

TRUE DETECTIVE

December
1981
60p

ALL TRUE
CRIME - NO FICTION

**GLASGOW
MURDER**

Witnesses tell court of...

**THE STRANGE
WILLIAM**

**WORLD of
VINCENT**



**The
Homo
Who Became
A Police Snout**

See Page 2

**ONE WOMAN
IS DEAD,
LET'S KILL
THE OTHER!**



THE WORLD'S TOP TRUE CRIME MAGAZINE

TRUE DETECTIVE

DECEMBER 1981

THE HOMO WHO BECAME A POLICE SNOOT	Leonard Gribble	2
CASE OF THE HEADLESS CORPSE	Bruce Gibney	10
DRAGNET FOR A KNIFE FREAK	Terry Ecker	15
WHY DETECTIVES NEVER GIVE UP	Lee Gary	22
ONE WOMAN IS DEAD, LET'S KILL THE OTHER	Charles Walker	26
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR		28
SURVIVED THE NAZIS, MURDERED IN MARYLAND	Bruce Stockdale	34
'HIT HER AGAIN, MAKE SURE SHE'S DEAD!'	Sam Roen	40
WAS HER DEATH VENGEANCE FROM THE VACANT HOUSE?	Gail Benjamin	47

Cover and magazine design by Stuart Banner

The "supergrass" is frequently in the news these days. Should there be any of our readers who are still not quite sure what the term means, perhaps a brief explanation might be in order. We hope the rest of you will bear with us for a moment.

He is generally a member or an ex-member of a criminal gang, with a wide knowledge of what is going on in the underworld, who volunteers for whatever reason to supply the police with information that will put many of his cohorts out of circulation for a very long time. In return for this assistance, without which many detectives concede they would be powerless to make any charges stick, the supergrass may not only be granted immunity from prosecution, but also be provided with a new identity and address, plus police protection for themselves and their families. They are, needless to add, not very popular with the gangsters they are busily shopping. Moreover, most of them will, despite the most elaborate precautions, live in fear of retribution for the rest of their natural lives.

The subject of our first story certainly didn't die a natural death—and there were undoubtedly quite a few Glasgow crooks who weren't sorry to hear the news of it. Strangely enough, though, the murder of William Vincent had nothing at all to do with his activities as a "grass," as you can read in Leonard Gribble's fascinating account.

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 73p (Overseas 90p) post free, available from the General Office. Annual subscription £8.70 (Overseas £10.55), 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.

© The Illustrated Publications Co. Ltd.

'... The young man with empty pockets and stomach would invariably give in to the subtle importuning of an older man with a well lined wallet...'

WILLIAM VINCENT liked having more than one string to his bow. He had a trade which brought in a reasonable return in days when car repairs were still low price. He was kept pretty busy in his small garage, where he resprayed damaged vehicles and repaired a constant flow of buckled wings and dented side panels.

He also had another occupation, for he was a paid police informer. It was something he really enjoyed with genuine relish, having always been fascinated by subterfuge and intrigue. And he would go out of his way to collect some useful and accurate information for more than one Glasgow detective.

And there was yet a third side to William Vincent's strange and uneven life. He was a known homosexual.

One Glasgow police officer would recall: "There was one thing to be said for Vince. He was a slimy bastard you didn't have to like — and I know there were some who wouldn't give him the time of day. Yet the fact remains, he was a good 'snout.' You could rely on what he turned in to be worth listening to. You couldn't expect such a character to be likeable. But all the time I knew him, he never crooked me."

And William Vincent, being on hobnobbing terms with a number of ill-assorted characters in the Glasgow underworld, was particularly adept at getting close to thieves he could rely on for the right sort of

Father of a suicide boy killer says...

THIS MAN MURDERED MY SON

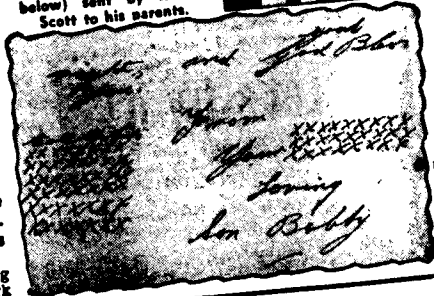


ROBERT SCOTT
He loved his family

THE BROKEN-HEARTED FATHER OF 22-YEAR-OLD KILLER ROBERT SCOTT, WHO HANGED HIMSELF YESTERDAY IN PERTH PRISON, SAID LAST NIGHT:
"William Vincent murdered my boy... that loathsome creature and the other corrupters who surrounded him. "They are the men responsible for his death..."



- WILLIAM VINCENT (above) . . . the car salesman who was found murdered in the boot of his abandoned car.
- WILLIAM SCOTT (right) . . . father of Robert Scott who committed suicide yesterday while serving a life sentence for the murder of William Vincent.
- "GOOD-NIGHT and God bless you," says the last letter (extract below) sent by Robert Scott to his parents.



Famous for Knitwear!

- *** SMARTLY-CUT JERSEY WOOL SHIRTS £5.10.6 to £10.10.0
- *** F.F. CASHMERE TWIN SETS. By LYLE & SCOTT £9.19.0
- *** F.F. CASHMERE CARDIGANS. Navich Make £5. 5.0
- *** F.F. LAMB'S WOOL CARDIGANS. By DEANDRAE £3.17.6
- *** F.F. LAMB'S WOOL JUMPERS. By DEANDRAE £2.19.0
- *** F.F. BOTANY WOOL TWIN SETS. By PETER SCOTT ... £4. 7.6
- *** F.F. BOTANY WOOL LUNDERS. By PETER SCOTT £3. 5.0
- *** F.F. BOTANY WOOL TWIN SETS. All colours £2.19.0
- *** F.F. KINTYRE FISHERMENT SHORTIE CARDIGANS £3.19.0
- *** KINTYRE FISHERMENT JACKETS, with collars £4.15.0
- *** CONTINENTAL WOOL JUMPERS & JACKETS from ... 45/- & 57/6
- *** BRUSHED WOOL JUMPERS. Long Sleeves. Portrait Collars 42/-

Watts brothers
This wonderful collection of SMART KNITWEAR is available in the widest variety of styles & colours
27 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW

Scott was serving a life sentence for killing car dealer William Vincent in a flat in Park Terrace Lane, Glasgow, last year. It was said at the trial that Vincent was a homosexual. Yesterday Scott's father, William Scott, 47, left his home at 171 Forge Street, Glasgow, to go to Perth Prison. There he identified his son's body and talked with the Governor about the boy's death. Then he told this story . . .

By WILLIAM SCOTT (As told to Phil Mackie)

My son was a fine boy until he met the evil man who corrupted him and led him to murder. They killed him just as if they had pitched a knife into his back. They killed his soul and then his body. The Governor told me how my boy died. He was a trusted prisoner—a model prisoner—in the prison workshop. The man in charge was away only for a few seconds. When he came back, they found young Bobby dead . . . hanged. Not once in any of his letters had he given a clue that he might do this. Not once had he seemed upset or unhappy. We—my wife and I—last saw him a month ago and he was happy then. Or so it seemed.



Mr. SCOTT

His hope
He was buoyed up with the hope that he would get out of prison in 18 months. After he had served three years, and he was certain that his sentence would be reviewed because of the background of the murder. He talked and always and—mother and myself and—especially—his twin sisters, Anne and Louise. Always when he wrote to us, he would add a postscript, with lots of kisses "just for the kids." The Governor told me my boy always had a smile for everyone in the prison, and was well liked by everyone. He went to church every

KISSES FOR THE KIDS

Continued on back Page

Police warn this meat is killer

ONE word—ANTHRAX— struck fear into the hearts of millions last night. The cause of the fear was a warning, broadcast by the B.B.C., that meat from Keith, Banffshire, which was sent to London, was believed to have been infected with anthrax. The meat believed to have been infected was meant for peta, and NOT for human consumption. But anthrax is a killer. Humans can be affected merely by touching the contaminated meat.

Stock died
Scotland Yard warned that anyone who had bought meat from a shop in the Notting Hill area should consult a doctor and tell the police IMMEDIATELY. Later it was learned that some of the meat had been sent to the R.S.P.C.A.'s depots and to pet shops in north London. The discovery of the killer disease was made yesterday when eleven mink died mysteriously at a farm at Newmill, Keith. Police and Ministry of Agriculture

Experts were called, and it was found that the animals had died after eating liver from a beast killed locally.

Five hours
Anthrax was suspected and later confirmed. The mink farmer, Mr. James McCurrach, and his family were immediately inoculated against the disease. "Every-thing that came in contact with the dead animals has been burned."

All the meat sent out in Keith within the past two days was collected within a few hours. But the meat sent South went LAST FRIDAY.

Rowdy 'Guy' night
London Fire Brigade answered 454 calls to Guy Fawkes night bonfires in the areas of Cannon Street, Bow Street, and London West End where there were boisterous scenes. 152 arrests were made.

... This headline ended the tragic case. But it began with a chance meeting between a lad interested in cars — and a police informer interested in young men . . .

Leonard Gribble recalls this Scottish murder case

FOOTBALL IS BACK!

 **SPORTS & HORSE REPORT**

NFL Betting Success **2022**

*From Someone Who Selected
Over 60% Winners In 2021*



JHK

Why not get your information from someone who went a documented 63.3% in BetOnline's MEGA CONTEST in 2021?

With NFL BETTING SUCCESS 2022 you'll read exactly how he did it.

No sitting around for hours compiling stats, or taking advice from television personalities who haven't a clue.

Easy to follow situations that win, win, and win again!

Best of all it's 100% FREE - that's right, just sign up and NFL Betting Success 2022 will arrive in your inbox within minutes.

CLICK HERE

THE STRANGE WORLD of WILLIAM VINCENT ▶

information regarding a robbery still in the planning stage, or some other crime.

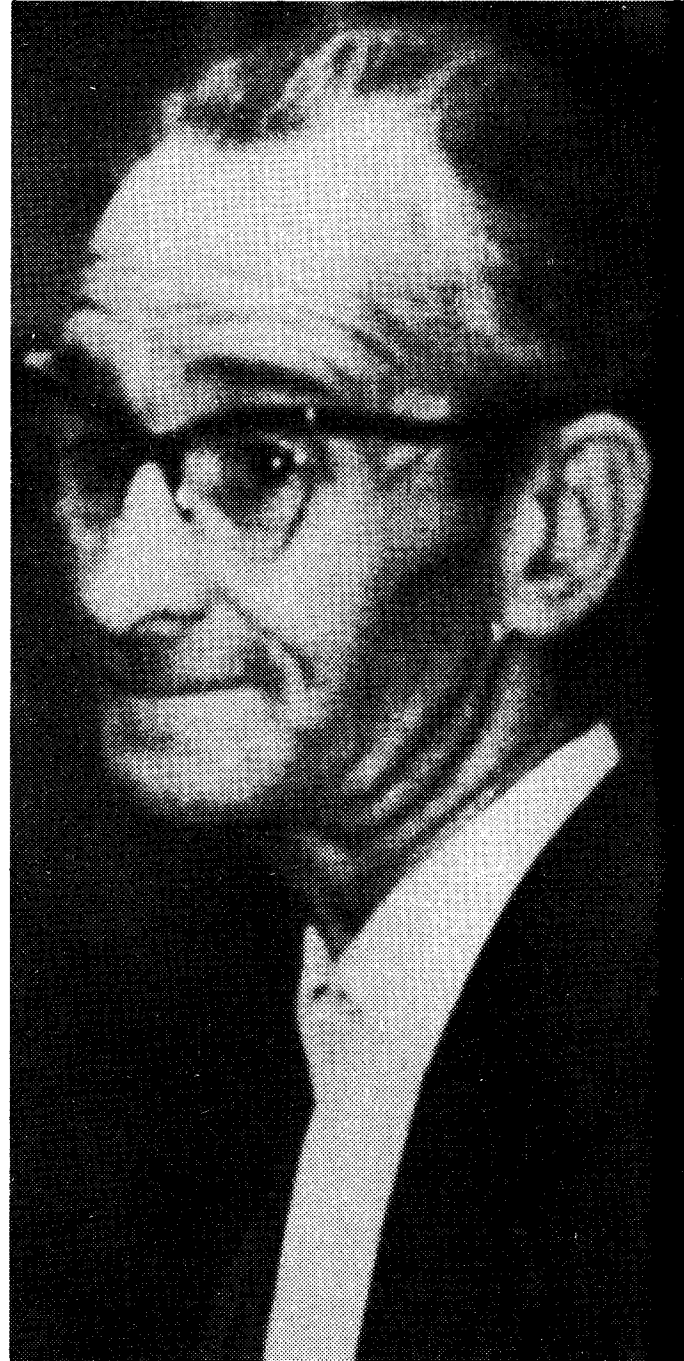
As he prowled the backstreets in the course of his work as a police informer, he was also constantly on the lookout for any out-of-work young men. When he came upon one who excited his interest, he would soon make his acquaintance. Money did the rest. The young man with empty pockets and stomach would invariably surrender to the subtle importuning of an older man with a well-lined wallet. Some of these younger companions would last for as many as five or six homosexual experiences with him. But then he would tire of them and go in search of fresh faces — and new bodies.

However, on one occasion at least, he came across a man who was violently repelled by him. It was a new experience for him — and one that was especially remembered by the Glasgow police, for it demonstrated how wrong William Vincent could be in his choice of pick-up.

At the time, he was in his own flat, where it is possible that the stranger was playing him for a sucker, luring him on. Then came a sudden change in the atmosphere, as though an electric current had been shorted. The stranger's face became ugly — and Vincent soon realised that he couldn't simply walk away from this confrontation.

"Now just a minute . . ." he started to protest. But he suddenly found himself overwhelmed by flying fists. He went down in a bruised heap on the floor. His head was spinning.

A flood of obscenities poured from the stranger's mouth. He was much



"He was a slimy bastard you didn't have to like . . . Yet the fact remains, he was a good snout"

the stronger man — and he had obviously come prepared for violence. For he swiftly produced a length of stout cord and proceeded to tie up the hapless car-sprayer like a trussed chicken. As he made certain that Vincent's ankles and wrists were tightly secured, he mouthed a further stream of oaths.

"You won't get away with it!" screeched Vincent. "I've got friends..." But these heated threats ended abruptly when he received another smack in the mouth that made him taste blood.

He lay back helpless and silent, while the other went through his pockets and removed all the cash he could find. Then he plundered his way through the small flat, snatching up anything of value. After some time, he returned to the tied-up man lying on the floor.

"And here's something else to remember me by!" he said savagely as he kicked Vincent hard in the stomach. The kick made Vincent retch as a quick taste of bile filled his mouth. Then he screamed in a high falsetto.

THE FRONT door slammed behind him as he lay sick and helpless, gasping hurtfully for breath. It seemed hours before he managed to wriggle loose from his bonds and get word to the police about what had happened. The officers who responded stared at the length of tough cord and the bruises on William Vincent's face. One of them told him that he was lucky, adding: "You might have picked on a lad who really hates homos. He'd have probably carved you into pieces and left you swimming in a pool of blood. Yes, my lad, you were very lucky."

"Lucky! You call this being lucky?" grimaced Vincent bitterly. "If I ever find the bastard, I'll do some carving myself. He was a thief. He robbed me of every penny I had."

The police officer nodded soberly "And the same thing could well happen again," he assured the angry and smarting Vincent, "unless you choose your casual pick-ups more carefully. Believe me, there are plenty of tough types in this town who hate homos enough to do murder. Think about that!"

They left a sore and rueful Vincent listing his losses as they departed to start inquiries about a stranger who carried a piece of cord. But they knew any such quest was hopeless. The description Vincent had supplied them was that of one unknown face in a crowd. Moreover, the man invited into Vincent's flat had been

smart enough to give himself a false name. The police were left without any worthwhile clue, so the incident was soon forgotten.

Vincent's bruises faded and, within a short while, he was again haunting the backstreets of Glasgow on the lookout for good-looking young males, ready to invite them in for a drink and a sociable chat that might hopefully lead to other indulgences. Even after that recent grim and sobering experience, he was a man unable to change his way of life any more than a leopard could change its spots.

It wasn't long before he encountered a smiling teenager who had the bloom of youth and a well-formed body. The body and the easy-

designing way, buying a round of drinks, then another, as he gradually began cultivating the other's friendship. They met several times after that, with Vincent putting the youth in the way of a number of jobs, for which Robert Scott was grateful.

The time came when Scott introduced Vincent to his parents, to whom Vincent put himself out to be agreeable. They remained in ignorance of the older man's shady reputation. For a time, it was all quite chummy. The Scotts, for their part, were happy to know that their son had found a friend who might be a stabilising influence that would help overcome his bouts of violence, especially when Vincent announced grandly: "I've got a scheme for one

He went down in a bruised heap. His head was spinning.

This stranger had obviously come prepared for violence, for he was tying his victim up like a trussed chicken

going laugh that went with it belonged to young Robert Scott, an extrovert youngster with a streak of violence in his make-up. He was 17, though he looked older — and had already been in the hands of the police following an assault on two uniformed officers. Allied to this violent streak was an abounding interest in all things pertaining to cars.

And it was because of young Scott's interest in motors and mechanical gadgets that he came to make William Vincent's acquaintance at a Glasgow car auction. The sale over, the two remained chatting. Vincent was at once attracted to the other's firm youthful body. Peering at Scott through his narrowed eyes, he felt as though he had found someone he had been looking for, but never thought to find.

The oddly-assorted pair chatted on about cars and found that they had much in common, as Vincent was soon subtly pointing out. Young Scott's bubbling enthusiasm spilled over, with the older man, in his usual

day making Robert a partner in my business."

Of course, that was so much flannel. and, curiously, their son underwent marked bouts of apathy and listlessness, when usually he would be bubbling over with animation and enthusiasm. Yet before the anxious parents could discover the cause of this, the youth was served his papers to report for National Service. It was as though a weight had been lifted from his shoulders, for he became a different person as he looked forward to life in the army, with new faces and fresh friends of his own age.

He took to army life like a duck to a flowing stream. And although William Vincent on several occasions offered to purchase his release from military service, Scott stood out against any such proposals and continued serving his time in the army. He was eventually demobbed, like thousands of others, through the regulation channels. But the day he became a civilian again, he found William Vincent ready to greet him.



The Strand bar — frequented by Vincent

"Welcome back," he said warmly, holding on to Scott's arm like some personal possession.

Scott, however, wasn't at all pleased to see him, possibly because in the past the two had shared too many intimacies never visualised by Scott's parents. But they soon noted their son's swift reversal to his former troubled look, accompanied by long spells of silence. It was as though he had never been away during his months of military service.

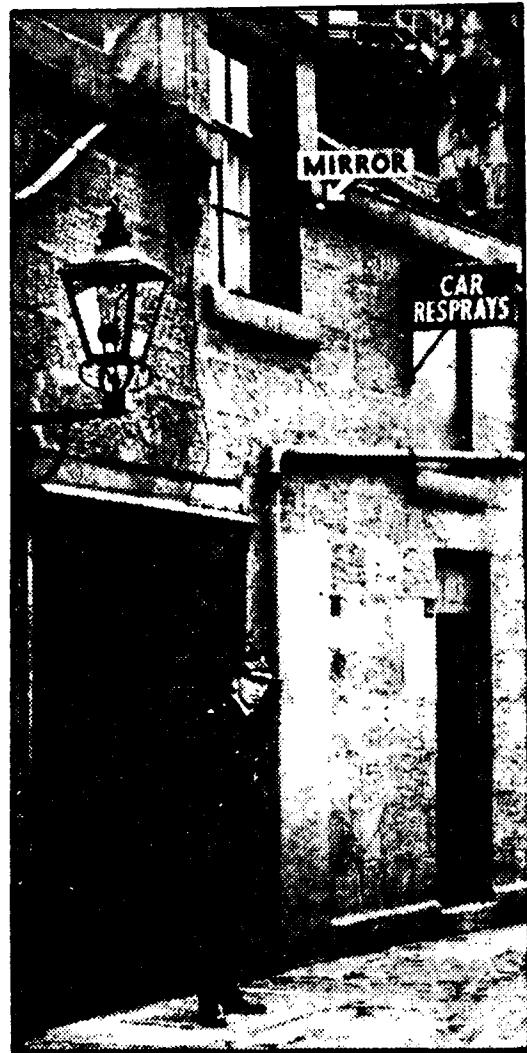
Fatal return to Civvy Street

For William Vincent had no intention of giving up his interrupted relationship with Robert Scott. He took to writing Scott fulsome letters, which the youth ignored. The letters, however, continued to arrive. And Scott, by now becoming silently desperate, was seeking a final way out. He wanted to break with Vincent and his homo ways once and for all.

After some days of considering what to do, he decided on the spur of the moment to phone Vincent. At a late hour on a Saturday night, the phone in Vincent's flat rang. But as soon as Vincent heard the heated words about breaking with him, he put down the receiver, refusing to listen.

Robert Scott, though, had brought himself to the sticking point. He rushed round to Vincent's flat and, when Vincent opened the door, he dashed in and shut it behind him. What happened in the next few minutes are told in Scott's own words.

"VINCENT TRIED TO EMBRACE ME," HE SAID. "I TRIED TO PUSH HIM AWAY. I PUT MY HAND OVER HIS THROAT AND



● The mews flat in Park Terrace Lane, Glasgow, where Vincent lived. He could see in the mirror any callers at the door below.

Body in boot

Continued from Page 1

ing with his employer, McDermott replied—"He was a very nice man."

Glasgow, told the court that on April 12 — the day before



Vincent was found dead—he met Vincent in the Strand Bar, Hope Street.

They arranged to meet the following day and go to Balloch by car.

But on the Sunday when he telephoned to Vincent's flat there was no reply. [redacted] said that he drove up and was met by a police constable at the door.

Cross-examined, [redacted] said that he did not know of Vincent's strange life. I have only heard rumours," he said.

The discovery

Earlier, police witnesses from Cumberland, told of the discovery of Vincent's body.

Burly police sergeant JOHN WILSON, of Gretna, said he received a phone call at 5.20 a.m. on Sunday, April 13.

A man's voice said: "I've done

LC D

THERE wer
husband
carried on he
yesterday.

BY NIG
Patrick was h
And in th
yesterday, Mr
said:

"This pro
was in no way
husband th
adultery was

LIVE!

"When h
mitted adulte
was violent.

"She did
did it to his f

"She did
she did it whe



Robert Scott

"I squeezed — he dropped to the floor"

AN EVIL MAN TURNED BOY TO KILLER

DAILY RECORD, Wednesday, July 9, 1958, Page 9

By DAVID EPPEL

ROBERT SCOTT, 21, was found guilty at Glasgow High Court yesterday of murdering 50-year-old car dealer William Vincent.

Passing sentence, Lord Russell said: "The only sentence I am entitled to pass is one of life imprisonment."

Earlier Lord Russell described the murder as "the killing of a worthless man."

In his summing up, he told the jury: "This is not a court of morals, but a court of law."

After a 32-minute absence the jury returned a majority verdict of murder.

As ex-soldier Scott went to the cells below his father wept.



ROBERT SCOTT
He got up Vincent's letters

Death ended friendship

ROBERT SCOTT made the fatal visit to Vincent's flat in Park Terrace Lane, Glasgow, on the evening of April 12, 1958.

At that time, in another part of the city, William Scott and his wife Elizabeth were having a little anniversary celebration — a few drinks, then a quiet dinner.

the boy would see his parents.

In Glasgow High Court yesterday Lord Russell sent Robert Scott to prison for life.

Now read the story of four years in that boy's life. Four tragic years that ended in the death of William Vincent.

Some say it was inevitable that he should die a violent death.

bitterly to his father and said: "Never let him know you're poor . . . he'll hate you for it."

When Vincent paid the odd Sunday afternoon visit to the Scott home, they prepared a fine tea in their best china and, as Mrs. Scott told me, "put on a real act for his benefit."

The power William Vincent held over the boy Scott matured as the lad grew

him. Vincent was good enough to let us speak. "I hated him for the fatherly attitude he adopted towards MY SON."

The Scotts saw little of Vincent in the final months of their son's life. Then after his discharge they saw him with an expensive gold cigarette case.

To Bob . . .

It was inscribed "To Bob Scott" — a present from William Vincent.

But around Christmas last year, tension grew between Scott and Vincent.

SQUEEZED — AND HE DROPPED TO THE FLOOR."

In his agitation, he had squeezed too hard. With shocked eyes, he saw through blurred vision the slight form of William Vincent lying in a crumpled heap, without motion or sign of life. The car-spraying police informer was dead.

LATER THAT weekend, some of Vincent's neighbours heard his noisy sports car being driven away. But the man crouched over the wheel was young Robert Scott, hurrying south towards England and a region he knew from his army days. In the sports car's boot lay the body of William Vincent, an ungainly huddle of cooling flesh and bones.

