxious," Huminik said. "It was an opportunity to do something very important for my country."

Huminik had to agree to the code by which every FBI double-agent works—he couldn't tell anyone what he was doing, not his partners in the engineering firm, not his closest friends and associates, not even his wife.

The following Monday evening, Huminik arrived at the Blair Mansion Inn promptly at seven and found Revin waiting in the lobby of the main entrance on Eastern Avenue.

"You are a man of your word, and very prompt," the Soviet diplomat greeted him. He took Huminik by the arm and escorted him to the dining room and the headwaiter showed them to their table.

During dinner, Huminik took out a small packet from his inside jacket pocket and placed it on the table near Revin. The Russian looked at the parcel and smiled pleasantly.

"You obtained the information, I see," he said slowly. "Did you encounter any difficulty?"

"None at all," Huminik said easily. "You could have done the same thing. But I was happy to be of service."

Before dinner was over, Revin gave Huminik another assignment. This time he wanted general information on the country's chemical industry. He asked Huminik to meet him with the data on the second Monday of the following month at the Hot Shoppe in the Marriott Motor Hotel on Route 29, at the Key Bridge, just over the Potomac from the Georgetown University campus.

Again the requested information was routine. This time the FBI not only procured pamphlets and brochures from the U.S. Government Printing Office, but also supplied some impressive but not-too-secretive reports from the American Society of Chemical Engineers. The G-men reasoned that if Huminik could begin impressing the Russians with his ability to deliver, they might come to the point of what they're really looking for a lot sooner.

The trick worked. At the very next get-together, which was in the Sirloin & Saddle Room of the Hot Shoppe, Revin took the thick bundle of papers passed to him and fingered them with vivid delight. His curiosity compelled him to examine the contents right there.

"This is marvelous," he said. "I see you have some very excellent sources." Then came the turn the FBI had expected.

"You are involved in work on the moon project, is that not right?" Revin asked. His voice now was barely above a whisper.

Huminik stared blankly at the ceiling for a moment.

"How do you know this?" he asked, feigning surprise. Actually Huminik wasn't startled that Revin knew of his connection with lunar study and exploration work. The FBI had alerted him to expect the Russians to know more about him, his family, his financial situation, his business, and the work he

was doing than anyone else could conceivably know.

Undoubtedly Soviet agents had made a careful study of his background, as they do of any American they plan to recruit into espionage.

Huminik took his eyes off the ceiling and glanced at Revin. He broke into a smile. The Russian smiled back.

"I've surprised you, haven't I?" he said with a glow of satisfaction. "I know a few things about you, my friend. That is why we are here together. What you have done for us so far is only the preliminary effort. There are ahead of us much bigger things. I do not say you will become a millionaire, but there will be adequate compensation."

He studied Huminik for a few silent seconds.

"What I would like to do," Revin said in a flat, slow voice, "is to throw some business your way. I shall talk with my government to buy your company's products. I am sure I can arrange it. You should profit handsomely."

Huminik pretended to be pleased with the suggestion.

Revin then quickly got down to brass tacks.

"John," he said somberly, "we are after all the information that can be obtained on the American Surveyor moon project. I need not tell you of its importance to us. We are the leaders in space exploration. We sent up the first Sputnik and we are about to send up the first cosmonaut in orbit. We also intend to be first on the moon."

"Our scientists are already at work on the lunar project, but they must know what the Americans are doing. We know they are behind us, perhaps two years, perhaps more. We want to keep that distance between us—and you can help."

Revin held his eyes fixed on Huminik for his reaction. The American knew that what he said now might well make the difference in future dealings with the Russians. If he appeared reluctant to help, it could chase Revin to another source which the FBI might not be able to detect. Yet if he acted too anxious, he could arouse suspicion. He had to play it cool.

"Just what type of information do you want me to get for you?" Huminik asked, deliberately injecting a conspiratorial tone in his voice to put the Russian at ease.

Revin pointed out that the Soviet Union was having problems with miniaturization; its scientific equipment was, for the most part, bulky. That added unwanted weight to Russian payloads that, in turn, demanded larger, more powerful rockets.

"We must find out how the Americans are manufacturing their radio equipment, their television cameras, the other instruments which will be put in the Surveyor."

Revin paused, lighted a cigarette, and ordered another round of after-dinner drinks.

"But most important," he went on, "is the specifics about the spacecraft itself. We've got to know how it is being engineered and what its capabilities are. The Soviet Union must know this to surpass the United States effort long before it is made."

Huminik pointed out that the Surveyor program was still in its infant stage, that it would be several years before it became operational. And by then many of the present specifications could change radically. It was academic but

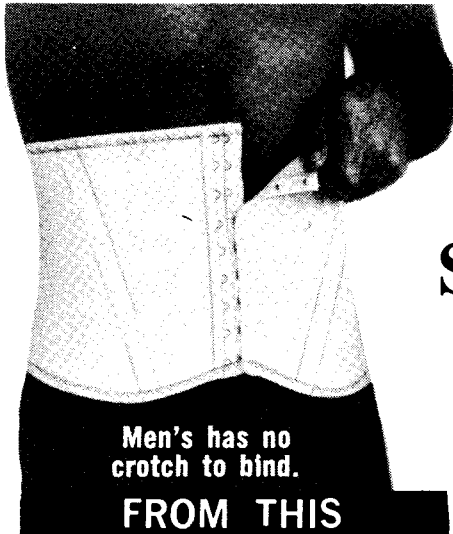
(Continued on page 48)

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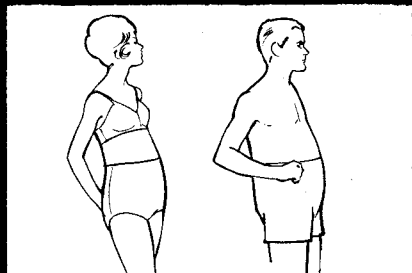
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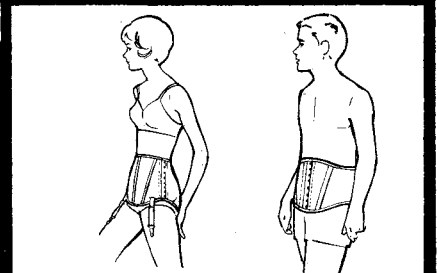
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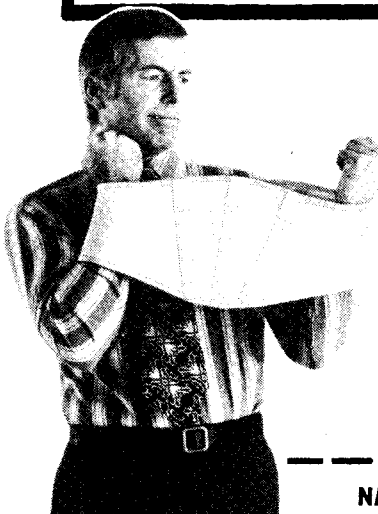
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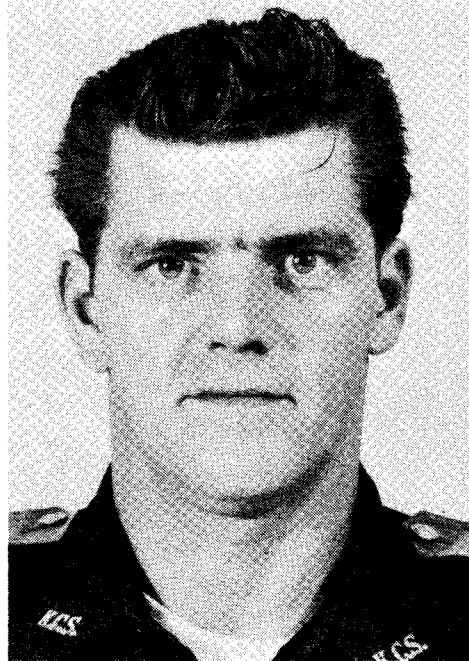
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to: GEORGE RITTER

Deputy, King County Sheriff's Department, Washington



Deputy Ritter survived a desperate gunfight with bandit armed with revolver and shotgun

IT WAS LIKE "Gunfight in the O.K. Corral" all over again, except that only two persons were involved in the blazing duel between a Washington State police officer and a bank bandit in which both men and a bystander were seriously wounded and the gunman quickly captured.

The wild exchange of lethal gunfire had its start about mid-morning last June 25th when King County Deputy George Ritter was alerted by radio that a holdup was in progress at a branch bank in Seattle.

In an exclusive interview with a TRUE DETECTIVE reporter, Deputy Ritter described his dramatic and near-fatal encounter in these words:

"I was about two miles from the bank when I got the call about 10:30 on my cruiser radio and I was there in less than two minutes. When I pulled up in front I looked through the window and could see the manager holding up a white pillow case (for the loot) and looking across the room, so I knew where the bandit was.

"I also knew the interior of the place because I bank there myself, and I knew there was a wall just inside near the front door where I would be covered. I entered with my .38 drawn, hammer back. There were some 15 to 20 people in the room, and I learned later that the gunman had threatened to kill them all.

"As I moved along the wall, a clerk gave me a hand signal pointing to the robber, who was around a corner.

"As I got near the corner, this wild-eyed guy jumped out. We both fired at the same time. My first shot got him in the middle of the chest. His .32 bullet hit me in the upper thorax and lodged in my backbone, and I fell forward on my face, partly paralyzed, and thought I was dead.

"He fired again and grazed my head, but it didn't knock me out. I kept squeezing off shots at him—we were only a few feet apart. I hit him in the chest, foot, ankle and hand. Meanwhile, the manager, who wasn't in position to see what was happening, thought the shots meant that the gunman had killed me with the first bullet and was methodically picking off everyone in the bank one by one, as he had threatened to do.

"The guy used up the last of his ammunition in the pistol without hitting me again. Then he came over and kicked me in the mouth, splitting my lip, then threw his gun at me. That's when I got mad.

"I guess he figured I was dying, because he filled the pillow case with money, then went to the drive-in window where he had stashed a sawed-off shotgun. I managed to get a bead on the back of his neck, then fired—and heard the loudest click I'd ever heard.

"He heard it, too, and spun around, firing at me with the shotgun, but he missed. Then he headed outside and tried to shoot my partner, Jerry Maine, who had just pulled up. After that, I was just trying to stay conscious and breathing until the ambulance came."

Deputy Maine and other officers soon captured the wounded bandit and recovered the \$6,000 loot, but not before the desperate fugitive had shotgunned a bystander, Dick Ferguson, who had tried to stop him.

Deputy Ritter, a University of Washington graduate, was an infantryman in the Korean War. He joined the King County Department of Public Safety in 1964, working first in the Jail Division, where inmates respected him as a fair, concerned man, and went on patrol duty later. King County deputies work one-man cars, patrolling an area which can include 100 square miles.

The 39-year-old officer lives with his wife, Kay, and four children—Mike,

10, Monte, 8, Michelle, 5, and Mark, 3—in Edmonds, a suburb of Seattle.

George is an avid bowler and averages consistently in the high 180s. He is a devoted family man, and has remodeled an old bus so that the Ritters—complete with their St. Bernard dog described as standing "about as high as a horse"—can go camping around the state.

The deputy received particular praise in connection with the bank incident for making himself the crazed bandit's target, thereby possibly saving some lives among the patrons who had been threatened.

Among those offering commendations to Ritter were the Department of Public Safety's Chief of Police Operations, T. T. Nault, who said: "We in the department are proud of the courage Officer Ritter displayed," and the deputy's immediate superior, Captain Walt Evans, commander of Northeast Precinct Number Two, who stated: "Officer Ritter displayed a full understanding of his personal commitment to society as a police officer. The star on his breast is in reality the shield of a knight errant on his journey."

We, the editors of TRUE DETECTIVE, heartily agree with those sentiments, and are proud to present this month's Public Service Award to Deputy George Ritter of the King County, Washington, Sheriff's Department. ◆◆◆

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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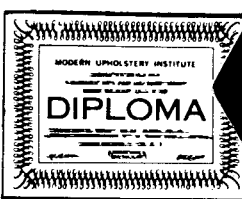


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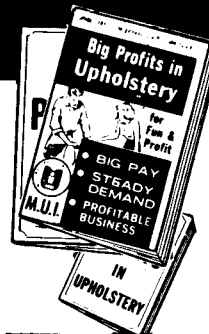
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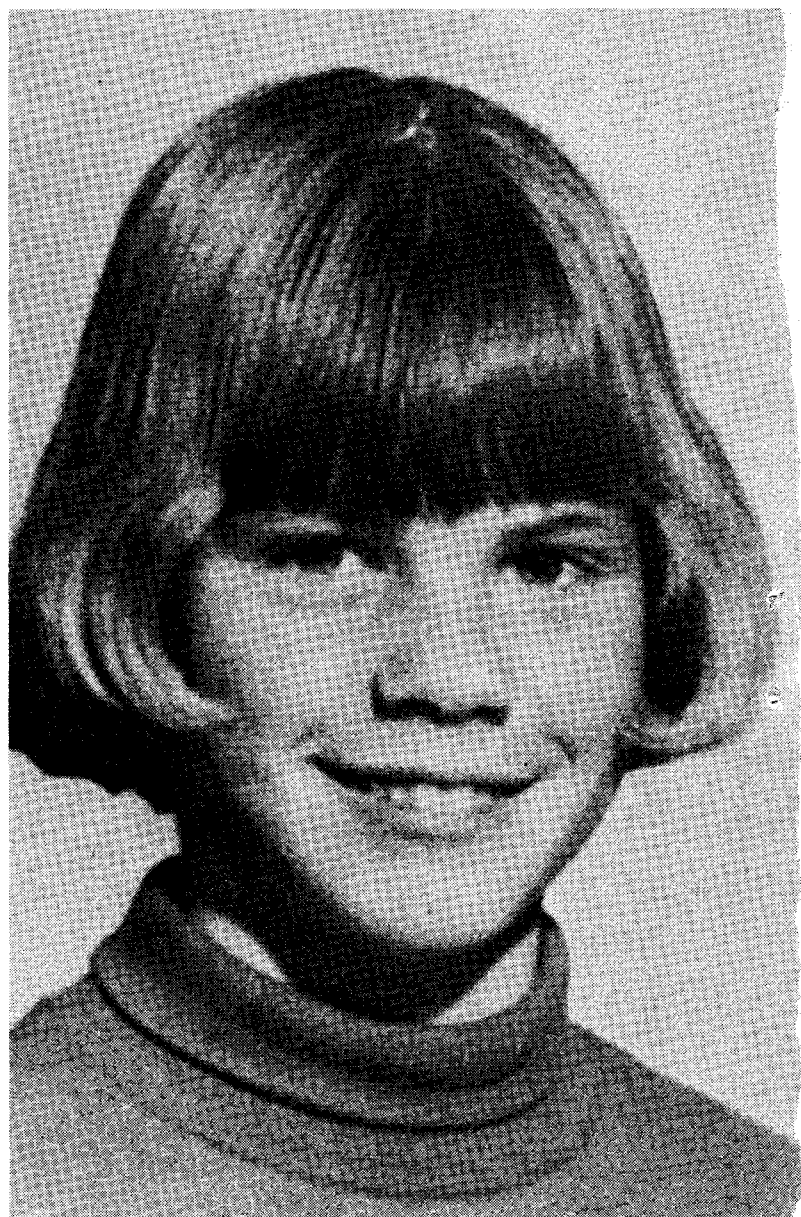
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If California investigators were correct, the unknown killer sought in the horrible knife-slaying of three pretty teenagers had spells when he went berserk and



Shock and terror spread through San Jose and environs following the bloody murders of these three teenage girls (l. to r.), Debby Furlong, Kathy Snoozy and Kathy Bilek, at the hands of a cruel, frenzied knifer . . .



HACKED GIRLS TO DEATH WHENEVER HE GOT THE URGE

THE BESPECTACLED young man with the studious appearance took the news that he was considered an adult in the eyes of the law without a flicker of emotion. The lack of emotion was worthy of note because the judge's ruling on his adult status presented him with the grim possibility of paying the adult's supreme penalty of death in the gas chamber of California's San Quentin Prison.

The charge against the youth was murder. In fact, triple-murder. The date he was declared an adult was June 11, 1971. The place was San Jose, California, that sprawling com-

munity of 200,000 residents 52 miles south of San Francisco.

The young prisoner had just observed his 19th birthday. But the majority of homicides that brought him to court had occurred when he was younger. It had seemed almost unbelievable to detectives of the San Jose Police Department and investigators of the Santa Clara County Sheriff's Department that a boy of such tender years could be associated even tenuously with such savagery.

The first hint of wanton brutality came on the sunny Sunday of August 3, 1969, in the Almaden Valley, 10 miles to the south of the heart of San Jose but still within that city's limits.

In the early evening sunlight, Glen Furlong, a 39-year-old engineer for a computer manufacturing firm, walked the brown hillside just east of the quiet residential subdivision where he lived with his family. The engineer was searching for his 14-year-old daughter, Debby, who had left home that bright Sunday morning with her school chum, Kathy Snoozy, just a year older.

The two pretty young girls had prepared "brown bag" picnic lunches and a thermos jug of a soft drink. They departed on their bicycles, informing the elder Furlongs they planned to lunch in the brown, oak-studded low hills just a few hundred yards from the well-kept homes of the neighborhood.

Debby and Kathy did not return in the early afternoon, as was their custom on such outings. The parents of both youngsters became alarmed at this breaking of a familiar conduct

pattern. When they had not returned at 6 p.m., a thoroughly alarmed Glen Furlong set out to search the ring of brown grass hills, surmounted by white oaks.

As he walked, the father glanced at a cluster of people atop a knoll. He could see motorcyclists, which was not rare, since that particular hill was used by them in test runs up the steep slope to the trees at the crest. The cyclists were not Hells Angels types. They were riders of the smaller, foreign-make cycles. Furlong also could see the uniforms of San Jose police officers intermixed in the cluster at the hilltop. The attention of the small crowd seemed to be centered on some object on the ground beneath the trio of oak trees.

Glen Furlong approached the group. The rest was nightmare for Debby Furlong's father.

The group beneath the oak trees was gazing at the slim bodies of two girls. The girls were still clothed in the jeans and blouses they had worn on their picnic. But the blouses were shredded with stab wounds in such demonic that a count seemed an impossibility.

One victim, without doubt, was Debby Furlong. The other was Kathy Snoozy.

The hillside-climbing cyclists had made the grisly discovery. They immediately called police. And the father of Debby Furlong had been only minutes behind the first arriving police units.

Police arrivals within the next few minutes included Chief of Detectives Barton Collins, who enjoys a well-deserved reputation of being among the most successful homicide investigators in the nation. With a few quiet words, the veteran detective chief set in motion investigative machinery that would not cease for a year and nine months.

The hillside was sealed off. Detec-





Karl Werner, here with Sgt. Shaver (r.), was quizzed about a certain vehicle

tives questioned those who had made the discovery. Criminalists began the painstaking search of the hillside for those telltale bits of physical evidence which are the bread and butter of investigation. A detective detail was assigned to canvass the homes below the brown hillside in search of householders who might have witnessed something significant on that hillside.

Despite what had taken place there, the crest of the hill beneath the oaks could not be called bloody. The lack of blood on the dry earth was one of the most puzzling aspects in the beginning investigation.

This initial stage saw the finding of the two bicycles of the dead girls. They were at the bottom of the hill, neatly chained and padlocked to a fence post adjacent to the paved street marking the end of the subdivision.

The thermos jug was found near the bodies at the top of the hill. It was partially full.

In a well-kept home at the base of the hill, a detective found a housewife who recalled seeing a vehicle in the afternoon almost at the spot where the bodies had been found. The young housewife remembered the vehicle as a van-type auto, possibly a Volkswagen microbus, or one of the boxy vans produced by American manufacturers. Of one thing the young housewife was certain. She

Attendants aid police officers as body of slain Kathy Bilek, 18, is brought in to hospital for an autopsy



said the vehicle's color was white.

A most detailed search of the hill turned up no weapon capable of inflicting the many wounds. It was the task of Dr. John E. Hauser, coroner and chief medical examiner for Santa Clara County, to disclose how unbelievably vicious a slayer had been on the brown slope that pleasant Sunday.

Kathy Snoozy, who in life and death had looked much younger than 15 years, had been stabbed 150 times in the back and 50 times in the frontal chest and stomach area! The neck of the dead girl had been the target of a literal storm of puncture wounds.

Debby Furlong had suffered almost as much before death. Her body bore almost 100 puncture wounds.

The weapon, according to Dr. Hauser, had been a short, narrow-bladed knife, apparently little more than a pocket knife.

A major puzzler to the investigators was the dearth of cuts and bruises on the arms and hands of the pretty victims—the marks that would have indicated the young girls had struggled and attempted to protect themselves. Apart from a small cut on the hand of Kathy Snoozy, there was no sign that either had made a move to deflect a plunging knife.

There was, in the opinion of the medical examiner, the possibility that the girls had been drugged to quiet them while they were fatally wounded. As a motive, sex appeared to have no bearing. There were no signs of molestation. But there was every indication that the slayer had hang-ups which could only be associated with a psychotic. The murderer had used his blade only in the upper portion of the bodies of his victims. There was not a wound below the waists of the slain youngsters.

Of the lack of motive for the slaying of the two girls, Chief Collins said: "They were absolutely blameless. Just two nice kids having a picnic on a warm day."

The subdivision at the base of the murder hill was called Sunrise Estates. Houses there were in the \$30,000 category. The residents, in the majority, were young parents who had earned a rung in the middle class economic ladder and were on the way to higher rungs.

The brown hill where Debby Furlong and Kathy Snoozy had been found was exactly what it appeared to be—the closest open space to a suburban development and, as such, the natural play area for the children from the nearby homes. Apart from the subdivision dwellers and occasional motorcyclists, there were few visitors on the oak-studded hills.

Chief Collins ordered dispatch of an all-points teletype requesting California police agencies to be on watch for a white van, possibly a Volkswagen. Details were sketchy, but it was noted that the driver could be a maniacal killer.

It was the prevailing opinion of Chief Collins and detectives of his department that the killer must have been someone familiar with the out-of-the-way hill region, quite possibly a resident of the tract development and someone known to the pretty young victims. Families living in the Sunrise Estates were interviewed, then interviewed again in the urgent quest for possible leads.

Suddenly, the white van loomed up again in the investigation, but not in Chief Collins' immediate jurisdiction. It turned up in the small community of Seaside, 100 miles to the southwest of San Jose and adjacent to the Army's sprawling Fort Ord recruit training center on the shore of Monterey Bay.

Five days after the awful bloodletting on the parched San Jose hillside, Seaside Patrolman George Peay saw two vehicles running parallel at high speed ahead of his patrol car. Peay increased speed to follow the two vehicles. One was a boxy blue delivery van. The other was a small foreign sports car.

The sports car slowed and the driver flagged Peay with an arm signal. He shouted that the driver of the van had pointed a gun at him. The van sped on. The patrolman accelerated, catching up with the van at 50-miles-an-hour speed. The van swerved to a halt in a parking lot in the rear of a Seaside restaurant. The

driver jumped from the vehicle and began to run. Officer Peay sprang from the patrol car and launched himself in a flying tackle. The patrolman hit his mark and the running van driver tumbled to the parking lot pavement.

The driver was in the soiled blue denims of the hippie cult. His hair was long and he appeared to be in his late teens. The blue paint of his van was bright and suspiciously fresh. Police Captain Dale Anderson rubbed his fingernail experimentally on the paint and flaked off a sliver of blue, revealing the original paint of the vehicle. It had been white.

Inside the van, the officers found dark smudges which someone obviously had tried to obliterate with a rag tossed on the floor. There were lighter smudges, which appeared to be human mucous. Hidden in various parts of the van were 10 tobacco can "lids" of marijuana.

Records of the California Department of Motor Vehicles showed the van had been reported stolen 12 days before the incident on the Seaside streets. The theft had been from a used car sales lot in Sacramento, California's capital 200 miles to the north of Seaside.

The long-haired driver proved to be the son of a Presbyterian minister with a pulpit in the Sacramento area. He was extremely uncommunicative, explaining to the Seaside officers he

Detective Chief Collins headed investigation in early stages





Officers prepare to remove bodies of Kathy Snoozy and Debby Furlong from spot where both were found stabbed to death

would not talk except on the advice of an attorney. When a lawyer was furnished him, the attorney promptly advised his client to remain silent about all that had been found in the van.

Nowhere in the van was a gun that could have been waved at the complaining sports car driver. In fact, the motives and identity of the sports car driver remained a mystery. He and his car vanished after the brief, shouted report to Patrolman Peay.

Chief Collins dispatched his immediate assistant, Lieutenant Fred Petersen, to Seaside to determine whether the arrest there was the hoped-for break in the San Jose double-murder investigation.

After a thorough check, Lieutenant Peterson concluded it was not. The stains on the van floor proved not to be blood. Nor were the lighter spots human mucous. The youth was ruled out as a murder suspect, but that did not end his troubles. He remained in Monterey County to face charges of illegal possession of marijuana and possession of a stolen motor vehicle.

In San Jose, tips in the murder investigation poured in, literally by the hundreds. And the checking of them

all consumed hundreds of man-hours by the investigating detectives. Complicating the investigation were the activities of California's psychotic Zodiac killer, who is known to have killed five times with certainty but has bragged in cryptogram messages to newspapers that his full count of victims is 17.

There was not a journalist in California who did not try in some way to connect the killings of Debby Furlong and Kathy Snoozy to the Zodiac. But Chief Collins and his officers rejected all such speculation and privately clung to their belief that the slayer eventually would be found among people then living in the cheerful Sunrise subdivision.

Lie detector tests were given to at least a dozen "hot" suspects. The investigators reviewed, for more than the 20th time, the slim evidence of the murders. The questionings continued. But all the effort failed to produce a reasonable indication of the identity of the crazed killer.

The years of 1969 and 1970 passed without a solution, but also without the murderer repeating his sadistic crimes. The chill months of January, February, and March, 1971, also

passed without a clue to the killer. The temperature warmed in California at the approach of the celebration of Easter on April 11th.

It was 9 p.m. that Easter Sunday when the anxious voice of a male caller was heard at the Santa Clara County Sheriff's headquarters in San Jose. The caller identified himself as Charles Bilek, a resident of the community of Saratoga, seven miles to the east of San Jose. He told the answering sheriff's officer that he wanted to report his daughter missing.

His 18-year-old daughter Kathy, said Mr. Bilek, had not returned home from an outing and that, the father added, was a complete break in her pattern of conduct. She had attended Easter Mass and, with parental permission, had driven in the family car to Villa Montalvo County Park, little more than a mile from the family home, there to while away the afternoon with a book.

Officers of the sheriff's department were familiar with Villa Montalvo Park. The officer taking the report was aware that a search of the wooded area was practically an absurdity in the darkness of the Easter

night. The search would begin early the following morning, when there was chance of success.

Villa Montalvo can best be described as a dream that enough money made come true. In the early 1900s, when California was sparsely peppered with the estates of her few rich citizens, United States Senator James D. Phelan built his dream castle—a replica of a Spanish castle—on his 175-acre estate in the rolling foothills just west of the then-tiny community of Saratoga. The grounds were developed by the famous landscape architect John McClaren, who designed and built San Francisco's beautiful Golden Gate Park. The senator, who had served as Mayor of San Francisco and amassed a fortune in business ventures, did not prove to be a penny-pincher in the building of his estate.

In the baroque style of its day, the estate had scatterings of hidden nooks, pergolas smothered in wisteria, classic statuary, a temple of love, and a belvedere perched on a hilltop. The mansion's 19 rooms housed an elaborate art collection.

When Senator Phelan died, he left his magnificent estate to be "maintained as a public park" to be used "as far as possible for the development of art, literature, music and architecture by promising students."

Thus, Villa Montalvo eventually became the gem of Santa Clara County's extensive park system. It was a gem that no one thought would ever be flawed by murder.

The search for Kathy Bilek began in earnest at 4 a.m. A dozen officers of the Santa Clara County Sheriff's Department fanned out in darkness that shortly would yield to dawn. Also with the search team was the missing girl's father and her two brothers, Charles, 15, and Gabriel, 12.

With park rangers also joining the search, the Villa's main building and many outbuildings were checked without result. The searchers then moved into the rolling foothills, taking the paths so crowded the day before by the many park visitors.

The search had been underway six hours when Charles Bilek and his sons came in the mid-morning warmth to the Jeep trail, which the father recalled as a favorite path of his pretty daughter, especially when she walked Vicki, the German Shepherd which was the family pet.

Father and sons walked along the trail. They prowled the bushes and brush adjacent to the path. It was the younger son who made the discovery in a gully beside the trail.

The father was later to tell officers: "He came running to us shouting, 'There is something over there.' After he said that, he said nothing else."

Kathy Bilek was slumped in death in the gully beneath a laurel tree. Her long hair was twisted about her face. Her slim body was in a crouch that indicated she had toppled into

the gully. A tiny stream of water flowed in the ditch. She was still clad in the blue jeans and long-sleeve white blouse she had worn when she had left home the preceding day. Her clothing was a mass of caked blood.

Beside her body was the book she had brought for company during what should have been a quiet interlude on a sunny Sunday.

The routine but necessary procedure of preserving the evidence—sealing off the area, searching for any object on or near the Jeep trail, particularly a murder weapon, the photographing of the young victim—were put in motion.

Dr. John Hauser made the medical examination, as he had done in the Furlong-Snoozy murders. Kathy Bilek, the doctor said, had suffered 50 stab wounds. Forty-five could be classified as punctures, with many penetrating vital organs. The other wounds, according to the coroner, were of the scratch variety. Dreadfully reminiscent of the Snoozy-Furlong murders was the fact that the wounds had been made through the clothing and the wound pattern was confined to the torso. Not a wound was found below the slain girl's waist.

Dr. Hauser declared that the murder weapon, in his opinion, was small, possibly a pocket knife, with a blade no more than three inches in length, one-half inch in width, and tapering to a point.

Like the Snoozy-Furlong slayings, sex did not appear to have been the motive. Kathy Bilek showed no signs of having been sexually molested.

Captain John Perusina found the spot where the killer had done his work. It was the bloodsoaked top of the rise above the gully where Kathy Bilek had been found. The killer had stabbed repeatedly and the fatally wounded girl had slid, or tumbled, down the bank into the gully, thus according for the curious, bent position of the body.

As in the Snoozy-Furlong slayings, Dr. Hauser was puzzled by the absence of a wound that could be described as "defensive" and caused by the young girl defending herself.

The sedan Kathy Bilek had driven to Villa Montalvo was found in the park's parking lot. There was no mystery to its belated discovery. The Villa and its grounds had been extremely crowded on Easter Sunday and there had been the added attractions of an art exhibit and a wedding reception lasting into the late hours of the evening. It also was not unusual for a park visitor with motor trouble to leave the vehicle overnight.

The auto's keys were found in the pocket of the murdered girl's trousers. Robbery did not appear to be a motive. Kathy Bilek's wallet purse, with a small amount of change, was found in her clothing.

One thing was missing. Charles Bilek told the officers his daughter



Associates were incredulous when it was revealed that "quiet, industrious" Karl Werner was a suspect in the case

had brought a pair of binoculars, in a case, to the park. Neither binoculars nor the case were found after the slaying.

The paperback book Kathy had chosen for her last day among the living was entitled "Gabriel Hounds." It was a suspense novel about two youngsters enmeshed in violent death against a background of an old English ghost legend.

If the deaths of Kathy Snoozy and Debby Furlong had been the slaughter of the innocent, the same would apply to Kathy Bilek. But her 19 years also included experiences unknown to the majority of adults more than twice her age.

The family of Charles Bilek had been forced to flee its native Hungary after the bloody opposition of the Freedom Fighters to Soviet oppression in the early 1960s. But Kathy's parents had not been able to bring their daughter, then age 3, with them to America. Kathy had been left in the care of an aunt in Hungary.

When Kathy was of fourth-grade age, her parents finally succeeded in obtaining permission to bring her to California, where she would see for the first time the brother born while she had been forced to remain in Hungary.

Kathy Bilek had been devoted to books. Family and friends recalled she was seldom seen without something to read. Her greatest love had been to read in solitude, like that provided by the wooded trails of Villa Montalvo Park. (Continued on page 71)

by
**BILL
ORMSBY**



All of Akron was stunned and then enraged when the small bodies of Lorna and Lori were found, horribly mutilated, by the side of a highway. The city breathed easier when grim-faced detectives, working brilliantly, tracked down

OHIO'S SLASHER WHOSE PREY WAS LITTLE GIRLS



Nine-year old Lori Crowe (far left) and her playmate, Lorna Ritz, had joined the litter drive in Akron, but when they stopped at one house they met a killer

have their litter bags filled when they went to school the next morning.

"Ordinarily the girls wouldn't be out at that hour of the evening," one parent told police, "but since it doesn't get dark until nearly 10 o'clock under daylight savings time we allowed them to complete their project for school, with the understanding that they not leave the block and that they be back in 15 or 20 minutes."

Initially, four detective cars and 10 patrol cruisers scanned the area routinely for the missing girls. But when neither child was found after more than an hour of searching a mile-square section, volunteer units from throughout the area soon became part of a 200-man posse. They included police and firemen from the nearby communities of Tallmadge and Cuyahoga Falls, Civil Defense personnel and more than a score of men from the Summit County React Squad, a group of Citizens Band radio operators who aid police in emergencies.

"Ordinarily," Major Cutright said later, "missing children do not cause so much alarm so quickly. But we became gravely concerned for the safety of these particular two girls when we learned something of their upbringing and their usual habits."

Cutright said his men learned that Lori and Lorna had never been known to venture off their block and that they were exceptionally well-behaved children who were prompt in returning home when they were told. Cutright's sentiments were reiterated by Ruth Haines, principal of Bettes Elementary School, where the missing youngsters attended.

"Lorna and Lori are not adventuresome children. I could think of many potential candidates to wander away, but not these two girls," Mrs. Haines told newsmen during the height of the far-reaching search. "They are good, very well brought up little girls and interested only in little girl things," the school official said.

Besides the 200 officials who were active in the all-night search, nearly 100 neighbors and friends of the two girls assisted by looking carefully in their garages, homes and backyard tool sheds and making telephone calls to the residences of many Bettes School students to see if anyone had seen the children. The school itself was opened by janitors for police and every room and crevice large enough to contain a pair of 75 pound girls was investigated.

IT WAS almost three o'clock on the afternoon of May 18, 1971, when a delivery truck driver for an Akron, Ohio, firm had the most horrendous and blood-chilling experience of his life. In relating to police how he discovered the horribly mutilated bodies of two tiny third-graders, nine-year-old Lorna Ritz and her playmate, Lori Crowe, also nine, the deliveryman said that "unless you've got kids of your own, you can't imagine the feeling that goes through you when all of a sudden you unexpectedly see two little girls cut up like that."

The stomach-wretching scene which the truck driver stumbled upon that fateful afternoon was near Brimfield, a quiet village of 800 persons located some eight miles due east of Akron, the bustling Buckeye State city recognized as the auto tire manufacturing center of the world and the home base of the famous Goodyear Blimp. The deliveryman told Portage County authorities that he had pulled to the side of rural Grace Road to check his bills of lading when he made the gruesome discovery.

He said, "It was a bloody piece of newspaper which blew toward the truck that drew my attention to the bodies. I noticed what I thought was some rubbish in the ditch when I first stopped, but I didn't pay much attention to it. . . . It's something you see all the time out in the country. But when that piece of paper began

blowing around I glanced over in the weeds and saw little arms and legs sticking out."

The truck driver said he had to literally force himself to take a closer look to make sure he wasn't imagining things. After confirming that what he saw were human limbs, the chauffeur ran to a nearby residence and telephoned the Portage County Sheriff's Department at Ravenna, about eight miles northeast of the crime scene.

The alarm was immediately relayed by Sheriff Joe Hegedus to Major Carroll Cutright, chief of the Akron Police Department detective bureau, and Robert Sybert, Portage County coroner. Although the city of Akron is in adjoining Summit County, Major Cutright was among the first to be informed because his department for the past 18 hours had been spearheading a massive search for the two missing youngsters. The disappearance of Lorna and Lori was reported to police shortly after nine o'clock the night before, when the two girls failed to return home after participating in a school-sponsored litter clean-up project in their neighborhood, the Chapel Hill subdivision of Akron.

