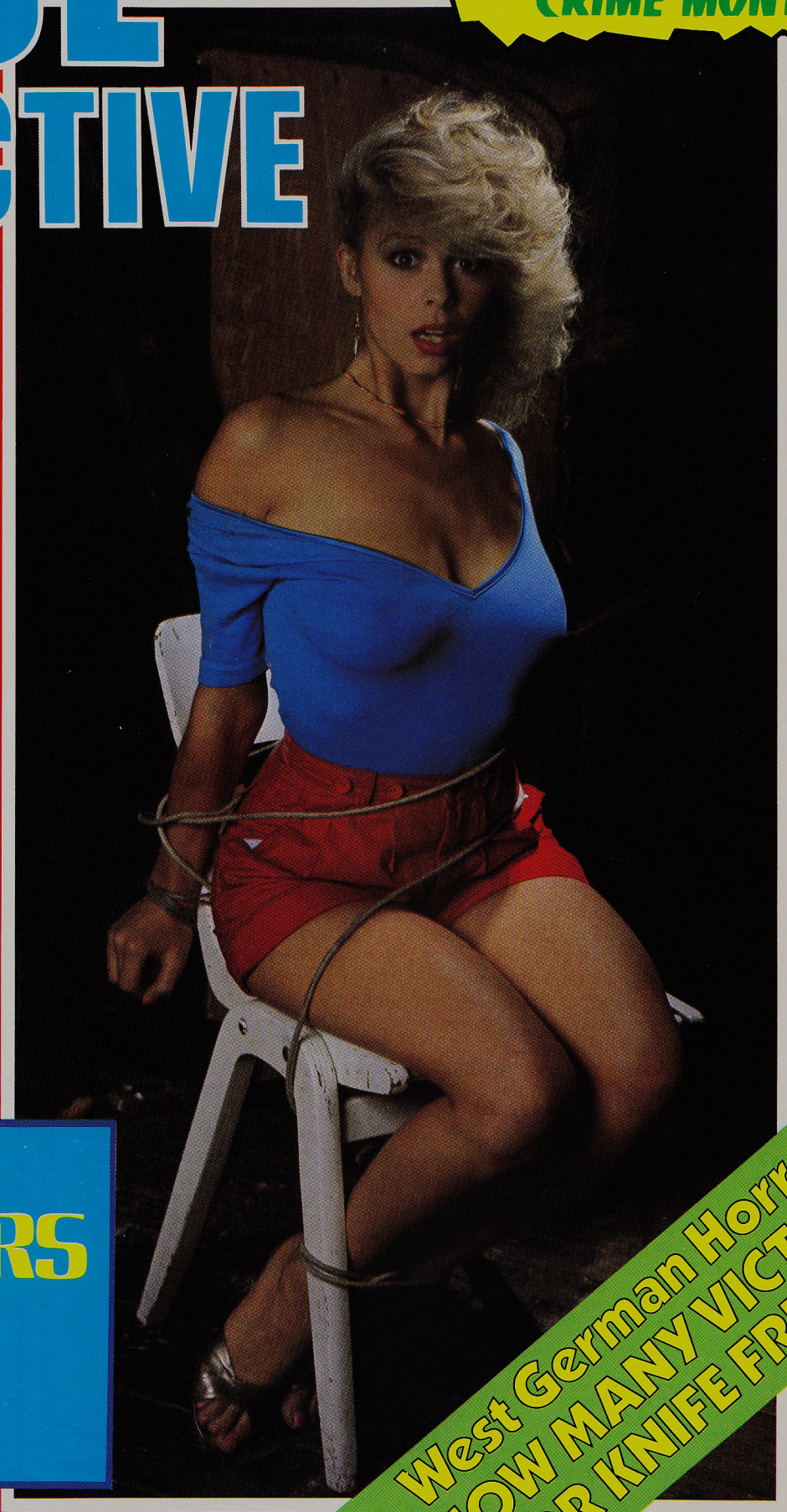


TRUE DETECTIVE

APRIL
1983
75p
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**BRITAIN'S BEST
CRIME MONTHLY**

OPERATION
VICE LORDS
**SEX
SLAVE
MASTERS
OF
EUROPE**
PART 1



**COMPUTERS
IN CRIME**

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**West German Horror
HOW MANY VICTIMS
FOR KNIFE FREAK?**

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In fact he's in his 50's, his hair is grey (what's left of it), and he routinely hangs out with people half his age.

When I first saw him out at a club I thought to myself "This guy must be a real loser..." I couldn't have been more wrong!

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THE WORLD'S TOP TRUE CRIME MAGAZINE

TRUE DETECTIVE

APRIL 1983

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Cover and magazine design by Stuart Banner

This month, we fire the opening salvo in a war against Europe's sex slavemasters. And we have joined forces with Interpol, the world's top crime-busting organisation, to track down the sinister men who run Europe's vice networks.

Each year, some 30,000 girls go missing throughout Northern Europe. Many of them are lured into a life of misery and shame by these conscienceless dealers in degradation.

We're not talking about vicious little street pimps. We're talking about internationally known millionaires. Men with solid reputations and Swiss bank accounts fattened by the sexual servitude of girls they've snared.

They're the ones who will have girls hooked on heroin to bring them under control. Men who will burn, torture and maim girls who resist. Men who will kill to enforce discipline.

Investigative reporter Anthony Bradley has travelled throughout Europe, carrying out his own undercover probe into its vice overlords. And now he takes the lid off their whole depraved operation.

His final call was on M. Andre Bossard, Secretary-General of Interpol. The chief of the worldwide police network told him: "Yes, there is an international traffic in women. Right at the top are some very important people. The more information we have about these people the better."

That's what we've got. More information. A thick dossier of it. It's a story that will grip and shock you.

In some cases fictitious names and places have been used. Where this has been done a note of this fact appears in conjunction with the story. Cover and Contents of True Detective printed in Great Britain by Williams Press (Berks) Ltd., Cordwallis Works, Maidenhead, Berks., for the Proprietors and Publishers, The Illustrated Publications Company Limited (a member of the Argus Press Group), 12-18 Paul Street, London EC2A 4JS. Not to be imported into Australia, New Zealand, Canada or the U.S.A. Copyright and the rights of translation and reproduction of the contents of this magazine are strictly reserved. Editorial, Advertising and General Offices, 12-18 Paul Street, London EC2A 4JS. Single copies 97p. (overseas £1.01) post free, available from the General Office. Annual subscription £11.64 (Overseas £12.12), obtainable from Subscriptions Dept., M.A.P. Ltd., 13-35 Bridge Street, Hemel Hempstead, Herts. (Phone: 0442-51740). Trade Sales by Argus Press Sales and Distribution Limited, 12-18 Paul Street, London EC2A 4JS.

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THE DAY Pauline K— got sick of the whole dirty, degrading business, she told the pimp who controlled her that she would no longer sell her body. So he tied her down to a bed and poured more than two gallons of scalding water over her.

That took a little time because he was boiling up the water in an electric kettle to ensure that it was hot enough. After the second kettle had been poured over her Pauline passed out, but the pimp continued torturing her.

He's in jail now, missing a few teeth because the cops who went to get him got a little over-enthusiastic. Pauline is still getting skin grafts, in a forlorn attempt to bring back some of the looks that used to earn her £200 a day as a top-class tart on Hamburg's Reeperbahn.

When the skin grafts have finished, she'll probably go home to the Lancashire village she left

In-depth report by Anthony Bradley

six years ago. She's only 22, so she's got plenty of time to make a new start. She's not sure how, though, as the skin grafts haven't been all that effective.

Pauline K— is just one of the girls who have been caught up in Europe's rapidly expanding sex-for-sale business. For the men who control it, the trade is just another unsung benefit of the Common Market.

There are naive folk around who think the Common Market is only about such economic abstractions as Green Pounds, Common Agricultural Policies and Fishing Quotas. The smart money men, however, know better. For them, the Common Market is all about the most lucrative trade in flesh-peddling the world has ever seen.

Fact: More money is earned annually from European vice than most Third World countries have to spend.

Fact: The take from vice in France alone is greater than the total profits of that country's 50 biggest companies.

Fact: More people have become millionaires from organising commercial sex in

Europe over the past 10 years than in any other business.

Fact: With national laws on prostitution being eased throughout Europe, plenty of "straight" businessmen are queuing up to put their money into the hottest market there is — brothels.

Fact: Cathouse investors can

OPERATION VICE LORDS SEX SLAVE MASTERS OF EUROPE PART 1

get their capital back in six months — and then sit back and wait for lucrative dividends.

Fact: While police forces throughout Europe hassle streetwalkers and their tawdry little pimps, the fatcat financiers who control 80 per cent of the vice action sit immune from the law.

They inhabit a sleazy world, a

"Jacqueline" (right). "I've no time for people who just want to chat. That's not what I get paid for..."



world of perpetual twilight, where high-powered procurers move confidently across national frontiers, luring new talent into the brothels of Europe.

The procurers live well. For each girl they recruit, they collect £3,000. And a stylish seducer recruits at least one a month. That's £36,000 a year for some very light work.

of recruiting agents continually scour every European country for fresh talent.

They are smooth, smart and well-educated, these recruiting sergeants for Aphrodite's Army. They are there because selling sex is a supply-and-demand business, just like any other.

And the returns are enormous. For even a girl who is only

— the shadow of the time-and-motion man falling across the mercenary bed — which explains why shares in brothels are being snapped up by legitimate businessmen throughout Europe. It is why one Dutch multi-millionaire, with extensive property and hotel interests, is eager to put up the money for the floating brothels which the



Piccadilly Circus. It is one of the main danger spots for girl tourists who may be running short of money



Tourists around Holland's national monument

It's a world in which girls are held in bondage by brutal manipulators who demand that they meet a regular earnings target, or take a beating . . . A world in which girls are deliberately addicted to heroin to give their pimps total control over them . . . A world in which girls are scarred and maimed — and perhaps even murdered — for disobedience.

Behind it all are the highly-respected figures of men whose names are well-known among the international community. Millionaires with yachts, racehorse and Swiss bank accounts which are regularly fattened by the tawdry hustlings of thousands of whores.

For the unwary, it is a world that threatens to engulf every woman who moves around Europe. Nobody ever needs to volunteer. High-powered squads

reasonably pretty can be expected to produce about £50,000 a year for her masters. In five years at the top of the call-girl circuit, she will make £250,000. Four girls will produce one million pounds in five years. Yet the girls are lucky if they see 10 per cent of what they make. And when the glittering top-earning years are over, they're likely to be sold down the line.

Some of them finish up in places such as the "Maison d'Abbatage" — a brothel on the Rue de la Charbonniere, Paris. It caters almost exclusively for immigrant labourers — and, on paynights, the customers queue three deep outside. The gentlemen prefer blondes — but the blondes have to stick to a tight schedule, being allowed seven minutes to complete each consummation.

It's organisation on this level

authorities want to put in Rotterdam harbour. It is also why there is a growing clamour, orchestrated by some very influential people, to legalise brothels throughout Europe, thus following the lead of Germany and Scandinavia.

The smart-money men have proved to their considerable satisfaction that by taking vice off the streets it can be organised into a lucrative international business, just like any other — except that the commodity for sale is not shipments of iron ore or bauxite, coal or diamonds. What is for sale in the silk and sin world of Europe's flesh-peddlers is other human beings.

It's a world where lust and liquidity meet, a world where the balance sheets have to be changed after each transaction. A world in which the lonely hungers of the punters who seek the cold-cash

favours of prostitutes can be measured in terms of soaring profits.

It's a world that took many months to penetrate — a world of shadows, corruption and ever-present violence.

HER HALLWAY was so damp and dreary. It

flicker weakly in the gloom of a bare corridor. It falls unkindly on the girl's face, exposing the wastage of experience. She's about 23, but looks a tired 35.

"I'll pay for your time. Just to talk."

"What about?"

"Ann M—. You knew her?"

"Ann M —? Yes. In Brussels, that was. We worked the same

hanging on their arm every time. Then they come back again on their own. You never see the girls coming back with them.

"Jesus, what are they doing with the women? They're not recruiting them as nuns, that's for sure!"

* * *

And back in London, Helen



nt in Amsterdam. It poses the same problems as Piccadilly



Earthbound Angel. A Salvation Army lady in Amsterdam's red light district

smelled of no hope and too many battles fought and lost. Cobwebs festooned the ceiling and the air was garnished with the smell of dust, damp and dry rot, overlaid with a pungency of tomcats.

The girl had the door half-open. She was small and defensive, but she held herself in a stiff posture of hostility. Her hair fell in a tangled cluster over her eyes. She was wearing a dressing-gown, which fell open at the top, emphasising all the nakedness that lay underneath. A man had just come out of the flat.

"Look," she said, "if you don't want to do business, then piss off. I've no time for people who just want to chat. That's not what I get paid for."

South London, decaying on a mellow evening. The dying sun slinks through the windows of the crumbling mansion flats to

bar, but she hasn't been around for a while. I don't know where she is."

The barring door widened as she went on: "You'll have to pay regular rates, you know. Just as if you were a client. Time's money, dear, no matter how you use it."

* * *

It started in Dublin, where a late-night taxi-driver said: "There's fellows coming over here all the time, picking up girls for prostitution. There's a good few who've disappeared. They're on the game now in London, or further afield.

"Ask any taxi-driver and he'll tell you the same. We see these fellows coming in regularly at the airport. Real sharp-looking young guys. Great suits on them.

"They go out again a week or so later. There's a different girl

Buckingham, leader of the prostitutes' pressure group PLAN, stated: "Girls do get moved around the Continent. And a lot of the moving is done by multi-national companies."

Over in Paris, M. Andre Bossard, head of Interpol, the world's top crime-busting organisation, confirmed: "There is an international traffic in women all over the world. Yes, there are criminal syndicates dealing with this traffic, but it's not possible to see them as one controlling organisation.

"Right at the top are some very important people, though they're never the ones who get arrested. The whole thing is worked through straw bosses, so it is never possible to identify the men who are controlling these operations.

"These people benefit from national laws, since they run

their operations in much the same way as they run their other businesses. But there is one common fact about them. Where it is not an offence to rent a room to a prostitute, as is the case in some European countries, they are very big in property development and speculation."

Does that mean that these top international businessmen actually *own* the brothels?

"Yes," he said, "that is precisely what it does mean."

* * *

The girl in the flat calls herself Jacqueline these days, but that's not the name on her birth certificate. That gives her first name as Elsie. She is Scottish. She's been around so much that details like nationality have ceased to have any importance.

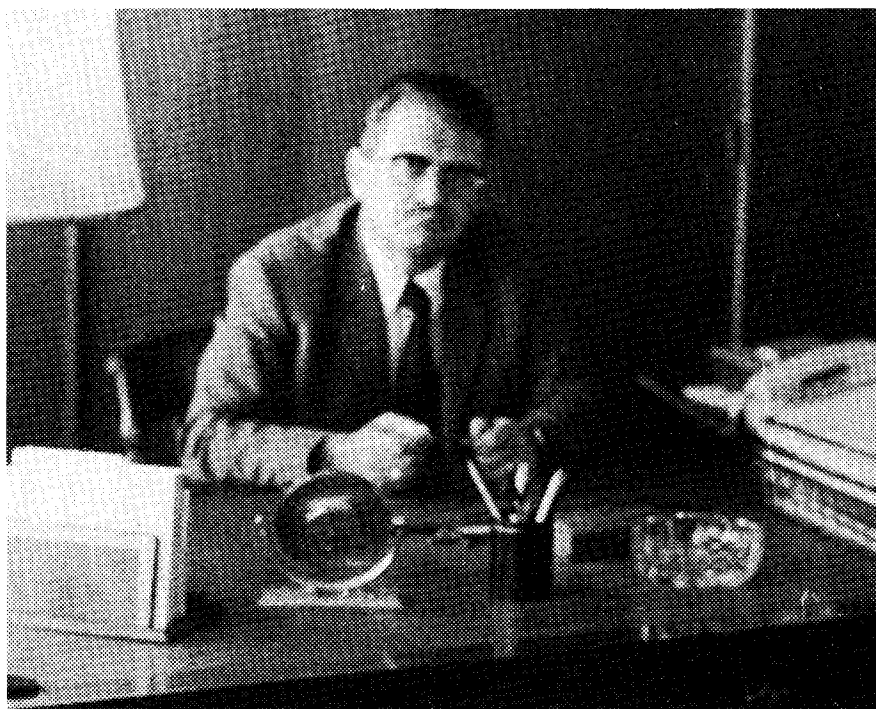
"I live," she said, "in the here and now. I don't think about what happened yesterday — and I don't think about what may happen in the future. The only thing I know about that is that it will probably be as bad as what happened in the past."

What happened yesterday was that she quit Inverness for a chambermaid's job in a London hotel. Later, she followed through on an advertisement for a waitress's job in Brussels.

"There were girls working in that city from all over Europe," she said. "When I got there, I found that the job was really for a hostess in a nightclub. The men paid big money for a bottle of liquor — and, as part of the price, they took their hostess to bed. I fell into it after about three days. I wasn't some little virgin, you see — and I suppose I half-expected that to happen, anyway. I needed the extra money, too.

"In a way, it was what I wanted to do. What sort of future did I have, working as a chambermaid? Where the hell was that going to get me? I had no real education — and no training. So far as I could see, I had only one asset. My body. Well, if that's all I had to sell, then that was what it would have to be."

She was just another country girl, on the loose and far from home — the cradled morality shed before the need to survive, and succeed in a raw and savage world. Only it didn't quite work out like that.



M. Andre Bossard, head of Interpol. He is aware of the international traffic in women, but is powerless to get to the people at the top...

"That Brussels is a rough place," she said. "They don't have girls on the streets — and there are no brothels, so all the girls work in bars. In some cities, that's a step up from the pavement — but it was no advantage in Brussels.

"Before they'd let you work in a bar, you had to sign a contract with the manager saying that you'd turn the first seven tricks every day just for him. Now, I was getting the equivalent of £30 a trick, so it meant that I had to

"As far as I could see, I had one asset . . . My body"

turn over £210 a day to him. After that, I was free to go and get my own money. Even when business was bad, he still wanted his seven tricks a day. That meant that, if you only had four punters one day, you had to do 10 the next — just to get the money for the café. It was just sheer bondage — and there was no way out.

"When he agreed to let you work in his bar and you signed the contract, he took your passport and social security documents. Then, as a back-up, he had his team of pimps to make sure you behaved. And there were two sorts of pimps in

Brussels. A lot of them were Africans from the Congo — and they were bad enough. But even *they* weren't so bad as the Belgian pimps.

"They were always beating girls up, breaking their arms and legs. Things like that. One of their favourite tricks was to burn a girl's nipples with a lighted cigarette. Remember, I've worked all over Europe, but I've never seen any pimps more mindlessly brutal than the Belgians."

It was while Jacqueline was in Brussels that Ann M— came on the scene. Jacqueline revealed: "She had been tommying in London, working the streets around King's Cross — and that can be a rough old scene. I suppose she thought it would be better working from a bar. Nobody told her what she'd have to pay for the privilege.

"What a lot of girls find out too late is that these bars don't even belong to the man who's running them. They're just front men for the real owner, who can have as many as 20 places just like it.

"It's a complete deadlock — because, if you try to move bars, the word goes out ahead of you, so you get the same terms and treatment as in the one you've just left. It's slavery, really,

because you're told where you'll work and how much you'll charge.

"You actually earn the money, but most of it goes to the bar manager, to be channelled up to the top man. The worst form of slavery. Then, if you've got a pimp on your back as well, you're in dead trouble."

Jacqueline is unrelaxed, permanently on guard these days. She carries on as a prostitute, she says, because it's the only way she knows how to get a reasonable amount of money — more, say, than she could earn in

somebody's organisation. Then you earn a lot of money, though there's no way that you can keep it."

From Brussels, Jacqueline went on the Eurotarts Circuit. That's the tarts' own travel bureau. It took her to Rotterdam, Hamburg, Grenoble and Nice. But she wasn't travelling as a free agent.

"Each time I moved, it was because my pimp had sold me to

another pimp. When I went down to Nice, I was sold to a Corsican. He paid £4,000 for me. He used to work out of an escort agency, providing the girls and splitting the profits with the man who actually laid on the clients. He made a lot of cash out of me, but when I got sick — you know, the usual occupational disease — my earnings stopped. So he sold me to an Italian, who put me on the streets in Rotterdam.

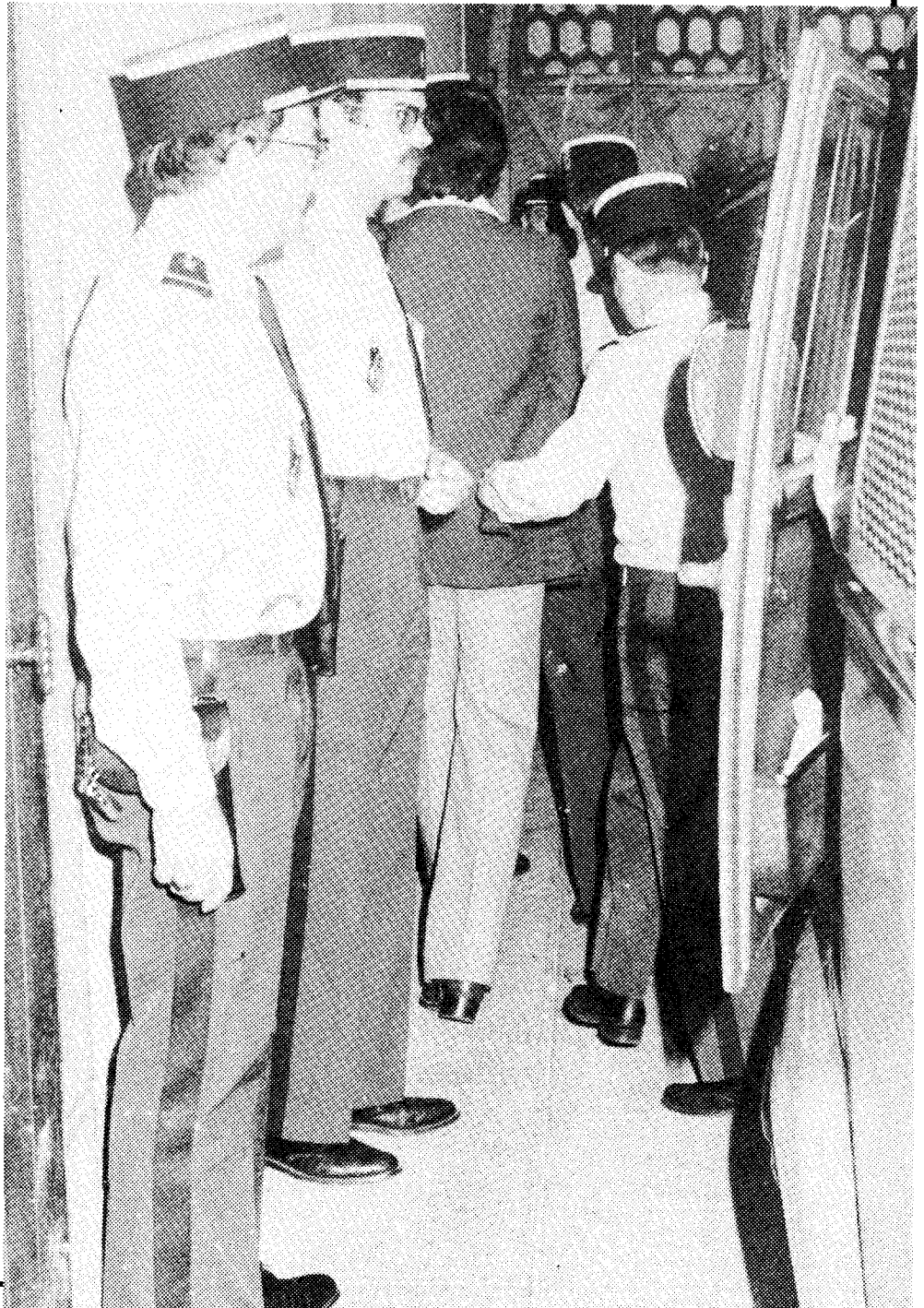
Marcel L----, surrounded by police. He was arrested in a green Rolls Royce on the Champs Elysees with a Scandinavian girl he'd snared...



Helen Buckingham, of PLAN, a prostitute pressure group: "Girls do get moved around Europe. And a lot of the moving is done by multi-national companies..."

a shop or factory. Yet even though she's now independent, taking all the money for herself, she's not getting anywhere near rich.

"You just don't get the really big money the way I'm working," she said. "If you want to turn the really well-paying tricks, you have to join



"I could see the time coming when I would be shipped off to the Ivory Coast, or some other place in West Africa. That happens to a lot of girls when the pimps in Europe have had their money's worth out of them.

"It doesn't take long. Right at the start, I was turning maybe 15 tricks a day. After a while, though, you begin to lose your looks, so you have to drop your fees and turn more tricks to earn the same money.

"Anywhere in Europe, the pimp wants £150 a day off you — and he doesn't care whether you get it off one client or 30. Just so long as you get it. By the time I got to Hamburg, I was down to working for whatever I could get, so it was obvious that my next move would be down to West Africa. And I decided to get out."