Day was about to break as he reached the village of Longtown, in Cumbria, where Scott had been stationed while doing his National Service. There was an area of marshland nearby, he knew — and he'd already decided to dump the dead body there. In his panicky flight, however, several things went awry.

For one thing, he found that he had to reverse up a steep track lined with trees. In doing so, he skidded badly and drove one rear wheel into ooze up to its axle, where it remained firmly bogged down in the mire. Although he tried hard to shift the

sports car, he failed every time he revved up the engine.

Eventually, turning off the ignition, he climbed out and started walking to the military camp. When he reached it, he found himself confronted by complete strangers, for none of his former army pals were on duty. And the junior NCO in charge of the guard-room that Sunday morning was unable to offer any assistance, because he couldn't leave his post.

It was bad news for Robert Scott, who now felt isolated in his cocoon of despair, unable to think what next to do. The man in the guard-room saw him turn away in defeat and begin to walk back to the sports car axle-deep in mud. After briefly surveying the stuck vehicle, he continued on into Longtown itself, only stopping when he saw a telephone kiosk. Pulling open the door, he looked up the number of the Gretna police station. He fed coins into the box as the phone at the other

end was picked up and a crisp voice asked a trembling Robert Scott what he could do for him.

In a moment, the Gretna policeman heard an excited voice say: "I want to report that I've killed a man in Glasgow. The body is in the boot of his car. I'll wait in Longtown till you get here."

Before the surprised officer could say anything, the caller rang off. The policeman was in two minds about the call. It could be genuine, or it could be a hoax. There were plenty of the latter around Gretna, particularly when runaways bent on hasty marriage had found time to reflect.

The Gretna officer decided to check. He first phoned the police in Glasgow, informing them that a man had reported killing another and leaving the body in a sports car.

Robert Scott, a dejected picture of despair, waited in Longtown while police drove up and collected him. He gave no trouble. His violence of former days had vanished — and he

was sunk in a deep gloom. He led the officers to the sports car, where they removed the crammed-together body, beside which lay a pair of fur-lined slippers William Vincent had worn at home.

Back in Glasgow later that Sunday morning, news of the tragedy prostrated the Scott parents. A great deal of sympathy was felt for them by the public in Scotland, which only increased as the trial approached. It began on a day in July, 1958, before Lord Russell in the Glasgow High Court.

Court of law, not of morals...

On that summery day, Scott appeared in court wearing a light green sports coat and dark suede shoes. He looked unhappy as he hitched his jacket over his broad shoulders. He nervously tried to avoid the glances directed at him as he listened to the droning voices of prosecution and defence. But the words made small impact, for he knew the outcome was a foregone conclusion. He had strangled William Vincent — and words in mitigation could not change that fact. He would be found guilty. And the sentence he could look forward to was life imprisonment.

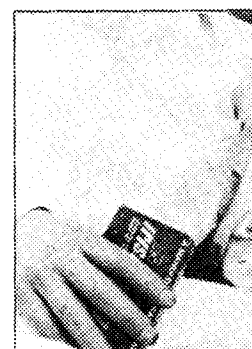
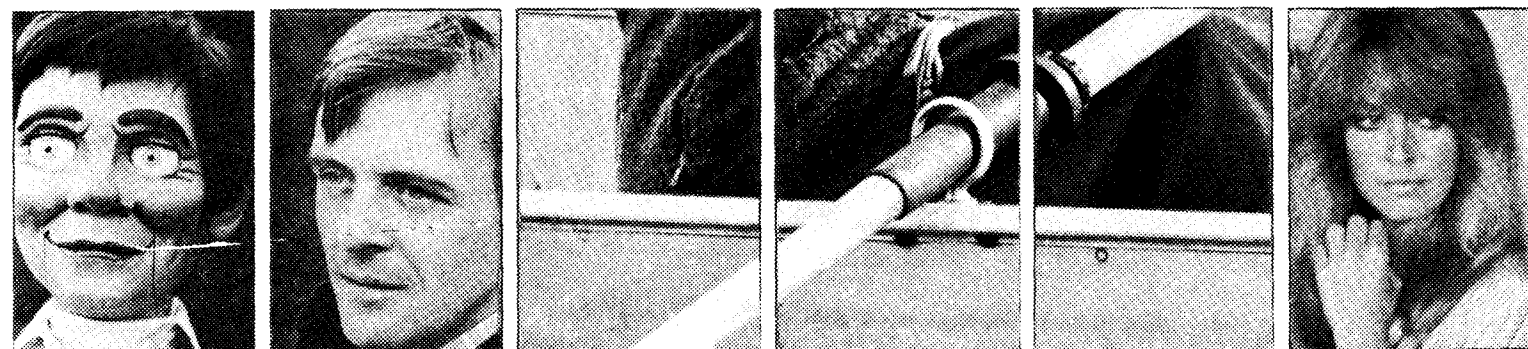
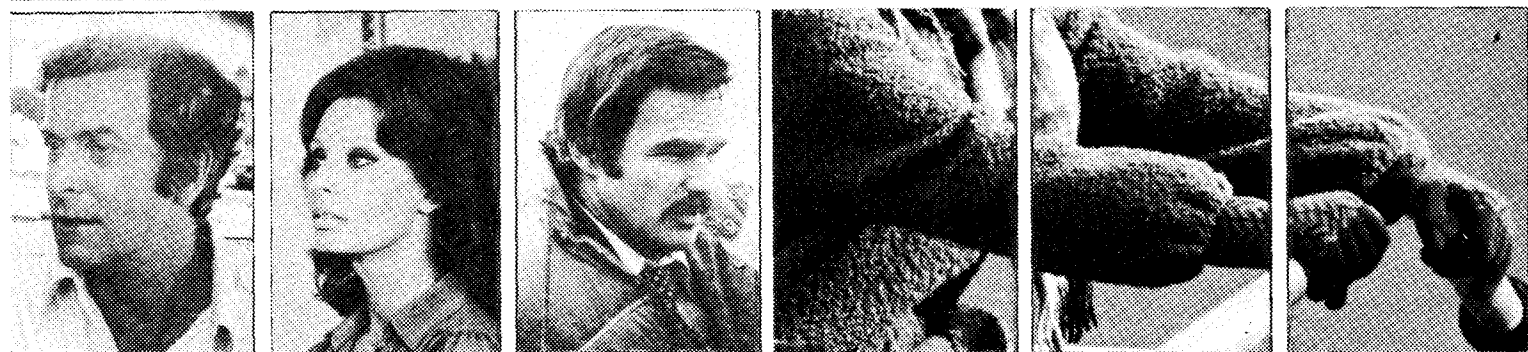
After the closing arguments by the opposing lawyers, Scott heard Lord Russell's careful summing-up, which referred in cool terms to William Vincent's death as "the killing of a worthless man." And that brought a swift intake of breath from the attentive listeners on the public benches. They had already sat through details about the dead man's mode of life, which was held up as immoral and unsavoury. Nevertheless, as the judge reminded his listeners, the High Court was not a court of morals, but a court of law. The jury then retired to consider the evidence. When they returned, the foreman's even voice announced that they had found the prisoner guilty.

So began Scott's life sentence starting with a term in Perth prison, where Scott was assigned to the workshop. He gave the warders there no trouble, but for more than a year he became obsessed with an idea. Gradually, it came to mean more to him than life itself. Then, on November 5th, 1959, while the warden supervising the workshop was briefly absent, Robert Scott hanged himself. His preparations had left the prison officer with no chance of saving him.

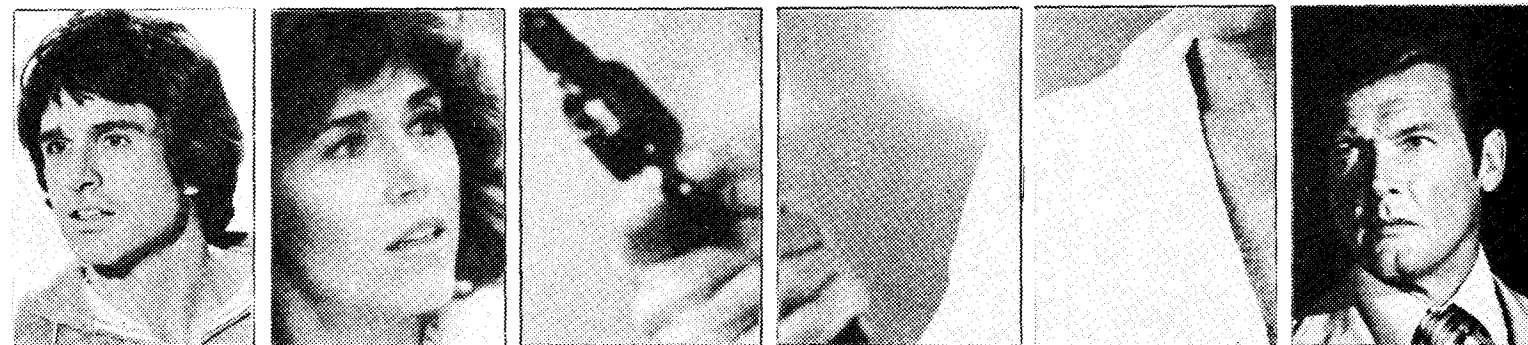
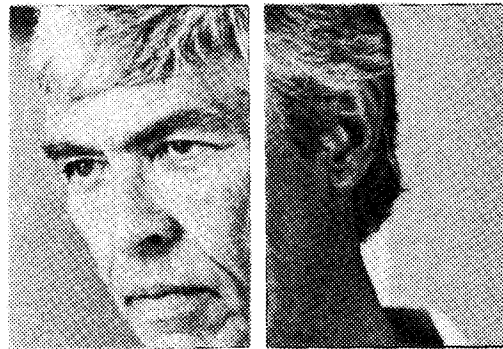


MEET THE STARS

and read about the new movies **EVERY MONTH**



photoplay
MOVIES & VIDEO
THE CINEMA & HOME SCREEN MONTHLY



CALIFORNIA CRIME HORROR

CASE OF THE

HEADLES

Evening classes were over . . . It was just a short drive home . . . Yet her next appearance was 50 miles away — nude, her head and hands chopped off

THOMAS RYAN stood outside the San Diego courtroom talking to reporters. There were quite a few of them — all standing around, killing time, waiting for the jury to bring in the verdict.

The long, frequently exasperating, trial was in the hands of the seven men and five women. It had begun in October, 1980, and carried through mid-January, with only a break for the Christmas holiday. In all, 150 pieces of evidence had been introduced and some 30-odd witnesses questioned. They were the usual mixed bag of people you find in any murder trial — pathologists, crime lab. experts, girl friends, family members, neighbours, cops. After three months, their faces had blended together into a composite witness — a faceless, sexless entity that sometimes told the truth, sometimes told what was thought to be the truth — and occasionally lied flat-out.

Defence Attorney Ryan looked back at the media. Cameramen stood ready. When the verdict was read, they would converge on his client, getting their shots, hoping to catch some reaction that would look good on the evening TV news. After they'd finished, the newspaper guys would have their turn.

"How do you feel?" they would ask. "What was the turning point? Have you any comment?"

The media was friendly now — they needed the quotes and pictures. It had not always been so. On September 8th, in particular, they had been a damned nuisance. During pretrial motions, Ryan's client had entered the courtroom wearing chains and handcuffs. Naturally, the media had wanted to know why.

"I asked the jail and the court to transport my client in restraints," Ryan had told them. "I will advise the court in private as to why I did so. But I do not

want to talk about it in this public session."

It took only a few calls to "sources" in the jail to find out what had happened. Ryan's client had gone berserk and tried to punch and kick his lawyer!

That was not the only ugly incident. On October 8th, Ryan's client had appeared in court wearing only a blue denim jail shirt, a pair of undershorts, a torn blanket tossed around his shoulders, one shoe and one rubber thong. The defendant had refused to get up for his court appearance and deputies finally had to drag him from the cell to make his appearance.

Incidents like these were good for a few laughs — for the media, anyway. The word spread around the courthouse that Ryan was representing a certified "nut." Even though the humour was good-natured, Ryan and co-Defence Attorney Vivian Camberg were not joining in the laughs.

They had been through a lot. Through the endless habeas corpus petitions, through the bizarre behaviour, the endless attacks on their distinguished careers — and through their client's threats to inmates and deputies that seemed designed to cancel out their best efforts to offer a defence that would keep their client from riding the A-train straight to the gas chamber . . .

ON THE evening of May 31st, 1979, Eleanore Buchanan, a pretty 24-year-old mother of two children, left her East San Diego, California, home and headed for her evening class. Eleanore and her husband were a hard-working young couple — and they hoped one day to buy a nice home for themselves and their two small children and live a better life.

S CORPSE!

After eating dinner, Eleanore kissed her husband goodbye and drove to the college, about eight miles from her apartment. Her husband was going to babysit until Eleanore returned at about 9.30 p.m.

Only Eleanore didn't return. Police, alerted to the situation, searched the college car park, but were unable to find the dark blue van she had driven to class. Classmates, contacted next morning by San Diego detectives, said that Eleanore had attended class and, the last time they saw her, she was heading back to her car to go home. She was reported to be in good spirits and had given no indication that anything was wrong.

Police had no idea where Eleanore Buchanan was until 1.30 p.m. that day, when a retired fireman pulled into the Pine Valley turnoff by Interstate Highway 8 to go target-shooting. Pine Valley is a residential community in the Laguna Mountains, about 50 miles due east of the Buchanan home. The shooting practice suddenly halted when, walking towards the cul-de-sac at the turnoff, the retired fireman found the partially-clad body of a woman lying in heavy brush.

It was a sight the sportsman would not soon forget. The victim's head and hands had been cut off.

DETEKTIVES FOUND few clues at the crime scene, apart from some fresh tyre-marks from the body leading onto the road. Because of the

directions they led in, detectives believed the tracks had been left by the vehicle that transported the woman's body. The tyre widths were 4½ inches and the wheelbase of the vehicle was approximately 53½ inches. The vehicle had travelled east on the Interstate, made the turnoff, then continued on in the same direction. The detectives, despite an extensive search, did not find the victim's clothing — or her missing hands and head. Because there was not a great deal of blood at the scene, investigators believed the victim had been murdered somewhere else, with her body then being deposited at the turnoff.

After the crime scene was measured and photographed, the detectives searched through missing person reports and found one for Eleanore Buchanan. It had just crossed the telex earlier that morning. The husband was notified that his wife might have been found and that it was necessary for him to come to the county morgue. Positive identification was made by the widower, who identified two moles on the woman's neck and a scar on one knee.

Cause of death was not immediately apparent, because of the decapitation. Dr. Francis Luibel's post-mortem did rule out heart disease, cancer, or other natural causes of death. He also determined, from studying tissue samples, that the removal of the head and hands had come after death.

"The head was severed with a combination of a knife and a saw," he said. "The right wrist was sawn through and

Bruce Gibney reports a tough murder puzzle for TD

ANOTHER TD EXCLUSIVE

the left dissected with a knife." His examination of the partially-digested matter inside the stomach suggested that the victim had been murdered no more than three hours after her evening meal.

"But I base this on the approximate time the stomach stopped digesting," he said, adding that the same results would have shown up if the woman had been knocked unconscious, then murdered hours later.

Detectives had no motive for the grisly crime. Although the victim's body was found only partially clad, the medical examination revealed no physical evidence that the woman had been raped, or had engaged in sexual relations.

Trapped by a dead woman's credit card

The only other motive appeared to be robbery. But the killer would have gained little, since Mrs. Buchanan wore little jewellery and carried hardly any cash. She did have credit cards, though. And the van used by her husband in his dental supply business had yet to be recovered. Credit card companies were advised of the missing cards and told to contact police immediately if they were being used. An alert advising law enforcement agencies that the Dodge van and any occupants were wanted in connection with a San Diego homicide was placed on the wires.

An answer to the alert came sooner than expected. On June 9th, San Diego detectives received a phone call from the sheriff's office in Marietta, Oklahoma, about 120 miles south of Oklahoma City. Detective Marvin Wade quickly explained the events leading to the arrest of the van's driver, Bernard Hamilton.

"Around noon, Mr. Hamilton ordered a meal at a local restaurant and tried to pay for it with a credit card made out to Eleanore Buchanan."

When questioned about the card, Hamilton said it belonged to his girl friend, who had given him permission to use it. The waitress didn't buy the story and called in a credit check on the card. A few minutes later, the answer came back that the card was stolen.

Hamilton, evidently deciding not to hang around, had made a fast exit through the front door out to the car park. The waitress followed him and copied down the licence number of a dark blue van which squealed away in a hurry. She phoned the police about the incident.

As a result, the van was pulled over a few minutes later by Oklahoma Highway Troopers Bob Peery and Leon Brown. Asked where he got the van, the

driver replied: "It belongs to a friend of my sister in Oklahoma City."

That, of course, was a lie. The van had California licence plates and was registered to Terry Buchanan. Hamilton was arrested at the scene and taken to the county lockup to cool his heels. Meanwhile, San Diego investigators were contacted.

On Saturday morning, Hamilton was escorted from his cell to a small interrogation room, where he was introduced to Detectives Joe Cellucci and Norman Crawford, from San Diego.

When the two investigators asked the muscular, thick-set suspect where he'd obtained the van, he said that it had been given to him to use by a woman named "Fran."

Fran, a married woman, had been seeing, on the sly, a friend of his named "Spider." Hamilton told the officers: "I was walking home and saw Spider and the woman about to go on a trip. They asked if I wanted to go along, so I said I would."

The trio travelled across the Southwest together. Then, when they reached Shreveport, Louisiana, Spider and Fran said they were going to take off on their own. Hamilton said Fran gave him the van and her credit cards to use and he left the couple, "to travel around on my own."

Both Crawford and Cellucci believed he was lying. It was unlikely, to say the least, that Eleanore Buchanan, a woman deeply in love with her family and who had given birth to her second child two weeks before her murder, would run off with a mystery man, then hand over her van and credit cards to yet another complete stranger.

After an hour of picking Hamilton's story apart, Detective Crawford leaned forward and, in a voice as confiding as a Catholic priest's, asked Hamilton why he had murdered the woman.

"I ain't got nothing to do with nobody's death," he said. "I don't mess around with no homicides, you know. I got more sense than that. I got too much at stake, like my life. I heard all about the death penalty."

"If you got a mental problem, you can tell me about it," Crawford offered.

"If I have mental problems, I guarantee I can work them out. I didn't have nothing to do with that murder," Hamilton insisted.

The detective put a snapshot of Eleanore Buchanan's dismembered body in front of Hamilton, then said: "We would like to find her head and hands. Give the lady a decent burial. If you want to tell me about it, I want to listen to you."

"You guys have got the problem!" Hamilton bristled. "You are sitting up there with a goddamn body of what-



ever it is on that picture! I am tired of this shit, man! When it comes out, you guys gonna wind up with shit in your faces!"

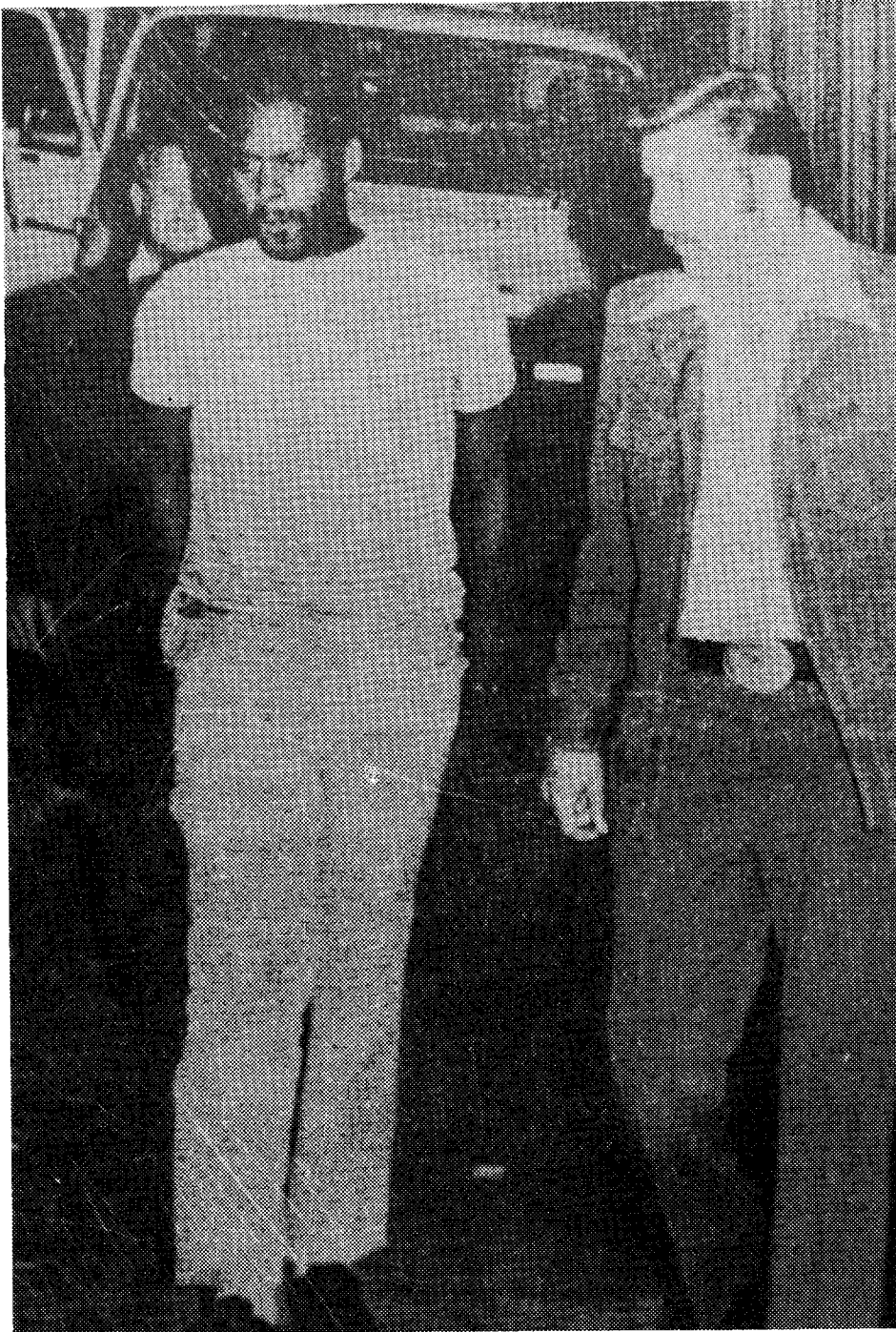
Bernard Hamilton, returned under tight security to San Diego, California, and charged with murder, launched a one-man crusade to put off his day in court for as long as possible. He began his delaying tactics with a number of letters to his girl friend.

"I am not guilty of killing anyone — and I got a conscience that would drive me nuts if I did such a thing as cut off someone's head and hands," he wrote.

Hamilton later stated that the rambling eight-page letter was meant to "clear myself with the public. The case brought a lot of embarrassing publicity and harassment on my parents and children."

Hamilton also revealed that his story

Suspicion centred on black male, seen below with Detective Joe Cellucci, when he was found to be driving the van belonging to a murder victim's husband . . . Had Eleanore Buchanan (left) met her horrifying fate at his hands?



would have never been in the van in the first place! I don't mess around with crimes of violence!"

Hamilton also had an explanation for some rather embarrassing physical evidence found inside the stolen van during a search at Marietta police headquarters, where lab. technicians found a hunting knife stuck in the vehicle's headliner; a

hardware store in Texas, while visiting his girl friend. As for the blood, well, Hamilton said, there wasn't any — at least, while he was driving the van.

"I don't believe any blood was actually found in the van, or else I would have seen it. And, most of all, smelled it. There would have been numerous flies.

"The day that woman was killed, I was talking to my sister-in-law," he explained. "I was talking to her until 10 p.m. Then I stopped at a shopping centre on the walk home and talked to a security guard. I planned to buy cigarettes, but then I didn't when I spotted two police officers and decided to get out of there. I was afraid they might arrest me for an outstanding traffic warrant."

Hamilton said he took a back street to his house. Then he spotted a shiny new van parked at the kerb. He looked inside and saw keys in the ignition and decided to take a joyride. The joyride turned into a cross-country trip after he found a woman's purse containing money and credit cards lying on the passenger seat. Hamilton said he headed towards Terrell, Texas, where he had an old girl friend. From there, he said, he planned to go to Oklahoma City to visit relatives. But then he was stopped and arrested in Marietta.