According to police, Lori and Lorna, who lived across the street from each other on Jeanie J. Avenue, got permission from their parents about 8:45 p.m. to pick up trash in the immediate neighborhood so they could



Detectives, coroner's officials, and police technicians examine bodies of two little victims found 10 miles from their home

"We couldn't conceive why the girls would go to the school at that hour nor imagine how they'd get in," a detective said, "but we just couldn't discount any possibilities. All children are curious and are many times found asleep in some unlikely places."

The probe for the two kids spread to Hidden Valley Golf Course, several nearby wooded areas and theaters and other business establishments at the Chapel Hill Shopping Mall. In the meantime, plainclothes detectives questioned dozens of people in the girls' neighborhood in an attempt to locate everyone who had seen the youngsters after they set out with their plastic litter bags, which had been issued to them by their teachers at Bettes School. Oddly enough, the cops could find only one person who saw them after they got their parents' permission to engage in the ecology project. The witness was a woman who saw them near the intersection of Jeanie J. and Vicgross Avenues, exactly one block east of the children's homes.

"They had their litter bags in their hands, picking up paper and other debris along the street," the woman said. "They were talking and laugh-

ing and I waved at them from my porch."

"Do you remember what time that was?" an officer queried.

"Yes, it was about 15 minutes to nine, or maybe a minute or two later. I remember that it was 10 till nine when I went back in the house a few minutes after seeing them," the witness said.

Since the woman saw the children only a few minutes after they left home, and because police that night could locate nobody else who had seen them after that, searchers theorized that Lori and Lorna had possibly been enticed into an auto shortly after the witness went back in the house. Adding mystery to the case was the fact that nobody had seen a strange car in the area nor recalled seeing the girls after about 8:45 p.m., even though numerous persons along the block were in their yards mowing their grass and performing other lawn chores.

"They simply vanished in thin air," Major Cutright said later. He added that both children had been coached at school and at home about getting into strangers' cars, a revelation which led police to speculate the youngsters were abducted by some-

body they knew personally.

When daylight broke over the area the girls had still not been located nor heard from and fresh troops joined the numerous search teams which vowed to stay on the job until it was determined that further looking was vain. By then off-duty police and firemen from cities as far away as Cleveland, Canton, Youngstown and Warren had joined in the search. Dozens of sailors and Marines from the reserve training head quarters in Akron also joined the posse and a Cleveland based helicopter hired by Fisher Foods for the opening of its new store in Tallmadge was turned over to police by manager John Fazio. A pilot and spotter unsuccessfully searched the wooded areas near the Akron-Tallmadge city line for hours before returning to Cleveland.

The search party was in charge of Police Captain Anthony Destro, who handed out assignments to anyone who wanted to help in the massive operation. He lined up men, women and children and walked them through tangled undergrowth at the outskirts of the subdivision. It was terribly hot that morning but there were no complaints from the volun-



Uniformed police and homicide men planned shoulder-to-shoulder search for the little girls, aided by hundreds of volunteers

teers who were more concerned about the safety of little Lorna and Lori than they were their own comfort. Destro and his top sergeant, William Kuntz, seemed to be everywhere. Their command vehicle drove from point to point, setting up skirmish lines and driving back and forth between them to check tips about children seen near railroad tracks, vacant houses and in old abandoned cars.

Nothing checked out—but everything was checked. But all the checking stopped at 3 p.m. when the hacked-up bodies were found in the ditch nearly 10 miles from the girls' homes.

As Portage County Coroner Sybert and a host of homicide investigators examined the pitiful bodies lying grotesquely in the ditch near Brimfield, little Lori was still wearing the orange shorts and matching sleeveless blouse she had on when she left home. Her light blue sneakers were also intact but her light-colored plastic-framed eye glasses were missing from her once attractive face, which at the time was a mass of clotted blood. Later examination showed that she had been stabbed numerous times in the chest and her face and

neck had been slashed with a sharp instrument.

Criss-cross over her 72-pound, four foot, five-inch body was the cut and stabbed corpse of Lorna, Lori's constant companion . . . even in death. The little Ritz girl was also dressed in the same clothes she left home in, including pink shorts with a blue top.

Although the two girls' clothes were blood-soaked and ripped by the instrument used to slay them, Coroner Sybert said there were no indications that they had been sexually assaulted.

"Their shorts were in place," the county official said, "and we doubted that the killer had replaced them following an assault." Sybert's appraisal at the scene was later corroborated during an autopsy which revealed neither of the girls had been raped.

Homicide investigators did not rule out a sex motive, however, when they determined that the girls had apparently put up a valiant but vain struggle for their lives. Police said the girls' hands were badly slashed, indicating they had attempted to ward off a knife blade. Bits of human flesh and blood beneath their fingernails suggested (Continued on page 74)



Kenneth Lykens, neighbor of missing girls, helped in search and reported that they had talked to him earlier that night

The odds against such a thing happening are probably close

to a million to one, and it is surely unique in the annals

of crime—1,000 miles away from the bloody crime scene,

A SHARP-EYED TROOPER CAUGHT HIS COUSIN'S KILLERS

by **PETER OBERHOLTZER**

THE obviously excited man who telephoned the office of Lake County Sheriff Willis V. McCall in Tavares, Florida, said he was an employe of a sand mine about six miles east of Eustis, a city of 6,500 population in an esthetic section that is literally dotted with small lakes.

"We have a man here covered with blood. We need an ambulance," the caller said. It was late afternoon of Monday, February 15, 1971.

Despite the fact that the sheriff's office had been unusually busy that day, it was only minutes until Deputy Carl Mabry's official car skidded to a stop. The caller had not exaggerated—the man really was covered with blood.

Almost hysterical, the man identi-

fied himself as Nicholas Puhlick, 62. He gestured towards an orange grove about 600 yards away on the other side of State Road 44-A and in a voice edged with tears said his wife, Celia, 64, and her cousin by marriage, Robert Brinkworth, 54, also had been shot and were in the trunk of a car.

Deputy Mabry hurried across the road, took one horrified look, and raced back to his car radio. First, he asked for an ambulance to take Mr. Puhlick to a hospital in Eustis, then called for help from the sheriff.

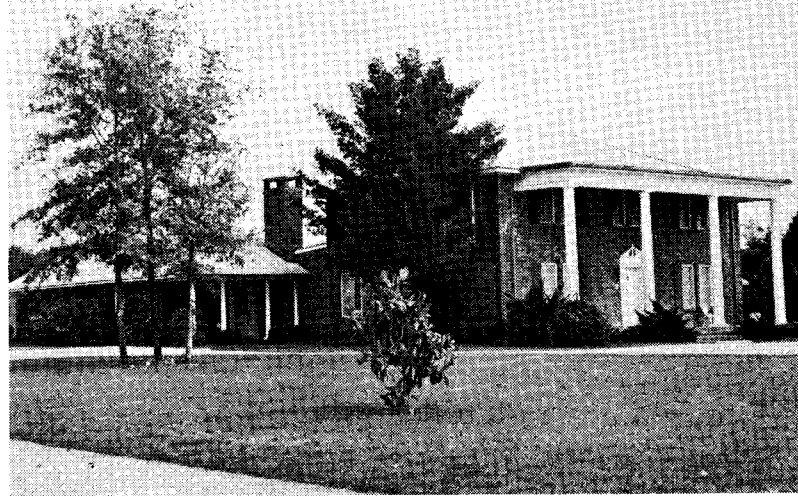
Within minutes, the normally quiet rural area was penetrated by the wail of ambulance and police sirens. Sheriff Willis McCall, his son, Chief Deputy Malcolm McCall, and a dozen other deputies were close behind the ambulance. Technician Earl Allison

followed in the Sheriff's Department's Mobile Crime and Rescue Unit, a combined rescue car and crime lab.

When Sheriff McCall and Technician Allison looked in the trunk of the car, they knew at once that both Mrs. Puhlick and Brinkworth were dead. They were soaked in blood and had been riddled with bullets as had the lid of the car trunk.

Before the ambulance took him away, Mr. Puhlick gave Sheriff McCall and Deputy Mabry a halting, obviously broken-hearted account of what had happened:

He and his wife lived in Fitchville, Connecticut, but had come to Florida on a trip that had included way stops to visit their children in New Jersey, Washington, D.C., and Jacksonville,



Shortly before the trunk murders, a 500 pound safe and guns were stolen from colonial mansion near Mount Dora, Florida

State Trooper Thomas Grabowski (above left) stopped killers for a traffic violation and learned they were responsible for murder of his cousin. Sheriff McCall and mansion owner Glenn Brown observe blood dripping from captured car (below)

Florida. For the 40 years of their married life, it had been their dream to move to Florida, build a house on a small tract and raise oranges.

Mrs. Puhlick's cousin was married to Robert Brinkworth, a real estate broker, and they had come to visit the Brinkworths in their home between Eustis and Mount Dora. Mr. and Mrs. Brinkworth had heard a great deal about the dream of the Puhlicks some day to live near and nourish an orange grove.

Although Mr. Brinkworth usually took Mondays off, he was so impressed by the desire of the Puhlicks to acquire a tract with an orange grove and space for a home that he had scouted around and found what he thought would be a desirable tract—actually two 5-acre tracts that ad-



joined. Both were for sale. So instead of taking Monday off, he drove the Puhlicks out to see the property.

The only thing that saved Mrs. Brinkworth was that she was working and didn't have the day off. Otherwise, she would have accompanied them.

The two tracts were across from a sand mine, on State Road 44-A where large trucks made frequent trips during the day, the last one about 5:30 p.m. Close to the sand mine on the other side of the road was the home of the owner of one of the tracts.

The enthusiasm of the couple at the prospect of finding a place for their dream house was contagious and Mr. Brinkworth became enthusiastic too. He tried to contact the owner of one of the tracts but he was away on business. Brinkworth decided to show the tract, anyway. There were a few houses in the area, but they were not very close together.

The tracts were reached by a narrow rutted road off State Road 44-A. Brinkworth drove onto the rutted road and headed for a small clearing just ahead. Even before the car stopped, the couple imagined the fruition of their dream—a neat, white concrete block house in the midst of an orange grove, where their 15 grandchildren could visit and romp.

The price tag of the property was \$11,500, but Mr. Puhlick had saved his money, as had his wife, who also had worked at times. They told Brinkworth they'd be able to swing the deal.

In a matter of seconds, the dream was shattered.

At the end of the clearing where they had planned to look was the property. A four-door 1970 green Ford was parked there and near it were two young men, who were trying to jimmy open a small safe. Nearby was a small arsenal, including a rifle and an automatic pistol.

Mr. Puhlick pointed to the end of the trail and Technician Allison could see fresh tracks apparently made by the Ford. He got material from his portable crime lab to make plaster casts.

Continuing, Mr. Puhlick said the two youths jumped up and each grabbed a gun. They were aimed at the trio who were ordered to get out of Brinkworth's Chrysler. They unwillingly complied.

Their pockets were emptied of all money, which was placed on the hood of the Chrysler. They searched the car and inside found an envelope said to contain \$400; one jammed it in his pocket. Then Mr. Brinkworth was ordered to unlock the trunk and raise the lid. Waving the guns, the youths forced Mr. Puhlick to remove the spare tire and crawl in. Then his wife and Brinkworth were ordered in, too.

With no more compunction than if they had been shooting at sit-

ting ducks on a rifle range, the youths opened fire. Bullets struck Mrs. Puhlick in the chest and Brinkworth in the abdomen. Mr. Puhlick, shielded by the others, was struck by a bullet that grazed a bloody path across the top of his chest and plunged into the fleshy part of his forearm. Whether the bullet had hit a vital spot was yet to be determined.

More bullets were sprayed into the trio in the trunk and Mr. Puhlick played dead. The trunk lid was slammed shut and Mr. Puhlick could hear the locking mechanism click. Even if his wife and Brinkworth were not dead, the lack of oxygen soon would suffocate them.

But the youths were not through. Apparently they had reloaded their guns. Now, they emptied their guns at the closed trunk. One of the bullets struck the lock and tore it apart. This provided a narrow opening through which Mr. Puhlick could see

daylight. The two youths were not visible, but he could hear them hammering at the safe. This continued for almost an hour, until finally he heard the starting of the Ford's engine and the squealing of tires as it raced away.

Still bleeding profusely, Mr. Puhlick raised the lid of the trunk and crawled out, over the bodies of his wife and Brinkworth, also gory with blood. He didn't know what time it was—when the bullet had struck his forearm, the impact had slammed his wrist against the back of the trunk, breaking the watch. The hands showed it had stopped at 3:45.

He staggered across the road in search of help.

The officers could see that the trauma from which he was suffering was growing worse and they restricted their questioning to only the most necessary information:

Did he get (Continued on page 59)



Nicholas Puhlick's dream of contentment in Florida was shattered when his wife was savagely shot to death, and he narrowly escaped the same bloody fate

There was a time when kids courted favor with big red apples for the schoolmarm, but in this instance, Oklahoma probers found reason to suspect someone had come up with a lethal new wrinkle...

A DEADLY BOMB FOR THE PRETTY TEACHER

by BILL COX

THE 24TH Judicial District Courtroom at Sapulpa, Oklahoma was packed with spectators on this Tuesday, June 15, 1971. Scheduled was the preliminary hearing in one of the most shocking and sensational mystery slayings in Sooner State history. The spectators were not alone in their avid curiosity. Newspapermen and television reporters from all of Oklahoma's big city papers and TV stations waited anxiously to hear the state unreel its evidence against the burly defendant, a mystery man in his own right.

It was a climactic moment in a homicide case that had stirred repercussions all the way into the Oklahoma governor's office and had brought some of the state's crack investigative talent into the puzzling probe. It was a case filled with sinister rumbling, literally; a case that had been the peak in a seemingly unending reign of terror in four counties in Northeast Oklahoma that extended back as far as seven years and included, in the unbelievable developments, bomb assassination attempts on a hard-hitting county prosecutor and a distinguished district judge.

Tragically, it was a case in which a pretty young school teacher died horribly. It was a case that prompted the best of Oklahoma's legal minds to wonder if a ruthless mastermind or a mad bomb killer was behind the series of events that struck terror into the hearts of even ordinary Oklahoma citizens.

It was a case in which all present hoped the proverbial bombshell would not drop as the preliminary hearing got underway, at least literally. In fact, at that point, an exploding firecracker would have been enough to send some people scrambling for cover . . .

It began on a chilly Tuesday morning, February 2, 1971, in Bristow, Oklahoma, a small town southwest of Tulsa.

In a small white frame house in the 500 block of East Lincoln, 28-year-old Mrs. Fern Bolding was preparing to drive to the Washington Elementary School, where she was a kindergarten teacher. Her five-year-old daughter, Kimberly, was a pupil in her mother's class. It was about 7:45 a.m. on this crisp winter morning when the pretty teacher, leaving her

daughter in the living room for some last-minute television watching, went outside to warm up the green 1970 pickup that she had been driving only recently.

The young woman's husband, Don, had left for work earlier, taking the small compact car usually driven by his wife. He had started driving the car to his job with a trucking firm at Stroud, a small town 17 miles from Bristow, a few days ago to save money on gasoline, since the smaller vehicle got more mileage per gallon.

Getting into the pickup which was parked in the driveway about 15 feet from the back door of the house, Fern Bolding inserted the key and turned on the ignition. It was her last act in this life. A tremendous explosion shattered the morning stillness.

Neighbors who rushed outside were met with a tableau of horror.

Crumpled and ripped apart as if by a giant hand, the blackened, twisted wreckage of the pickup truck was strewn over a wide area, the skeletal chassis still smoking. More horrible still was the sight of the broken, burned body of Fern Bolding which lay in a neighbor's yard, where fire from the burning clothing of the

young woman had spread into the grass. The rear portion of the Bolding residence also was in flames, and windows in the house and nearby residences were shattered.

The horrified neighbors saw little Kimberly Bolding run from the flaming house, clad in pajamas and shoes, and screaming, "Mommy, Mommy, my mommy!"

As the neighbors rushed forward to intercept the child and to extinguish the several small fires started in grass around the Bolding home, they saw that the pitiful form which had been the vivacious kindergarten teacher was beyond any help. Several residents of the area placed calls to

the Bristow police and fire departments.

Among the first officers and other officials to reach the scene were Bristow Policeman Andy Mayfield, Creek County Sheriff Brice Coleman, District Attorney David Young, Assistant District Attorney Stephen Foster and Bristow Fire Chief Lloyd Frump.

Investigators surveying the scene were appalled at the force of the thundering blast that had propelled the body of the school teacher more than 100 feet, over the rooftop of her home, and into the adjoining yard. Evidence was found that showed the hurtling, flaming form had struck a carport next door before landing on the grass.

From the appearance of the truck wreckage, the lawmen and firemen immediately ruled out any explosion resulting from gasoline, butane or propane. It was obvious that some kind of bomb had destroyed the vehicle and the life of Fern Bolding. The grim-faced lawmen, within minutes after their arrival, were convinced that they were faced with a demonic execution, one of the most cold-blooded acts in the state's history.

One of the officers who arrived was white-faced and extremely upset. He was Police Chief Gene Bolding of Tahlequah, Oklahoma, a brother of the bomb victim's husband.

Also converging on the neighborhood as word of the terrible tragedy spread through official ranks were FBI agents, federal Alcohol, Tax and Firearms agents, agents of the Okla-

homa Bureau of Investigation, state fire marshal's agents and others. An ambulance from a local funeral home waited to remove the body.

As firemen worked to extinguish a smouldering bale of hay at the rear of the Bolding residence and the smaller fires that had blackened patches of grass, investigators began the tedious task of gathering the far-flung scraps of truck debris and sought other possible clues. Pieces of the pickup were scattered over a half-block radius. The hood of the truck was found on the roof of a nearby house.

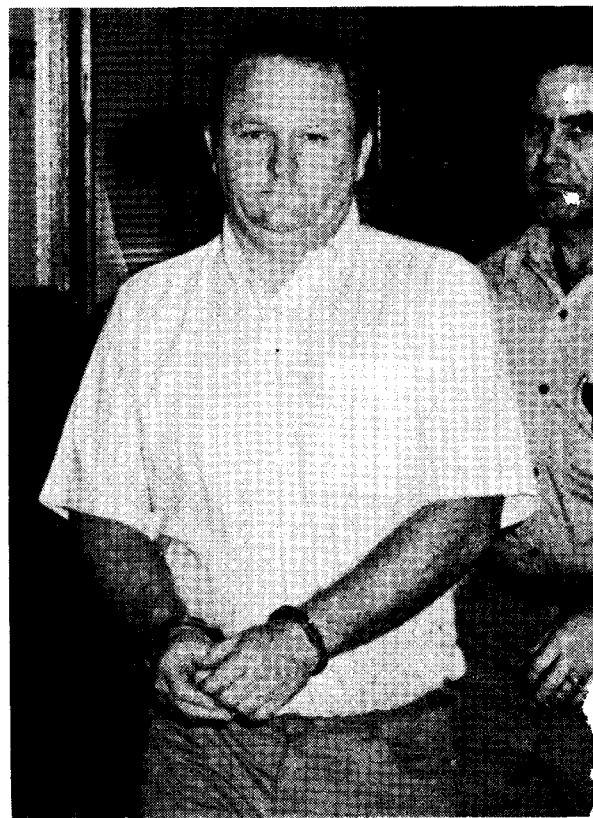
Meanwhile, Don Bolding, notified at his place of employment of his wife's death, was placed under sedation. The Boldings' little daughter was turned over to relatives.

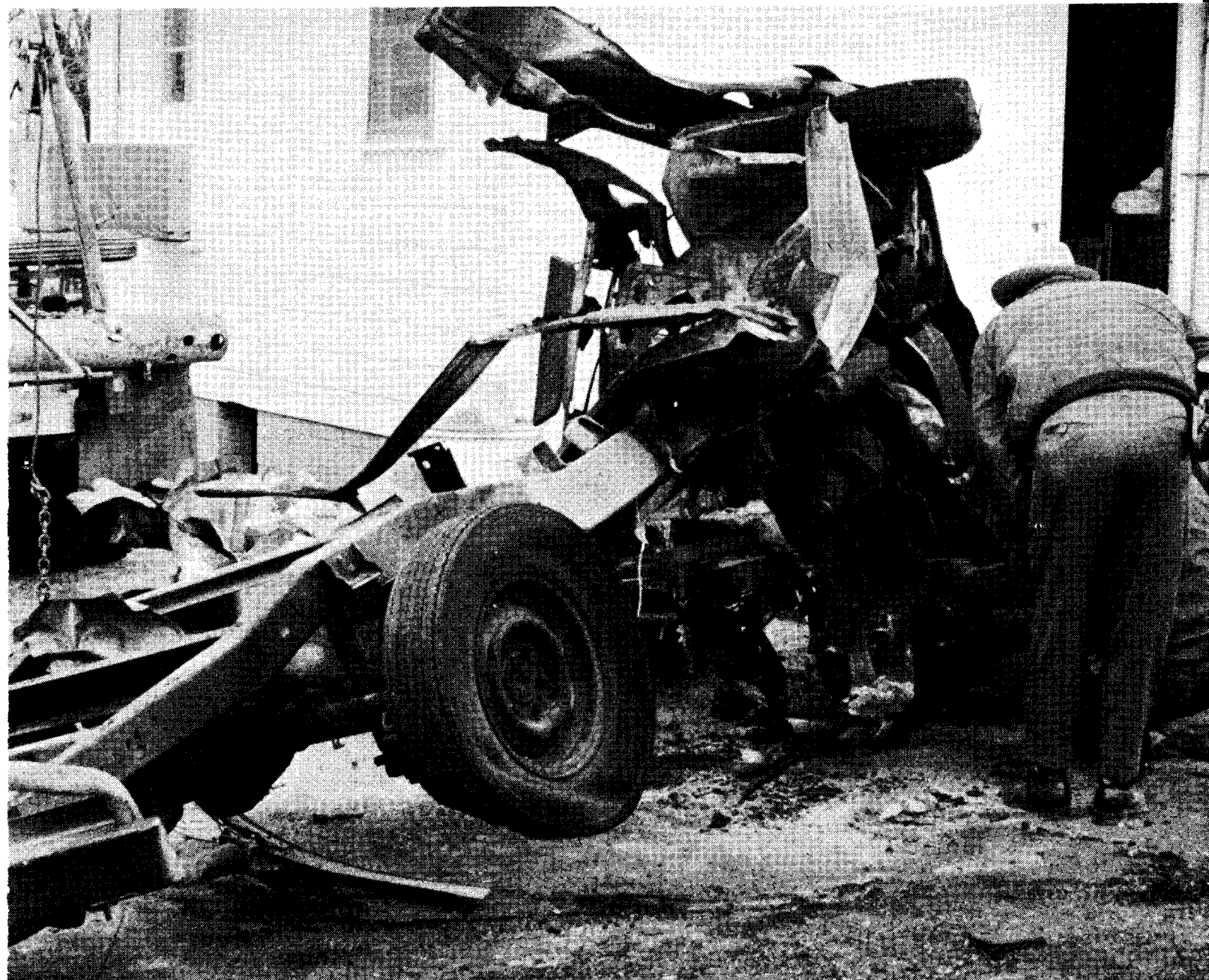
In the minds of those who knew the family, Don and Fern Bolding would have seemed the least likely of targets for such a ruthless death trap. Fern was known as a dedicated young teacher, a devoted wife and mother, a devout church member. A highly intelligent young woman, Fern Bolding had been the salutatorian of her high school graduating class. Thirty-year-old Don Bolding was a hard-working truck driver, devoted to his family and church. Both young people had impeccable reputations.

However, because of one recent development in the life of Don Bolding, the investigators probing the heinous death of the lovely young teacher were of one mind on one thing:



A technician screens debris for clues (upper left), while bomb-smashed death vehicle is reconstructed (lower left) and a suspect is arrested in probe (right)





Officers survey wreckage of twisted pickup at Bolding home where bomb attached to ignition blasted pretty teacher to death

They felt that the deadly bomb had been meant for Don Bolding, not his wife!

Their belief was based on the fact that Bolding had been destined to appear as a state's witness in a truck theft case in Tulsa on Friday—just three days hence. Although the case itself was routine, the defendant involved was not—at least as far as lawmen in Northeast Oklahoma were concerned.

What's more, the defendant facing the truck theft charge had been a prime suspect in one of two bomb assassination attempts in the past two years!

Actually, the bomb terror that had swept four counties in the Tulsa area went all the way back to the early 1960's and was believed to be closely linked to underworld operations.

In 1964, a bomber tossed six sticks of dynamite underneath the unoccupied automobile of Muskogee Police

Chief Earl Newton. In the late '60s, three private clubs at Tahlequah were wrecked by bombs, and a local motor company was damaged badly by an intentional blast. In September, 1966, a crusading newspaper, The Tahlequah Pictorial Press, fell victim to a bomber. The paper's press was knocked out, but the paper was printed at another plant. A bomb hurled into a liquor store in Sallisaw caused damages estimated at \$25,000, and a bomb smashed a heavy equipment firm in Wagoner. Officers noted the bombings appeared to be concentrated in the four counties of Adair, Cherokee, Sequoyah and Wagoner.

Then came the bombings in which there was little doubt that the victim had been marked for death. Miraculously, both men—although they suffered severe injuries—escaped death.

It was raining on Saturday afternoon, June 14, 1969, when Bill Bliss, assistant district attorney of Chero-

kee county, started to leave his house in Tahlequah. The prosecutor was going to drive to his parents' home to pick up some more jars for his wife, who was canning. Because of the rain, the couple's four-year-old son, Billy, was playing in the garage, with the garage door up. The youngster asked to accompany his father, but Bliss told him no, that he was coming right back.

The 33-year-old Bliss got into his 1958 green pickup, parked in the drive about four feet from the garage, and turned on the ignition. A terrific explosion blew the vehicle 40 feet backward, with parts of the front flying into the air. The concussion knocked little Billy Bliss across the garage interior, although he wasn't injured. The garage filled with thick blue smoke from the blast.

Bliss, bleeding from several wounds and in shock, staggered from the pickup as (Continued on page 50)

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



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

CLICK HERE TO LEARN MORE!

Georgia homicide probes, after ruling out other possibilities, came up with a startling alternative, but to prove it, they'd have to come up with some solid evidence, beginning with a logical explanation for the key puzzler:

WHY WAS JOYCE MADE THE CLAY PIGEON IN A MURDER PLOT?

by **HOWARD E. NELSON**

MRS. BETTY GUARDINO lay quietly on the sofa, not sleeping but just taking a few minutes respite from a busy, crowded day. Suddenly she stiffened, and a small gasp escaped from the manager of the mobile home park in Marietta, Georgia. Although her eyes were wide open, Mrs. Guardino obviously was far, far away. Just as suddenly as she had been seized by the strange stupor, she was released: immediately she hopped up, grabbed a pen and paper and hastily began scribbling.

Paul Guardino had watched his wife's activities with no little interest. "What is it, Honey? Had another one?" he inquired.

"Yes," she answered. "And it's bad. Somebody's going to die, somebody we know, in three days or three

weeks or three months. I can't tell which."

Guardino would remember those words. He remembered them three days later, and with the memory came a sense of foreboding, a feeling that death lurked somewhere amidst the ranks of mobile homes which occupied the park managed by his wife.

The day slipped by, however, and with it went Guardino's nagging unease. One by one, the other brisk days of that November, 1970, dropped off the calendar: Thanksgiving came and went, and Marietta's merchants industriously began decorating their shop windows for the fast-approaching Christmas season.

The business run by John Padgett Jr. wasn't exactly the sort where one drops into to pick up a Christmas gift, but with the Georgia winter just around the corner of the coming New

Year, the 37-year-old businessman was busy stocking up on items such as tire chains and anti-freeze. North Georgia may be in the sunny Southland, but it still gets pretty cold.

Padgett was still in the process of shaping up the B-P station on the Villa Rica Road just outside Marietta. He had taken over the business just seven weeks earlier, moving from another station on Highway 5, and only now was beginning to recognize the regular customers from the neighborhood.

The service station operator had one gold-plated asset in his business: His wife, Joyce 38, whose grasp of merchandising was every bit as good as her husband's. Attractive Joyce Padgett not only would help out around the station when needed, but also did all of her husband's book-keeping.

Thus it was that on Friday night, December 4th, the pretty brunette mother of five was at the station, tallying up the receipts and disbursements for the week.

Business had been slow that day but, since Joyce had spent most of the day visiting her ill father, who was in the hospital, Padgett had fallen behind. He suggested that he and his step-daughter, Linda, 17, drive by the grocery store to pick up something for supper, stop off at the bank and post office, and meet Mrs. Padgett at home. Joyce, meanwhile, was to stay at the station and finish up the books, then meet her husband and daughter at home.

The Padgetts lived in a mobile home park. The park was managed by Betty Guardino.

Linda and her stepfather were home by 9:45 p.m., and Padgett expressed some surprise that his wife was not there also. As Linda heated up supper, he fretted around the mobile home and finally, around 10 p.m., suggested that perhaps they should drive back to the station to see what had kept Mrs. Padgett.

The service station operator drove slowly, over the route he figured his wife would take, and Linda watched to see if perhaps her mother had encountered car trouble. Arriving at the station, Joyce's car parked on the station apron told them immediately that if she'd had trouble, it wasn't while driving home.

The headlights of Padgett's car silhouetted a scene which told a more graphic story.

"As soon as we pulled into the station and the lights hit the station, we saw it," a shaken Padgett said later. "She was lying in the lot next to her car. We jumped out of the car and ran to her.

"I felt her hand and it was cold. My daughter was screaming 'Mommy, Mommy . . .' I thought for a moment that maybe she was just sick. I closed her eye, and it felt warm. I was hoping there was still life in her. Then we called the police and she was taken to the hospital.

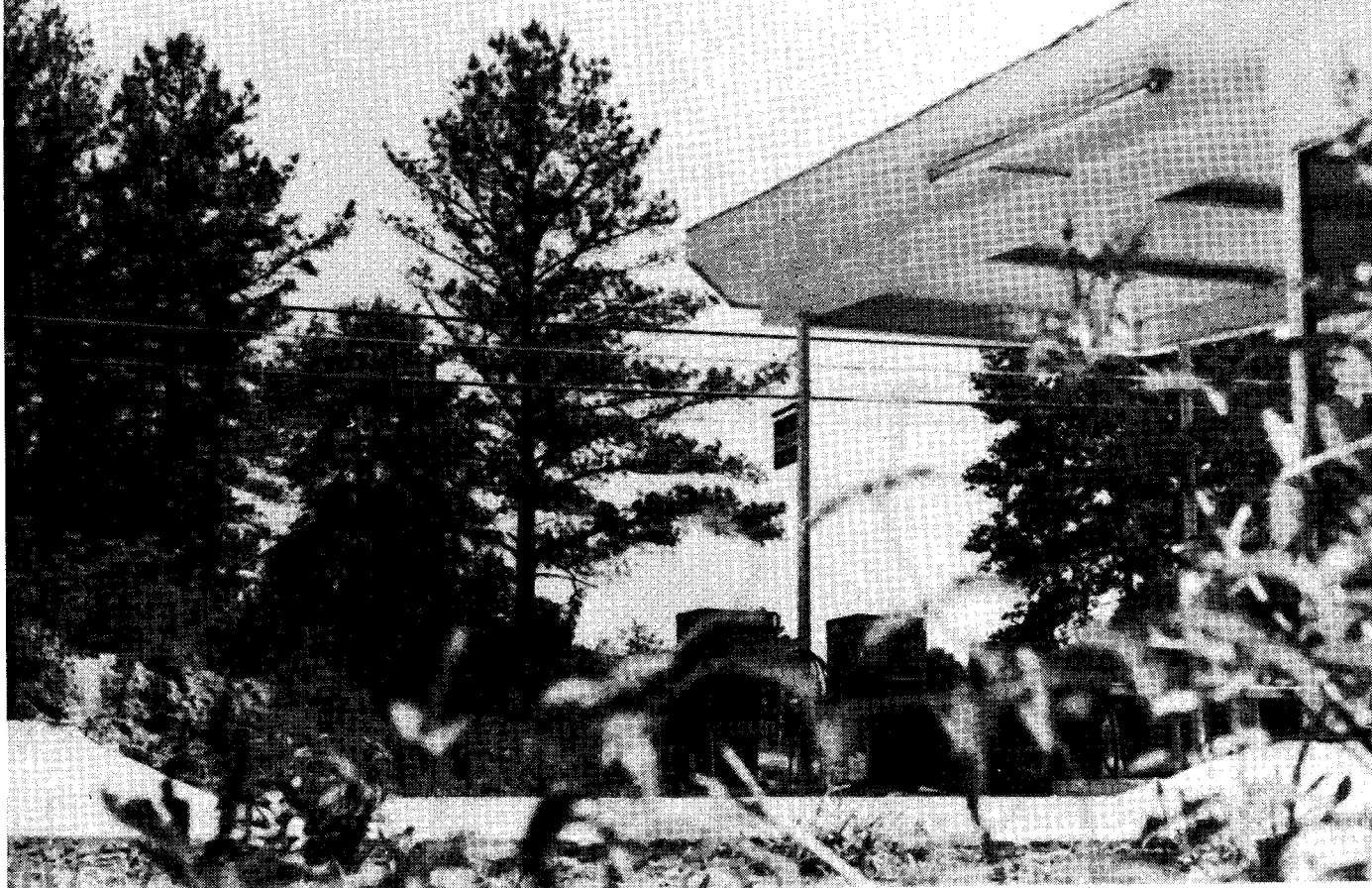
"I tried to hold my daughter. She was crying and screaming. We had to help and take care of each other."

The date was December 4, 1970—three weeks to the day after Betty Guardino had said death would strike an acquaintance of the Guardinos soon.

Captain Albert Lingerfelt of the Cobb County Police Department was half an hour away from knocking off for the night when the call came in about a possible homicide five miles away, at the intersection of the Villa



When Marietta police arrived at the B-P service station, they found pretty Mrs. Joyce Padgett (right) with two gaping shotgun wounds in her chest (above) . . .



A killer lurked behind this low bluff to gun down the attractive wife and mother as she left gas station for her family home

Rica Road and Dallas Highway. Within minutes, Lingerfelt was at the station, where he was greeted by a uniformed patrolman. Ten yards from the door of the station, Lingerfelt noted the white Cadillac. Under the open car door sprawled the body of a woman.

The captain, a veteran of over two decades with the Cobb County department, nodded at the patrolman, then turned as Padgett walked up, numbly introduced himself, and indicated that the body was that of his wife.

Lingerfelt, businesslike but still sympathetic, gathered the skeleton details of what had occurred from Mr. Padgett, then began the initial survey of the scene itself.

The rear of the Cadillac backed up to a sharp embankment, and the car's left front door was open. Beneath the door lay Joyce Padgett. Two gaping wounds were visible in her chest, and Lingerfelt from long experience identified them immediately as shotgun wounds. A set of car keys, only inches from her left hand, indicated the victim had been preparing to leave when her unknown assailant had ended forever any more homecomings. A quick search of the car revealed nothing of any significance, except for a shoe print on the inside of the window on the driver's side. The print appeared to match the sneakers Mrs. Padgett was wearing, but Lingerfelt nonetheless made a mental note of the item.

The search of the car, however,

failed to turn up at least one thing Lingerfelt figured should be present: The victim's purse. Padgett confirmed the captain's suspicions; his wife, he said, had been carrying a purse when he left the station earlier that evening, and the pocketbook had contained about \$40. Since the victim's clothes were not disarranged and there was no other evidence of a sexual assault, the obvious conclusion was that the motive for the slaying was robbery.

The homicide captain indicated that one of the other detectives should move the car into the service station garage, then for the next hour he directed a search of the premises—including the adjacent bluff, which Lingerfelt suspected had hidden the ambusher—for empty shotgun casings. The search was fruitless; whoever had cut down Joyce Padgett had had enough foresight not to leave such tell-tale evidence around.

News of the brutal slaying spread rapidly throughout Marietta the next day. The death of Joyce Padgett, though, was just the beginning. Seven days later a pretty blonde Girl Scout sales representative, Susan Doty, turned up missing, and on December 16th her body was found, bound hand and foot, buried beneath a blanket of leaves about half a mile off a Cobb County freeway.

And on January 28, 1971, the partially nude body of Delores Evelyn Gray, an attractive brunette, was found beside her car on Old Spring Road in Cobb County. Miss Gray had

been strangled; Miss Doty had been suffocated.