But there was a problem. The pimp had taken her passport and most of her clothing. Out of her earnings, she was given enough money for food, cigarettes and make-up. She wanted to run, but she had nothing to run with.

"When I decided to go, I had to plan it very carefully — and then wait for just the right opportunity. Every time I was out on the streets, working from 10 at night until daylight, because that's the only time the Germans will let the girls show themselves on the streets, the pimp was hovering around, checking up on how much business I was doing.

"What I had to do was hide money from him, telling him I was taking less from clients than I actually was. That's a dangerous thing to do, because the pimps know all the places where a girl will hide money — and they'll search you in the most degrading way to find it."

The escape route opened up on a day when the pimp got drunk. He staggered into the flat and fell torpid on the bed, snoring like a buzzsaw. Paralytic.

"I had an idea where he had hidden the passport, so I started searching. It was under a chest-of-drawers in his bedroom. I almost fainted with nervousness when I picked it up, as I knew that, if he woke up, I was done for."

She took the passport and the small amount of money she'd concealed. Then she caught a

train going south to Amsterdam.

"I went on the tom there for a couple of nights, working around the Zeedijk district — and being very discreet about it. If the regular girls there had spotted me, they would have told their pimps. Then I would have been in big trouble.

"They pay a lot of money for those showcase apartments — the ones where they sit in the windows — and they don't like independents working their turf."

Within two nights, she was pounced on by the Dutch police.

"They got me for soliciting outside a bar and I thought, 'Jesus, what happens now?' Fortunately, they believed that I was only a tourist doing it to get money for my fare home.

"They looked in my bag and saw that I had enough money to get home, so they told me to get up to Schipol Airport and get on the next plane out.

**"I said I was a tourist,
doing it for fare home"**

"That's what I did — and that's how I finished up here. I'm squatting in this flat, you know.

"That make me angry, because when I think about the amount of money I've earned for other people, I realise I could have bought this whole damned block!"

SOME PEOPLE in the know whisper that, if you're looking for the hub of Europe's vice empire, the place to go is Brussels. It's a buttoned-down sort of city, full of bureaucratic office blocks. And the only claim it makes to a visitor's attention is the world-famous statue of a small boy peeing.

The North Atlantic Treaty Organisation is headquartered in Brussels. It's full of generals and administrators, making appraisals and flexing their material sinews as they matter-of-factly go about preparing for a nuclear holocaust.

It is also the headquarters of the Common Market decision-makers. The men who make the decisions are not the up-front politicians, but the faceless Eurocrats who decide what is to

be done — and then pass on their recommendations for rubber-stamping by their political masters. These Eurocrats wield massive, behind-the-scenes power. And some of that power has been used since the Treaty of Rome to liberalise prostitution laws throughout Europe. The arguments are logical and unassailable. If there is a Common Market, then the laws governing its common prostitutes should be standardised. If that means, in practice, that everyone adopts the standards of the most wide-open, permissive member country, then so be it.

Let's have things tidy, chaps. We have this great hunger for order . . . Because if this order opens the way to a more rationalised structure, in which capable, organising businessmen take sole charge of European prostitution, then surely that is an advance?

They will impose order on the whole operation. They have the expertise. They will run it on profitable and disciplined and modern lines.

After all, why not? It's a business. Just like any other.

* * *

There's a cynical, cigar-chewing cop in Amsterdam who has been watching the whole Eurovice network grow over the past 20 years. He's seen the pimps, the pros, the Flash Harry operators and the gold-plated rich boys building their carnal empires — and he's mildly amused by it all.

There was a time when it used to make him angry, but not any more. He's at an age now where he's prepared to come to terms with the way the world is. And he's decided that it's easier to laugh at it than fight it.

As he puts it: "What you have to realise is that none of this loosening-up could ever have happened throughout Europe — unless some fairly big fish in the Common Market were helping it along.

"I have my favourite names, but I'm not going to mention them. There's no proof, you see, because nobody has been interested in getting proof. But I'll tell you this. There are a lot of people in the Common Market structure, civil servants and

politicians, whose cars are too big and whose houses are too expensive for the salaries they draw."

Another policeman claimed that Amsterdam is the central European clearing-house for black money, earned from prostitution, drugs and arms-running. Money like that can't be shown on anyone's books, so it's usually recycled into another "black" operation — like setting up a chain of massage-parlours, blue movie-houses, or brothels.

"All of that requires planning at a very high level," said the Dutch policeman. "Where could you find a better place to do such planning than within the Common Market?"

* * *

It was Dutch police who tapped into one vice network which moves girls up from southern Europe for work in brothels in such northern cities as Hamburg and Copenhagen. They'd been hearing rumours

about mysterious car journeys across the border with Belgium after the frontiers were closed. The cars took secondary routes and moved in the early hours of the morning.

A special undercover squad was set up to make the probe. They started uncovering links that led from Spain, Portugal and Italy, though France into Belgium, then up through Holland.

One of the first captures was made on the Champs Elysees, Paris, when French police stopped a green Rolls-Royce making its stately way towards the suburbs and the autoroute that leads up into the North.

They found Marcel L— inside it, together with a 25-year-old Scandinavian girl he'd snared in Nice. The girl was frightened, but she told how the man with her in

the car had picked her up and made her work as a prostitute for several weeks before telling her she was going up to Belgium, for shipment north.

Marcel L—, 42 years old, known only as a straight businessman, broke under pressure and exposed the gang of hustlers whose trade was to transport girls across Europe. When Dutch police pounced on the gang, they learned that they were mainly French and Italian. Prosecution seemed hardly worth while, so they sent these pimps back to their own countries and almost forgot all about it.

But they did note that one member of the gang had been tied in with a prominent Belgian businessman. Police started inquiring into the latter's activities, uncovering a chain of vice that included brothels, sex-saunas — and the control of streetwalkers across Europe.

The file has been temporarily closed because, within weeks of the inquiry commencing, the millionaire businessman moved countries. He's in Brazil now. And all the money went with him.

Somebody very high up the ladder had tipped him off.

BACK IN South London, Jacqueline had had enough of talking. She wanted to be free of words — back to the sweaty action of her trade. But she did have one final note to add.

"Girls move around all the time," she said. "Ann M— moved, too. I have an idea she was taken down to Paris. She probably went to work in the Rue St. Denis. They like them young and fresh there — and that's how she was when I last saw her."

The Rue St. Denis is a street which runs up along the Left Bank — a street where the girls bare their bosoms, flash their thighs and make small kissing noises at passing males.

There are about 6,000 prostitutes working the area — girls of every nationality. If Ann M— was among them, the chances of finding her were as about remote as finding a vestal virgin in the same location.

In part two next month... Sex war that throws up its own French Resistance...

French cop during a pimp round-up. One of the biggest catches was Marcel L—, who cracked under police questioning . . .



THE JOHNSTON brothers of southeastern Pennsylvania were known as burglars and thieves. There was David, Norman and Bruce, the eldest of the three and also the reputed leader. In 1980, the year they were brought to justice, they were respectively 32, 31 and 41 years of age.

The gang involved family and friends. Back in 1977, young Steve Johnston began stealing cars, trucks, tractors and plywood with his father, Bruce.

The boy had been raised by his mother and grandmother and had seen Bruce only a few times before 1975. His stepbrother, James "Jimmy-John" John-

ston, also raised by a relative, was involved in the burglary ring, too.

to his lawyer: "Make me the best deal you can."
The lawyer, after some thought, went to see Charles Zagorskie, chief of Chester County detectives. "Charlie," he asked, "are you interested in talking to Steve Johnston about his father?"

"I'm always interested in talking about the Johnston brothers," the chief replied, but he didn't sound enthusiastic. He'd already talked to and about them a million times and got nowhere.

A meeting was set up for 1 p.m. on August 1st. Zagorskie called in FBI Agent Dave Richter and Lieutenant Richard Weimer of the state police, both

ASSASSINS ON A RAMPAGE OF DEATH



ston, also raised by a relative, was involved in the burglary ring, too.

But, in the summer of 1978, Steve, then 20, decided to blow the whistle on the operations. His tongue was loosened when, while in the Chester County jail on theft charges, his girl friend, Robin Miller, 15, related a story that angered him.

She said that Bruce and cohort James Sampson, 24, took her to a motel and gave her a bottle of beer and some pills. When she woke up, she related to him, she had found her tampon missing — and she had been raped.

Steve was upset. He sent word out

of whom had been conducting their own investigations over the years.

Steve told them about the gang's network of stealing, specifically about a big safe job at Longwood Gardens, a local tourist attraction; the thefts of tractors and farming equipment; and a big job at a vending-machine company. There were thefts that reached across the state — and even into New York and as far south as Florida.

On August 9th, the FBI had a grand jury sitting in the federal courthouse in Philadelphia, listening to Steve Johnston telling these things about his father and uncles. He also named the

others — Wayne and Jimmy Sampson, Dwayne Lincoln and Jimmy Johnston.

The FBI issued a warrant, calling on Jimmy Johnston to testify on August 15th, but he never showed up. In fact, no one heard from him again — or from Lincoln and the Sampson brothers.

Although Steve was to be transferred to another county for protective custody, his \$100,000 bond was reduced to a nominal sum — and he was released on August 17th. He went to stay with Robin Miller's family in rural East Nottingham Township.

On Tuesday, August 29th, he and Robin went to Hershey Park. It was

tion, jumped out of bed, ran downstairs and turned on the outside lights. He thought he heard a car pull away, but saw only the yellow Volkswagen that Steve Johnston had been driving.

Meanwhile, inside the Miller home, Steve found Robin on her mother's bed.

*The grim details
behind the savagery...
Michael Grayson
Davis reports for TD*



The Brothers Grim . . . In real life, David, Norman and Bruce Johnston. When they went on the rampage, everybody and anybody suffered . . .

after midnight when they came home. And, as Steve pulled into the driveway and stepped out of the car, he was hit from behind by a hail of bullets. He staggered and fell back into the car, his head between the front seats. He told Robin to run.

Then she screamed — and Steve saw a red mark on her chin before she ran into the house. He lay in the car a few more seconds, then followed. The shooting stopped.

A neighbour, hearing the commo-

No one else was at home. He tried in vain to help her breathe, but her life was rapidly slipping away.

He called the police, who found him wandering around inside the house, his own body and head riddled with nine bullets. When the ambulance crew arrived, he was sitting on the bed, bleeding, by the still form of his pretty, brown-haired girl friend.

She was pronounced dead on arrival at the hospital in nearby Jennersville. Steve was admitted in critical con-



Chief of Detectives Charles Zagorskie displaying aerial photo showing where victim Robin Miller was murdered

dition, with wounds in the arm, larynx, abdomen and back of the head. After surgery was performed, he was put under heavy police guard in the intensive-care unit.

That afternoon, the Pennsylvania state police, FBI agents and Chester County detectives swarmed over Bruce Johnston's rural home in Elkton, Maryland. They arrested him on charges of obstructing justice by allegedly preventing Jimmy Johnston from testifying before the grand jury. He was placed in federal custody.

Lieutenant Weimer declined to comment to the press about whether or not

Bruce might have been involved in the obvious ambush. But there were rumours that he had placed a \$15,000 price tag on his own son's head. From his hospital bed, Steve told police that there had been at least two assailants — and that he and Robin were shot at close range with handguns.

Leslie Dale, 37, was another man the lawmen were interested in talking to. His name had been mentioned by Steve during the questioning. Officers spotted him at a bar on Thursday and waited for him to leave. When he did so, they took him in for questioning.

When asked where he was between 10

p.m. and 2 a.m. the day before, Dale admitted that he'd been pulling a burglary, but wouldn't tell Zagorskie where. He also told Zagorskie that he wanted immunity if they wanted him to talk. So Dale, a known burglar, was arrested on burglary charges not connected with the shooting and lodged in jail.

Another gang member, Rickey Mitchell, 37, heard that the police were looking for him concerning some burglaries. He hid out until September 5th, when he turned himself in.

Held his head under water until he had drowned . . .

Meanwhile, when word spread through the prison grapevine that Leslie Dale was in custody, an inmate at the Lackawana County jail started to do some serious thinking. As a result, in mid-September, FBI Agent Richter received word that Carl Park wanted to talk to Zagorskie.

So Richter and the detective chief took a ride north and met Park, whom Zagorskie knew from 10 years before. That was when Park, Leslie Dale and another man had allegedly used identification and forged cheques from cohort John "Jackie" Baen, whose body had been found in a creek. Hunters had seen Park and Dale near the creek, so the state police had picked up the two suspects. But they were never able to pin anything on them, because there was no official ruling of foul play.

So now Park was sitting in jail, confessing that he'd murdered Baen. He said that he and Dale had feared having Baen squeal on their thievery, so they'd hit him alongside the head and held him under water until he drowned. Park admitted that he was now having some second thoughts about his lifestyle. He wanted to clear things and make a deal — now that Dale was in custody on other charges.

"For whatever his reason," Zagorskie later commented, "he wanted to tell. And he wanted a deal. At that time, it was not bad to have that information about Dale."

The lawmen discussed the deal with District Attorney William Lamb, who planned to dig up Baen. And the dealing with Park went on through September and the early part of October.

Meanwhile, Bruce Johnston was able to raise bond. On September 29th, he was released from jail. In addition to the federal charges, the state police had also arrested him for various burglaries and thefts.

"But our efforts were once again thwarted," a state police official later observed. "He got out again."

In the Baen investigation, the lawmen

transported his preserved organs to Dr. DeMaio, a renowned New York City forensic pathologist. He examined the body for several hours, then announced the cause of death to be drowning, just as Park had said.

Detective Chief Zagorskie returned to see Leslie Dale, who said: "I ain't talking to you, Charlie. You railroaded me." But he didn't have to talk. The police arrested him and Park for Baen's murder. After a preliminary hearing, they were remanded for trial.

The lawmen weren't any closer to solving Robin Miller's murder, although they were willing to bet who was behind it all. Then, on November 30th, Zagorskie and Assistant District Attorney Dolores Troiani were visiting Park when the detective chief suggested: "Let's go and visit Leslie Dale."

The suspect, of course, still didn't want to talk to Zagorskie and began cursing him. "Talk to anyone you want!" Zagorskie snapped. He left the assistant DA and Dale alone. Then, about five minutes later, they called him back in.

"He can tell us about seven bodies," Dolores Troiani announced.

Zagorskie began advising him of his rights, but Dale said he knew what he was doing. He wanted to deal — and he assured Zagorskie that he wasn't merely talking because he had been arrested for the Baen murder. "I've had enough of this life," he said, explaining that he wanted to make a clean breast of things because of his teenage son, whom his ex-wife was raising.

"I can show you seven bodies," he said then, counting them out on his fingers. "Robin Miller. Jimmy Sampson. Jimmy Johnston. Dwayne Lincoln. Wayne Sampson. Gary Crouch."

"That's only six," Zagorskie pointed out.

"Is Baen number seven?" Troiani asked.

Dale laughed and said they would talk about it later.

"You gotta show us a little good faith, Leslie," the detective chief suggested. "Show us a body tonight."

Dale said that he would.

"What do you know about the kids?" Zagorskie asked, in a reference to the missing boys.

"Charlie, I know they're dead," Dale replied. "But I had nothing to do with that."

He explained that, after Jimmy Johnston, Dwane Lincoln and Wayne Sampson were murdered, he heard it from the Johnston brothers that they were buried in the Brandywine Game Preserve, near Pennsbury Township. They'd allegedly told Dale that they had walked the boys right up to the graves

among thick briars, "where no one will ever walk."

"What else do you know?" Zagorskie persisted.

"That's it," Dale said. "But I'll bet you that, in 10 minutes, they'll know I'm talking to you."

He suggested that the state police put some heavy patrols in the Chadds Ford area and also in another area south of Oxford, near the Maryland state line,

because he felt that the brothers would try to go and dig up the bodies, including Crouch's. Dale also told them that the "key" to the murders was Rickey Mitchell.

Zagorskie made arrangements to take Dale out of prison. He handcuffed the suspect and, with Troiani, drove him to the courthouse, where they placed him in the custody of Detective Larry Dampman.

Case File

Latest developments on cases published in True Detective

Joseph Paul Franklin, convicted in the killings of two men in a 1980 Salt Lake City shooting spree ("Sniper Killing Of 2 Black Joggers," *True Detective*, January, 1982) won a victory last August 17th when he was cleared of charges linking him to a violation of civil rights in the wounding of former director of the National Urban League Vernon E. Jordan.

An all-white jury passed a not guilty verdict in a decision that also had to consider the reasoning behind the crime — most notably the possibility of a racist motive. Federal Judge Allen Sharp instructed jurors to do so, in accordance with the special nature of the 1968 Civil Rights Law. Because of Franklin's self-admitted racist attitudes, it was believed that Jordan — a black man — could have possibly been shot for reasons stemming from racism. Earlier on the day of the shooting, May 29th, 1980, Jordan had been seen in the company of a white woman.

The U.S. Government took three days to present its case. Attempting to pummel Franklin's claims of innocence, it used the testimonies of three witnesses — prison inmates with Franklin at different stages — who claimed that the accused had given them evidence of his involvement in the shooting. One witness said Franklin had admitted outright that he had shot "some kind of president or black leader" in "Fort something, Indiana" (the incident happened in Fort Wayne, Indiana).

Taking only two hours to present its case, the defence based itself on claims that Franklin had never been in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and didn't know much about Jordan — and that all three witnesses for the prosecution were jail "plants" used to formulate slanted evidence against him.

Had Franklin been convicted of this charge, 10 years, plus a \$10,000 fine, would have been added to his already massive four life prison sentences.

As fast as the FBI reopened the case involving convicted murderer **Dr. Jeffrey MacDonald**, a federal court of

appeals may have revealed it again. MacDonald, convicted for the murders of his wife and two daughters at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, in 1970 ("Arrangement For A Slaughter," *True Detective*, November, 1980), had his case reopened on April 16th, 1982, due to new evidence from a witness who claimed that a satanic drug cult, not MacDonald, was responsible for the murders.



Dr. Jeffrey MacDonald. Second time new light in his case was extinguished

Last August 16th, however, the U.S. Court of Appeals upheld MacDonald's murder convictions, on the grounds that there was insufficient evidence to support the witness's — and MacDonald's — claim that he is innocent.

This turnabout marks the second time the MacDonald case was given new light, only to have it extinguished through another court ruling. In 1980, the same court of appeals reversed MacDonald's murder conviction, on the grounds that he was denied a speedy trial. That holding was reversed again in March, 1982, by the U.S. Supreme Court, which ruled that the delay did not violate MacDonald's rights. The Supreme Court ruling returned him to prison, where he had been serving three life terms.

This most recent appeal concerned MacDonald's contention that the judge in the August, 1979, trial that resulted in his conviction had limited the testimony of witnesses who could have affirmed his position. In answer to the appeal, the federal appeals court said that one witness, for example, though able to support a certain amount of the facts in MacDonald's account, was generally untrustworthy because of her "exceedingly poor" memory and a manner of relating information that implied she was "constantly under the influence of narcotic drugs."

Zagorskie and Troiani next conferred with District Attorney Lamb. Half an hour later, at 5.30 p.m., Dampman brought in the suspect.

Leslie Dale appeared relaxed as he drank coffee and smoked cigarettes. The DA told him that any deal would be contingent on two conditions. That he hadn't done any of the killings himself — and that he would show them a body that night.

He agreed. He said he could take them to where Gary Crouch was buried. He admitted that Bruce Johnston had paid him to dig the grave and to assist in killing Crouch, because Crouch was snitching to the police in Delaware. Crouch had been listed as missing since July, 1977.

The detectives, Troiani and Lamb drove Dale to Pottsville, where they met a party from the state police, under the direction of Lieutenant Weimer. They all drove down a road in Highland Township, then turned onto a dirt road for about half a mile before they stopped.

Still handcuffed, Dale played a torch beam over the open field and woods, then into a tree-lined road, "Right there," he said. "Right in there is the body."

Zagorskie nodded, then said: "Let's go, Leslie." He removed the handcuffs.

The whole group were led by Dale into the trees for about 50 yards. They stopped while Dale walked around and pushed some leaves with his foot and moved two dead branches. "Dig right here."

The lawmen started digging. Those not engaged on that task sent out for coffee to keep them warm and made a bonfire.

Dale stood at the edge of the circle, his face intense in the artificial light, his eyes staring into the widening hole.

Two feet down, an unpleasant odour started rising from the ground. A full hour and a half after the digging started, one of the lawmen called out: "I have something here!"

They took Leslie Dale away and drove him back to the courthouse, where he conferred with his attorney. And while patrols kept a vigil in the area, the lawmen painstakingly dug around the body, careful not to disturb anything while they looked for evidence. They went through dirt with spoons, trying not to damage the body, which was already in bad condition from a year's informal burial.

The face was skeletonised, but the hands were intact enough for the investigators to later roll fingerprints. That, plus a high school class ring, positively identified the body as that of 30-year-old Gary Crouch.

Dr. Halbert Fillinger, an assistant medical examiner in Philadelphia, performed the autopsy. His findings revealed a bizarre aspect of the brutal murder — that Crouch had been buried alive.

There was a gunshot wound in the head, but there was also gravel in Crouch's throat, indicating that he had not been dead when covered with dirt. According to Dr. Fillinger, it could have been as little as a few minutes, or as long as three hours until Crouch finally expired. The cause of death, he noted in his report, was the gunshot wound to the back of the head, with suffocation by gravel a contributing factor.

On December 4th, when they paid Rickey Mitchell a visit in Broad Meadows prison, he wasn't the least bit happy to see Zagorskie and Troiani. "Leslie Dale is co-operating with us," the detective chief announced, then added: "And we hear there's a contract out on your life. We want you to co-operate with us, too."

"Get the hell out!" Mitchell spat. "I

Gravel in his throat said he had been buried alive!

don't want to talk! I don't have anything to say!"

During the next three weeks, though, Mitchell did a little research of his own — and found out that there was indeed a contract out on his life. So, on December 26th, his lawyer contacted the DA's office. And at 6 p.m. that day, Zagorskie and Troiani met the lawyer in his office.

The latter related that his client wanted a deal. Mitchell was also claiming not to have killed anyone, although he did know about the murders. And he wanted probation, or something minimal — like Carl Park had been promised.

Late that night, DA Lamb advised Zagorskie that there wouldn't be any deal until they learned what Mitchell knew — and the extent of his actual involvement. By December 28th, Mitchell was ready to talk. At around 2.30 p.m., Zagorskie, Troiani and the suspect's lawyer sat down in the prison ward at Sacred Heart Hospital in Chester, where he had been confined after an epileptic seizure.

Mitchell told them that, although he did not have anything to do with the murder of Robin Miller and the shooting of Steve Johnston, he did know about the incident. The triggermen, he said, had been David and Norman Johnston. His own part in the crime, he explained, had been to arrange dates for himself and Bruce Johnston with some girls.

At first, Mitchell said, Bruce had

only wanted his son out of the area, so that he wouldn't testify. But then, 10 days before the shooting, he put out a \$15,000 contract on Steve's life.

Norman, David and Mitchell checked into a motel near Oxford, then began staking out Robin Miller's home. Leslie Dale knew about the contract, Mitchell said. In fact, Bruce even rented a car for him, so that Dale could find the intended victim. But, as it turned out, Dale was using the car to drive from bar to bar, drinking.

The weather had been wet while they were waiting for Steve to show up as a target, Mitchell stated. One night, after they had waited in a muddy field in the rain, he told the others, once they got back to the motel, that he wasn't going back out any more. "I'm not catching a cold over this damned thing," he said he told the others.

They all took off their wet, muddy shoes and positioned them over the bathroom door, under an infra-red light. (The motel cleaning lady would later corroborate that she had seen the shoes there at that time).

When Mitchell explained that they had borrowed a car from Newark, New Jersey, Zagorskie asked: "Do you mean they stole a vehicle?"

Mitchell told him: "They borrowed it. You know what I mean."

It had been a four-door Pontiac — dark in colour, about a 1971 make. Mitchell claimed he didn't know what had happened to it, that perhaps it had been destroyed — "cut up or something." He didn't know what had happened to the murder weapons, either. "The girl being killed was a mistake," Mitchell added.

He claimed that he didn't know any of the boys in the grave, though he could probably recognise their pictures. They showed him one of Jimmy Johnston, which he identified.

According to Mitchell's information, Bruce wanted the boys dead because they were going to testify against him. So Mitchell and the Johnston brothers — Bruce, David and Norman — drove to a hardware store, where Mitchell bought two shovels and a bag of lime. Then David dropped off Norman and Mitchell to dig the hole.

"I'm not a gambler," Mitchell told his interrogators. "But I'll bet I can find them for you."

The next day, according to Mitchell, Bruce and Dale signed Jimmy Johnston into a motel in Gap, paying for the room with a \$100 bill. (The motel clerk later recalled this — and identified Bruce as the man who had been with Dale).

Mitchell said he couldn't recall the date, but it was later pinpointed as August 16th. They first brought in

Jimmy Johnston, whom they'd asked to help move a stolen tractor in the woods. So he went with Mitchell, David, Norman and Bruce to the area where the hole had been dug. They walked him to the woods, where Bruce shot him several times in the head. They took off his shoes and also retrieved from his pockets the money they had given him. They left the grave open, then returned to the road, where Norman was waiting in the car.