It was this final story that formed the backbone of Hamilton's defence. After numerous delays, during which Hamilton filed six habeas corpus writs and demanded to be his own legal counsel, the trial got under way in October, 1980.

K EY WITNESSES during the trial were Hamilton's church minister father and his mother. Both testified that their son was at home between 8 and 10 p.m. on the day of the murder.

Perhaps the most dramatic testimony came late in the trial on December 1st, when Bernard Hamilton took the witness-stand. No doubt considering Hamilton's previous erratic behaviour, the jury watched the 29-year-old defendant closely as his attorney led him through some carefully-rehearsed questions.

For an hour, Hamilton swore that he was innocent and never knew of Eleanore Buchanan's murder until San Diego detectives gave him the details.

"Do you know the person who's depicted in this photograph?" Attorney Ryan asked, pushing the photo of the victim's headless and handless body before his eyes. "Have you ever seen that person?"

"No," Hamilton said calmly. "No, I haven't." He maintained that he had stolen the van parked near his home, so that he could drive to Texas and see an

to police about "Spider" and the mystery woman "Fran" was a lie. Actually, he said, he'd stolen the van and gone on a lengthy trip to visit a girl friend in Texas. He added: "I didn't know about the murder. If I did, I

pruning saw in the boot; several lengths of coiled rope; and, gruesomely, almost a quart of congealed human blood found in the rear wheel well.

Hamilton explained that he had purchased the knife and pruning saw in

old girl friend. He admitted making up a story about "Spider and Fran" shortly after his arrest in Oklahoma, in order to shift the blame for stealing the vehicle.

He admitted that he was guilty of many things — using stolen credit cards, stealing a van, committing pretty fraud and lying to authorities — but not of murder.

Prosecutor Frank Sexton, however, had other ideas. In cross-examination, he quickly pointed out that defence witnesses had changed their testimonies for Hamilton's benefit. In a preliminary hearing, the prosecutor pointed out, the defendant's parents had testified that their son was *not* at home on the night of the murder.

San Diego and Oklahoma investigators then testified about Hamilton's apprehension outside Marietta, plus the discovery of rope, cutting tools and the quantity of congealed blood in the stolen van.

They were followed to the witness-stand by a lab. technician, who said he had examined and typed blood traces found on clothing worn by Hamilton on the day of his arrest. The blood on Hamilton's shoes was the same type as Eleanore Buchanan's and the blood in the wheel well, the technician testified.

Could the blood have been Hamilton's? No, the lab. technician said. He had a different blood type.

A pathologist then testified that the saw and knife found in the van could have been the ones used to cut off the head and hands of the victim.

The jury also heard the testimony of Hamilton's former fiancée. The witness, an attractive soft-spoken woman, said that Hamilton showed up alone at her Terrell, Texas, home driving a dark blue van. The van, she added, was dirty. "It needed cleaning, the arm on the driver's seat was broken and the window on the passenger side was broken."

During her former boy friend's visit, she said, he complained of "hearing voices." And he told her that the "van was hot" and that he thought he had killed a man. But he said he didn't want to talk about details, "because I might not want to see him again."

She stated that they broke up the next day after some words, "but not exactly an argument." The following evening, she received a phone call from Hamilton.

"He threatened to kill me," she told the hushed court.

ON NOVEMBER 20th, Steve Thomas, a convicted murderer and federally-protected witness, gave evidence. He told the jury that Hamilton had confessed to the Buchanan murder while they were inmates in the San Diego County jail.

Thomas said that they were talking about the case one day when Hamilton blurted: "I did it, but they will never prove it — because they'll never find her head!"

Thomas said he decided to inform on Hamilton because "she was an innocent

victim and because of the way Hamilton described the crime and the woman involved. He had given some background of the girl going to college. She had just had a baby and had another child at home. That a guy would kill this woman just turned my stomach," Thomas added.

The prosecutor remained cool and detached during most of the cross-examination of the witnesses. Only once did his anger show. And that was on December 2nd, during his cross-examination of Bernard Hamilton.

He began with the defendant's admission that he'd stolen the Buchanan van, then led Hamilton through details of that trip — asking for towns he stopped at to buy gas and food with credit cards, wanting to know where he slept and to whom he talked.

When Hamilton admitted throwing the woman's purse out of the van while driving east on Interstate Highway 8, Sexton demanded: "Where did you toss out her bloodstained clothing? And where did you put the victim's head?"

Sexton could barely control his anger as he referred to a letter Hamilton wrote to the widower from jail following his arrest. In the letter, Hamilton told the bereaved husband that his wife was still alive and had run off with "someone named Spider, from whom she was obtaining drugs."

"It didn't bother you," Sexton fumed, "that you were raising false hopes in that poor man that his wife might still be alive, that you told him she ran off from him and her two babies and was with another man having a big time and using narcotics?"

"Yes it did bother me," the defendant replied. "It took a long time for me to write that letter."

IT TOOK the jury five days to evaluate the evidence in the two-month trial. On January 5th, 1981, they reached a verdict. Defence Attorneys Ryan and Camberg were notified at their law office and returned immediately to the courtroom.

"We find the defendant guilty as charged," they heard the jury foreman say.

It was bitter news for the lawyers who had worked so hard with such a difficult client. The defence team left the courtroom obviously disappointed. They made no comment to the assembled reporters.

On January 21st, 1981, the same jury returned a verdict in the special penalty phase. They found that the defendant Bernard Hamilton, who never did say where the victim's head or hands were hidden, should die in the gas chamber at San Quentin prison for his crime.

Give yourself a present—try True Crime Monthly

THIS MONTH'S LADYKILLER

is this
pretty, petite,
woman who
cold-bloodedly
fired two bullets
into Wanda Touchstone's
head and neck
...Amazing Contract Killing
in the December issue

For more details
of other cases
see page 38



FLORIDA MURDER HORROR

DRAGNET FOR A KNIFE FREAK!

THE SMALL Holly Hill, Florida, police force has only two detectives. Ron Sullivan is an easy-going, casually-dressed cop peering with good humour at middle-age over a handlebar moustache. Sullivan handles homicides, robberies, residential and vehicle burglaries and bicycle thefts. Robert Johnson, younger and clean-shaven, handles everything else, including all sex crimes and commercial burglaries. Generally speaking, however, the nearest hub of major crime is Daytona Beach, just down the coast from Holly Hill.

One thing that Holly Hill does have, though, is its share of retirees. Among them, until February 5th, 1980, was Ethel Black.

By the calendar, Ethel Black was only 62 years old, but she looked and acted much older. The wasted widow looked older in the way that only desperate loneliness can age a person. Her thin, wrinkled face told of useless years of nothing to do but sit alone, drinking and remembering.

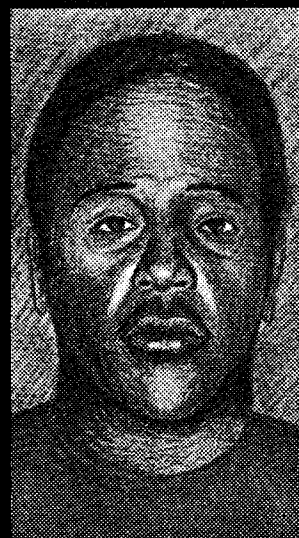
A Terry Ecker
report for TD

She didn't even have much of a view. For Ethel Black, retirement in Florida was not a sunny beachfront apartment, or even a trailer in a drained swamp. Having retired about 10 years earlier, she had soon lost a considerable amount of money in an ill-advised property venture. Now she was spending her "golden years" in a shabby little motel "efficiency apartment."

Ethel Black stood 5 feet 6, when she bothered to stand. But by February, 1980, she had wasted away to barely 90 pounds. And she looked so old, just sitting there alone. Just sitting there in the only semi-comfortable chair in the room, with her bony legs exposed and her grey head over the chair and blood caked on the front of her dress. Just sitting there with her throat cut, dead.

IT WAS a neighbour who found her that way shortly before 4 p.m. on Wednesday, February 6th, after noticing that Ethel's door was ajar. Her call to the Holly Hill police brought uniformed officers and a rescue unit to the scene in short order. Ron Sullivan — Holly Hill's one-man homicide squad — arrived at 4.10 p.m. He would be there for seven hours.

The rescue team took a look and promptly left. Ethel Black had obviously been dead for several hours. There being no rush about removing the body, it was photographed from several angles, just as it was found in the aluminium-framed, vinyl-covered chair. Marks on the floor indicated that the chair had been dragged back a short distance. And some partial bloody shoeprints could be



Courtroom sketch of man accused of cutting a little old lady's throat, then robbing her of her pitifully few possessions

She'd refused to let him in, but he stood on

seen on the floor. The prints were little more than shadowy outlines, not even clear enough to determine the shoe size.

A palmprint was outlined in blood on the back of the chair. Another adorned the bottom of a window on the rear wall, above a small kitchen table, which bore a third palmprint. Apparently, the killer had exited through the window, but there was no sign of forced entry. The front door had been found open, but with its lock bolt extended.

A few feet from the body, next to the bathroom door, was a console stereo cabinet with a vase of flowers sitting on top. Next to the vase was a blood-stained, wadded-up paper towel, apparently used by someone apparently to wipe his or her hands. A bloody rag was found in the bathroom sink and a ransacked white plastic handbag was found in the toilet. The bag, too, was bloodstained, with a partial palmprint on the handle. All that blood caused Sullivan to wonder if the killer had also been bleeding.

Robbery seemed a likely motive, although Detective Sullivan could only guess at that point what might have been taken. He could find no money in the room, nor anything else of value, except a few pieces of very old silverware.

Killed with her own knife?

Nor could he find a murder weapon. Other than the silverware, there wasn't a knife in the room, which itself seemed unusual, since Ethel Black had apparently cooked for herself. That led Sullivan to speculate that she could have been killed with her own knife, which the killer had kept.

A canvass of the motel residents yielded two possible leads. Sullivan learned that a young woman apparently did Ethel Black's cleaning and shopping for her. Mrs. Black didn't have a car and didn't go out much, so this young woman apparently took care of her on a part-time basis. No one knew who she was, though — just a young white woman.

The second possible lead was that one couple recalled having seen a black man standing on Mrs. Black's porch at about 7 p.m. the previous evening. They hadn't thought anything about it. The motel consists of several small cottages, with each cottage consisting of two one-room-and-bath efficiency-type apartments that share a front porch. The couple had assumed that the man was

visiting the young black woman who occupied the other half of Ethel Black's unit and shared her porch.

The black woman verified that. She said that she had run into an ex-boy friend in Daytona Beach the previous

then followed her and the manager back to her apartment, but they closed the door on him and left him standing on the porch. When the manager left a few minutes later, she said, he was gone.

She gave her former boy friend's



evening and he followed her home. She'd refused to let him in, but he stood on the porch "annoying me for several minutes."

Then, she said, he'd followed her to the manager's office, where she asked the manager to come and look at her TV set, which wasn't working properly. He

name as Ellary Franklin. She didn't know where he lived. But he was 20 years old — and he frequented a certain Daytona Beach bar.

Dr. Arthur Schwartz, conducted the post-mortem on Thursday, February 7th. He found the cause of death to be a cut throat, which he called "a very

the porch "annoying me for several minutes"

severe injury in the form of a laceration of the throat, going completely down to the windpipe and lacerating the carotoid arteries."

Dr. Schwartz also reported other lacerations of the neck, in addition to

per cent, which didn't surprise Detective Sullivan, who had found several bottles of gin and a bottle of vermouth in her apartment.

As for the murder weapon, Dr. Schwartz said that "even with a half-

inch blade and sufficient force, the distance between the outer skin of the neck and the full width of the windpipe is less than half an inch under pressure. So a very short blade could have effected this. And, of course, there is no upper limit to the length of the blade.

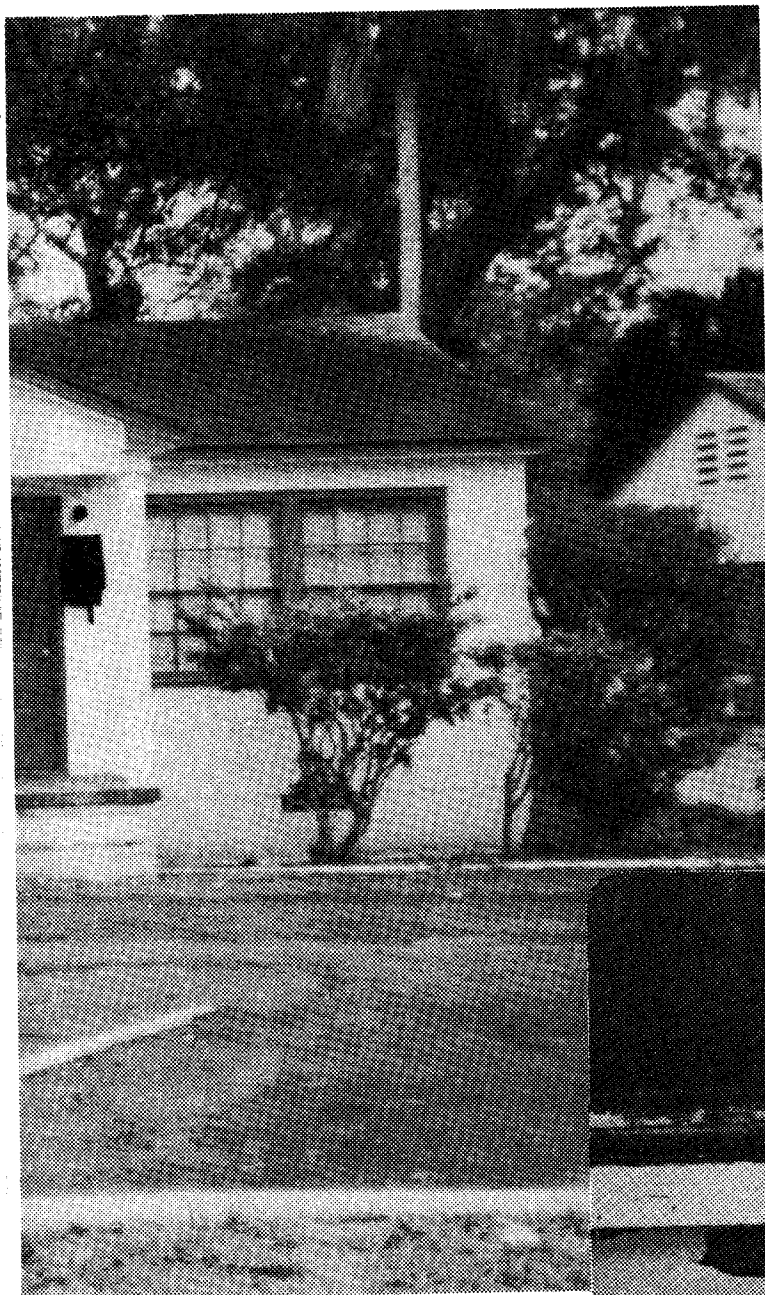
"However, in order to exert the amount of force which this laceration exhibits, we could rule out very long blades and large cutlery-type instruments," the doctor stated.

The doctor said that Ethel Black would have died within five minutes of the fatal slash. He estimated that she could have died as early as 5 p.m. on Tuesday, February 5th.

Later on Thursday, Detective Sullivan got a line on the young white woman who had run errands for Mrs. Black. A woman who had known Ethel Black for several years read about the murder in the newspaper and contacted Sullivan. The woman said that Ethel Black always received two monthly cheques for several hundred dollars each and usually had some cash on hand. She knew that Ethel had deposited one for more than \$600 within the past few days and had cashed a personal cheque.

She said that a young woman named Rachel Stewart had been taking care of Mrs. Black for several years, doing her cleaning, shopping and banking. Apparently, she said, Rachel made her living taking care of elderly people and had previously worked in a nursing home.

Ethel Black had lived alone on the right-hand side of this house. Detectives noted that her killer had left a clear palmprint (below) on outside of windowsill



the deep one that had severed the windpipe. There was a small laceration at the left-hand side of the cut. There was another on the neck, just below the sternal notch. And the lower lip had a very superficial laceration.

The doctor also found Ethel Black's blood to contain an alcohol level of .15

Sullivan knew the Stewart family on a casual basis and went to their Holly Hill home. He found Rachel there. She didn't have any cuts on her hands, Sullivan noticed, as she told him that she'd taken care of Ethel Black for 10 years. She last saw her on Friday, February 1st, when she cleaned Ethel's room and refrigerator, made a bank deposit and did her shopping, which included a visit to a liquor store for a case of gin and a bottle of vermouth.

Rachel said that she'd had to do virtually everything for Ethel. "She got to where she didn't want to do nothing. She really depended on me. She wanted me to do everything for her."

"Could she walk?" the detective asked.

"Yeah, Ethel could walk," Rachel replied. "Ethel could do anything she wanted to do — when she wanted to. She could drive, she could do anything. She had a good mind. Her mind was all right."

"Now, you know, her drinking — Ethel drank. And she got to where she was drinking bad — real bad there for a while."

"And there was one day she phoned me to come up there. Anyway, she got me to come up. She told me that her banking account was all messed up. And

Ethel — she always kept everything straight. Nothing was ever out of place.

"So I — I didn't know nothing about no cheque account — you know, keeping it up and all. So I got this friend of mine to go with me because she was good at figuring. She straightened the book up."

"And I was sitting there talking to Ethel. And Ethel, she acted like she was — I don't know, she acted like she was — well, like she was coming and going."

"Then I got on at her for her drinking. She was drinking too much. And she got to where she slowed down on her drinking. She was doing really good on that."

Rachel verified that Ethel Black had received two cheques a month of several hundred dollars each. The one she deposited for Ethel on Friday had been for more than \$600, she said. After depositing the cheque, making a withdrawal and buying the groceries and liquor, Rachel said, she returned between \$60 and \$80 to Ethel, including \$25 that she had owed Ethel.

And yes, Rachel said, Ethel had owned a knife. It was an ordinary paring knife with a brown wooden handle. She also said that Ethel owned an expensive wristwatch and a diamond ring — a single diamond in a Tiffany mounting.

The ring had belonged to Ethel's mother and was the victim's most prized possession. But no ring or watch had been found at the murder scene.

Virtually every bloodstained item the lab technicians had examined were stained with two distinctly different types of blood — Ethel Black's type and another type. Obviously, the killer had cut himself while killing Ethel Black and had left his own blood intermingled with that of his victim.

That left Ellary Franklin — Mrs. Black's next-door neighbour's former boy friend, as the only current lead — and he hadn't been found yet.

On Friday, February 8th, a uniformed officer saw a man looking through a trash dumpster near the murder scene. He approached the man and asked if he often looked through dumpsters. The man replied that he did, almost every day, looking for salvageable items. It was amazing, he said, the perfectly good stuff that people threw away.

The officer asked whether the man had recently found a knife in any of the dumpsters in that area. The man replied that he had indeed found a knife in that very dumpster the previous day. It was a filthy, but perfectly good, paring knife, he said. He had taken it home and cleaned it very thoroughly, then sharpened it. A

LOOK OUT FOR THE FIRST-EVER TRUE STORY WINTER SPECIAL

* * *

16 Complete stories
of mystery and
suspense include:

* * *

**FEAR IN THE NIGHT.
THE CARBRIDGE MURDERS.
STAIRWAY TO DANGER.
I WAS ACCUSED OF STEALING.**

* * *

On sale NOW.

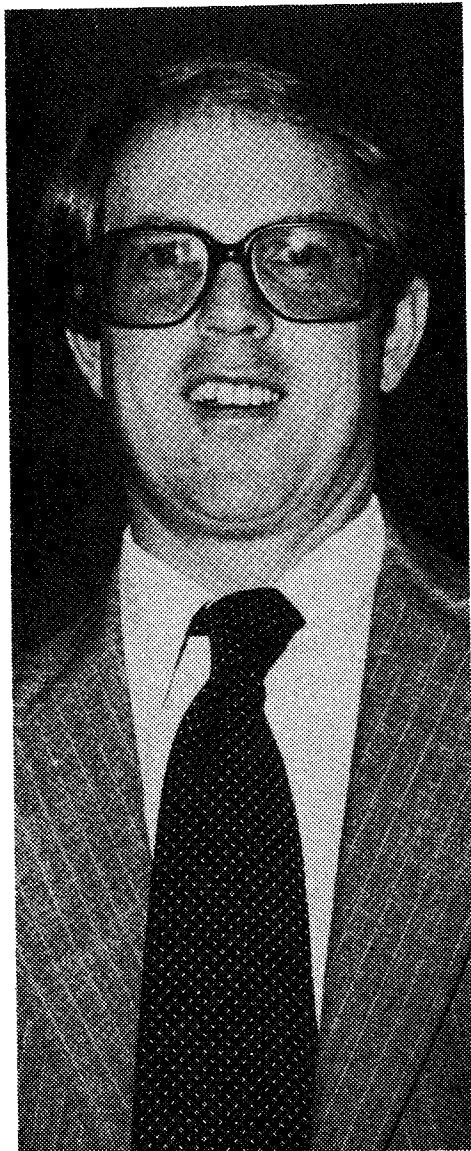


perfectly good knife — and someone had thrown it away.

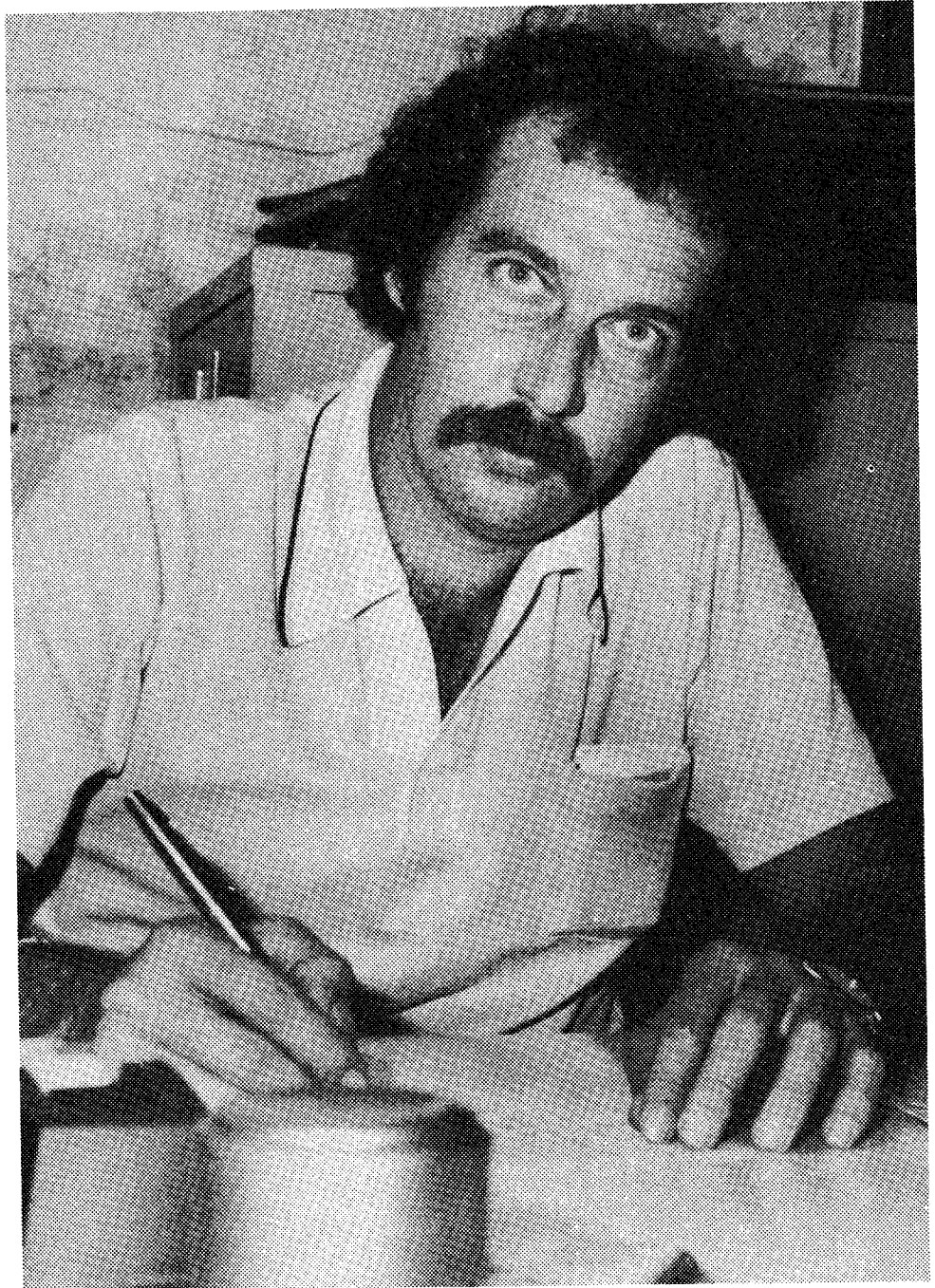
The officer accompanied the man home, retrieved the knife and took it to Detective Sullivan. The latter took it first to Rachel Stewart. She couldn't identify it positively, but said it "looked like" Ethel Black's paring knife. Examination of the knife by crime lab. technicians, however, would have to wait until the following week.