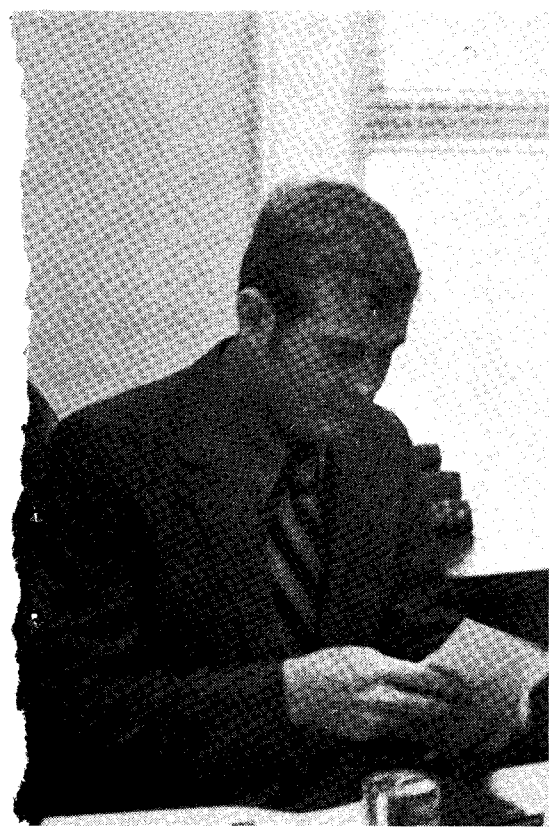
Those tragedies were in the future, however. On December 5th, Mariettans were concerned over the savage shotgun slaying of Joyce Padgett. At the funeral home that day, a new widower sadly noted that just a week before he had discussed the possibility of a robbery with his wife.

"The station had been broken into once at night," he recalled, "so I asked her what she would do if someone walked in and pointed a gun at her and asked her for the money. She said she would laugh in the robber's face, and that he would be so embarrassed that he would leave. But this happened outside the station, and she didn't have a chance to laugh. She was like that, though—lively."

The Padgetts had been married only six years—in fact, they had been married twice during the preceding six years.

The first time had been in 1965, after both had been unsuccessful at earlier marriages. That initial attempt at matrimony between Joyce and the service station operator had ended after three months: Both were still unsettled after the failures of their first marriages, and simply were unprepared for another trip to the altar. The attraction between the two was too great, however, and within months they once more were smelling orange blossoms. That time, it had taken, and the Padgetts had remained man and wife for six years.

"She was everywhere with me dur-



Asst. DA George Darden (left) and DA Ben Smith (right) had to call halt to the presentation of evidence when the case kept developing during the trial

ing that six years," Padgett said, "at the other station and everywhere. She always worked with me."

Among those most shocked by news of the tragedy was Betty Guardino. Pulling out the notes she had made the night she had predicted a death among someone they knew, she explained:

"I had this vision of a woman's hand reaching out to open a coffin lid. She raised the lid and the hand turned into a skeleton, symbolizing death. I saw the woman's face—she had high cheekbones and greying hair. I wrote down everything I saw.

"After this terrible killing, we realized what it was that I had seen. Of course, when I saw the vision, I did not know who it was. We were afraid it would be someone in our family, but I couldn't place the face. I met the Padgetts later the same day, but it did not register with me that she was the same woman whose face I had seen in the vision."

"As we understand it from the police," Mrs. Guardino said of the recent arrival at the mobile home park said, "Mrs. Padgett opened the door to her car after closing the service station, when the killer fired on her twice and killed her while her hand was on the car door. The coffin lid I saw was the car door, and the skeleton was the hand of Death."

For Captain Albert Lingerfelt, though, Mrs. Guardino's vision was of little assistance in tracking down the killer. The sole clue she could furnish in that direction was that the killer had been driving an old drab-colored truck. Drab-colored trucks were a prevalent item in Marietta, and the homicide captain did not feel justified in stopping and questioning

every driver of such a vehicle, especially on the strength of an amateur mystic's vision. He did, however, have the white Cadillac thoroughly inspected for fingerprints; the only ones turned up were those of members of the Padgett family and a couple of employes of the service station, Henry Huiel and Pete Bastogne. Padgett explained that both men occasionally drove the automobile: Huiel, in fact, had moved the car from one side of the station to the other, at his request, just before he had left on the night his wife was slain.

The autopsy report did little more

than confirm Lingerfelt's observations at the scene. The pathologist reported that the victim had been killed with a shotgun, and that wadding found in the body indicated it might have been a 12 gauge. Inasmuch as he could not be positive of even that, though, Cobb County's homicide division was almost right back where it had started.

The autopsy report did cast some illumination on the type of killer being sought. According to the pathologist, Mrs. Padgett had been shot once, apparently from some distance away, and then had been blasted again, this time from pointblank range. The

Capt. Lingerfelt (left) and Det. Cruse (right) found victim's purse to be a vital piece of evidence when unknown informant gave clue to its location . . .



obvious conclusion was that the slayer had gunned down his victim, then moved in closer to lift her purse and make sure of her death with a second charge from the scattergun.

The Padgetts were not known to keep large sums of money at the service station, and for a \$40 robbery such brutality was scarcely believable. Captain Lingerfelt had no doubt the killer was a man: Shot guns are not a feminine weapon. He could not shake a lingering belief that more than just robbery was involved, however.

For one thing, the shooting apparently had been planned, at least to some degree, because the killer had lain in wait behind the embankment. That alone was sufficient to raise doubts. The way Lingerfelt figured it, anyone interested enough in lifting the station's receipts would not have hidden outside waiting for the station to close; instead, they would simply have barged in and held up the lone woman attendant.

There was one other aspect of the slaying which gave Lingerfelt pause—the sheer brutality of the crime.

Savagery in sex slayings was not unusual, he knew: A twisted mind caught in the throes of passion is capable of almost anything, experience had taught him. But nothing in the crime indicated that Joyce Padgett had been the victim of a sex slayer. Thus, the fact that the attractive housewife and mother had been shot once, then blasted again where she had fallen, puzzled Lingerfelt. In his view, a robber would have accomplished his purpose once he had wounded his victim so gravely she was unable to rise. The second shot would seem to indicate that either the killer was known to Mrs. Padgett, and didn't want her alive to identify him, or that a motive other than robbery had been involved and that Mrs. Padgett's death itself had been the primary object of the crime. Or, Captain Lingerfelt mused, it could be both: The slayer was an acquaintance of Mrs. Padgett who wanted her dead, and the stolen purse had simply been a coverup.

The more he thought about it, the more sense it made. Finally Lingerfelt decided to act. Calling in Detective Robert Cruse, the homicide captain instructed Cruse to begin an exhaustive check of Joyce Padgett's background, to talk with relatives and friends, customers of the station—anyone who might be able to give some insight into who would want Joyce Padgett dead.

Cruse went to work immediately—and just as promptly ran across some rather interesting information. The Padgetts, he learned, had been a sort of small-time "his and hers" bootlegging team.

To one unacquainted with the mores of North Georgia, accusing one of being a bootlegger might appear to be a damning indictment. To Southerners of mountain heritage in Tennes-

see and North Carolina, and especially Georgia, such an accusation is not a stigma. The mountain tradition runs strong in North Georgia, and a part of that tradition is the right—regardless of what the state and federal governments say—to convert a little of one's crop into corn likker, the white lightnin' for which the state is famous. While bootlegging could not rightfully be called an honorable profession, it certainly is viewed as no more dishonorable than that of the bookies who frequent the sidewalks of New York and Chicago. Thirsty Georgia residents, in fact, saddled with a plethora of restrictive drinking laws, more often than not regard their local bootlegger in a kindly light. Generally he deals not only in home brew, but also in legitimate booze which may or may not bear the state beverage tax stamps. Whatever the nature of his merchandise, though, the bootlegger is often the only way a dry Georgian can obtain a nip on Sunday or after midnight on Saturday or in many of the state's dry areas.

The fact that the Padgetts dabbled in illicit booze did not shock Lingerfelt. But there was another aspect to

the situation. While not a harmless undertaking—besides the loss to the state due to untaxed liquor, moonshine poisoning is not an infrequent cause of death in Georgia—the sale of homemade and illegal liquor didn't usually lead to ambush slayings.

Such phenomena were not unknown, however. Captain Lingerfelt recalled the case several years before in which a crusading new district attorney, Floyd Hoard, had died when a bomb wired into his car had exploded. Several members of a bootlegging ring ultimately were convicted for the official's assassination. In the captain's view, it was improbable, but still possible, that Mrs. Padgett had been slain as a result of conflict between feuding bootlegging factions.

Even as he was pondering that hypothesis, trying to determine in which direction to head the investigation, the captain received a call which could—or could not—serve to confirm his supposition.

The call was from an informer, who claimed that Henry Huiel, the youth employed by Padgett at the service station, had been the person who had

The victim's daughter, Linda Padgett, engaged in courtroom dramatics at murder trial and was arrested by an irate judge on charges of contempt





A tip by an informant that John Padgett (left) had over \$40,000 in life insurance policies on his wife led detectives to probe his activities and question an employe, Henry Huiel, (right) who reportedly was very close to the victim, Joyce Padgett . . .

so cruelly gunned down Joyce Padgett.

Lingerfelt knew Huiel's family, and had for years. At least one member of the family, he was aware, had himself occasionally dabbled in moonshine and illegal whiskey; Henry himself had an insatiable craving for the potent mountain dew. The youth's connection with the 'shine trade was just tenuous enough to give some substance to Lingerfelt's hypothesis. The captain decided he had best have a chat with John Padgett.

He found the service station operator busily at work, but cooperative and willing to knock off if it would assist in the investigation. Adroitly, Lingerfelt began questioning the widower about family friends and other acquaintances, and finally worked his way around to the two employes of the station, Bastogne and Huiel.

The interview proved to be of little help, however. Not only could Padgett not offer any suggestions on the possible identity of his wife's killer, but he also expressed serious doubt that Huiel could have been involved. The youth was especially fond of his wife, Padgett said, and it was unthinkable that he could have cold-bloodedly pumped two shotgun blasts into her.

Undismayed, Captain Lingerfelt "assigned" his informer to keep watch on Huiel to see if he could turn up any additional information.

In the meantime, along with Cruse and Detective Jim Leggette, Lingerfelt continued his interviews with anyone he could find who had had contact with Joyce Padgett. Linda, Mrs. Padgett's 17-year-old stepdaughter, married shortly before Christmas and moved to Birmingham. The three detectives took a few days off and drove to Birmingham to talk with the daughter. While there, they also talked with other Padgett relatives. They also were kept busy tracking down well over 100 "leads" phoned in by well-meaning citizens. It was during this dogged pursuit of solid information that the sleuths made a highly interesting discovery:

John Padgett, they learned, had something like \$40,000 in insurance on his wife's life! That in itself wasn't too startling, but coupled with the fact that the insurance policies were with several different companies, it certainly was reason to speculate.

Speculate, however, was all the detectives could do. A tip from an informer allegedly identifying Henry Huiel as the killer, and knowledge that the victim's husband had insured her life for a substantial amount, simply was not enough on which to base an arrest on a capital charge.

Captain Lingerfelt, however, was in no real hurry. From long experience he knew that sometimes, contrary to the general rule, haste

should not be a part of a homicide investigation, that sometimes it is best simply to let events take their course and be prepared for the break which inevitably would come. In this instance, time proved him eminently correct.

On February 10th, almost a month and a half after Joyce Padgett had been cut down by an unknown killer, the informer called once more. This time, rather than a vague accusation against Henry Huiel, the informer had some real information. The shotgun used to murder the unsuspecting housewife had turned up, he said—but not in Henry Huiel's hands.

Instead, he said, he thought the gun was being held by Pete Bastogne, Padgett's other employe at the service station!

By now, the investigation had developed so many possible angles that Captain Lingerfelt wasn't even stopping to try to puzzle them out. He simply relied on instinctive gut reactions developed over the years as a lawman. The reaction in this instance was surprising! With a solid lead as to exactly where he could find the murder weapon, the captain decided to do absolutely nothing! It was a chance, he knew, but the shotgun itself would be virtually useless as far as obtaining ballistic evidence, since scatterguns don't have rifled barrels. Moreover, he felt that with a little more time, (Continued on page 54)

In the wake of an astonishing account of seven more bizarre murders from a man they had tracked down after a weird motel strangling, Kansas City probers had to weigh the question:

by
**STEVE
HAMILTON**

DID A SEX KILLER MURDER THE MIDWEST



Police examine wrecked Cadillac found abandoned across Kansas River which gave them substantial lead in the strange case

TWO MEN, their eyes squinting in the bright mid-day sun of May 5, 1971, walked briskly along a second floor ramp on the east side of the Holiday Inn Motel adjacent to the Municipal Air Terminal in Kansas City, Missouri. One was Walter Simmons, the Administrator of a hospital in Smithville, Missouri, a Kansas City suburb located a few miles north of the Air Terminal. The other was the motel manager. The men didn't talk, but continued their purposeful strides until they reached the door of a second floor room.

Simmons knocked on the door. When there was no response he knocked again, louder. When there still was no acknowledgment of the rapping on the door he called out, "Doctor, Doctor, are you in there?"

After waiting several moments, Simmons gestured toward the motel manager, who held a room key in his hand. The manager inserted the key in the lock and opened the door. The men paused and then stepped into the room.

Although it was 12:30 o'clock in the afternoon the drapes were drawn and it took a few seconds for the men's eyes to become accustomed to the semi-darkness. When they did adjust, they quickly widened in surprise and shock.

Lying face down on the rumpled bed was a body!

After bending over the bed to look at the victim's face, Simmons slowly straightened and nodded soberly toward the motel manager.

"It's him. He's dead," he said in a stunned voice.

The manager picked up the telephone and told the switchboard operator to put him through to the police. When the operator completed the call, the manager asked to speak to the police dispatcher. He told him that a man apparently was dead in a room at his motel.

The Airport Holiday Inn is located virtually on the bank of the Missouri River which separates the Air Terminal and downtown Kansas City and is only a few blocks from Police Headquarters. Within minutes uniformed officers followed by detectives from the Crimes Against Persons Unit were swarming around the motel. Captain James Campbell took charge of the investigation.

In talking with Mr. Simmons, Captain Campbell learned that the victim was Dr. Samuel B. Chapman, 53 years old, a radiologist at the Smithville hospital where Simmons was Administrator.

A preliminary examination of the body indicated that Dr. Chapman had been dead several hours. The body was nude. It was covered by a sheet and blanket. Lying on the bed near the body was a towel. There was a small amount of blood near a puncture-type wound on the face which caused the officers to conclude that the doctor probably had been shot.

As he surveyed the room Captain Campbell noted that there was no indication of a struggle. The bed was slightly rumpled, but no more so than was to be expected from someone lying in it. However, when he examined the victim's clothes, one of the detectives immediately remarked that it appeared they had been rifled. The detective told Campbell that he could not find a billfold, a money clip, or any such items that a professional man would be ex-

DOCTORS?



Hospital staff became alarmed when Dr. Samuel Chapman (inset) failed to report for work; his nude body was found in motel

pected to carry. The room itself, though, did not appear to have been ransacked. In the bathroom detectives found Dr. Chapman's driver's license lying on a table near the sink.

Mr. Simmons explained to the officers how he happened to find the doctor's body at the motel. He said that when Chapman failed to arrive at the hospital at the customary time of 9 o'clock that morning, members of the staff became concerned. As time passed and there was no word from Chapman, Simmons was notified of the doctor's absence.

Simmons told the police that he also was a little worried because Dr. Chapman had not been heard from. He knew that he had planned to attend a dinner meeting in North Kansas City the night before and that he lived in Prairie Village, another suburb across the state line in Kansas which was at least 50 miles south of where the dinner meeting was held.

The Administrator said his first reaction to Dr. Chapman's absence was that the doctor had decided to spend the night in a nearby motel rather than make the long drive home late at night only to have to return early the next morning.

Simmons then called several of the better motels in the area to see if the doctor was registered as a guest. When he contacted the Airport Holiday Inn, he learned that Dr. Chapman had registered there the night before. This was no surprise, because the Holiday Inn was on Dr. Chapman's way to Prairie Village from North Kansas City. The doctor undoubtedly had been tired, Simmons reasoned, and decided to spend the night at the Holiday Inn rather than make the long, tiresome drive home.

When Simmons called the room in which the doctor was registered several times without getting an answer, he again became concerned. Finally, fearing that Chapman might be ill, he drove to the Holiday Inn to investigate. On arrival there he called the room again and still received no response. He then contacted the motel manager.

A thorough search of the room failed to turn up a weapon of any kind and suicide was quickly eliminated as a possibility in the death. It appeared that there was no question but that the Crimes Against Persons Unit had a murder case on its hands. But what was the motive for the slaying? Was it robbery?

Simmons told the officers that Chapman always carried a billfold and that he wore an expensive wrist watch. The watch was not on the body and it was not found in the search of the room.

"What about his car? What kind did he drive?" Campbell inquired.

Simmons told him that Chapman drove a 1971 yellow and gold Cadillac. Officers fanned out around the motel parking lots seeking the vehicle, but it could not be found in the area. Taking into account the missing watch and billfold, and now the late model Cadillac, the motive added up to robbery, with the murder either an accidental follow-up or perhaps to assure the robber that there would be no witness to identify him.

But, there was something about the robbery motive that bothered Captain Campbell and the other detectives. How did the assailant get into the room? They could find no evidence of forced entry, nor was there any indication that a struggle had occurred, either to keep the intruder out of the room, or to resist him once he had forced his way through the door.

Occupants and employes of the motel were questioned in an effort to find someone who had seen Dr. Chapman after he checked into the room. The registration records showed that he registered at 9:37 p.m. The records also showed that he used the telephone to call room service and ordered three Screwdrivers from the bar soon after he checked in.

The officers also found that the room first assigned to Chapman had not yet been cleaned after the last occupant checked out. The doctor had called the desk to report this and had been assigned another room nearby on the second floor.

The waiter who had delivered the three Screwdrivers to Chapman's room also was questioned. When the drinks were delivered, they were handed through the door and the waiter did not enter the room, he said. He remembered nothing unusual about the transaction. The doctor

took the tray holding the drinks and then shut the door.

But why the *three* drinks? Was it possible the doctor had ordered all three for himself at one time, or was it also possible that he had a companion, or companions, with him?

The room was processed for fingerprints, as were the glasses found there. Two of the glasses contained the remains of an alcoholic drink, but there were no prints on them. The officers really had little hope that prints found in the room would be of any assistance to them in their investigation. A room in a motel as popular as the Holiday Inn quite likely would yield hundreds of fingerprints of persons from cities all over the United States.

But two other very interesting discoveries were made during the afternoon hours that followed the finding of Dr. Chapman's body. An autopsy conducted by Dr. O. S. Pate, Clay County, Missouri, Coroner, revealed that Dr. Chapman had not been shot. He had been strangled!

Strangulation could have been caused by the towel found on the bed by the victim's body, Dr. Pate concluded. Chapman had been dead approximately 12 hours when his body was discovered, the Coroner said. There was no explanation for the smudge of blood found on the victim's face. Could it have been from the assailant? The officers wondered as they digested the Coroner's report.

The second intriguing bit of information picked up by the detectives that afternoon also contained some puzzling aspects. Dr. Chapman had left the dinner meeting around 7 o'clock, they learned, before the meeting itself started. That caused the officers to wonder if perhaps Dr. Chapman had an appointment that night, an appointment that ended in death.

As the officers sifted through the meager facts they had at hand, they discovered a similarity between Dr. Chapman's death and the murder of another physician in a Holiday Inn Motel in Overland Park, Kansas, another suburb of Kansas City adjacent to Prairie Village, Dr. Chapman's home. The victim in that case had been Dr. George Rowney, a gynecologist from Sioux City, Iowa.

Dr. Rowney's body was found February 2, 1970, by a maid at the motel when she started to clean the room. The body was lying face down in the bed. An autopsy revealed that Dr. Rowney had been strangled with an electrical cord. A principal difference in the conditions of the bodies of the slain physicians was that in addition to having been strangled Dr. Rowney also was stabbed more than 140 times.

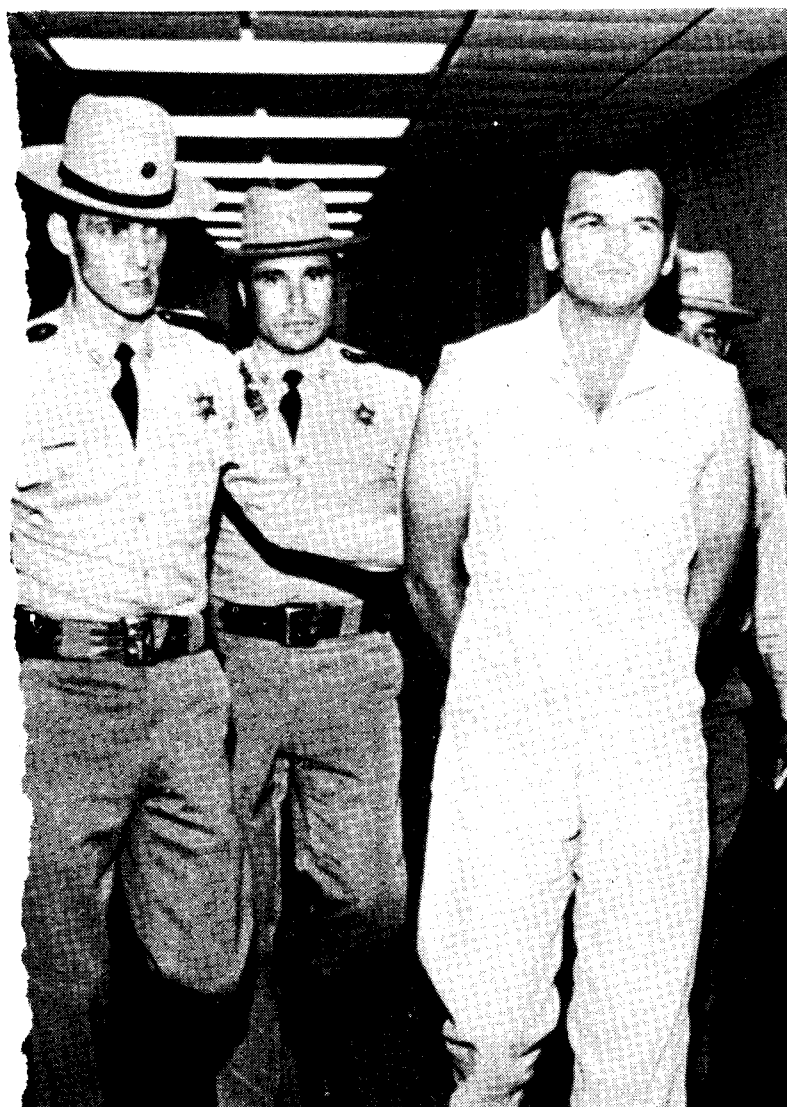
The same day the body was found a man cashed \$500 in travelers checks belonging to Dr. Rowney at the Mid-Continent National Bank on south Main Street in Kansas City. The teller who cashed the checks recalled that he was over 6 feet tall, had a husky build and was in his early 30s. There the trail ended.

Dr. Rowney, 49 years old, was staying in Overland Park while attending a refresher course at the University of Kansas Medical Center. He was last seen alive about 9:45 p.m., February 1st, when he left the home of another doctor who lived in nearby Prairie Village. Although his billfold was taken the doctor's expensive wrist watch was still on his arm when his body was discovered by the maid. A doctor's bag believed to have contained a small quantity of narcotics was missing from the room.

Although Overland Park authorities and the Metro Squad, a law enforcement unit composed of detectives from all the Police Departments in the Kansas City area which investigates major crimes, worked the case vigorously for months after the murder, they failed to identify the killer.

There was just enough similarity in the MO to cause detectives to wonder if there was any connection in the two slayings. There was a substantial time lapse between the murders and no reason actually to suspect that there was a link other than in the manner in which the doctors died. Still, it was enough to whet the interest of the investigating officers, so the Rowney file was reviewed to seek other similarities in the two cases.

That night, more than six hours after Dr. Chapman's body was discovered, the Crimes Against Persons Unit got its first substantial lead in the Chapman murder case. Captain Campbell received a telephone call from the Kansas City, Kansas, Police Department, advising him that a yellow and gold Cadillac had been wrecked earlier that day



Clay County deputies arrested man (above) for questioning when they noticed him walking down a Kansas City street with several severe lacerations showing on his face

across the Kansas River in that city. The Cadillac was traced through its registration to Dr. Chapman.

The vehicle was found by a district patrolman on the Muncie Expressway about 1,000 feet from Central Avenue on the east side of Kansas City, Kansas. The front end was damaged and parts of the car were scattered along the Expressway for more than two blocks.

In examining the area around the wrecked Caddy, traffic officers came to the conclusion that the car struck an exit wall at the west end of the Central Street Viaduct over the Kansas River which links the two Kansas Cities, when it struck the exit wall and careened along the Expressway before coming to a stop.

The vehicle obviously was traveling at a high rate of speed "Anyone see the accident?" Campbell asked.

He was told there was one witness to the accident. He had called the Police Department an hour or so after seeing the accident and noting the unusual behavior of the driver. The witness had stopped to offer assistance but the driver had brushed off his attempt to help. He said that he would find a telephone and call a garage to come after his car and that he would call his family doctor about treatment.

"Then he was injured in the accident?" Captain Campbell inquired.

The witness told Kansas City, Kansas, police that the driver had a laceration around his right eye and cheek, and a deep cut over his eye that was bleeding profusely. He had remarked to police that the man did not give the appearance of one who was apt to be the owner of an expensive, late model vehicle such as a Cadillac, and this, along with the driver's behavior following the mishap, prompted the witness to call police.



Detectives Larry Pruitt (top) and David Spitcausky thought their case was near its conclusion when they learned that seven similar murders in five other states followed the same pattern

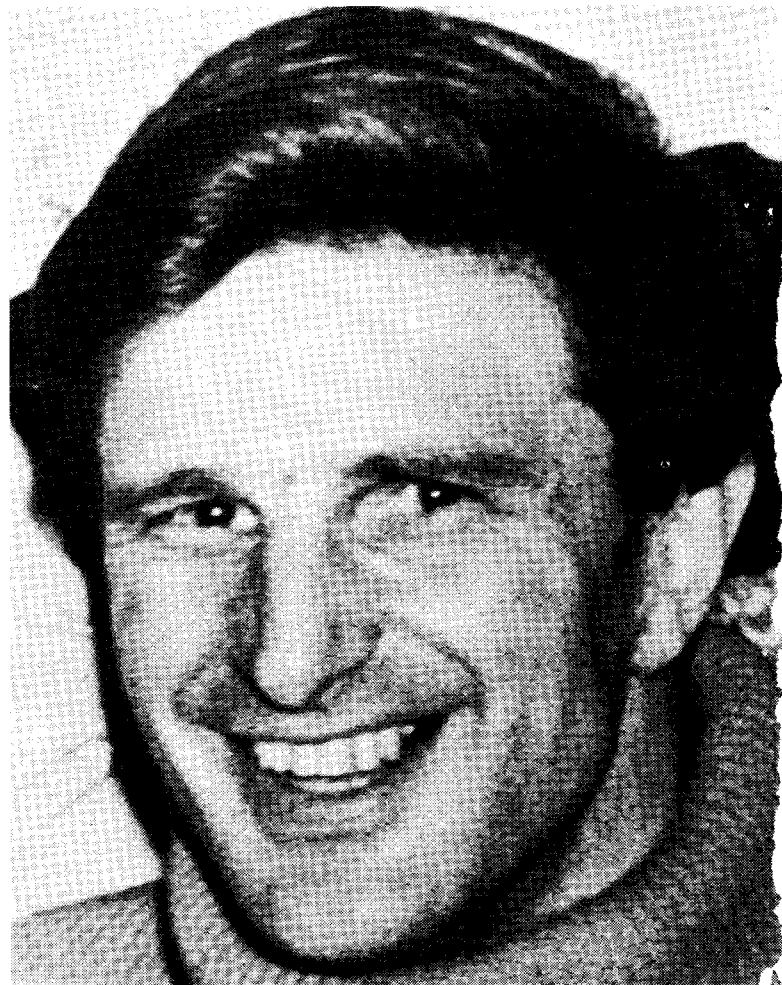
He had given the officers an excellent description of the driver: He was an inch or two over six feet tall and weighed 185 to 190 pounds with a husky build. He had dark hair and was in his early or mid-30s. He obviously had been drinking, which, the witness had assumed, might have contributed to his erratic driving and the accident.

In processing the Cadillac, officers found a bloody palm print on the steering wheel and other bloodstains on the driver's side of the car. The indications were that the driver probably struck his head against some part of the vehicle when it crashed into the exit wall. However, he apparently, was not so badly injured that he couldn't flee from the scene of the accident.

Police in both Kansas Cities issued pickup orders for a suspect matching the description obtained of the driver of the wrecked Cadillac. The order called attention to the fact that the suspect was believed to have a head injury.

There were several intriguing angles to the wrecking of the car. It has occurred on a Muncie Expressway, which subsequently runs into Interstate 70, a 4-lane highway going west from Kansas City to Denver, Colorado. Officers pondered the possibility that the killer might have been leaving the area in the stolen car, (Continued on page 53)

TD DOUBLE-LENGTH FEATURE



Valerie Storie (left) was shot five times by killer but lived to undergo spinal therapy (below) and help police track down her assailant, killer of Michael Gregsten (above)



The murder of Mike Gregsten and the rape and shooting of Valerie Storie precipitated one of the most notable investigative feats in the history of Scotland Yard's famed "Murder Squad," whose agents ranged all over England, Scotland, and Ireland with orders to

"LOOK FOR A KILLER WITH COOL BLUE EYES"

by CHARLES COBB

ONE OF THE MORE grotesquely intriguing facets of the ghastly crime which came to be known in England as the "A 6 Murder" was its location. It happened within sight of Deadman's Hill, some 50 miles from London, where in other centuries the King's Men used to hang highwayman from gibbets and leave their bodies swinging in the breeze as object lessons to anyone who might be tempted to violate the King's laws.

Today, in place of the unpaved post road which wound past the spot in earlier times, a modern highway carries streams of motor traffic by the place where once the gibbets stood, and where, according to local legend, on some nights of the full moon one still may hear the ghostly wailing of unshriven souls who went to their doom there.

More sophisticated folk of the region put little stock in that sort of thing, of course, but even they cannot dispute the fact that when violent death paid a more recent call to Deadman's Hill, on August 23, 1961, it happened on a full moonlit night.

By half-past six that morning, the moon had waned after witnessing murder, followed by a foul assault on an innocent young girl. That was the hour when John Kerr, 18, a university student employed by the traffic department during summer vacation, reported for work at the small shack from which he checked on the number and frequency per hour of passing vehicles. The shack stood at the roadside of Highway A 6 but a stone's throw from Deadman's Hill.

Young Kerr had hardly unlocked the shack's door when he was attracted by the sight of a laborer, whom he recognized as a man who passed by on foot each morning on his way to work. They usually exchanged cheery greetings as he strode by. This morning, however, instead of walking along in his usual measured pace, the man was running pell mell toward the shack.

As he neared Kerr, he gasped, "There's been a terrible accident! A man and a woman—they're lying back there along the road!"

The young man ran back with the workman to a "lay-by"—a concrete parking strip beside the highway where truckers and other motorists can pull off the road to rest or make repairs. The first thing Kerr saw was the body of a man, awkwardly

sprawled in death. No more than 15 paces from the dead man a young woman lay unmoving in a pool of blood which contrasted redly against the bleached concrete of the pavement.

At first Kerr thought both victims must have been struck down by a hit-and-run driver, but then he saw the gaping hole in the head of the prone man. He had been shot to death.

Stunned, the youth bent over the girl and saw that her jacket and blouse were literally saturated with blood. There were flecks of blood on her face as well. Just as he was thinking that she must be dead, too, the girl gasped in pain. Her eyes opened wide with terror, but when she saw the faces of the university student and the laborer above her, the terror was replaced by a mutely appealing look. She seemed to be trying to speak, but the words would not come.

Kerr ran out to the highway and flagged down a car, urging the driver to stop at his shack up the road and call for an ambulance and the police. Then he returned to the girl, doubled his coat under her head and tried to make her more comfortable. She seemed to be in great pain, but finally she was able to speak, although haltingly and with great difficulty.

"We were held up," she began, "by a man with a gun . . . made us drive for hours—then he shot us. He took



Det. Supt. Robert Acott led the search for brutal killer of Michael Gregsten

Mike's car—drove away. Young man—not very tall—with big, blue, staring eyes.”

Her eyes closed then, and she lapsed into unconsciousness. Minutes later, two police cars from Bedford screeched to a halt at the Deadman's Hill lay-by. Detective Superintendent Charles Barron of the Bedfordshire CID made notes as he talked with the young student and the workman who had found the victims. Then Barron knelt beside the unconscious girl. He discovered she'd been shot once through the neck and four times in the upper left chest. Another bullet had grazed her cheek. She had lost a great deal of blood. It was a miracle that she was still living.

Several expended cartridge shells lay on the pavement near her, and the girl's handbag was found a short distance away. Papers in it identified the wounded girl as Valerie Storie, 23, an employee of the Road Research Laboratory in Langley, a London suburb.

Superintendent Barron saw that the dead man had been shot twice near the right ear, the bullets emerging through his left cheek. His wallet had been stripped of money, but papers in it identified him as Michael Gregsten, 34, also employed by the laboratory in Langley.

When the ambulance arrived, the girl was rushed to a hospital in Bedford. Within the next two hours, the Scotland Yard murder squad arrived from London. It was headed by Detective Superintendent Bob Acott, famed veteran homicide investigator who had solved some of the most notorious murder cases in recent years. With Acott was Dr. Keith Simpson, Home Office pathologist, and Detective In-

spector John McCafferty, a firearms expert.

Barron briefed Superintendent Acott on what had been learned this far. Checking the spot where Miss Storie had lain, Acott noticed several chip scars in the concrete which he believed were marks made by bullets which had missed the victim. Inspector McCafferty picked up six empty shells, all in a small area near the body of Gregsten.

“They're .38 caliber, apparently from a revolver,” he said. “The killer must have reloaded here.”

As Acott reconstructed the crime, the gunman had slain Michael Gregsten, then shot the girl. Then, cold-bloodedly reloading his gun, he kept firing until he thought she was dead.

Dr. Simpson reported that the two fatal shots in the head of the male victim had been fired at pointblank range. Death had come swiftly. He estimated the murder had occurred around 2 a.m.

The two slugs which had passed through the victim's head could not be found. This, plus the lack of blood near Gregsten's body, convinced Superintendent Acott that Gregsten was slain in the car and dumped out here later. Valerie Storie was probably shot down while trying to escape.

The murder weapon could not be found, but Acott, believing the killer might have thrown it out of Gregsten's car as he drove off, asked for the help of a detachment of Royal Engineers from nearby Cambridge. They came promptly and began a ground sweep along the road with mine detectors.

Acott and Barron later drove to Bedford Hospital to check on Valerie

Canvas screen in background marks the spot on A-6 highway in Clophill, England where body of dead man and a severely wounded girl were found by a laborer



Storie, but they were told by hospital officials that she was too weak to be questioned, although she had regained consciousness.

"The wound in her neck is only a hair's breadth from vital structures," a surgeon informed them, and the chest wounds are also in a critical area. But the girl is showing remarkable strength and we may pull her through."

Driving on to the CID office in Bedford, Acott and Barron set to work on the case. The only clues they had so far were the shells and the girl's sketchy description of the slayer—a young man, not very tall, with big staring eyes. If the murder occurred at 2 a.m., then the slayer, driving the victim's car, might be several hundred miles away by now.

But Acott was not discouraged. He began by telephoning the Road Research Laboratory at Langley, where Gregsten had been employed as a traffic control expert and Valerie as a scientific officer. Gregsten, he learned, was married and had two small sons. He lived in Golder's Green. Valerie, unmarried, lived with her parents in the town of Slough.

Detectives sent to inform the families of the tragedy reported to Acott later that the couple had left Valerie's home in Slough at 7:30 the previous evening to map out a route for a car rally which was to be held by the lab's social club. There was no romantic interest between Gregsten and Valerie, their families disclosed. They merely were fellow employees assigned to the same task. Michael was driving his aunt's 1956 gray Morris Minor, which bore registration number 847 BHN.

Acott issued a bulletin to all police units in England to search for the car and detain any one found driving or riding in it; occupants should be considered armed and dangerous, the bulletin warned. Acott also requested newspapers and radio and television stations to appeal to the public for help. He asked that anyone who had seen Gregsten and Valerie after 7:30 the previous night notify the police at once.