Mitchell said he remained at the motel. An hour later, the others came back with Wayne Sampson and Dwayne Lincoln, who were high on drugs and covered with blankets.

Bruce again told the story about the tractor stuck in the woods, whereupon Sampson and Lincoln agreed to help. The four conspirators got in the car with the youths. And when they got to the edge of the woods, Bruce, David and Mitchell walked one of the boys up to the grave. David then shot him in the head once and, when he spun around, shot him twice more.

Then, according to Mitchell's statement, David gave Mitchell the gun and told him: "The last one is yours. Everyone is going to kill one. You have to take care of this one — or that hole is really going to be full!"

Mitchell said he interpreted that to mean that he'd be buried, too, if he didn't commit one of the murders. So he walked back to the car and returned with the other boy, who had to be talked into coming into the dark woods.

At the open grave, Mitchell shot the boy twice in the head. They covered all the bodies, then went back to the house, after throwing the shovels into the Brandywine Creek.

For Mitchell's part in the killings, the Johnstons paid about \$750 towards some car repairs. (The mechanic later testified that he did repair Mitchell's car — and that David and Bruce had paid for it with \$100 bills).

Jimmy Sampson, Mitchell said after identifying a photo, was the one they had buried in a landfill. They had lured him to his death by telling him that they were going to commit a burglary.

The investigators felt that Mitchell wasn't telling them everything — and court testimony would later prove this true. But it was, as one lawman put it, "a damned good place to start."

Next day, December 29th, Troiani, Zagorskie, Weimer and other county and state investigators met with DA Lamb. He told them that, providing Rickey Mitchell's information was accurate, that he had killed only one of the victims, would lead them to the gravesite and would testify against the others, they could offer him from 10 to

40 years of imprisonment as the deal.

Dolores Troiani drew up the agreement. And, next day, she and Zagorskie met Mitchell and his lawyer at the hospital prison ward. Mitchell, who didn't like the terms, insisted on something easier — like probation, or a few years. But, finally, he agreed.

The attending physician then released the suspect to their custody. Mitchell soon directed them to the Brandywine Game Preserve, bordering Pennsbury Township.

"This looks like the place," he said, pointing to a wooden gate there. Detective Dampman and a state trooper took Mitchell out of the car and began walking up the road along the cornfield. At 5 p.m., Dampman radioed back that they had found the place. It was just growing dark.

"Are you sure this is the spot?" Zagorskie asked Mitchell when they arrived. The area was covered with logs, like Crouch's grave had been.

"I'm not only sure," Mitchell said. "I'm positive."

"If you talked, you were dead. They had a history of it..."

While Mitchell was taken back to the prison hospital, the lawmen began the painstaking work of digging up the bodies. It was 8.30 p.m. before they hit the first body, stacked on the other two.

Later, Dr. Fillinger's post-mortem examinations would determine that Jimmy Johnston, 18, Dwayne Lincoln, 17, and Wayne Sampson, 20, were killed by gunshot wounds to the heads.

The investigators would have liked to dig up Jimmy Sampson, too, but it was out of the question. Mitchell said that he had been buried at the landfill near Honeybrook. As Zagorskie later explained, by then it would have been under about 75 feet of compacted dirt and trash.

"It would have been impossible to dig it up because of the health hazard," he added. "Various gases accumulate in a landfill — and you'd have to move about 300,000 tons of dirt a day, put it back at night and start all over again. It was something that just couldn't be done."

Now armed with solid evidence, however, the investigators could corroborate the statements made by Dale and Mitchell. The officers put the information together and had warrants issued, charging the three Johnston brothers with multiple murders.

Two of them were already in jail. David had surrendered to the police on December 12th, but on burglary charges. Next day, Bruce had been nabbed on a shoplifting charge. But

Norman was more elusive. The lawmen eventually got word that he was at a motel in Maryland. They kept watch on the place until January 13th, 1979, when the FBI arrested him in connection with the interstate burglary operation. The federal charges circumvented the need for extradition to Pennsylvania.

Norman and David Johnston were the first to go on trial. They were charged with the murders of Jimmy Johnston, Dwayne Lincoln, Wayne Sampson, Jimmy Sampson and Robin Miller.

William Lamb, though no longer district attorney, was made special prosecutor for the case. He contended that the deaths were the result of contract killings to buy silence. The defence argued that the police had persecuted petty thieves, then based their murder cases on the testimonies of two admitted killers — Dale and Mitchell.

Over 150 persons were called to the witness-stand. There would have been more, but some individuals were afraid to testify. One of them, a woman, was allegedly beaten, drugged, threatened with death — and later had her house burned down.

The investigators didn't blame anyone for being afraid to testify. "If you talked, you were buried," Zagorskie later recalled. "The Johnstons had a track record of it."

Testimony ended during the second week in March, 1980, just seven weeks after the trial started. It took the jurors 28 hours of deliberation, spread over four days, to sift through the evidence and reach a unanimous verdict. At last, on Tuesday, March 18th, the foreman announced the verdict. The two brothers remained visibly calm.

Norman and David Johnston were found guilty of murdering James Johnston, Dwayne Lincoln, Wayne Sampson and Robin Miller — and not guilty in the murder of James Sampson, whose body has never been recovered.

When Bruce Johnston went on trial later that year, Prosecutor Troiani told the jury that she intended to show that the murder plans "had the signature of the mind of Bruce A. Johnston."

And Judge Leonard Sugeran told this jury, as he had at the previous trial, that the witnesses were "corrupt and polluted sources" — and that they should take that into consideration while listening to testimony.

The first day, witnesses took the stand regarding the murder of Gary Crouch, the first to die. One of them was Detective John Quigley, of the Delaware state police, who testified that Crouch had been co-operating with him, implicating "the brothers and numerous others" in the theft operations.

According to Quigley, immediately before he disappeared, Crouch had planned to meet Bruce Johnston and Leslie Dale.

Also called to the stand was Crouch's girl friend, who testified that she had last seen him at 11 p.m. on July 19th, 1977, shortly before an alleged rendezvous with Bruce. When Crouch never returned, she went to see Bruce to inquire as to his whereabouts. And he told her "not to worry about Gary. The police will find him, wherever he is."

On the second day of the trial, Leslie Dale described how Bruce had panicked at the sight of Crouch's blood all over the car when he (Dale) had shot him from the back seat.

"I put the gun behind Gary's head and shot him," said Dale, who had been paid \$3,000 to do so. "Bruce's eyes got real big and he said, 'Look at the hole in the windscreen!' Bruce got out of the car and ran around the front of it. I said, 'Get back in the car.' Bruce said, 'Look at the blood coming out'."

They drove to the already-dug grave, where Bruce went through the victim's pockets, giving Dale just over \$80 as a bonus. Then, as they were putting Crouch into the grave, Dale noticed one of his eyes open and commented: "He's peeking."

They took the stolen car to a field and set it on fire, then returned to cover the body, hoping that Crouch didn't "crawl out." A month later, they returned to make sure the dirt hadn't shifted.

Under cross-examination by the defence, Leslie Dale admitted that he had at first lied to the police, telling them that Bruce had pulled the trigger. "I didn't think it was a big lie," he testified. "I just switched seats (in the car). The man up front is charged with murder, just the same as the man in the back."

The lie resulted in the original more lenient plea-bargaining to be thrown out the window. Instead, Leslie Dale received 10 to 20 years in prison, to be followed by 20 years probation.

The next day, another witness testified that Bruce had told him about Crouch's murder in the following manner: "I gave him a new job — pushing up daisies."

Later called to the stand, Rickey Mitchell related how they had duped the three boys into coming into the woods. Jimmy Johnston had been the first to fall for the ruse.

"Then David Johnston shot Dwayne Lincoln in the back of the head," Mitchell testified. "The boy grabbed his head and turned around and tried to speak. David fired two more slugs at the boy. He fell."

Mitchell himself had to shoot the third, Wayne Sampson, but missed with



the first shot because Bruce had chosen that moment to shine the torch in his eyes. "The boy turned around and asked me if it was a real gun," Mitchell told the court. "I didn't say a word. I fired two more shots at his eyes. He fell down."

Mitchell's original plea-bargaining deal had also been voided because of the inconsistent statements he had given the police. As an explanation, he testified that his stories had varied because he "didn't trust either the police or the prosecution." Eventually, Rickey Mitchell received a life sentence.

Mitchell also stated that Bruce had told him that "he tried to get Leslie Dale to bring one of the boys to the hole

because he wanted to put Dale in the hole, too."

On October 15th, a witness called by the prosecution testified that Bruce had commented to him about Steve Johnston: "If he comes to see his daddy, I'll take him up on the hill to visit his buddies." He also stated that Bruce and Mitchell had tried to enlist his help in digging the graves, but he had told them: "I'm a burglar, not a murderer."

Called to the witness-stand, Leslie Dale related that he had agreed to kill Jimmy Sampson for \$8,000, but that he had been only trying to swindle Bruce out of the money, "so that I could leave the area."

When asked if he had received that

The Johnston brothers, with Bruce being led into court in handcuffs (left) by a female defence attorney



amount, he replied: "If I had, I sure wouldn't be here now!"

Recalled as a witness, Mitchell testified that he had lured Sampson to the landfill, on the pretext of making burglary plans, then faked an epileptic seizure to catch him off-guard.

"I was told by Norman Johnston to remain close to a bulldozer," Mitchell said. "But I wasn't going to stay there and be eliminated. I hid behind some boulders. I saw Bruce on my right. I came out holding my stomach and said I'd had a seizure and lost my glasses. Norman started looking around for them, so Jimmy Sampson relaxed and he started to look, too. I saw Norman's hand come up. (The gun) went bang."

Mitchell said he immediately pulled his own gun and pointed it at Norman, who asked him if he was scared. When Mitchell didn't reply, Norman gave Mitchell his gun to hold.

One witness called by the prosecution testified that when he'd asked Bruce what it was like to kill someone, the defendant had replied: "I have no problem. I can put my head on the pillow and go to sleep."



But when Bruce took the stand, he portrayed himself as a gentleman, a ladies' man — and a good father. In his testimony, which began on November 10th, he suggested that several of the witnesses had grudges against him because he had been messing around with their wives.

"I used to have a lot of lady friends," the defendant said. "I love women." It was over women, he said, that he and Dale had a "hatred" between them. He

alleged that Dale had raped some women he knew — and that he was scared of Dale.

"No way would I go out after dark in the woods with Leslie Dale," he said. Then he claimed that Dale had threatened to kill Steve — and that if he (Bruce) had known about an ambush being planned, "it would never have happened."

He testified that he "loved" his son, even though Steve, a "junkie," did not live with him. He denied offering Steve money not to testify, claiming that he had actually offered to foot the bill for a drug cure for his son.

As for Steve's allegations that he (Bruce) had raped Robin Miller, he told the court that he would not have done it. He added: "I considered her a little girl, because that's what she was."

Later in his testimony, Bruce admitted that he'd been looking for Steve, but denied that he'd wanted to kill him. When asked if he was upset over Steve's testimony before a grand jury, he replied: "Kids are kids. How can you get mad at your own son?"

Even a relative of the Sampsons testified that Bruce had been "like a father" to the brothers (Jimmy and Wayne) he was accused of killing.

In his closing arguments, Bruce Johnston's attorney claimed that the defendant was the victim of a frame-up by Dale and Mitchell, who'd used the opportunity for their own benefit. It was Dale and Mitchell, he alleged, who had committed the murders, not Bruce. The defence also pointed out that the criminal witnesses involved made deals, so that they were benefitting.

Prosecutor Troiani justified the plea-bargaining and deals. She said: "This is the type of case that proves deals must be made with people less culpable to get at people more culpable." There were no other witnesses, she pointed out, because "midnight assassins leave no witnesses."

The jury began deliberations on November 14th, 1980. After several hours, they returned with a verdict finding Bruce Johnston guilty on all six counts of first-degree murder.

As of this writing, sentencing for the three Johnston brothers — Bruce, Norman and David — on the murder convictions has been delayed, pending appeals. They face multiple life sentences — and are already serving time for additional burglary convictions. And Rickey Mitchell and Leslie Dale are also serving their sentences.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The name Carl Park is fictitious and was used because there is no reason for interest in his identity.



WEST GERMAN H

HOW MANY VICTIMS FOR KNIFE FRE

FIVE DAYS actually went by before anyone knew — with the exception of one person — that Anke Freibauer and Frieda Wiltz, both 17 years of age, were dead. The reason was partly that they lived in a relatively large town — Hanau, West Germany — but also partly that the holiday of Ascension Day fell on Thursday of that particular week.

Although both girls should have been at work from Monday to Wednesday of the week beginning May 12th, 1980, they were not reported missing, because their supervisor thought they had simply skipped the three days so as to make a whole week's holiday, taking advantage of the legally free Thursday and Friday, for a loss of only three days' pay. In any case, Anke and Frieda were only apprentices in the big insurance company office. And at 17, they were understandably not particularly serious or conscientious about their job.

Thus, the discovery of their bodies came as a complete surprise to everyone — but most of all to schoolchildren who had gone with their teacher on the afternoon of Ascension Day to pick wild flowers in the woods to the northeast of Hanau.

The children had not picked very many flowers when they came upon the bodies of the two girls, totally naked and, either intentionally or perhaps not, arranged in a suggestively obscene posture. The bodies were smeared with blood and there were already a surprising number of flies and other insects doing their grisly thing. The weather had, unfortunately, been unseasonably warm.

Although these were children hardened by long exposure to TV violence and murder, the real thing proved to be somewhat less attractive and exciting. Quite a number of the younger girls burst into tears.

John Dunning reports



So did their teacher, who hurriedly herded them back down the narrow, dirt track by which they had entered the woods and led them at a trot to the nearest house, where she asked permission to use the phone. Even though it was a legal holiday, Hanau detectives arrived at the scene in something less than 40 minutes. Not all of them had actually been on duty at police headquarters, but they had all been on call. Anyway, with the crime rate in Hanau — which lies just outside the huge and violent city of Frankfurt — being what it is they'd hardly expected to spend the holiday in peace.

The pathologist accompanying them

soon determined that the victim had died of multiple knife wounds and that the crime had taken place at least four or five days earlier. Meanwhile, the inspector leading the detective squad was coming to the conclusion that the crime had probably taken place right there. He noted some marks in the soft earth that appeared to have been made by running feet, plus torn-up patches where a struggle could have taken place. Later on, the technicians from the police laboratory would be able to recover traces of blood from these torn-up patches.

At the moment, however, the primary task was identification of the victims.

HORROR TIMES AK?



After the bodies and the scene had been exhaustively photographed, they were taken to the police morgue in Hanau, where the two dead faces were arranged into as natural positions as possible and portraits for identification purposes were made.

The pathologist's post-mortem examinations suggested that the girls had died at approximately the same time, somewhere between 10 on the Friday evening and 2 a.m. on Saturday, May 10th. Although traces of semen were recovered from the sex organs of both girls, there was no evidence of violent, forced rape. A murder weapon, the doctor thought, might have been one of the souvenir hunting-knives sold very widely in the south of Germany. It had, in any case, had a single cutting edge, a blade approximately six inches long by one and three quarters inches wide — and it had been very sharp.

Identification of the victims was

Teenagers Heidi Gottwalz (top) and Brigitte Schusser decided to end their night at the disco by hitch-hiking a lift home . . . But it proved to be the last ride they would ever accept . . .



completed the following Monday, when the girls' supervisor, coming to the conclusion that his young apprentices were overdoing things a bit, phoned their parents to complain. Neither of the girls lived at home, or had very much contact with their families, but they had been sharing an apartment. When the parents were unable to find anyone at the apartment and when they learned from the girls' supervisor that their daughters had not been seen since Friday, May 9th at the office, they called the police.

The door to the apartment was open and nothing of any significance or providing any indication of where the girls had gone was found inside. One thing was certain, however. They had not gone off on any trip, for all their clothing and personal items were still in their apartment.

The next step was a report to the missing persons bureau, with pictures and descriptions. As policemen there had been alerted to wait for something just like this, the connection was quickly made and, a few hours later, the weeping parents identified the bodies of their daughters.

The lovely Ilse Poeschke and her boy friend Juergen Bischof (above). They disappeared after living it up at a disco. Their bodies were later discovered side by side in a wooded area . . .

For True Detective readers who would like another good crime journal this month . . . Try the April issue of True Crime Monthly Detective Special . . .

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Now aware of the identity of the victims, police had little difficulty in tracing their movements and activities during the period prior to the murders. In fact, they were even able to learn where they had spent what was the last evening of their lives. It had been a popular Hanau discotheque called the Swingtime — and the girls had left it unescorted at around midnight on Saturday, May 10th.

For a time, detectives thought that they might have gone to meet two young men, because of the evidence of intercourse. But a more careful investigation of the circumstances at the disco indicated that it would have been possible for them to have had intercourse there.

In a way, this was something of a relief, because the indications at the scene were that the girls had not been killed by two men, but by one. Two murderers would have made the case even more difficult.

As it was, it was difficult enough. The entire summer and part of the autumn passed and, aside from the identification of the victims, investigators could make no progress in the case at all. On the night of Saturday, October 11th, however, another incident took place.

That night, 20-year-old Juergen Bischof and his 19-year-old companion, Ilse Poeschke, had been to the Black Inn discotheque in the little town of Ranstadt, a few kilometres to the east of Hanau. They left at approximately midnight and drove off in Bischof's car, and old and battered Citroen 2CV. Although a modern and enlightened couple, they were not living together, for both were following courses at educational institutions in different towns.

So Bischof should have dropped off Ilse at her house and gone on home to his parents. When he had not done so by 2 o'clock in the morning, Ilse's mother became anxious and phoned the Bischofs. They, in their turn, became equally worried and, in the end, both sets of parents phoned the police.

Inasmuch as all these people lived in small communities outside Hanau, detectives in that town were unaware that Sunday was going to be a busy day for them. Meanwhile, local police, at 10.30 that morning, had found the car. The Citroen 2CV was parked alongside a secondary road about halfway between the towns of Buedingen and Hanau. But where were Juergen Bischof and Ilse Poeschke?

There were, police noted, a number of patches of forest in the area and the young couple might have lost their way in one of them, not realising in the darkness that they were off the main road. It seemed a reasonable theory.

Anke Freibauer and Frieda Wiltz (standing at back) failed to show up for work after a long weekend. Their nude bodies were discovered in a forest...

from Juergen Bischof and represented a little after-disco dalliance, prior to the encounter with the murderer. In fact, if the police reconstruction of the events of the crime was correct, it was this dalliance which had led to the young couple's death.

According to his theory, they had stopped on the way home from the disco and engaged in sex in the Citroen 2CV. The sex activities terminated, Juergen Bischof had attempted to restart the car and had found that he could not. A simple short in the ignition, easily enough located by the police mechanic afterwards, kept the car from starting.

Juergen and Ilse had got out of the car, detectives believed, then began to walk along the road in the direction of the nearest village, two kilometres away. There was a phone booth there attached to the post office and they could have phoned their parents or some of their

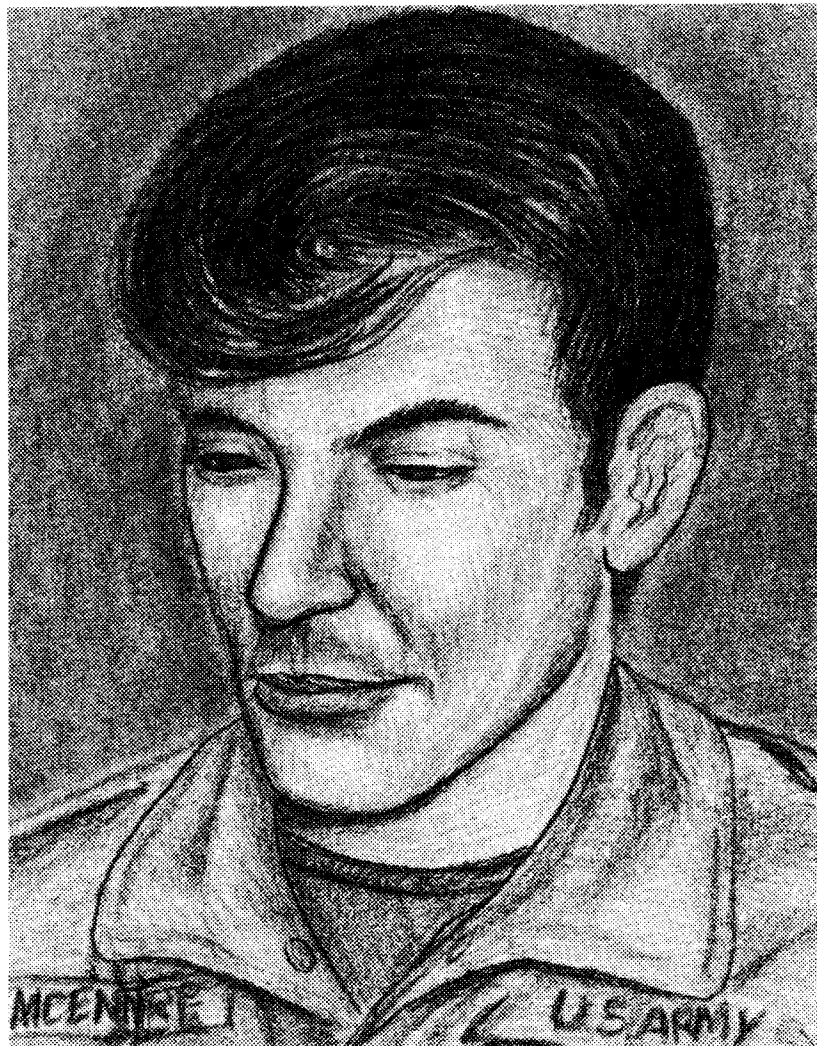
A little over an hour later, however, Hanau detectives were notified that Juergen Bischof and Ilse Poeschke had been found lying next to each other on the ground in a section of woods less than a kilometre away from the car. They were naked — and covered with knife wounds.

The pathologist again accompanied Hanau detectives to a murder scene. The Freibauer-Wiltz case was still so fresh in everyone's minds that the discovery of another young couple, naked and stabbed to death in the woods, immediately opened up frightening and sinister possibilities. And, indeed, there seemed to be a number of almost identical circumstances.

With both sets of murders, the crimes had taken place at approximately midnight on a Saturday. The weapon used had been a heavy knife, like a hunting-knife, although the pathologist was unable to say definitely that the same knife had been used on all four victims. Moreover, in both cases, the victims had been stripped completely and not so much as a thread left behind for purposes of identification. Finally, there was fresh semen in Ilse Poeschke's vagina, although there was substantial reason to believe that it had stemmed

Master-Sergeant Buford McEntyre.

He told police he'd had a row with his wife and stormed out of the house. After that, his memory became somewhat hazy



friends to come over and pick them up.

They could have, if they had reached it. Obviously, they never did. Somewhere along the way, they had been picked up by the murderer, who had driven them to the forest and killed them there.

There were a few more indications this time as to what this murderer had been like. To begin with, he would have had to be a very powerful man who knew how to use a knife. And he had made use of it ruthlessly.

Neither Juergen Bischof nor Ilse Poeschke were very big, but they were young and healthy. From the marks at the scene, they had fought like tigers. But they had been no match for their powerful antagonist and the merciless knife.

Both had been fully clothed at the time and their bodies had been stripped only after death. This was shown by the fact that textile fibres carried in by the blade of the knife as it passed through the victims' clothing were found inside the stab wounds. There were even enough of them for the lab. technicians to be able to say with some exactitude what the young couple had been wearing at the time of their death, although the parents had been able to provide exact descriptions of the couple's clothing.

"Except for the fact that the two victims in the first case were the same sex and that Bischof and Poeschke were opposite sexes, the cases were identical," the inspector heading the team of probes remarked. "Even down to the evening spent in the discotheque. It's probable that Freibauer and Wiltz were picked up by the murderer shortly after leaving the discotheque and offered a ride home. Instead, he took them out to the woods and then murdered them."

"The cases look identical to me, too," one detective agreed. "However, I can't

understand the motive. If any of the victims had been raped, that would make more sense. But all the indications are that they weren't. If it's the same man, is he going to do it again and again?"

The inspector told him: "Well, two cases are hardly enough to establish a pattern. But it seems to me that he must be familiar with this district. He seems to get around in it in the dark without any problems. Secondly, the period between the Freibauer-Wiltz murders and the Bischof-Poeschke murders is approximately six months. It could be that this is the length of time that it takes for the psychological pressures within him to build up to the point of violent discharge in murder. If it is, then we can expect our next case in March or April next year."

His motive for the two murders was, to say the least, bizarre

It was a grim prediction — and it turned out to be a valid one. Although it was not known until the afternoon of Monday, March 16th, 1981, the next murders *did* take place — on the night of Saturday, March 14th. And, once again, the Black Inn discotheque in Ranstadt was involved. The victims this time were two 16-year-old bank-clerks — Heide Gottwalz and Brigitte Schusser. They had left the disco at around midnight.

Both girls had lived in the village of Florstadt, about 15 kilometres away. And, according to their friends, they had no transportation — they had been planning to hitch-hike. Obviously, they had caught a ride. But it had been the wrong one.