Over the weekend, Sullivan got a tip that apparently pointed to a new, very likely-sounding suspect. A Daytona Beach detective phoned in to say that one of his informants had reported hearing that a black man known only as "T-Bone" had been mouthing off about having cut a woman's throat.

With that information in hand, Sullivan went to work among his own informants



Claiming that robbery was the motive, Prosecutor Gene White told the jury how Ethel Black died as "her killer came up behind her"



Detective Ron Sullivan heard prime suspect insist that his hand injury was the result of "an accident at work"

in the black community. By Tuesday, February 12th, the detective had learned that "T-Bone" could be either one of two men — father and son — named Timothy Bono.

Also on Tuesday, Sullivan took the paring knife to the crime lab. The technicians there were unable to find any traces of blood on the carefully-cleaned and sharpened instrument, so there was no way of proving that it was or wasn't the murder weapon — or even that it had been Ethel Black's knife.

Sullivan spent Wednesday and Thursday tracking down the Bonos, which proved to be only a few degrees easier than finding a needle in a haystack. He finally found the father on Friday. The elder "T-

Bone" told the detective that he'd been in the hospital on February 5th — and that he certainly hadn't said anything to anyone about cutting anyone's throat. He didn't know what Sullivan was talking about.

Sullivan went to the hospital and verified that the elder Bono had indeed been hospitalised at the time of the murder. Then he turned his attention to the younger Bono. He found and questioned him on Saturday.

Bono adamantly denied having told anyone that he had cut a woman's throat.

What he had said, he explained, was that he *knew* someone who claimed to have done so.

Bono said that on the evening of February 5th, he was drinking with several friends at a certain popular tavern in Daytona Beach. Sometime during the evening, one of them, Ellary Franklin, took him aside and said that he'd cut a woman's throat.

Bono also named the other members of the drinking party, who included Ellary Franklin's sister, adding that one of the waitresses, Becky Williams, was the sister of Franklin's current girl friend.

Next day, Bono said, Franklin asked him to take him to Orlando, so that he could sell a watch and ring he'd taken from the victim. He also claimed to have stolen \$800 cash from her. Bono said he refused Franklin's request.

Sullivan went to the tavern and questioned the two waitresses. They verified the drinking party on the night of the 5th — and named the same participants that Bono had named.

Becky Williams, sister of Franklin's current girl friend, told the detective that she left with Franklin that night at closing time. They went to an all-night fast-food restaurant, then to a service station, where he bought some gas for her car. Becky then revealed that one of the dollar bills Franklin gave her had blood on it. When she asked why, he explained that he'd cut his hand on a nail at work.

After Becky gave Detective Sullivan Franklin's address, she also pointed out a member of the drinking party, who was in the tavern at that time. When Sullivan questioned him, he said he didn't know anything about any murder. But he did recall borrowing a dollar from Franklin that night. That dollar bill had blood on it, he said.

Ellary Franklin's home, it turned out, had been the scene of a brutal murder, allegedly committed in December, 1978, by Ellary's older brother, Elbert. The latter was currently in the Volusia County jail, awaiting trial. His mother and sister were at home when Sullivan arrived. But they didn't know where Ellary was.

His mother recalled Ellary coming home on the night of the 5th and saying: "I goofed up." Reflecting on that for a moment, the unhappy woman decided that she didn't have anything else to say to the detective.

Ellary's sister, however, remembered seeing blood on the front and lower part of his trousers. She even remarked on it to her brother, who explained that he had cut his hand. She thought no more about it — and later washed his trousers for him.

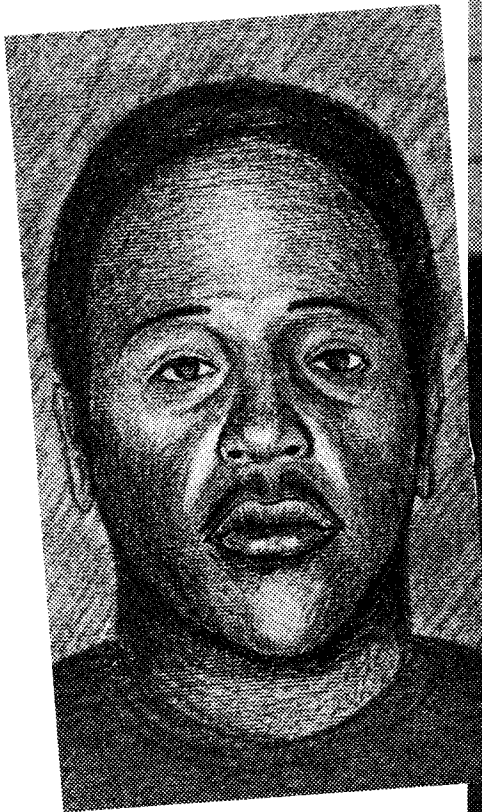
So far, it wasn't too tight a case. Sullivan could place Franklin at the murder scene around the time of the murder. And he had a witness — Timothy Bono Jr. — who'd heard

Franklin say that he had cut a woman's throat and taken a watch, a diamond ring and cash from the victim.

Yet Sullivan also had the killer's blood type and palmprints. If Franklin's matched those, the detective would have a virtually airtight case. After he discussed the matter with Assistant State Attorney Gene White, the latter secured an arrest warrant — and assigned Investigator Tony Loadholtz to work with Sullivan.

On February 20th, Sullivan and Loadholtz arrested Ellary Franklin at his home. They took him first to the state attorney's office and questioned him for about an hour. Franklin steadfastly maintained his innocence. He insisted that the deep, partly-healed cut on the middle ring-finger of his right hand was the result of an accident at work.

The two detectives then took Franklin to the Holly Hill police station, where he



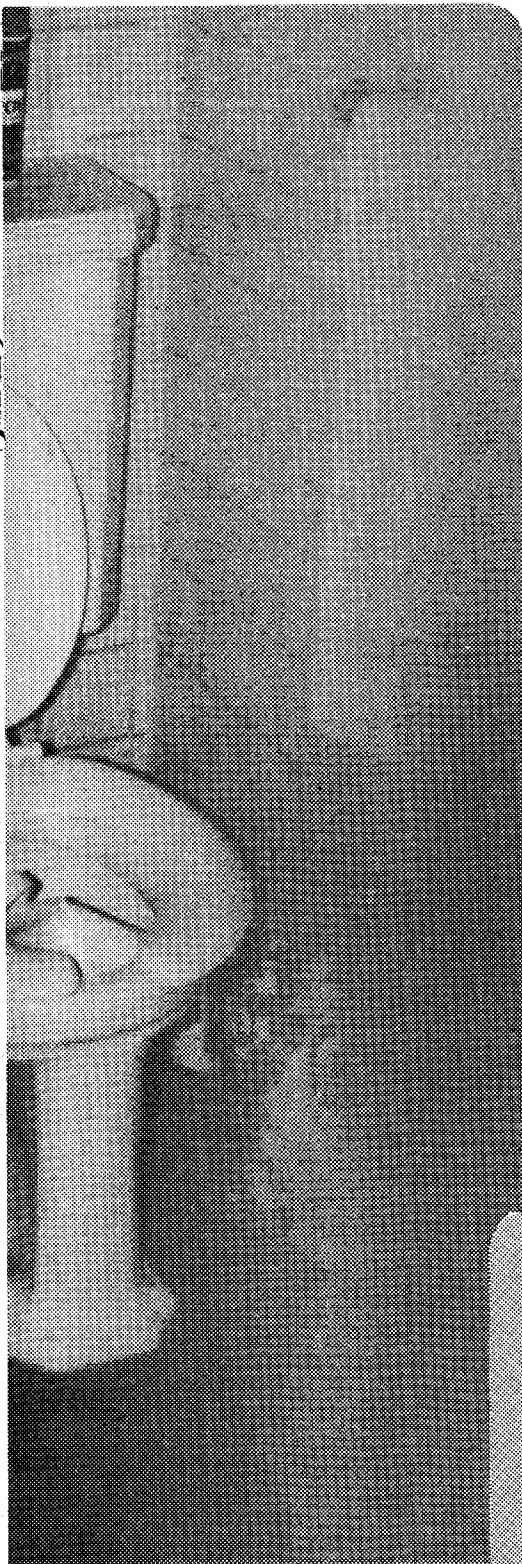
was photographed and fingerprinted. The suspect was then transferred to the Volusia County jail, where a sample was obtained.

Sullivan took Franklin's prints and blood sample to the state crime lab. for examination. It was soon determined that Franklin's blood type matched that of the blood found, along with the victim's at the murder scene. His palmprints matched palmprints found on the back of the victim's chair, on the table beneath the exit window — and on the



victim's handbag. Sullivan had his case wrapped up.

FRANKLIN'S DEFENCE was assigned to Attorney Howard Pearl, an experienced trial lawyer whose clients have included such notorious murderers as Jack Howard Potts. Pearl researched the case thoroughly, carefully question-



ing every police officer and witness involved in it. When he had finished, he decided that the best course for his client would be to plead guilty and ask for mercy.

On June 23rd, 1980, Ellary Franklin stood before Judge Uriel Blount and pleaded guilty to the first-degree murder of Ethel Black. The judge then listened to two versions of the killing.

Got into an argument, then he lost control of himself

Prosecutor White told Judge Blount that Franklin entered Ethel's room through the "locked," but unclosed, door and found her sitting in her chair. He approached her from the rear, slit her throat and ransacked her handbag, taking a watch, a diamond ring (neither item ever recovered) and an undetermined amount of cash. Then, White said, Franklin went to a Daytona Beach tavern and told a friend what he had done.

Attorney Pearl, however, claimed that Franklin was visiting a friend at the motel and knocked on Mrs. Black's door, asking to use her phone. She let him in. But while he was in Mrs. Black's room, Pearl said, Franklin got into an argument with the woman, lost control of himself, took a kitchen knife and cut her throat. "He denies that he burgled the room or took anything," defence counsel told the judge.

Judge Blount accepted the guilty plea,

then ordered a pre-sentence investigation of Franklin's background.

Florida has only two penalties for first-degree murder — death in the electric chair, or life in prison with a mandatory minimum of 25 years to be served before parole eligibility. A jury that convicts a defendant of first-degree murder must then listen to arguments and instructions about aggravating and mitigating circumstances, then deliberate again and choose, by a simple majority vote, between the two sentences. Its decision, however, is only a recommendation, which the presiding judge may accept or reject.

When a defendant pleads guilty, the judge has the option of convening a "sentencing jury" to hear arguments and make a sentence recommendation — or he may simply make the decision himself. But Attorney Pearl told Judge Blount that Franklin preferred not to have a sentencing jury convened.

"My client would rather dispense with the sentencing jury and have the court determine for itself what the sentence should be," Pearl said. "I hope the court will consider a life sentence, rather than the electric chair. He wanted to enter his plea to show his remorse and to maximise his chances of a life sentence."

At this writing, Ellary Franklin is awaiting sentencing in the Volusia County jail while Judge Blount studies the report on his background.

—EDITOR'S NOTE:
Rachel Stewart, Timothy Bono and Becky Williams are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story.

Detectives wrapped up their case against Ellary Franklin, saying that they knew it was he who'd flung the ransacked handbag into the toilet and left a bloodstained paper towel on top of the stereo console



"EXPOSED! The Darkest Sex And Seduction Technology Ever Created Is Finally Revealed...

Sinister Sex Group Leader Breaks His Silence In This Exclusive Interview...



Recently I sat down with a man who taught me more about having sex with attractive women in a couple hours than all the "seduction masters" combined have in the past 4 years. Let's call him "Anton" - Anton does NOT have movie star good looks, a fat bank account, or fame.

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

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

**[Click Here
To Read More!](#)**

WHY DETECTIVES NEVER GIVE UP . . .

POLICE ARE often accused of giving up and closing the file on tough cases. This criticism usually comes from bereaved and frustrated relatives and friends of crime victims. The grief of losing a loved one in a violent crime is compounded by the knowledge that the assailant is walking around — free and unpunished.

Police Captain John Light, of Alton, Illinois, understands these feelings, because he has sympathised with thousands of crime victims — and the families of victims — during more than 15 years of police work. But Light bristles at the charge that he or his men ever give up trying to solve a case. He and his colleagues are tenacious, hard-working, dedicated investigators. They might be forced to slow down by the work load, budget cuts or lack of leads, but they never quit.

The Herbstreit murder case is a good example. Despite an almost complete lack of clues, the Herbstreit case was kept alive for more than four years and the killers, experienced, cold-blooded and cunning, were captured. How it happened is an example of dogged, persistent police work at its best . . .

Alton is on the northeast edge of the St. Louis, Missouri, metropolitan area. It's not exactly a quiet town. Taverns, nightspots and tough honkytonk bars are plentiful. These establishments generate enough petty crime to keep the 65-man Alton police force busy.

Residents of Alton's Hazel Street still talk about the Herbstreit murders. Many of the extra locks installed soon after that crime are still secured every night, additional outside lights still brighten back gardens and burglar alarms are still connected to bells and sirens...

THE MURDERS of 59-year-old Arthur Herbstreit and his wife, Winifred, 52, remarkable for brutality

and wantonness, occurred on a warm spring night — Friday, April 9th, 1976. That night, a group of teenage boys were driving around aimlessly.

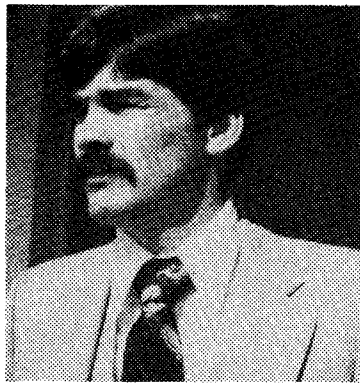
The youngsters' car had just turned onto Hazel Street, when the headlights picked up a crumpled figure lying face-down near a ditch at the side of the road. Idle talk about football, girls and the approaching summer holidays abruptly stopped. The driver pulled over and one of the teenagers left the car and walked near the ditch for a closer look. In seconds, the badly-frightened boy came running back to his companions.

"I think that guy's dead...or hurt real bad. There's blood all over him!"

The kids soon sped off to find a police officer. When they encountered Patrolmen Al Bock and Wendell Cunningham, they gasped out their story. Both officers hurried to the scene.

When they arrived, they could see the man in the headlights of the patrol car. Experience told them that they weren't looking at a snoozing derelict. The man was in a heap, his limbs in peculiar positions—definitely not the posture of a sleeping man. Moreover, ominous dark blotches covered his clothing.

The officers knelt over the fallen man, searching for signs of life. Examined close up, there was no question that he had been the victim of a savage assault and was beyond all human help. Bock returned to the car and radioed a request for homicide detectives.



Detective-Sergeant Carl Logan was among the first to respond. Others, including Captain Light, soon joined him.

"What do you make of it?" Light asked, staring down at the bloodstained body.

"It looks like someone chased the guy to this point, stabbing him all the way," Logan said. "If you think *this* is bad, wait until you see what's in the house."

Logan described how the uniformed officers had discovered a second body in a small house, about 50 yards back from the street. Light followed Logan to the rear of the home to the back door, which

was standing ajar. An overhead light was burning in a small kitchen. As they pushed their way carefully inside, Light could see the body of a woman slumped in a straight-backed chair. Blood covered her chest and neck — and she was obviously dead.

Light knew without asking that none of his officers had turned on the overhead light. The captain was busy

Lee Gary reports



Captain John Light (above) led the team that included Detective Fitzgerald (left) and Detective-Sergeant Logan. They put extreme pressure on punks and informers both in and out of prison and found that by solving one murder they could solve three . . .

soaking up details of the crime scene — and the burning light might be an important factor. It could indicate the approximate time of the murders, or help establish the sequence of events leading up to the killings.

Outside the house, crime scene technicians were busy taking photographs of the dead man. And detectives had already commenced a canvass of the locality. Most nearby residents were up anyway, standing on porches or staring out of windows.

The victims were identified by neighbours as Arthur Herbstreit and his wife Winifred. As expected, the coroner confirmed that both victims had died from stab wounds. Arthur Herbstreit had fought his attacker, the coroner said, pointing to slash wounds on the dead man's hands.



The coroner also gave preliminary confirmation to Detective-Sergeant Logan's theory as to how the dead man came to be in the street. The glancing irregular knife blows to the back indicated that the victim had been fleeing from his killer. The post-mortem would later disclose that Arthur Herbstreit had died from 10 stab wounds, while Winifred Herbstreit suffered wounds to the chest and a laceration on the back of her neck.

It appeared that both victims were first attacked in the kitchen doorway. Herbstreit apparently tried to escape, running from the back door, around the house and across the front lawn, his knife-wielding attacker in hot pursuit.

Light and Logan theorised — and the post-mortem would later confirm — that the woman wasn't killed while sitting down at the kitchen table. It appeared that she was attacked immediately upon stepping across the threshold of the kitchen door, or maybe on the doorstep itself and pulled inside. The position of the body and the angle of the knife thrusts indicated that she'd been standing and facing her assailant. A broken flower-pot was on the kitchen floor and Winifred Herbstreit's keys were still in her hand, clutched tightly in a death grip.

Met violent death on their doorstep

The house had been ransacked. Drawers lay open, papers were strewn about. Everything was carefully photographed and all likely surfaces were dusted for fingerprints.

While this was going on, Light went back outside to meet the murdered couple's son, who had been called to the scene. The young man, grief-stricken, told the captain that his mother and father left his home in another part of town around 9.30 that evening. He had given his mother, a devoted cultivator of house plants, a flower-pot. This information more or less confirmed what Light had suspected — the Herbstreits had returned home and met violent death on their doorstep.

A burglary had probably been in progress when the Herbstreit car pulled into the driveway. The driveway led past the side of the house to a garage at the rear. Headlights would have played across the windows of the home, giving the burglar plenty of advance warning that the residents were back. The intruder could have simply fled through the front door and easily escaped.

So why he chose to lie in wait and savagely kill the Herbstreits at the back door was anybody's guess. It was a sickening, cold-blooded act.

24 True Detective

EARLY NEXT morning, Captain Light and other homicide detectives were back on the scene. Interrogation of neighbours had produced little of value to the investigation. Nobody had heard or seen anything unusual, except the sound of sirens, the night before. Now that it was daylight, detectives began to cover areas around the house inch by inch, often crawling slowly on their hands and knees, noses a few inches from the ground. This kind of plodding, prosaic effort is seldom seen on *Starsky and Hutch*, but it's the way most crimes are solved. Even so, that morning's search yielded nothing in the way of clues.

On April 21st, two weeks after the murders, Light and his men compared notes. Hopes for a speedy solution to the crime were now fading. The original theory of a burglar caught in the act still seemed the most plausible. But the burglary, at least, had been a professional job. Police believed that the intruder had worn gloves. No fingerprints, except those belonging to the Herbstreit family and friends, had been found. Since the killer had obviously touched many objects and surfaces inside the home, the conclusion that he'd been careful to avoid leaving prints was inescapable.

Light was determined not to let the case wind down. He knew that, without new leads, it would be difficult to maintain any kind of momentum, but the dedicated investigator was determined to try. So he issued a directive that the detective division would meet every week to develop ideas about the Herbstreit murders. The killer might be lying low at the moment, but he could be counted on to resume activities as soon as he believed the heat was off.

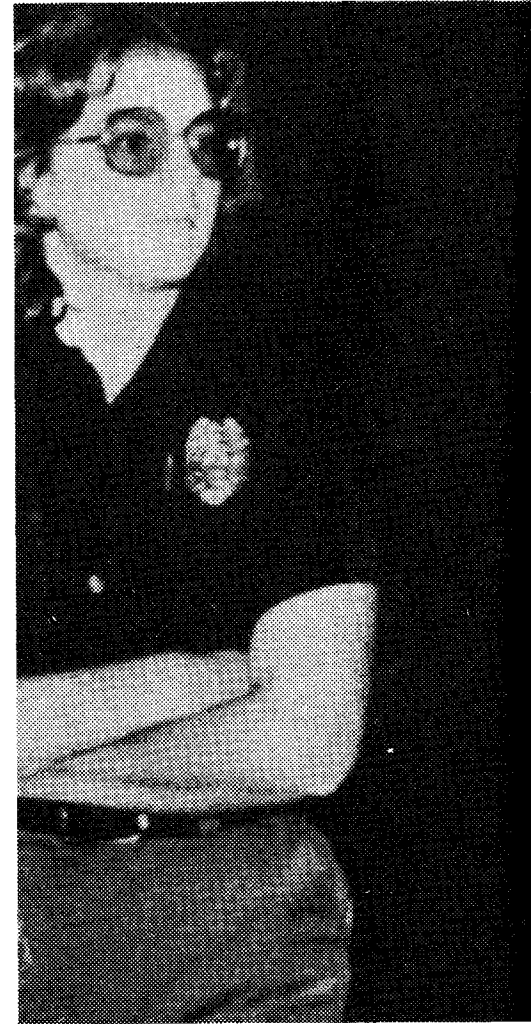
"I want you to concentrate on burglary MO's," Light told them. "Every burglary suspect arrested is to be carefully interrogated about the Herbstreit murders."

One by-product of the increased surveillance of known fences and small-fry thieves was the arrest of dozens of burglars, fences, dope-pushers and car thieves. Still, the Hazel Street murders remained tantalisingly unsolved. As the months passed, the killings were still faithfully discussed in the weekly meetings, but nothing new developed. It would, in fact, take another senseless murder before the investigators picked up a fresh track.

Thursday, May 30th, 1980, dawned clear and warm in Alton. Frieda Bartholomew, 58, hummed softly as she fitted her passkey into the front door of the Magic Laundromat on State Street, in one of the older parts of the town. Urban renewal had left the district's

deteriorating old homes untouched. Once wealthy and proud, it had become poor and seedy and, in recent years, dangerous.

Frieda Bartholomew, however, steadfastly refused to be intimidated by the area's rising crime rate. The job at the laundromat didn't pay much, but Mrs. Bartholomew enjoyed it, for she'd made many friends among the



This man, alone charged with a recriminations against him, as cops

housewives who came to use the machines and pass the time of day. The widow's job was to open the laundromat in the mornings and generally supervise operations. One of her duties — making change from a coin-dispenser worn around her thin waist — probably got her killed.

About mid-morning that day, a shocked customer found Frieda Bartholomew sprawled lifelessly in the aisle between the washers and the dryers. A post-mortem would later determine that the cheerful widow had been murdered with a .22-calibre weapon, probably a handgun.

CAPTAIN LIGHT and his men arrived at the scene and went through the routines of a murder investigation. The area inside the laundromat and the adjacent car park were thoroughly combed for physical evidence. Detectives walked up and down State Street, a mixed commercial-residential area, interviewing everyone they encountered.

three had been particularly brutal and senseless — and all were constantly on the minds of Light and his investigative team.

In the spring of 1979, three years after the double homicide on Hazel Street and one year before Frieda Bartholomew was gunned down, William Fitzgerald had transferred from the patrol division to the detective division. This young

his way into the confidence of "somebody who knows something." And that is exactly what Fitzgerald achieved.

Homicide detectives often refer to a phenomenon in crime detection which they call "tumbleweeds" — meaning that, if one person starts talking, other information will come rolling in like tumbleweeds on a windswept prairie. Through an informer, Fitzgerald came up with a good bet in the murder of Frieda Bartholomew — Zonnie Collum, aged 23.

The informer had cast suspicion, but had not been able to give enough specific information to warrant picking up Collum for questioning. But now detectives were at least heading in some direction. Investigators who know a little often pretend to know a lot. This often sets the tumbleweeds phenomenon in motion as criminal types scramble to cover themselves. Another informer loosened up, then another.

Finally, detectives were pretty sure that Collum was their man for the Bartholomew homicide. An arrest warrant was issued, but Collum had dropped out of sight. But he was soon to reveal his whereabouts in a most spectacular way.

The early morning of Sunday, June 9th was warm and blustery. It was promising to be a typical late spring day when the dispatcher on duty at Alton police headquarters took a call from a frantic resident in eastern Alton. According to the caller, a man was beating up his girl friend — and the police had better hurry, before he killed her.

Patrolman Larry Parks took the radio call and had just reached the reported scene — a housing estate — when a car came up from a side street and slammed his patrol vehicle broadside. The impact rattled Parks to his toes. But, aside from a few bruises and stretched muscles, he was uninjured.