This appeal brought quick results. Late that same afternoon, Acott received a phone call from the manager of the Old Station Inn at Taplow, not far from Slough. She said she knew both Michael Gregsten and Miss Storie.

"They were at the inn together around 8:30 last evening," she said. "They sat at a table studying maps until 9:15, then they left. I saw them get in Mike's car and take the road back toward Slough."

Acott at once ordered a canvass of residents along the road between Taplow and Slough to learn if anyone had seen a hitchhiker in the area. This brought no immediate results. In the meantime, police units throughout England had been searching for Gregsten's Morris Minor, and at 9 o'clock that night, police in the Ilford district

of northeast London found the car abandoned at a curb on a residential street. Area residents said it had been there all day.

Acott hurried to the scene with technicians from the crime lab. One of the car's fenders was freshly dented. The front seat was covered with blood, but a car robe had been thrown over it, presumably by the killer to protect his clothing. The two .38 caliber slugs that killed Mike Gregsten were found in the car, but no fingerprints were discovered.

When the next morning's newspapers appeared, carrying headline stories about the shocking double crime on Deadman's Hill, police were swamped with calls from persons who believed they had information. Most of this information proved to be of no value when it was checked out, but at least three persons, it seemed clear, had actually seen the man described by Valerie during his flight in Gregsten's car.

One man identified the gray Morris Minor as the car which had brushed close to him at an intersection in Ilford at 6:45 a.m., just about the time the victims were discovered. The man said he had a good look at the driver—a hatless young man with brown hair and a strange, fixed stare in vivid blue eyes. He said he would know the man if he saw him again.

Next, the foreman of an export firm reported to the superintendent that he had been driving a friend to work in Ilford at 7 a.m. when he noticed the gray Morris Minor with the damaged fender because it was being erratically driven in traffic and nearly struck another car.

"I pulled up beside the driver and told him off," the informant said. "He stared at me a moment, then just laughed and drove on. I'd certainly know him if I saw him again."

"The foreman's passenger also identified the car, but said he didn't recall the driver's appearance too clearly. The statements of these three men, however, virtually established that the death car found at Ilford had been driven there by Gregsten's slayer—which suggested that he might live in that area of London.

Superintendent Acott ordered all available police to the district to search for someone who might know the man with the staring blue eyes.

The following morning, the superintendent was notified that although Valerie Storie still had two bullets in her chest and remained on the critical list, she was conscious, fairly comfortable, and might be questioned briefly. Hastening to Bedford, Acott was shown into the room where the girl lay, pale and heavily bandaged, propped up with pillows. She managed a faint smile. In a voice barely above a whisper, she said that after leaving the Old Station Inn, she and Mike stopped briefly beside a meadow at Dorney to examine their maps again. A man appeared suddenly on Mike's side of the car and rapped on



Michael Sherrard served as the defense attorney for man accused of the murder



Anti-capital punishment posters appeared throughout England when the Crown asked that the "blue-eyed killer" be hanged

the window. When Mike rolled it down, he pointed a gun at them and seized the ignition key.

"I'm on the run and you've got to help me," she quoted him. "Unlock the door."

Mike had to obey and the man got in, Valerie said. He kept the gun on them and ordered them not to look back at him. He didn't ask for money then, but began to talk about himself in a rambling way. Asked by Acott if she noticed any special speech mannerisms in the man, Valerie said she had. She said he spoke with a Cockney accent, and anytime he had to pronounce a "th" sound, it sounded like "f."

"He told us he had had a terrible life," she went on, "that as a boy he used to be locked in a cellar. He said he had been in trouble with the police all his life, and was on the run now."

He kept talking for quite a while, she said, then abruptly demanded their money and their watches. He handed Mike the ignition key and told him to start driving. She noticed then that he was wearing gloves, black gloves.

For the next several hours, the gunman forced Mike to drive aimlessly. Apparently he had no definite destination. They tried to attract the attention of other motorists, Valerie said. She revealed that Mike repeat-

edly flashed the white reverse light in a Morse code SOS signal, but no one paid any attention. Finally, they found themselves on the A 6 highway, headed toward Bedford.

At Deadman's Hill, the girl said, the gunman suddenly directed them to turn into the lay-by. He said he'd take the car and leave them there, but first he would have to tie them up. He took Mike's necktie and lashed Valerie's wrists together. Then he asked Mike to hand him a zipper bag that lay on the front seat. He may have thought it contained money or valuables, Valerie said.

But as Mike turned to hand him the bag, the gunman fired twice without warning. Mike slumped over the wheel. He must have died instantly.

"He shouldn't have moved so quick—he frightened me," she quoted the gunman. Then he told Valerie, "You'd better get in the back seat with me."

"I was almost hysterical," she went on, speaking with obvious effort under great stress. "But he untied me and I had to obey him or he would have killed me." At first, however, she refused to do what he demanded of her.

This portion of Miss Storie's harrowing experience was later described in detail in court by the Honorable E. G. MacDermott, for the Director of Public Prosecutions:

"He (the gunman) moved along the

back seat till he was behind Valerie. The gun was still in his right hand where it had been all the time.

"He said 'Kiss me,' but Valerie refused. He then pointed the gun at her and said 'I will count five.' She had to allow him to kiss her then. He then said to her, 'Come on, get into the back seat with me.' Again she refused and he got out of the car and opened her door. He said 'I will count five. Get into the back.'

"He forced her to get into the back of the car and then he covered the face of the dead man with something he took from a bag in the car. The man still had the gun in his right hand and Valerie had already seen that he was wearing gloves. He tried to get the glove off his right hand and when he failed to, made her help him.

"Then he told her to remove part of her clothing and when she refused he said: 'I will count five and kill you if you do not.'

"She did as he had instructed.

"He then forced Valerie to have sexual intercourse. While this was occurring he put the gun on the rear window sill.

"After he had satisfied his lust he put the glove back on his right hand and allowed Valerie to replace the article of clothing. Then Valerie asked him to go, telling him he could take

the car and everything, but leave her with Gregsten. He agreed to do this, but said that first she must get Gregsten out of the car. He said he could not do this.

"Valerie tried, but failed. He helped her in the end and they lifted the body round behind the car and left it on the grass verge on the concrete lay-by.

"He allowed Valerie to take her possessions out of the car and then he wiped the steering wheel and laid a rug over the driver's seat. The reason he gave for doing this was 'I must not get any blood on me.'

"The man then made Valerie show him the controls of the car and start the engine for him. She gave him one pound, hoping it might make him go away quickly. The man then came up to her and said something to the effect that he would have to knock her on the head. She pleaded with him not to hurt her.

"He seemed to agree and he went a little way from her. She was sitting by Gregsten when without any warning he fired at her from about six feet. The first shot hit her and she fell forward. He fired again three times and she thinks that with those three he missed her. She slumped forward, hoping he would think she was dead.

"He reloaded the gun and emptied it again, firing six times and when it was empty he kept on firing so that she could hear the clicking of the hammer on the empty cartridge cases several times."

The prosecutor concluded this portion of his charge by saying it was known that the man fired ten shots at Valerie and hit her with five of the bullets. After that, he walked close to her prostrate form and touched her, "maybe with his hands, maybe with his foot." A few moments later he drove away in the direction of Luton.

Valerie said that at one point during her ordeal, a car had passed and in its headlights she had a good look at the man's face. She said she would never forget his round staring eyes of icy blue.

Later that day, ballistics men reported that the slayer had fired 12 shots in all. Two bullets hit Gregsten, six had struck Valerie, and the other four had missed her and thudded into the concrete. Six shells and several of the slugs had not yet been recovered.

Superintendent Acott quickly ordered a finecomb check of the files for young men of the slayer's general description who had sex offense records. Several score of these were checked, but all had alibis for the time in question.

That evening a London bus driver found a fully loaded .38 caliber revolver and several boxes of ammunition for it under the rear seat of his bus. The bus had been running on the 36 A line, which traverses London from north to south. The driver, who had read about the A 6 Highway murder, notified the police.



James Hanratty alias James Ryan was traced through Liverpool and Ireland as detectives sought suspects who might match artist's sketch of killer

Ballistics tests established positively that the revolver was the murder weapon. Since the bus was cleaned every night, the gun must have been left there by the killer sometime during the day—which meant that he was probably still in London.

Superintendent Acott assigned detectives to ride the bus line and question passengers. He gave the newspapers a photo of the gun—a black Enfield .38 bearing serial number H 8839, asking anyone with knowledge of it to contact the police.

Next morning, an American airman based in England came to see Acott. He said that while driving on the A 6 highway near Warden Hills during the early hours of Wednesday morning, he passed a small gray car with a flashing reverse light. At the time he thought the light was defective, but now he realized it was probably the Morris Minor in which Mike Gregsten and Valerie Storie were driving with their abductor.

Acott took an Identi-Kit to Valerie's bedside and soon she pieced together facial features on transparent plastic which, when finished, portrayed her assailant as a man with a long face, straight nose, brushed-back dark hair and heavy eyebrows. His most prominent feature was his round, staring eyes.

The export firm foreman also was asked to use the Identi-Kit, and his effort differed only slightly from Valerie's. Acott had the resulting sketches printed side by side and sent

copies to the newspapers. He also assigned detectives to visit every hotel and lodging house near the route of the 36 A bus through London, giving each a copy of the two sketches to show landlords.

For more than a week, the detectives went from lodging house to hotel, interviewing landlords and questioning hundreds of guests. Several men whose landlords said they resembled the sketches fell under temporary suspicion, but all were cleared eventually. A few who had checked out and could not be located were noted as possible suspects, and an effort was made to find them.

On September 11th Acott received a visit from a man who introduced himself as the new manager of the Hotel Vienna, a small hostelry in the Paddington district. The caller handed the superintendent two empty brass .38 caliber shells. "I found them in a broken chair in an alcove off one of the basement rooms," he said. "I thought right away of the A 6 murder."

Within the hour, ballistics men proved the shells had been fired from the murder weapon. Presumably, then, the murderer had been a guest at the Hotel Vienna.

Acott returned there with the manager, who took him to Room 24 in the basement. Acott noted that the alcove containing the chair was connected with this room, but was also accessible from the hallway.

"Who was occupying Room 24 on August 23rd, the day of the A 6 murder?" he asked the manager.

The latter, checking the hotel register, found that a man giving his name as James Ryan, with an address in the Kingsbury district, had been booked into the room on August 21st and left on August 24th.

"I wasn't working here then," the manager said. "My predecessor was manager at the time."

The former manager could not be immediately located, but the Hotel Vienna was not far from the 36 A bus route and Acott believed it must already have been visited by a detective looking for Gregsten's slayer. Returning to the Yard, he talked with Detective Sergeant Harry Heavens, who had been in charge of the hotel search.

"I remember the Hotel Vienna very well," the sergeant said. "There was an unusual situation there. The manager looked at the Identi-Kit sketches and said he remembered not one—but two guests who looked like the A 6 killer. One of them was this James Ryan. We checked the address he gave in Kingsbury. His real name is James Hanratty—he sometimes uses the alias Ryan. His parents lived at that address. His mother told us he'd gone to Ireland on a visit. She said she'd contact us when he returned.

"The other man who resembled the A 6 killer is Frederick Durrant. He stayed at the hotel the same time Ryan did. (Continued on page 68)

by
JOHN
DUNNING



Ransom note said pretty Renate was held in Munich by her hashish dealer

Renate was a pretty teenager, and when she disappeared, police were hopeful they could find her unharmed. Their hopes were dashed when they learned the note to her millionaire father demanded

RANSOM FOR A YOUNG GIRL'S CORPSE



Renate's parents, Ernestine and Franz Putz, were unconcerned when their 16-year-old daughter dropped from sight, but when they returned from a vacation to find a ransom note in the mail box, they decided to go to police and ask for help

IT WAS THE MORNING of April 19, 1971 and truck driver Richard Prachard had come to the gravel pit just outside the small town of Starnberg for a load of gravel. Starnberg lies on the shores of Lake Starnberg some 10 miles to the south of Munich, West Germany, and on the main highway leading to Innsbruck on the other side of the Austrian border.

Prachard had completed the loading of this truck and was preparing to drive away when he caught sight of the white object sticking out of the pile of white sand. For a moment he stood stock-still staring tensely and then relaxed. "Jeepers!" he exclaimed aloud. "For a minute there I thought . . . Somebody must have thrown away an old store window dummy."

He climbed into the truck and drove out of the gravel pit a little more rapidly than he would normally have done. He had been in the gravel pit many times before but today it seemed unusually lonely and

deserted and Richard Prachard was happy to wheel his truck into the spring sunlight of the road above. Shifting the truck into high gear, he gave a little shrug of his shoulders as if to throw off the strange chill which had settled momentarily between his shoulder blades. "It was only a show window dummy," he said aloud.

Richard Prachard had left the gravel pit at 40 minutes past 9 o'clock and at five minutes to 10, Farmer Ludwig Scharl arrived with his pick-up for a load of sand. At 10, Scharl also saw the white foot protruding from the sand pile and he too came to the conclusion that it was a show window dummy. More curious than Prachard, he walked over and took hold of it with his hand. It was not a dummy.

At approximately two minutes past 10, Ludwig Scharl was headed back in the direction of Starnberg as fast as his old pick-up truck would travel. At 10 minutes to 11, Sergeant Franz Kollar of the Starnberg police,

arrived at the gravel pit with Scharl. He too examined the foot and, having determined that it was indeed the foot of a human being, returned immediately to the police car where he contacted his headquarters over the radio telephone and asked for a detail to help excavate the body.

Other police officers arrived with shovels and at shortly before noon the body of a young girl was uncovered. She had shoulder length, brown hair and wore long blue corduroy trousers and a dark blue coat. Her legs were covered by white panty hose and the shoes were missing. There were three bullet wounds in her breast and one in the back between the shoulder blades.

The girl's body was taken by ambulance to the police morgue in Starnberg where an examination by Dr. Walter Hartmann indicated that the girl had been dead for nearly two weeks. Of the four bullets which had been fired into her body, two had penetrated the heart, causing almost instantaneous death. All four of the bullets were recovered and proved to be from a 7.65 caliber pistol. There was no indication that the girl had been sexually molested and the examination showed that she had died a virgin.

There was also no indication of the girl's identity. No papers of any sort were found on the body and the only clue was a house key found in one pocket of the blue coat. This was sent to the manufacturer in Berlin in the hopes that the house to which it belonged could be traced.

The following day, a reply was received from the lock manufacturing company in Berlin to the effect that the key was to a lock which had been installed in an apartment house in the Ainmiller Street in Munich. Since Sergeant Kollar was by now certain that the girl was not from Starnberg, he turned his information and evidence together with the body over to the Munich criminal police on the grounds that the girl apparently came from their district.

A detail was immediately dispatched to Ainmiller Street where they learned that the key was to the apartment of a student named Klaus-Dieter Rodenberg. The 21 year old Rodenberg was taken to the police morgue where he immediately recognized the dead girl but, insisted he knew only her first name. "I gave Renate the key," he said, "so that she could visit me during Easter. Her parents were going on a trip at that time. They live at Kistlerhof Street, 144. I don't know what the last name is though."

Rodenberg might not know the last name of the family that lived at Kistlerhof Street, 144, but Inspector Harold Doorn of the Munich criminal police, who received the report at headquarters, did. A broad, strongly built man, with short sandy hair, he had been very much involved with the

residents of the house at Kistlerhof Street, 144, ever since April 15th.

It was on that day, that Franz and Ernestine Putz had returned home from their Easter vacation at Lake Lugano in Switzerland to find the ransom notes in Franz Putz' mail.

There had been two separate envelopes, both postmarked April 7th. The first had contained a letter typed on a typewriter with an unusual cursive type face. There was no date or signature and no capital letters had been used, remarkable for Germans where all nouns are normally capitalized. The letter read:

"First of all, you are dealing here with enemies who will stop at nothing. We are not as inefficient as our colleagues recently were in Bonn and Munich. We give you our solemn word of honor that if you fail to accept our demands without conditions, you will never see your daughter alive again. She is in a wooden case with food and drink for exactly 14 days as well as 14 flashlight batteries each with the life of eight hours, a chemical toilet and sufficient air supply. It is impossible to find her. If you refuse to pay, we shall leave her to her fate. We have no other choice as we are known to Renate. It was her hashish supplier who lured her into the city at noon with an offer of cheap hashish. Her only hope of release is in the prompt payment of the entire ransom abroad. Have we made ourselves clear? Don't underestimate the seriousness of the situation. One false move on your part can be fatal to Renate. The amount of the ransom is 100 thousand dollars. As proof that we have Renate in our power, we include her ring. Do nothing now, but wait until the man with the hare-lip contacts you as middleman."

The second letter contained a sketch. It was, however, impossible to tell what the sketch was intended to represent.

Franz Putz had gone immediately to the police. A self-made man, who had worked himself up from the position of a simple mechanic to the multi-millionaire owner of one of Munich's largest construction companies, he was not a man to be easily intimidated.

"What I want is my daughter back," said Putz to Inspector Doorn. "I'm not concerned with the money. I'll pay it, if I have to, but I want to be certain that Renate is returned to us safe and sound."

"We'll do everything in our power, Mr. Putz," said the inspector. "How long has she been missing?"

Franz Putz hesitated. "Well," he said, "it looks as if she's been missing since April 5th. At least, no one has seen her since then."

"That was 10 days ago!" said the inspector. "How is it that you just got around to reporting her disappearance now?"

"We didn't know that she was missing," said Putz. "Renate is only 16,



After long hours of questioning, this man finally admitted he had set fire to his own car using a timing device

but she works in the office of my company and she's a very independent girl. She lives with us, of course, but I've never kept too tight a rein on her. Young people growing up like that want to lead their own lives and I believe that their parents should let them."

"But surely you must have noticed that she was missing when she didn't come back to work," said the inspector. "10 days is a long time."

"It wasn't 10 days," said the construction company owner. "On April 5th, the manager of the office telephoned us and said that Renate had gone out at lunch time saying that she intended to make a few purchases and that she would be back that afternoon. When she didn't turn up, the office telephoned me."

"And this didn't alarm you or your wife?" said the inspector. "After all, the girl was only 16."

"No," said Putz. "It didn't alarm us because we thought we knew why she had turned up missing. The fact was, we were planning to leave for Lake Lugano on April 9th for the Easter holidays. Up until then, Renate had always taken her holidays with us, but this year she insisted that she wanted to go off by herself with a girl friend. There was quite a little family argument over this and her mother finally agreed. I was about to give in too but I hadn't told Renate yet that she could go. We thought that she had probably just dropped out of sight until after we left for the vacation."

"So you went off to Lake Lugano on April 9th still not knowing where your daughter was," said the inspector.

"That's right," said Franz Putz. "And when we got back today, these two letters were in my mail."

"We'll start work on the case immediately," promised the inspector. "You go home and wait for the man with the hare-lip to contact you. The moment he does, get in touch with us. I don't think that we can place too much reliance on the contents of the ransom note. The kidnapers appear to be trying to give the impression that they are known to your daughter, but I suspect that this may be no more than a trick to throw us off. Did your daughter, to your knowledge, smoke hashish?"

"Not to my knowledge," said Franz Putz. "And I don't believe that she would ever have touched any form of drugs. She is a very sensible girl."

After Franz Putz had left the inspector's office, the inspector called in his special assistant, Detective Sergeant Hans Hellermann. The tall, dark, athletic sergeant who wore his hair long and with heavy side-burns, was highly trained in police work and served the inspector as an undercover agent in any cases requiring discretion.

"Hans," said the inspector, "I'm afraid that we have a very delicate case here." He explained the circumstances and then added, "It's absolutely essential that the kidnapers do not realize that Putz has come to the police. If they become frightened, they may injure the girl. You're going to have to go about this very carefully."

"Where do you want me to start?" said the sergeant.

"To begin with," said the inspector, "I think that you might go over and talk to people at the office where the girl worked. I don't know how you're going to do that without risking her life because the kidnapers may have contacts right there in the office. The other employees must have known who her father was. You'll have to play it by ear, but try and get as much information as possible without revealing the fact that you're from the criminal investigations department."

"And then?" said the sergeant.

"Simultaneously," corrected the inspector. "Turn the ransom note over to someone in the office and have them start checking out what kind of a typewriter might have this type face and whether there's any possibility of tracing it. I suspect that it's an old machine."

Sergeant Hellermann's discreet investigations had produced no results, nor had it been possible to trace immediately the typewriter with the unusual cursive type face. Such machines had been produced by the Adler Typewriter Company and a number of them had been sold in Munich, but the model had been discontinued over 12 years earlier. A special detail was assigned to the almost impossible task of tracing the ownership and present whereabouts of these machines.

Sergeant Hellermann, now having completed his assignment at the con-

struction company office, had turned his attention to a list of Renate's girl friends which had been provided by Mrs. Putz. Although he was unable to obtain any information bearing on the kidnaping, he was able to determine with considerable certainty, that Renate Putz had not been addicted to drugs in any form and that the girl friend with whom she had told her parents she was going to go on vacation was apparently a myth. None of her girl friends had had any plans for going on Easter vacation with Renate.

"She was apparently using that as an excuse to spend some time with the student, Klaus-Dieter Rodenberg," said the sergeant, reporting back to Inspector Doorn. "The parents apparently knew nothing about him and, I'm convinced, that he didn't know who the girl was. I've talked

to him and he says that they met in a milk bar. They've been going out now for about three or four months and the boy was apparently quite serious about her. He didn't know that her father was rich though. He said that whenever he was with her, she was always dressed cheaply and she never seemed to have any money."

"I may be a suspicious old man," said the inspector, "but it has occurred to me that this whole thing could be a fake. The picture I've had so far from Renate is that she was a clever, hard-headed girl, very much like her father, and if she and this student were planning a life together, what better way would there be to finance it than with some of her father's money. She and the student could have written the notes together and she could be hiding out here in

Munich somewhere right now."

"I think you're barking up the wrong tree, Chief," said the sergeant. "I realize it isn't safe to trust anyone under 30, but I didn't get that impression of Rodenberg at all. As a matter of fact, he seems to be a good deal more shaken up over the disappearance of the girl than her parents are. He's only 21, but his parents are wealthy too and, I think that if they had eventually wanted to get engaged or something like that, there wouldn't have been too much objection from either family."

The sergeant's opinion of Klaus-Dieter Rodenberg was confirmed on Saturday morning, the 17th of April at 8:45 in the morning when Franz Putz' telephone rang. The caller said simply, "It concerns your daughter. It is very important."

Thirty min- (Continued on page 65)

Claiming Renate's kidnapers had forced him to be a middle man, the suspect shown below with coat over his head and unidentified cops, sat waiting for hours in a restaurant for the kidnapers to contact him but they never showed up



Moon Secrets

(Continued from page 8)

Huminik was trying to show good faith—to keep Revin in his pocket.

"I know all that," Revin said sharply. "What I am telling you is that we must know step-by-step just what the Americans are doing at every stage of development, so we can do better."

It was apparent to Huminik that the Russians had the settled purpose of going to any lengths to gather information about the Surveyor program. And it was also clear to him that the role of funneling that knowledge to Moscow was being consigned to him.

Revin made known just what he expected Huminik to deliver at the next get-together, scheduled by the Soviet agent for a month hence.

"Get the estimated time of completion of the space vehicle, the projected weight, and a general list of the scientific equipment it will be expected to carry aboard to the moon," Revin directed.

The information he was seeking was still elementary in many respects. Much of it was already in the public domain. Had Revin subscribed regularly to *Mechanix Illustrated* or to any of a number of other first-rate scientific magazines or periodicals, he could have found many of the answers to his questions in their pages. Undoubtedly, Revin—or certainly other members of his scientific group back at the Embassy—must have read those articles and prepared voluminous reports for Moscow even by now.

But in delegating Huminik to come up with information they probably already had, the Russians were setting him up for the more difficult chores that lay ahead—the gathering of facts and figures on the spacecraft and its instrumentation which would never be published and for obvious reasons would probably remain classified.

Thus it began with this small request for inconsequential data on the Surveyor. And because it was such a simple matter to obtain the material, Huminik was able to deliver a generous portion of the data Revin had asked for at the next meeting, once more in a Washington area restaurant.

After this, meetings between Revin and Huminik and the exchange of information became almost a ritual. Revin had established a routine which obligated Huminik to supply reports on the moon probe at least once every month. During the first year of the conspiracy, Russian requests occasionally got complicated. Revin would ask for information that sometimes was impossible to supply without imperiling the security of the Surveyor program.

In instances when such information couldn't be provided, Huminik made "partial deliveries," as authorities put it, "and stalled for time on the rest of the order."

"The idea was to keep the Russians on the hook," Huminik told this writer. "I'd have to apologize for not being able to come up with all the data the Russians wanted, and I'd keep them dangling on the end of my string by making promises that I'd try to have it for them the next time around or the time after that."

Although Huminik was unable to fill all the orders fully, the Russians always seemed pleased with what he was giving them. They never let their disappointment show. Nor did Huminik ever receive a complaint that the information—the "doctored" information, that is—had been found faulty or even

worthless as it sometimes was. Evidently the National Aeronautics and Space Administration had done its job *faultlessly* in faking the documents that it turned over to the FBI for transmittal to Revin—or to several other Soviet aides from the Embassy who, after a time, also joined the conspiracy to spy on Surveyor.

In every instance, however, the conspirators came under the FBI's inescapable scrutiny. With telephoto lensed cameras poised in strategic observation posts to watch every meeting between Huminik and Revin, or the other Russians, and with eavesdropping electronic equipment secreted under many of the restaurant tables where they frequently met and dined, the FBI was able to gather a documented, running account of the continuing plot as it progressed every step of the way into 1963, then through 1964 and 1965.

The modus operandi of the conspiracy remained unchanged for the first three-and-a-half years. Then all at once it began to take on the cloak-and-dagger overtones of a familiar spy case that the FBI had broken a decade before. That was the attempt by a combination of Soviet agents—Aleksandr Petrovich Kovilev, Second Secretary of the Soviet Delegation to the United Nations and a graduate of the Soviet School for Espionage and Sabotage in Moscow, and Igor Aleksandrovich Amosov, an Assistant Naval Attache at the Soviet Embassy in Washington—to steal the Sperry bombsight through an engineer employed by a large electronics firm on Long Island.

The engineer, whose name was never revealed by the FBI, had become a double-agent, just as Huminik was now, and participated in a series of clandestine meetings with the Russians during 1952 which involved "dead drops" on out-of-the-way streets on Long Island, a system of marking pages of a telephone book in a Brooklyn restaurant to indicate when delivery of secret data was made, a series of complicated recognition signals (including placement of a banana peel on a traffic light stanchion in Central Park), and microfilm photographs of documents that couldn't be removed from the grounds of the electronics plant.

When the conspiracy starring John Huminik as the hero approached its fourth anniversary, the similarities of the earlier Sperry bombsight case sprouted with surprising suddenness.

First, just as Kovalev had pushed the Long Island engineer onto Amosov as his new contact, so did Revin shuffle Huminik off upon another Soviet agent to continue the effort to obtain information on the moon probe. And then Revin stepped into the background, just as Kovalev had done.

The FBI believes this practice is employed when the Soviets feel the margin of safety for one of their agents has diminished, and this real or imagined fear makes them pull their man back and put a new one in his place. Whether the Kremlin spy machine had any reason to believe Revin had been discovered, and decided he should be supplanted by a new face to avoid further FBI surveillance, is something only the Russians know. The FBI has no way of determining that.

But the change did take place. And Huminik continued to deal with the new Soviet agent just as he had with Revin.

The FBI has not identified this second Kremlin spy, nor the others who did business occasionally with Huminik. Nor did Huminik say who those others

were, although he knew.

"The FBI and the State Department have their reasons for maintaining secrecy," Huminik told the writer. "I cannot reveal who they are, although I know them quite well."

In all probability the FBI continued to keep tabs on these Russians, and conceivably still is, hoping to catch them in some other espionage activity—an activity they could be engaged in at this very moment. Espionage, as played by the men of the Kremlin, is a continuing game that frequently can last for years—just as the Surveyor on the Moon Spy Case did.

A time came in the 1952 Sperry Bombsight Case when Amosov dropped out of the picture as suddenly as he had become a part of it, and Kovalev, his predecessor, again took over as before in dealing with the Long Island engineer. It was no different in the Surveyor spy case.

It happened in early 1965. Just as mysteriously as he had dropped out, Revin returned and replaced the second Soviet official who'd been Huminik's contact. And all their dealings again took on the pattern of the past—even to the promises to repay Huminik with that still-elusive Soviet contract for the Value Engineering Company.

Then came Fall, 1965, and Revin called Huminik unexpectedly. He asked him to meet him in the Four Georgias Restaurant in Georgetown. At dinner that night of September 29, Revin told the double-agent:

"I am leaving next week for Moscow. While I am there I will work out that contract I have been promising to get you. I shall see you when I return in a few weeks."

Revin came back Thanksgiving Week and soon after summoned Huminik to another dinner get-together at the Embassy Steak House on Connecticut Avenue. He was sad-faced as he sat at the table with the American. Revin had come with disappointing news—he wasn't able to arrange the contract.

For Huminik it made no difference. By now he had left his post with Value and had taken a position with Melpar, a division of the Westinghouse Corporation, to work on missile production and defense design work.

Revin already was aware of these changes (the Soviet spy system is tuned in on such things constantly)—and Huminik's connection with Westinghouse pleased the Russian. Revin's glee over prospects of getting his espionage tentacles into giant Westinghouse was immediately apparent.

"I will pay you cash for the material you give to me from now on," Revin promised. "I will begin payments next month."

That wasn't all. Beginning next month, Revin would continue to meet Huminik—but only socially. He would no longer take delivery of information in public places.

"You will leave the material at certain places that I will designate," Revin said.

It was the Sperry Bombsight Case all over again. And along with "dead drops," Revin also introduced the device of marking pages of telephone books at specified booths in the Washington area. Huminik must go there, look up the page he'd been alerted to check in advance, find the time and place of the "drop," then deliver the material there.

Revin also instructed Huminik to buy a miniature camera to photograph all secret data to be transmitted in the future.

"We don't want to get involved any-

more with bulky papers," Revin said cryptically. "It could be dangerous. From now on, just take pictures and deliver the undeveloped negative where I tell you to bring it. I will take care of the rest. Just wrap the film in black waterproof paper."

Then the final, shocking order from Revin.

"We want you to buy a miniature tape recorder to wear under your jacket. With this device we want you to record the conversations with Pentagon officials. We know you have occasion to discuss important matters with the Defense Department people. Record those conversations. We believe they will be helpful to us."

When he advised the FBI of the sudden new, bold pattern of subversion that Revin had proposed, Huminik was told, "Play along." The FBI bought the miniature camera and tape recorder and did most of the work in picture-taking and "bugging" conversations with "Defense Department people." Only the persons heard in conversations about missile and defense projects on the tape weren't officials from the Pentagon. They were FBI agents who engaged Huminik in discussions about missiles, the moon probe, and other vital topics. They had all the overtones of being secret, highly-important conferences—but they were really just worthless talk.

When Huminik delivered the first films and tapes to the "drops" around Washington, the response from Revin was ecstatic "bravo." The Russian was elated with the photos and tapes. And he promptly rewarded his source with cold cash. As more deliveries were made, there were more payments. They came in envelopes, handed to Huminik in private, sometimes in restaurant wash-rooms, sometimes in parking lots of shopping centers on the outskirts of the capital or across the Potomac in Alexandria or Arlington.

All in all, between the Fall of 1965 and mid-Summer 1966, Revin paid more than \$5,000 to Huminik for material delivered to the "drops." Material, as the FBI put it, that was "absolutely worthless."

Yet despite claims that the information was of no account, the Soviet Union on February 3, 1966, soft-landed the first Luna on the moon and televised those historic close-up photos of the lunar landscape back to earth. That was fully four months before the U.S. put its own Surveyor on that celestial body 231,400 miles out in space. Russia had taken another coveted "first" in the space race.

It would be grossly unfair to the Soviet Union and its own remarkable and dedicated scientists to speculate that any of the engineering know-how that went into their Luna vehicle came from American sources. Yet isn't it entirely conceivable that other Soviet agents posted in the Embassy in Washington—or the United Nations in New York—could have gathered secret information on the Surveyor program from a source or sources other than Huminik, and forwarded the data to Moscow? Still, we have no proof of that.

What we do know is that the Soviet Union tried to penetrate into our moon program with its spies—and, as the results showed in the case just recounted, they failed.

They failed because of John Huminik, a patriotic American who spurned Soviet efforts to subvert him and who devoted fully five years of his life to a vital undercover role which ultimately resulted in a flunking grade for Third

Secretary Valentine A. Revin in his efforts as a spy.

The State Department finally pulled the rug out from under Revin on September 1, 1966, when James W. Bratt, the department's acting director for Soviet affairs, informed Alexander I. Zinchuk, Soviet charge d'affaires, that Valentin Revin was persona non grata and requested the diplomat's immediate departure.

The next day, Robert J. McCloskey, the State Department's press officer, announced the action to newsmen. Later, Huminik discussed the case and his relations with the FBI.

"So far as I'm concerned," he said, "the FBI runs one of the tightest ships I've ever seen. The agents there are some of the most hard-working and sophisticated people I've ever known. They're first-class citizens, the unsung heroes of our country."

"During the time I was with them, they did nothing that was illegal or un-American. They guided me at every turn, although there were times obviously when I had to go it alone.

"Little did I suspect when it started that it would last five long years. But it was a once-in-a-lifetime chance for an American to do something for his country. And if I had it to do over again, I'd do it—the same way."

Huminik's only regret was over Valentin Revin's abrupt departure. The American had woven a remarkable rapport with the Russian in the years of the cat-and-mouse game they played. In the last days of the conspiracy, Huminik began to see signs of change in Revin. Signs that almost had Huminik convinced Revin was ready to defect

"The way of life here was winning Revin over," Huminik said. "He had been here so long that he literally had fallen in love with the country."

Actually, the Moscow-born Revin had first come to the U.S. in 1958 as an exchange student at the University of California at Berkeley. The following Summer Revin served two months as a guide and interpreter at the Soviet Exhibition in New York City's Coliseum. A short while later he was assigned to the Embassy in Washington. And not

long afterward he began his activities as a spy.

But being a spy evidently wasn't in Revin's character. At least his heart didn't seem to be in it. Science was his field and he had confided in Huminik that scientific study was what he really yearned to pursue.

Orders from the Kremlin, however, thwarted that ambition and made Valentin Revin what he said he never cared to be.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, September 7, 1966—five days after his expulsion was ordered—Revin walked out for the last time from the pleasant apartment at New Hampshire West Court in Silver Springs, which had been a happy home for him and his family the last few years. With him were his wife, Aleksandra, 35, and their three-year-old daughter, Olga. They were bound for the Soviet Union.

A shuttle flight from National Airport in Washington took them to Kennedy Airport in New York for connections with an Air France jetliner for Paris, first leg on their hop back to Moscow.

Revin was all smiles as he stepped off the Washington plane and made his way with his wife and daughter to the Air France lounge to wait for the trans-Atlantic flight.

During the hour until boarding time, Revin chatted amiably with a group of Soviet attaches who'd come out from the UN Mission to see him off. He didn't seem to have a care in the world.

But when it came time to board the plane, a reporter caught up with Revin by the ramp.