Heide and Brigitte — or, rather their naked, blood-smearred bodies — were found in a forest on Monday afternoon by an unemployed metal-worker who was taking a walk. The position of the bodies and the nature of the wounds were almost identical to those noted in Freibauer-Wiltz case.

This time, however, there was more to work with. To begin with, the girls' clothing was recovered. The items had been packed into a U.S. Army laundry sack and thrown into a ditch roughly a kilometre from the point where the bodies lay. Even more importantly, witnesses had seen two girls resembling Heide Gottwalz and Brigitte Schusser getting into a grey Volkswagen in front of the Black Inn discotheque on the night in question. The Volkswagen had carried the green licence plates of the U.S. Armed Forces stationed in Germany.

The rest was nothing but the patient, painstaking, routine work at which West German police are so adept. Working closely with the U.S. authorities, they were able to assemble a list of every grey Volkswagen Beetle with an American Army registration in the area.

Since Hanau detectives were relatively certain that all three sets of crimes had been committed by the same man, what they and the M.P.'s were looking for was an American soldier who owned a grey Volkswagen Beetle and whose time could not be accounted for on any of the three nights in question. In the end, it came down to just one man.

Master-Sergeant Buford David McEntyre, aged 25, married and the father of three small children, was taken into custody in Buedingen, where he was stationed.

The terms of the agreement covering the stationing of American troops in Germany permits the German authorities to take jurisdiction in criminal cases, if they so choose. And because all the victims in the cases under investigation were German nationals, the German prosecutor's office assumed jurisdiction.

McEntyre was brought to Hanau, where he at first denied any connection with any of the crimes. Under interrogation, however, he eventually admitted the murders of Heide Gottwalz and Brigitte Schusser.

His motive for the crimes was, to say the least, bizarre. On the night in question, he said he'd had a fight with his wife. To avoid hitting her, he had stormed out of their quarters and driven off in his car.

Passing the Black Inn disco, he had seen the girls standing at the edge of the street and had offered them a ride. They had gladly accepted. Once out of town, however, he had turned into the forest and had tried to rape Heide, who was sitting in the front seat next to him.

She had resisted, he said. But, after that, he could not remember what happened. Nevertheless, he did accept responsibility for the murders.

Hanau detectives were pleased with this success, but they were also a mite irritated. Although McEntyre was almost certain to get a life sentence for the Gottwalz and Schusser murders in any case, he stubbornly refused to admit to anything in the cases of Anke Freibauer, Frieda Wiltz, Juergen Bischof or Ilse Poeschke. All he would admit was that he had very often had fights with his wife and had stormed out of the house, as he had on the evening of the Gottwalz-Schusser murders.

Officially, therefore, the first four murders remain unsolved. And Buford David McEntyre is awaiting trial for the two murders to which he has confessed.

No Confidence?

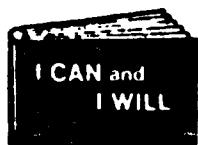
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ANOTHER TD EXCLUSIVE!

U.S. Marine 'Wasted' For Nine Dollars!

Turk Ryder reports

SAN BERNARDINO, about 50 miles from Los Angeles, can be a "good duty" town for servicemen. It is big enough (population 110,000) and laid-back enough (southern California, after all) to offer just about everything a military man wants.

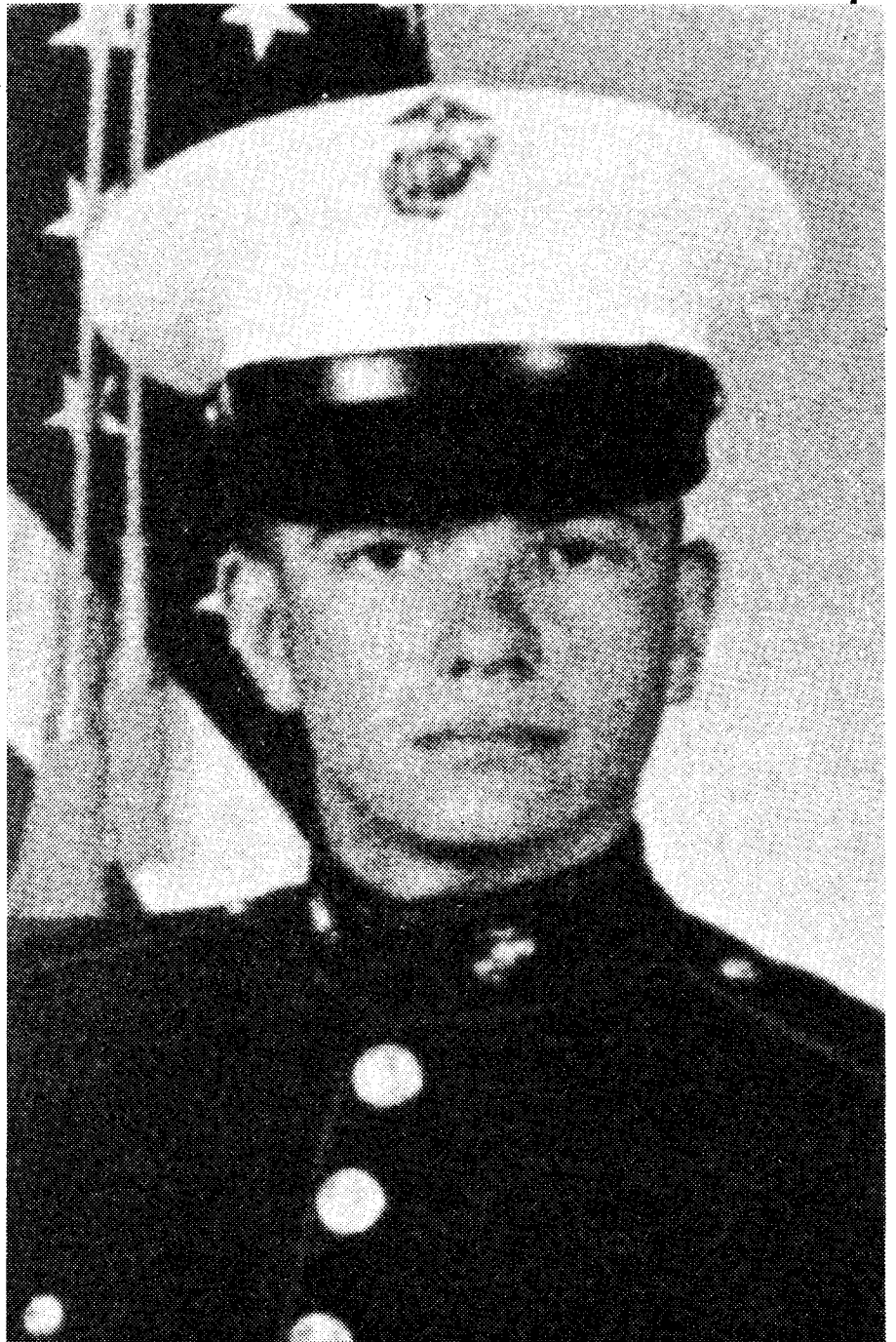
But on the Saturday night of February 2nd, 1980, San Bernardino turned out to be a bad duty town for at least one serviceman. He was a blond-haired 20-year-old Marine corporal stationed at El Toro Marine base. He had been drinking since Friday and now it was Saturday night — almost Sunday morning, in fact — and he couldn't get a drink.

"I've been here plenty of times," he told the barmaid, a short, busty woman with dark brown eyes and an expressionless face that told anyone who cared that she had seen more than her share of hard times. "I was here all Friday night and most of this evening. So what is the big deal?"

"The big deal is," she said, "that you don't have any identification."

The kid — his short blond hair and fair complexion made him look like a kid — tried to explain that he had left his identification back in his buddy's apartment, but she cut him off.

"I don't care how many times you have been here," she said. "You look



Marine Corporal John Gleason. All he wanted was a good time, but he found death instead . . .

too young to drink. Show me some identification, or else leave. Otherwise, I'll call the sheriff and have some deputies throw you out."

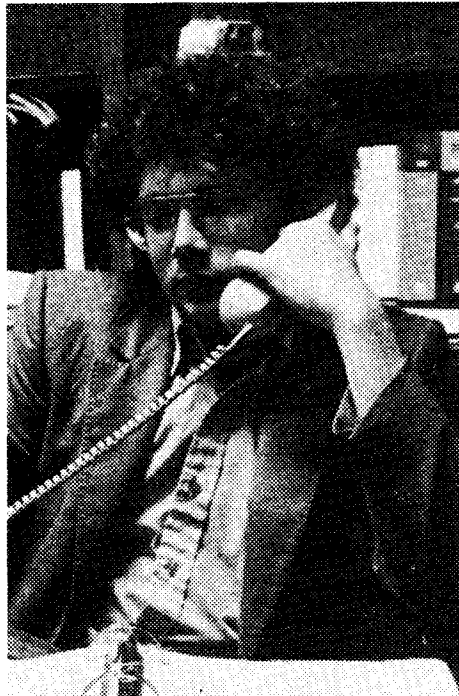
The corporal wasn't going to argue further — he knew a lost cause when it confronted him. Before leaving, however, he went over to his buddy Al and told him the bad news. "She's kicking me out," he said. "I'll go outside and walk around for a while. You can pick me up when you leave."

Al nodded. "I'll just be a few minutes," he promised. But that wasn't exactly accurate, because Al spent the next three hours at the bar, swilling down beer and talking to the two girls he had met earlier.

It wasn't until 1.30 a.m., after the bar had cut off the booze, that he remembered his buddy cooling his heels outside. Saying goodbye to the girls, Al went outside and looked up and down the street — but the Marine corporal was nowhere in sight.

Al drove home, thinking that his friend had probably tired of hanging out on the street and had hitch-hiked back to the apartment. But he was wrong. His buddy had not returned. "How could you leave him out in the street like that?" his wife asked. "Why didn't you just go to another bar?"

Al didn't want to tell her about the two girls, so he made up a story about how his friend kept sneaking in and buying drinks from other bar staff. "Anyway, I didn't desert the guy," Al groused. "I looked everywhere for him."



District Attorney John Monahan. His case took a new twist when the chief witness skipped town . . .

The mysterious disappearance was not solved until the phone rang at a few minutes after 2.15 a.m. "I am here in front of the bar," the voice said at the other end of the line. "Get over here and pick me up. I'm freezing my tail off!"

Al drove to the bar. Just 30 minutes later, he returned, alone and angry. "He wasn't there. I think he split on me."

"Maybe he found a girl, or got another ride?" his wife suggested.

"If he did," Al replied. "I wish he'd told me first. I made a long trip for nothing."

Oddly enough, the young corporal had found not one, but two women that morning. He met them while standing at the telephone kiosk in front of the bar as he was calling Al. Servicemen dream of such chance encounters, but this one was over almost before it began. Then he was in the back seat of the car alone, a shotgun barrel pointed straight at his mid-section, being driven against his will out into the country . . .

At mid-morning on Sunday, San Bernardino County Sheriff's Detectives John Stowe and Robert Leeton were called to a dirt field in a rural region. A portion of the field had been cordoned off by deputies and the unpaved road that ran alongside it was bumper to bumper with official cars.

Detective Milt Rose. He spent months trying to convince witnesses to testify against one of the murder suspects . . .

In the field was the half-naked corpse of a man, face-down in the dirt. A motorist had discovered the body. "I didn't know what to make of it," he told the investigators. "When I realised he was dead and there was nothing I could do for him, I went to call you guys."

The investigators spent the next three hours at the scene. Lab. technicians photographed the body and the area, collected physical evidence and searched for tyre and shoe impressions, but without much luck.

The victim was a tall, muscular man, aged between 18 and 20, with brown eyes and short blond hair. He'd been brought to the field, the detectives judged, within the past 12 hours, forced to lie down in the dirt and then killed by a single blast of a shotgun delivered at point-blank range. The blast had blown a hole in the back of the victim's jacket and almost severed the spinal cord. Death, according to the deputy coroner had been instantaneous.

A farmhouse was nearby, but its occupants told investigators that they had gone to sleep early the previous evening. They had not heard the shotgun blast — or seen or heard anything suspicious.

When the detectives returned to headquarters later that Sunday, they had a lot of unanswered questions, the most pressing being the victim's identity. The only clue the detectives had was his short-haired, clean-cut appearance — an indication that he was in the military.

Armed only with this lead, Detective Stowe grabbed a phone and contacted Norton Air Force base, situated just outside San Bernardino. Stowe's hopes were short-lived. No one matching the description had been reported as missing from the base. The detective then began checking with other military bases in the southern California area. His dogged persistence paid off a few days later, when he learned that John Gleason, a 20-year-old corporal at the Marine Corps base in El Toro, had not returned from a weekend pass and was now listed as absent without leave. A military photograph of John Gleason and a comparison of fingerprint records proved that the dead man found in the dirt field was indeed the missing corporal.

According to the military authorities, Gleason had checked out for the weekend with Al Coutrant and his wife, both of San Bernardino. Coutrant lived in a two-bedroom apartment in East Highland, a steamy, high-crime area on San Bernardino's east side.

A records check showed that Coutrant had served prison time for theft and burglary. Not exactly your average clean-cut American, but then the detectives weren't handing out good





Jacket victim was wearing on the night he was slain. The shotgun blast drilled a hole in the coat . . . and his spine!

citizenship awards. They were looking for a killer, a cold-blooded executioner. And the trail at that point seemed to lead right to Al Coutrant's doorstep.

The bushy-haired ex-con was surprised when the investigators came knocking. "The last time I saw John, he was leaving the bar that Saturday night," Coutrant said. He went on to explain that he had picked up Gleason at the base and driven back to the apartment on Friday evening. Then, after a few beers, they headed out to hit the bars.

"We went to a couple of joints that night and spent the time just drinking and talking," Coutrant said. "It was a lot of fun, so we decided to do it again on Saturday."

They left the apartment about 6 p.m., hit the bars, then ended up at the Silver Spur. They met a couple of girls there and asked them to join them. "I forget what time it was, but John said he had to go because the barmaid was threatening to call the cops, on account of his age."

Coutrant said he lost all track of time, but was dimly aware of Gleason coming in and out of the bar several times before it closed at 1.30 a.m. "I said goodbye to the girls and started looking for John, only he wasn't around," Coutrant said. "I figured he had found somewhere else to drink." Unable to find his friend, he drove home to his wife. But no sooner was he in the door than the phone rang.

"It was Gleason," Coutrant said. "He said he was in a phone booth and was freezing his ass off. I figured he was with a girl, because as he was talking a girl screamed something into the receiver. Gleason then said he was standing in front of the Silver Spur and wanted a ride back here."

Coutrant said he drove to the phone kiosk in front of the Silver Spur, but didn't see Gleason. "I drove around, figuring he might have taken off on foot, or was hitch-hiking, but I didn't find him," Coutrant said. "Then I came home."

The detectives were suspicious.

Coutrant had a prison record and, by his own admission, was one of the last to see the victim alive. It was possible that he was telling the truth. But, to be on the safe side, they booked Coutrant into the county jail on suspicion of murder. Three days later, he was cleared after passing a lie-detector test.

Stowe and Leeton went on to other few hours questioning employees and witnesses at the Silver Spur. Jill Ortiz had worked the bar that Saturday night and remembered the corporal. "I told him to beat it," she said. "I didn't want any trouble with under-age guys drinking."

A few regulars at the Silver Spur also identified a picture of Gleason as the guy they'd seen talking to a dark-haired woman standing against the bar. No one could come up with a name for the mystery woman, but several patrons had taken a good enough look to help an

● continued on page 48

COMPUTERS IN CRIME

Concluding
the series
by
Kurt Fleischmann

“**B**RING BACK the bobby on the bike!” is the sentimental cry of some people, in voicing their concern over the rising crime rate. Things were different when you knew your bobby on the beat and he was part of the environment, they claim — almost part of your family.

Things were indeed different. But perhaps not quite in the way these people think. The rate of crime may have been lower. More crimes may have been solved. But not necessarily through the efforts of the old-fashioned policeman — nor as a result of what are now considered by most criminologists to be somewhat antiquated methods. Indeed, many who have studied the problem believe that bobbies on bikes or on foot, respected as they may have been, wasted much of their time — at least where true crime-prevention was concerned.

For while the presence of a uniformed policeman may be to some extent a curb on crime, in the nature of things, policemen tend to be most of the time where no crime is being committed — or even contemplated. Which is where their wasteful efforts come in.

The proponents of computers in crime control rightly point out that,

to be effective and economical, police manpower must be brought in quickly and in the correct numbers to wherever it is needed at any given time. This was previously

the policeman against possible violence, even murder.

The introduction of the personal radio was, of course, a step in the right direction. But not a few police officers now see computerised opera-



not always possible, even after the advent of the policeman's personal radio, for it could often take up to half an hour to get to the scene of a crime — and just as long to wait for reinforcements. In many instances, this was too late to catch the criminal — or, worse still, to protect

tions as the answer to many of their problems, particularly in relation to improved liaison between cars on ordinary traffic duty and those of the anti-crime squads. And computerised control is centralised, which results in fast and sophisticated responses, alerted by alarm

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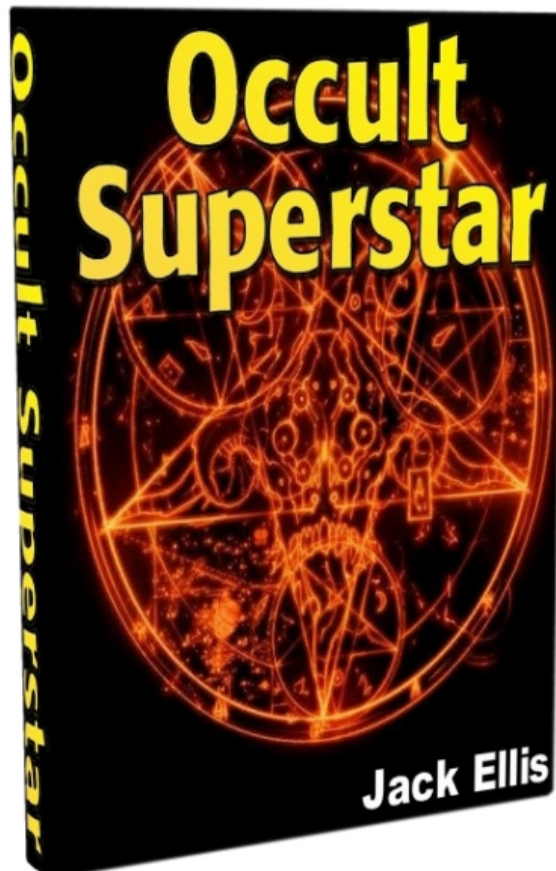
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systems, the telephone — and even by members of the public. Detailed reports are flashed onto the Visual Display Unit (VDU) by means of varied dialling codes and from there they find their way to the computer

room on a 24-hour basis. Moreover, all the day's events are recorded on a disc for instant recall. Certain details may have to be referred to at a later date. So at the end of each day, the contents on the disc are

transferred onto a tape. To make communications even more efficient, the central operations room is in constant touch with local divisions via keyboards and consoles.

As a result, the operations staff knows when and where a foot patrol is walking and when and where — and for what purpose — a patrol car is. This enables them to assess their possible needs in advance. Calculations can be aided by forecasting, with the aid of the computer's stored memory, likely traffic conditions, the probable amount and even type of crime, or any difficulties that may arise as a result of strikes, processions, road accidents. These calculations are based on similar occurrences, in similar periods, at the same or nearby locations.

This foreknowledge is also an aid to economy. As an example, it is now possible to deploy a mere 160 officers on foot or in cars out of a total of 3,000 at any one time in Birmingham, thus affording huge reserves as and when needed. Although there are only a few systems of the Birmingham type up and down the country, they have already been proved to have increased police productivity by up to 150 per cent.

But this is only the beginning. When computer memory has had more time to mature, it will be possible, on the basis of past happenings, for officers to be ready deployed in a given area — and thus prevent a crime or an accident before either can even occur.

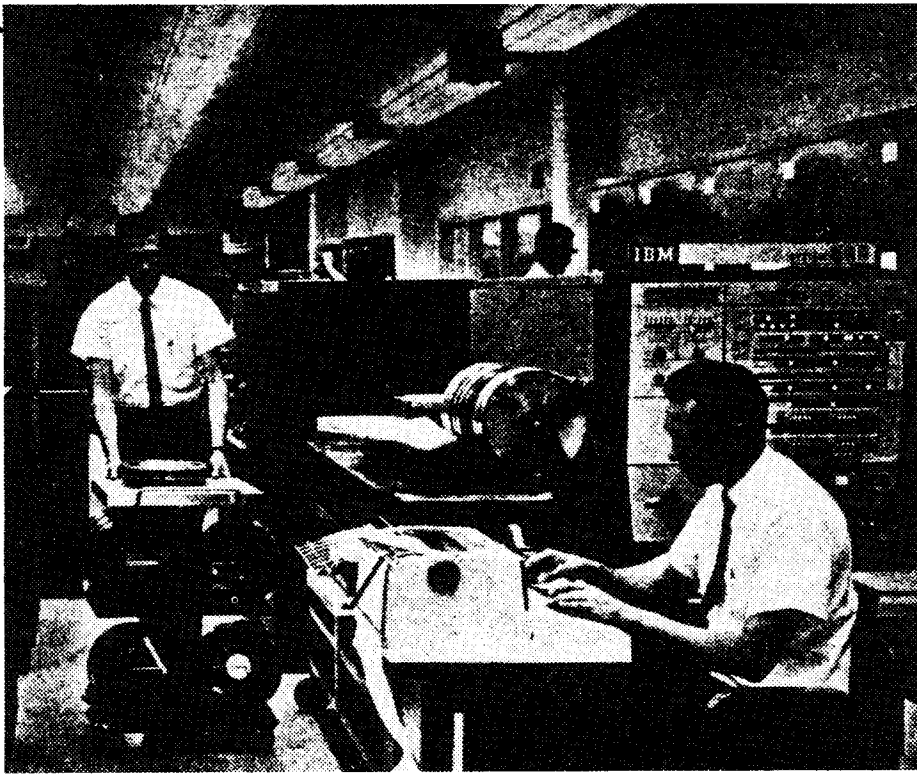


Centralised computer control (left) at work in the U.S. It is the answer to many of the problems law enforcement officers face in the war against crime. Below, a fingerprint technician. His work is made that much easier with the aid of a computer

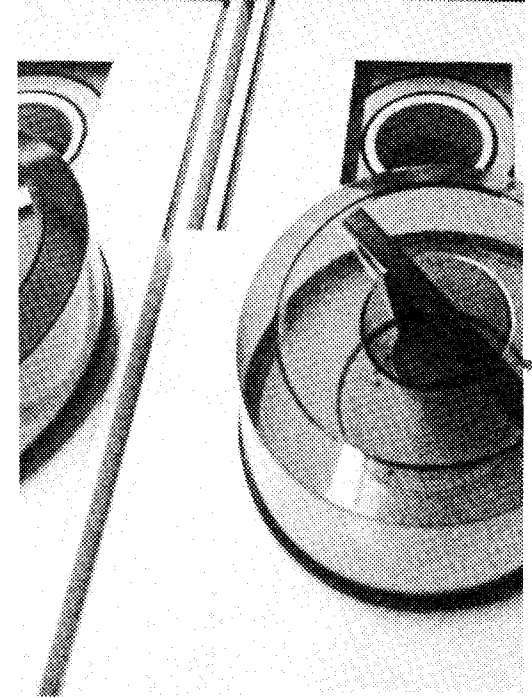
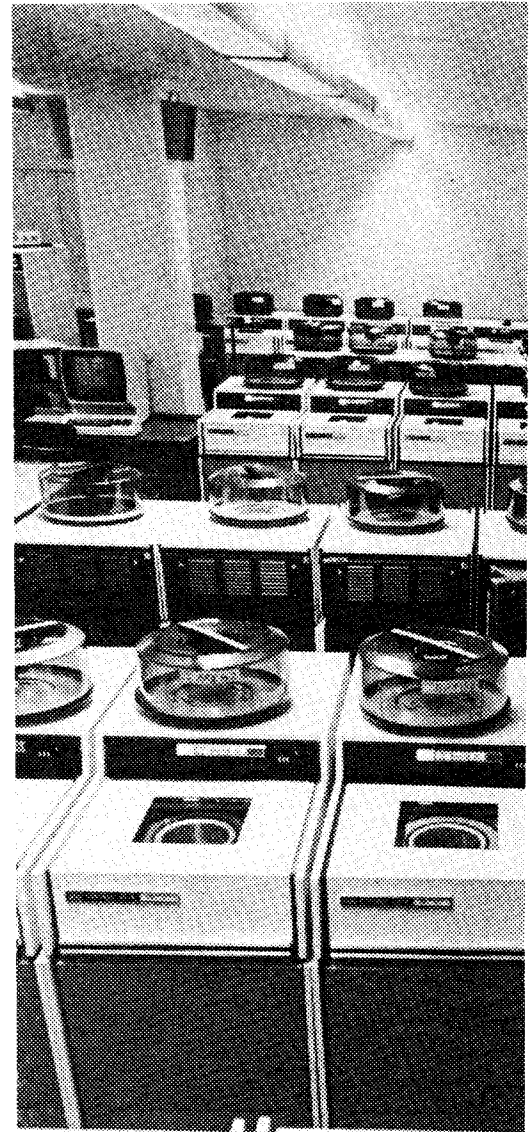
along inter-police lines, to be stored and categorised for later use by the operations room staff.