Recovering quickly from the shock of the collision, Parks saw the driver of the other car struggle out and take off on foot. In seconds, the police officer was out of his badly-damaged vehicle and in pursuit. Though the other man had a good start, Parks did see him take off his shirt and throw it to the ground as he disappeared around a building. Parks recovered the discarded shirt and hurried back towards his wrecked car.

Parks, now able to get a close look at his damaged vehicle, realised that he was lucky to be alive. For that matter, so was the other driver. The vehicle belonging to the man who ran from the scene was

● *continued on page 50*



three murders, cannot be sent to the state penitentiary, for fear of had manipulated several informers in their determination to solve the case

At the end of the day, however, Light sat at his desk and reviewed the dismal findings. The canvass had produced zero. No one had heard or seen anything unusual on the morning of the deadly attack on the hard-working widow.

Light had no reason to make a connection between the Bartholomew case and the still-unsolved Herbstreit murders. The widow's killing looked like a "punk" job. Would a seasoned and sensible criminal commit murder in a public place in broad daylight for pocket change?

Alton detectives now had three unsolved murders on their hands. All

sergeant had been angling for the assignment for a long time. During his years on the street, Fitzgerald had managed to cultivate contacts among the city's punks, pimps, dope-pushers and prostitutes.

Fitzgerald is not the Irish policeman of the stage and movie stereotype. He's a modern cop — thin, dark-eyed and dapper. But, as Irishmen are supposed to be, Fitzgerald is charming and personable. These are important traits, for they allow an investigator to get closer to criminal types. Many vexing murder cases are solved as a result of some hard-working detective finessing

ONE WOMAN IS D

THE O'

THE DETECTIVES had worked on the murder of the two women — mother and daughter—for three days. And the probe in the Austrian city of Graz was already showing signs of becoming deadlocked.

The murders of these well-to-do ladies had been particularly cruel. And the inspector in charge of the investigation summed it all up as he went through a batch of reports compiled by his officers. "Two elderly ladies. Marta Lundner, the mother, was 86 years old, for God's sake! A widow. Very alert and active for her age — and bossy as hell, from what these reports tell me. Her daughter, Gabriele, still a spinster at 62, but hale and hearty and with a face and figure of a woman 20 years younger.

"So you have these two women living together and actively running a prosperous business, with a lot of lucrative property thrown in for good measure. They made a lot of money. And it was common knowledge that they never bothered about taking that money to the bank more than once or twice a month. . . I can't understand how they lived so long without at least getting robbed. They were sitting ducks."

**Wealthy Marta Lundner
amounts of money at home. D
that habit . . . and her mo**



DEAD, LET'S KILL

THER!

The proof of the latter comment was graphically demonstrated on the afternoon of Saturday, October 6th, when Otto Moldaur, a foreman in the old ladies' garden services business, went to their lovely old home at 21 Morgenstrasse to pick up his wages. He had worked for the Lundner ladies for 12 years, supervising work crews who tended the

Charles Walker reports from Graz, Austria

lawns and elaborate gardens of some of the wealthiest estates in and around Graz. The Lundner women always conducted their business from their home, which they left only rarely, so Otto Moldaur had no doubt that he would find them in, especially during the first week of the month.

That was an important time to his employers for this was when their many tenants dropped by to pay their monthly rent, usually in cash. Like many people who knew Marta and Gabriele Lundner well enough to be frank with them, Moldaur had often scolded them about their habit of keeping large sums of cash



**r (right) often kept large
daughter Gabriele (left) shared
other's gruesome fate . . .**

in the house, but the ladies always airily dismissed all such warnings. Old Marta was as scrappy as a terrier, while her daughter was cut from the same bolt of cloth. They feared nothing — and no one.

Not only that, they pointed out, but they had the advantage of a protector, in the person of Karl. Few of their friends were reassured by this, but they knew better than to criticise the youth in the presence of the Lundner women.

For Karl Heinze was their adopted “grandson,” which was the old mother’s term of description for him. He lived with Marta and Gabriele, who thought of him as the “comfort” of their old age. He was 17, though — and his periods of live-in

‘... There is another woman out beyond the kitchen. She’s dead, too. Her throat has been cut ...’

residence had lately become more and more intermittent. Sometimes, his absences from home were deliberate, sometimes they were arranged by the police.

According to the youth’s dossier at police headquarters, Karl Heinze was a thief. Police had proved this on a number of occasions, with the result that Karl had been forced to serve brief sentences in jail, much to the dismay of Marta and Gabriele Lundner. Fiercely devoted to the boy they had adopted, however, they would tolerate no criticism whatsoever of Karl.

Otto Moldaur reached the gracious old Lundner home at about 6 o’clock that Saturday evening and, in the shortening days of autumn, it was almost dark. He rang the bell, but no one came to the door to admit him. That surprised Moldaur, because not only did the ladies almost never leave the house, but they knew that

he would be there at about that time.

On the chance that they might be somewhere in the house where they could not hear the front doorbell, he went around to the back and rang the kitchen doorbell. Still no one answered. Well, Moldaur reasoned, if they *had* gone out, they wouldn’t be away from the house for long. So he went back to the front of the house and sat down on the broad steps to wait.

That did not happen. By 7 p.m., there still was no sign of them. And a feeling of concern began to churn in the garden foreman’s chest. He wondered if perhaps they were in the house, but unable to come to the door. They were not youngsters, after all. Something *could* have happened to them. It was a fear he could not dismiss.

Finally, he stood up and walked to the front door. He tried the bell once more and listened for some sound, but there was none. He tried the doorknob and the door opened. He entered the darkened front hallway, called out: “Frau Lundner, is everything all right?”

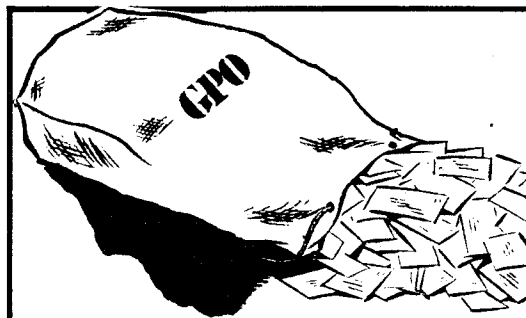
There was no response. The only sound he heard was his own breathing. He would admit, later, that he was frightened. He wanted to get the hell out of there, but he felt he had an obligation to make sure that nothing calamitous had happened to his employers. Moving carefully, he edged towards the wall where he knew the light switch was. He found it, and turned on the hall lights, the brightness of which blinded him momentarily.

For a few seconds, his eyes had trouble focusing. But then, as they became accustomed to the glare, details of the room came into his view. He would forever wish that they had not.

The view at the far end of the front hall explained why no one had answered the doorbell. Frau Marta Lundner lay sprawled at the far end of the hall, her head and shoulders astride the threshold of the kitchen door. Moldaur was standing at least 20 feet away from her, but he had the terrifying feeling that the old woman was dead.

As he drew closer to the figure on the floor, he realised that the elderly woman’s head was lying in a pool of blood which showed signs of incipient coagulation. Her face and hair were smeared with the same substance. And glinting in a random pattern around the body were what looked like an explosive fallout of sharp, jagged shards of glass of a brownish colour.

Then something else intruded into his consciousness. What about Frau Lundner’s daughter, Gabriele? Where was she?



Inconclusive evidence?

As a faithful reader of your magazine, I have “detected” in the report “Dundee Wife Killed After The Christening” (*True Detective*, January) one or two points that lead me to believe the jury was led to convict James Wilkie on inconclusive evidence. For example, the reader was given to understand that detectives kept tabs on Wilkie’s movements because “he was always the prime suspect.” They even got the impression at one point that Wilkie was putting up an “artificial front.” But might not the police have read this meaning into his actions, simply *because* “he was always the prime suspect?”

The discovery in the grave of the same clothing Helen Wilkie had worn when last seen doesn’t necessarily mean that she’d been wearing those clothes for three months. She could have worn others — and it could have been merely coincidence that she was again similarly attired on the occasion that she was killed by *someone else*. There’s also no reason to suppose that she wouldn’t

Readers’ letters are welcome on all crime topics, although we reserve the right to edit these in the interests of brevity. This month’s Star Letter, for £5, is from S. Kolade. All others published receive £2.

OTTO MOLDAUR was suddenly frightened. He edged his way to the telephone on the hall table and dialled the operator.

The interne who arrived with the ambulance about 25 minutes later confirmed Moldaur’s suspicion that the woman on the floor was dead. He also expressed the view that she’d been murdered. After he called the police, he and the foreman settled down to wait.

When a team of detectives arrived, headed by Inspector Fuersten, the latter was given a brief report by both Moldaur and the interne. Meanwhile, other

Letters



★
TO
THE EDITOR

have retained possession of her husband's tie, possibly as a reminder of "the good old times." Furthermore, it was never stated for a fact that Wilkie sent the "incriminating" Christmas card—it was just supposed to be apparent!

One of the newspaper headlines used to illustrate this story read: "My Wife is 6 FT. Under . . ." That appears to suggest that the husband made this statement boastfully — yet it was quite clear from the article that there was no confession whatsoever from Wilkie. I would suggest that such misleading headlines in newspapers, which can only arouse public emotion, just might have led the jury to convict James Wilkie on inconclusive evidence and thus close the file on a murder.

The husband might indeed have known *something* about the murder — hence the "artificial front." Yet although your report ended by stating that justice was done here, my question has to be: "Was justice really done?"

S. Kolade,
Benin City, Nigeria

Spy stories

Your recent series "Spies In Skirts" was an interesting and well-balanced one. I believe that spying in wartime is worthwhile, especially in

the case of the brave Josephine Baker (*True Detective*, September), whose services proved so invaluable.

As for espionage in peacetime, I think that this is far less effective, mainly because the political colours of many countries are constantly changing. Not so long ago, Iranians were shouting hurrah for the Ayatollah. Now they are chanting the opposite. In the 1960s, Chairman Mao was being hailed as China's great saviour. Now, neither he nor his Book of Thoughts are ever mentioned.

Incidentally, spy stories abound re some of the types the Germans dispatched to this country during both World Wars. Some wore German-made suits with the tailors' label still attached. Others could speak no English. A few had in their possession maps of England, complete with directions written in German — and one or two, it is said, even had German sausages and cigarettes in their pockets! Of course, these could have been decoys.

Mrs. J. Songhurst,
Maidstone, Kent

Disheartening situation

The case of Margaret Deck and the rest of her family ("How Many Victims For The Man With An Urge To Kill?" *True Detective*, June) saddened me. It was just part of a series of senseless killings that are so often featured in your magazines. Why are people like Robert Stuellgens released from their terms of imprisonment to destroy defenceless citizens at will? Four innocent people met their deaths as a result on this occasion. It's truly a disheartening situation.

L. O. Nene,
Port Harcourt, Nigeria

Mother's nerve!

What is the law in Oakland, California, thinking about? The murderers of poor little Eddie Lee Ferguson, ("Unwanted Boy Beaten And Murdered," *True Detective*, October) get a mere seven years each! Yet Eddie's mother and her accomplice callously and without a trace of remorse beat this poor boy to death. She even had the nerve to say, "There ought to be a smell by now," when showing police officers where they hid his body.

I felt quite sick when reading it.

Elizabeth Barrie,
Kirkton, Dundee

Not surprised

Reading your editorial comment (*True Detective*, July) has prompted me to write once again to say how much I agree with you. What kind of justice have they got in the United States anyway? As the murder rate soars, every possible leeway is afforded the criminal. And how ludicrous to read of a parole board *appealing* the decision of a judge, so that a convicted killer like Thomas Trantino can be back on the streets again! Mark my words, he will repeat his crimes — and forget all about the farcical idea of making restitution to his victims' dependants.

Some of these thugs are often referred to as animals. In my view, that is an insult to the animal world. So when can honest people live without being in constant fear for their lives once again? I recently read in your companion magazine about the cop in Oklahoma who resigned in disgust.

I am not surprised.

C. P. Crowley,
Dunmanway, Co. Cork

detectives were beginning their special tasks. One had a pad on his lap, on which he was drawing an outline of the hall area where the body lay. He next drew a rough sketch of the body. Then, as a colleague unreeled a tape measure and checked the distances to various points of reference, such as the door, walls and staircase, he drew broken lines and inserted these measurements above the appropriate lines of reference.

ANOTHER DETECTIVE, SENT TO SEARCH THE REMAINDER OF THE HOUSE, SUDDENLY RETURNED TO REPORT: "THERE IS ANOTHER

WOMAN OUT IN THE ROOM BEYOND THE KITCHEN. SHE'S DEAD, TOO. HER THROAT HAS BEEN CUT."

A few moments later, the inspector summoned a badly shaken Otto Moldaur from the front steps, where he had gone to get some air. "You found the body, is that right?" the officer asked. As the man nodded, the inspector directed him to tell his story again, slowly. A detective stood by, notebook in hand, to record the foreman's words.

Moldaur told how he had come to collect his salary and how no one re-

sponded when he knocked at the front door. He identified the victims as his employers, Marta Lundner and her daughter Gabriele. Then, almost as an afterthought, he mentioned that there was a third person who resided at the Lundner mansion, Karl Heinze.

"This Heinze—what is he, a servant?"

"Oh no," Moldaur said quickly. "He's Marta Lundner's grandson—adopted grandson."

The inspector then asked if Moldaur knew where Heinze could be found. Moldaur said he did not. "What else can you tell us about him?" the inspector next inquired.

Moldaaur was obviously reluctant to answer the question. Finally, however, he said: "Well, he's not what you would call a model young man. He's been in jail several times. I'm not sure of all the details—you must have them at police headquarters."

Just as Moldaur finished speaking, the police surgeon arrived. He was followed a few moments later by three cars which disgorged more detectives and some technicians from the crime laboratory. The latter quickly spread throughout the house, proceeding on their respective crime scene duties without having to be told what to do.

In the meantime, the doctor attended to his own duties, starting first with the examination of the corpse of Gabriele Lundner in the room beyond the kitchen. He came out to confer with the inspector about 15 minutes later.

"It was deliberate murder," the doctor said. "The woman back there was

strangled into unconsciousness before her throat was cut. I'm confident the post-mortem will confirm that."

"Any indication of sexual molestation?" the inspector asked.

The doctor looked thoughtful as he replied: "I would give you an unequivocal no to that question, except for one thing. This victim is not young, alluring or seductive-looking, as you no doubt saw. One of your men told me that she was the daughter of the victim in the front hall, so I estimate she's at least 60 years old. Anyway, I found no sign of sex activity in my examination of her genitals, but the elastic waist band of her underpants was broken. I leave it to you to determine whether that was an accident or deliberate."

With that, he brushed by the inspector on his way to the front hall to examine the body of Marta Lundner. Later, he would report that the elder victim had also been deliberately murdered. Her head had been smashed in with a full beer bottle, which had shattered on impact. That was what

had caused all the splintered glass shards found on the floor around her corpse.

"She died instantly," the doctor added. "Her skull was crushed."

DETECTIVES WERE told that both women had been killed at about the same time—probably between 1 o'clock and 4 p.m. that day. "I ought to be able give you a narrower time span after the post-mortems," the doctor said.

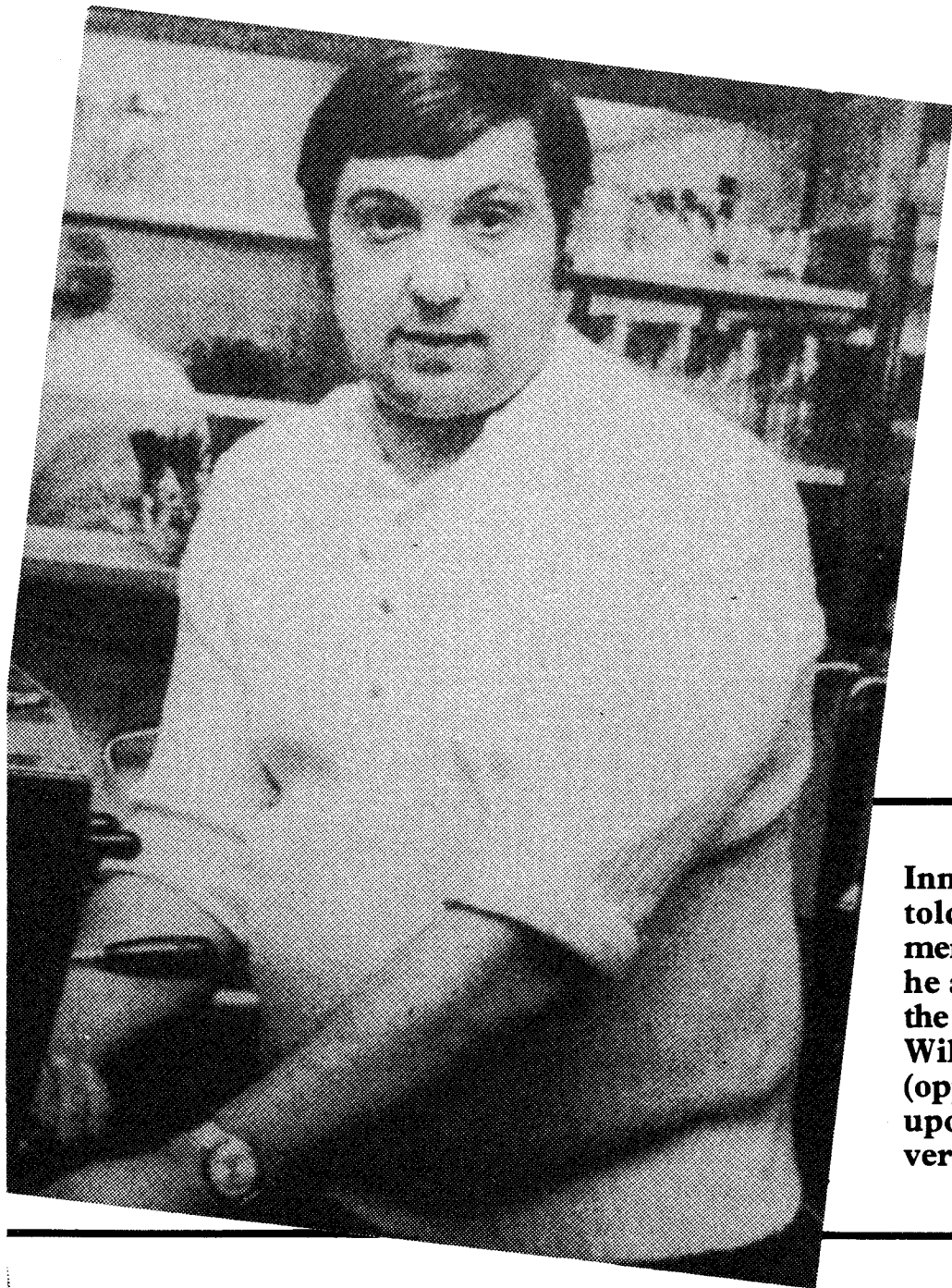
"Sex?" asked the inspector.

"No sign on this one," the doctor replied. "And thank God for that! She had to be around 90 years old!"

"Some of our more discriminating sex freaks like 'em around that age," muttered a detective.

The crime scene work was not finished until nearly 2 a.m. on Sunday. Most of the detectives began reporting for work again at 7 o'clock that same morning. One of them entered carrying a bulky file. It turned out to be the police record of





There seemed little doubt that the grandson had been talking about the cash laying around in the Lundner home... and to the wrong people

young Karl Heinze. "We've got a live one here," he announced, dropping the folder on the inspector's desk.

"This Karl Heinze," he went on "is only 17 years old, but he has five convictions—all for theft. I just skimmed through it, but it seems that he stole from his adopted grandmother, too. In that case, though, she declined to prefer charges."

"Ironic, isn't it?" the inspector mused. "If she *had* prosecuted, it might have saved her life. Where is this kid? Any indication here where we might be able to pick him up?"

"Don't think so," came the reply. "According to this record—which I presume is up to date—he was released

the last time just about two months ago."

Heaving a deep sigh, the inspector said: "All right. Get out his 'mug-shots' and everything in his official pedigree and have some bulletins printed. We'll circulate them throughout the region. Of course, we may be leaping to conclusions about him' shaping up as such a likely suspect. He could be completely innocent. Still we have to talk to him. For one thing, he'll probably be in line to inherit the family estate. He certainly had plenty of motive to kill them."

The mug-shots and descriptions of Karl Heinze were printed within a few hours and the circulars were swiftly circulated. Less than an hour after the completion of this task, however, the wanted youth, Karl Heinze himself, walked into police headquarters in Graz and said he'd been away on a little trip—but he understood that the police were looking for him.

MUCH TO the surprise of the detectives, it appeared that Karl Heinze

Innkeeper Walther Steiner (left) told cops how three young men would stop talking every time he approached their table on the murder afternoon. As a result, Willi Melnik and Hans Raab (opposite page) were soon called upon to supply their own version of that Saturday's events

actually had been away on a trip the day that Marta and Gabriele Lundner were murdered. At least, he had a cancelled train ticket for a return trip to the city of Klagenfurt, 100 miles to the southwest, near the Yugoslav border.

"It's not an ironclad alibi, of course," a detective commented later. "He could have gone to the station and hung around there until he saw somebody throw away a used ticket. The railway staff are supposed to collect them at the exit gates, but they don't always do it."

Most of the officers refused to give up on Heinze as a suspect. "I think it's more of an indication that he's guilty," one of them pointed out. "Who keeps a train ticket—unless they're on an expense

“Steiner’s jealous of me,” he told detectives, “because he knows I’m the one who’ll inherit my grandmother’s money. He made the whole thing up to make trouble for me . . .”

account? The fact that he has one tells me that he knew he was going to need an alibi—and figured out a cute way to back one up.”

“I would agree with you, but I don’t believe a jury would,” the inspector remarked. “I’ve had a report from the lab. They found his fingerprints all over the house, but that doesn’t do a thing for us. They *should* be there. He *lives* in that house.”

The technicians had also found evidence of ransacking throughout the house, but no money. A detective asked if they had been able to determine what the killer had got away with.

“The Lundners’ bank thinks they might have had as much as 105,000 schillings (approx £3,000) in the place at this time of the month,” the inspector told him. “It’s unfortunate that they didn’t make regular bank deposits, like normal business people. From what we’ve been able to determine, it was common knowledge that the old ladies kept all that money around. Some informants make no secret of the fact that they used to see Marta and Gabriele just toss bundles of cash into various drawers.”

A detective said softly: “That I don’t like to hear. That opens up a whole new field of suspects, doesn’t it?”

“Precisely,” said the inspector. “Which is why we must move very carefully with this adopted grandson.”

“What do you want to do with young Heinze?” the detective asked.

“I’m tempted to let him go, but some-

thing tells me that would be a mistake,” said Fuersten. “We’ll hold him for the time being. Meanwhile, we’ll get out every man we can spare and have them try to find someone who might have seen Heinze here in Graz at the time he was supposed to be travelling to or from—or in—Klagenfurt. We’ll get nowhere interrogating him, unless we have leverage.”

The post-mortem report provided no surprises. The only information that the pathologist had been able to add was that the two women had died between 2 and 3 o’clock on Saturday afternoon.

The crime lab crew, on the other hand, had been far more productive, although the value of their findings remained to be determined. They had found a large number of clues, including the fragments of the broken beer bottle used to batter Marta Lundner’s skull. The label on that bottle was different from the brand used normally by the Lundners, several bottles of which were found in their refrigerator.

The most disappointing part of the wealth of clues was that none of them provided even a hint to the identity of the murderer. The knife used to cut the throat of Gabriele Lundner had come from the kitchen. There were no fingerprints on it.

Now the officers began to fan out through the city. All of them armed with photos and a description of Karl Heinze. Their mission was to find—if possible—any witness or witnesses who had seen Heinze in Graz or its environs any time during the morning or afternoon of Saturday, October 6th.

It took some hours of patient investigation, but eventually the detectives put their fingers on the weak point in Heinze’s alibi. The break came at the Adlerhaus, a tavern about half a mile

from the Lundner mansion. Not long afterwards, the proprietor of the tavern, Walther Steiner, was making a statement at Graz police headquarters.

“Karl Heinze was in my place all of Saturday morning and part of Saturday afternoon,” the tavern keeper said. “I know that bastard well. He’s a steady customer, but I’m not too happy about that. He hangs out in my place a lot.”

“Was he in your place between 2 and 3 o’clock?” the inspector asked. He waited tensely for the reply. It might be the determining factor in whether they could make a case against Karl Heinze.

Steiner shook his head. “No, he was not. But that’s where the strange bit comes in. Almost all of Saturday morning, he and two other young loafers were sitting in the tavern drinking beer. I didn’t know the other two—they were older than Heinze. But I can tell you this—they didn’t look like upstanding citizens. They made me nervous.