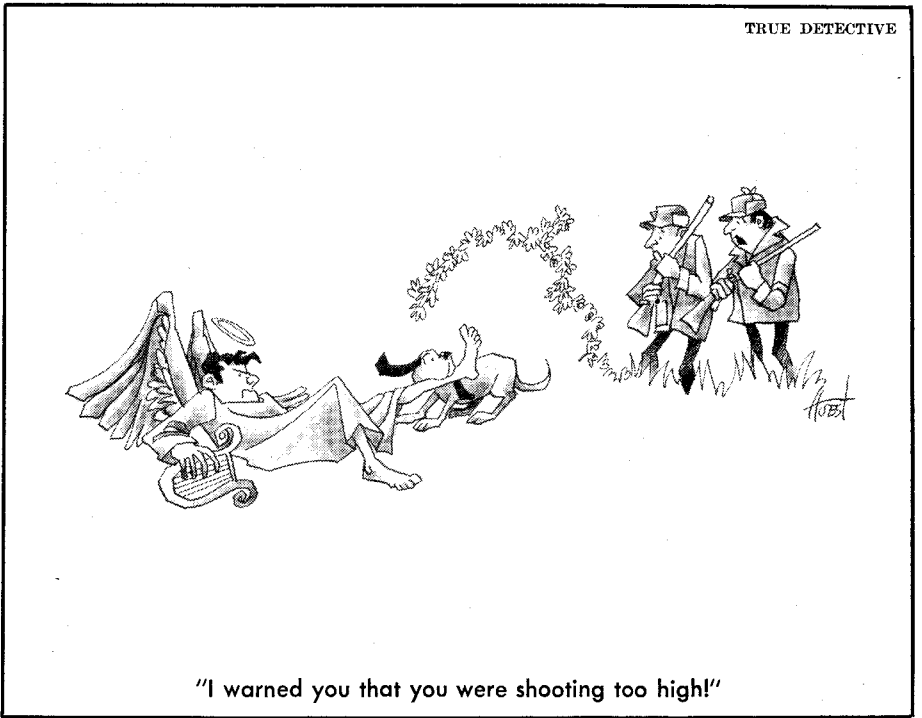
"Mr. Revin," he called out, "do you expect a hero's welcome when you arrive home—or an assignment in Siberia?"

The question shook Revin.

"I have no comment," he replied in a thin, sinking tone.

The smile disappeared. Now for the first time Revin seemed worried. The question apparently had brought Valentin A. Revin face-to-face with reality at last. Perhaps it made him wonder, as others were wondering now—

What can the future bring for a Soviet spy who failed in his mission? ♦ ♦ ♦



Deadly Bomb

(Continued from page 27)

his wife ran screaming into the yard. He mumbled, "Call an ambulance," and collapsed.

He was rushed to the Tahlequah City Hospital and was in surgery for several hours. However, the attending physician said Bliss would recover, barring no unforeseen developments. Meanwhile, a 24-hour-guard was placed on his hospital room by Tahlequah Police Chief Gene Bolding.

Forty-five minutes after the blast, Rex Brinlee Jr., a Tahlequah nightclub operator, was taken into custody for questioning. He was released a short time later; there was no evidence to connect him to the bomb attempt on the assistant DA's life.

Authorities later told newsmen they believed the assassination try was prompted by Bliss' crackdown on gamblers in his county. Since taking office two years earlier, Bliss had eliminated gambling in the area, having padlocked several nightclubs and gambling establishments. But in spite of an intensive investigation that later included a federal grand jury probe, the bombing of Bliss went unsolved. The initial probe revealed that a dynamite bomb had been placed under the truck hood and wired to go off when the ignition was switched on. The vehicle's fire wall probably had saved the life of Bill Bliss.

On Tuesday, August 25, 1970, shortly before noon, Tulsa District Judge Fred S. Nelson prepared to go vote in the primary election in which he was seeking reelection to office. The distinguished magistrate walked from his Tulsa home to his station wagon sitting in the driveway. When he turned on the ignition, the front of the vehicle blew apart as a thundering explosion rocked the neighborhood, shattering windows in the judge's home and sending debris from the station wagon flying 100 feet into the air. Neighbors rushed to the aid of the gravely injured judge, who remained conscious for a few minutes.

At a Tulsa hospital Judge Nelson, reported in critical condition, underwent six hours of surgery in the medical fight for his life. The team of surgeons later reported a "fist-size" piece of metal was removed from Nelson's lower abdomen, and numerous smaller pieces of metal were taken from his abdomen and legs.

City, county, state and federal authorities began a massive probe of the bombing. They found that a dynamite bomb had been placed under the hood, against the fire wall, and had been triggered by the ignition switch. There was no known motive for the heinous attempt on the popular judge's life. Other judges in Tulsa were placed under police protection.

Miraculously, Judge Nelson recovered after 25 days in the hospital, but the bombing remained unsolved. Judge Nelson later told newsmen, "The emotional and mental pain were worse than the physical pain for me . . . There was a deafening noise inside the car . . . I was surprised I wasn't deafened by the noise . . . The whole dashboard came out into me. The car's hood blew over the house and into the backyard . . . I was blown back and my seat broke—there just wasn't any other place to go. I became mad with the realization that it could have been my wife or children. We had three cars. Thirty minutes before, my wife got in one car and my daughter got in the other. They really could have taken my car. The more I thought about

it, the madder I became."

Judge Nelson made the statements during an interview prompted by the shocking bomb slaying of the young, attractive Bristow school teacher.

To investigators seeking the killer of Fern Bolding, it seemed the past had returned to haunt them in more ways than one. For the defendant in the Tulsa truck theft case in which Donald Bolding had been scheduled to appear as a witness was none other than Rex Brinlee Jr., the Tahlequah nightclub operator who had been quizzed as a suspect in the bombing of Assistant District Attorney Bill Bliss two years earlier!

Don Bolding, the investigators knew, apparently was considered a key witness by the Tulsa district attorney's office in the state's case against the 38-year-old Brinlee. Pointing out that Bolding was the only state witness in the case who was not a law enforcement officer, Tulsa District Attorney S. M. "Buddy" Fallis Jr., termed Bolding's potential testimony as "highly significant."

Investigators learned that the preliminary truck larceny charge originally had been set for January 15, 1971, but had been postponed—at the defendant's request—until the coming Friday.

Officers familiar with the case knew that the charge against Brinlee had resulted after the theft of a new three-quarter ton pickup and camper from the Swinson Chevrolet agency in Tulsa on October 18, 1970. The vehicle had been recovered in Tahlequah in December, and a jacket reportedly belonging to Brinlee allegedly had been found inside it. The theft charge was filed against the nightclub owner that same month, and he was freed on bond of \$2,000. The preliminary hearing would determine if there was sufficient evidence to bind him over for trial.

Bolding, investigators learned, had become a witness in the case because he allegedly had observed Brinlee, whom he knew previously from having lived in Tahlequah, looking over the truck and camper on the day the theft occurred. Bolding, his wife and daughter had gone to Tulsa to buy a car on that particular day.

Meanwhile, investigators at the scene of the latest bomb atrocity formed a shoulder-to-shoulder line and searched the Bolding yard and adjoining yards for the tiniest scraps of the demolished pickup truck. Among the probers were two state crime bureau agents who had taken part in the investigation of the attempted bomb murder of District Judge Nelson. Sheriff Coleman, meanwhile, assigned deputies to check motels, hotels and rooming houses in the area to see if any suspicious persons had been registered the previous night.

Other officers spread over the Bristow neighborhood, seeking someone who might have seen or heard something unusual at the Bolding home on Monday night, when the bomb trap was believed to have been set. It had been determined that Fern Bolding had been the last person to drive the pickup. She had parked it in the drive Monday afternoon upon her return from her teaching job, and it had not been moved since.

The canvass for information turned up one witness who, officers believed, probably had seen the killers fleeing after the horrible death trap had been installed and primed for the fatal turn of the truck ignition switch.

The witness told officers that he saw a car speed away from the Bolding home just after midnight on Tuesday, February 2—the date of the teacher's death. According to the witness, one person got

into the car, joining two others already in the vehicle. The car "took off at a high rate of speed," the witness reported.

Because of the darkness, the witness was unable to furnish a description of the mystery car or its occupants.

With investigators from numerous law enforcement agencies going all out in the search for the sadistic bomb killer, Assistant District Attorney Stephen Foster of Sapulpa told reporters, "We are not going to sleep until we are satisfied we have it solved. This was not a crime committed by someone who is hungry or who needs money. This was a crime committed by someone who wanted to do murder."

Meanwhile, Tulsa police detectives disclosed that they were investigating the theft of a large amount of explosives from a construction firm southeast of Tulsa, on the previous Sunday night. There was speculation that the killers might have stolen the explosive that was used in the Bristow bomb murder.

And, several hours after hundreds of pieces of the bomb-wrecked pickup were recovered by painstaking investigators sweeping the roped-off death scene, two scientific experts from the Oklahoma Bureau of Investigation—Agents Jim Smith and Lawrence Casey—began the challenging task of trying to rebuild the seat and sides of the truck to give investigators more information about the type of explosive, where and how it had been rigged to the vehicle. A corner of the Bristow armory was set aside for this job. The two agents began sifting through screen the contents of eleven large plastic bags—dirt, grass and debris—in their search for pieces to the bizarre jigsaw puzzle.

By Thursday the explosives experts had almost completed their technical investigation on the truck wreckage, but additional chemical tests were to be made to verify the type of explosive used—thought to be dynamite. Discussing the case with newsmen and pointing out that he realized Oklahomans were inflamed over the bombing death and other unsolved bombings, Carl Tyler, director of the Oklahoma Bureau of Investigation, said, "What more can we do? . . . I can go out and put two sticks of dynamite underneath your car, and twelve hours later I'm nowhere to be found. That's what we're up against."

"We've interrogated everyone in the community, asking them if they saw someone suspicious or out of the ordinary there . . . Now I've got legmen out following every tip they get. We spend thousands of hours on these things, just hoping and praying we can get some clue or a break."

Even as the probe continued, another flurry of bomb threats stirred Northeast Oklahoma. The new threats—thought to be related to the Bristow bombing—were centered in Tahlequah. The threats were received by former assistant DA Bill Bliss—now an associate district judge—and Tahlequah Police Chief Gene Bolding.

Commenting on the threat, Judge Bliss told newsmen, "I sure was glad to see the sun Friday, because the guy said I wouldn't live to see it." For a while, Bliss was placed under police guard. However, the guard later was removed because Judge Bliss said, "I decided I couldn't live like that."

Details of the threat against the police chief were not disclosed. Also, an anonymous caller threatened to blow up the old Cherokee Nation capitol, which now serves as the Cherokee County courthouse.

Security remained tight around Don Bolding, husband of the slain school

teacher. He was under police guard in Tahlequah.

In the meantime, the preliminary hearing for Rex Brinlee on the Tulsa truck theft charge was postponed from Friday until the following Monday because of the funeral services scheduled for the slain Mrs. Bolding.

Mourners crowded the Tahlequah funeral home for the final rites. They heard Fern Bolding eulogized as "a loving mother, appreciative of her husband"—a young woman dedicated to her family, church and her pupils.

The preliminary hearing for Rex Brinlee on the truck theft charge was held in a Tulsa district court the following Monday. Although tension filled the air, the hearing was a routine one that went off without incident. Don Bolding testified for 15 minutes, telling of seeing Brinlee at the Tulsa car lot the day that the truck and camper were stolen. Six other witnesses took the stand, after which Special Judge Ken East ordered the defendant bound over for trial and set his bond at \$7,500. Brinlee made bond and was released.

Meanwhile, the probe of the Bristow bomb slaying continued with no new developments in that community. But there were developments in the case elsewhere:

On February 22, 1971, Governor David Hall announced the creation of a Special Crime Task Force to combat crime in Oklahoma, specifically the bomb terror in the northeast part of the state. Concerning the Task Force which was composed of lawmen and officials from numerous agencies, Governor Hall said, "It is geared to keep the pressure on the criminal from all levels." In addition, the governor added, the Task Force was designed to provide greater protection for grand jury witnesses. Oklahoma lawmen had to agree tighter security for grand jury witnesses was a good idea.

Fresh in the minds of Oklahoma lawmen was the mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Cleo Epps of Sapulpa, a 60-year-old woman once known as "the bootleg queen of Eastern Oklahoma," who had vanished from sight on November 12, 1970 after appearing as a witness before a Tulsa grand jury that investigated the bomb assassination attempt on Judge Nelson. Officers and relatives of the missing woman feared that she was dead—the victim of an underworld "contract."

Then, in February, 1971, with a second Tulsa grand jury probing the terror bombings, a shocking development stunned officials. And it appeared it was timed to intimidate potential witnesses of the new grand jury.

The body of the missing Mrs. Epps was found under four feet of water in an abandoned septic tank on a long-deserted farm in southwest Tulsa County. The body was found after an anonymous telephone tip to relatives on February 24th; it was buried under 100 pounds of rock.

The day after discovery of Mrs. Epps body, members of the governor's Task Force—including Federal, state and local officers—took up their protective duties for the Tulsa grand jury.

Paul Ferguson, former Muskogee district attorney now chief of the state attorney general's criminal division, was assigned to Tulsa to assist in the probe and to coordinate efforts of the Task Force.

But in spite of tightened security, harassment of the grand jury continued. On a Sunday night—when the jury wasn't in session—a bomb planted in a tavern across the street from the courthouse shattered 61 windows in the coun-

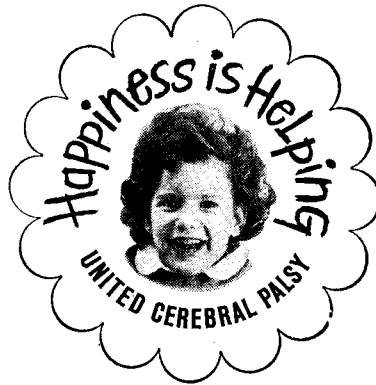
ty building—including one in the grand jury room.

This was followed by an anonymous bomb threat telephoned to police about the time a woman acquaintance of Rex Brinlee was appearing before the grand jury. The tipster said a bomb had been planted on the fourth floor of the courthouse and was set to go off at 2:45 p.m. As a precautionary measure, several hundred persons in the courthouse were evacuated, but searchers found no bomb.

Finally, the grand jury finished its work and returned a report on March 19, 1971. But, there was no mention of the bombings in the report, and no indictments related to the reign of terror.

During the grand jury probe, Brinlee, Don Bolding and Tahlequah Police Chief Gene Bolding had been among the witnesses who testified.

On April 20, 1971, Rex Brinlee, Jr. went on trial in Tulsa district court on the pickup truck theft charge. As he had done in the earlier preliminary hearing, Don Bolding testified, and when the verdict was in, Brinlee had been found guilty and was given a four-to-twelve year prison term. The defendant gave notice of appeal and was released on bond.



Although he was a "mystery" man in some respects, a good deal was known about Rex Brinlee, Jr. by the officers who had dealt with him in the past and reporters who interviewed him on occasion. Those who knew him agreed that Brinlee, if anything, sometimes was a talkative man, proud of his holdings that he estimated at a half million dollars. A school "dropout" at age 15, Brinlee took up the plumbing trade and later went to work as a contractor in Tulsa. Now, in addition to his nightclub and restaurant, Brinlee also owned an apartment house in Tahlequah, 10 acres of land in Cherokee County and a ranch in Mayes County. In the past he had piloted his own plane.

Describing himself as a rugged individualist, Brinlee once told a reporter, "I'm like a rattlesnake. I won't come looking to bother you, but if you bother me, you'll hear my rattles."

Although he had had a number of brushes with the law and had been convicted twice, Brinlee had never served time in prison, records showed. In 1963 he was arrested on charges of alleged cattle theft and theft of a truck. After two trials and two hung juries, he was convicted on the cattle theft charge in Mayes County in 1963 and received a three-year prison sentence. However, in 1965 an appeals court reversed the conviction, holding that Brinlee had been subjected to an illegal search.

Two weeks later, Brinlee again was charged with cattle theft and possession of stolen property in five counties, but the charges eventually were dropped,

according to a story that appeared in the Sunday Oklahoman on June 6, 1971.

On the occasion of his appearance before the Tulsa County grand jury, reportedly to be quizzed about the Bristow bombing death of Fern Bolding, Brinlee was asked bluntly by a Daily Oklahoman reporter, "Did you do it?"

"Hell, no!" Brinlee snapped. "And that's the first time any reporter or policeman has asked me that question." He also told the newsman, "I have no information that could help the grand jury investigation. I have never been approached by any officer in this Bristow thing."

Then, on Friday, May 7, 1971, another former grand jury witness turned up dead! A badly-charred body later identified as 46-year-old Vernon "Pete" English of Stillwell, Oklahoma, was found in a fire-gutted tavern on State Highway 51, near Stillwell. English had been a closely-guarded "mystery" witness before the Tulsa grand jury that adjourned in March; he reportedly had been questioned about the 1969 bomb attempt on the life of then assistant district attorney Bill Bliss at Tahlequah. Now it appeared that the grand jury witness was the victim of a homicide. Adair County Sheriff Gene Harlin was joined in the investigation by state crime bureau agents. However, the subsequent investigation produced no concrete leads.

Meanwhile, the Bristow bomb death of Fern Bolding was the chief topic at a top-level crime conference called by Governor Hall in Oklahoma City on May 24, 1971. Among the officers attending were Creek County Sheriff Brice and District Attorney Young from Sapulpa.

Two days after this meeting, state and local lawmen held a highly secret meeting in the courthouse at Sapulpa. Newsmen were barred from the conference, but they sensed there might soon be developments in the Fern Bolding slaying.

It was Friday, June 4, 1971—four months after the flaming death of the pretty elementary school teacher at Bristow—that a formal charge of murder was filed in the case. Arrested on the charge filed in the Bristow District Clerk's office was Rex Brinlee Jr. Also named in the murder complaint were three other persons, identified as "John Doe" since their real names weren't known to investigators.

Oklahoma state patrolmen and agents of the state crime bureau took Brinlee into custody as he drove along a road on the south side of Tahlequah. A .38 caliber pistol was found in a bag under the driver's seat, but the suspect offered no resistance.

He was quoted by the arresting officers as commenting to them, "I don't see how you can charge me with murder when I wasn't there." Brinlee was taken to the city jail in Tahlequah, then transferred later to the county jail at Sapulpa. Arraigned Saturday morning before District Judge Clyde Patrick, he was ordered held without bond.

Investigators were tight-lipped as to what evidence had prompted the arrest of the suspect. Newsmen and the public would be in the dark until Brinlee's preliminary hearing, at which the state would be required to reveal at least a portion of its case.

However, Brinlee faced another courtroom obligation first. He was accused of giving false information to the Federal Aviation Administration in 1967 when he applied for his pilot's medical certificate. He allegedly failed to report previous criminal convictions on the appli-

cation.

Because of the extensive publicity given him in Oklahoma, Brinlee was granted a change of venue to Albuquerque, New Mexico on the federal charge, with the provision by the judge that he be returned to Oklahoma immediately afterwards for the preliminary hearing on the murder charge—set for Tuesday, June 15, 1971.

Security was tight when U.S. marshals transferred Brinlee from the Creek County jail at Sapulpa to Albuquerque. On Monday, June 7, 1971, a Federal Court jury in Albuquerque ruled Brinlee was guilty of the false information charge; (on June 18, U.S. District Judge Howard Bratton sentenced Brinlee to six months in prison, plus four years probation.)

Now, on Tuesday, June 15, 1971, with spectators and members of the news media jammed into the 24th Judicial district courtroom at Sapulpa, the preliminary hearing on the murder charge against the beefy defendant got underway, with District Judge Clyde Patrick presiding.

The state, represented by Assistant Attorney General Paul Ferguson and Assistant District Attorney Stephen Foster of Sapulpa, presented 19 witnesses, nine of whom testified that Brinlee had made statements in their presence taking credit for the fatal bombing.

According to the testimony of several witnesses, Brinlee told them he made a telephone call to a party "up north" to hire professional killers who did the bomb planting.

Dick Wilkerson, a state crime bureau agent stationed at Tahlequah, testified about a conversation he had with Brinlee in March, the month following the bomb slaying. Wilkerson quoted Brinlee as telling him then: "I'm going to tell you something that will make you mad, or if it doesn't make you mad, will make your skin crawl . . . I know all about the Bristow bombing. I know what was used, how it was placed, where it was placed and who did it."

The state agent continued, "He (Brinlee) said he made a telephone call up north and arranged for the bombing. He said he didn't know when it was going to occur, or he would have had a better alibi . . . Brinlee said the explosive wasn't dynamite. He said, 'I'll tell you this: the next most powerful thing is atomic.' He said that everytime Don Bolding rolls over in the night and feels for his wife, he'll realize he shouldn't have messed with Rex Brinlee."

Agent Wilkerson related that Brinlee claimed the bombing was a "70 percent" job because the wrong victim was killed, but that the message got across.

"The wrong horse was in the stall," Brinlee was quoted by Wilkerson.

"Rex said Gene Bolding had talked Don into lying about him, and it was just the last straw," the crime bureau agent testified.

The agent said Brinlee showed no remorse about Fern Bolding's death and commented, "They got the message, didn't they?"

According to Wilkerson, Brinlee told him he had thought of killing Don Bolding personally, had made an effective silencer for a .22 rifle "but felt that was inadequate for the job;" he had failed in his efforts to construct a silencer for a .30 caliber rifle, the agent quoted Brinlee as telling him.

An employe of a vending machine company who regularly made service calls at Brinlee's nightclub in Tahlequah testified that Brinlee bragged to him of the Fern Bolding slaying. The witness said he asked Brinlee about his "run-

ins" with Police Chief Gene Bolding and that Brinlee replied, "If they mess with me I'll give them a flying lesson like I gave that bitch in Bristow."

Aaron Elliott and Doyle Tilley, both of Muskogee and both agents of the Federal Alcohol, Tax and Firearms bureau, also gave testimony on talks they had with Brinlee.

Elliott related that on March 24th he asked Brinlee if he had an alibi for the night of February 2, 1971 because the evidence pointed so directly at Brinlee that he wondered if Brinlee had been framed. But Elliott said Brinlee told him: "I ain't no frame, buddy." The short, stocky nightclub owner told the agent that he was at his nightclub from 10 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. on the night the bomb must have been placed.

Elliott said: "He told me, 'I didn't do the job, I had it done. I knew the number where I called, but I didn't have to know the men who did the job.' He said the people who did the job 'didn't know who he was.'"

A surprise witness was Associate District Judge Bliss, who told of a visit Brinlee paid to his office. This was April 2, 1971, Bliss said.

"The general conversation was about my bombing," Judge Bliss said. "It had to do with Rex explaining to me that he hadn't done mine. He said he didn't do the Bristow bombing, but had it done. He said he called up north." Judge Bliss said the 1969 bombing of his pickup occurred—he was told by Brinlee—"after I started running through the countryside acting as sheriff. I was in the way."

"He said he knew who had done mine, but wouldn't tell me," Judge Bliss testified.

Oklahoma Highway Patrol Trooper Joe Cantrell testified he had talked to Brinlee in the Cherokee County Courthouse on April 14, 1971. "He said it was common knowledge that he had done it at Bristow, and that afterwards he thought things would settle down," Can-

trell said, "and we (law officers) would leave him alone, but it didn't." This conversation was verified by Mrs. Lois Harris, a secretary in the district attorney's office.

Cantrell said Brinlee also threatened to kill him some day. "I'll just pick up the phone and dial one number and have it done—just like Bristow," the patrolman quoted Brinlee as telling him.

Taking the stand next was Jim Johnson, a reporter for the Daily Oklahoman and Oklahoma Times, who told of an interview he had with Brinlee in Tulsa.

Johnson quoted Brinlee as saying to him, "I did it (the Bristow bombing), or rather, I paid to have it done, and if you put that in the paper, I'll kill you."

According to the reporter, Brinlee told him "there are ten others who are going to fly over the roof like Mrs. Bolding."

A Tahlequah police officer, Leslie Steeley, related that Brinlee told him he knew who did the Bristow bombing, and that such a killing costs "\$2,500 for anybody on the streets and \$5,000 for anyone wearing a badge."

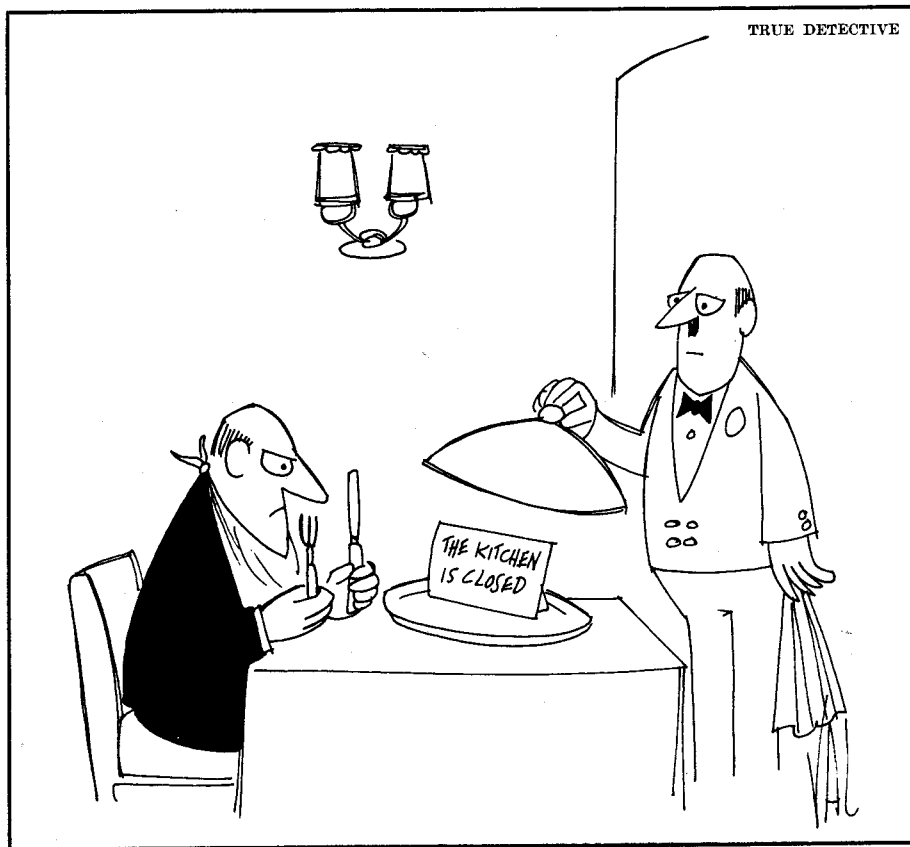
Policeman Steeley also dropped another shocker when he testified, "He said that he had a way of knowing what everybody had testified to in the Tulsa County grand jury."

Tulsa District Attorney later dismissed this allegation by Brinlee as "hogwash."

Upon conclusion of the sensational preliminary hearing, Judge Patrick ordered Brinlee bound over for trial in district court on the murder charge and did not set bond.

At this writing, the bomb assassination attempts on Judges Nelson and Bliss remain unsolved, and the deaths of Mrs. Cleo Epps and Vernon English, the two grand jury witnesses, still are mysteries.

Meanwhile, Rex Brinlee Jr., must be considered innocent of the charge of slaying Mrs. Fern Bolding unless proven otherwise at a later trial. ♦ ♦ ♦



Midwest Doctors

(Continued from page 37)

when he lost control and wrecked it. If this theory were correct, the man still might be attempting to leave town.

Accordingly, all transportation terminals in the area were placed under surveillance on the possibility that he might decide to leave via public transportation rather than risk stealing another car. At the same time, other detectives were assigned to check out bars and taverns in Kansas City's north end in an effort to determine if the suspect had been seen drinking during the hours prior to the accident.

In talking with a bartender in a tavern in the 1000 block of McGee Street, detectives learned that a tall, husky man in his 30s had been in the tavern until closing time the night Dr. Chapman had been slain. Moreover, he had been observed entering a late model yellow Cadillac when the tavern closed!

The bartender remembered the man because he was "new" in the tavern. He had first showed up there only a couple of days before, but had spent a lot of time in the tavern in the next day or so. He had not caused any trouble and seemed to be "a pleasant enough fellow." The bartender told the detectives that he had overheard a couple of other patrons call the man "Merle," so he assumed that was his name.

He said he had no idea where the man was staying, but on the last night he left the tavern he was becoming pretty well intoxicated and had remarked as he left that he was going to continue his drinking at some of the all-night joints around town. The bartender had not seen him since that night.

"Was he in the tavern all evening?" a detective asked.

The bartender shook his head negatively. Merle had been in during the afternoon and then left, he said. It was midnight or after when he returned and stayed until closing time, he said.

The following morning Captain Campbell met with the 12 detectives now assigned to the Chapman murder case. They went over the evidence they had accumulated thus far. Of course, the most significant lead to the murderer's identity was in the wrecked Cadillac and the information obtained from the bartender. There was no doubt in the minds of the detectives that the murderer had left the Holiday Inn in his victim's car and drove to the McGee Street tavern. When the tavern closed, he either had gone on to an all-night bar or back to his room, where he continued drinking. At some time while he was engaged in the drinking bout he had wrecked the Cadillac.

The General Hospital in Kansas City, Missouri, and hospitals in Kansas City, Kansas, near the area where the Cadillac was wrecked, were checked out by police. Emergency room personnel were questioned to determine if the suspect had sought treatment for his injuries. Apparently, he had not.

The time of Dr. Chapman's death was fixed at around midnight. The body was not discovered until 12 hours later. That gave the killer plenty of time to plan his next move before the authorities became aware of the slaying.

It was Captain Campbell's theory that Dr. Chapman had been acquainted in some manner with his assailant. He didn't believe that he was a long-time acquaintance, but someone he at least recognized as a friend or associate when he let him into the motel room. This theory could

explain why there was no evidence either of forced entry to the room, or a struggle.

The detectives concentrated on trying to determine if and where Dr. Chapman met the assailant. This meant learning where Dr. Chapman spent the hours after he left the dinner until around midnight, when according to Dr. Pate's findings from the autopsy, he was slain. Sometime during those hours, Captain Campbell and the other probers believed, Chapman and his killer made contact.

The solution to the homicide came abruptly and in an unexpected manner. The events that followed the killer's apprehension were even more astonishing.

Detectives Spiteaufsky and Larry Pruitt had attended the briefing on the Chapman case, that morning, during which the description of the suspect was emphasized. Following the meeting, they left Police Headquarters in Downtown Kansas City to make the rounds of numerous second-rate hotels in the area where drifters were known to hang out.

As they left Police Headquarters and drove west across the city they stopped at a traffic signal at Ninth Street and Baltimore Avenue. While waiting for the light to change, their attention was suddenly drawn to a tall, powerfully built man walking along Ninth Street.

The detectives gasped in surprise. The big man had a jagged laceration above his right eye and the right side of his face was bruised. His description matched in detail the one given the officers of the man who had fled from the wrecked Cadillac and by the bartender of the McGee Street tavern!

The officers leaped from their car and confronted the suspect. At first he attempted to walk away, but he stopped when the officers seized him and identified themselves. When they asked him how he had sustained the facial lacerations, he told them he had been involved in a fight the day before. But, as the detectives continued to press him with more questions, the suspect became more evasive.

Detectives Spiteaufsky and Pruitt put the man in their car and drove back to Police Headquarters. He was taken to the Crimes Against Persons Unit on the second floor of the building. There he was interrogated by the arresting officers and Detective Gary Van Buskirk, another detective assigned to the unit.

The suspect told the detectives that his name was Merle Richard Sturdivan. He said he was 35 years old and originally from Aurora, Colorado. He admitted that he had no permanent address and that he had been roaming around the country the last few years, going from one city to another. He had been in Kansas City only a few days and was living in a second-rate hotel on Ninth Street.

"All right, Merle, what about Dr. Chapman?" Detective Van Buskirk shot out.

Sturdivan's face at first registered surprise. Then, after hesitating a moment, he nodded his head and acknowledged that he knew what Van Buskirk was talking about. It appeared to the officers that Sturdivan, for reasons of his own, was almost anxious to talk about what had occurred.

But before permitting Sturdivan to begin talking, Detective Van Buskirk advised him of his constitutional rights. He told him that he was entitled to have a lawyer present and was entitled to legal advice before he made any statement relating to the murder, and that he did not have to say anything. He was also warned that anything he told the of-

ficers could be used against him.

Sturdivan assured the detectives that he was aware of his rights and told them he didn't want an attorney.

Then he told them how he met Dr. Chapman. He said he was drinking in the Ivanhoe Lounge at 1012 Oak Street, only a block from the tavern on McGee Street where he had been earlier in the day. Sometime after 7 o'clock, Sturdivan said, a man he later learned was Dr. Samuel Chapman entered the lounge and sat down next to him at the bar.

After some preliminary conversation Chapman bought him a drink. The two men continued drinking and talking, and Chapman asked Sturdivan to take a ride with him. Sturdivan asked the doctor where he wanted to go.

"What was his reply to that?" one of the detectives interrupted.

"He said 'I'll find the place. I'll be waiting outside in my Cadillac,'" Sturdivan quoted the doctor.

He told the detectives he decided not to accompany Chapman and remained inside the Ivanhoe Lounge six or seven minutes after Chapman left. When he went outside, he said, Chapman was sitting in his yellow Cadillac waiting for him. At this point he changed his mind and decided to go with the physician, Sturdivan said.

Chapman drove to the Holiday Inn near the Municipal Air Terminal. Sturdivan said he remained in the car while Dr. Chapman went inside the office and registered for a room. Then, when Chapman returned they drove around to the east side of the motel and went to the second-floor room that was assigned to the doctor.

However, he continued, the room had not been cleaned, so Dr. Chapman called for another room. While he waited around a corner of the building, Sturdivan said, the doctor waited until a bell-boy brought him the key to another room nearby which had been made up.

When they entered the room, Sturdivan said, Chapman removed his shoes, which he placed by the door, and called room service to order three screwdrivers for him (Sturdivan).

"What about the doctor? What did he order?" Van Buskirk asked.

"He had his own bottle with him," Sturdivan replied.

Later, around midnight, after committing a sex act with Dr. Chapman, Sturdivan allegedly told the detectives, he strangled the doctor with his hands and then tied a towel around his neck for four or five minutes; when he was certain the physician was dead he removed the towel and covered the victim with a sheet and blanket.

Then he went through Chapman's clothing and took his billfold and some change from his pockets. He took the billfold into the bathroom where the light was brighter and searched through it. He then stuffed the billfold into his pocket.

He picked up the doctor's wrist watch, which he removed after killing him, and taking the keys to the Cadillac, left the motel. He drove directly to the tavern on McGee Street where he continued drinking until the tavern closed. He then went to a couple of private clubs and eventually went back to his hotel room. He continued drinking into the next day and eventually wrecked the Cadillac.

"Where did you go after that?" Sturdivan was asked.

He said he wanted to get away from the wrecked car as quickly as he could before police arrived and started checking him out. He went to a service station near the accident scene and washed up, trying to stop the flow of blood from the cut over his eye. Later, he rode a

bus back to Kansas City, Missouri, and went to his hotel room.

"Why did you kill Dr. Chapman?" Van Buskirk asked.

"I don't know," Sturdivan assertedly replied in a low voice.

Pointing to a wrist watch which had been found on Sturdivan when he was arrested by Pruitt and Spitecaufsky, Van Buskirk asked Sturdivan if the watch was the one he took from Chapman. Sturdivan replied that it was.

That afternoon Sturdivan, who is nearly six feet two inches tall with a husky, muscular build, was taken before Magistrate C. Patrick Bills in the Clay County Courthouse in Liberty, Missouri. The Magistrate read the first-degree murder charge that was filed against Sturdivan by William S. Brandom, Clay County Prosecutor, in whose district the slaying had occurred. The defendant listened intently while the charge was read and then advised Bills that he understood it. The Magistrate set his preliminary hearing for May 28th and ordered Sturdivan held without bond in the Clay County jail.

As Sturdivan was taken from the Magistrate's courtroom, he abruptly stopped and turned to Prosecutor Brandom, who was talking with the Kansas City detectives. He told him he had some other information he wanted to give to the authorities. Brandom listened briefly, then told the deputy sheriffs to take Sturdivan to the detention cell in the courthouse basement.

An hour later, Prosecutor Brandom called newsmen into his office and read a prepared statement to them in which he said Sturdivan had admitted committing seven other murders from Cal-

ifornia to Florida!

Brandom said Sturdivan listed the cities where the other killings occurred as Miami, Miami Beach and Tampa, in Florida; New Orleans, Louisiana; Atlanta, Georgia; San Francisco, California; and Houston, Texas. The victims had all been white men, usually in their 40s or 50s, Brandom said.

The County Attorney said that authorities in the cities where Sturdivan said he had committed murders had confirmed that killings fitting the description he gave had, in fact, been committed and were unsolved. He told the press that Kansas City detectives were now awaiting further details in each of the cases from the police departments involved, and that this was expected to take several days before all the cases were cleared. It was, indeed, a bizarre ending to an unusual day for Kansas City police.

In the days that followed, the police in Kansas City received additional details about the slayings in which Sturdivan was believed to be involved. On May 10th, Detective Irving Carpenter of the Tampa Police Department interviewed Sturdivan and subsequently filed a first-degree murder charge against him. This charge was in connection with the slaying of Donald Wayne Pippin of Tampa on April 23, 1971.