Other notable advantages of computerised operations are that available police personnel and what is happening in any given area can be monitored from the operations





Computer memory discs, similar to these (right), are used at the FBI headquarters in Washington (above) to store information on criminals from all over America. Right, a mobile computer installed in a police car. This helps with rapid trace of licence numbers



Of course, as in medicine, so in police work, such gigantic advance may have some side-effects, either real or imagined. Thus, some critics point out, police officers can no longer be truly human, but mere machines doing the bidding of the computer. They "prove" their contention by citing instances wherein constables whose personal radios have broken down have had to phone the station to ask what they should do next! And they go on to predict all sorts of dire consequences should the computer fail to function.

There are admittedly some drawbacks to be considered. For the computer not only monitors the men on the beat — and how they spend their time — it also displays the personal details of millions of members of the general public. Such control, although perhaps desirable from an administrative standpoint, is usually resented on a personal and human level, often with some justification, by both police and public. Nor is the information dealt with by the computer always foolproof.

For example, a car had been parked illegally. The police computer quickly traced the owner. The entry on the computer

described him as an important member of the Anti-Blood Sports League. So far so good. Some 60 miles away, however, a grave was desecrated. A rather special grave, in fact — that of John Peel, a hunting hero. In this instance, nothing more serious happened than the arrest of three suspects. Yet suppose this had been a more serious offence — possibly even a murder — and an innocent person was suspected, perhaps even arrested, as a result of having parked his car in the wrong place at the wrong time and combined with a misleading entry on a computer?

That this is possible was admitted by a Home Office spokesman when, in response to a Parliamentary Question on December 12th, 1977, he confirmed that "information about association with an organisation is kept on the Police National Computer."

Just what such computerised information can lead to in practice is demonstrated by this entry on a computer in the Thames Valley area: "Fancies little boys." The appraisal was later found to be false. But the ever-present danger is that, just because it is on a computer file, it quickly becomes gospel. Nor is the danger confined to a few



people and isolated groups, as the following statistics may help to illustrate.

The £15 million Hendon computer can handle some 40 million entries, which just about covers the entire adult population of the U.K. It only records, or so we are told, previous criminal convictions, fingerprints, wanted or missing people and stolen property. But in connection with the Swansea licensing centre and TV screens all over the country, it processes 50,000 calls daily. And the information contained therein can — and frequently does — find its way, despite assurances, into less-authorized hands. And there is no legislation in this country to prevent this, as exists elsewhere in Europe and the USA.

Proposed laws under this heading can take two forms. Firstly, by permitting the public to see that what is said about them on the computer file is correct. Or, secondly, to simply make it illegal to pass on information from computer to computer.

It is interesting to note that Sweden has a Data Protection Authority. This may look at all police files, not excluding those concerned with state security. Yet the British Home Office holds that

police computers and those maintained by such bodies as MI5 or the Special Branch should be, in the words of a committee established to study the problem in 1978, "a hermetic department, where they can never discuss their problems with anyone outside their own tight community."

Nonetheless, subject to safeguards against some of the dangers inherent in computer operations, as outlined above, there can be no doubt that computer crime control is a necessary innovation if crime is to be contained, let alone reduced. And so what has been learned in Birmingham will have to be used elsewhere in the country, if it is to be effective.

Eventually, too, all police stations will be linked and have access to the computer, both for requesting from or granting assistance to other stations. Moreover, the movements of every officer on duty is known in the control room — and, if asked for, at every police station. And this is only a beginning. For fully automatic vehicle location systems are already a technical possibility. Even now, there is an existence a button-box coding system which enables a police driver to let the control room know instantly where he is and what he is doing. And



there will soon be fully automated car-tracking systems, on the principle of the Boeing dead-reckoning navigational method.

As the number of computer systems increases, so must the problems relating to this growth. One of these problems is linkage. How will separate policing areas best work together, with the range of an individual system being limited by many factors? And what is the optimum size for computer operations originating from a single centre?

Another problem is, of course, cost. This will vary, according to the size of each system and the degree of integration. Obviously, a larger system will cost more than a smaller one. And so will a system that can connect with many other systems vertically as well as horizontally — vertically meaning from station to operations room and/or to the National Police Computer, horizontally being from station to station and from system to system. The cost increases with the rate of direct linkage. A suitable example would entail computer linkage from station to the operations room of another system, rather than via the operations room of its own system. Such an intense rate of linkage may well replay its greater cost by greater speed. And speed is, of course, of the essence in crime control and detection.

Efficiency and speed can even be increased by the use of mobile, in addition to static, computer terminals. These would make it possible for a single police car, suitably equipped, to act as a mobile police station, receiving and importing information instantly and directly, right up to National Police Computer level.

This information can take varied forms — print-outs, diagrams and

even actual photographs. At a price, even one-man panda cars could carry VDU's.

There are now in existence computerised details concerning more than three and a half million criminals. Moreover, these can be tapped by every police station, mobile and static, provided they are properly equipped. And these computerised dossiers contain such information as names and aliases, age, sex, height, skin colour, place and date of birth, disabilities and other distinguishing marks, such as tattoos, scars, etc. In the case of difficult names, what is called the soundex — or Phonetic — method is used.

If particulars of the criminal record are desired — they are not held by the computer itself — these can be obtained by print-outs or on display units. In contrast, though, fingerprints are kept on the computer file, together with indications of likely matches, which can then be visually confirmed. In order to gain access to fingerprints by means of a computer, the collection must first be reduced to mathematical coding — a method which can also be used for other items — for example, blood groups.

The computer file contains various classifications: Bail-jumpers; others for whom there is a warrant out; those who should be detained, if and when found; those who are merely wanted for interviews — either as suspects or witnesses; missing persons — more than 150,000 of them; and more than a quarter of a million disqualified drivers.

You can be quite sure that an 18 million-plus file of licensed vehicles plays a considerable part in computerised crime control. For the Swansea departmental computer

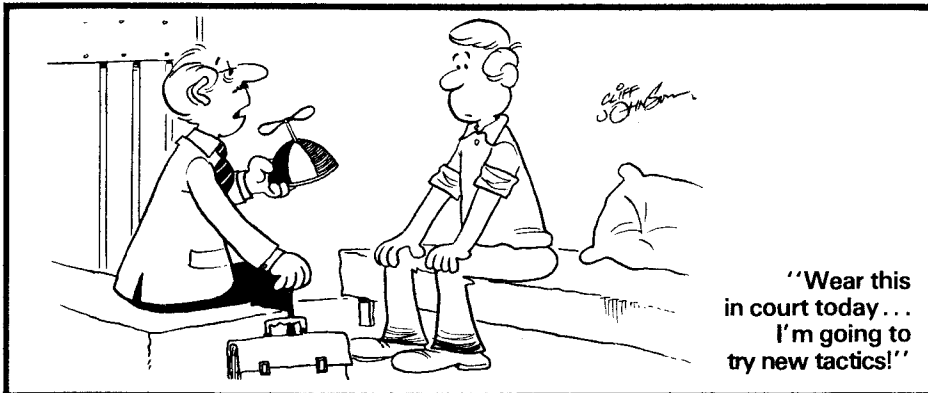
contains histories of vehicles, records of stolen vehicles and their descriptions, as well as such special categories as fire engines, military vehicles — and even police cars. And, of course, information that in the past could have taken months to obtain can now be had within minutes.

Across the Atlantic, a system known as "Octopus" has come into being in Langley, Virginia, where it is extensively used by the CIA. Octopus enables the agency to compare TV pictures against visual descriptions on their file. This done, it is possible to arrest a man within minutes at, say, an airport, after the computer has confirmed that this is indeed the wanted person, who might be a terrorist or a known criminal planning a heist.

In a similar situation, at airports or international borders, computerised passports and other documents can help in both the control of crime and the speedy apprehension of criminals. This could be accomplished at the control point and with the aid of a computer, which would determine at once whether the document was that of a wanted person, or if the document was known to be stolen.

Computerisation can help to classify crime — and thus control it — in respect of methods, region, type, ethnic preference, or rate of incidence. This has already become something of a fine art in certain American states and cities, where police departments can forecast not only what type of crime to expect — and in what numbers — but also where and on which month or day, sometimes to the precise minute. This means that police officers can not only control crime, but can often catch criminals in the act, without the aid of informers, or reliance on lady luck. They had a good reason to be happy with those intricately worked-out statistics supplied by the computer, based on past occurrence — which often turns out to be a surprisingly accurate means of prediction.

Finally, to those who fear that the machine will eventually take over from man, this explanation may assist. Man will still be in charge. He will still take decisions — will still feed the computer with the information. In return, the machine, like the genie in *The Arabian Nights*, guided by man's decisions, will carry them out successfully.



SILVER STATE SHOOTING

\$2,000 IN CASH-REASON ENOUGH FOR MURDER!

*This on-scene
report from
Joseph L. Koenig
in Nevada*

WHAT HE remembered most clearly about the stranger was his hair. It reached nearly to his shoulders, with the light blond curls crudely dyed red.

"Other than that, there wasn't anything special about him," the witness told the detective. "He was a young guy, between 25 and 30, 5 feet 10, maybe 170 pounds, with a nice tan — like he was a skier. Not bad-looking, but kind of grubby. He hadn't shaved in days."

"What was he wearing?" the detective asked, folding back a page in his notebook.

"Lots of gold chains," came the answer. "And a gold bracelet on his right wrist."

"What about his clothes?"

"As I recall, he had on a light-colored ski-cap with lettering across the front and a crew-neck sweater. On top of that, he was wearing a dark-blue ski-jacket with white trim, matching gloves and white running shoes."

"That's good," the detective said. "What else can you tell us about him?"

It was obvious from the start, the witness said, that the stranger had been shopping around. When he stepped into the car agency, he was holding a Toyota

brochure he had picked up at another dealership. He told a salesman that he'd recently wrecked his Datsun 280Z on Echo Summit. He was interested in replacing it with something much larger, a pickup with a camper, so that he could travel with his dogs.

James Wilson, who ran the camper-top business in Reno, Nevada, was eating lunch when the stranger came in. Although he rarely demonstrated a car or truck, preferring to deal only with camper-tops, he agreed to take the young man out for a test drive. The vehicle which struck the man's fancy was a 1980 Volkswagen with a black and blue stripe on the side of the solid white body. There was a white camper-top on the roof and a dealer's sticker on the rear window.

And that, Reno police were told, was the last time James Wilson had been seen. Already it was more than an hour since he'd left, which was longer than he had ever been out on a test-drive.

"Anything else you can give us?" the detective asked. "Every little bit helps."

"Just one more thing seems important," the witness replied. "When he went out for the drive this morning, Mr. Wilson was carrying a lot of cash in his wallet — about \$2,000."

James Wilson, police would learn, had lived for nearly 30 years in a red brick house on his dealership's property. A workaholic, whose only indulgence was occasional trips to motor races, he was 63 years old. Reno police were told that, when he disappeared that Monday afternoon of March 29th, 1982, he was wearing black-framed glasses and a light green corduroy jacket. Relatives said that Wilson, who carried some 160 pounds on his 5-foot 9-inch frame, had a sharp temper and had vowed that he would never permit anyone to rob him. "But," one close relative was quick to add, "he's not foolhardy enough to put up a fight with an armed robber."

Reno police wasted little time in putting out all-points bulletins for James Wilson, the red-haired stranger and the Volkswagen camper. Law enforcement agencies through Nevada, Oregon, Idaho and California were asked to be on the alert. But the first break in the case would come from just a few miles outside Reno, in an isolated area near Pyramid Lake, to the north of the city.

It was early on Tuesday morning when a game warden discovered the Volkswagen camper mired in mud about six or so miles off the only paved road in



the area. Washoe County deputies were notified and, by noon, they were joined at the site by Reno detectives.

"You'd have to say it doesn't look very good for Wilson now," said one of the first investigators to arrive at the remote site.

Detective Captain Charles Williams concurred, explaining that two bullet holes had been found in the camper, as well as "a small amount of blood." Detectives were working on the assumption that Wilson had been abducted and shot by the red-haired stranger.

With hope for his safety fading by the minute, the hunt for Wilson went on for another couple of days. It came sadly to an end at 10.15 on Thursday morning, when deputies found Wilson's body partly hidden by rocks and sagebrush, in a ravine about a mile from where the camper had been retrieved.

Early that afternoon, a coroner arrived at the remote Needles area and formally pronounced Wilson dead of multiple gunshot wounds. Almost at once, the victim's family announced that it was adding \$10,000 to a local \$2,500 secret witness fund for information

leading to the arrest and conviction of the killer.

A week would go by before homicide probes revealed that, when he came to the Wilson dealership on Monday afternoon, the red-haired stranger had left behind a brochure from a nearby Toyota agency. A lone fingerprint had been found on the glossy paper. And by Monday, April 12th, it had been identified as coming from one Sylvester Maida, alias Tracy Petrocelli, whom the sheriff's office would describe as "a master of disguise."

Although Maida had black hair, Detective Captain Williams claimed that he was known to dye it and wear a wig. Because his natural skin colour was unusually dark, it was likely that witnesses would think he was tanned.

Maida's name had come to official attention when a Washoe County detective recalled that, in November, 1979, Seattle authorities announced that they were seeking him in connection with a particularly brutal slaying. The victim in that case was 18-year-old Melanie Barker, Maida's former girl friend. After two failed marriages, Maida had met the young woman in

Two faces of a killer. A subdued Tracy Petrocelli at his arraignment (right). And the same man lashing out at an official during his trial

1979, when she was just 16 years old. The girl, who knew him only as Tracy Petrocelli, had lived with him in Reno. But after finding out that he was a gambler by trade and that his real name was Maida, she had moved to Washington State.

Maida had reportedly followed her there. Finally catching up with her in Tukwila, he hid in her car and then abducted her, forcing her to accompany him on a three-day drive. Maida was sentenced to a Washington drug rehabilitation unit for that exploit, but escaped after a brief incarceration. Arrested in Reno on parole violation charges, he was returned to the rehabilitation unit, from which he escaped again — this time, to murder Melanie.

"The third shot was the *coup de grace*, with the victim actually dead at the time, or dying!"



During their investigation of the James Wilson murder, Reno police learned that the red-haired stranger had taken similar demonstration rides with salesmen at two other car dealerships. One salesman told probers that the young man had given his name as Tracy and had said that he'd formerly lived in nearby Lake Tahoe.

Although a murder warrant had been filed against Maida, authorities still had no idea of his whereabouts. In fact, they hadn't a very good idea of what he looked like. During two arrests on misdemeanor charges in Reno in 1980, he had worn glasses. Once, he'd sported a moustache. Currently, he was believed to be clean-shaven and without glasses. Often, according to police, Maida wore make-up and tinted glasses.

Hoping to learn more about John Maida-Tracy Petrocelli, reporters contacted the family of Melanie Barker, the former girl friend he was accused of shooting outside a Seattle restaurant. They were told of a charming, handsome young man who had met the teenager when she was working as a cashier in Reno, her hometown.

"She said she had met this really good-looking guy," a relative recalled. "He had an apartment, a boat and a couple of cars and was spending a lot of money. He bought her a beautiful watch — solid gold. It impressed her no end."

Barely a month later, Melanie Barker, still a few weeks shy of her 17th birthday, left home and moved in with her new boy friend. She soon learned that, once a month, he would take a 10-day trip.

"Melanie said that every time he returned, he had plenty of money," the relative recalled. "He told Melanie he was a dog-trainer in his father's business in Chicago."

Despite his apparent affluence, Maida always used Melanie's car on his business trips and soon the couple began having "monstrous" fights. Once, when he was out of town, Melanie's brother looked through Maida's car and found that it was registered to his former wife.

The brother told reporters that he had attempted to break up Melanie's relationship with Maida, because of his age and also "as this guy never did work." He also suspected that Maida was beating the girl. "Melanie finally had her belly full of him and came home crying," the brother recalled.

Not long after returning home,

Melanie went off to live with her mother in Seattle. The girl made the long trip in her station wagon. Soon after her arrival in Washington, Maida followed her there, hid in the vehicle, then abducted her at gunpoint.

In September, 1981, Maida was convicted of kidnapping young Melanie. Following his second escape from the drug rehabilitation centre, he allegedly began looking for Melanie again. At 1.25 on the morning of October 25th, according to witnesses, seconds after leaving the restaurant where she was employed, Melanie ran back inside, screaming. Behind her was a man with a pistol, who shot her three times in the head before fleeing.

"He came here to Reno last September," the girl's father said bitterly. "I gave him some money and clothes and he went up and killed her in October. Somebody should have notified me that he'd escaped. I could have saved her life."

As the search for the murder suspect continued, the Washoe County sheriff's office revealed that Maida had once lived near Lake Tahoe with a parrot named "George." Investigators also pointed out that, about 8 p.m. on the day of James Wilson's disappearance, a man matching Maida's description was picked up hitch-hiking near Pyramid Lake by a reserve deputy. The officer, unaware of the slaying at the time, found the man walking in the desert from the "exact spot" where the camper and the victim's body were later found.

In mid-April, Washoe County deputies informed their colleagues in Las Vegas, some 300 miles to the south, that they believed the suspect was living in their city and driving a brown 1980 Datsun 280Z with a sheet of plastic covering a broken back window. Las Vegas police requested residents of the

southern part of the city to look for the vehicle. It was around 5.30 on Sunday afternoon, April 18th, when an anonymous caller phoned headquarters to say that such a car could be found parked in front of a home on Rancho Destino Drive.

Two hours later, a mixed force of patrolmen and SWAT team members stormed the house and took John Maida into custody in the living-room. Police

The man with the pistol shot Melanie three times in the head before fleeing

believed that he had been renting a room in the house. He was booked into jail that evening on the Washoe County murder warrant.

Said Captain Williams in Reno: "Las Vegas police did a fantastic job of detective work. We're going to send two of our guys there first thing in the morning to bring him back."

Maida, he went on, would be arraigned before a magistrate in Las Vegas and "then it will be up to the district attorney whether to go to the grand jury or a preliminary hearing." Despite the charges pending against him in Seattle, Williams said, Maida would first stand trial in Reno. "He can make a demand for a speedy trial, but our case is a capital crime because it was done during a robbery," the detective captain added.

On Monday, April 19th, John Maida was returned to Reno. Williams told reporters that, when arrested, Maida was in possession of the gun believed to have been used in both the Wilson and Barker slayings.

On Wednesday, April 28th, a grand jury indicted John Maida for the robbery-murder of James Wilson. At the request of Deputy District Attorney Bruce Laxalt, bail was raised from \$350,000 to \$500,000 and Maida was locked up in the Washoe County jail to await an early trial.

Barely three months later, on Monday, July 26th, a seven-woman, five-man jury was empanelled. The following day, three car salesmen from different firms in Reno testified that the defendant, now called Tracy Petrocelli, had come to their showrooms on March 29th, asking to test-drive a new four-wheel drive pickup truck with a camper shell. One of the salesmen said he'd told Petrocelli that he didn't have the kind of vehicle he wanted and suggested that he go next door to James Wilson's place.

Later on the trial's second day, a Seattle man testified that he'd sold the defendant a .22-calibre semi-automatic pistol. Before Petrocelli's arrest, he gave the police some shell casings from the gun. Dave Atkinson, a Reno crime lab. expert, testified that he had compared the shell casings with those found in the pickup truck in which James Wilson died.

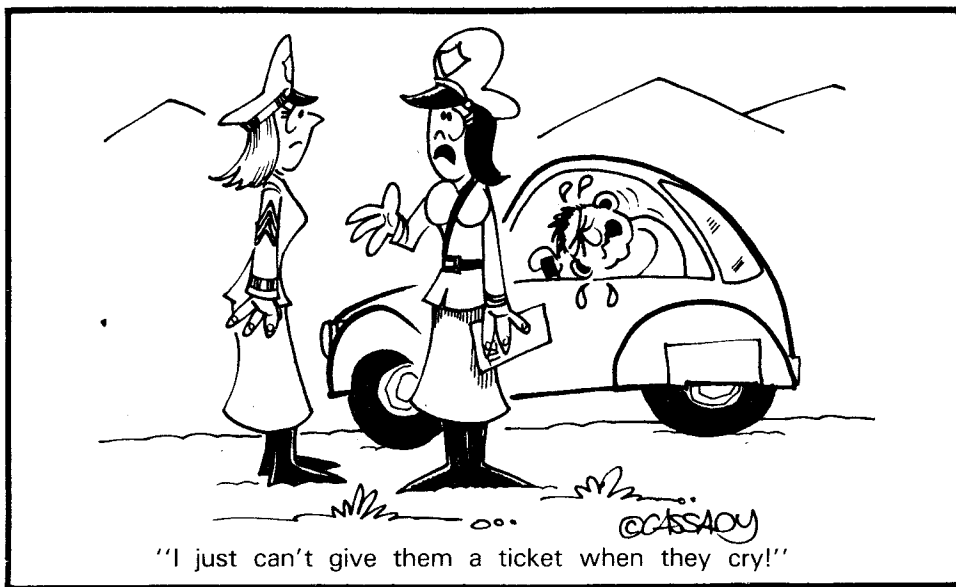
"I found that the same weapon that fired the shell casings from (the previous witness) fired the six shell casings found in the pickup, without doubt," he said. When he test-fired the weapon taken from Petrocelli following his arrest, he added, he found that it fired both samples of shell casing.

Another of that day's witnesses, Deputy Harold Hazard, a sheriff's department fingerprint expert, testified that he had matched Petrocelli's right thumbprint with a specimen found on the brochure left by the red-haired stranger at James Wilson's dealership. Hazard told the court that it was "very rare" to find an identifiable print at a crime scene. It was something which happened less than 10 per cent of the time.

Dr. William John Diamond, the Reno pathologist who had performed the autopsy on Wilson, said the victim had been shot in the chest, neck and head. The head wound would have proved fatal "instantaneously, in less than a split second."

In his opinion, Wilson was shot first in the chest and then again in the neck and head. Dr. Diamond believed that the chest shot had come first, because it entered the body straight in, while the others entered from above, indicating that the victim was already slumped over

"The only conclusion I can come to is that the first two shots were fired in quick succession," the pathologist said. "In my opinion, the third shot was the



coup de grace, with the victim actually dead at the time, or dying.”

A Las Vegas police officer was next to testify, but not in front of the jury. Detective Lieutenant John Connor testified that, after the defendant's car was spotted in the driveway of a Rancho Destino home, about a dozen officers surrounded the dwelling. When they announced their presence, Petrocelli began “running from window to window, trying to find a way out.”

With Petrocelli still trapped inside, an officer kicked in the door and the others heard a loud “thump.” The noise had been made when Petrocelli, who was hiding behind the door, was knocked to the ground. And Petrocelli reportedly told the arresting officers: “I should have shot it out with you guys.”

Testifying in his own defence on Friday, July 30th, Petrocelli tearfully recounted the events leading up to James Wilson's death. The handsome defendant claimed that he'd been interested in buying the Volkswagen camper, but when he placed \$3,500 on the dashboard to show that he would pay cash if Wilson lowered the price, the older man acted “insulted” and called him a “punk.”

The two of them, he told the court, “must have had a personality conflict,” because the acrimony quickly reached the point where they decided not to do business with one another. Petrocelli was driving east at the time and he recalled threatening to let Wilson out at the side of the road. Wilson, he said, threatened to make him get out of the car.

Finally, Wilson ordered him to pull over, twice grabbing at the wheel and only narrowly avoiding an accident. It was only then, Petrocelli said, that he pulled his .22, slipped off the safety and aimed it at Wilson.

“He just laughed and said, ‘I'm not afraid of you,’” Petrocelli told the court. “And then he grabbed at the gun. I couldn't believe it!”

Wilson, he testified, told him that he had a similar gun and then leaned forward, reaching towards his back pockets, as though about to draw the weapon. Petrocelli responded by cocking his gun and warning: ‘Don't do that!’”

But again Wilson told him he wasn't scared and reached for Petrocelli's gun. “He grabbed at it,” the defendant went on. “He grabbed with one hand and was hitting with the other — and I was trying to drive...He grabbed — and I just pulled back... And it was going off.

“I never tried to shoot. I was just trying to pull away from him... It was an accident. It was an accident. I didn't do anything. I was just trying to keep

him from getting the gun. I didn't plan anything at all. I just wanted to buy a truck and I didn't understand what was happening.”

After the shooting, Petrocelli said, he drove to a doctor's office. As he started to go in, he realised that he didn't know how to explain what had happened, so he turned away. Later, he tried to phone the Washoe County Medical Centre, but again found himself tongue-tied.

“Tracy Petrocelli is a man who has a lot of accidents happen to him . . .”

“Then I ran back to the truck,” he told the court. “I touched him — and I didn't think he was alive.”

After briefly becoming sick, Petrocelli said, he began driving “about 100 miles an hour.” With no idea of where he was going, he ended up along the lonely road near Pyramid Lake, where he buried Wilson's body.

The defendant went on to say that he abandoned the truck in the area, as he no longer wanted it. Remembering that he had left the gun in the truck, he went back and retrieved it. It was only then that he noticed Wilson's wallet and stripped it of cash.