“All the time they were sitting there, they were talking in whispers, with their heads close together. Whenever I brought another round of beer to their table, they’d all shut up and say nothing until I walked away. I got the impression that, whatever they were talking about, it was something they certainly wanted nobody to hear.”

“Did they all leave together?” a detective put in.

“The first time they left was about 12.30,” Steiner said. “They all went out together and they didn’t have enough money to pay the bill. It only came to 35 schillings (about £1).”

“So what did they do?”

“They said they’d be back in a little while and they’d pay me then,” the tavern keeper said.

“And they never came back?”

“Wrong. They came back, all right, a little before 4 o’clock—and then they had money to burn. They paid for the beer and ordered drinks for everybody in the bar. Peeled the money off a big roll of

banknotes. And they were in high spirits. They kept going to the men's room with paper packages and coming back without them."

"What do you think they were doing with the packages in the men's room?" the inspector asked. He already had a good idea what the answer would be, but he wanted the witness to answer the question.

"They were taking something out of those packages and putting it in their pockets," Steiner said. "Whenever they came out of the toilet their pockets were bulging."

"With what?" asked the inspector, although he already knew the answer.

"I think it was money," Steiner said.

"But you don't know that for certain?"

"Not for sure, no," Steiner admitted.

"But after they left my place, I went and looked around the toilet and I found some things. The detective here brought them with us."

The detective who had first interviewed Steiner at the Adlerhaus now produced a jewel box and a camera case. "I'd like to send them over to the crime lab," he said, "to see if they can determine whether they came from the Lundner house. The jewel box is an old-fashioned job, while the case is for an expensive Leica."

For the first time since the investigation had started, the inspector permitted himself a slight smile. "I think," he said slowly, "this is just the kind of leverage we've been looking for. Let's see what Heinze has to say to this."

IF THE inspector really thought that the weight of the evidence would shatter Heinze's stubborn resistance, however, he was in for a disappointment. This 17 year old was a tough customer, long inured to police grillings and apparently impervious to pressure. He denied everything and tried to explain away Steiner's allegations.

"Steiner is jealous of me," he claimed, "because he knows I'm the one who will inherit all my grandmother's money. He just made the whole thing up to make trouble for me."

It was far-fetched, to be sure, but the inspector did not want to bet against the possibility that it might be true. He ordered his men to contact every person Steiner could remember as having been in his tavern during the time Heinze was there on Saturday. And the inspector was not surprised when a dozen witnesses confirmed Steiner's story about the

presence of Heinze in his tavern with a couple of strangers.

Meanwhile, the crime lab. experts had, with the assistance of the domestic help who for years had been coming to the Lundner mansion twice a week to clean the place, determined beyond any doubt that the old-fashioned jewel case and the camera case had come from the victims' home. Even more to the point, they had found Karl Heinze's fingerprint on the jewel case.

That young man, however, characteristically continued to deny any connection with the murders and robbery. Asked for the names of his accomplices he snorted contemptuously and charged that they were figments of Steiner's imagination.

Despite these denials, the inspector was convinced that Karl Heinze was involved in the crimes up to his eyebrows. To nail down this suspicion, he gave an order that all the customers who said they had seen Heinze in the tavern on Saturday should be brought to headquarters to look through photos of criminals with records of robbery and violence. He was convinced that Heinze

● continued on page 51

**If you know someone who's enjoyed reading
True Detective this year, why not buy
them all 12 of next year's issues now?**



**Just £8.70 (Overseas £10.55), sent to
Subscriptions Dept., M.A.P. Ltd., 13/35, Bridge House,
Hemel Hempstead, Herts, will ensure
they'll get an issue sent to them every month . . .**

Or why not treat yourself to a present?

IT SEEMED to Minnie and Leo Shapiro, both 68-year-old refugees from the Nazi holocaust in their native Poland, that America had fulfilled its promise as a land of opportunity and blessings. They had prospered since coming to Baltimore in 1948. Leo Shapiro was now the proud owner of a chain of Baltimore supermarkets which was providing the Shapiros with a degree of financial security they had not dared to dream of when they opened their first Mom and Pop grocery store in 1948. Now they intended to retire soon to Florida, there to spend their Golden Years in peace.

Like many other refugees from Hitler's tyranny, the Shapiros had followed the traditional occupation of merchant and shopkeeper. Unfortunately, all too often this made them and their Jewish brethren highly visible targets for the ever-growing, aggressive and vicious urban criminal element. Tragically, for them the American dream became a nightmare.

It was hot on the night of July 29th, 1979. Leo and Minnie Shapiro were getting ready to retire for the night. First, though, as was his habit, Leo left the house to take the dog for a walk, while Minnie went upstairs to the master bedroom, undressed and put on her nightgown.

As she sat at the dresser brushing her hair, she suddenly heard a strange noise. She hesitated, then rose to investigate, walking towards the window in an effort to see what the noise might have been. Suddenly, too, she was startled by another noise. Wheeling to face the bedroom door, she was shocked to see two black males, their faces covered by stocking masks, entering the room.

"Quiet — and give us the money!" one ordered harshly. He added: "We've only got eight seconds."

The terrified woman first sought to divert the two robbers from a substantial sum of money secreted in the dresser drawer which was destined for the bank next day. Instead, she led them downstairs to the kitchen and opened the trash compartment under the sink, where a lesser amount of money was stashed.

Survived The Nazis...

Murdered In Maryland

Scrutinising the money, the apparent leader of the duo became angry and, without warning, he struck the helpless woman in the mouth, knocking out several teeth.

"Godammit, where is the money? We ain't jivin'!" he hissed.

The terrified woman gasped: "Upstairs . . . in the dresser drawer..."

The two villains then pushed and pummelled the stumbling, whimpering woman back up the stairs to the master bedroom. Pulling open the dresser drawer, they stuffed their pockets with cash while scooping up articles of jewellery off the top. They then pushed their helpless victim down on the bed and bound her hands with electrical wire. After what seemed like an eternity to Minnie Shapiro, but in reality was

only a minute or two, the two attackers disappeared.

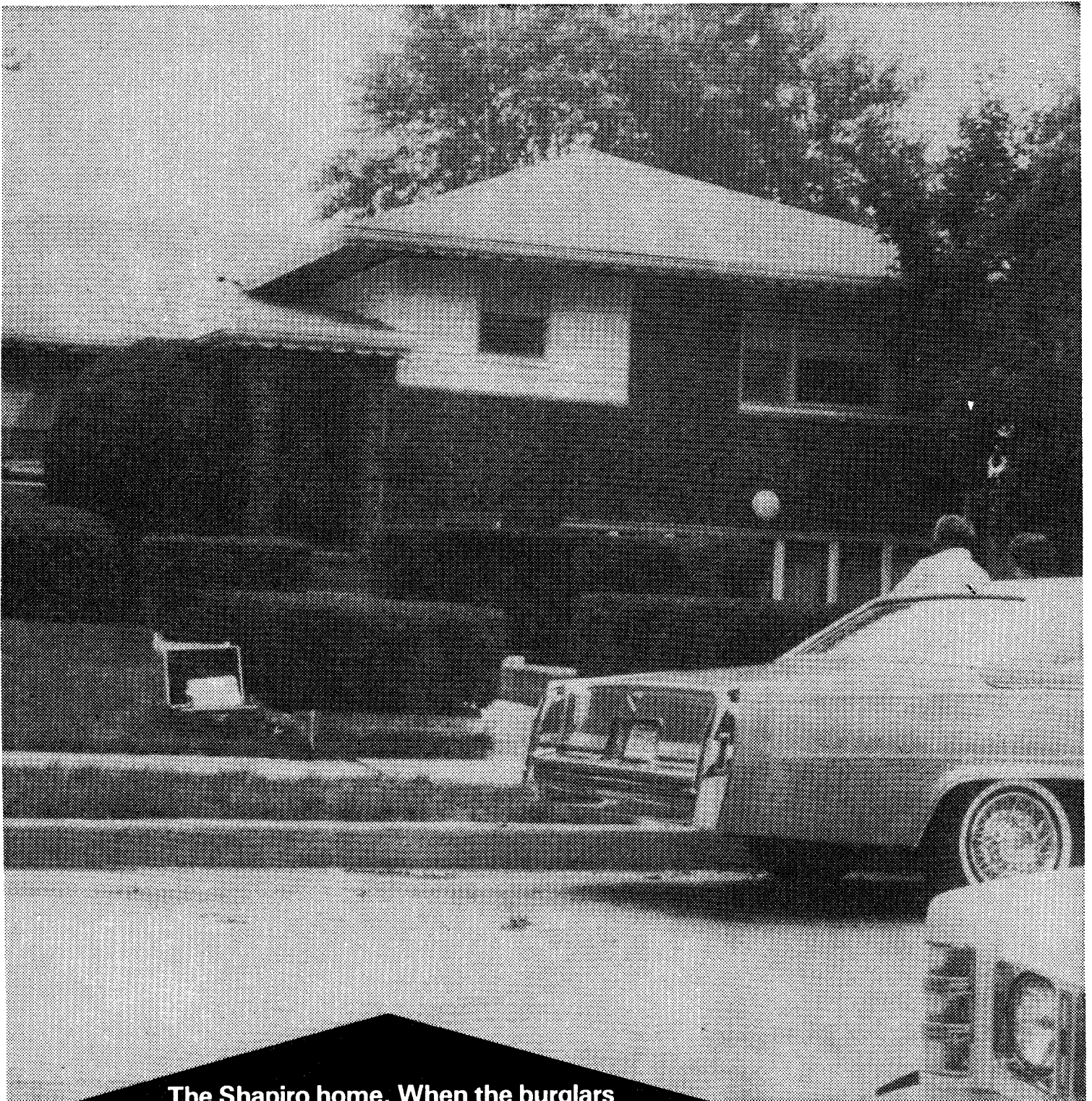
After waiting a while to make sure that her assailants were indeed gone, Minnie Shapiro, though her wrists were still bound, somehow got up and ran out



the front door to seek help — only to find her husband lying bleeding on the pavement in front of their house.

Someone heard her screams and phoned the police. Someone else came outside and took a look at the recum-

They'd survived the Nazi holocaust, only to have their 'new life' wrecked by a callous creep with a gun . . . Bruce Stockdale reports



The Shapiro home. When the burglars fled with their loot, Minnie found husband Leo outside, bleeding to death on the pavement . . .

bent form of Leo Shapiro and dashed back indoors to call an ambulance. It arrived within minutes and took the seriously-wounded man to hospital, where he was subsequently pronounced dead of a gunshot wound in the head.

SHORTLY AFTER 10.30 that evening, Detectives James Ozazewski and August Buchheit arrived on the scene. They were joined by Detective-Sergeant Leonard Willis, who would take control of the crime-scene investigation.

Their first order of business was a quick canvass of the locality to determine whether anyone had seen anything or anyone suspicious that evening. In no time, the probers found one neighbour who said he'd observed a 1973 red Cadillac Coupe de Ville with out-of-state licence plates in the neighbourhood that very afternoon. Another neighbour told the investigators that she had also spotted a red Cadillac Coupe de Ville with orange-coloured plates cruising aimlessly around the area about 9.45 — the approximate time of the crime. After a few minutes of driving up and down the street, the car had suddenly roared off at high speed. Detective-Sergeant Willis immediately had an alert put out for this car.

A search of the victims' house proved negative, except for the 30-inch length of electrical wire used to bind Minnie Shapiro. The latter, after receiving treatment for her injuries, was transported the office of the Homicide Unit, where detectives took her formal statement concerning her ordeal. By this time, she had learned of the death of her husband. But she was bearing up bravely under the brunt of the tragic news.

The next day — July 30th, 1979 — dawned fair and warm. And Detective Ozazewski, of Polish descent, was already hard at work at 8 a.m. composing his early report on what already appeared to be a tough case. At the same time, Officers Richard Kresipuski and Don Westwood were on routine patrol in the northwest part of Baltimore. As they cruised along, Kresipuski suddenly noticed a parked red Cadillac Coupe de Ville, with New York licence number 875-IZW. "Hey, doesn't that look like the car Willis put out an alert for?" he asked Westwood.

"Sure does," Westwood replied. "Let's check it out."

At 8.30 a.m., the phone on Ozazewski's desk rang. He was pleased to learn that Kresipuski and Westwood had found the car that Homicide was interested in on the Shapiro case. Ozazewski and Detective Ronald Lamartina wasted no time in responding to the Rogers Avenue address, where

they were met by the two uniformed officers.

As the two detectives studied the car, the uniformed men canvassed the vicinity in an effort to determine whether anyone knew anything about the red Cadillac. However, no one they talked to appeared to know anything about it, which suggested that it had never been parked there before.

The uniformed officers advised Ozazewski that they had seen the car previously parked in front of a house on Garrison Boulevard. The house was owned by a known drug dealer, who was currently serving a jail term. They also remembered seeing the car being driven by a black male on one occasion in the company of another known drug dealer, known to them only as "Ron."

A supergrass — 'the best I've ever encountered,' said one cop — offered to help clear up a murder . . . in return for a consideration . . .

Ozazewski thanked the sharp-eyed uniformed men for their help and returned to his office. A quick computer check with the National Crime Information Centre disclosed that the car had been reported stolen in New York City on March 15th, 1979.

Further processing of the car by Ozazewski and Lamartina resulted in the discovery of a leather holster, a stocking mask, plus a 30-inch length of electrical wire — the same type as that used to bind Mrs. Shapiro. They noted further that the vehicle was in well-kept condition, clean inside and out. They also noted that work had recently been done on the engine — and a new battery installed. Perhaps, the detectives speculated, if they could identify the person who had bought the battery, it would lead them to the killer of Leo Shapiro? For they were now convinced that they had recovered the getaway car used in the crime.

Accordingly, Ozazewski and Lamartina spent the next several hours canvassing local car supply houses. But all they got were negative results. The probers were advised by the leading distributor of that make of battery that they were engaged in an almost impos-

sible task, in view of the number of batteries sold in and around Baltimore.

"We sure could use a break on this one before the trail gets cold, Jim," Detective Lamartina remarked to his partner after a weary day of visiting the car supply stores.

And then, on August 2nd, 1979, Lamartina received a phone call from the Baltimore City jail, which he hoped would prove to be the break he was looking for. He was advised that an inmate there claimed to have some information about the Shapiro homicide and was interested in making a deal with police about it. The inmate's name was Stanley Patrick Mitchell, alias Anthony Payne, alias John Williams.

Stanley Mitchell was well known to Baltimore police, especially to the Narcotics Squad. One Narcotics detective had described him in an official report as "the best informant I've ever encountered." At least 25 cases had been made against Baltimore drug dealers as a result of information provided by Stanley Patrick Mitchell. At one time, the federal government had found him so valuable that they'd brought him into their Witness Protection Programme, given him a new identity and rehoused him in Detroit. However, the federal authorities soon soured on him and dropped him from their programme, because Mitchell continued his thieving ways while still under its aegis. Apparently, he could support his own expensive heroin habit only by stealing.

Nevertheless, seasoned detectives fully understand that it is really not their function to make moral judgments. Primarily, their job is to get the facts of a case. (As J. Edgar Hoover once put it: "We (the FBI) don't pursue men, we pursue facts"), leaving it to a higher authority to determine what arrangements are to be made by the state with witnesses as far as immunity from prosecution is concerned.

With this in mind, Lamartina and Ozazewski went to the Baltimore City jail for an interview with Mitchell. They were eager to hear what he had to say.

THUS, AT 12.45 p.m. that same day, a guard ushered 32-year-old Stanley Mitchell, a 6-foot, 160-pound, medium-complexioned black male who greeted the detectives cordially, into the jail visiting room. Mitchell explained that he had been locked up on a minor credit card violation and was wondering whether this could be taken care of in exchange for his help on the Shapiro case. In response, Lamartina patiently explained that such deals fell within the province of the prosecutor's office, though he said that he could make a recommendation, depending on the nature

of the information possessed by Mitchell.

Mitchell seemed satisfied with this. He told the detectives that he was on holiday in New York City on July 30th, staying at the Ebony Hotel in Harlem, when he struck up a conversation with two men known to him only as "James Brown" and "Bey Brother." During the course of this conversation, the two had talked about shooting a chain store owner and beating an old woman. One of the two had also bragged that his cut from the job had been \$8,500. He'd also flashed a roll of money in 20-dollar bills. After a few questions about what Mitchell had told them, Lamartina asked him if he would be willing to take a polygraph test. Mitchell agreed.

In the car on the way back downtown, the two detectives mulled over Mitchell's story and agreed that it smelled fishy. It was just too pat, they reasoned.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking, Ron?" Ozazewski asked suddenly.

"If you're thinking that Mitchell is involved in the homicide, they you *are* thinking what I'm thinking," Lamartina laughed. "And I'll bet DiCarlo agrees with us," he added.

Upon their return to the Homicide Unit offices, they conferred with Captain Frank DiCarlo. After listening

to a recounting of their jailhouse interview, DiCarlo expressed his opinion that "old wheeler-dealer" Stanley Mitchell was at it again, peddling information in return for lenient treatment from prosecutors. But this time the game was for unusually high stakes, with the gas chamber as a possible payoff for the loser. The captain decided to have Mitchell's story checked.

Next day — August 3rd — Lamartina travelled to New York City and the Ebony Hotel in Harlem. While

***An addict's craving
for drugs proved a
powerful motivator . . .***

interviews with management and some of the hotel residents verified Mitchell's presence there on the day in question, Lamartina could not verify the presence of either "James Brown" or "Bey Brother."

Returning to Baltimore, with the feeling that his time had been wasted, an irritated Lamartina told DiCarlo that he felt Mitchell's story was a fabrication. He recommended that Mitchell undergo the polygraph examination.

DiCarlo concurred. And on the

afternoon of August 5th, Mitchell submitted to a lie-detector test. The examination indicated that, while Mitchell was telling the truth as far as not actually participating in the shooting of Leo Shapiro was concerned, it also suggested that he was lying about not being involved in the crime in any way. The test seemed to indicate that he had driven the getaway car.

Apprised of this, the detectives felt that this would be right in keeping with everything they knew about Mitchell. While he had no record of violence, he was still a man with an expensive heroin habit to support and, as such, he probably would not be above making some easy money by acting as "wheel man" in what was planned as strictly a burglary. The murder had probably occurred when Shapiro tried to interfere with the robbers' escape, the lawmen speculated.

By the time September rolled around, Lamartina guessed that Stanley Mitchell would really be hurting for "a fix." An addict's craving for drugs is a powerful motivator — and there was no reason to think that Mitchell was any exception to this rule. Previously, however, he had always managed to wheel and deal and manipulate with success — but there he was, still locked up in the city jail.

Mexico-California Murder Shocker:

LURED ACROSS THE BORDER TO HER DEATH!



The San Isidro port of entry into the United States. Maria Lopez de Felix crossed the border here... to her death. Just one of the stories in *Master Detective*, December. On sale from Nov. 20

Maybe, just maybe, Mitchell might figure that, if he admitted his involvement in the Shapiro crime to the extent of driving the getaway car, this would satisfy the prosecutor's office and enable them to make a deal on that basis. Then he might be sprung back onto the street, where he would again have access to drugs.

Obviously thinking along these lines, Mitchell sent word to Lamartina that he wanted to talk again. The detectives, however, realising that Mitchell's drug addiction was driving him to desperate measures, were determined to be extremely careful in their dealings with him. They wanted to cover themselves against any defence counsel's accusations that state-

ments made by Mitchell were coerced or illegally obtained in any way. Accordingly, when Mitchell arrived at the interrogation room at the Homicide Unit, Lamartina lengthily explained the suspect's constitutional rights under Miranda, then had him sign a waiver-of-rights form.

As a cassette tape-recorder electronically preserved his statement on that September 10th, Mitchell related how he had driven two men to and from the Shapiro home on the night of the killing in a stolen red and white Cadillac. They had only intended to burgle the house, he said, but one of the men shot Leo Shapiro in the head when the food store owner surprised them coming out of the house.

"Why did they shoot Shapiro?" Lamartina asked.

"Because he started to signify," replied Mitchell.

"What do you mean, signify?" Lamartina pressed.

"You know, started to butt in and shoutin' what the big idea was — you know, signifyin'."

MITCHELL FURTHER related that he had sold a handgun to one of the men, but that he did not know whether it was the one used in the shooting. He admitted that his story about overhearing the conversation at the Ebony Hotel was a fabrication — and then named George Johnson and Harold Smith, both of Baltimore, as the two men he accompanied to the Shapiro house. Finally, Mitchell provided the detectives with physical details of the exterior crime scene that only one who had been there could possibly know.

After Mitchell read over and signed his statement, he was returned to the Baltimore City jail. Then two teams of detectives went into the streets to run down George Johnson and Harold Smith. They soon found both suspects, but both had ironclad alibis for the time of the Shapiro crime. Apparently, Stanley Patrick Mitchell was trying to pull another fast one.

An angry Assistant State's Attorney Howard Gersh decided that the time had come to stop playing games with Stanley Mitchell. Gersh proceeded to file charges against him for homicide, armed assault, robbery and handgun violation, all based on the incriminating statement of September 10th. (Under Maryland law, anyone who assists in the perpetration of a crime, even to the extent of acting as lookout or assisting in the escape from the scene, can be held fully responsible, as if he had actually committed it).

The case was assigned to Assistant

Next month in this new series



Case of the
LECHEROUS CLOWN

To readers of
True Detective

Have you tried
True Crime
Monthly yet?
Here are
just three of
the many
stories appearing
in the
December issue.

Why not
give it a try?

CONTINENTAL
CRIME REPORT

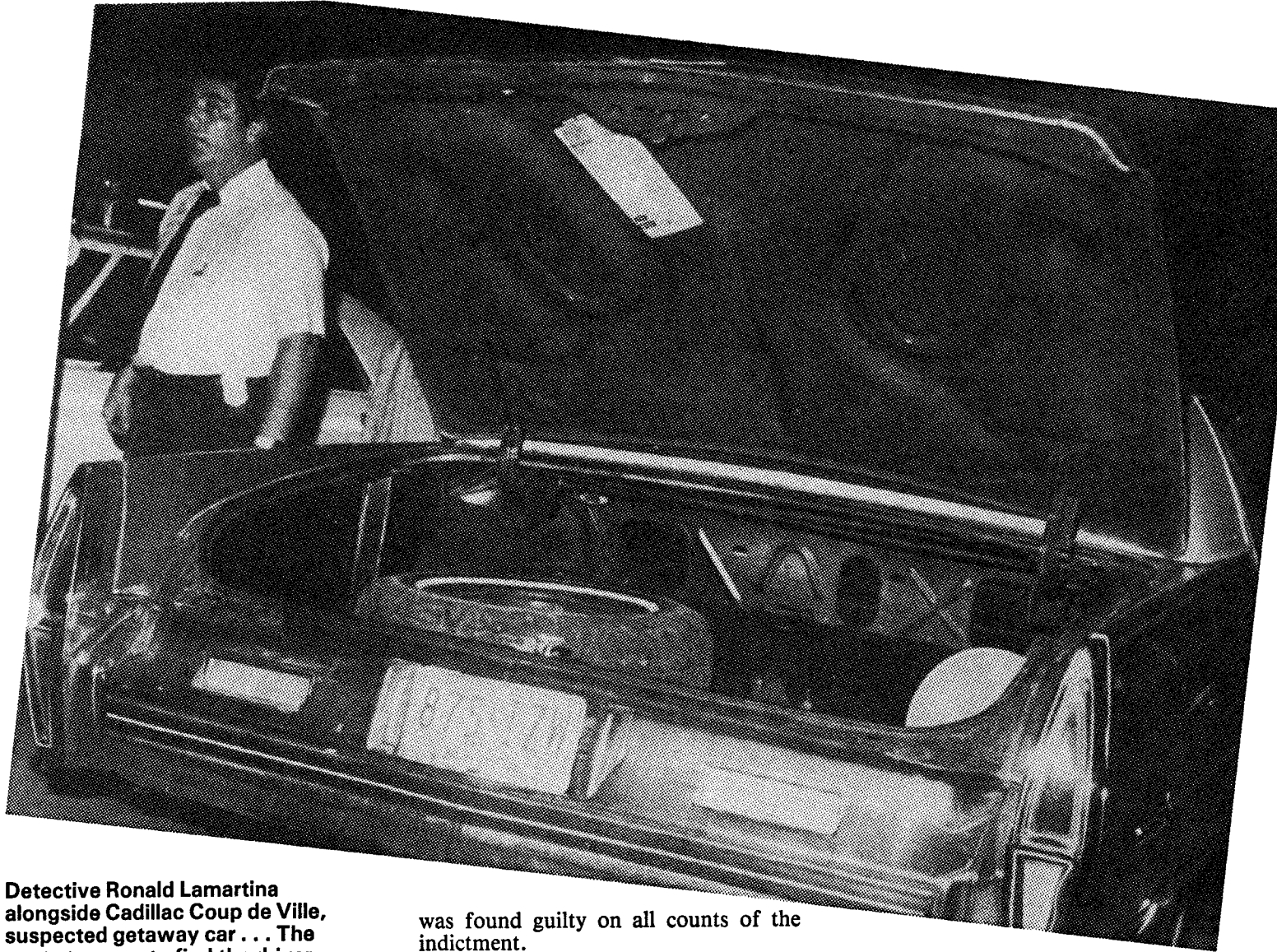


FROM WEST GERMANY

**3 VICTIMS FOR
A BESTIAL
RAPE KILLER**

and in this December issue
*The Tragedy Of
Good King Wenceslas*

True Crime December is on sale from Nov. 27



Detective Ronald Lamartina alongside Cadillac Coup de Ville, suspected getaway car . . . The next step was to find the driver

State's Attorney Stephen Tully for prosecution. By the time the trial commenced in Baltimore during May, 1980, Mitchell was recanting his confession. He testified that he had been tricked into making the false statements as a result of illegal inducements by Detective Lamartina. These consisted allegedly of getting him minimal bail on his credit card violation and the return to him of his car, seized by police at the time of his arrest on that charge on August 1st, 1979.