Pippin's nude body had been found face down in a bed in his apartment. The body was mutilated and he had died of a hemorrhage. Tampa police said Sturdivan met the victim in a downtown bar in that city.

At the same time a detective in Miami Beach also confirmed the facts given by Sturdivan about a slaying in that city.

On May 11th, San Francisco police confirmed that Sturdivan was to be charged in a murder case that occurred there in September 26, 1970. A day later the same process was followed by New Orleans authorities in connection with a February murder there. In each of the cases the M.O. was the same as in the slaying of Dr. Chapman. It appeared that Sturdivan followed a precise pattern in selecting and murdering his victims.

On May 28th, following a preliminary hearing, Sturdivan was ordered held in the Clay County Circuit Court. At the hearing, Detective Van Buskirk read the statement Sturdivan had given admitting the murder of Dr. Chapman. Witnesses called by the State identified Sturdivan as the man they had seen with the yellow Cadillac immediately after Chapman's murder.

On June 30th, Judge James S. Rooney of the Clay County Circuit Court ordered a psychiatric examination for Sturdivan. The order was not opposed by Prosecutor Brandom.

Sturdivan presently is in the Missouri State Mental Hospital in Fulton, Missouri, for the examination. He is, of course, presumed innocent of all the charges against him until he is found guilty by a jury. ◆◆◆

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Walter Simmons is not the real name of the person so named in the forgoing story. Because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of this person, a fictitious name has been used.

Clay Pigeon

(Continued from page 33)

other incriminating evidence might turn up. So he simply waited.

Once again, he made precisely the right move—or rather, had refused to make the wrong move. Four days later the informer called, and this time the report was what Lingerfelt had been hoping for. Not only the shotgun, but Joyce Padgett's purse and jewelry had turned up, the informer said, and probably were in Pete Bastogne's possession.

Now, Lingerfelt moved. Obtaining a search warrant in record time, he and Cruse and Leggett roused Bastogne out of bed. Bastogne initially claimed he didn't have the items, but when a quick search turned up the purse, shotgun and jewelry, all wrapped in a moldy raincoat, he changed his story. A lumber worker, he contended, had given him the stuff, and he himself had never seen them before a couple of days before. The service station attendant was unable to identify the mysterious lumber worker, however. With solid evidence now in hand, Lingerfelt arrested Bastogne and lodged him in the Cobb County Jail, with Bastogne still protesting his innocence.

After a day and a half in the pokey, though, he once again changed his tune, and offered to show the officers where he had "found" the items. He accompanied the sleuths to a thorny thicket just off Elliott Road where one spot showed signs of recent digging. Bastogne's revelations didn't stop there, however: He put Henry Huiel right back in the homicide picture.

Huiel, he said had told him where to find the gun, purse, and jewelry, and

had even helped him dig them up.

Huiel was promptly taken into custody. Guilt must have been burning inside the 21-year-old like the moonshine of which he was so fond, because within minutes of his arrival at Cobb County police headquarters, he confessed to the shotgun slaying of Joyce Padgett.

Furthermore, Huiel announced that he had been hired to do the dirty work by the supposedly grieving John Padgett, who wanted to get rid of his attractive wife of six years so he could collect the insurance money!

Captain Lingerfelt, a lawman who knew when to bide his time and be patient, also knew when speedy action was needed. Based on the information supplied by Huiel, a warrant was sworn out for John Padgett, charging him with conspiracy to murder his wife, and the service station operator was picked up that same day and lodged in the same jail which held Pete Bastogne and Henry Huiel. Unlike Huiel, however, Padgett denied any knowledge of the crime.

When the news broke that Marietta had been the scene of a husband-wife slay-for-pay murder, residents of the bustling Atlanta suburb gave a collective gasp. Their city, it appeared, was getting more than its share of the violence which dogged the streets of cities everywhere. Nor was the homicidal Grim Reaper through. Before the suspected killers of Joyce Padgett came to trial, a 27-year-old ex-convict named Larry Ronald Davis was arrested in San Antonio, Texas, and later tried and convicted for the murder of Susan Doty.

And even as District Attorney Ben Smith was preparing the evidence against the suspected slayers of Joyce Padgett, residents of the community,

reeling under the terror of what appeared to be a virtual epidemic of killer lust, were faced with yet another savage and seemingly senseless slaying. Dr. Warren Matthews and his wife, Rosina, were among the more respected and substantial members of the community; both were doctors, and each was the chief of pathology at a major hospital in the Atlanta area. On the morning of May 7, 1971, the two were found shot to death at their beautiful, well-furnished Cobb County home.

Police were deep in that investigation—which still remains open—when John Padgett came to trial, on May 10, 1971, for the conspiracy murder of his wife.

District Attorney Smith was assisted by George (Buddy) Darden, who had been on the DA's staff about four years. The two prosecutors were opposed by Frank Schaffer and William Holley.

Among the first witnesses was Pete Bastogne, the erstwhile attendant at the Padgett service station. Bastogne's appearance was something of a coup: Investigators had finally determined that he had played no role in the slaying, and had gotten involved in the sordid affair only a few days before his arrest. Up until the Friday before the trial he had been refusing to testify, but authorities had eventually been able to persuade him that it was for his own good. Bastogne's testimony was crucial to the prosecution, because Padgett could not be convicted on the testimony of Huiel alone; there had to be some corroboration for the accomplice's story.

Bastogne's testimony provided much of that corroboration: Like Huiel, Bastogne for some unfathomable reason was almost completely under the sway of John Padgett; it was obvious he was

(Continued on page 56)

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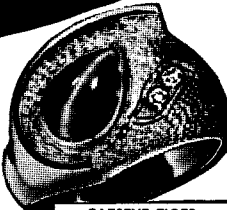
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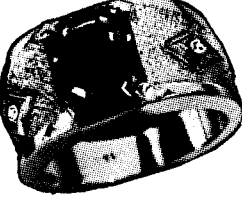
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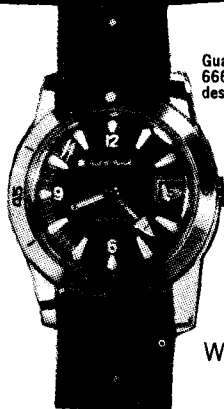


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Average Ladies' — 6 Men's — 9
RING SIZE

(Continued from page 54)
 terrified of the man. Bastogne said he had been approached by Padgett early in February, and offered \$1,000 if he could locate the gun used to kill Mrs. Padgett. Bastogne, who was aware that something fishy had been going on concerning the murder, went to Huiel and offered to split the \$1,000 with him if he could come up with the goods. Bastogne said he and Huiel later dug up the purse, gun and jewelry, but when they delivered it to Padgett, he simply removed his dead wife's jewelry from her purse and placed it in a cigar box. Then, Bastogne said, he was told to take the things home and hide them until they could be disposed of.

Henry Huiel, the admitted slayer, followed his former co-worker to the stand.

Huiel said the murder plot had been hatched around Thanksgiving, 1970, and that Padgett offered him \$500 and a red pick-up truck—which recalled for the spectators the “drab-colored truck” Mrs. Guardino had seen in her vision—if he would “bump off my old lady.” The night of the murder, Huiel said, he had waited out behind the station, and Padgett had slipped out back to go over the final details with him, then left to go home, leaving his wife alone.

Huiel's testimony, along with that of the doctor who had performed the autopsy and Captain Lingerfelt, closed the evidence for the state.

Prosecutors Smith and Darden finally had to call a halt to the presentation of evidence because, in one of the most unusual trials the veteran prosecutor had ever handled, the case kept developing even as it was being tried. Detectives had uncovered \$40,000 in life insurance policies Padgett had taken out on his wife—one witness testified the service station operator had taken out as many separate policies as his company would allow—yet more kept turning up. Three were discovered while the four-day trial was in progress, and police eventually were to turn up \$13,000 more in policies.

Some, according to a technician from the Georgia State Crime Laboratory, bore forged signatures of Joyce Padgett.

Refusing to take the cop-out allowed all criminal defendants, that of remaining silent, John Padgett, relaxed and confident, chose instead to testify in his own behalf and take his chances against the probing questions of District Attorney Ben Smith. In giving his version of the events of that fatal day, Padgett said he had picked his step-daughter up at Sprayberry High School that afternoon. He went on to relate that he enjoyed a close relationship with Henry Huiel's family, and that at the request of the youth's mother had helped him out of a couple of scrapes, paying fines of over \$200 each time.

Padgett may not have known it at the time, but he had just made two king-sized mistakes.

His step-daughter, Linda, followed him to the stand—but not before a bit of courtroom dramatics. As the teenaged witness, a bride of only a few months, entered the railed-off area of the courtroom enroute to the witness stand, she glanced at the man accused of killing her mother; then, rushing to his side, she flung her arms around John Padgett and exclaimed, “Daddy, I love you!”

Judge Luther Hames, quickly reasserting order out of the ensuing confusion, ordered the jury from the room and issued a severe reprimand to the teenager, who at that time was living in a mobile home in Birmingham which had been given her by her stepfather

before he came to trial. The judge ordered the girl arrested after the trial, at which time he would consider contempt action.

If Linda's courtroom dramatics had assisted her stepfather, her testimony didn't help him. Although Padgett had testified he and his stepdaughter were quite close, and that he frequently picked her up after classes at Sprayberry High School, Linda said she always rode the bus home and that the only time either of her parents had picked her up was on the first day of school.

Furthermore, she said she had ridden the bus home the day of the murder. When Smith asked what school she attended, she said it was Osborne High School.

The discrepancies between the girl's testimony and that of her supposedly doting step-father were not lost on the jurors.

The last defense witness was the mother of Henry Huiel, the woman whom Padgett had testified earlier had asked him on at least two occasions to help her son out of scrapes. Before she was through, however, Padgett must have regretted ever having heard of Henry Huiel's mother.

Not only did the witness deny any sort of close relationship with Padgett—“I know him to see him but I've never had anything to do with him,” she testified—she also said her son had told her before Christmas that he was expecting

to get \$500—and that he had promised her \$150 of it.

The \$500 windfall “before Christmas” would have fit right in with the timing of the alleged plot to murder Joyce Padgett, and coming as it did from a defense witness, the testimony was doubly damning.

After the closing arguments, it took the jury only slightly over two hours to find John Padgett guilty of conspiring to murder his pretty wife in order to collect her life insurance. It took much less time, only 10 minutes, to agree to sentence him to life imprisonment.

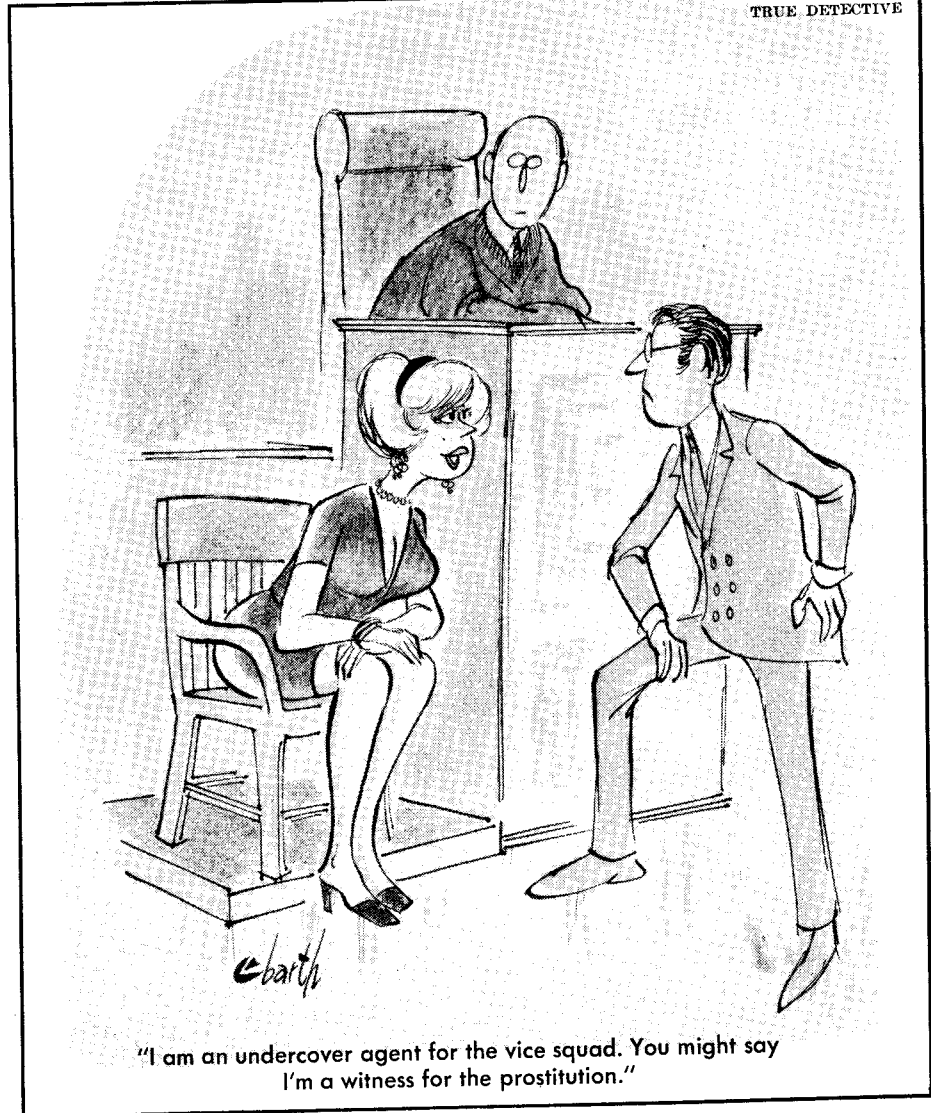
Henry Huiel, the liquor-loving triggerman, pleaded guilty to the murder five days later, and he, too, was sentenced to life.

Pete Bastogne, who unwittingly had been caught up in a web of larcenous murder-for-hire, was released when police finally determined he was not a part of the murder plot.

As for Betty Guardino, the amateur seeress, she awaits with dread the next vision of the bony hand of death. ♦♦♦

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Mrs. Betty Guardino, Paul Guardino and Pete Bastogne are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of these persons, fictitious names have been used.



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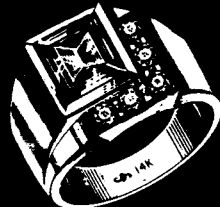
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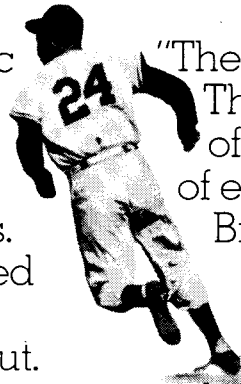
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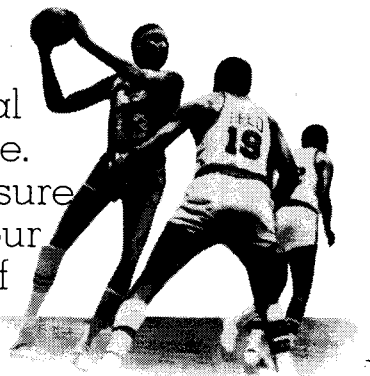
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Sharp-Eyed Trooper

(Continued from page 24)

the license number of the car? He said he did not, but he recalled that the prefix was 7w-

Could he describe the two youths? He said he had taken a good look at them and he could.

Both were Negroes, he said. The older one was about 20 years old, had a dark complexion and black hair. He was about six feet one inch tall and weighed about 200 pounds.

The younger one was about 17, and he had a light complexion and black hair. He was about five feet six inches tall and of slight build, weighing about 130 to 140 pounds.

Mr. Puhlick had been so stunned by the macabre events, his efforts to crawl over the two bodies and staggering across the road that his telling of what happened now caused full-scale trauma. It hit him fully now and he no longer was capable of coherent speech.

The attendants rushed him to Waterman Memorial Hospital in Eustis, where it was found that the shock was more serious than the wounds. After they had been cleaned up, he was heavily sedated and put to bed.

The balance of what had happened was filled in by other witnesses. After his horrifying escape, Mr. Puhlick started for the white concrete block house where the owner of the property lived.

"This gentleman was standing there just on the other side of the driveway," said the owner's wife. "I saw he was elderly and big. He said there'd been an accident back there and that a man was shot and bleeding."

She said she "tried frantically" to telephone the sheriff's office, but her phone was on a six-party line and it was busy. She asked the people using it to hang up so she could call the sheriff. They refused. She pleaded with them repeatedly, telling them of the emergency. Still they refused, but she kept trying.

Mr. Puhlick didn't wait. He staggered to the road just as a heavy equipment operator for the sand mine came along. He waved and the operator stopped.

"I had left to go home about five after five," the man related. "When I was about to turn left on the highway, I noticed this gentleman waving. I thought his car had broken down."

But the operator then noticed Mr. Puhlick's bloody clothing and didn't doubt him when he told of the other bodies in the trunk. He said one of Mr. Puhlick's pockets was turned inside out. "He said he had four hundred dollars in an envelope which he dropped on the car floor, hoping they wouldn't find it—but they did."

Mr. Puhlick was taken to the sand mine office, where the phone was used to notify the sheriff.

There were no other witnesses. The sheriff and his men examined the area around the car. Its trunk lid was still up. A great deal of blood had been lost from the two bodies in the trunk and some of it was still running in little rivulets onto the ground.

There is no medical examiner in Lake County, but Dr. William Shutz, a pathologist at Leesburg Memorial Hospital, performs autopsies. The bodies were removed to the hospital, where Dr. Shutz was waiting.

Mr. Puhlick's stopped watch indicated
(Continued on page 62)

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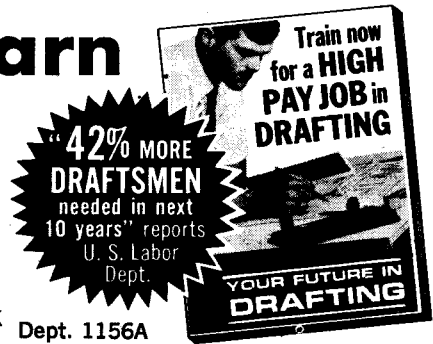
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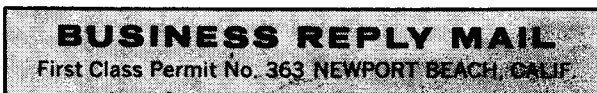
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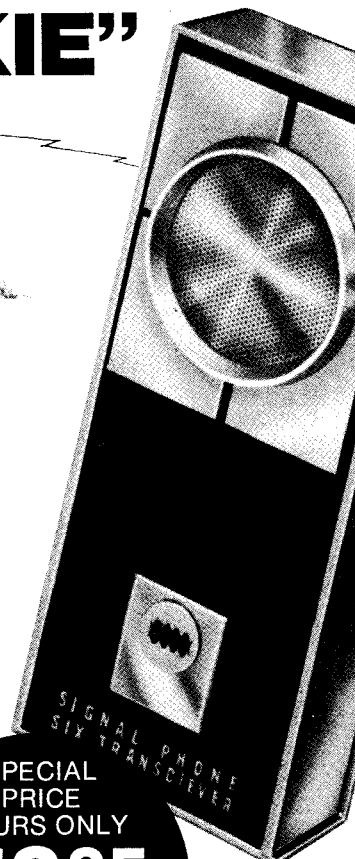
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Gordon King, Vice President
The Hanover Shoe, Inc.
793 Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa. 17331

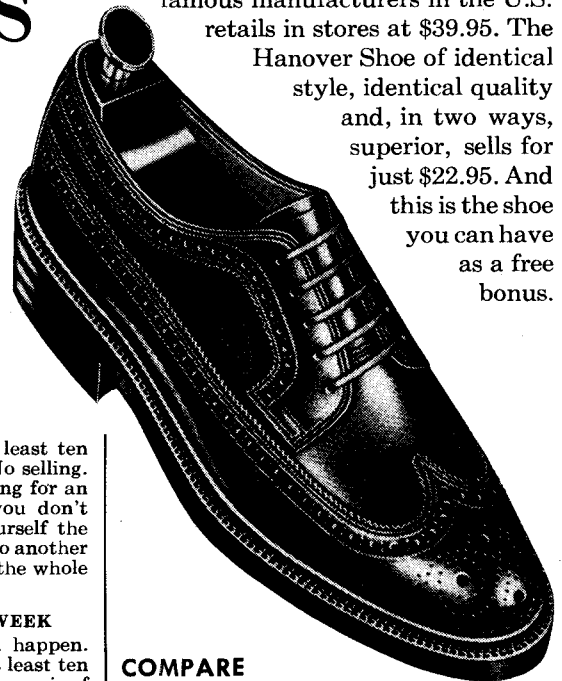
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- 1. Upper Leather.** Both uppers are Barrett's Alpine full grain calfskin.
- 2. Linings.** Both shoes are fully leather lined.
- 3. Outsoles.** Both shoes have full grained oak tanned leather outsoles of the same quality and thickness.
- 4. Heels.** Both shoes have leather heels with steel V Plate for extra wear.
- 5. Innersoles.** Both shoes feature genuine leather innersoles but only the Hanover has a cushion between the outsole and the innersole for added comfort.
- 6. Steel Arch Support.** Both shoes have a steel shank but only the Hanover Shoe has a longitudinal arch cushion as part of its famous Comfort Arch construction.
- 7. Leather Storm Welt.** Both shoes have a leather reverse storm welt running completely around the shoe.
- 8. Laces.** Better looking, longer wearing Cordo-Hyde laces are in both shoes.
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Name _____

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State _____ Zip _____

I have a _____ car. Year _____

My home phone number is _____

I have never sold shoes before.

I have sold shoes for _____

I will work spare time

I'll carry as a sideline

My present occupation is _____

(Continued from page 59)
the shooting had occurred at 3:45 and more than two hours had elapsed. There had been time for the killers not only to leave the area, but they might even be out of the state by now, in Georgia or Alabama.

Earlier that day, a Lake County citizen, L. G. West, had reported his 1970 four-door green Ford stolen. This apparently was the car the two youths had fled in. Also, another citizen, Glenn Brown, had reported that burglars had broken into his palatial home and stolen a small safe. He was asked to look at the damaged safe in the orange grove and he said that it was his.

A description of the green Ford, its license number and the occupants was quickly flashed over the teletype network that goes into nearly every law enforcement office in the state. The same information was broadcast over the State Highway Patrol radio. The green Chrysler in which the bodies were found was impounded and towed to the sheriff's garage in Tavares to be processed by technicians.

The safe had contained valuable papers, but little money. The papers were recovered and the safe was impounded for processing. Mr. Brown discovered that several guns had been stolen at the same time and he furnished serial numbers. There seemed little doubt that the stolen guns had been used in the bizarre trunk shooting.

A nationwide search was started for the two young gunmen and deputies worked through the night trying to uncover leads to their identity. Intensive investigation failed to turn up any concrete clues. The owner of the Ford provided the license number—7W-53951 and this was added to the information that had been fed into a nationwide computer, along with the serial numbers of the guns.

Days passed and the intensive investigation yielded nothing but increasing terror among the population of Lake County. Children were driven to school by their parents and picked up at the close of the school day. There was a brisk business in gun sales.

Then on Friday, February 19th, New Jersey Turnpike Trooper Richard Ryan noted the green Ford moving off the Turnpike to Jersey City—in the wrong lane. In the front seat were two young Negro males and a female. Trooper Ryan radioed the car's license number to Turnpike headquarters for a check, and moments later, the computer hook-up to NCIC (the National Crime Information Center) reported that the car had been stolen in Florida. Ryan radioed ahead to stop it.

Trooper Thomas Grabowski who by an incredible coincidence happened to be a cousin of the slain Mrs. Nicholas Puhlick, overheard the message and halted the car. Since the trio was from another state, they normally would have been cautioned and allowed to go on. But one requirement of New Jersey law is that a driver stopped for a traffic violation must show his registration certificate. Bennie Demps, the car's driver, looked for it.

Demps searched the glove compartment and couldn't find the certificate. Then he opened the trunk to look for it there. It was then that Trooper Grabowski spotted a 7.62 Russian-made assault rifle. Other guns also were concealed in the trunk. By this time, Trooper Ryan had caught up and told Trooper Grabowski that the car had been reported stolen and that the two youths were wanted for questioning in a double murder and assault-to-kill case in Florida.

The trio were arrested on a charge of carrying concealed weapons and were taken to Turnpike headquarters, where it was determined that the two youths were Jackie Hardie, 17, and Bennie Eddie Demps, 20, the wanted youths. They had been identified by Mr. L. G. West, owner of the 1970 green station wagon, who was acquainted with them and who said they had stolen his car at gunpoint.

The weapons in the car's trunk were checked and the serial numbers were those of the guns stolen from Mr. Brown, at the same time the safe was taken. The trio was told they were suspects in the murders, assault, car theft and breaking and entering in Florida and were advised of their constitutional rights. All three were held on charges of carrying concealed weapons and Florida authorities were notified.

About ten hours after their arrest, the trio was charged with first-degree murder in the slayings of Mrs. Puhlick and Mr. Brinkworth, assault with intent to commit murder on Mr. Puhlick, breaking and entering and theft in taking the guns and safe from Mrs. Brown. Demps was charged with auto theft in stealing the car from Mr. West.

About 12 hours after the trio had been arrested, warrants covering these offenses were obtained by Florida State Attorney Goldon G. Oldham Jr., and were wired to New Jersey authorities. The girl, who first said her name was Terri Robinson and later that it was Hermenia Theresa Braxton, insisted that she had been picked up by the two youths in Jacksonville, North Carolina, and that she had not been in Florida on the day of the slaying. She was booked under both names.

On Monday, February 22nd, exactly one week after the series of crimes culminating in the vicious murders and assault, Lake County Deputies Carl Mabry, Don Scism and Merrill Allison went to Jersey City, where the three suspects were being held in the Hudson County jail. They presented the warrants to New Jersey authorities.

After waiving extradition, all three of the suspects agreed to return to Florida. They arrived in Tavares on Sunday, February 28th and were held without bond in the Lake County jail.

It was learned that Jackie Hardie was only 16 and a juvenile. State Attorney Oldham went to court and moved to have him tried as an adult and his plea was granted. Both were indicted on the various charges against them. However, witnesses from North Carolina proved to Oldham's satisfaction that Terri Robinson was in that state when the crimes were committed. Charges against her were dropped, but she was held as a material witness.

Demps and Hardie were found to be indigent and County Judge L. R. Hofstetler Jr. appointed two lawyers for each of them, after Juvenile Court Judge W. A. "Bill" Milton Jr. had waived jurisdiction so that Hardie could be tried as an adult.

On March 31st, both Demps and Hardie were indicted on first-degree murder charges. The lesser charges were on direct informations and did not require grand jury action. Both youths pleaded not guilty and their attorneys asked for a change of venue because of adverse publicity in Lake County.

Lake County Circuit Court Judge W. Troy Hall granted the request on April 19th and ordered the trial moved to St. Augustine. On June 3rd, Governor Reubin Askew issued an executive order that State Attorney Oldham would prosecute the case in St. Augustine, a com-

munity of about 12,000 population which is best known as the oldest city in North America, founded in 1565 on an ancient Indian site only a short distance from where Ponce de Leon landed in 1515 in his quest for the Fountain of Youth. The trial was scheduled to begin on Monday, June 21st.

The trial began on that date and Judge Hall, sitting in St. Johns County Circuit Court denied motions of defense attorneys to hold separate trials for the two youths and to grant an indefinite continuance. A venire of 150 men and women was on hand, but attorneys for both sides were reluctant to use their peremptory challenges in excusing prospective jurors.

Each side was allowed ten peremptory challenges—that is, excusing prospective jurors without stating a reason—for each first degree murder charge and six for the attempted murder charge. Thus there were 52 peremptory challenges available.

But attorneys for both sides were charged by Judge Hall with using long, involved questioning to excuse prospective jurors for cause rather than using their peremptory challenges. He urged both sides to use some of their challenges and speed up the proceedings.

However, only a few of the 150 original venire were left at the close of the third day and another panel of 100 was ordered. A tentative jury of eight men and four women had been selected, but they faced further questioning and it was doubtful that they all would be seated.

By the time court recessed on the fourth day, ten jurors had been accepted by both sides and only 50 of the 250 veniremen were left. When court recessed on Friday, a panel of nine men and three women and one alternate had been seated. Two other alternates were selected in the half-day session on Saturday and the actual testimony was scheduled to begin Monday, June 28th.

On Saturday afternoon, Judge Hall ruled on motions to suppress evidence. Attorneys for Demps and Hardie claimed that New Jersey officers failed to advise them of their constitutional rights until after they were arrested. The officers, testifying without the jury present, admitted this, but Judge Hall ruled that they were justified in making the arrests after they had found the guns when Demps voluntarily opened the trunk.

Attempts to rule out the stolen car as evidence also failed. The owner, L. D. West, testified that Demps and Hardie, armed with a sawed-off shotgun, stole his car in Winter Garden, then drove out into the country and tied him to a tree.

Judge Hall allowed the jurors and alternates to go home for the weekend, but told them they would be sequestered after testimony began on Monday and until the trial ended.

On Monday, Prosecutor Oldham introduced 91 exhibits, including the three murder weapons—the Russian assault rifle, a .22 caliber automatic and a sawed-off shotgun—and the two cars involved in the case, the Brinkworth Chrysler and Mr. West's green Ford.

Oldham said in his opening statement that he would prove that Demps and Hardie entered West's Ford, threatened to shoot him with a sawed-off shotgun and forced him to drive out into the country, where he was tied to a tree before they drove off with his car.

Prosecutor Oldham said the pair next burglarized the home of Glenn Brown, stealing his safe and his collection of guns, including the Russian rifle which

(Continued on page 64)

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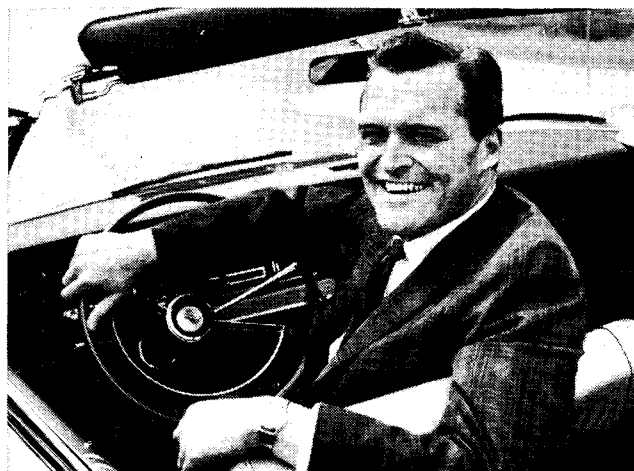
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(Continued from page 62)
one of the Browns had brought back after serving in Vietnam.

The prosecutor said Demps and Hardie took the safe to an obscure orange grove and were trying to break it open with a tire iron from West's car when Mr. Brinkworth, Mr. and Mrs. Puhlick came upon them purely by chance.

After they had been ordered from the car and robbed, Prosecutor Oldham said, Mrs. Puhlick dropped a lipstick. She stopped to pick it up and, as she straightened up, the prosecutor said she was shot by Demps "non-fatally" in the abdomen.

The prosecutor said the trio was ordered into the trunk of the Brinkworth Chrysler after Mr. Puhlick had been forced to remove the spare tire to make enough room, Mr. Puhlick being ordered to climb in first.

Prosecutor Oldham said that Hardie, using the assault rifle, and Demps, using the .22 caliber revolver, began shooting the three with the trunk still open. The gunmen then locked the trunk and returned, apparently after reloading, and blasted the closed trunk. One slug apparently broke the lock.

The State Attorney also introduced photographs of fingerprints he said would be identified by FBI specialists as Hardie's. He said ballistics technicians would identify the two guns that were the murder weapons and were found in the car in which Demps and Hardie were riding when they were arrested in New Jersey.

West and five witnesses were the first to testify. They connected Demps and Hardie with the theft of West's green Ford. West also told the jurors of being tied to a tree after the two had stolen his car at gunpoint.

The star witness the following day was Nicholas Puhlick, the survivor of the double barrage fired into the trunk. He said that when he, his wife and Brinkworth came upon the two, the youths grabbed guns and said: "This is a hold-up. Get out."

He said that Hardie had a "stubby rifle" which he pointed at them as he kept about ten feet behind them. He said Demps had an automatic.

Mr. Puhlick testified that after they had been robbed, Demps said to Mrs. Puhlick: "Lady, stop moving your hands." He said his wife tried to persuade the youths to take the stolen money and leave.

The response, he testified, was a .22 caliber bullet fired at her at close range. "That bullet took everything out of her," he said.

Then Mr. Puhlick said that Demps acted "cool," like he was "an experienced killer."

The four defense attorneys jumped up simultaneously with objections. Judge Hall ordered the remark stricken from the record and told the jury to ignore it.

Mr. Puhlick continued more calmly. He said he was forced to remove the spare tire from the trunk and that he and Brinkworth were ordered to get in. Mrs. Puhlick, though wounded, was still on her feet and she was shoved into the trunk and the lid slammed down.

The witness said it was dark and unbearably hot. In whispers, he asked Mr. Brinkworth if there were tools they could use to pry the trunk open. Before he got an answer, there was a shout from outside.

"Is it too hot in there, old man?" he said Hardie yelled and this was followed by numerous shots.

"I don't know where the bullets hit. None hit me, but I could push my

shoulder and open the trunk a bit," Mr. Puhlick testified. "They were reloading. I could hear a click—click."

He said he wasn't sure which of the youths had which gun. "It was too risky to look," he said. "The trunk lid opened wider, but I didn't move . . . all of a sudden there was another barrage. I could hear the bullets thud into Brinkworth . . . I didn't know whether my wife was dead or whether she was being hit."

Then the bullet struck him and grazed a path across his chest. He said he almost passed out, but he was afraid to move because he could hear "footsteps" around the car. He said he felt Brinkworth's hand and it was cold. He said he believed Brinkworth was dead.

He got out of the trunk then, crawling over the two bodies. He said he felt his wife and she was warm and he hoped she might still be alive. He staggered down the road to get help.

The defense lawyers shot a barrage of questions at Mr. Puhlick on cross examination, but they were unable to shake his testimony.

Following Mr. Puhlick to the witness stand was the pathologist, Dr. Shutz, who testified that five bullets had been fired into Mrs. Puhlick's body. Dr. Shutz said Mr. Brinkworth suffered three massive chest wounds which caused internal bleeding and collapse of a lung. He had died from a multiplicity of effects of these wounds, the pathologist said.

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He removed bullets from both bodies and these were introduced into evidence.

Also introduced into evidence were a small safe, the Russian-made rifle and a .22 caliber automatic pistol. Mr. and Mrs. Glenn W. Brown and their son positively identified these as having been stolen from their home on the day of the murders.

An automobile lug wrench was one of the exhibits and FBI Special Agent Richard W. Flach, a specialist in geology, said it contained distinctive insulation from the "peeled" safe. The wrench was found in the green Ford the defendants were arrested in in New Jersey. It definitely linked them to the stolen safe.

FBI Fingerprint Examiner James Ridgely testified that prints removed from the Brinkworth Chrysler in which the two were slain and Mr. Puhlick was wounded definitely were those of Jackie Hardie.

Demps' attorney objected to this because he said that the prosecution was trying to prove that Demps was guilty by association, Judge Hall overruled the objection.

Then Hardie's attorney objected to the use of his client's fingerprints taken in the Lake County jail because this was a violation of Hardie's constitutional rights against self incrimination.

The jury was out of the courtroom while this point was argued. The point was brought up by Robert Austin, one of Hardie's court-appointed lawyers. Judge Hall complimented Attorney Austin for his resourcefulness, but overruled what the judge called his "interesting, unique argument."

Judge Hall also complimented all the court-appointed defense lawyers for "working hard and doing their best" for the two accused youths. Then the jury was brought back into the courtroom and the trial continued.

After 26 state witnesses had been heard, State Attorney Oldham rested his case on Thursday, July 1st.

Late that afternoon, against the advice of his attorneys, Jackie Hardie took the witness stand. In open court, he testified that he alone was responsible for stealing the safe and guns from the Glenn Brown home. He claimed Benny Eddie Demps had nothing to do with the crime.

Hardie also testified that he fired both weapons at the same time into the car trunk. He said that he alone was responsible for the two shooting deaths and the wounding of Nicholas Puhlick.

Under cross-examination, Hardie estimated that the safe weighed about 500 pounds, but he still insisted that he alone had taken it from the Brown home. To the spectators this appeared ludicrous in view of the fact that Hardie is slightly built and short, weighing only about 130 pounds.