Under cross-examination, Petrocelli broke down when Prosecutor Laxalt brought up the death of Melanie Barker.

“My fiancée has nothing to do with this trial!” he shouted angrily. “... What am I on trial for? I'm here for the murder of Mr. Wilson, ain't I?”

On Monday, August 2nd, out of the presence of the jury, Prosecutor Laxalt told Judge Peter Breen that, while imprisoned in the county jail, Petrocelli had plotted an escape which would be the prelude to Laxalt's own slaying. Laxalt told the jurist he could prove that Petrocelli, “while in the Washoe County jail, attempted to engineer a suicide attempt to get into Washoe Medical Centre, in order to escape and then execute certain people, one being a lady in Las Vegas whom he thought had turned him in and the other being his prosecutor.”

Laxalt explained that he wanted to present the testimony to the jury, in order to show that Petrocelli was unremorseful for the slaying of James Wilson. Judge Breen ruled against him, however, explaining that he did not think testimony about the purported plot “necessarily showed anything about Petrocelli's performance on the witness-stand.”

Later that day, Petrocelli returned to the stand for cross-examination by Laxalt. Once, when the defendant

refused to say how much money he was carrying at the time of his arrest, the prosecutor threatened him with contempt of court charges. If convicted, Laxalt pointed out, Petrocelli might win his release from prison “when you're 50 or so” and would immediately be returned to Washoe County to serve a maximum of 29 days behind bars for each contempt citation.

“That might not seem important to you today,” the prosecutor said. “But it could some day.”

In his closing argument, Laxalt said that the “execution-style” slaying of James Wilson showed malice, premeditation and intent to murder, the requirements under Nevada law for a conviction on first-degree murder charges. Laxalt also reminded the jury that Petrocelli had previously stolen cars while taking them for test-drives. This, he said, was proof that he had intended to rob Wilson all along, which also would lead to a first-degree murder conviction.

Prosecutor Laxalt also reminded the jury that Petrocelli had claimed that the killings of both James Wilson and Melanie Barker were accidents. “Tracy Petrocelli is a man who has a lot of accidents happen to him,” he said. And when they do, somebody is lying there with bullet holes in them, their lives gone forever.”

Defence counsel, claiming that Wilson was shot unintentionally and that his client had taken the money from the body only as an afterthought, held out for a second-degree murder or manslaughter conviction.

“Mr. Wilson,” he told the jury, “reached for Tracy. He grabbed the gun. It went off. There was a flurry of shots — six. One-two-three-four-five-six, as fast as you could say it. Boom-boom-boom-boom. And Mr. Wilson lay slumped in the seat.

“Was it an accident? No, but I don't think Tracy meant to do it.”

It took the jury just three hours to find that Tracy Petrocelli *had* meant to do it, returning verdicts of guilty of first-degree murder and robbery.

On Friday, August 6th, 1982, during the penalty phase of the trial, Laxalt told the jury that Petrocelli “is, has been and will for ever remain a cruel, callous individual and a cold-blooded thief and murderer.” If Petrocelli were allowed to live and was eventually released from prison, “in a second, he could — and probably will — kill again.”

The jury responded to that argument late on Friday night, after some four hours of deliberation, with the recommendation that Tracy Petrocelli pay for his crimes in Nevada's little-used gas chamber.

**THE KILLER HAD
THE PERFECT
CRIME IN THE
MAKING, ONLY
HE LEARNED
TOO LATE THAT
HIS
VICTIM'S
FLESH
WOULD
NOT
BURN!**

THE SKIES above the town of Mansfield, Ohio, were darkened by thick, black smoke belching from the fire on East Luther Place. Early morning traffic slowed to a crawl as firemen and their equipment raced across the industrial town and reached the scene of the blaze. Onlookers filled the narrow alley and had to be herded aside by police.

Attending firemen rapidly suspected arson, since the two-storey house was ablaze in several different places. They also noted a peculiar odour as they fought the fire.

Neighbours gazing at the inferno were not surprised. The 11-room house, converted into a four-family apartment dwelling in recent times, had not been lived in for over a year. During that period, the house had been broken into on several occasions.

In time, the firefighters brought the blaze under control. And by early afternoon on that April 16th, 1981, arson investigators, led by Captain Max Stahl, were able to enter the gutted ruins to attempt a determination of the fire's origin.

Stahl and his men observed that the windows were intact, except in the fire area. And the doors were locked. But that strange smell continued to assault the investigators, a smell no one could readily identify.

Moving among the blackened ruins, the arson team entered a first-floor living-room, where they found a mattress on the floor, beside a squeaky, aged bed. Alongside the mattress, mute testimony of the faceless youths who occasionally frequented the abandoned dwelling, the investigators discovered a half-filled bottle of beer, an empty wine bottle and a scattering of cigarette butts. Ignoring these scattered items, for the time being, the investigators soon found what they were looking for:

Telltale hydrocarbon soot in three different locations on the first and second floor — a fine dispersion of

black particles caused by the incomplete combustion of some kind of fire accelerant. And, in the basement, which was untouched by the blaze, the arson team found the "something else" they were searching for: Resting high in the duct-work leading from an old furnace, they found a partially-filled can of charcoal lighter fluid.

In filing his report, Captain Stahl could offer no motive for the arson. But determined vandals needed no motive, he reflected. They'd set a fire for the sheer hell of it.

Neighbours, learning that arsonists had set the house afire, immediately assumed an I-told-you-so attitude. For months now, local residents had begged town councillors to raze the East Luther Place house, as well as other abandoned residences on nearby streets. The intentionally-set blaze now gave citizens' efforts new impetus.

A day or so later, however, comparative calm had returned to the neighbourhood. But, suddenly, a new turmoil surfaced. One of the local girls was missing.

In a town of 52,000, the report of a missing teenage girl would not usually engender great concern. But Mansfield police were already beset by three unsolved murders of young girls, so another missing teenager *did* cause alarm.

In this instance, the report was filed by 22-year-old Joseph Davies, who identified himself as the boy friend of the missing teenager, 17-year-old Lori June Grumbling. Of course, missing teenagers were generally reported so by their parents, not a boy friend. But Davies explained that he and Lori June were practically husband and wife. They'd been living together for eight or nine months, he said in his statement to the officers on duty.

Had he and his teenage girl friend quarrelled? No, said Davies. And he was worried, he added. It wasn't like Lori June to up and walk out on him... "Not

Ed Barcelo reports

when she's three or four months pregnant."

The Mansfield detectives gazed at Davies in unconcealed wonderment. Wasn't this the sad replay of still another American tragedy — a young girl, scarcely weaned from skipping-ropes and ice-cream cones, described by Davies as a high school dropout, pregnant? And now reported missing.

"What was she wearing when you last saw her?" a detective asked the bearded boy friend.

Davies reflected briefly, then said: "Brown trousers . . . Brown trousers and a plaid shirt . . . And a blue sweatshirt . . . One of those with a hood on it."

"When did you last see her?"

"Two days ago."

"Morning? Afternoon? . . . What time was it?"

Davies said it had been in the afternoon. "About 2.30," he added.

"And where was this?"

Davies explained the circumstances. He and Lori June had left their place and visited a mutual friend named Gary Schoolcraft. Schoolcraft lived just a few doors away, on West Luther Place. Davies and Schoolcraft had decided to go out and have a few drinks. Lori June had remained behind, according to Davies.

"And that was the last I saw of Lori June . . . at Schoolcraft's place."

Davies related that he and Gary Schoolcraft had several drinks together, then went their separate ways. It was quite late when he returned to his West Luther Place apartment, Davies said — "about 2.45 a.m." — and Lori June was not there.

Davies said he'd had no idea where his live-in girl friend might be, although he'd assumed she would show up the next day. "But she didn't."

"You check with your pal — what's his name — Oh, yes, Schoolcraft?"

"That's the first place I went. But Gary hasn't seen her, either."

The detectives completed their report

and told Davies they would contact him if they learned anything.

Soon after Davies left police headquarters, the detectives notified the juvenile bureau, as Lori June was a minor. But, as is so often the case, the juvenile bureau would sit on this for 24 to 48 hours, since missing persons, especially minors, often reappear during that period.

Yet pretty Lori June Grumbling did not reappear. And routine questioning by juvenile bureau officials determined that the missing girl had left Schoolcraft's apartment shortly after the two men went out drinking. So the juvenile officers, if they followed accepted patterns, would begin checking the teenager's known haunts and question friends and relatives. But a sudden new development changed the course of the investigation.

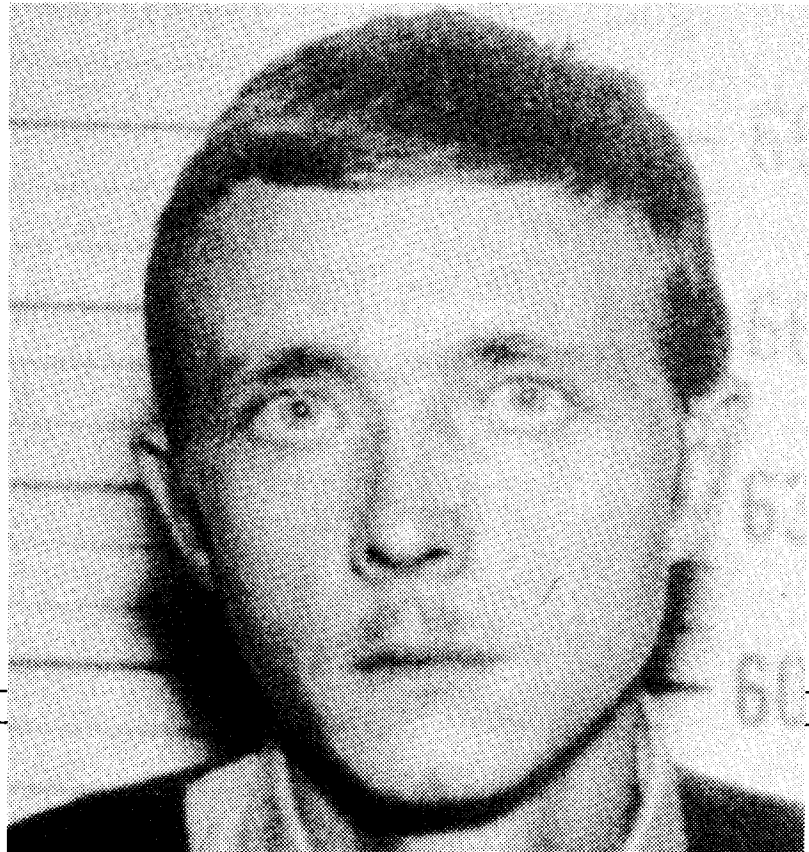
Things began with an anonymous phone call to Mansfield police. According to the tipster, Lori June and

her boy friend, Joseph Davies, had exchanged grating words when they parted that afternoon in Schoolcraft's apartment.

"It was about her staying out," the caller revealed. "Davies was mad about the hours she kept. He warned her to be in by midnight. He said that, if she wasn't in by then, she wasn't getting in at all."

Here was irony — Davies allegedly acting like a concerned parent. Moreover, Davies wanted to go out drinking, yet he expected Lori June to play the role of obedient wife. So did Lori June's boy friend know more than he was telling? If this phone tip was the real article, why had Davies, in his report to the police, omitted any mention of this verbal skirmish with his pregnant girl friend?

Then, on the Tuesday morning of April 21st, 1981, it was the juvenile bureau's turn to receive an anonymous tip. If they (the juvenile officers) would



Suspect Gary Schoolcraft. He devised a plan to get even with his accomplice through his girl, but things went badly wrong

take a careful look at East Luther Place, "where they had that fire," maybe they'd find Lori June.

Mansfield juvenile officers sprang into action and sped to the fire-gutted house on East Luther Place. The officers suspected that they would probably find the teenager hiding out in the gutted house. But their 15-minute search proved fruitless. The teenager was not in the house. It was a cruel hoax, they thought. Someone's idea of fun and games. But then one of the juvenile officers suggested checking the basement. Maybe she was hiding there?

The officers descended the narrow wooden stairs to the unlit basement. Yet, once again, the effort seemed worthless. There was nothing down here except cobwebs and dampness and the house's "Iron Nelly" — an old coal furnace that had been converted into a natural gas furnace. Mushrooming from the top of the furnace was a complex of galvanised duct-work that transmitted heat to the upper floors. And this might have been the end of the search for the missing teenager, except that one of the juvenile officers, perhaps out of idle curiosity, opened the furnace door and beamed his torch inside.

"God Almighty!" he exclaimed, his face suddenly ashen.

The others rushed to the furnace for a look. It was a sight they would never forget.

The body of a young girl, wearing only a blue sweatshirt, lay crammed head-first into the jaws of the furnace. The flashlight beamed on her darkened, naked breasts, her sightless eyes and gaping mouth. A piece of garment was knotted around her throat.

In the passing of the next few seconds, no one spoke. No one felt able to. The grotesque sight was paralysing, the smell overpowering. Life wasn't fair, one of the officers thought — and this was one horrible way to die, stuffed in a furnace, shoved there like a mass of rubbish. And so pitifully young.

MANSFIELD DETECTIVES Charles Hrienk and David Shook responded to the subsequent alert, arriving at the East Luther Place address at 9.30 a.m. One glance inside the furnace was enough. A photographer went to work on the crime scene. At the same time, the detectives notified Coroner Milton C. Oakes, who arrived a little later.

The sight of her corpse was paralysing to all who saw it!

The coroner's trained senses enabled him to make some preliminary conclusions: Rigor mortis was far pronounced — this usually sets in within three to six hours following death — so she might have been dead for several days. He also noted that the body showed no signs of burning. It seemed, then, that the girl's killer had intended to burn her body, but had stopped short of completing his plans. And the cause of her death? More than likely, manual strangulation, caused by the cloth knotted around her throat.

While the girl's body was being moved to the morgue, where the coroner would conduct a full-scale autopsy, Mansfield detectives debated the connection between the fire and the young girl's death. Was it possible that the killer had set the house on fire, expecting that the furnace and its hideous contents would be destroyed in the blaze? Had the killer really been *that* foolish in his thinking? Or was it possible that the body had been placed in the furnace *after* the fire?

The detectives consulted with arson expert Max Stahl. Stahl confessed that he and his men had been all over the basement, but none of them had thought to open the furnace. A sheer chance omission — and it had worked in the murderer's favour.

News of the bizarre crime — a teenage girl jammed in a furnace — shocked the

Mansfield community. The well-read members of it recalled a fictional parallel to this real-life nightmare — namely, the actions of "Bigger" in Richard Wright's stunning novel *Native Son*. In that memorable novel, later transformed to a Broadway hit play, entitled *Bigger*, a hapless black domestic accidentally smothers the teenage daughter of a wealthy socialite. To cover his crime, Bigger burns the girl's body in a basement furnace.

Within a few hours of the body's discovery, the victim was positively identified as the missing pregnant teenager Lori June Grumbling. And an unmistakable sadness crept into evening dinner conversations. Was no young girl safe in this town? What kind of fiend would commit so unholy a crime, strangling a soon-to-be teenage mother? Where was the bottom line?

Detectives Shook and Hrienk had similar thoughts. And both now had more information from the coroner's office. Lori June Grumbling, it appeared, had been dead about five days when her body was discovered. And there were definitely no burn marks on her body. There were indications of recent sexual intercourse, a suspicious lump on her head. And the probable cause of death was manual strangulation.

Clearly, the investigators had to find answers about a particular passage of time in the teenager's life. It was a 12-to-18 hour span, during which the tragic girl had met her death.

After reviewing what they had, the detectives focused on the missing person report filed by Joseph Davies. According to that report, Lori June had been alive and well at 2.30 p.m. on April 15th, 1981. Davies stated that he and his pregnant lover had visited a mutual friend at the latter's apartment that same afternoon. The mutual friend, Gary Schoolcraft, 32, had entertained the couple for a brief while. Then Schoolcraft and Davies had gone out

drinking, leaving Lori June behind in Schoolcraft's apartment. According to an informant, the girl had left soon after that.

If all that followed was true, Schoolcraft had later returned to his apartment, Davies to his. But the girl had apparently vanished — and, approximately 36 hours later, Davies had filed his missing person report.

So what had happened to the dark-haired teenager after the men had gone drinking? Had she returned to the love-nest she shared with Davies? Or had she gone elsewhere?

The investigators returned to the seamy neighbourhood and asked questions. No one recalled seeing the teenager return to her West Luther Place apartment that afternoon or evening. But this was not necessarily the truth. The Luther Place area was not a friendly locality, the detectives knew — and witnesses, even knowledgeable ones, were less than anxious to become involved. But the door-rapping, bar-hopping detectives never gave up hunting for answers. And they finally uncovered a witness who *would* talk — 27-year-old Nancy McBride, a local barmaid.

Nancy volunteered to Detectives Shook and Hrienk that she'd seen the teenager on the night she disappeared. According to the barmaid, Lori June Grumbling and another man and woman had been in the bar where Nancy worked at about 9 p.m.

Did the barmaid know the man and woman?

"I don't know who the guy was. But he's been in the bar before, by himself."

Stuffed into the furnace, like some mass of old rubbish...

"And the woman?"

"Her name's Marge. Marge Rawlings, I think."

The detectives fired more questions at the barmaid, but there was little more information that she could offer. The three of them had come into the bar around 8 or 9 o'clock. They'd left the place at approximately 10.30 p.m.

More legwork enabled the detectives to track down 20-year-old Marge Rawlings. The young woman readily admitted an acquaintance with Lori June — and being with her that night.

"Who was the man with you?" the detectives asked.

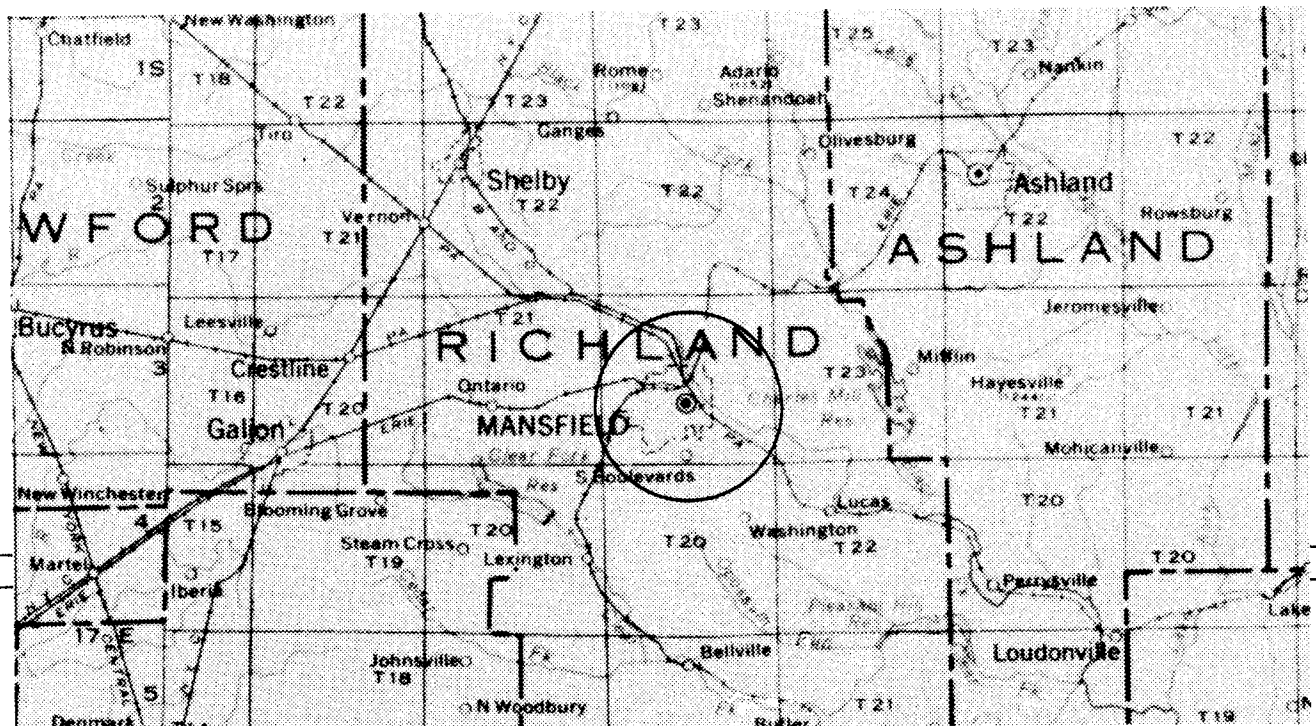
"Listen, I don't want to get involved in this!"

"You *are* involved. What was his name?"

Hesitating briefly, but realising that she might be in serious trouble if she didn't answer the detectives' questions, the young woman mumbled: "It was Gary . . . Gary Schoolcraft."

The detectives exchanged glances. They'd hooked a big one! Schoolcraft and Davies had allegedly gone off drinking that afternoon. Allegedly, they were friends. Allegedly, Lori June was Davies's girl. But, in a manner the detectives did not yet understand, Schoolcraft had wound up in the company of Davies's girl. So who had Lori June really been sleeping with — Davies or Schoolcraft?

Puzzled by the drink-and-sex tangle of events, the detectives decided to pick up Davies and Schoolcraft for more questioning. Before doing so, however, they ran a computer check on the men. Angels they were not. Schoolcraft had been paroled in 1977, after serving five years of two concurrent 10-to-25-year prison sentences. His rap sheet showed



Circle shows town of Mansfield, Ohio, where teenager Lori June Grumbling was found stuffed head-first in a furnace!

that he'd been convicted of armed robbery, rape and sodomy, in Cleveland, Ohio, in September, 1972.

More currently, Schoolcraft had been implicated in a Mansfield robbery and his court hearing was pending on that charge.

Young Joseph Davies also had a police record, having served time for a burglary conviction. Now paroled, Davies had recently been charged in several local robberies, but the case was pending.

In all, nice drink-and-sex companions for 17-year-old Lori June Grumbling, whose blind search for love had delivered her a pregnancy, then a slow death. Half-naked in a blackened furnace, she was at the end of her trail.

The thinking of the homicide sleuths was that one of these two men had choked the pretty teenager, then stuffed her dead body in the furnace. But which one? And for what reason?

EARLY ON the morning of April 25th, 1981, Gary Schoolcraft was brought to Mansfield police headquarters and questioned by Shook and Hrienk. The 32-year-old suspect, no stranger to police questioning, betrayed little nervousness. But drink and drugs had wasted this lanky ex-labourer. His pale-blue eyes fixated on empty walls and he seemed in a permanent state of limbo.

Examining the rap sheet's listing of marks and scars on Schoolcraft's body, detectives could be forgiven for thinking that he looked like the loser in some Sicilian street fight. The records showed that he had a three-inch scar on the back of his right shoulder; a five-inch knife wound scar on his stomach; a two-inch burn scar on his upper right arm; an appendectomy scar; and a tattoo on his upper left arm — a skull and snake.

Old hands at questioning a murder suspect, Shook and Hrienk sensed the

correct pitch. Their questions came hard and fast. They quickly established that Schoolcraft had been with the teenager during the closing hours of her life. And they pointed out that at least one witness had already fingered him.

Finally, Gary Schoolcraft sagged and told it all. Yes, he'd been with Lori June that night. More than that, he'd taken her to the vacant house to have sexual intercourse with her. But it had been more than sex with a teenager that had propelled him to the dark, deserted house. More important to the suspect, he wanted "to get even" with Davies, the teenager's live-in boy friend.

Schoolcraft explained that he and Davies had participated in a number of Mansfield house robberies, which netted them over \$1,000. But Schoolcraft's share of the loot was only \$15, not even enough for a cheap binge. He complained bitterly to Davies, he said, but to no avail. But this was all wrong, Schoolcraft thought, so he decided to get even with Davies. The best way for him to do this, he decided, was through Davies's girl. Get the 17-year-old half-drunk, take her to the abandoned house, then persuade her to have sexual intercourse with him.

Schoolcraft's story grew more bizarre as the lanky murder suspect revealed that he did induce the teenager to accompany him to the abandoned house on East Luther Place. Carrying out his planned revenge, he had sexual intercourse with the pregnant teenager. But from that point on, things went downhill.

According to Schoolcraft, he and Lori June got into an argument. During the squabble, the errant teenager threatened to tell her boy friend that he (Schoolcraft) had forced her into sexual acts with him. Schoolcraft said he panicked — but the panic turned to hot anger when Lori June also threatened to divulge to police details of the houses he and her boy friend had broken into and robbed.

Caught up in vicious anger, Schoolcraft said, he grabbed an empty wine bottle and struck the teenager's skull, stunning her. Lori June, naked from the waist down, struggled with him. Schoolcraft said his temper then exploded and he grabbed the teenager's throat and began choking her.

The choking didn't stop — not until it was too late. Not until the teenager's frantic thrashing came to a final end did he desist.

THE DETAILS of all that followed were hazy in his mind, Schoolcraft said. He told Hrienk and Shook that he decided to set the abandoned house on fire, in order to get rid of the teenager's body. He knew he needed something to help the blaze, so he ran back to his apartment to get a can of charcoal lighter fluid. Returning to the abandoned house, thinking neither clearly nor wisely, he poured the lighter fluid in different places in the darkened house, then set it on fire.