When the jury was unable to agree on a verdict, a mistrial was declared and the defendant was remanded to the Baltimore City jail to await a new trial. Assistant State's Attorney Gary Bass was assigned to prosecute the state's second attempt to bring the elusive Mitchell to justice. Prosecutor Bass, whose courteous demeanour and mild manner conceal a steel-trap legal mind, was determined to try the case as many times as necessary to see that justice was done.

That second trial in the case of Maryland v. Stanley Patrick Mitchell was held in November, 1980. It lasted for 10 days. This time, the defendant

was found guilty on all counts of the indictment.

Mitchell's troubles had been compounded in October, 1980, when he was nabbed in the city jail for possession of heroin, quaaludes and marijuana. This, coupled with the fact that his activities as a police informant had become known to inmates as a result of newspaper coverage of his trials, resulted in Mitchell's transfer to the more secure Harford County detention centre.

On January 14th, 1981, Mitchell appeared before Judge Robert Hammerman for sentencing. Judge Hammerman rejected Defence Attorney Richard Cremin's argument to suspend part of Mitchell's sentence "because of the defendant's past record of cooperation with police."

In arguing for leniency, Attorney Cremin told the judge that his client had a history for property crimes only, not crimes of violence. He had not fired the gun that killed Leo Shapiro. He also reminded Judge Hammerman of an incident in which Mitchell had come to the aid of a Baltimore patrolman who was being threatened by a man who had snatched his gun. Mitchell might well have saved the officer's life, the lawyer said.

Prosecutor Bass argued against any

suspension of sentence, noting that the defendant had provided a gun to one of the unknown accomplices. "There's only one reason to have a gun — and that's to kill someone," the prosecutor said.

In rejecting defence counsel's plea for leniency, Judge Hammerman commented that the loss of Leo Shapiro was not only a loss to his family, but a loss to the whole community. With this in mind, he sentenced Stanley Patrick Mitchell to life imprisonment.

In an interview with this reporter after the trial, Prosecutor Bass expressed satisfaction with the outcome of the proceedings. "Mitchell wanted to have it both ways," he said. "He thought he could manipulate the authorities, as he had done in the past. He wanted to make a deal, but he did not want to give value for value received. As a result, he is now doing life, while his accomplices are still not apprehended. Maybe, some day, he will wise up and tell us who they really are."

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The names George Johnson and Harold Smith, as used in the foregoing story, are fictitious.

'HIT HER AGAIN, MAKE SURE SHE'S DEAD!'

The Florida conspiracy to kill Marcia Fackler

SUNDAY MORNING was just an hour and 41 minutes old when Deputy Sheriff Michael Robinson received the dispatch to make a follow-up on a reported missing person. Robinson left for the Pine Hills suburb of Orlando, Florida, arriving at the Fackler home at precisely 2.5 a.m. The well-kept house, complete with enclosed swimming-pool and other luxurious endowments, stood out conspicuously, all lit up in expectation on that February 24th, 1980.

Robinson approached the front door and pressed the doorbell. When the door opened, the deputy observed a young man whose handsome face bore a worried expression.

Sam Roen reports

"Thank you for coming," he said in a strained voice. "I don't know what to do."

Loren Michael Fackler, 25 went on to explain his dilemma. His wife Marcia was absent from their home. He told Robinson: "I left the house about 7 o'clock last evening. I went over to my mother's house to lay some carpet."

Fackler paused, then went on: "I got back here about 1 o'clock this morning and my wife was gone." He was stunned to find that the house was empty. With his wife mysteriously gone, their home was totally vacant. Their little boy had been taken to his grandmother's house to spend the night. The husband's wait had been filled with anxiety and fear.



"It was so late . . . and she has never done anything like this before."

"When was the last contact you had with your wife?" Robinson inquired.

"Well," Fackler said, "my mother was the last one to talk to her. Marcia told her on the phone—around 8 p.m., I think it was—that she was going out to the shopping centre to buy some air filters."

He could not imagine that anyone would want to harm his wife. He walked the deputy through the house, pointing out that all the windows and doors were securely closed and that there was no sign of any forced entry.

After Robinson recorded that Marcia drove a blue Chevrolet Nova—Florida licence Z-672—which was also missing, Fackler asked him to examine a stain on the carpet in the living-room. The stain was circular-shaped, but it was difficult to determine its colour, since the carpeting was red. Fackler suggested that "it might be blood, or it might be dog urine," explaining that their dog was not house-trained.

Back at the Orange County sheriff's headquarters, Robinson entered the details pertaining to Mrs. Marcia Fackler into the computer as a missing person. Then, shortly after 7 a.m. that Sunday, Loren Fackler once again called to report that his wife had still not returned home.

A few minutes after this second call, several deputies arrived at the Fackler residence. They again noted Loren Fackler's concern about the stain on the red carpet. The husband now thought that the stain was blood. Technician Art McGraw was called to the residence to take the stained carpeting and underfelt for laboratory analysis. The officers could find no other stains or trackings similar to the one removed.

With still no response forthcoming regarding Marcia's disappearance, the investigation seemed to come to a halt. On Monday morning, Detective John Harrielson, a talented prober, was assigned to the case.

"There's not a hell of a lot here," he remarked to his usual working partner, Detective Denny Martin. "I guess we start at square one and hope it leads to square two." Martin smiled as Harrielson leaned back and said: "Mr. Fackler, here we come!"

At 2.30 p.m. on that Monday, February 25th, Harrielson went to see Loren Fackler. He came straight to the point and asked Loren when he had last seen his wife.

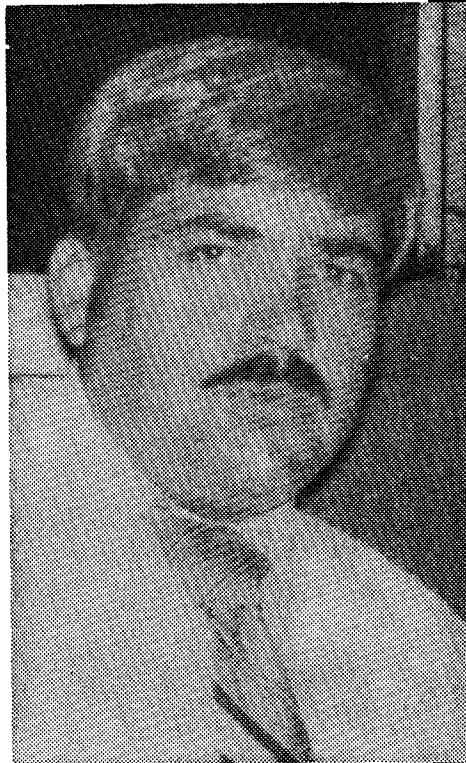
A. "When I left here on Saturday night with my son Mark. We went over to my mother's house."

Q. "How long were you at your mother's?"

A. "I was there until about 9 with William and young Mark. Then we all

Back seat interior of the vehicle used to transport the body . . .

It was from discovery of car that Detectives Harrielson (below) and Martin (top right) built their case, which famed State's Attorney Richard Egan also figured in when he authorised a plea-bargaining session with a man facing the electric chair



between them and filed the report for future reference.

In bed that night, Harrielson was restless. At approximately 1.30 a.m. on Tuesday morning, John Harrielson's rest was further disturbed. Before answering the ominous telephone ring, he knew that he was going to hear something like, "there's a break in the Fackler case." And that's what he heard



went over to Albertson's (nearby shopping centre) to get some Cokes and Seven-Up. We were gone about 15 or 20 minutes."

Q. "What did you do then?"

A. "We stayed at my mother's until about 1 in the morning — then I went home."

Q. "Your wife wasn't home when you got back?"

A. "No, that's when I found that stain on the floor and I called the sheriff's office."

Harrielson later wrote a report of his interview with Loren Fackler. He studied the conversation that had passed

—almost word for word. "Damn sight better'n trying to sleep," he told himself as he dressed in haste.

It was not quite 2 a.m. when he arrived in the southwest corner of Orange County. Deputies Louis Ronca and Riggs Gay briefed the detective as they stood beside an apparently-abandoned car.

"We got this call from the cops in Windermere (a hamlet southwest of Orlando) and they got this guy who says he has been keeping his eye on this car that someone just left out here with no one around. This guy told them it didn't make no sense.

was — deader'n David's Goliath — jammed tight on the floor behind the front seat."

He continued: "I didn't want to take anything for granted, so I opened the back door on the driver's side and I gently felt her arm. It was cold. I looked for vital signs, but there were none. I just called in the report."

A few minutes later, Detective Denny

number the police had been given by Marcia's husband.

Harrielson and Martin observed that the woman in the car had been the victim of a vicious assault. There were several severe injuries to the face and head. She appeared to have a bullet wound in the upper left arm area, a stab wound to the chest, while the left shoulder and upper left arm displayed bloodstains. The body was clad in brown slacks and a white bra. A red blouse, dishevelled, had been wrapped partially around her right hand. A brown sweater lay on the back seat. Her left arm was stretched up and onto the seat, as though she'd been reaching for the sweater.

While the detectives recorded the information they were gathering, Technician McGraw photographed the body, the scene and the entire surrounding

"I got the call just before midnight . . . and I got out here with the guy and he leads me to this car. What he didn't tell me, because he didn't know, was that there was a hell of a lot more to this car than just being left roadside."

When Deputy Ronca had arrived at the site, the car was heavily covered with moisture from the early morning dew. The windows were so fogged and steamed that it was impossible to see into the vehicle.

"I opened the front door on the driver's side and discovered a woman's handbag on the seat. I looked over the seat into the back, and there she

Martin arrived on the scene. "Don't any of these damn things happen at 2 p.m.?" Martin asked his partner.

"Only on Sundays and holidays," Harrielson said sourly, then added: "I'd like you to meet the missing Mrs. Marcia Fackler."

THE CAR, a blue 1965 Chevrolet Nova, obviously fitted the description of the car that the alert had been put out for, despite the fact that the licence plate (HVH 060) didn't agree with the

area. He also collected numerous items of an evidentiary nature, including a spent projectile found in the jamb of the rear door.

Dr. Thomas Hegert, the medical examiner, arrived on the scene and made a preliminary examination. When the doctor removed the blouse, another spent projectile fell from it. A third spent projectile was found on the rear floorboard, while a fourth was

recovered from beneath the rear seat. The handbag in the car belonged to the victim. Among its contents were a pair of bloodstained horn-rimmed glasses.

At 10.30 a.m. on that February 26th, Loren Michael Fackler, who preferred to be called Michael, willingly signed a consent order permitting a search of his home. Martin conducted the search, while Technician McGraw processed the residence. In his search, Martin discovered an insurance policy on the life of Marcia Fackler with the Provident Life and Accident Co., executed in June, 1979, in the amount of \$50,000.

Meanwhile, Dr. Hegert's autopsy revealed that the cause of death was "cerebral anoxia, due to ligature strangulation and blunt force injuries to the head."

Then the investigation turned to the contacts, personal and professional, of the Facklers. Michael Fackler's former employer, Fred Feller, when questioned, revealed to Martin and Harrielson that Fackler had been fired from his lumber yard, because there had been several thefts of timber. Feller also mentioned that the Facklers were in the process of obtaining a divorce.

Feller paused in his narrative, then added: "Now, I don't know too much about this — but there's a woman you should talk to. Her name is Cora Little. She told me that Michael had revealed to her that he was going to put out a murder contract on his wife."

Harrielson and Martin, in questioning Fackler again, learned that he and Marcia had been married about five years. They had one son — Mark, aged four. Recounting his movements on Saturday night, February 23rd, Fackler gave practically the same account that he had before. This time, however, he identified the William he had been with on the night in question as William Bandy. He stressed that there'd been no family problems existing between Marcia and himself. In closing, the officers learned that Fackler had worn blue jeans and a T-shirt on Saturday night.

Harrielson and Martin next interviewed Cora Little, who had worked with Michael at the lumber yard office. "He told me that he was getting a divorce from his wife, because she was fooling around with someone from her office," she stated flatly. "He told me that he'd like to kill his wife. And when I told him that was no way to talk, he just answered that she was heavily insured — and he would be well off if something happened to her."

Later that same day, the detectives questioned a couple, Pete and Eileen Harris, who were in the same indoor bowling team as Michael. Both stated that Fackler had revealed to them that he was going to get rid of his wife.

"He said he would take a contract out on her — that it would cost him \$5,000." Elaborating, the Harrises reported that Fackler had disclosed that this would take place not long after the first of the new year — and that he would set up an alibi for himself when it did happen.

MONDAY, MARCH 3rd, saw Harrielson and Martin questioning William Bandy, who told a story similar to Fackler's. Then detectives gave Fackler the opportunity to read and sign the statement he had given them on February 27th. He was read his constitutional rights, which he waived.

A second statement — tape-recorded — was taken from him, in which he denied that he had been in the area where his wife's body was found. He categorically stated that he did not know the spot where Marcia and her car had been abandoned. He also said that he did not have a set of keys to Marcia's car.

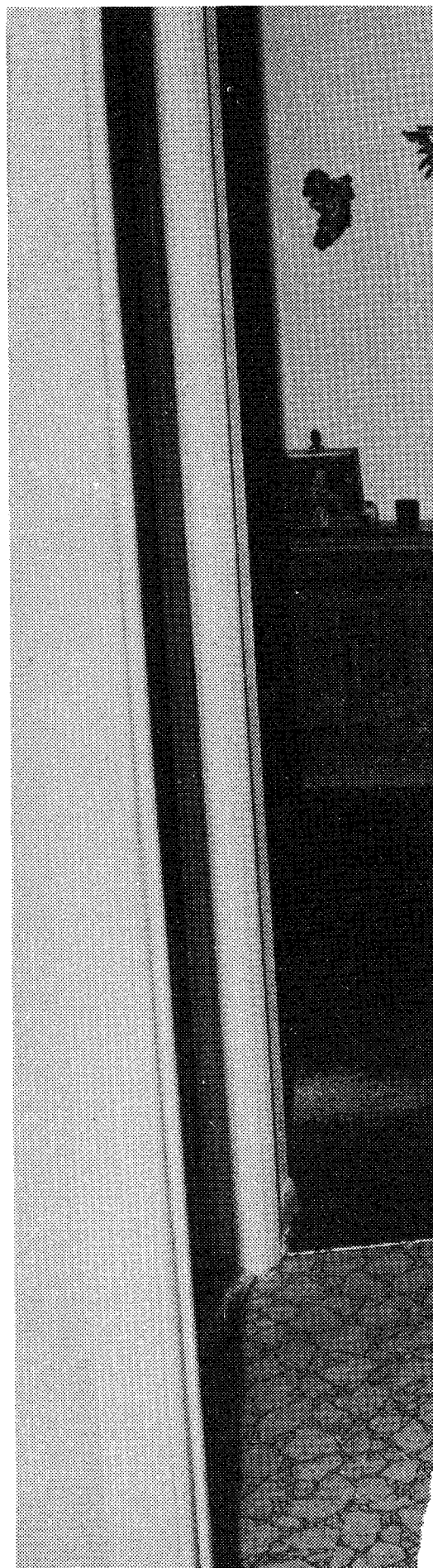
After concluding the taping session, Harrielson and Martin tore Fackler apart with inconsistencies in his statements. He was asked why he'd failed to mention being fired from his job at the lumber yard. Obviously rattled, Fackler described Cora Little as "a vicious troublemaker," who'd told people at the lumber yard "fabrications" about his plans to divorce Marcia and also that he was stealing from the lumber yard, causing him to be fired.

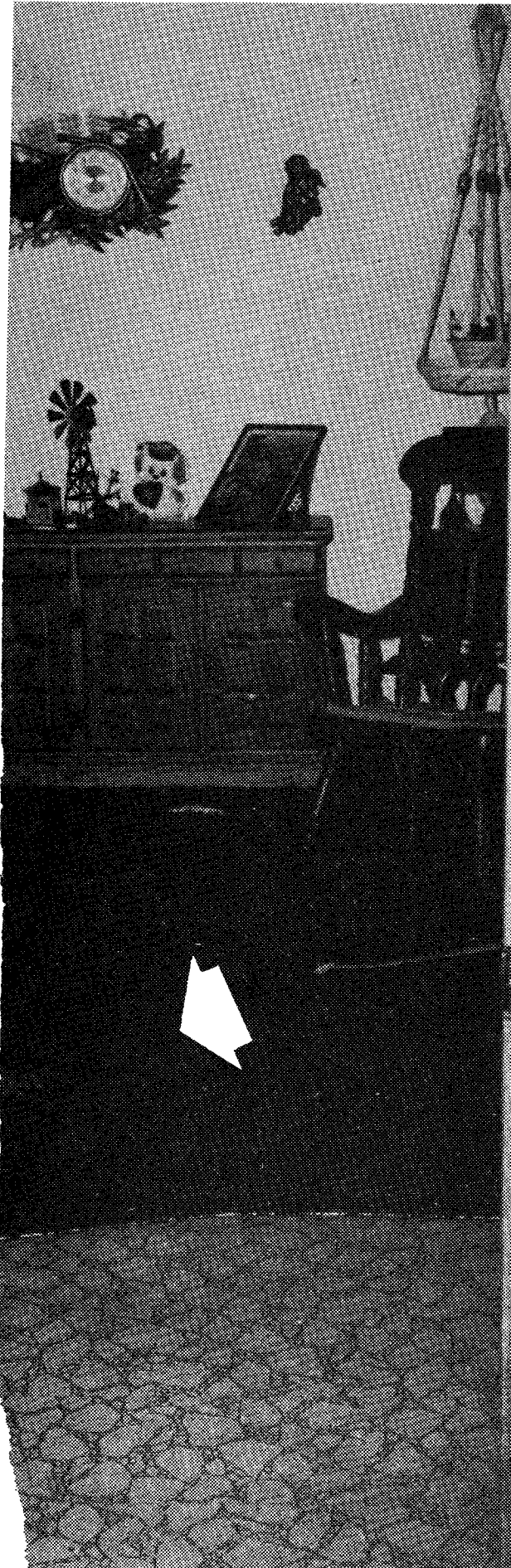
The detectives showed him a signed statement from his former employer, which spelled out his problems at the lumber yard. Fackler countered that it was a forgery, adding: "If you believe that, then I want a lawyer!"

Confident that they had built a case against Loren Michael Fackler, Harrielson and Martin discussed all the aspects of the case with Assistant State Attorney Francis "Buck" Blankner, who agreed that Fackler should be taken into custody. Thus, at 11.45 on the night of Wednesday, March 5th, the detectives arrested Fackler for the murder of his wife and incarcerated him in the Orange County jail.

Next morning, the mother of the accused man was brought to the prosecutor's office, where she said that her son left her home with Bandy at about 7.30 on Saturday, February 23rd, explaining that "they had something to do."

Arrowed is the stain left on carpet by Marcia's blood, later cleaned up by killer





“Marcia was sitting in the chair (pictured here) watching television . . . When he gave the signal, I got behind her and hit her.

“ ‘Hit her again,’ he said. ‘Make sure she’s dead’ ”



She estimated that Michael was gone for about two hours. “When he returned, he was all upset and wanted to change his clothes.” She said that Michael was pale — and that he took off a pair of blue jeans he was wearing and put on a pair of his sister’s blue jeans in their place. The mother added that when Bandy re-entered her home a few minutes later, he also appeared extremely upset and nervous.

The investigative team then zeroed in on William Bandy, who was now in jail in neighbouring Hillsborough County, for violation of his probation following a burglary conviction. Blankner, along with the two detectives, called on Bandy in the Hillsborough County jail. But Bandy refused to talk to them, stating that he preferred to talk to a lawyer who would be representing him.

Months rolled by, with no apparent progress in developing Bandy. And the state did not have anything to charge him with. As the weeks and months dissolved, Blankner's mind was consumed with the thought that he should try to make contact with Bandy again. State Attorney Richard Eagan eventually told his assistant: "Go ahead and call him."

One day late in September, 1980, Blankner put a call in for Bandy at the jail. Usually, a return of a call of this nature takes at least two days. In this case, Bandy returned Blankner's call in

borough County jail. Blankner initially went in to see the prisoner alone, whereupon Bandy told him that he was ready to reveal everything, turn state's witness, on a guilty plea to second-degree murder. Blankner explained that the detectives and a court reporter were on hand to participate in the taking of his statement. Bandy offered no objections.

The officers read him his rights and recorded several questions and answers to the effect that Bandy was not being coerced into making this statement. He stated that he understood he would not be charged with first-degree murder,

drawer. With the knife, Bandy stabbed the victim in the chest. He told the lawmen that he struck deep into the young woman — until "it hit something hard" and he bent the knife.

Michael then provided a red blouse, which was used as a change from the one the victim wore. He also brought out a sheet and the two men covered the victim with it. Together, they carried her into the garage and loaded her into the back seat of her car. Fackler put Marcia's glasses into her handbag, which he placed on the front seat of the Chevy. Fackler backed the car containing the body of his wife out of the garage, then instructed Bandy to follow in his Oldsmobile as he drove off.

Bandy revealed that Michael had taken a gun with him into Marcia's car. As they drove along, Bandy heard one or more shots, which he believed came from the car driven by Michael.



Second suspect, rushing from the courtroom to lift, in attempt not to be photographed during the trial

10 minutes. "Hey," he began, "I've been trying to reach you!"

The following day — Friday — Blankner alone drove over to see him. They talked privately and, acting upon Eagan's authorisation, the assistant prosecutor conveyed that Bandy would escape the death penalty of Florida and also the mandatory 25 years in prison for first-degree murder. He was being given the opportunity to plead guilty to second-degree murder, provided he revealed everything he knew and agreed to testify in court.

Bandy was given the weekend to make a decision. When Blankner heard from him on Monday, he and Detectives Harrielson and Martin, together with a court reporter, drove over to the Hills-

provided he kept his word.

Initially, Bandy revealed that Fackler had approached him at about 6 p.m. on the night of the murder and asked him to help kill his wife.

"I was well lit up — I was drunk," Bandy told the prosecutor and detectives. "It was about 7 p.m. when we went over to the Fackler house. Marcia was seated watching TV, when Michael gave his signal 'now.'"

"I got behind her and I hit her. She went down and he said, 'Hit her again.' I hit her again. He said, 'Make sure she's dead.'"

Bandy recited that, on Michael's command, he choked Marcia. Meanwhile, Michael held her legs. Fackler also brought Bandy a knife from the kitchen

THE STATEMENT was concluded. But then Bandy told Blankner and the others that he wanted to add something. This time, he revealed that, two days after the crime, he took a plastic bag that contained some bloodied clothes, the pipe used as the murder weapon, the gun "and possibly some other items," then drove to Titusville — about 40 miles east of Orlando — where he ditched the bag into a dumpster at the rear of a Holiday Inn.

Upon their return to Orlando, Blankner conferred with his boss Robert Eagan, who told him that it was full speed ahead now.

The case finally came to trial before Judge Richard Keating in Orange County during the third week of November, 1980.

Step by step, Prosecutor Blankner unfolded the entire story to the jury. A long line of witnesses were presented, all of whom stated that Fackler had planned to kill his wife. Inmates from the Orange County jail told how he had recounted the actual killing of Marcia while in jail awaiting trial.