Demps took the stand and testified that he was not at the scene of the murders. He admitted stealing West's car, but denied he had done it at gunpoint. He admitted Hardie had a sawed-off shotgun but claimed he didn't use it. He testified that Mr. West was drunk when he stole the car. He said he turned the car over to Hardie, who drove away with another man he identified only as Curtis Red. Demps claimed that he spent five hours that afternoon in an old house in an orange grove lover's lane while Hardie and Curtis Red were away.

Demps said that Hardie drove the car back to the lover's lane house where he waited late that afternoon and Curtis Red was with him. He said they brought money and weapons with them.

Demps grinned and said he asked the pair where they got the guns and money. He said they replied: "Ask us no questions and we'll tell you no lies."

Demps testified that he was given \$135. In rebuttal, a brother of Jackie Hardie testified that Jackie didn't know how to drive a car.

Then Prosecutor Oldham pointed out that the stories told by Demps and Hardie didn't agree.

Terri Robinson didn't testify, but she previously had made a deposition implicating Demps and Hardie in the crimes, and this was read in court.

The defense rested on Friday and the case went to the jury, which deliberated an hour and 40 minutes before returning a verdict of guilty of first-degree murder without a recommendation of mercy. Under Florida law, Judge Hall was compelled to impose the death penalty. In addition he sentenced the two youths to 20 years for assault on Nicholas Puhlick.

When Judge Hall asked Demps if he had anything to say, he replied: "I'll say my trial was not fair . . . None of these people (the jury) were black people and this is not my country."

Hardie confined his statement to a sarcastic remark: "Thank you, Judge."

Judge Hall appointed the four defense attorneys to handle the automatic appeal that is required by law when the death penalty is imposed. Meanwhile, Demps and Hardie have joined about 50 other prisoners on Death Row, awaiting the outcome of the United States Supreme Court's decision as to whether the death penalty is "cruel and unusual" punishment and therefore unconstitutional. There has been no execution in Florida since 1966. ♦ ♦ ♦

Ransom for a Corpse

(Continued from page 47)

utes later, the millionaire had his first meeting with the man with the hare-lip. As it turned out, it was not his first meeting after all for Karl Dorfner, a 50 year old business man with a very slight hare-lip, had been one of Franz Putz' employees a number of years previously. There was also another connection. Klaus-Peter, the 20 year old son of Karl Dorfner, had been a friend of Renate's some two years earlier.

Franz Putz, had as instructed, informed the police of the meeting and Sergeant Hellermann was unobtrusively present, but it was not necessary for him to intervene. Dorfner willingly accompanied Putz to the police station where he produced three letters which had apparently all been typed on the same machine as the original ransom note. Two of these letters were further demands for the ransom money and the third authorized Dorfner to act as middleman. According to the instructions, Dorfner was to meet with the kidnapers at a tavern called the Boeswirt at Langwied, a small town to the north of Munich.

Dorfner was immediately taken into custody, but denied any knowledge of the identity of the kidnapers. He stated that his initial contact with them had been over the telephone at which time they had merely informed him that Renate had been kidnaped and he was to act as middleman with her father in obtaining the ransom money. The three letters had arrived that afternoon and he had immediately gone to Franz Putz.

"I have no idea why they picked me as middleman," said Dorfner. "The only reason that I can think of is because my son was friendly with Renate several years ago and I used to work for Franz."

Dorfner was released under police surveillance to carry out the contact with the kidnapers and a massive police operation was prepared. Plainclothesmen were stationed in the tavern in Langwied and at strategic points throughout the little town and arrangements were made to set up roadblocks on every road, thoroughfare, or even foot paths leading to Langwied. On the afternoon of April 18th, Karl Dorfner drove alone to the Boeswirt Tavern in Langwied where he was to meet the kidnapers. They did not appear.

"I'm not terribly surprised," said the inspector. "Several things could have happened: One, despite all our efforts at secrecy, they may have learned that we had the place surrounded. Two, it's not uncommon for kidnapers to make a whole series of false appointments before they actually make the contact. If that was the case, then they should be contacting Dorfner again within the next few days."

The next few days brought, however, more than a further attempt at collecting the ransom by the kidnapers. The body which had been found in the gravel pit at Starnberg had now been transferred to Munich and, no sooner had Inspector Doorn read the report in which Klaus-Dieter Rodenberg had stated that the girl lived at Kistlerhof Street, 144, than he realized immediately that Renate Putz had been found.

On the afternoon of April 21st, Franz Putz stood in the morgue of the criminal police in Munich and said, "Yes, that's Renate." He was a hard man and neither the expression of his face nor the tone of his voice changed in the

slightest, but his shoulders were slumped forward as he left the morgue. Renate had been his only child.

"Well, they killed her," said the inspector, "and apparently on the same day that she turned up missing. According to the autopsy, she was shot some time on the afternoon of April 5th. A hard lot, these kidnapers. They're still trying to collect the ransom even though the girl is dead."

"What are we going to do with Dorfner?" said the sergeant. "Are you going to release him to see if the kidnapers make another attempt at a contact?"

"No," said the inspector. "We're going to hold Dorfner and grill the life out of him. As a matter of fact, I want you to go out and pick up his son too. The story of the discovery of the girl's body in the gravel pit was in the Starnberg and Munich papers. I don't believe there's going to be another attempt at a contact."

Karl Dorfner was placed under intense interrogation and Klaus-Peter Dorfner was brought to the station, but soon released. He was only 20 years old and he had been in school the entire afternoon of April 5th. There did not seem to be any possibility that he could have had any connection to the kidnaping and murder.

Karl Dorfner continued to protest his innocence of any connection with the kidnapers other than that which he had already stated. A detail which had been assigned to Langwied ever since the time of the supposed contact with the kidnapers there, now reported however, that Dorfner had been at the Boeswirt Tavern in Langwied on several occasions since the murder. On April 10th, his car, an Opel Rekord, which had been standing in front of the tavern while Dorfner was inside, had suddenly caught fire and had been burned to a shell. It was still standing in front of the tavern and the inspector ordered it brought to Munich for examinations.

The wreck was so badly burned that almost nothing remained inside, but the police laboratory was able to establish the presence of a few drops of human blood. The amount was too small to draw any conclusions. More significant, the laboratory reported that there was certain evidence to indicate that gasoline had been thrown into the car before it caught on fire.

"In short," said the inspector, "if the girl was killed in Dorfner's car, then he or someone else deliberately set it on fire in order to obliterate all traces of the crime. Unfortunately, they seemed to have succeeded only too well."

A search party had also been dispatched to Karl Dorfner's house where three .22 caliber rifles were found, but no 7.65 caliber pistol. Dorfner denied that he had ever owned a pistol, but his son taken once more into custody and placed under interrogation, admitted that his father had indeed had a pistol which he had thrown away sometime after the kidnaping.

Confronted with his son's statement, Dorfner confessed that he had had a pistol and that he had thrown it away. "I threw it away after I was contacted by the kidnapers," he said. "I was afraid that I would be involved in this matter but I didn't want the police to find a pistol in my house. It was a foolish thing to do, but I suppose I lost my head."

Pressed as to where he had thrown the pistol, Dorfner became vague. He had, he said, thrown it out the window of the car while driving along the road, but he could not remember exactly what road it had been nor at what point he had thrown the pistol out.

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Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State..... Zip Code.....

Age..... Amount I Want to Borrow \$.....

Dorfner also denied vigorously that he had set his own car on fire in front of the Boeswirth Tavern in Langwied and the testimony of the owner of the tavern seemed to bear out his statement. "Dorfner was sitting in the tavern for at least 20 minutes before the fire started," said the tavern owner. "Even then, it wasn't he who first noticed it, but one of the other customers who happened to look out the window and called out that a car was on fire outside. Everyone rushed outside, but the car was already burn-

ing so fiercely that it was impossible to even approach it."

"Are you quite certain that Dorfner never left the tavern during those 20 minutes before the car caught on fire?" said the inspector.

The tavern owner was quite certain. So were a number of other customers who had been in the tavern at the time.

"Perhaps he had some kind of a timing device," said Sergeant Hellermann. "A short candle burning on the floorboards with a gasoline-soaked cloth would have been enough."

"That's what I thought too," said the inspector, "but the laboratory insists that there was no trace of any such timing device in the car and that even a candle could still have been detected. They were unable to find anything of that nature at all."

The interrogation of Karl Dorfner continued and, in the meantime, the squad which had been assigned the task of tracing down the typewriters with the unusual cursive type face discovered what appeared to be a connection. A number of such typewriters had been purchased by a manufacturing company in Munich and this was a company for which Dorfner had, at one time, worked. The evidence was, however, not conclusive as Dorfner had not worked for the company for over three years and, in addition, all of the company typewriters with the cursive type face had been disposed of over five years previously.

In view of the time that had elapsed, it was no longer possible to locate the record of what had been done with the typewriters, but some of the older employees had remembered that they had been sold cheaply to persons inside the firm. Dorfner had presumably been working for the firm at this time, but there was no way of proving that he had purchased one of the typewriters and, he himself, denied it.

The inspector was not, however, prepared to relax any pressure on his suspect. He was convinced that, even if Dorfner had not taken an active part in the kidnaping itself, he was much more closely associated with the plot than he was prepared to admit. Dorfner was continually pressed to reveal the names of his accomplices.

"I think that he's beginning to weaken," reported Sergeant Hellermann. "He realizes that he's in a bad position and he's now admitting that he did meet personally, on several occasions with the kidnapers. He still claims that he doesn't know their names, but he's given us a description of two of them. According to his statements, they met in the tavern at Langwied, but we know that that isn't true, because the tavern owner remembers Dorfner well and he insists that Dorfner was always alone when he came to the tavern."

"And what does Dorfner say to that?" said the inspector.

"He's changed his story now," said the sergeant. "He now says that he met with the kidnapers near the little lake near the gravel pit up there at Langwied. He says that his instructions over the telephone were to wait in the tavern until a car stopped and sounded the horn twice. Then he was to come out and go to the little lake where he would meet the kidnapers. It could be true, of course."

"But you don't think it is," said the inspector. "And I don't think so either. Did you know that Mrs. Dorfner made a suicide attempt this morning?"

"No," said the sergeant. "Is she alright?"

"Apparently," said the inspector. "She

took an overdose of sleeping tablets, but was discovered by her son in time and they rushed her to the hospital. I gather that her condition was critical when she arrived at the hospital, but that she's now expected to survive."

"Well, I suppose that this has put her under a great deal of strain," said the sergeant. "Her husband is definitely mixed up in this in some way or other and she probably feels that he is going to end up in jail."

"I feel that he's going to end up in jail too," said the inspector. "And I'm afraid that it's not going to be just for being an accessory after the kidnaping. I'm gradually coming to the conclusion that Dorfner must have played a major role in this affair. For example, how did the kidnapers know that Renate was coming out of the office during the lunch period that day? According to what the people in the office tell us, she usually ate in the company canteen and didn't leave the building at all. We can discount that business in the letter about her being lured out to buy hashish. There's no evidence whatsoever that she ever touched the stuff."

"I don't think that anyone could have known that," said the sergeant. "The kidnapers must have merely waited outside the office every day until such time as she did come out. Then, they scooped her up."

"Scooped her up, yes," said the inspector, "but how? Obviously, she must have been taken away in a car and, from everything that we have been able to determine about the girl, she was far too sensible to have gotten into a car with total strangers. She got into the car because she knew the person who was driving it and I very strongly suspect that that person was Karl Dorfner."

The inspector might suspect, but he could not as yet prove. Dorfner still clung to his story of a gang of kidnapers for whom he was to have served, more or less, as middleman. He had, by now, been trapped into a number of contradictions and inconsistencies in his statement, but he still refused to provide any further information.

"Alright," said the inspector, "we'll try another approach. Let us assume that Dorfner bought one of the used typewriters with the cursive type face from the company for which he was working five years ago. His son denies that he ever saw such a typewriter in the house, but I suspect that he is not telling the truth. Now, if this typewriter has been in Dorfner's house for the past five years, he must have written a good many things on it, some of which we should still be able to locate in the house. You're going to have to go back out there and search through all his papers and correspondence to see if you can find any single instance of something typed with this particular type face. Since we have the ransom notes, the laboratory will be able to tell whether both were typed with the same machine, particularly since it was not a new typewriter."

Sergeant Hellermann and the search party descended upon Karl Dorfner's house where they spent two days going through every scrap of paper that could be found. None of Dorfner's correspondence or receipts had been typed with the machine with the cursive type face, but, on the second day, two letters typed with the sought for type face were discovered inside a book in the book-shelves of the livingroom. They appeared to be first drafts of the ransom notes.

Taken to the police laboratory, it was

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soon determined that the drafts found in the book in Karl Dorfner's bookshelves had been written on the same typewriter with which the ransom notes had been prepared. It was the third of May and Dorfner now, for the first time, admitted that it was he that had written the ransom notes.

"I didn't kidnap Renate though, and I didn't kill her," he protested. "It was the others."

"What others?" said the inspector. "You don't seem to realize what a serious situation you are in. Unless you can help us to find these others who you claim kidnaped and murdered Renate Putz, you are going to be charged with the kidnaping and murder yourself."

Dorfner, however, continued to insist that he didn't know the names of the kidnapers and that he was unable to provide any clues as to their identity. As for the typewriter, he said that he had smashed it with a hammer and then thrown it into the little lake in the gravel pit at Langwied.

Taken to the lake with a police frogman, he indicated the point where he had thrown in the typewriter and a short time later it was recovered from some 12 feet of water.

The recovery of the typewriter seemed to have weakened Dorfner's defenses even more, for he now also admitted that he had set his own car on fire in front of Boeswirt Tavern. The laboratory had been wrong and Sergeant Hellermann had been right. Dorfner had used a stub of candle placed on the floorboards and the upholstery had been sprinkled with gasoline.

"So much for scientific crime detection," said the inspector. "The laboratory said that he couldn't have done that and now it seems that he did. A strange man, Mr. Dorfner. He admits that he burned the car, but he says that it had nothing to do with the kidnaping. He claims that Renate was never in the car."

"She almost surely was," said the sergeant. "Dorfner is only stubborn. You have to work on him for a long time before he admits anything. I believe that if we keep pressing him, we're going to get a full confession."

Once again, the sergeant was right. The following day, on May 4th, 1971, Karl Dorfner's final defenses crumbled. "There weren't any others," he said. "I did it all by myself."

"That was what I was beginning to suspect," said the inspector. "Are you ready to tell us about it now?"

"Yes," said Dorfner. "There's no point in my denying anything anymore. You already have so much evidence against me that I'm going to be convicted whether I confess or not. I admit that I kidnaped Renate Putz and that I killed her, but the killing was an accident. I didn't mean to do it."

A police stenographer was called in and Karl Dorfner began to dictate the strange story of the abduction and murder of Renate Putz.

"I knew the Putz family," said Dorfner, "and I knew that Franz was a multimillionaire. Renate was his only child and he would do anything for her. I thought that a \$100,000 ransom would be about right. Franz could easily afford that."

"I began by preparing the ransom notes, and when they were ready, I began waiting during the lunch hour and at quitting time outside of the company office for Renate to come out alone. She did come out on several occasions, but she was always with someone else."

"On April 5th, she came out of the office at approximately 45 minutes after

12. I stopped the car beside where she was standing on the sidewalk and asked her to get in. I told her that Klaus-Peter had something important to tell her.

"She knew me and got in without any hesitation. I drove north on the highway towards Langwied, but before we reached Langwied, I turned off into a side road leading into the woods. At this point, Renate became nervous and wanted to know what I was doing."

"I told her that this was a kidnaping and that she didn't need to be afraid because as soon as her father paid the money, she'd be released."

"Instead of remaining calm, she started to fight and tried to open the door and jump out although the car was still moving. I grappled with her and reached for the gun in the glove compartment with the intention of frightening her."

"I had just pulled the gun out, when it suddenly went off. Renate was hit in the chest and she fell back in the seat."

"I was terrified and I realized that she was dying. All I could think of was to finish it and I fired several more shots into her body. I then took her to the gravel pit near Starnberg where I used to play as a boy and buried her in the sand."

"Since I was already in so deep, I thought that I might as well go ahead and try and collect the ransom money so that I could leave the country. I'm terribly sorry that I killed Renate. I didn't mean to. It was only an accident."

"A very fine confession, Mr. Dorfner," said the inspector. "Shall I now tell you what really happened?"

Dorfner did not reply and the inspector resumed. "Your story is true up to the point where Renate tried to jump out of the car. In your version, she failed; but as it really was, she succeeded. She was running away from the car when you shot her in the back. She fell and then you got out of the car and walked over and fired three more shots into her body as she was lying on the ground. You killed Renate Putz, but it was no accident. It was murder."


"There's no way that you can prove that," said Dorfner.

"Yes there is," said the inspector. "None of the shots that killed Renate Putz were at close enough range to leave powder burns on her clothing. Renate wasn't shot in your car as you claim, but as she was trying to escape. The blood on the seat of your car which caused you to burn it later in Langwied came from transporting her corpse down to the gravel pit in Starnberg."

Stubborn to the last, Karl Dorfner never admitted that he deliberately murdered Renate Putz. According to his confession in May, he shot the victim and tried to extort money from her parents. Dorfner was under indictment for her kidnaping and murder and was scheduled to undergo psychiatric examinations on July 19th. On July 20th, a prison guard discovered that Dorfner had hung himself in his solitary confinement cell at the prison in Munich-Stadelheim.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

In order to comply with German police regulations the following names, as used in the foregoing story, are fictitious: Insp. Harold Doorn, Sergeant Hans Hellermann, Richard Prachard, Sergeant Franz Kollar and Dr. Walter Hartmann.



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me. He looks a lot like him, but his voice is entirely different."

Valerie's failure to identify Durrant dealt a knockout blow to the police case against him in the A 6 murder. He was discharged as innocent, and the court awarded him money to pay for the legal expenses he had incurred.

Now Superintendent Acott had to gather up the pieces of the A 6 murder investigation and, in effect, begin all over again. It had been established that the two empty shells found at the Hotel Vienna were fired from the murder weapon. If Durrant had not left them there, someone else had. The alternative suspect now took on new importance.

"Ryan looks very much like those Identi-Kit sketches," said the former Vienna Hotel manager, "and as I remember, he was in and out of his room a good deal."

Ryan, of course, was really James Hanratty.

Checking again with Hanratty's parents, Acott sought information about the suspect's plans on his trip to Ireland. They knew little about them, but said he may have gone to visit a relative who ran a hotel in Limerick.

Asked how her son made a living, his mother said, "He's a window washer. He works on his own and travels all over town and sometimes to other cities. He makes a very good living and often sends me money and presents."

Checking back in police files, Superintendent Acott found that between the years 1954 and 1958, a James Hanratty of Kingsbury had been convicted four times on charges of housebreaking and car theft. He'd been released only recently after serving a three-year jail term. The description of Hanratty noted that his arms were tattooed with a snake on his left arm and the name "Betty" on his right.

James Hanratty now emerged as the No. 1 murder suspect. Acott issued an all-points bulletin for his capture and detention, but his name was not released to the press for fear that since he was a professional criminal, he would go into hiding.

Acott and Detective Sergeant Ken Oxford then flew to Dublin, armed with Hanratty's prison picture and a copy of his signature, James Ryan, copied from his hotel registration.

In Dublin, Detective Sergeant Tony McMahon of the Eire police found an identical signature on the register of a first class hotel for the night of September 4th. A desk clerk recalled that Ryan had inquired about hiring a car for a tour of Ireland. The officers checked with the motor car bureau and learned that James Ryan had obtained an Eire driver's license. Next they located an agency which had rented him a car. He had left a substantial deposit—which indicated that he was well supplied with money.

Superintendent Acott and Sergeant Oxford borrowed a car from the Eire police and sped southwest across Ireland. They trailed Ryan to his relative's hotel in Limerick. There they were told he had arrived on September 5th and left the following morning; he had said he was going on to Cork.

In Cork they learned that a James Ryan had registered on September 6th at O'Flynn's Hotel, where he was remembered by both the proprietor and the receptionist.

"Mr. Ryan left the next morning without telling us where he was going," the latter said. "But I remember introducing him to another guest, who is still here. Perhaps he can help you."

The guest, a traveling salesman from Dublin, said he and Ryan had become

Cool Blue Eyes

(Continued from page 43)

We checked Durrant through a previous address. His father is a clerical worker here at Scotland Yard. He told us his son sells almanacs from door to door in the London area and he hasn't heard from him for some time. He gave us Fred Durrant's picture.

"At that time there was no reason to suspect either of these men," Sergeant Heavens continued, "but since you found two shells from the murder gun in that hotel, I'd put down both James Hanratty and Frederick Durrant as prime suspects."

Soon after this the former manager of the Vienna Hotel was located and he said that Durrant had had a basement room and would have had access to the alcove where the bullets were found.

When Valerie Storie was shown the picture of Durrant, she studied it carefully and said, "He resembles the man who killed Mike Gregsten, but I can't be positive from this picture. I'd know for sure, though, if I saw him and heard him speak."

Acott sent pictures of Frederick Durrant to police units throughout England and asked for an all-out search for the suspect. No trace of Durrant was uncovered, however. On September 22nd, Acott went on television with an appeal to the public to help in the search for the wanted man.

Shortly before midnight that night, a man telephoned a crime reporter for a leading London tabloid and identified himself as Frederick Durrant. He said he was in London and was about to give himself up to the police.

"I want you to tell the public that I am completely innocent," he told the reporter earnestly. "I lead a clean, decent life and I know nothing whatever about the A 6 crimes. But when I heard the TV appeal tonight, I knew my only hope of clearing my name was to give myself up."

Shortly after this, Durrant walked into Scotland Yard. Superintendent Acott was summoned, and Durrant made a statement:

"I was in my hotel room in London on the night of the A 6 murder," he said.

Acott knew the true test of the man's story would come when he was confronted by Valerie Storie, and quickly arranged a line-up of 12 men, including Durrant and others of his general build and coloring, in her hotel room. Valerie looked carefully at Durrant as the men filed past her bed, then asked him to speak.

"He's the man whose picture you showed me," she said to Superintendent Acott, "but he is not the man who killed Mike Gregsten and assaulted

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friendly and had gone to a dance together. The next morning, he said, Ryan asked him to write a post card for him, saying his own handwriting was poor. "He had me address the card to a friend in the Paddington district of London. He told me she was an antique dealer," the salesman said. "He had me write that he was going to return to London in a day or two and would look her up." He gave the officers the name of the antique dealer.

Sure now that their quarry had returned to London, the two officers flew back there at once, and less than an hour after landing, Acott had located the antique dealer. She proved to be a handsome, charming woman of forty-nine.

"I don't know a James Ryan," she said, "but I know James Hanratty very well. He dropped in to see me not long ago. He'd just come back from a vacation trip to Ireland."

"Where is he now?" Superintendent Acott asked.

"He said he was going up to Liverpool for a while," the woman replied. "I haven't heard from him since."

When Superintendent Acott told her that Hanratty was suspected in the A 6 Highway murder, the woman looked at him in astonishment. "I know Jimmy has been in prison for burglary—but I can't imagine him as a murderer," she said. "He always seemed a nice boy, quiet-spoken and a bit shy. I let him stay in my apartment several nights and he slept on two chairs in the living room. I also loaned him quite a bit of money from time to time—several hundred pounds."

Then she recalled that Hanratty had left a suitcase with her when he went to Liverpool. Acott took the suitcase back to the Yard with him. It contained, among other things, the vest and trousers of a nearly new dark blue suit, the jacket of which was missing. Technicians at the laboratory identified the mill which had woven the suit's fabric, and the garment was traced to a London tailor who said Hanratty had ordered it on July 8th. He said the jacket was double-breasted.

Acott telephoned Valerie Storie, who by now had been moved to a hospital in Buckinghamshire for recuperation. "The gunman was wearing a suit of some dark color," she told him. "And he certainly must have got blood on the jacket when he lifted Michael's body from the car."

Acott then sent Hanratty's photo to the Liverpool police with a request for an all-out search for him at hotels and lodging houses. He also forwarded the suspect's picture to other police units throughout the country.

On October 6th, he received a telephone call. "James Hanratty here," the caller said. "I've been told you're looking for me and I'm calling from Liverpool to tell you I did not do the A 6 murder and I can prove it."

Acott signaled to an aide to trace the call, then talked to Hanratty, trying to keep him on the line as long as possible. "I was right here in Liverpool with three friends the night of that murder," the caller continued. "I can't give you their names because they're fences and you'd only take them in. But I have another proof that I didn't do the murder . . . I sent a telegram from a phone booth on August 22nd at 8:30 p.m. So, I couldn't have been 200 miles away in Taplow that same night."

"Whom did you send the telegram to?" the superintendent asked.

"To a friend," Hanratty replied. He gave a name and address in London, then abruptly said, "I've got to ring off now," and hung up.

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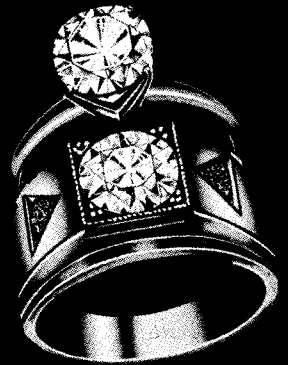
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The call was traced to a Liverpool phone booth, but by the time police arrived there it was empty.

Hanratty's friend proved to be the manager of a London nightclub. He told Acott he knew Hanratty well and that he had indeed received a telegram from him from Liverpool. Investigation soon proved, however, that the telegram had not been sent on August 22nd, as Hanratty claimed, but on the evening of August 24th.

Hanratty seemed to be getting some kind of kick out of calling Superintendent Acott, because he called the officer several more times during the next few days, but he hung up each time before the calls could be traced. And on October 9th, he boldly wired a dozen red roses to his mother from a florist's shop in Liverpool.

That evening, Superintendent Acott received another telephone call. "Tell the police here they may as well stop looking for me," Hanratty told Acott. "I'm leaving town. I'm going to a place where you'll never find me."

Acott at once telephoned the Liverpool police and told them to tighten their guard over all means of exit from the city. Then he issued an all-points bulletin to police units throughout England and Scotland to watch for the suspect.

On the evening of October 11th, two detectives in Blackpool, a seaside resort near Liverpool, noticed a young man eating by himself in a cafe. They thought he resembled Hanratty's picture, which had been posted in their local police station. When the man started to leave the restaurant, they stopped and questioned him.

"I think you've made a mistake," he told them coolly. "My name is Peter Bates."

The officers were not convinced. They noticed he had the large, round, cool blue eyes mentioned in the bulletin on the A 6 murder suspect. He also spoke with a Cockney accent and pronounced the "th" in "think" like "f." Despite his protests, therefore, they took him to the police station. There it was found that his arms bore the telltale tattoo marks—a snake on his left arm and the name "Betty" on his right arm.

The man now admitted that he was, in fact, James Hanratty, but he still denied vigorously that he was the A 6 murderer. "I was in Liverpool that night," he insisted, "as I've said all along."

Superintendent Acott and Superintendent Barron of Bedfordshire hurried to Liverpool and took custody of the suspect. They then took Hanratty to the hospital where Valerie Storie was convalescing. She sat in a wheelchair as Hanratty and twelve other men were paraded before her. She asked each of them to say the sentence:

"Be quiet, will you, I am thinking."

After hearing Hanratty speak, she identified him positively as the man who had assaulted her and murdered her companion.

Hanratty then was driven to Bedford, where he was formally charged with the murder of Michael Gregsten and the rape and attempted murder of Miss Valerie Storie.

James Hanratty was brought before the magistrates' court at Ampthill, Bedfordshire, on November 22, 1961. During this preliminary trial, which went on for eight days in a courtroom crowded to capacity, the prosecution called a total of 69 witnesses.

In addition to his identification by the only one of his surviving victims, Miss Storie, two of the men who reported seeing the gray Morris Minor positively identified James Hanratty as the man

they had seen in Michael Gregsten's car after the murder.

Other evidence presented by Prosecutor E. G. MacDermott included a medical report that Valerie Storie had been ravished by a man who was a blood group "O" secretor. The report further stated that the suspect James Hanratty was a group "O" secretor.

Hanratty had been unable to produce the jacket of his new blue suit. He claimed, through his counsel, Michael Sherrard, that he had cut the front of it on sharp glass while breaking a window to burglarize a house in London. He said he had thrown the jacket "over the wall," but he would not or could not reveal where the house or the wall was. Nor would he give the names of the three men who, he claimed, could prove he was in Liverpool on the night of the murder and assault.

The magistrates, after consulting for 30 minutes when the presentation of evidence was concluded on December 5th, reached agreement which was pronounced by Chairman Guy Owen: "We rule that there is a case to answer."

The trial of James Hanratty, which proved to be one of the most sensational in recent British history, began in the courthouse of the Bedford Assizes on January 28, 1962. The defendant's attorneys, among the ablest in Great Britain, allowed virtually no statement from Crown witnesses to go unchallenged.

When all the testimony had been heard, and defense and prosecution had made their concluding speeches to the jury, 136 exhibits had been introduced in evidence, 70 witnesses had given testimony, and the record of the trial had come to more than half a million words. Judge Sir William Gorman required a total of ten hours to complete his charge to the jury.

On the morning of February 17th, the jurors retired to deliberate. It took them as long to reach a verdict as it had for the judge to sum up the case and instruct them, but that night they came in with their decision.

They found James Hanratty guilty of the murder of Michael Gregsten.

Judge Gorman donned the traditional black skull cap and sentenced him to hang. Forty-five days later on April 3, 1962, the killer with the cool blue eyes went to his death on the gallows.

Before that final event in the life of James Hanratty, foes of capital punishment demonstrated in his behalf in cities all over England, demanding not only that his life should be spared, but that capital punishment should be outlawed.

During this same period, British newspapers published numerous letters from readers who dissented vigorously with such sentiments. In widely scattered cities, in fact, the case prompted numerous readers to offer the same suggestion, namely, that it would be a sort of grim poetic justice if the Government, owing to the special circumstances in the case which had gripped the attention of all England for eight months, restored the gibbet at the spot where hundreds of highwayman had paid for their crimes and hanged Hanratty at the scene of his crime on Deadman's Hill. ♦♦♦

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Frederick Durrant is not the real name of the person so named in the foregoing story. Because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of this person, a fictitious name has been used.

Hacked Girls to Death...

(Continued from page 17)

She had preferred to go on her walks accompanied by Vicki, the family pet. Tragically, however, the German Shepherd was not with her young mistress on that fatal Easter Sunday. Vicki had been "grounded" and penned at home because she had nipped a child a few days before the tragedy at Villa Montalvo.

On that fatal Sunday, Kathy had attended morning Mass at the Catholic church in Saratoga, but she had declined to accompany her family to a barbecue given at the home of family friends. Instead, she had told her parents she would finish her income tax on the earnings of a part-time job and spend the remainder of the afternoon at Villa Montalvo.

Kathy's family had returned from the barbecue in the early evening and were immediately uneasy at not finding the pretty teenager in the pleasant home. There had been a search of nearby streets by family members, and many telephone calls to the homes of the daughter's friends in the vain hope that Kathy had decided to make an unscheduled visit.

During the earliest stages of the investigation it seemed certain to the sheriff's officers that the same psychotic killer who had taken the lives of Kathy Snoozy and Debby Furlong had waited 18 months to slay again, with the victim being Kathy Bilek. At that moment, the best source of information on that killer was Chief Barton Collins and the officers of his detective division in the San Jose Police Department.

Chief Collins made the results of his investigation available to the sheriff's investigators and assigned Detective Sergeants Ron Utz and Bob Burroughs to work with the sheriff's officers on what was now a mutual problem.

Also Undersheriff Tom Rosa brought his brain child—the task force—to the problem. It was a technique which had helped the dark haired undersheriff solve a puzzling string of burglaries within an amazingly short time.

Undersheriff Rosa had followed a Naval career before going into law enforcement and the task force idea was borrowed from his Navy career. Basically, it was the assembling of all the components necessary for the carrying out of a particular mission, in this instance, the apprehension of a vicious killer.

The undersheriff was chief of the force, and Captain Perusina its most necessary member.

Other essentials of the task force were the working field investigators, but the membership also included a representative from the district attorney's office, officers from the crime laboratory, a representative from the coroner's office. The force even called on psychiatrists, experts on lie detectors, and specialists in aerial photography.

The object was to avoid duplication of effort, which had bogged down many investigations. The task force would meet daily for an hour, lay out its plan of future operations, assess all the developments up to the moment, and debate the merits of suggested new approaches to the problem.

In the thoroughness of task force operations, Sheriff's Sergeant Tom Conom and Detective Tom Frederickson were dispatched to Los Angeles County, with

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Conom at the controls of the chartered light plane, just to check out two armed robbery suspects arrested with an empty binocular case in their possession. But the trip proved that the case was not the one taken by Kathy Bilek to Villa Montalvo the day she was killed. Nor did it appear possible that the robbery suspects could have been at the murder scene, 400 miles to the north of Los Angeles, when the slaying took place.

Two college students on an art class sketching project found a small knife in the wooded area near the trail where Kathy Bilek had been felled. They turned the knife over to the sheriff's investigators. A check by the crime laboratory proved inconclusive, so far as establishing it as the murder weapon. It was in the size range, but it bore no traces of blood or identifiable prints.

Captain Perusina and Undersheriff Rosa were convinced that if help was to come, it must come from the public, particularly those familiar with Villa Montalvo and its grounds.

Sheriff James Geary was equally convinced, and the sheriff lost no opportunity to pass on the message to newsmen that officers of his department would be delighted to confer with anyone who had noted anything unusual at Villa Montalvo. Perhaps, suggested the sheriff, a picture might have been taken that would show Kathy Bilek in the background and might also show her slayer.

Captain Perusina and Undersheriff Rosa proved to be exactly right in their hunch. Among those responding to the plea to the public for information was Rosalie Smith, a pert 23-year-old student at San Jose State College, the sprawling educational center in the heart of the city. Miss Smith came to the sheriff's headquarters hesitantly. She said she recalled an incident which had taken place at Villa Montalvo two weeks before the Bilek slaying. Perhaps it was nothing, but Miss Smith said she thought she should tell the officers about it, if they were willing. The investigators said they were most willing to listen.

Rosalie Smith said she had been at the Villa on a Sunday afternoon late in March. She said she had been alone and had been strolling along a woodland path when a stroller—a very young man and rather handsome—had stopped her and began a casual conversation about nothing in particular. The young man had strolled along with her, keeping up his chatter. And, Rosalie Smith recalled, the path became more remote and secluded. The coed said she could not really explain what suddenly had made her wary of her companion. Perhaps it

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was his abrupt, strange look and the way he had suddenly plunged his hand into his pocket in search of some object.

The girl said she suddenly began running from her strange companion and ran at full speed until she reached the safety of the crowds at the Villa mansion.

In reply to questions, the young woman said her frightening companion had said his name was Karl or perhaps Carl. He gave no last name. She said he was tall, approximately six feet, had curling dark brown hair, and wore heavy, dark rimmed spectacles. Over all, she remembered him as clean cut and rather studious in appearance. She also remembered that the boy had said he was a student at San Jose City College. San Jose's other institution for higher learning six miles across town from the college attended by Rosalie Smith. The young woman said she had seen the young man drive from the Villa parking lot in an automobile. The automobile, according to Miss Smith, was not remarkable except for one thing. It had an extremely tall, whip-like radio antenna, the type generally used by amateur radio operators using their vehicles as mobile transmitters.

At about the same moment, Park Ranger Ken Williamson was informing a member of the investigative team that he, too, had noticed a tall, bespectacled young man who had been a frequent visitor at Villa Montalvo. He was a loner and had impressed the Villa's ranger staff with his almost furtive conduct, said Williamson. The ranger had jotted down the license number of the strange youth's auto.

The license number was forwarded to the California Department of Motor Vehicles headquarters in Sacramento, the state's capital 150 miles to the north of San Jose. The information teletyped back from the registration bureau was that the auto was the property of a Karl Werner, living at an address on Shawnee Lane in San Jose.

That address was an investigative eye opener. It was in the Sunrise Estates, where Kathy Snoozy and Debby Furlong had lived and near the sun-baked hill where they had been so brutally murdered. The Snoozy family home was almost directly around the block from where Karl Werner was reported to be residing.

Karl Werner now moved into the status of top suspect, but it was the decision of the task force not to alarm him for the moment. There was too much to be learned about this young man who, although under suspicion, might be cleared by discreet investigation.