But in his drink-and-panic-fogged mind, he fretted that Lori June's body would not be destroyed by the blaze. Still hoping to cover his crime, Schoolcraft said, he lifted Lori June's lifeless body and stumbled through the darkness to the basement — and the furnace.

He crammed her near-naked body into the furnace, head-first. In blind logic, he thought the fire would destroy everything, including the corpse.

Ultimately, a grand jury indicted Gary Schoolcraft on multiple charges of aggravated murder and arson. Bond was set at \$100,000. On June 8th, 1981, the accused murderer pleaded innocent by reason of insanity.

Then, on August 19th, 1981, Schoolcraft was undergoing the second of three psychiatric evaluation sessions at the Richland County Forensic Diagnostic Centre. As Schoolcraft finished this

● *continued on page 51*

CHRISTMAS EVE TRAGEDY

WHO SHOT THE NAKED LOVERS?



Police were told that a burglar ran out of the sliding glass door of the Waterbury home (above) after murdering the wife and wounding the husband

IT WAS a few minutes before 5 a.m. on Christmas Eve, 1980. And Patrolman Virgil Adams, of Rialto, California, had only three more hours to go before he could go home for the holiday when the call came in.

Calls had been few and far between in this pancake-flat desert community of 32,000, 60 miles east of Los Angeles. And the dispatcher's raspy voice blaring over the squawkbox jolted Adams wide awake.

"Shooting at 1144 North Lancewood

Street," the dispatcher told him. "Possible homicide."

Adams put the accelerator down to the floorboard. Five minutes later, his car screeched to a halt in front of a white stucco house in one of Rialto's newer subdivisions.

Inside the house, Adams found a nude man crouched in a fetal position on the rug, blood dripping from a small hole in his chest. "My wife!" the man gasped, "In there! She's been shot!"

In the bedroom, Adams found a nude

Martin Lomax reports

Victim Deborah Waterbury. All she wanted out of life was marriage and a good husband. What she actually got was a brutal death in her bed!

female lying face-up under the covers. She had been shot twice at close range in the side of the head — and fresh blood streamed across her forehead and out of her mouth and nose.

There was nothing Adams could do for her, so he returned to the living-room and questioned the wounded man, 22-year-old Tom Waterbury.

Waterbury said that he and his 26-year-old wife Deborah had been asleep when he suddenly woke up and saw a man standing at the foot of the bed, holding a pistol. Before he could do or say anything, a shot rang out and he felt a slug rip into his chest. The man then fled out of the bedroom.

The wounded husband said he staggered out after the gunman and saw him go out via the sliding glass door in the kitchen. He then called the police.

As Adams waited for detectives to arrive, a neighbour walked up and asked what had happened. When told that there had been a shooting, the neighbour said he hoped that nothing had happened to the little kid.

“What little kid?” Adams demanded.

The husband had said only that his wife was shot. He hadn't mentioned a child. Adams ran back into the bedroom and immediately noticed a trail of blood leading to the walk-in closet. Expecting the worst, he opened the doors and pushed back the clothes hung on the rack, looking for another victim. He didn't find one, however. Instead, he saw an object drop from a pocket of a nylon hunting shirt onto the floor. The object was a snub-nose .25-calibre automatic. So Adams walked back to the living-room and asked Tom Waterbury if he owned any weapons.

“No,” Waterbury said. “I don't.”

Paramedics arrived and took Waterbury to hospital, where he was treated for the single gunshot wound to the chest. The bullet had entered near the heart, grazed a lung and lodged in the left side. It had missed hitting the heart by a quarter of an inch, but Waterbury was expected to fully recover.

The same could not be said for his wife Deborah. Both slugs had penetrated the skull above the left ear and caused severe brain damage. She was pronounced dead on arrival at the hospital.

When a homicide team, headed by Detective Jerry Prieto, arrived at the



house to begin their investigation, Adams told them about the gun. “It seems screwy,” he added. “He says he didn't have a gun and one falls out of his hunting shirt.”

It wasn't the only thing that didn't make sense. In a search of Tom Waterbury's jeep parked in the driveway, detectives found an opened

box of .25-calibre shells in the glove compartment. And in the garage, they discovered a target riddled with small-calibre slugs, indication that someone had been doing some target practice.

In a search of the house, police found that the back door to the kitchen had been forced. And Deborah's handbag, which was opened, had its contents



dumped on the couch in a haphazard manner.

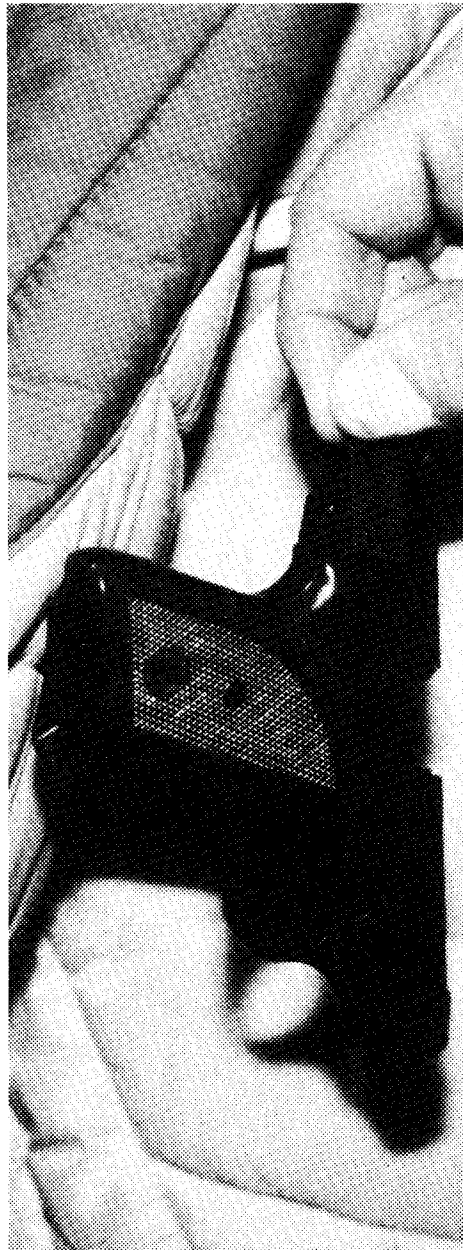
The opened bag indicated the handiwork of a burglar-murderer. If so, however, he was the sloppiest burglar in history. Deborah apparently kept her cash separate from her wallet and some \$10 bills lay in clear sight on the couch — money the burglar must have seen,

but for some reason decided not to take.

Detective Prieto was puzzled by the fact that the handbag did not contain a wallet. His confusion only grew when a small wallet containing Deborah's identification was found in a dresser in the bedroom.

Prieto hoped that Tom Waterbury might clear up some of the confusion, particularly the discovery of the gun and bullets. But Waterbury had no answers. In fact, he was not sure what really happened that Christmas Eve morning. In a hospital-bed interview, he told several conflicting stories. One minute, he was gunned down in his bed and crawled for help. The next, he was chasing a gunman through the house.

The discovery of the recently-fired gun and the shells, plus Waterbury's inability to stick to one story, was enough for the San Bernardino district



attorney's office to book him into the county jail and charge him with suspicion of murder.

Although Waterbury claimed that he did not own a gun, a sales receipt showed he'd purchased a .25-calibre pistol just a few weeks before the murder. And the gun fitted the description of the weapon which fell out of the hunting shirt in Waterbury's closet. Though no fingerprints were found on the weapon, authorities hoped that ballistics tests would prove it was the murder weapon. The crime lab., however, was unable to conduct the tests immediately. And without them, the DA's office felt that it did not have enough evidence to prosecute. On January 9th, 1981, Waterbury was released from jail and allowed to retrace home.

Although certain that Waterbury was the triggerman, investigators still did not have a motive. Why had the husband apparently shot his wife and then turned the gun on himself? Had it been a murder-suicide pact gone awry? Or something else?

Determined to get to the bottom of the mystery was Stephen Ashworth, a lanky deputy DA with the salt and pepper beard of an English classics professor. Ashworth, along with Detective Prieto, spent the better part of two months digging up leads and following up clues. And by March, 1981, they had pretty much put the Waterbury shooting together . . .

On the surface, Tom and Deborah Waterbury looked like the ideal couple. Pictures taken at their August, 1979, wedding show a beautiful dark-haired bride, hand in hand with her handsome blond-haired husband. Yet those blissful pictures were misleading.

If Debbie had a fault, friends said, it was that she was too trusting, too gullible. Some said she had had a sheltered upbringing and was naive about life's gutter side. They said that Debbie was also troubled by the fact that, when she'd broken up with her steady boy friend, he'd turned around and married someone else.

It was in this troubled state that Deborah met her future husband at the Rusty Pelican, a chic beachtown meeting spot, where Debbie had gone to have a drink with two female companions.

Debbie's good looks caught Tom's eye and he passed her a note saying how

Police officers followed a trail of blood to a closet and discovered this small-calibre pistol in a man's shirt pocket

pretty he thought she was. "We thought it was a pretty corny note," one of Debbie's friends told Ashworth. "But she thought it was cute."

Debbie became infatuated with Tom. He always was so sure of himself, so full of ideas and ambition. But Debbie's friends, Ashworth discovered, thought that Tom's ambitions were just daydreams. "He was always talking about making lots of money," Ashworth was told. "His fantasies were always about making a bundle."

During their probe, detectives learned that, at 18, Tom was arrested and later convicted for the embezzlement of thousands of dollars from a hamburger stand in Santa Barbara. It was Tom's first brush with the law, but not the last of his troubles. He tried junior college, dropped out, took another job, then quit, tried school again — and dropped out again.

He was drifting, until that day in the Rusty Pelican. Then, suddenly, everything started looking up. He and Debbie dated steadily for a year and then decided to get married. Debbie's parents were against the idea, making no bones about their dislike of Tom. But Debbie would hear none of it.

In December, 1979, just four months

after their marriage, Debbie was leaving her job when a man wearing a ski-mask ran up to her and plunged a knife into her chest. The blade missed hitting vital organs by a fraction of an inch and doctors said it was a miracle that she survived the attack with only a superficial wound.

Tom Waterbury, Ashworth learned, pleaded with his wife not to return to work, arguing that the assailant was still loose and might try to kill her again. But

She survived a knife wound in the chest, only to get two bullets in her head . . .

Debbie argued that she couldn't give up the job just like that. Besides, they needed the income. The argument over her staying at work became vehement and, at one point, Tom stormed out of the apartment, shouting that he couldn't "stand the pressure" of knowing that his wife was in danger every morning she left for work.

Police investigated the stabbing, but no motive was ever determined, no suspect ever identified. Debbie said that things had happened too fast for her to

get a good look at the man with a knife.

But she had some ideas. Ashworth learned that Debbie had been seeing a psychologist because of emotional troubles, due in part to problems with her marriage to Tom. The psychologist told Ashworth that, during one visit, Debbie said she thought the man who stabbed her might have been Tom. She was led to this suspicion because the man was about the same height and weight as her husband and his movements, "body language" and other physical give-aways were similar.

Though suspecting her husband of trying to murder her, Debbie did not seek a separation, or a divorce. The marriage meant a lot to her — and she was determined to make it work . . .

On February 26th, ballistics experts determined that the two slugs that killed Debbie and the one that wounded Tom Waterbury had been fired from the .25-calibre automatic belonging to Tom and found in the bedroom closet.

With literally the "smoking gun" evidence, the DA's office issued a warrant for Tom Waterbury's arrest. He was again taken to the county jail and booked on suspicion of murder.

Meanwhile investigators learned that, in November, 1980, Tom Waterbury

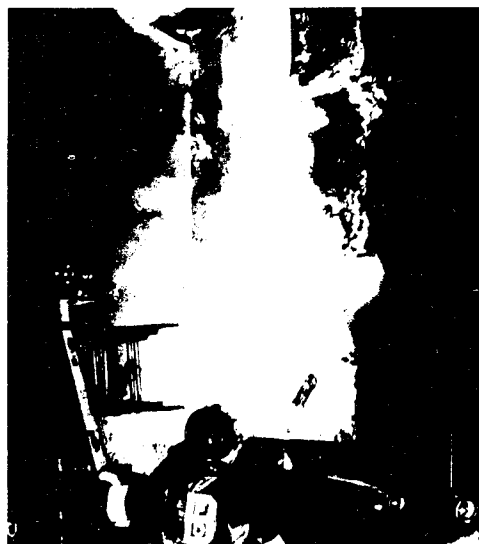
THIS MONTH IN MD

FLAMES of Passion & Profit



Another MD Picture Special

*Master Detective, April, is on
sale everywhere from March 18*



TD CRIME PHOTO

had taken out a \$100,000 life insurance policy on his wife, which named him as beneficiary. The agent who sold the policy did not hear from Tom again until the second week in January, when Tom, freshly released from jail, showed up to enter a claim for the hundred grand, explaining that his wife had been murdered during a burglary.

To the investigators, the life insurance policy gave the widower 100,000 reasons to do away with Debbie. Actually, 100,001 reasons — the insurance policy and a beautiful young woman to share it with.

The romantic interest the sleuths discovered was 24-year-old Chris Dryden. Detective Prieto had come across her name when he discovered a brief note in Tom's jeep's glove compartment. The note was to thank Tom for "a wonderful time."

The significance of the note and the identity of the writer didn't click until Prieto and Ashworth learned that Tom had been dating Chris Dryden while both worked at a bank in Santa Monica. Their relationship was supposed to have ended when Tom started dating Debbie. So Ashworth and Prieto went to talk to Chris Dryden at the bank in the San Gabriel Valley, where she had been transferred and where she now worked as a loan officer.

They found that she was an exotic-looking woman, who wore designer-name clothes over her shapely, somewhat busty figure and a grease-pencilled beauty mark in the corner of her mouth. She agreed that she'd known Tom Waterbury for two years, while working at the Santa Monica bank. They had dated a few times, but their relationship had not gone beyond the friendship stage. At the time, she'd been going through an ugly separation from her husband — and Tom had been there to lend emotional support. They were good friends, she insisted — and that was all.

O.K., the investigators said. But would she mind if they took a look through her apartment? It was just routine, they assured her. She was not being considered a suspect in the Waterbury killing.

They went to her apartment. At the front door, Prieto asked if he could look through her handbag before they went inside. Again, just routine.

In the bag, he found a passbook to a joint bank account made out in the names of Chris Dryden and Tom Waterbury. The detective also found a diamond engagement ring.

Asked about the ring and joint account, the woman did a most unusual thing. She suddenly wrapped her arms around Prieto and kissed him on the cheek. She then conceded that she had a

TRIPLE KILLER SLASHED TO DEATH

JAIL VIOLENCE FLARES

TRIPLE killer Robert "Sonny" Mone was slashed to death in prison yesterday.

The man who strangled three women had his throat cut in Craiginches Jail, Aberdeen.

The bloody end for the 57-year-old man who boasted that he wanted to be a bigger man than his infamous killer son Robert Junior

EXCLUSIVE
By TED KIDD and IAN CAMERON

came in the cobbler's shop at the prison.

Official sources were being tight-lipped about the flare-up of violence.

All the Scottish Prisons Department would say was: "As a result of an incident at Aberdeen Prison a prisoner has died — the next of kin have been informed."

Officials stressed last night that no names would be released until today.

But in Dundee, Sonny Mone's grieving sister, Miss Mary Mone, said: "I am waiting for details from the governor on how my brother died."

Grampian CID boss Detective Superintendent Bill Archibald was called in by prison governor Mike Milne within minutes of the incident.

Pint-sized Mone was

Turn to Page 2

ROBERT MONE SENIOR
... throat was cut.

KILLER'S END . . . The front page (above) of the Scottish newspaper the *Daily Record*, detailing the violent end in prison of a violent man. Robert "Sonny" Mone Sr., who along with his son featured prominently in *True Detective*, June, 1980, was murdered in Craiginches Jail, Aberdeen, on January 13 this year. It all came to a bloody end for triple-killer Mone, who boasted that he wanted to be a bigger man than his killer son Robert Jr., in the cobbler's shop, when a fellow-inmate cut his throat. At this writing, the Scottish Prisons Department are conducting a full inquiry.

BRITAIN'S BRIGHTEST PAPER **SCOTTISH DAILY EXPRESS** **THE VOICE OF SCOTLAND**

By Donald Stewart

KILLER JUST LIKE HIS SON

Father's obsession cost three lives

Fuel crisis: Trains axed

Big cutback on supplies by oil firms

Your Derby Sweep
on Page 27
Eight-page Derby pull-out tomorrow

joint bank account with Waterbury, but explained that she was a divorcee and just wanted to be sure that the Waterburys had access to some of her money, so they could "take care of my son for a couple of days if anything happened to me." The most that was ever in the account, she said, was \$169.24.

As for the engagement ring, she said that the last time she'd seen it was in January. "I didn't want to accept it," she recalled. "But Tom told me he wanted me to have this ring for friendship — and for my birthday."

Dryden's "just friends" description was in contrast to the one given by the store manager who'd sold Tom the engagement ring, just three weeks before Deborah's murder.

"I remember the guy," the store manager told Ashworth. "He bought the engagement ring and put down a deposit on the matching wedding band. He kept saying they were getting married soon."

The story dovetailed with the one told by Waterbury's neighbour on North

Lancewood Street. "About two weeks before the shooting, I went over to introduce myself," the neighbour told Prieto. "Tom said something about his first wife dying in a car accident, then introduced this dame and her kid as his new family."

The neighbour looked through a photo lineup and identified a picture of Chris Dryden as the woman Tom had introduced as his "new wife."

A motion to kick a deputy DA off off the case, as he could not be impartial!

Ironically, it was Chris Dryden's child, whom the neighbour had mistakenly believed to be Tom's, that had led into the bedroom — and to the discovery of the murder weapon.

Tom Waterbury was bound over for trial on March 2nd, 1981. A request by the defence to reduce bail from \$100,000 to \$25,000 was denied and a trial date was scheduled for later in the year.

Ashworth was looking forward to prosecuting the case. He had worked on it since the first day and knew it better than anyone else in the district attorney's office. But it was not to be. For no sooner had Waterbury been returned to jail than the defence made a blanket motion, requesting that the deputy DA be kicked off the case "because he had become too involved and could not be impartial."

In a pre-trial motion, the defence also argued that the bank passbook and engagement ring discovered in Chris Dryden's handbag was inadmissible as evidence, as the witness had been intimidated.

Judge Ben Kayashima ruled that the evidence was admissible, but ordered Ashworth off the case, since he had been a witness when Chris Dryden had embraced Prieto and handed him her bag. And he might be called as a witness if the case was appealed.

Ashworth was unhappy with the decision, to say the least. But there was nothing he could do, except watch from the sidelines. He was replaced by Deputy DA Raymond Haight.

When the trial began in late September, 1981, Haight outlined to the jury that Waterbury had carefully planned the murder of his wife, in order to collect \$100,000 from an insurance

policy and marry the woman he was obsessed with, Chris Dryden.

The defence argued that Tom and Deborah Waterbury had been shot by a burglar on Christmas Eve while they slept in their new home — and that there was no mystery woman.

A pivotal witness was, of course, Chris Dryden. The bank loan officer had been granted immunity, in return for her testimony. But she was still considered to be something of a question mark.

Despite the fact that Tom had bought her an engagement ring and introduced her as "his wife" to a neighbour, she still maintained that their relationship was nothing more than friendship. Haight, although certain that it went deeper than that, had just been unable to find a witness to say as much. But then, on October 1st, he spotted the name of David Avidsen on the list of witnesses to be called by the defence.

Now Avidsen, a friend of Tom Waterbury's, was considered a minor defence witness. And Haight might not have bothered with him, except that the prosecutor had not had time to talk to him and did not know what he was going to say on the witness-stand.

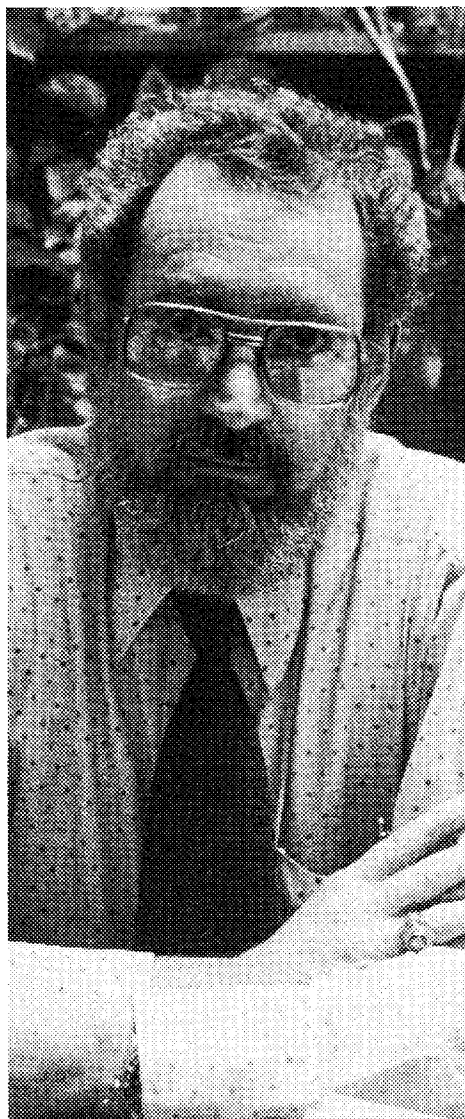
Not particularly wanting any 11th-hour surprises in the courtroom, Haight phoned Avidsen and suggested that they have lunch together. Over sandwiches and soft drinks, Avidsen said that he'd already been questioned by the Rialto police, but had been so "turned off" by the interrogators that he told them nothing. To Haight, however, he revealed that he knew Dryden and Waterbury were having an affair and admitted that he personally felt Tom might have murdered his wife, "just so he could later marry his girl friend." He knew that Tom and Chris had frequently dated throughout the Waterburys' 16-month marriage.

Avidsen added that Dryden had talked of her relationship with Tom — with the first conversation occurring nine days before the killing. She was wondering what the future was going to be," he said. "He had promised her things and she wondered if it was true."

When Haight asked what things, Avidsen replied: "She said Tom told her he was giving her the house, since Debbie wasn't going to live in it. They were getting a divorce."

She also claimed, according to Avidsen, that Waterbury had promised her she could move in by Christmas — which turned out to be the day after the shooting.

The second conversation occurred on December 21st, just three days before the murder, Avidsen said. "She was worried about her future with Tom. She was wondering whether it was going to



Deputy District Attorney Stephen Ashworth. He knew the Waterburys were having marriage problems, which presented a murder motive . . .



Exclusive True Detective photo of Tom Waterbury being questioned by police, just minutes after the incident that claimed his wife's life

last or not, or whether it was just going to go on like it had."

When Avidsen repeated these statements in court, the defence, realising too late that he was anything but a minor witness, tried to discredit his testimony by having him reveal that he and Waterbury had once been roommates, a relationship that ceased when Avidsen "stole Tom's girl friend."

Avidsen confirmed that he'd once lived with the Waterburys and was "very close to Deborah." But he strongly rejected suggestions that he'd been romantically involved with her.

On cross-examination, Avidsen said

he'd had "mixed feelings" about testifying in the case. "Tom has done quite a lot for me," he stated. "But Tom kept pressuring me to testify for him. Each time he told me how much he needed my testimony — that his life depended on it."

Avidsen said he'd become deeply concerned when he heard that the defence was going to accuse him of having an affair with Deborah. "I like to be considered a ladies' man," he said. "But I couldn't bear to hear that said, when she was so devoted to him."

The jury apparently couldn't, either. On October 13th, 1981, after just three

hours of deliberation they found Waterbury guilty of the first-degree murder of his wife.

Thomas Waterbury received the shattering news with little outward emotion. He was sentenced to life imprisonment, with no possibility of parole for 25 years.

—EDITOR'S NOTE:—

The names Chris Dryden and David Avidsen are fictitious and were used because there is no reason for public interest in their true identities.

U.S. Marine 'Wasted' For Nine Dollars!

● continued from page 25

artist compose a sketch. The sketch showed a square-faced woman, with dark brown eyes, high cheekbones and a mop of curly brown hair.

The detectives hoped the detailed sketch might lead them to a witness. Instead, it became just another piece of evidence placed in the Gleason murder file. Despite their best efforts, the detectives were unable to identify the woman seen drinking next to Gleason. And, by late February, all leads died and the case came to a standstill.

Stowe and Leeton went on to other murders — there was no shortage in San Bernardino — and the Gleason case was placed in the inactive file, where it remained until June, when a phone call from police in Odessa, Texas, put it back on the front burner.

"We have a Mr. William Arthur in custody on a murder charge," drawled a Texas detective. "His girl friend told us that he'd admitted being in on a murder in San Bernardino."

Arthur's girl friend turned out to be Jill Ortiz, the barmaid at the Silver Spur. And she'd told the Odessa police: "I gotta tell someone about this. I have been holding it in for too long — and I can't stand it no more."

According to her, Bill Arthur had admitted that he and a friend, Mark Glass, killed a man over a few dollars and then left his body in an empty field. "What makes it worse is that I turned Bill onto the guy," she added.