Loren Michael Fackler, found guilty of first-degree murder, was sentenced to life imprisonment by Judge Keating. According to Florida law, Fackler must serve a minimum of 25 years before becoming eligible for parole.

On Monday, January 19th, 1981, his accomplice William Bandy was sentenced to life imprisonment. The 25-year minimum requirement does not apply for Bandy, who elected to turn state's evidence.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Fred Feller, Cora Little, Pete and Eileen Harris are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story.

—WAS HER DEATH— VENGEANCE FROM THE VACANT HOUSE?

**She'd been scared
of that house, never
liking to go near
to it . . . But it was
there that Audra
was found . . .
brutally murdered**

ON NOVEMBER 7th, 1980, 13-year-old Audra Carter, youngest of 10 children, was happily walking home from her friend's house in North Babylon, Long Island. Audra had spent the entire day shopping at the Bay Shore Mall with her 14-year-old friend, Carol Simpson. Carol's mother had driven the girls back to Carol's home, where both youngsters ate dinner and watched TV.

At about 10.15 p.m., Audra decided to go home, rather than sleep over at Carol's house. Audra's house was just a few blocks away, so she decided to walk. At Audra's request, however, Carol walked with her. On the way, they passed an old, vacant house in a wooded area on Westchester Avenue. The house had frightened Audra in the past so much that she would always ask her friends to accompany her whenever she had to walk past it.

Then, as she left Carol, Audra said: "I'll see you tomorrow." Audra was wearing a maroon ski-jacket, grey corduroy jeans and a striped blouse.

Audra's parents, who lived on Nassau Avenue, saw no reason to worry when she didn't come home that Friday night. They assumed that she'd spent the night at Carol's house and, therefore, did not report her missing.

NEXT MORNING, Audra's 18-year-old brother got up to go to work. As he walked to his job at a local bakery, he passed by the vacant house on Westchester Avenue and thought about the times his sister had told him it frightened her. Suddenly, however, he glimpsed an object lying in the driveway. As he moved closer to get a better look, his eyes widened with horror. The inanimate object was now clearly not an object at all — but rather the lifeless body of his sister!



Her body was nude from the waist down. She had apparently been stabbed several times, since there was blood all over the driveway, as well as on Audra's arms and legs. The striped blue and white blouse she had been wearing was now slashed to bits. Several shreds of it lay beside her body. Her blue sneakers nearby were coated with blood.

The distraught brother ran all the way home to tell his parents of the gruesome discovery.

New York Crime
Report
by Gail Benjamin

MINUTES AFTER receiving the father's phone call, police arrived in the predominantly Italian blue-collar locality. They quickly cordoned off the area and held back curious bystanders. The victim's body was photographed by forensic technicians, who also chalked the area around the victim's body.

Detectives presumed that the victim had been raped, as she was discovered semi-nude, legs spread apart. They had also detected several bruises inside the victim's thighs — a usual sign of rape.

When uniformed officers canvassed the neighbourhood, Carol Simpson vividly remembered a conversation she and the victim once had concerning Audra's own death. Audra had told her that she wanted to have a party, not a funeral, when she died. "She once told my sister and me, 'If I die, I'll go to heaven. I don't want a sad funeral. I want people to have a party when I die.'

"I still can't believe it," added the victim's best friend, who was the last person to have seen Audra alive. "She was very religious, too," the anguished teenager said. "She went to church every Sunday."

The autopsy confirmed that Audra Carter had been sexually assaulted. A folding knife was suspected as the murder weapon, because the stab wounds found on the body were thin. There were also signs that the victim had put up a fierce struggle. Several cuts on the victim's hands were detected, as well as numerous scratches on her legs and thighs. She presumably kicked her assailant in order to fend off the attack, the medical examiner surmised.

When the victim's father learned that his youngest daughter had been raped, he told reporters: "I'd like to strangle the sex fiend who murdered her. If I knew who did it, I'd grab him by the throat!"

**"One Of The Most Ruthless
Hustlers On The Planet Is
About To Set The Record Straight..."**

**Steal Women's Souls And
Create Their Dreams With
These Methods From A
Hardcore Pimp!**

CLICK HERE



DETECTIVES CONTINUED questioning North Babylon residents, hoping that one or more of them might have heard or seen someone with Audra Carter on that unseasonably cold Friday evening. Probers also combed the wooded area on Westchester Avenue for the murder weapon.

Other investigators pored through their files for likely rapists who employed similar tactics to Audra's attacker. Despite exhaustive efforts, however, detectives were unable to find any clues — or anyone who had seen Audra Carter walking home after Carol left her.

They again questioned the victim's friend, hoping that she might recall Audra mentioning meeting someone when she left her house. But the distraught teenager could provide nothing for them. She was sure, however, that Audra had intended to go straight home. "She would have told me, otherwise," Carol added.

During their door-to-door canvass, police focused on residents who lived directly across the street from the cobble-stoned driveway where Audra's body was found. During the course of their interviews with several residents, police noticed that one youth's name kept cropping up.

The first occasion was when a team of detectives had made a find just a foot from the body that told them this could be an open-and-shut case. It was a wallet. Inside it was all the evidence of ownership anyone would want to have if a dispute ever arose as to whose it was, for it contained a social security card and two other identifying documents, each clearly bearing the same name.

The name was John Abdullah, whose date of birth in 1963 made him 17 years old. Those papers also indicated that he was a resident of North Babylon, the same community in which Audra lived. Moreover, his address was 71 Westchester Avenue — directly across the street from no. 70, the vacant house on whose driveway Audra Carter's body was found by her brother!

But detectives did not cross the street the instant they found the incriminating evidence and ring the bell to announce: "We are here to make an arrest for the murder of Audra Carter."

That would have been the quickest way to blow their case. Because the wallet by itself proved nothing. Abdullah, living so near to the murder site, could have lost it while out walking or jogging. There were any number of possibilities to explain how it and the youth could have been separated.

As a team of detectives set out to get the background information on the suspect, police headquarters received the

findings of the Scientific Investigation Unit. The most significant evidence was the scuff-marks on the concrete driveway, apparently made by the rubber heels of the victim's shoes, which clearly indicated that she was dragged towards the house along the driveway.

Another team of detectives was directed to make discreet inquiries in the suspect's neighbourhood and places he frequented. This assignment began paying dividends from the very start. One neighbour, Pauline Organicz, told detectives that John Abdullah pumped gas occasionally at her husband's service station.

"Johnny also babysits for my two little girls," Mrs. Organicz said. Then she recalled an episode on Saturday morning, just after the first police cars reached the house across the street where Audra's body was found.

"He came to ask about money that he said he was owed by my husband. And he also wanted to get back a CB radio

Pulled a knife and threatened people nearby...

that he said my husband had borrowed from him."

Then Mrs. Organicz shook her head, a gesture suggesting her bewilderment as to why authorities would be making inquiries about "such a nice, fine young man.

"Do you know what?" Mrs. Organicz sighed. "He was looking out the window at the cops and all the commotion. And he said about the body, 'Who is it?'"

"I told him that it was Audra Carter and he said, 'Oh, no kidding, it's Audra, eh?'"

But another local observer, a 14-year-old youth, gave police a less flattering portrait of John Abdullah. In fact, his statement of his observations on Friday night brought the suspect into closer proximity to the crime and led detectives to speculate that it was more than mere coincidence that his wallet was found deep in the driveway, only a foot from the body.

"John had been drinking. A lot, I think, because he pulled a knife and was threatening people about two blocks from where Audra was killed. . ."

But officers digging into Abdullah's past came up with only one offence, which occurred in 1979. The youth was arrested then for stealing three rifles from a friend's home and, after plea-bargaining that produced a guilty plea, he received a year's probation.

Meanwhile, Dr. Weinberg, the medical examiner, confirmed his findings at the autopsy on Audra's remains. The victim had been stabbed 23 times and, in his opinion, a knife was used. He also found that the victim had been sexually attacked.

As darkness set in on Sunday, the loose ends were all tied. Among the last bits and pieces brought in by detectives that fitted into the tapestry of the case and finally elicited a "well done" from District Attorney William Keahon were two additional fragments of information about Abdullah.

Shortly before 1 p.m. on Monday, after a vigil that had gone on since early Sunday evening, detectives doing the surveillance on young Abdullah spotted movement in front of his home. The door opened, the suspect and his parents went to their car, then drove away.

The detectives, who were in an unmarked car, radioed word of this development to headquarters. The instructions, based on the detectives' suspicions that "it looks like they are trying to leave the area," were: "Bring him in!"

With red light flashing and siren screaming, the detectives pulled the car over to the kerb and informed John Abdullah that he was under arrest for Audra Carter's murder. Neither the parents nor their son seemed too stunned by the development.

THE OFFICERS served their search warrant on the suspect's parents, then fine-toothcombed the house for evidence. Later, police sources reported that a folding knife was found in the home, plus several items of clothing that assertedly appeared to be bloodstained. The knife and garments were turned over to the police laboratory for analysis and tests for blood, semen and other potentially incriminating evidence.

At the subsequent arraignment, Prosecutor Keahon strongly suggested to Judge Donald L. Auperin that the case against the suspect was more than a weak link between a wallet belonging to the suspect that happened to be found a foot from the victim. Keahon quoted a statement the defendant had assertedly made to detectives: "I took the knife out to scare her. I then stabbed her in the chest."

The statement was challenged before the bench by Abdullah's attorney, Leslie Tenzer, who said: "Your Honour, we doubt the validity of that alleged admission. There is no signed statement."

Tenzer then asked the judge to set low bail, pointing out that the "only blemish on John's record is a petty larceny

Heartbroken relatives of innocent young victim Audra Carter wheel her casket into church . . .

The Rev Robert Fulton told the 300 persons attending the service: "The crime speaks of the very violent and sinful world we live in. But I urge that her death does not lead to vengeance and hatred"

charge that was adjourned in contemplation of dismissal."

The attorney was referring to an arrest for the theft of the three rifles. In New York State, a first offender in a criminal case, other than murder, can apply to have the charges dropped if the probation report shows the defendant has an otherwise exemplary record.

Prosecutor Keahon quickly opposed the low bail application. "With the possibility of a 25-year-to-life sentence hanging over him, this defendant might be tempted to flee the state. I ask that John Abdullah be held without bail."

The judge went along with Keahon and remanded Abdullah to the Suffolk County jail, pending grand jury action, which was to commence immediately. During the court proceedings, Abdullah stood impassively, betraying no emotion. Behind him were four sheriff's deputies and other grey-uniformed men from the Suffolk County sheriff's office, who run the jail and ferry prisoners to and from the county courts. They were posted there as extra security. The reason for the security: Death threats against John Abdullah had been phoned and mailed to his home.

On Wednesday morning, an estimated 300 persons — comprising family, relatives, friends and classmates crowded into our Lady of Grace Church for Audra's funeral. The Rev. Robert Fulton, curate of the church, recalled that Audra had attended services every Sunday and that she was beloved by all who knew her. Then he dwelled on the murder:

"The crime speaks of the very violent and sinful world we live in. But I urge that her death does not lead to vengeance or hatred. For those of us who believe, death is the beginning of new life. I pray that your pain will be the occasion of a new life. This tragedy calls us to grow in love."

Audra's nine brothers and sisters wept as the priest eulogised Audra. Her parents were inconsolable. Her father had to support his sobbing wife as they entered the church and again as they left, after a nun recited from a book: "One day you will know. One day you will understand."

The coffin was wheeled out of the



WHY DETECTIVES NEVER GIVE UP . . .

● continued from page 25

demolished. It didn't seem possible that he could be uninjured.

By searching the wrecked car and talking to nearby residents, police developed information that quickened the tempo of the search for the runaway motorist. The man who had ploughed into Parks' car was none other than murder suspect Zonnie Collum! Barely 15 minutes after the crash, a man limped into the casualty ward at Alton Memorial Hospital. A doctor examined him, determined that he had only minor injuries, applied a couple of bandages and sent him on his way. But the man's evasiveness about how and where he had received the injuries caused hospital officials to contact the police.

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

THE VACANT HOUSE

● continued from page 49

church as a soprano's lilting voice sang a hymn of faith. Then the cortege left for the cemetery in Calverton — Audra Carter's final resting place.

On November 17th, just 10 days after her life was taken, Audra's accused killer was indicted on two counts of second-degree murder — one count for the slaying itself, the other for a killing during a sexual molestation. The grand jury also charged Abdullah with first-degree sexual abuse.

Stabbed 23 times

The arraignment was held before Judge Robert Doyle, who accepted a plea of innocent to all three charges entered by Defence Counsel Tenzer. Judge Doyle also granted a request by Prosecutor Keahon to hold the defendant in \$100,000 bail.

"Your Honour," the prosecutor told the court, "the victim was stabbed 23 times . . . the slaying was one of the most heinous murders in Suffolk County in the last two decades!"

John's father told the court under oath that his son owned the knife found in the home that Keahon said was used

As the charge nurse complied, the investigator checked off several points of similarity with murder suspect Zonnie Collum.

Detective-Sergeant Fitzgerald knew Collum's home address and hangouts. Later that morning, he and other officers arrested Collum at his home on Piasa Street and charged him with the murder of Frieda Bartholomew.

Following the capture of Collum, Captain Light called another meeting. His first question was directed at Fitzgerald. "Do you think Collum's good for the Herbstreits?"

"Probably," Fitzgerald replied. "He could have been there. I've found out through informers that his running mate at the time was James Harris."

The name was familiar to the police.

in the slaying. And Mrs. Abdullah testified that, after she learned of the killing, she examined the knife and took it away from her son.

Detective James Cassidy next identified the wallet found next to the body. Inside it, Cassidy told the judge, he found an identification card, a library card and a social security card, all in John Abdullah's name.

In requesting blood, saliva, head and pubic hair samples, Keahon explained to Judge Robert Doyle why each was needed by the prosecution. The saliva tests were required because a beer can and a cigarette butt were found at the scene and were believed to be the suspect's.

The blood samples were needed, the prosecutor said, because stains presumed to be blood were found on the defendant's clothing, recovered from his home. "And we must have the hair samples to see if they match hair found at the murder scene," added Keahon.

Judge Doyle finally OK'd the prosecution application to have the samples taken from John Abdullah. But, he warned, the prosecution must show that the tests were relevant to the case, or they would not be admissible as evidence during the trial.

That trial is unlikely to be held before this winter, due to the cases backlogged on the Suffolk County court calendars.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Pauline Organicz and Carol Simpson are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story.

Harris, 22 years old and half-brother of Zonnie Collum, was currently serving a 15-year sentence for armed robbery. He had been convicted in the New Year's Eve robbery of a clothing store in Alton. Although the owner was killed, police had been unable to hang a murder rap on Harris, because of plea-bargaining.

"Get back out on the street," Light told his detective team, "and shake up every informer in the city. Make the heat as hot as possible."

Fitzgerald and the other detectives soon came up with several more names. Many of these individuals seemed to belong to a loosely-knit burglary ring operating in and around Alton. Some were already serving prison terms. Officers now believed that three intruders had been present at the Herbstreit home on April 9th, 1976 — Zonnie Collum, James Harris and a juvenile.

The autumn of 1980 was a gratifying time for Alton detectives. James Harris was transferred from the state penitentiary to the Madison County jail to face charges of murdering Arthur and Winifred Herbstreit. Prosecutor Nick Byron sought to have the juvenile charged in the Herbstreit murders certified as an adult. All three suspects were locked up in the county's brand-new jail.

The case against the trio had been put together primarily through informers. In addition to the three murder charges, Collum faced indictments for aggravated battery and criminal damage to property, in connection with the police car collision.

On October 14th, 1980, Judge A.A. Matoesian sentenced Collum to five years on the aggravated battery charge and three years on the criminal damage count, the maximum allowable. After sentencing, the public defender, John Webster, asked Judge Matoesian not to send Collum to the state penitentiary at Menard. "His life would be in danger," claimed Webster. "There are at least seven people at Menard who are a threat to Collum."

There was good reason for the lawyer to be concerned for Collum's life. Contrary to the popular saying, there is very little honour among thieves. The Alton investigators had made arrests in the Herbstreit and Bartholomew murders primarily by manipulating informers, both inside and outside of prison.

"Everybody in that crowd is now suspicious of everyone else," Light explained. "And some of them have murderous revenge on their minds."

Zonnie Collum and James Harris are now awaiting trial in the murders of Arthur and Winifred Herbstreit. And Collum alone has been charged with the murder of Frieda Bartholomew.

'ONE WOMAN IS DEAD... LETS KILL THE OTHER'

● continued from page 33

could not have pulled off the crime alone—that he had enlisted the aid of professional criminals.

“The crime was just too cold-blooded to be the work of amateurs,” he told his officers. “They not only killed those two old ladies and stole their money, but they were so pleased with themselves about the whole thing that they bought drinks for the house after they pulled it off.”

The inspector's assessment of the characters of the killers proved to be right on the beam. Within four hours, all 12 witnesses picked from the files pictures of the same two men they identified as Karl Heinze's companions in the Adlerhaus. Their names were Hans Raab, aged 24, and Willi Melnik, 20. And the detectives soon uncovered further interesting information about this pair.

“They were in a cell with Heinze during his last stay in jail,” one of the investigators told the inspector. “The governor says they were thick as thieves—no pun intended.”

The police had little trouble finding and arresting Raab and Melnik. They had not left the city. Apparently, they had no idea that Heinze had been taken into custody. Brought to police headquarters, they were subjected to interrogation. And one thing became immediately apparent. They might have been older and more experienced criminals than Karl Heinze, but they were neither as callous nor as cold-blooded as their younger confederate.

In less than 24 hours, Hans Raab began to crack. Soon afterwards, he admitted that he and Melnik had committed the murders to rob the old ladies of the money, after Heinze told them that the Lundner women kept a lot of cash in the house during the first week of the month.

“We went to the door,” Raab said, “and the old lady opened up. I stepped into the entrance hall and she turned and started to run towards the kitchen. I'd brought along a bottle of beer to quiet them with—and I caught up with her and hit her over the head with the bottle.

“I reckon I hit a little too hard, because the bottle broke. The other woman came running out and, when she saw what was happening, she dodged back and ran towards the back of the house. Willi Melnik



**Gabriele (above) and
Marta Lundner . . .
Both, if they had but
known it, had every
reason to fear their
relative's greed**



ran after her and got her by the throat and strangled her.

“I looked at the old woman I'd hit on the head with the beer bottle and she looked dead, so I reckoned we'd better not leave any witnesses. One woman was dead, so I had to kill the other.

“I got a knife from the kitchen and cut the other woman's throat, just in case she was still alive.”

RAAB PAUSED momentarily, then went on: “Well, then we went through the house. We got

some jewellery—pretty good stuff, we've moved it since—and a camera. We got rid of that too. And we got a little more than 100,000 schillings in cash. Like the kid said, it was a pretty good haul.”

“And where was Heinze all the time this was going on?” the inspector demanded.

“Out in the street,” Raab said. “He was the lookout.”

“You mean he wasn't even present when the murders took place?” the inspector exclaimed.

“He never set foot in the house,” Raab insisted.

To the inspector's great disappointment, Willi Melnik listened to a reading of the transcript of his pal's confession and confirmed it in detail. Karl Heinze had not been present when the two murders occurred.

A detective expressed the disgust the inspector was feeling. “It'll be a wonder if Heinze gets even a year in prison out of this,” he said. “All he's got to do is claim he didn't have any idea that the other two were going to kill the old ladies!”

The detective had accurately predicted the defence that Karl Heinze would offer. He insisted that he and his accomplices had never had any discussion about killing the old women. The plans they had agreed upon encompassed nothing more than robbing them of cash and valuables.

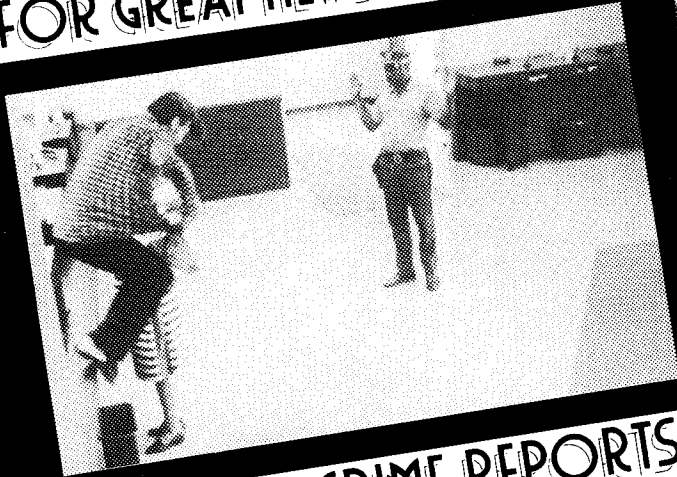
Raab and Melnik confirmed this.

YOUNG HEINZE told the police that Raab had claimed he was an expert at putting people to sleep with a beer bottle without actually causing any serious injury. Heinze said he had never wanted Grandma Lundner and Aunt Gabriele killed—and he would not have taken any part in such a scheme if he thought there was any danger that the women would die.

The charges filled by the state against Karl Heinze were aiding and abetting in the commission of a felony. Hans Raab and Willi Melnik were charged with murder and robbery. If convicted, they would probably be sentenced to life imprisonment.

As a juvenile, Karl Heinze was expected to be sentenced to a possible maximum of four years in a correctional institution. There was some question as to whether he might then be permitted to inherit the estate of his murdered benefactors. But several Austrian legal authorities expressed the opinion that, inasmuch as Heinze had taken no part in the actual murders, it was quite possible that the courts would decree he was entitled to the full inheritance!

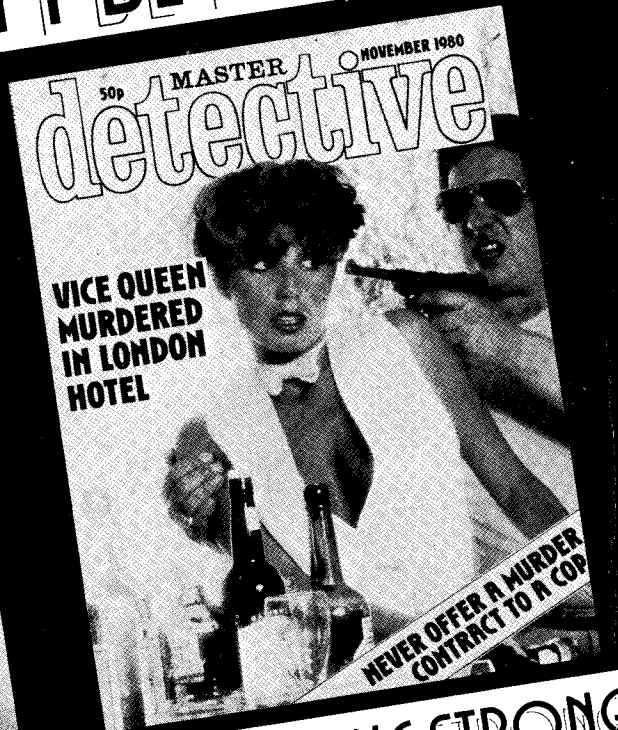
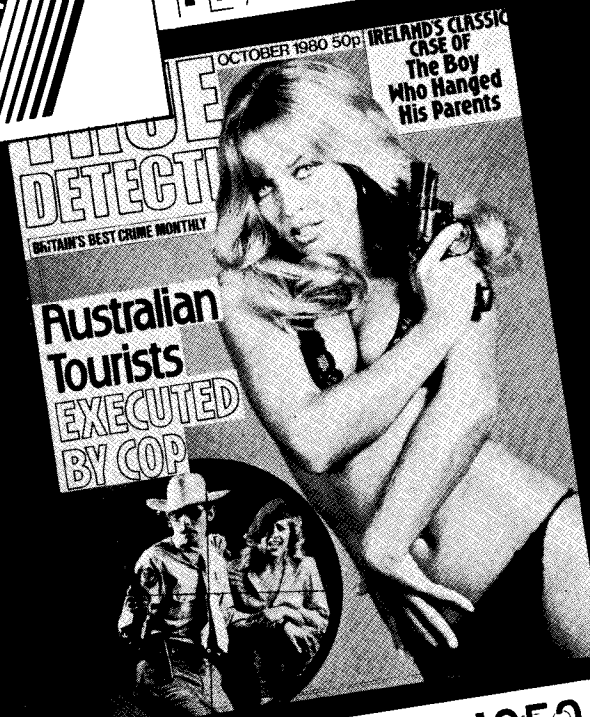
FOR GREAT NEWS PICTURES



EXCLUSIVE CRIME REPORTS... ACE WRITERS...



29 YEARS CAN'T BE IGNORED!



FIRST PUBLISHED 1952 AND STILL GOING STRONG

Order your copy today!