Discretion, therefore, was the watchword as the detectives began contacting every person—school officials, neighbors, acquaintances—who might have some information about Werner.

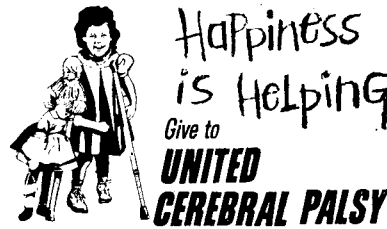
The youth was but 18 years old and the investigators learned that he no longer lived at the Shawnee Lane address given on his vehicle registration. Karl Werner now lived in a venerable two-story dwelling in downtown San Jose and close to the campus of San Jose State College. It was the type of structure that had been altered into small apartments for students on slim budgets.

Werner's family, however, still lived in the neat, two-story home on Shawnee Lane, although the officers found the home was for sale. The elder Werner, an electronics engineer, was a job casualty of the business slump of the time and the family planned to return to Massachusetts, whence it had come two years prior to the murders. The 18-

year-old son was to remain in San Jose, where he had enrolled in City College. That was the school where Rosalie Smith had said her frightening companion of a Sunday had claimed to be enrolled.

Captain Perusina dispatched an inquiry to police in Marlboro, Massachusetts, where Karl Werner had lived before coming to California. The return word from Marlboro was that young Werner merited the closest investigative attention. The records of Marlboro police showed that Werner, when just 16, had attacked a woman customer on his newspaper delivery route. The customer had told Marlboro police that the youth had held a small knife at her throat during a sudden fit of rage. The woman had managed to break away.

Young Werner eventually was sent by order of the juvenile court to the Westboro State Hospital. There, psychiatrists evaluated the boy as suffering from psycho-motor fits, which are epileptic-type seizures marked by violent outbursts and extreme aggressiveness. Karl Werner had been kept 35 days in the hospital and then released to the care of his parents, who soon were to bring him to California.



The suspect's car was checked while it was parked at the college. Detectives found it equipped with a tall, buggy whip variety of radio aerial.

In physical description, young Werner matched Rosalie Smith's companion of the Villa Montalvo trails. When officers procured a picture of the young suspect, the coed identified it as the photograph of the man who had strolled with her.

The background check of Karl Werner showed he was industrious. He held a part-time job as counterman in a hamburger and milk shake stand owned by a national chain of such restaurants. His employers had nothing but praise for their quiet, steady, never-absent worker.

School records showed Werner to be an average student. He had a bent for mathematics and electronics and was said to be building his own computer. His classmates, however, knew him as a loner, a person apart, with none of the small talk necessary to be a "personality" on campus.

The discreet background check showed that Werner during his high school days had babysat for several families in the Shawnee Lane area. One baby-sitting assignment had taken him on several occasions to the home of a young couple where the back yard had a common border with the back yard of the home where Kathy Snoozy's family lived. The wide picture window variety of construction in the housing development would have allowed a visitor from the house of the young couple to study at leisure what had gone on in the Snoozy home. In fact, Werner had attended the high school where the slain girl had been a student.

The decision was made to arrest Karl Werner. At 6 a.m. on the warm day of

April 29th—eighteen days after the murder of Kathy Bilek—Sheriff's Sergeants Stan Shaver, Bob Malone, and John Duke, plus San Jose Police Detectives Ron Utz and Bob Burroughs, drove the 15 blocks from sheriff's headquarters to the aging house where Karl Werner lived.

The landlord led the officers to the small apartment occupied by the suspect and a very unsuspecting student roommate. The arrest was an anti-climax.

The clean-cut Werner, much resembling Hollywood's 1930 conception of what a male ingenue should be, surrendered without a protest. He gave the officers the impression that he was relaxed at the thought of the hunt being over, some later said.

Werner was taken to sheriff's headquarters for questioning and then arraigned on a criminal complaint charging him with the murders of Kathy Snoozy, Debby Furlong, and Kathy Bilek.

Did Karl Werner confess the murders? Neither Chief Collins nor Captain Perusina can or will discuss such a possibility. Court-imposed prohibitions on such matters rule out any comments being given by the officers.

It had been disclosed, however, that the weapons used in the three murders have been recovered by the investigators. And the pointing out of their locations allegedly was done by Karl Werner.

The weapon from the Bilek murder was pointed out by the suspect in a storm drain near a busy expressway which Werner logically would have driven from downtown San Jose to his job in the hamburger restaurant. He accompanied the officers to the drain at night and the detectives, shining a flashlight beam through the grille of the drain cover, saw the metallic object glinting in the trash beneath the grille.

It was a fixed-blade knife. The blade was no more than three inches in length. Its width was two-and-one-half inches. The weapon was like millions of other kitchen knives used by American housewives.

The investigators also obtained a warrant to search the Werner family home on Shawnee Lane. There, in a drawer in the closet of Karl Werner's parents, detectives found a small, fish-scaling knife with a white handle.

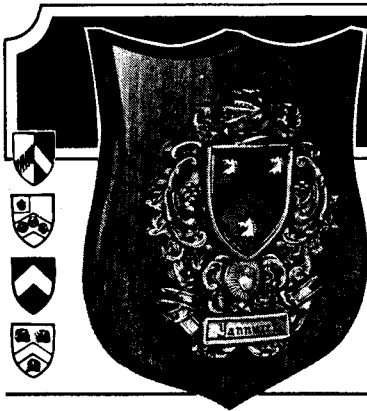
Eleven days after the arrest, the task force presented their evidence against Karl Werner to the Santa Clara County Grand Jury. The jury returned an indictment charging Karl Werner with triple murder. Three weeks later, Werner turned 19 and the combination of California law and his birthday made him liable for trial as an adult and faced him with the grim prospect of execution in San Quentin Prison's gas chamber, should there be a verdict of guilt.

The indictment represented an investigative game, set, and match for Chief of Detectives Collins, who had maintained his belief that the suspect would be found among the neighbors of the youngest victims, and Captain Perusina, who clung to his belief that one little slip of conduct—like that noted by Rosalie Smith—would lead to solving a mystery. ♦♦♦

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Rosalie Smith is not the real name of the person so named in the foregoing story. Because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of this person, a fictitious name has been used.

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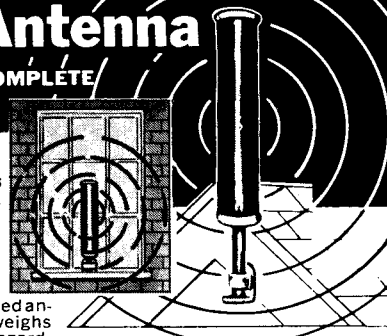
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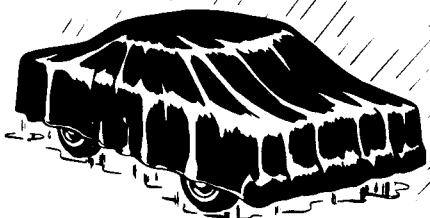
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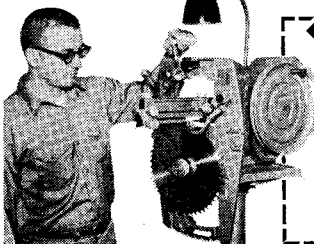
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Ohio Slasher

(Continued from page 21)

they had scratched viciously at their assailant in a futile attempt to escape.

Police theorized that the killer panicked and lost his desire for sex after mutilating the girls. After receiving the pathologist's report from Robinson Memorial Hospital at Ravenna, other hospitals and emergency clinics throughout the area were alerted to be on the look-out for anyone suffering from possible scratch and bite marks.

"Our best evidence at the moment were specimens of flesh and blood taken from beneath the girls' fingernails," Major Cutright said later. "But it was practically worthless until we came up with an injured suspect."

Shortly after the bodies of the two girls were found, teams of detectives returned to the victims' neighborhood to question numerous residents who had been missed the night before because they were engaged in the hunt for Lori and Lorna. Police said there was so much confusion and fear in the area on the night the children came up missing that thorough and complete interrogation of possible witnesses and suspects was impossible.

Meanwhile, other detectives conducted a house-to-house canvass of the Selnick home development near Brimfield, where the two stabbed bodies were discovered. The upper-middle-income homes in the division are located along LorRon Avenue and Grace and Selnick roads, which run south off of Ohio 18 and join east-west Irish Road. The bodies of Lorna Ritz and Lori Crowe were found on the west side of Grace Road, just south of Irish Road

and across the thoroughfare from a new home under construction.

Police talked to every homeowner in the housing development to learn what they saw and heard late Monday night or Tuesday morning that might be valuable to the murder probe. The most telling information came from a woman who lived on the corner of Irish and Selnick roads, about a block east of where the two bodies were found. The housewife said that at about 11:50 p.m. Monday she heard what she thought was a truck drive past her house.

"I was watching television," the woman said, "and all of a sudden the picture got all messed up with interference just as the noisy motor sounded outside. But when I looked out the window I saw it wasn't a truck, but an old car with a loud muffler."

The witness said the car was driving slowly past her house and that when she turned on the porch light and stepped outside "it took off fast and went up Selnick." The woman said she didn't get a chance to see how many persons were in it. She described the vehicle as an "older type" Chevrolet.

"Could you see what color it was, ma'am?" an investigator asked.

"Yes, the body was gray and the fenders on the left side were of two different colors. The front one was green and the rear one dark gray, darker than the body," she replied.

The housewife said she was certain that it was about 10 minutes til midnight because her husband left at 11:45 "and he'd been gone about five minutes" when the TV was interrupted. She said her husband was an employe on the Erie-Lackawanna Railroad and that he'd gone to Akron to see if the picket lines were still up in the nationwide strike. Although police could not locate any-

one else who had heard or seen the multi-colored Chevy at that hour, they did locate a woman who said her children were awakened between 9:30 and 10 by a car with "an extremely loud muffler." The woman said she didn't see the car, however.

Before the day was out, police had their first suspect in tow. He was a 27-year-old Akron resident who was taken into custody for questioning after he was stopped for a traffic violation and the arresting officer noticed that his hands were bandaged. Police also found a knife hidden under the front seat of the motorist's car. The man insisted that the wounds were self-inflicted to gain sympathy from his girl friend and he agreed to take a lie detector test. Police said the tests were "inconclusive" and the suspect was released from custody. His car and knife were impounded, pending examination by crime laboratory technicians. Police said that officials at the Bureau of Criminal Investigation (BCI) were unable to detect blood stains on the knife or in the car, however, and both were later returned to the man. Although the suspect was picked up two more times for questioning, he eventually was ruled out as a suspect in the two killings.

What appeared to be the first major break in the ghastly murders occurred the next day when officials at Green Cross Osteopathic Hospital in Cuyahoga telephoned Major Cutright and advised him that a man with human bite wounds on his thumb and arm had just fled the emergency room. Numerous city, county and state police cars quickly surrounded the hospital area while detectives questioned the male nurse on duty who phoned in the alert.

According to the hospital employe, the suspect entered the emergency room about 6:45 p.m. seeking treatment for "dog bites," which he allegedly had suffered earlier in the day. The nurse told police that when he examined the wounds he suspected that they were made by "small human teeth" and that they were "at least two days old." The nurse said that when he mentioned his suspicions to the patient "he ran out so fast that he nearly knocked down three people who were coming through the door."

According to the nurse, the man was about 50 years old with gray hair and a swarthy complexion. "He was deeply tanned," the official said, "and looked like the kind of guy who works outdoors on construction or something." He said the fugitive would-be patient was not more than five feet, five-inches tall and weighed between 170 and 175 pounds.

"How was he dressed?" Cutright asked.

"He had a gold-like sport shirt and gray work pants," the nurse said.

"But you didn't get any personal identification on him?" the detective chief asked.

"No, I hadn't gotten around to that yet. But I do recall him saying something about driving a truck for Goodyear," the hospital employe said.

Upon leaving the hospital at Cuyahoga Falls, a large suburb in the northeast section of Akron, Major Cutright called the news media together and asked for their assistance in getting a description of the suspect disseminated among the populace "as soon as possible." Meanwhile, a team of detectives was dispatched to the personnel offices of Goodyear to see if they had an employe on their payroll fitting the description of the man who fled the hospital.

In the meantime, detectives convas-

sing the Chapel Hill neighborhood located two more housewives who saw Lorna Ritz and Lori Crowe while the youngsters were gathering litter. A woman at 1557 Vicgross Avenue said the girls came to her house "shortly after nine" and that she gave them some trash.

"They were carrying little green plastic bags with orange fluorescent lettering on them that said 'Glow Akron,'" the witness said.

"Did you see which direction they went when they left your house?" a detective asked.

"No," the woman replied, "I went back in the house and didn't see them after that."

The other housewife said she also saw Lori and Lorna gathering litter "a few minutes after nine" and that she didn't see them again. Noting that the last three persons who saw the murder victims lived near the intersection of Jeanie J. and Vicgross Avenues, police suspected that the two nine-year-olds were abducted near that point.

The next day, police ruled out one suspect and added a new one to the list. The former was the man who ran from the Cuyahoga Falls hospital after the male nurse became dubious about his "dog" bites. The suspect was apprehended and taken into custody for questioning when he returned to the hospital the next night and was recognized by an employe. According to police, the man's wife was hospitalized at Green Cross, which explained why he was there.

Police said the man told them that on the night he fled from the hospital he had been drinking rather heavily and that he panicked when the nurse suspected that he had been bitten by a human.

"I don't know what came over me," the suspect was quoted as telling police, "but I knew from the papers that you guys were looking for someone with scratches and bites on them and when he (the nurse) said what he did I got scared."

Police said the man stuck by his story about the dog bites and said he gave them the names of two persons who saw the incident happen.

"We released the subject after we talked to the witnesses who told us they were present when he was bitten by a German Shepherd dog on Wednesday afternoon," Major Cutright said.

Later in the day a new murder suspect was considered when authorities in Mercer County, Pennsylvania, advised Ohio police that they were holding a 16-year-old Uniontown youth in connection with the burglary of a doctor's home in the suburbs of Sharon. According to the Pennsylvania authorities, the boy was in possession of a pistol and was suffering from cuts on his hands and arms. They also said that the youth was suspected of coming to Pennsylvania in a stolen car, which was found abandoned not far from the burglary scene.

Since Uniontown is in adjoining Stark County, southeast of Akron, officials there passed the information on to Major Cutright, who immediately contacted police at Sharon, Pennsylvania. During the course of the next 24 hours, the 16-year-old boy became a prime suspect in the slayings when Cutright learned that the youth allegedly stole a car in Akron about 8 p.m. on the night of the killings and disappeared shortly thereafter. Throwing additional suspicion on the boy was the fact that he had previously been treated for mental disorders and, more importantly, often visited other youths in the Chapel Hill district.

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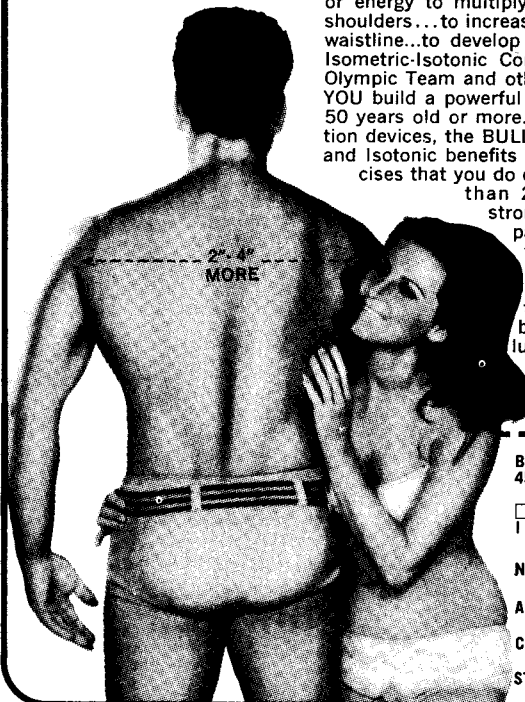
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Stark County Officials put a hold on the boy and Major Cutright made arrangements to go to Pennsylvania and question the suspect. His efforts in that direction were thwarted, however, when Mercer County (Pennsylvania) officials advised him that juvenile authorities and the public defender would not permit the youth to be questioned or observed, for fear it would be an infringement of his constitutional rights. Akron police said the youth's parents also objected to Cutright's plans to question their son in connection with the slayings of Lori Crowe and Lorna Ritz. After returning from Pennsylvania, Major Cutright said juvenile court officials had also refused to let him see photographs of the wounds suffered by the murder suspect.

Cutright said, however, that he had access to hospital records at Sharon which indicated the type of wounds the youth suffered and said "I don't think photographs will be necessary." He also said that he did not intend to return to Pennsylvania to make a further attempt to question the Uniontown boy.

"He will be returned to Stark County eventually and officials there have promised us their full co-operation in the case," Cutright said.

In the meantime, detectives traced the boy's movements in an attempt to learn whether he was in the Chapel Hill area of Akron on the night the two third graders were stabbed to death. Police in the meanwhile were also following up numerous leads which were being phoned into headquarters. Several of the tips concerned cars seen in the neighborhood on the day of the incident and a couple were in connection with what people had overheard from somebody else.

Considerable time was spent in trying to locate a junior high school student who supposedly was heard telling a friend that she personally saw a man force Lorna and Lori into a car. The girl was never identified or located, however.

Also checked out was a telephone report from a Cleveland woman who called Akron police and said she overheard a man sitting next to her at a bar tell a customer that he had killed the two children. The caller was referred to the Cleveland Police Department, which later reported back to Major Cutright that the woman was notorious for "hearing things" every time there was a murder in the area.

The two tiny victims were buried on Friday, May 21st, and it was announced the same day that several memorials were being planned in the girls' names. On the morning of the funerals, classmates at Bettes Elementary School planted two flowering crabapple trees on the school lawn as living memorials to their two deceased friends. Sixth grade students at nearby Boston Elementary School took up a collection and bought a large blue spruce tree, which was also planted on the Bettes school campus in memory of the victims.

The Bettes School Parent-Teachers Association and numerous North Hill residents started a reward fund, to be paid to the person offering information leading to the arrest and conviction of the killer. Rewards were also set up by the United Rubber Workers Union, which offered \$3,000 for the capture of the murderer, and the Firestone Bank, whose Chapel Hill branch offered another \$1,000.

Also established in the girls' names was a special Ritz-Crowe Girl Scout Camp Fund. Both victims were members of Brownie Troop 112 and Lori's mother

was assistant leader of a Junior Girl Scout troop. Mrs. Thomas Moore, Gorge Neighborhood chairman for the Girl Scouts, told the Akron Beacon-Journal that 33 troops in the area were heading projects to raise funds for the special camp fund which would be used to send underprivileged children to camp each summer. She requested that donations be sent to Western Reserve Girl Scout Council, 108 Fir Hill, Akron.

Except for the 16-year-old youth held at Sharon, Pennsylvania, police still had no solid suspects in the double murder mystery when the case was nearly a week old. Numerous "maybe" suspects with records of child molestation were picked up and questioned, as were several youths who drove cars similar to those seen in the Chapel Hill area on the night of the murders. But none of the boys was considered "hot" and all were released after questioning. At one point the probe spread to Harbor Springs, Florida, when homicide investigators were advised that a man who was considered capable of committing such a crime was due in Akron on the weekend prior to the Monday night tragedy but he never showed up, for some unexplained reason.

The subject was picked up in Harbor Springs and questioned. He was later released and absolved of suspicion when he was able to explain why he didn't arrive in Akron: he never left Florida.

In a desperate attempt to find some minute clue which might lead them to the vicious killer, Major Cutright's homicide officers dredged out the case reports of four other unsolved murders to see if there possibly was a link between them. The cases all involved youths between the ages of 12 and 18 who had been murdered in Summit County in the past nine years.

The oldest case was that concerning the strangulation murder of 12-year-old Marion Brubaker, the daughter of a Portage Lakes minister. The girl was murdered in a wooded area about a quarter of a mile from her home on the afternoon of August 27, 1962. Miss Brubaker was riding her bicycle home from the library when she was accosted in the woods and ravished by her strangler. A 49-year-old illiterate peddler confessed to the murder 18 months later but he was declared insane and the case against him was dropped.

The same man also confessed to the strangulation murder of 12-year-old Ruth Guthrie of Tallmadge, who disappeared on the afternoon of June 12, 1963, on her way home from the Tallmadge Midwest Industrial Fair. Her body was not found until 11 months later in a wooded area on a Portage County farm.

Her hands were tied behind her and her nude body was found lying face down. Miss Guthrie's clothes were lying nearby when the body was discovered on May 26, 1964.

On June 5, 1963, 15-year-old Thomas Summerix disappeared shortly after buying a pair of shoes at the Arlington Plaza Shopping Center in South Akron. Police worked on the case for almost two years before the boy's skeletal remains were found May 2, 1965, in a wooded area near Massillon Road in northern Stark County. There were several similarities between the murder of the Summerix boy and that of Miss Guthrie. Not only were both found in woods a long time after they were slain but both had been strangled and both were found with their hands tied behind them.

The most recent unsolved slaying of a Summit County youth was that of 18-

year-old Karen L. Bentz. She disappeared from near her parents' home on the night of April 28, 1970, and her body was found the next morning, along side a street in a housing allotment at Tallmadge. Her fully-clothed body, lying face down, contained multiple stab wounds but authorities ruled she had not been sexually molested. Articles of clothing which she had picked up at her parents' home to take to her apartment were found more than a mile from the young girl's body.

Although police spend hours going over the four case reports for a possible connection between any of them and the murders of Lori Crowe and Lorna Ritz, they could find none. The investigators said later that the most puzzling aspect of the double murder was the fact that the two little girls vanished in broad daylight almost under the noses of residents who had seen them only minutes before. Because detectives could not fathom the idea that the little victims could have been forced into a stranger's car unnoticed, they concluded in an all-night "skull session" at headquarters that Lori and Lorna were murdered near their homes and later transported to the spot where their butchered bodies were later found.

Without fanfare or notice to anyone not assigned directly to the investigation, Major Cutright named a special team of detectives to re-canvass the Chapel Hill neighborhood to see if anyone was home alone on the night of the tragedy.

Said Cutright later, "Most of the neighbors had been questioned one or more times during the week to learn if they had seen or heard anything suspicious on the night of the murder. Suddenly it dawned on us, however, that we had never asked any of them if they knew of anyone in the neighborhood who was alone in their home at the time the girls were picking up litter."

The murder probe advanced quickly after police approached the mystery in that direction.

Investigators located three women who were alone in their homes while their husbands worked around nine o'clock on the night of May 18th and quickly eliminated them as suspects. Then they approached 1552 Vicgross Avenue, located five houses east of Lori Crowe's house, at the intersection of Vicgross and Jeanie J. Avenue. It was at this intersection where the two children were last seen by at least three women. According to the city directory, the residence was occupied by a family by the name of Lykens. And according to the detectives' case reports nobody at the address had ever been questioned. The logs merely stated "nobody home."

According to neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Lykens were away that week on a camping trip. Witnesses said the couple had two adult sons who lived with them and that they had stayed behind while their parents were away.

"Have you seen either of them this week?" a detective asked a woman who lived across the street from the Lykens house.

The woman thought hard for a moment. Finally she said, "No, now that you ask, I guess I haven't."

Police intended to find out why.

They learned that the eldest Lykens son was working the night Lori and Lorna disappeared. He was questioned.

"I got home about midnight," the young man told police, "and found the whole neighborhood full of people and police cars. That's when I learned that a couple of kids in the neighborhood

(Continued on page 78)

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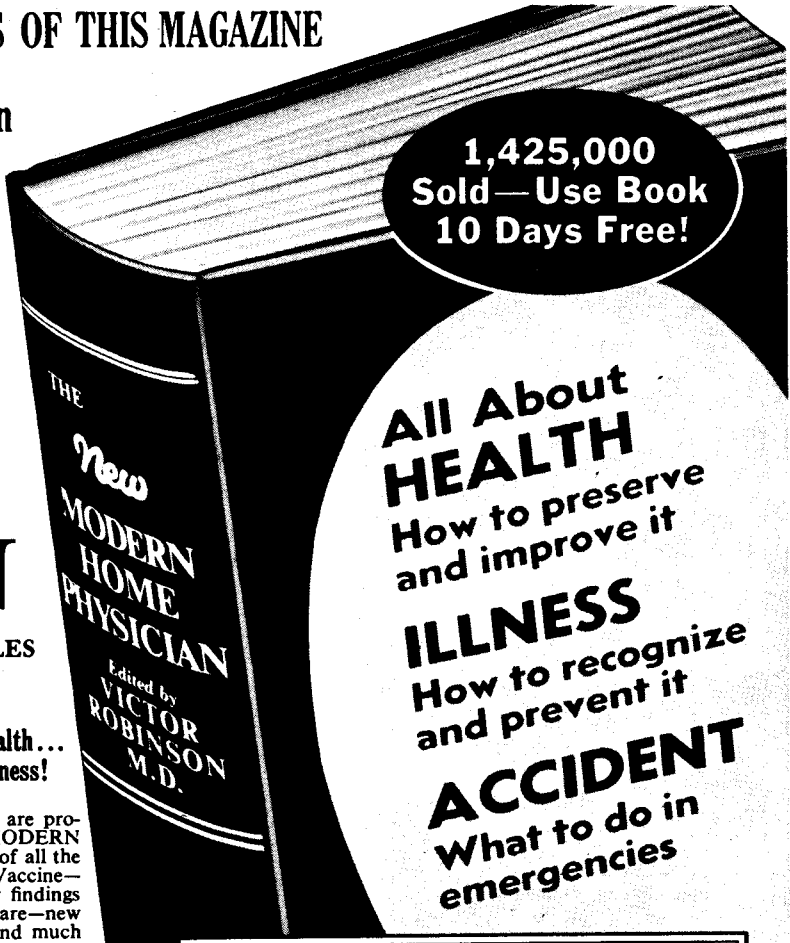


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were missing." (Continued from page 76)

When police asked the witness where his brother, 27-year-old Kenneth, was at the time, the man said he was at home. "At least he was home when I got there," the man said. He said it was his brother who told him that the two girls were missing. According to police, the two Lykens brothers joined the search parties until about 2 a.m., at which time they went to bed.

When Kenneth Lykens was questioned routinely, he said he was home alone the night the two children disappeared and reiterated his brother's story about helping to look for the little girls

because "I was concerned about them." Besides helping to search for the children with his brother, Lykens said he had also worked in another search party from about 10 p.m. until his brother got home at midnight. He could not recall, however, the names of anyone else who was in the first posse. Asked if he had seen the two girls that night, the 27-year-old metal grinder said he had.

"They came to the back door around nine o'clock to see if I had any trash I wanted to get rid of," the youth was quoted telling police.

"Did they come in the house?" police asked.

"No. I was fixing myself a steak and told them we had a man who picked up our trash and garbage and that we didn't have any at the time," Lykens was reported as saying. Lykens said that when the two little girls left he didn't see which direction they went.

Lykens was not held but police told newsmen later that they weren't completely satisfied with his story at the time. When police talked to Lykens' employer, they learned that he showed up for work the morning after the girls disappeared but that "he went home after

an hour or so, saying he was sick."

Although Ken Lykens told police that he had helped look for the missing girls between about 10 p.m. and midnight when his brother came home, detectives learned that he was seen leaving the neighborhood in his 1962 Thunderbird between 10 and 10:30. According to the informant, Lykens was seen returning about 11:45.

After talking to several other witnesses about Lykens' background and activities of the week, police took the unmarried man into custody for the second time on Sunday, May 23rd. Detectives interrogated him for about two hours. Then about 5 p.m. a contingent of detectives and technicians left headquarters with Lykens and drove to his home on Vicgross Avenue, where uniformed police stood guard at the doors while curious and anxious neighbors began gathering in yards and on the sidewalks in the quiet subdivision. Their voices were barely above a whisper as they speculated among themselves what police were doing—even though down deep most of them knew.

Among the crowd were the fathers of Lori Crowe and Lorna Ritz who had been buried only two days before. The neighbors appeared uneasy when they saw the parents walking slowly toward the Lykens house and a newsman overhead a Civil Air Patrol commander comment that he didn't like "the mood of the crowd."

But nothing happened. Nothing, that is, except that the next time they saw Kenneth Lykens he was being led out of his home with his hands shackled behind him. He was placed in an unmarked car and whisked away. Meanwhile, other detectives carried several boxes of evidence out of the story-and-a-half frame house on the corner of Vicgross and Jeanie J. avenues. A few minutes later Lykens' 1962 T-Bird was impounded and towed away. Then the rest of the detectives got into their cars and drove away. They were grim-faced and declined to talk to newsmen, who said later that "flash bulbs were popping all over the place" inside the house.

When the last of the detectives left, the neighbors seemed to let out a sigh of relief as they eventually broke up and returned to their homes in the modest but comfortable housing development—considered for years as one of the safest places in the Akron area to raise kids.

"Maybe it's safe again," a neighbor told a newspaper reporter, "but it will never be the same again."

When darkness fell over the Chapel Hill development, uniformed police were still posted at the Lykens residence with orders to keep everybody off the property until notified otherwise by Major Cutright.

In the meantime, the murder suspect was driven to the County Estates Riding Stables near the community of Doylestown, where police had learned Ken Lykens kept several show horses. According to the owner of the 57-acre riding academy and horse farm, "horses were about the only thing Kenny was interested in." The operator of the stables described Lykens as a "shy, withdrawn young man who seemed to find acceptance and contentment around his horses."

The stable owner's wife said that on the Friday night before Lykens was arrested on Sunday she invited him in the house to have a cup of coffee with her and her husband.

"We talked about horses, mostly," she said. "That's really about all Kenny ever talked about. Once in a while he would mention something about being sick or

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mention that his brother was laid off work . . . but that's about the extent of his personal conversations. His horses . . . that's all that seemed to interest him."

The stableman's wife said Lykens rode in the trail class of a horse show held at the academy Saturday night and that he appeared to be "calm and at ease, as he always was when riding."

Asked by a detective if Ken Lykens had been to the stables during the week, she said, "yes, about every day."

The homicide officer asked if that included Tuesday also, which was the day after Lori and Lorna disappeared . . . the days their bodies were found.

"No, now that you mention it, I don't recall seeing him around here that day," the woman said.

After getting permission from Lykens and the owners of the stable to search the horse barns and the murder suspect's personal locker, police confiscated a bedspread, several pieces of men's clothing, a pair of shoes and a horse blanket. Police said later that the items were sent to the BCI laboratories at London, Ohio, "to examine them for possible blood stains."

would take the evidence of the case to the grand jury the following day "to expedite this matter as quickly as possible."

Police later said Lykens told them that he was cooking supper when Lori Crowe and Lorna Ritz knocked on the back door and asked him if he had any trash for their little bags. The murder suspect said he invited them in the kitchen and talked to them several minutes while he prepared a steak.

The alleged slayer was quoted by police as saying that during the course of the conversation he picked up a butcher knife and that when he turned toward the children "one of them started screaming." The 27-year-old horse fancier said that he didn't remember what happened after that because "everything just went blank."

Police also said that when they searched the Lykens' residence they found Lori's blood-smeared eyeglasses, two green plastic litter bags and a butcher knife hidden beneath the floor boards of an upstairs bedroom. Three other stained knives were confiscated from other parts of the house, police said.

Investigators working on the double slayings said they theorized that the knifings of the two children started in the kitchen and "ended up in the basement," two places where blood stains were detected by police crime lab technicians. Detectives said they were of the opinion that one of the girls was placed on the back seat of Lykens' car and the other child was put in the trunk of the T-Bird, suggesting that blood stains were pinpointed in those two locations.

Although police said they were uncertain when the two children were transported to the ditch near Brimfield, they located a neighbor who said she heard the trunk lid of Lykens' car "slam about 10:30" the night Lori and Lorna failed to return from their anti-litter campaign.

After pondering the evidence and testimony of the case Tuesday and part of Wednesday morning, the Summit County Grand Jury on May 26, 1971, indicted Kenneth Lykens on two counts of murder in the first degree. His arraignment was set for June 3rd, at which time his two court-appointed attorneys entered pleas of not guilty and not guilty by reasons of insanity.

At the conclusion of the court proceedings, Common Pleas Judge Evan J. Reed committed Lykens to the Lima State Hospital for the Criminally Insane for an observation period of not more than 30 days.

The murder defendant's attorneys objected to their client being sent to Lima, in face of an onslaught of recent newspaper publicity alleging cruel and inhuman mistreatment of patients in the institution.

The defense attorneys made a motion for Lykens to be examined by three local psychiatrists. Although Judge Reed agreed to appoint three psychiatrists in private practice to examine the accused knife slayer, he overruled a motion which would have prevented Lykens from being locked up in the hospital for the criminally insane. The court said that when the defendant goes on trial all the examining doctors would be permitted to testify as to the defendant's mental condition at the time of the murders.

At this writing Kenneth Lykens is still under observation at Lima. His trial date will not be set until he is released from the institution and returned to the Summit County Jail. ♦♦♦

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After police confiscated Lykens' personal items from the locker, they took him to headquarters for further questioning. After being routinely processed, he was placed in the Summit County Jail, pending arraignment the next morning in the Municipal Court of Judge Robert Hartnett on two charges of first degree murder.

When the suspected killer of the two little third-graders appeared in court, he was wearing white jail coveralls and sandals. He was in custody of two policemen and several more officers surrounded him when he went before Judge Hartnett. Sentiment was running high in Akron after newscasts Sunday night broadcast the alleged child-killer's arrest and numerous uniformed police stood guard outside the judge's chambers.

The charges against Kenneth Lykens were read by Summit County Prosecutor Robert Mohler, who had prepared the first degree murder warrants against the 27-year-old suspect.

Lykens' voice was barely audible and Judge Hartnett on several occasions asked him to "speak up," instead of shaking his head in response to questions. The alleged murderer answered "yes" when the court asked him if he understood his constitutional rights and the possible penalty for the charges against him.

When Lykens said he did not have legal counsel, Judge Hartnett postponed taking a plea from the defendant. Although the prisoner said he made "between \$4,000 and \$5,000" the previous year, Judge Hartnett said that he would later appoint the public defenders "because of the seriousness of the charges." Following his arraignment, Lykens was removed to his jail cell, where the court ruled he was to be held without bond until his formal plea.

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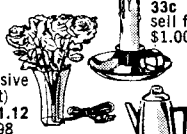
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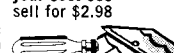
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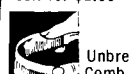
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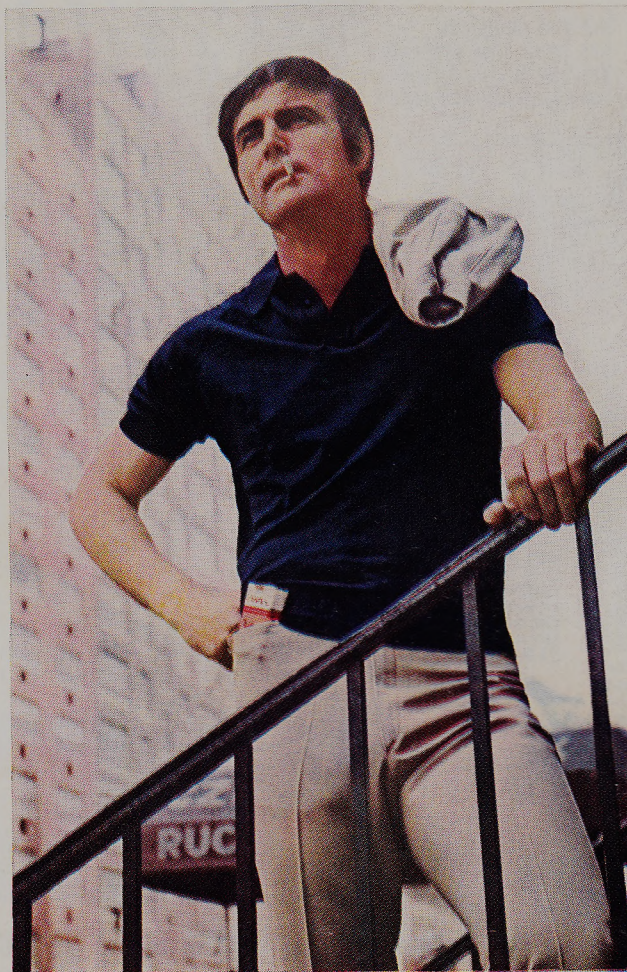
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