According to her, the crime began early on Sunday morning, February 3rd, after she finished work at the Silver Spur. "My girl friend and I were in the back seat of Bill's car, while Bill and a buddy named Mark Glass sat in front."

As they were about to go, she said, she spotted a blond-haired guy making a phone call from the kiosk in front of the bar. "I remembered him from inside, because he didn't have any valid identification. I said something like, 'Hey, he's loaded with dough!'"

Then Glass leaned out of the window to offer the guy a ride. He turned down the offer, saying he had a friend who was on the way. "But we drove around the block," Jill said. "And the guy was still there, so we asked him again — and this time he got in." They drove to a home in East Highland, where the two women got out. Then Arthur and Glass and the hitch-hiker drove off.

"I later asked Bill what happened — and he said they took the guy out in the fields and shot him."

DETECTIVES HAD little trouble corroborating portions of the woman's story. They knew from earlier interviews that she'd been the barmaid at the Silver Spur who'd refused to serve Gleason because he had no identification. They also knew that Gleason had called his friend Al Coutrant at about 2.15 in the morning to ask for a ride home — the exact time that Jill spotted Gleason making a phone call from phone kiosk. But, for the San Bernardino investigators, the icing on the cake was the naming of the men involved in the "hit" as William Arthur and Mark Glass.

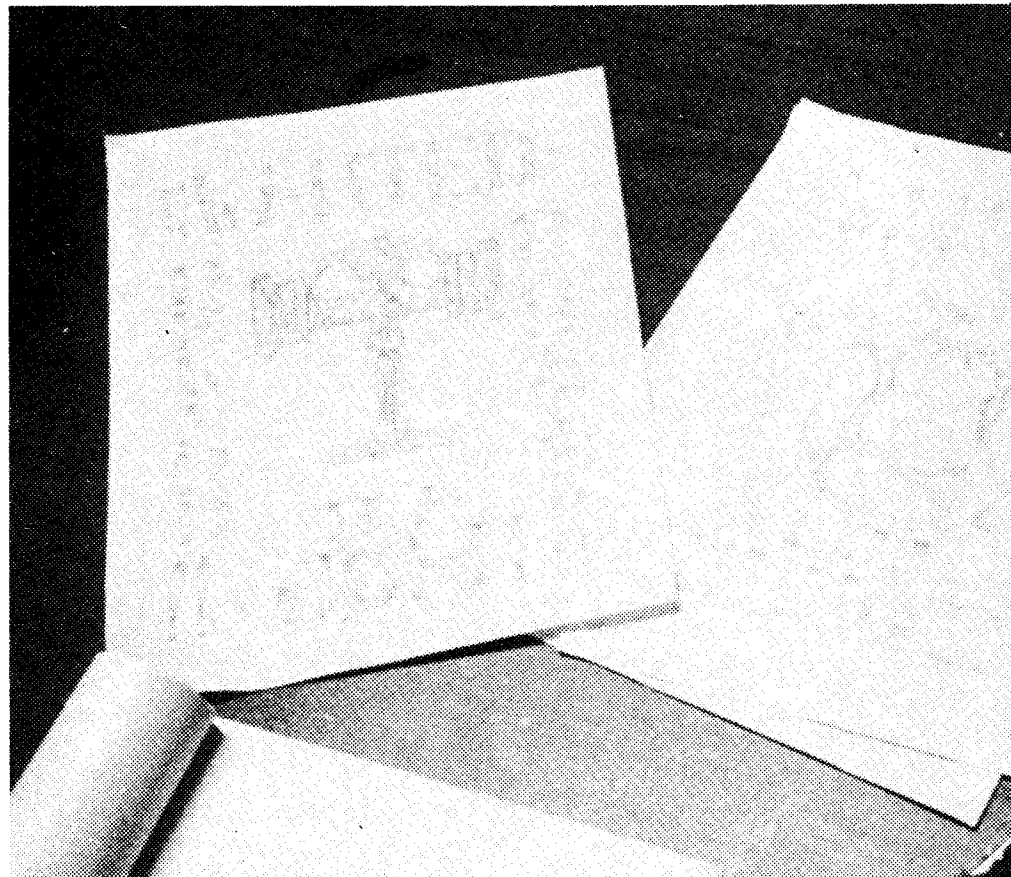
Both had long criminal records and were believed to be members of the Aryan Brotherhood, a right-wing, white power organisation with roots in the California prison system. Arthur for example, had tattooed his body with various white power slogans and symbols, while Glass had enough swastikas inked across his chest to be mistaken for a walking billboard. Of the two, lawmen believed Glass to be the more dangerous. He was, in the words of one lawman, "about as mean a person as you will find."

"Buzzard (Glass's nickname) would kill you for five bucks and not blink an eye. He likes violence — it's in his blood."

William Arthur was arrested in Odessa and returned to San Bernardino, where he was charged with first-degree murder. Arthur, of course, made no comment about the murder. Nor would he talk to police about his old pal, Mark Glass. "I ain't gonna rat on him," was how he put it.

With a suspect in custody, detectives reopened the case file and zeroed in on Arthur. Informants recalled seeing Arthur toting a sawn-off shotgun during the early months of that year. Such weapons in Arthur's crowd were not uncommon, but this one was unique. For the gun had been chopped down to less than two feet in length and had a distinctive black-taped stock and a decorative piece of rawhide on the trigger-guard. Street talk had it that Arthur had got rid of the weapon after the murder and that someone in the town of Ontario, 20 miles east of San Bernardino, now had it.

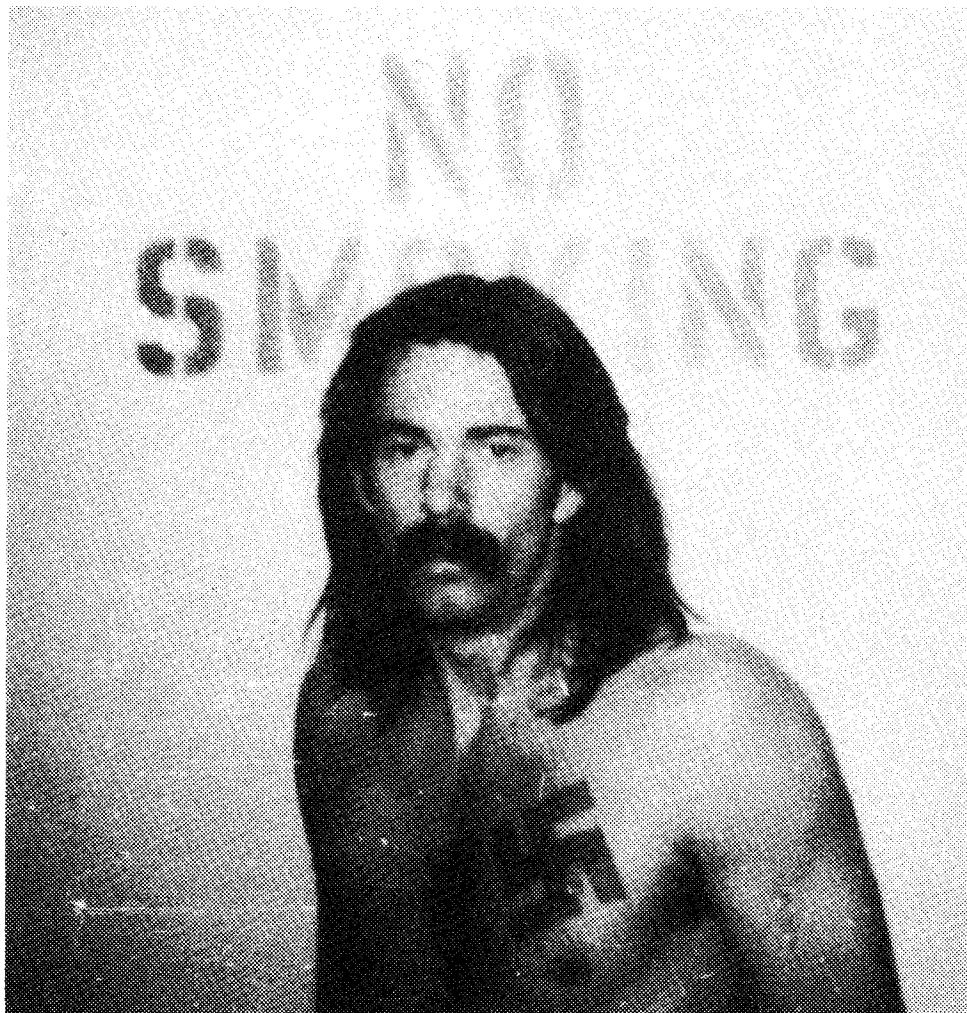
For a month, investigators searched fruitlessly for the weapon. But, just as it



appeared that the weapon would never be found, they got lucky. Bill Caputo, a friend of Arthur's, had recently been paroled from prison. Acting on a tip that Caputo was in violation of his parole, authorities raided his house. Among some of the items seized in the raid was a sawn-off shotgun. Caputo went back to jail and the shotgun was impounded. The weapon might have been locked up in the county evidence room and forgotten, except for the fact that one alert detective recalled that homicide investigators were looking for just such a weapon.

Detective Stowe needed just one look at the single-barrelled Ithica 20-gauge shotgun with the black-taped stock and rawhide wrapping to know that he'd found the weapon he'd been seeking. Witnesses removed any doubts when they identified the weapon as the one Arthur had been seen carrying around in the early part of the year.

Things were looking bad for Bill Arthur, but very good for John Monahan, the deputy district attorney assigned to prosecute the case. But then, just days before the trial was due to begin, Monahan receiving a stinging setback when chief witness Jill Ortiz dropped out of sight. The reason for her disappearance, detectives learned, was self-preservation. Street talk had it that Mark Glass was threatening to kill Jill if she hung around to testify.



Drawings (left) are the handiwork of suspect William Arthur. After his wife testified against him, he grassed on his partner in crime Mark Glass (above) to even the score with her!

Monahan still had a case against Arthur, though it had been weakened considerably with her vanishing act. So, rather than go for a first-degree murder conviction and possibly lose his case, he offered Arthur a deal. The charge would be reduced to second-degree murder, if Arthur in turn agreed to plead guilty.

To Arthur, who faced a possible death sentence, the offer was too good to refuse — and he jumped at it. Thus, on September 3rd, 1980, he pleaded guilty and received a sentence of 15 years to life. He was shipped off to San Quentin to begin serving his sentence, keeping his vow “not to rat” on his buddy Mark Glass.

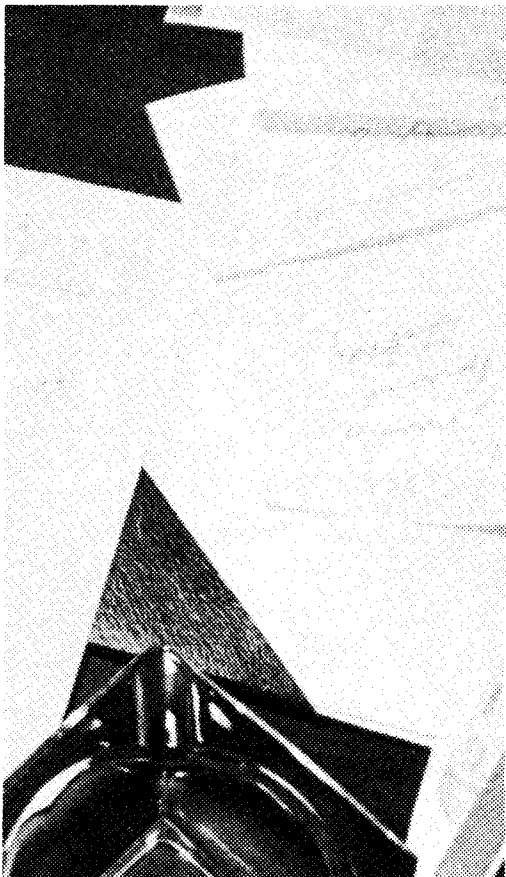
His code of silence hampered, but did not stop, police efforts to make a case against Glass. The main obstacle in their path was getting witnesses to talk. “Buzzard told a lot of people about killing that guy,” one informant told

detectives. “Now he’s busy making sure they don’t talk.”

One man who knew Buzzard well and the violence he was capable of was Detective Milt Rose. This lanky, pipe-smoking investigator had run into Glass a number of times while assigned to the burglary detail in the East Highland area. He knew that one of Buzzard’s favourite scams involved selling drugs, usually methamphetamine, to a buyer — then returning a short time later with a shotgun and taking back the drugs.

On one occasion, an arrest warrant had been out for Glass when Rose spotted him going to the county jail to visit a friend. Rose ordered Glass to halt, then chased the fleeing fugitive through the car park. “He went to his car, then I went to mine and the chase was on!” Rose recalled. The chase, as good as anything seen on *Hill Street Blues*, ended with Glass crashing his vehicle into another and being taken off to jail.

Rose didn’t doubt that Glass was mixed up in the Gleason killing. There were just too many rumours linking him to the crime. And Rose realised that the key to solving the case lay in tracing the



witnesses Glass had blabbed to — and then get them to talk.

Rose and Detective Charles Bengé were helped immeasurably in this task by Detective Brian English, who had put together enough evidence to have Glass held in the county jail on a no-bail burglary charge. Having clipped the Buzzard's wings, police found East Highland people more inclined to talk.

Among the first to open up was one of Glass's former girl friends. The long-haired tattooed, so-called "Biker Moll" told Rose and Bengé that she had been with Glass in March when he admitted "killing a guy. He said he and Bill Arthur took this guy out in the field and shot him in the back."

A similar admission had been made to another acquaintance, a chunky woman in her late 20's, who had left San Bernardino shortly before Bill Arthur's trial was supposed to begin. It took numerous phone calls to the woman's relatives and several visits to old friends before she agreed to talk to the detectives. The reason for all the secrecy was because, back in August, Glass had abducted the woman at gunpoint, beaten her repeatedly — and threatened to kill her if she talked.

"I just got the hell out of town," she told Rose. "The guy would have killed me for sure." She went on to say that she had been with Glass one night — a month after the murder — when they drove to the Silver Spur and found the place swarming with police. "We circled the block a couple of times and waited for the police to leave," she said. "Mark went into the bar and asked somebody what the cops wanted and a barman said it was about a guy who was found murdered." And when she asked Mark if he'd killed the corporal, he told her that he had. "He just said he shot the guy — and that was that."

Jill Ortiz was the third link in the chain. Bill Arthur's former girl friend (and later wife) had dropped out of sight because her life was being threatened. Detectives now learned, however, that she'd returned to San Bernardino. After numerous calls to the woman's relatives, they eventually made telephone contact with Jill.

At first, she didn't want to talk to the lawmen. The reason was obvious. Jill, having returned to San Bernardino, was living in an East Highland apartment when she heard a rumour that a contract had been put out on her life. "So I called up Mark Glass and asked if that was true," she said. "I figured he would know about such things."

Glass, according to her story, did. In fact, he'd picked up the contract himself. "He said it was an open contract — and that he could carry it out any time he wanted."

JILL HAD decided that it was time to leave town again. She still didn't want to testify. But Rose was persistent and eventually convinced her to come forward and tell what she knew. A meeting was arranged for March 29th, in the car park of a San Bernardino restaurant. But she never showed up. When Rose contacted her relatives, he was told that she'd hitched a ride on a truck heading for the East Coast.

A week later, however, Jill was back in town. She told the detectives that two of Glass's friends had been to the bar she worked at and told her that her life wasn't worth a plugged nickel if she helped the cops. Deciding that her life was worth considerably more than that, she'd left yet again, only to return to San Bernardino a few days later. Once more, she promised to tell everything at a preliminary hearing. Her performance was videotaped this time, just in case she decided to take another trip.

"I don't want it hanging over her that she snitched on me. So if I snitch, too, that will make us even..."

The detectives had compiled a considerable amount of evidence in the Gleason murder case, but they weren't quite finished. On June 24th, they flew to San Quentin prison to talk to Bill Arthur. "I had been in contact with him a couple of times, but I didn't know if he would talk about the murder," Rose admitted.

On the surface, the chances seemed slim. Previous efforts to convince Arthur to testify had failed. And to compound the problem, the DA had decided not to make any deals with him. The only thing the DA was willing to offer was a letter of recommendation which would be included in Arthur's file and might get his sentence reduced when parole came up.

"Our proposition was that, if you want to listen to what we have to say — great! If not, we'll leave," Rose recalled. Not much for opening lines in San Quentin. But, to the surprise of both Rose and Bengé, it worked.

Arthur said he was angry at his former buddy for threatening his wife — and he was now prepared to testify as a state witness, even though there was no promise of a reduced sentence and it could give him a "snitch-jacket" in prison.

Why the sudden turnaround? For the oldest reason of all — love. For although Jill had ratted on him and was directly responsible for his current

prison sentence, Arthur admitted that he still loved her.

"After eight to 10 years down the road, I am going to get out of here and I am going to want to get back with her," he said. "And I don't want it hanging over her that she snitched on me. So, if I snitch, that makes us even — and I can't ever use it against her."

Twisted logic, perhaps. But enough to have Arthur testify against his former pal Mark Glass.

IN NOVEMBER, 1981, Arthur told a San Bernardino jury the whole story. "We picked this guy up because we thought he had a lot of money," he testified. He added that they drove Jill and her girl friend home, then took John Gleason to a field outside of town.

The witness told how Glass took Arthur's sawn-off shotgun from between the bucket seats, pointed it at the corporal and demanded his money. "The guy said he had only eight or nine bucks," Arthur said. "But Glass thought the marine was holding out and demanded that he hand him his pants."

Once they found an open field, Arthur said, he drove off the road and they all got out of the car. The witness said they argued about what to do with Gleason. "Mark said, 'O.K., I'll take care of it.' And he walked the kid out to the middle of the field." Arthur said he waited by the car, then heard a single blast from the shotgun. A few moments later, Glass walked back to the car and they drove back to town.

Testifying on his own behalf, Mark Glass claimed that, after dropping off the girls, Arthur took Gleason out to buy some marijuana, while he (Glass) stayed at a friend's house. The defendant claimed that Arthur returned about an hour later — and alone.

Glass's self-serving story fooled no one and, on October 8th, the jury had no trouble in finding him guilty of murdering and robbing John Gleason.

On November 13th, 1981, Judge Patrick J. Morris sentenced Glass to a prison term of 35 years to life, saying that he was one killer who could truly be described as an "animal."

"You should be warehoused away from society for as long as possible, Mr. Glass," the judge said. "And it's my intent in sentencing to do just that."

Mark Glass is currently serving his sentence in the California prison system.

—EDITOR'S NOTE:—

The names Bill Arthur, Al Coutrant, Bill Caputo and Jill Ortiz are fictitious and were used because there is no reason for public interest in the identities of these persons.

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HIS VICTIM'S FLESH WOULD NOT BURN!

• continued from page 40

session, he asked Deputy Sheriff Joseph Hicks if he could use the restroom. The 58-year-old deputy allowed the prisoner's request.

When Schoolcraft emerged from the restroom, a minute or so later, he was carrying a paper cup. As Hicks prepared to handcuff him, Schoolcraft suddenly threw the contents of the paper cup in the deputy's face. Temporarily blinded by the contents of the cup, later identified as cleaning fluid, Hicks attempted to grapple with Schoolcraft. But with the caustic chemical fluid burning his face and eyes, Hicks was no match for Schoolcraft's onslaught.

Schoolcraft wrestled the elderly deputy to the floor. As the men tussled, Schoolcraft fought for Hicks's gun. In the struggle for possession, the gun fired four times. Two of the bullets grazed the deputy's leg and hand. Only seconds later, Schoolcraft broke free and fled the building.

Eight hours elapsed before Schoolcraft was recaptured as he hid in the darkness between two buildings in the downtown area. Following an inquiry, the authorities learned that Schoolcraft had smuggled the cleaning fluid from his jail cell, concealing it in a roll-on deodorant container. Hicks was hospitalised and it was a full two months before he was able to return to duty.

His vain escape attempt put a deputy on the sick list for some two months!

On October 16th, 1981, Schoolcraft pleaded guilty to charges stemming from his escape attempt. And, a few weeks later — on November 26th — Schoolcraft, who had waived a jury trial, was found guilty of aggravated murder and five other felonies by Judge Max K. Chilcote.

Sentencing took place on December 7th, 1981, at which time Judge Chilcote sentenced Schoolcraft to life imprison-

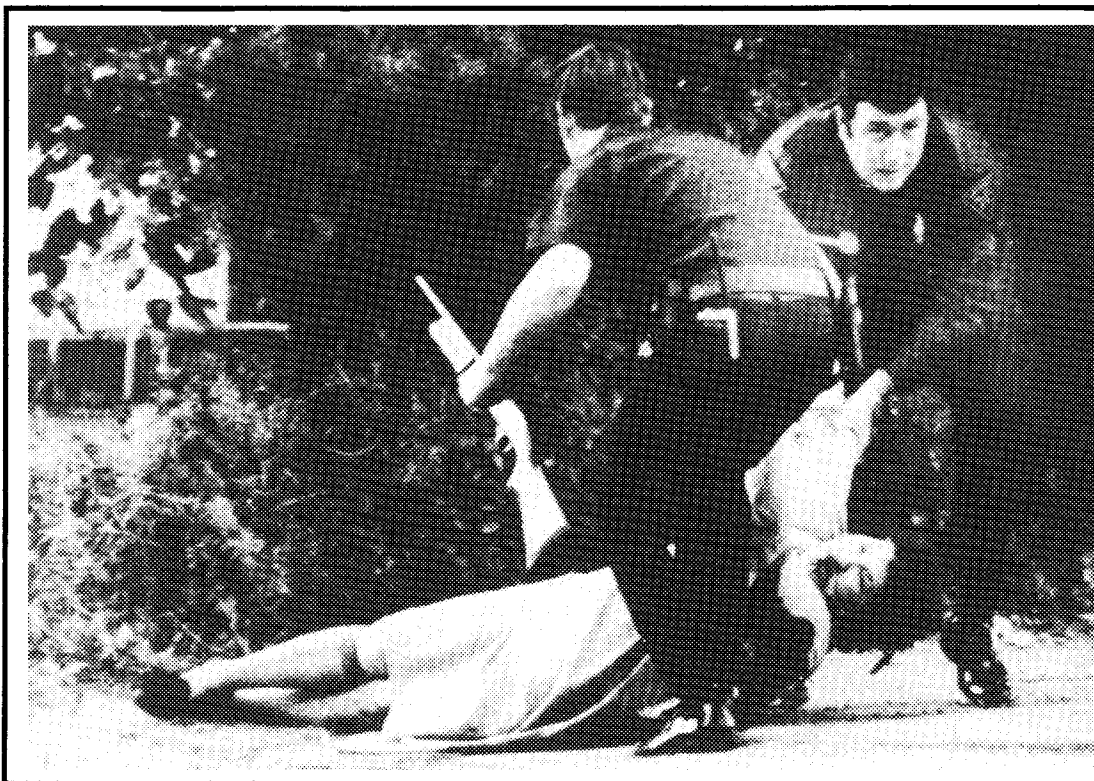
ment for the murder of 17-year-old Lori June Grumbling. Judge Chilcote also sentenced Schoolcraft to serve consecutive prison terms of seven to 25 years for the attempted murder of Deputy Hicks, five to 15 years for felonious assault, three to 10 years for arson, two to five years for escape and two to five years for having a weapon under disability.

Schoolcraft can appeal against the aggravated murder conviction if he so desires. But he cannot appeal the sentences for the five charges to which he pleaded guilty.

According to Prosecutor John W. Allen, the convicted Gary Schoolcraft would not be eligible for parole for at least 20 years. Justice, perhaps? However, 17-year-old Lori June Grumbling will never be paroled from her imprisonment. Enclosed in her casket, the sentence is for ever.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

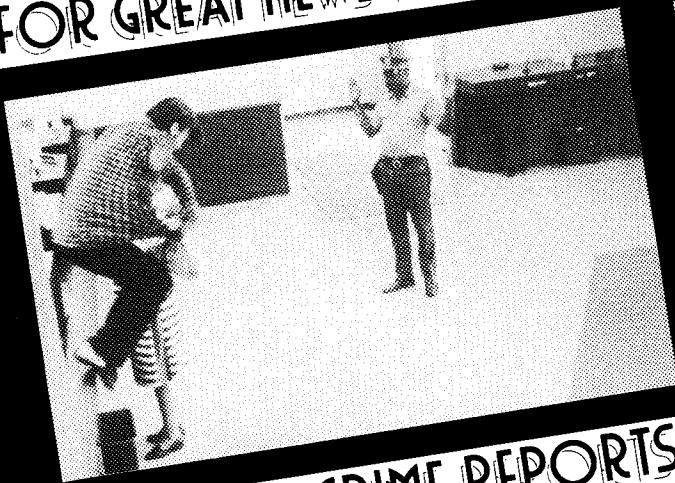
The names Joseph Davies, Nancy McBride and Marge Rawlings are fictitious and were used because there is no reason for public interest in their real identities.



TD CRIME PHOTO

PULLED CLEAR. Huntington, West Virginia, police pull Katherine Walker, 69, from the line of fire after she was shot and wounded in her own garden. Neighbours called the police after hearing shots. Her grandson held cops at bay for about an hour before he took his own life

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